

Poetry Series

Jonathan ROBIN
- poems -

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profile

Born London, based in Paris since 1973,

Founder-member Internet Society England

Civil Society Representative to U.K. Inter-Governmental E-Summit 2001

Advisory Board - International Center for Disability Resources on the Internet

Currently Board Member and Former Vice-President French Chapter, Internet Society

Founder French IPv6 Task Force - Pioneer Award IPv6 Forum

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Jonathan initiated and piloted ISOC's recognition as UNESCO Operational Level NGO

Former Secretary General Internet Society European Chapter Co-ordination

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Nominated to initial ISTF Steering Group by Vint CERF Election Chairman and Chair Internet Societal Task Force Privacy & Security WG.

Since 1972:

Fellow, Japan Society of London,

Fellow Zoological Society

1994: Board Member, France's First IT Think Tank, Club de l'Arche.

1996: Chair International Internet Forum 50th Anniversary MENSA International.

1997: Festive Committee Internet Fiesta

1999 Vice-President French Teleworking Association

2000: Vice President French Chapter Internet Society

Rapporteur Scientific Theme European Commission Teleworking Conference 2002 Paris

Advisory Board - International Center for Disability Resources on the Internet

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Scientific Committee UNESCO UNITAR
Founder Member Internet Society England
2000-2003 Secretary General Internet Society European Chapters Co-ordination
2001-2003: Internet Society Liaison UNESCO & OECD

Information Society Co-ordinator Newropeans

Rapporteur UNESCO NGO WSIS Forum

Recent Papers

Overview of Ethics and Convergence of Emerging Technologies for the Seamless Society I – Intergovernmental Bureau UNESCO IFAP

Overview of Ethics and Convergence of Emerging Technologies for the Seamless Society II – Intergovernmental Council UNESCO IFAP March 2006

Since 1999, Jonathan has taken a lead role in raising awareness of the Societal and Economic impacts of IPv6 taken in the context of 'intelligent interface ubiquity' of tomorrow's sensor networks. This includes WSIS PrepComs, with both Privacy and Accessibility as InfoEthics priorities, notably since the November 2000 UNESCO InfoEthics Conference. – See powerpoint link given for World Summit on the Information Society in Bucarest updated for the Russian Communities Conference St. Petersburg 2003

2000: Founder and former Vice President IPv6 Task Force France

2008: IPv6 Forum Pioneer Award

2011 re_elected

Board Member Internet Society French Chapter

Vice-President French Teleworking and Teleactivities Association

Charon Chorus Current Version

Ghost of Christmas present, past or future perfect spun or spurned,
shepherd, wolf in pastor's pasture, mess is earned, world less concerned.
Aeons long or echo fleeting, naught completing, mocking glass,
mirage little else repeating besides 'I thought I thought I passed! '

Whether old one passes over, young unsung, berth premature,
guilt gilt gifted four leaf clover, or homeless, wan, naught can endure.
Shirk's blood, pain, sorrow, find dread reaper works stalks deathwards, talks
stacked cards,
slight consolation for bed weeper a-wake in sombre sable shards.

Polished pebble tide toned, rounded, priceless gem, physique homespun,
each as sand ends, bright dreams grounded in oblivion undone.
Win or lose, love shared, ignored or left to shrivel by the way,
two sides of one coin, ring Mordor or for Frodo, naught may stay.

Had Mount doom not gobbled Gollum could eye Rove omnipotent?
would there have been some 5th column on fresh liberation pent?
Quantum physics, 'Stargate' series, states 'n' states can co-exist,
what's truth? gilgul, golem, dybbuk? - infinite parallels persist.

Whether bright illusion shatters, big head shed when will walks small,
ermine, mink, stink patchwork tatters, matters little if at all.
Mad as hatters, silver platters, wrinkled crone prone, belle of ball,
prey greed batters, prayerbead chatters, matters little if at all.

Clasping straws proves vain delusion 'sink not swim! ' Time's siren calls,
S.O.S., self-help, confusion sows, curtain falls as engine stalls.
Archimedes' fulcrum fable, 'firm spot' held fast, all recall,
rock of ages shown unstable, all erodes - howe'er it galls.

Alternative event horizons fact or fiction find the same,
ferry floats with Charon's eyes on boating souls without a name.
Mozart notes communal buried welcomed heedless - magic flute
could not spare from journey ferried through the 'haunts of hern and coot'

Laments unheeded, red rims beaded with emotions on the fly,
strangers never know they needed, nor regrets, nor passing sigh.
What waste motives honed for getting, ever chasing unchaste aim,

last laugh's left with time, forgetting fame's flame, game's name, wild or tame.

Hermit's tower, houri's bower for brief hour flower, fail,
fatter thinner, loser winner, placed sole on soul's scale bewail
breath deleted, uncompleted or fulfilled in narrow scope
are forgotten gains ill-gotten, unbegotten seem, steam hope.

Whether mortal masses money, syphons honey from the hive,
whether disposition sunny, funny bunny, sad, all strive,
fall is fleeting, call competing, opt-out, know in turn sobs' sighs,
cut-throat cheating, spouse deceiting, one by one feel throbs' demise.

Day night follows, night day hollows each urned, teach Time won't play ball,
if Apollo, Pluto, swallows, matters little if at all.
Climate change, Trump's Bannon banner, Breitbart Right or Huffpost Left,
coarse, uncouth or gentle manner, all of relevance bereft.

All ends equal, clock recording second thoughts docked, time-lock knocked,
self-centeredness proves vain, affording little leeway when boat's rocked.
Palm tree dates' anticipation appetites encourage though
few know what matters, grief, elation sound the same when fast moves slow.
Atomic half-life cannot counter snowball earth, lost wherewithal,
comet, asteroid encounter, matters little if at all.

Namby-pamby, merchant magnate, patriot or terrorist,
evangelical, apostate, queue on stream, doomed, dreams dismissed.
Watch all line up rough unready, pay for final fy ride,
hale and hearty, frail unsteady, time will bury. Charon, guide,
steers unveering out of hearing she who cried and he who'd stall,
dearth of cheering, rebirth clearing, none answer summons for recall.

Time and place trace unimportant, social standing, gypsy van,
knock-kneed yellow liver, giver, false forgiver, pale or tan,
open hearted, closed-shop smart id, ancient genealogy,
orphan cast-off, Leo, Libra, Virgo, Pisces, culled from tree.

Wishy-washy, busy-body, helter-skelter grave conveyed,
Luxury or gift-shop shoddy, loans unmet and those repaid,
Shilly shally, daring, dally, slave in galley, from parade
fade as Lily of the Valley's beauty wanes, by Death betrayed.
Taste embody, glitter gaudy, 'cease upon the midnight' pall.
quantum quark or antibody matters little if at all.

Ruthless raptors rampant running through Cretaceous countryside
packs aren't facts, film fiction stunning, few skeletal claws abide.
Park Jurassic may seem classic only amber flies remain,
cage thoracic, plankton plastic, seabed solid can't complain.

Friendly fire or hostile missile, error prone drone, terror wrist,
margin call when market tumbles, earthquake rumbles farewell kiss.
Strife life haunted, illness gaunted, Death undaunted rides afield,
Time cares nor jot nor tittle, wit will not meet, plots defeat, soul yield.

Whether lapping wave band foam bath, thunder clap, tsunami tall,
weather warm, storm, glacier calf, matters little if at all.
Rebels routed, tyrants clouded, sidereal void's photonic sprawl,
lost species sprouted, dogmas doubted, matters little if at all.

Forty years of desert sojourn, dungeon dank or thankless task
end alike for saint and sinner, rake fake, winner, takes to task.
Health undoctored, wealth untaxed or kiss as kismet thanks luck's stars,
equal tie when ties are sundered, fickle Fate appeal deal bars.

He who dumbstruck sprawls in gutters, she bread butters - penthouse sweet -
she who stagestruck feels heart flutters, sole curse mutters, all deadbeat,
one run down, whose engine stutters, one, prim posy, as pin neat,
sleep 'neath sods, none opens shutters, pops up seeking run repeat.

Template telomeres with aging evolution's leaps ensures,
one mutation disengaging from another: naught endures.
Sickles sharp harp strings soon sunder, angels fall from grace and light,
meek or cheeky share down under lost to memories once bright.

High and mighty host unpleasant, guest of unguessed worth, to earth
soon consigned, resigned, peer, peasant give redemption widest girth.
Promise kept, unwept oblivion, dreams, delusions commonplace,
high priorities proved rotten soon debunked, synch sunk untraced.

Here today and gone tomorrow: foregone conclusion from day won,
save or borrow, laughter sorrow, no weight pull in fear or fun.
Last Trump POTUS fact and fiction merging, toadies playing ball,
blows his cover's contradiction, little matters if at all.

Wedding banned rings bells at altar, hands wring sooner, later, washed

away by doomsday naught may alter, nipped in bud, ambitions squashed.
Story told, tale unrecorded, archive access, desert bloom,
each reflects each, dust rewarded, leach teaches blood's recycling doom.

Sapiens on cusp Aquarian out of kilter falters, flails
as regimes totalitarian totter when fail-safe wickets, bales,
fly asunder, stumped go under, soon submerged by fly-by ball,
Everest beneath earth's ocean was seabed once, now fossils call
the tune five thousand feet cloud covered, turned turtle by tectonic plates.
What falls, what rises to surprises, equal prove scaled by Ma'at's weights.

Human Rights' bright lantern calling generations to reform,
one step forwards, two back falling, face recurrent 'perfect storm'.
Brave New World shall self extinguish, exploitation seems apt term,
politicians won't relinquish oversight of stem cell, sperm.

End result: most good intentions role reversed by fear or greed
pave Hell's road, dispel dissensions, souls dispersed can scarce succeed.
Information access doubles each decade but budget cuts
fragilise fair freedoms, stubbles, weeds, what once seemed well ploughed ruts.

No explanation offers simple panacea for man's ills
Wimpled dimple, puss and pimple, can't steer clear of bitter pills
Few learn truth from joys, grief, yearn cloy, second thoughts soon damn Man's
years
in despond's vale clever ploys fall on unreceptive ears.

From enjoyment and employment ant and giant trapped within
time-trap gin from first sigh last cry seek to understand life's spin:
quest request for why and wherefore hovers moth-like facing fame,
stymied questions sink, and therefore few call for/to true go[o]d name.

At weathered monumental engravings Time jeers, grime sneers, climb hastes
fall,
joyless jaded, constant cravings, lust's treat dust meets, swallows all.
Seldom sense in destination is revealed, within the Way
purpose lies peregrination in, of, through itself holds sway.

Feelings, double-dealing spiling, weighed against fate's feather, fail,
healing, trouble, celestial ceilings can't resist change whirlwind gale.
Fauna, flora, extant for a wink fuss, fall extinct, beyond Time's pale,
impassive Charon's sexton chorus keeps an even keel, mocks grail.

Gnomes anonymous departed concomitant foes withal
lost in limbo lie uncharted, matters little if at all.

In a blinking thinking inking from life's calendar is torn,
one falls, thousands rush, Fate, winking, re-intones rites trite, well-worn.
Hive cells, hexagon alignment, queens from workers separate,
all from solit'ry confinement soon released must lie in state.

Phantom pantomime enacted through dimensions none can count
in black hole consumed, compacted, to molehill melts the highest mount.
Here today and gone tomorrow foregone conclusion for grief, glad,
leave leaf laughter, shore leave sorrow, income. Outcome? naught to add.

Whether generations flourished, shared, bore brunt of grunt or gall,
prospered hale, failed, wailed ill-nourished, fate trumps all who'd last date stall.
High and might blown to blighty staid or flight culled on call,
second thoughts or wishful thinking, matters little if at all.

Second chance, time travel star gate wormhole soul revival wheel,
spins hearsay saga compensate for lights soon blighted lies conceal.
Survival is mental delusion, rival theses sefer sealed,
intellectual illusions, Lethe's sentence unrepealed.

Spy inherent contradictions in between ways gleaned means stretched,
double binds recycle ball-games till dread reaper soul has fetched.
Sleepy head abed, bird early, worms will feed with curtain call
bowed out, cowed dread, hair straight, curly crowd shunned coffins cover shawl.

Tears, cheers mingle hearse horse jingle on last journey six feet deep,
token shingle intermingles with worm disturbing sacred sleep.
Yet sleep Earth must as groups galactic meet supernova destiny
fire or ice, earthquake climactic, flood submerging scrutiny.

Singularity's advances, urge surge merge acceleration,
compromise prized dogmas, chances purged from sojourn's holding station.
Generation gaps, increasing, bleed anthropomorphosis:
Lip service landslip slide's self-greasing, strange change looms, booms farewell
kiss.

Top of pops or relegation, winning streak, weak gamble lost,
fresh life quest request negation meets sans suite, whate'er the cost.
What of passion? What of pain vain unrecorded, unconceived?

shadow-shapes we wander, chain train shatters soon with what achieved?

Old souls flock from time-lock fleeing, putting up resistance fierce,
Young well-hung, the waif wraith being, Charon's mystery none pierce.
Coin praise each pays forlorn. Dis preying displays beneath scythed daisies shorn
tithed remains of phrases, baying tunes to moons from faiths stillborn.

Threadbare pauper lacking stitch or rich endowed with silver spoon
share communal grave, can't pitch for more days for play's over soon.
Stanzas cease, release pure, grimy, tocsin tolls for star's eclipse,
who heeds deeds when fungus slimy peerless rose's petals strips.

From confusion into fusion tracks once concrete turn to slime,
ends, means, merge, can't draw conclusion coherent through un-numbered time.
Through apparent convolution evolution's 'upwards climb'
boomerangs, causal revolution cancels out all 'worth a dime'.
Whether generations flourished, shared, bore brunt of grunt or gall,
prospered hale, failed, wailed ill-nourished, matters little if at all.

Ignorance or understanding tapping history on call,
lightning, thunder, truth or blunder matters little if at all.
Charon's charges chant in chorus 'auld lang syne' before corpse fall,
where lie Quetzalcoatl, Horus? . Little matters, tall lies small.

Jonathan ROBIN

intelligent Design

I, dot, would score, scour ocean floor,
you too were dot, not more.
We'd LOOP the LOOP in primaeval soup
our POOL gene POOL core corps.
We'd POLO here, there POLO for
none then knew scoop could droop.
We'd grin, twin core to win encore
no sour sin, hour, no law!
No fairies, flowers' fragrant bower,
nor need, nor greed for power.
No men's omens, hymns, amens dour,
no hymen's Babylonian tower -
no cause because nor clause, paws' claws,
no doors, chores, flaws, no pause.

I'd stoop, you'd swoop, with helluva whoop -
no care, unfair dis....pair.
Above, below, we'd group, regroup
all with no 'mal[e] de mer'.
Amino here, ah me! know there
was troop on troop on troop, -
we'd pair, repair, again prepare
see sea combine with air.

We'd twirl, we'd whirl, like a hoola-hoop
around, around some more,
in tune to moon as cock-a-hoop
we'd twin, to spin restore.
Linked chain would roam upon Time's foam,
off shore s[p]aw[n], sink or soar,
'neath starry dome in mono chrome,
no after, no before!

We'd skirl, we'd swirl, up, down would curl,
ages of practised ease,
we'd furl, unfurl, in endless whorl,
world with no word disease.
When I was girl and you my pearl,

no men, to bend, no knees, -
no need but feed we all agreed
to speed on pretty please!

No peg was round, no hole square found,
when round and round half, whole,
ringed whole half bound by no compound
too stable. Time redoled
quad code surround life force around
niche roles from pole to pole.
Unsound were some, some sound, none crowned
with soul, goal, go[a]d, control.

Inside was outside, outside in,
with no dividing line, -
we'd do without 'without', 'within',
but ever intertwine
ignoring every moral gin,
we played both vine and wine,
no angels danced upon a pin,
no hypocrites to whine!

Though question begs, we had no legs,
nor sought to understand, -
we were the dregs from which All pegs
its story book to hand.
We by degrees, through fire and freeze
rose from a twisting band
to all one sees through seven seas
in water, air, and land.

LAYER would RELAY by night and day
Y REAL would, EARLY, wait
in reel we'd feel we'd feel - this way
all could participate.
Blown ONION clone ON I ON loan
ionosphere alone.
No chromosome, no chronos zone,
no wear, no tear, none lone.

We'd dance to chance as all advance
tomorrow WAS SAW today,

electrons free charged you and me
with mission key to play
from cause/effect to Man erect -
elected some would say -
but Man's a phase, an empty phrase
on evolution's way.

BEYOND YE BOND, before spore, frond,
FREE on REEF miocene,
we'd LEAP, PEAL, monde, in ocean, pond,
HOMY? OH MY! what scene!
Both black and blond could thus respond -
back, front, as same was seen -
in rondo fond knew no despond
all were both king and queen.

This VERSES SERVES, through learning curves
TIME'S TIDE DIETS EDITS,
EMITS MITE'S swerves, all ITEMS pervs,
no value judgement sits
on PAST, TAPS nerves with morals verve
refuses to admit.
DEW WED RESERVES surprise deserves
REVERSES SURE, RUSE writ.

AIM I AM splice to WE IS - WISE,
STREAM'S MASTERS all, explored
before lice, rice, mice, pure or vice,
the protein chains which stored
Man's gene device which in a trice
sees stable links restored.
No 'ugly', 'nice' in fire and ice,
religions were abhorred.

Each THREAD no DEARTH of wealth gave Earth,
biodiversity,
chance gifted worth, some death, some birth,
as opportunity
to find true berth, to wind, unearth
niche branches on life's tree -
expanding girth Man calls with mirth
'his' geneology.

In RING we'd GRIN as out and in,
and in and out without
a doubt begin with end, no sin
know - not the slightest doubt.
Win/win we'd spin, ere flesh or fin
food chains devised, we flout
God's origin as Man's odd kin
[r]evolving roundabout.

Ah me! amoeba's form from storm
original to worm
went squiggle wriggle, - then no norm
defined existed - term
invented to give guiding cue
to those whose epiderm
and ethics hairless grew, who'd woo
one sect, one spouse, no germ!

My coil with toil from sea to soil
rose from primaeval beach,
the tide we'd ride - some turned to oil -
to show there's reach in each
to change arrange - styles passing strange -
despite strange Kansas preach.
The basic code stays à la mode
the generations teach...

From ape to man mutating plan
expanded over time,
no date began, none ends the span
as human pantomime
is but a stage which slave and wage
conceived, believed a crime,
but when life's page leads to New Age,
will ever poet rhyme?

Some say through sin redemption win, -
'intelligent design'
inset to whet hopes thin they pin
on certainty divine
without the which they cannot stitch

through life of strife straight line,
alternate pitch hold poor, not rich,
may compromise set shrine.

Thoughts heretic hold wasting wick
which must itself consume,
to fixed line stick, on others pick
as sentenced to dark tomb.
One truth deduce - Hand did produce
some superhuman loom
and then set loose the sacred goose
to save man from sin's doom.

Who query climb from seabed slime
to homo sapiens
dont care a dime for threats to clime
from man's invasive trends
prefer prime-time's polluted grime -
jest blessed by best 'amens'.
Believe that time through endless time
plays out planned requiems.

At all events some Peter's pence
provide, and daily pray
for guidance whence God's evidence
may spring, sting wayward, gay.
Devoid of sense, 'intelligence'
'divine' they say Man's way,
began, - intense, spare no expense
to show 'design' at play.

Verse worldlywise some curse supplies
an overview to plead
that chance surprise from chaos buys
Man, monkey. Key indeed
in deed must rise as acts advise, -
not Acts the future feed, -
not Heaven's skies, but causal ties
think links beyond base crede.

One could flow on but some upon
Earth pan attention span,

feel overdone more words than one! -
hide-bound mind-sets deadpan.
Feel for 'such stuff' four lines enough -
where awe's applause they'd pay.
Through smooth and rough, think groove, act tough
to prove G[o]d's interplay.

Most sit on fence in self-defence,
as arguments they weigh,
to all intents expedience
allows cowards leeway.
Good sense prevents incense pretence, -
who'd welcome overstay?
My pen repents, I fold poor tents,
tip forelock, slip away.

© Jonathan Robin 13 April 2005,16 November 2006,17 August 2008

Verses written 13 April 2005: part 1.2.3 first half 4-8.16.

Verses written 16 November 2006 part 1 3 second half,5.14.15.17-24

Verses written 17 August 2008 part 1 9-13 plus minor revisions

NOTES

Words in CAPITALS: From form morph /loop polo pool... anagrams

Bracketed words s[p]aw[n] have several meanings spawn, pawn, awn, aw(e) ,
saw, spa span etc

Miocene: Period from 25 million to 13 million years ago; appearance of g[r]azing
mammals

Synopsis

This poem traces the evolution from primaeval soup to today through
underscoring the world before words and tracing the development of Evolution
basic chains

'rose from a twisting band' to the amoeba
'Inside was outside, outside in' to mankind
'from cause/effect to Man erect'
and beyond
'but Man's a phase, an empty phrase
on evolution's way.'

and presents an evolutionary case despite the opinions of the recently defeated
Kansas Board of Education anti Darwinian legislation
'despite strange Kansas preach.'

Thus 'From ape to man mutating plan
expanded over time,
no date began, none ends the span
as human pantomime
is but a stage '

and 'Who query climb from seabed slime
to homo sapiens? '
...the poem reiterates the belief
'time through endless time
plays out planned requiems'

Jonathan ROBIN

rubaiyat Of Invention And Innovation - After Edward Fitzgerald - Rubaiyat Of Omar Khayyam

Please see notes BEFORE reading

Those only interested in the second part explanation on differences in female/male thoughtmodes may scroll down to the highlighted couplet below:

yet now its time for rhyme to help poor male
to understand why women lead the way!

Rubaiyat of Invention and Innovation

At rubaiyat muse plays as thought explores
for your amusement Life's 'hows', 'whys', 'wherefores',
thoughts thread together, beaded rosary
to bloom until stark tomb dark curtains draws...

Once words have left returning page to find
imprinted home in spirit or in mind
retain gold dear, steer far from dross loss base -
touch base with open eyes which once peered blind.

.
Life veils 'beyond the pale' through which few see -
too many haste to taste eternity,
ignore life is succession finite, -
sum of infinite opportunity.

Can 'Truth' exist? we're asked, who'd taste masked core,
touch tendrils, clutch at straws, rehearse a score
whose strophes three score ten, twice more again,
write introduction light untold before.

.
Here Left and Right we join or juxtapose,
as letters twenty six may recompose
thought-waves without the need to favour court, -
nor ought fraught taut retort be brought verse, prose.

.
As Caxton's soldiers fan out page to page,

wage war with work, or work with living wage,
words' worth seeks judgement balanced, sets the stage
without judgemental values used as cage.

Here content, style, a while, united are,
to s[t]imulate reflection, nothing bar,
to pleasure, treasure, or discard at will
by Jack and Jill, Left, Right, at odds, on par.

.
So in these stanzas that speed to succeed
each other helter-skelter, thinking feed,
Green represents most right-brain thinking while
Blue underlines Left's understanding need.

.
Right brain most female thought-modes represents,
while Left brain runs male mind-sets bent on sense,
conclusions drawn between the two explain
these verses' rhyme and reason may condense
ways men think women feel their flower world,
ways women feel men think their power hurled,
the bridge of sighs between the two we try
to etch or sketch as headlong minds wind whirled
must surf our Universe, 'the 'why' not knowing,
Nor whence, like water willy-nilly flowing:
And out of it, as wind along the waste,
it knows not whither, willy-nilly blowing."

.
Read here, we're led to shed some light on what
could be by robot programmed, 'tis the lot
of whosoever dares, ahead of time,
create ideas that stimulate a lot.

.
Whatever our allotted span, our race
worldwide too favoured narrow man as ace, -
soon woman's savour shall claim pride of place,
replace man's place of pride and flavour base.

.
So grasp the moving finger as it writes
wait not on Time, but tune to timing - flights
of fancy twin with opportunity
which may not seed again feed dream's delights.

Here we explore core paradoxes which
divide left brain from right, and offer switch
inviting insight into ways all think
Jack Left, Jill Right, communication stitch.

.
In passing thank Fitzgerald whose Omar
Is as important as the Calendar
the latter gave the world in years gone by, -
without the which we couldn't travel far.

.
"The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,
moves on: nor all thy piety nor wit
shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
nor all thy tears wash out a word of it."

.
'The Moving Finger writes, moves on once writ',
says Left, ensuring that conclusions fit,
Alas! - train Right brain finds track rigid, tied
to thought-mode far too tight, Will wanting wit!

.
At stake is not just opportunity
to mock Pandora's lock necessity,
Knowledge must link to Intuition's guide, -
Time mocks rocks, dykes which walled off sea from sea.

.
Invention, innovation, share few tracks,
the former leans on what the latter lacks, -
Left brain is organized, by logic backed
while Right brain loves to test conflicting tacks.

.
One seeks salvation's compliments right now,
one tweaks, creation complements, finds "how";,
but [k]needs the trip itself where'er it leads, -
each track is farrowed by a different plough.

.
NIRVANA reads RAN VAIN when lacking span
to shrink the link dividing man from man,
RA IN VAN enlightenment sums sun,
where I RAN VAN entitlement works plan.

..
Invent pursues where innovation points,

from its zen flesh and bones provides the joints
the world's attention gains, an iceberg tip
to trace the crown our surface race anoints!

.
Invention: information channelled, spelled,
Where end result is traced from chase compelled
by circumstance - necessity as dam -
objective gained, no energy withheld.

.
Innovation: flashpoint few foresee,
lightning strike, transforms reality,
stems less from dam than from home grown desire,
sires fires to damn conventionality.

.
Invent is news which hi[s]tory appoints.
Innovation: views, not won on points,
The two approaches differ widely for
Invent is Left brain which itself anoints.

.
Invent: Left's spirit seldom satisfied
with status quo, would sew new ribbon tied
around edition fresh of old idea,
and profit, in all senses, from the ride.

.
Right, - Innovation - often steps aside
from golden rule that common sense should bide, -
warm ride more interest holds than cold gold which,
though rich in cents, insensed, distorts, can't guide.

.
Left puzzles pieces, Right, holistic whole.
Left scratches parts, square peg grounds to round hole.
Right parts from scratch, prefers mind vaulting pole
to catalyse spring causal, humour drôle.

.
Right rôle games plays, irks Left who'd goal to goal
spin faster, t[h]read to carpet red unroll,
Left works with teams, Right teems with works
which whet the appetites of who'd, for perks, control.

.
Right little patience shows with rigmarole,
defined in terms precise which some extoll,
Right bets on hedges, Left oft hedges bets

to safeguard steps from green with envy soul.

.
Red Tape is Left behind. Right circumvents
black holes, sees red when Left plays righteous, vents
spleen, envy, steam while Right anticipates
new ways to dollars save at cents' expense.

.
Left little patience shows for double Dutch,
plays safe, while Right relays, remains in hutch.
Left is frustrated when from tall black hat
Right rabbit pulls while both at straws still clutch.

.
For leads Right looks, left looks to lead, grow grand,
Finds focus where Right's dreams schemes must expand -
outstanding Right where Left would just stand out -
Left needs command, Right seeds to understand.

.
Right's Ball "no question makes of Ayes and Noes
but here or there as strikes the fancy flows
and Left that toss'd it down into the field,
Left knows about it all - HE knows - HE knows! "

.
Right's bat at that suspicious often grows, -
Alas, that Spring should vanish with the rose!
Left's certainties today may morrow wilt, when
"Youth's sweet-scented manuscript will close! "

.
"With Earth's first clay" Left wished last Man to knead,
there would of the last harvest sow the seed -
Right "the first morning of Creation wrote
what the last dawn of reckoning shall" breed!

.
And this Right knows: whether the one True Light
kindle to Love, or wrath consuming quite,
that in one flash [s]he sees mind's mirror caught
wins more than might in Left's right left outright.

.
Right out of senseless Nothing can provoke
a conscious Something to offset all yoke,
though yolk and white combine where omelette
of chicken-egg debate is often spoke.

Less Left would speak but takes in hand the spoke,
width calculates, sounds stress, - where sound may poke.
Left scores 'illicit' pleasure, under pain
of everlasting penalties, laws broke.

.
Left won't be left behind, when mind must work
with application, checks, rechecks won't shirk
should one experiment meet accident -
returns to find where errors, irking, lurk.

.
Right won't be tied behind by sect or kirk,
imagination surfs Time's tide to jerk
life's secrets from 'the foam of perilous seas
of faery lands forlorn' - twist humour quirk.

.
Defence and Prosecution illustrate
the different roles perceptions demonstrate
the ways invent and innovation play
their parts within both statement and the State.

.
Prosecution steers procedure past,
point proves, from point to point advances fast,
weighs more than plays, stays wary where surprise
could compromise its ruts, designed to last.

.
Left brain improves, adapts, contrives to cast
cards schooled to rule through precedent hard, fast,
right brain senses emotivity
which left brain tests with rigour unsurpassed,

.
Defence cares less for strong notes than key song,
dares more, wears less, won't always string along,
lifts patterns more than sifts, dreams different guise,
wise, judges not disguise as always wrong.

.
Prosecution hones the Law's harsh bite
pursues relentless all that ever might
present fair play as way lest laxity,
upsets convictions, or conviction's might.

.
Defence runs fate's dark gauntlet, just finds way
to play for time and execution's stay -

while Prosecution, left, preys on just fight
Defence p[er]sists, fights to fight another day.

.
One, left brain thinking works through day and night,
the other, right brain, writes of wrongs to right,
would equity extend to free and see
might to its place, replaced with just insight.

.
Left brain procedures precedents uphold,
this right brain finds restrictive, leaves it cold,
between the two grey matters black and white
draw frontiers firm in court naught caught short sold.

.
When something goes awry, elastoplast
Left tries - to sa[ve] old bearings overcast,
turns back to drawing board which soon supplies
Left's logic with an answer to forecast.

.
Right looks aghast at formal plans and strong
Of mice and men - when sounds the final gong
they're often wanting found, ship foundering lies
floundering at the bottom of the klong.

.
With instinct and experience Left packs
The deal he'd seal to minimise risk's whacks, -
while Right deals out the pack which Fate defies, -
and wins or loses gambling chips in stacks.

.
From never rest to Everest Left would climb
intent on proving life's not p[er]form, mime,
Right here's more bent upon perspectives vast
which care a dime that climate rhymes with time.

.
Invectives and opinions firm Left keeps
directive bland or pinions, Right squirms, weeps,
from both the world at any given time
must draw to balance checks from quantum leaps.

.
Left files sharp claws which both before behind,
attack or self defence, protect the mind
from flux, from change, arranges, irons out
barbed wired impressions orderedly and lined.

.
Left, from quotations printed fine, consigned,
advances point to point, points proves, aligned
as peas in pod, squad trained beyond all doubt,
avoiding void, vain compromise maligned.

.
Right's rainbow led reflections are declined, -
ground 'neath Left's feet, unsound, seems undermined, -
lest consequence from cause risk spirals out,
Left snaps control, traps soul in double bind.

.
Left limits 'strange' to context predefined,
lauds conduct clear, to weakness scarce inclined -
Reaction not Response its all about, -
matter mutters 'mind, do not unwind'!

.
Left seeks respect, tweaks Right who weak he'd find, -
inclined to speculations undefined.
Right looks 'beyond', towards monde SHE may scout
mind over matter mutters 'don't be blind! '

.
Right's polyvalent talents are combined
with 'will to know' not 'know to will assigned';
Right far and wide, will doubt, conventions flout,
replacing rigid Past with Future kind.

.
Right colour, contour, context, weighs, inclined
perplexed not vexed by text hex too confined, ...
not 'in' or 'out', but context 'round about';
not 'black' or 'white', - too tight, - rights unresigned.

.
Right ties rejects which, too long trained, strong twined,
leave insufficient rein when wined and dined,
reigns over networks new which serve, st[r]and out,
deserve attention due, yet undefined.

.
Left brain firm trains, explains, holds doubt a vice,
'method' blessed in Prussian terms precise,
Right seeks advice, to 'When?' adds 'Why? '
to try new ways to 'escape predestination's vice.

.
Left th[r]ough due process, orders gives, obeys,

Right resonates, tunes, amplifies, relays,
each finds reach others teach at best suspect, -
one phrase defines, one signals waves in phase.

.
Left, little feeling, thinks on measures, weighs,
Right little thinking, feels for treasured ways,
Each finds fond pleasure through bond interface
The other questions [Left], or, [Right] dismays.

.
Left comprehends, Right feels, 'gainst wrong appeals.
Right makes amends where sometimes Left conceals
emotions with a surface self-restraint
Right often feels false travesty reveals.

.
Left masks emotions - tasks take precedence,
Right damns dam notions, drawing from sixth sense
though complex facts intact, contract's pursued,
Right tact prefers, contacting joys intense.

.
Left's sense of purpose drives momentum great.
Right's sense convergent helps to integrate,
grateful, what Left too often grates, to bring
perspective spans holistic, to create.

.
Left's sense of planning point to point links straight.
Right's contradictions often may frustrate,
from straitened circumstances two paths spring -
these, well combined, approach perfection's state.

.
Right brain responds, to empathize its rôle.
Left brain reacts, to emphasize control.
Each needs a dose of each to reach the stars -
who little care for spins from pole to pole.

.
Left is the standard cork to bottle wine,
Right has unusual 'nose' for flavour fine:
together they complete life's kitchen where
one cutler is, one chef, - and so we dine!

.
One channels to produce pure data streams,
One flannels to seduce, lure, sate her dreams,
thus inspiration gleams through different ways

we chose the dice Fate throws, streamlines extremes.

.

Invention is the blossom on the tree,
whose scent is innovation - what role we
elect to play is weighed by hand which writes
the score for music that posterity
will use or will abuse, for good or ill,
to chain or free, the Future's dreams fulfill
to mar, or let men Mars and far stars reach,
empower'd by women who will not stand still.

.

Invention is intention catalyzed,
by role reversal, vistas reapprized,
extension complicated later seen
as simple step towards a goal disguised.

.

Is "simple step ahead on path disguised"
more than old calculations rerevised?
Once inaccessible, goal gleams with second-sight
through touchstone turned once much despised.

.

Extension is an option exercised
which counts or counters process organized, -
play with the flow, go tack against tides tight,
examples sample, straight lines exorcized.

.

Some words were changed in the three stanzas which
proceeded this, the argument to stitch, -
however phrased 'Invent', 'Create', refuse
static overviews through toss and pitch.

.

And yet when innovation spreads its shoots
to sound the ground thought far too dry for roots,
the route is either opened or prepared
as Present, Future, Past, act in cahoots.

.

Yet Change's stream self-stimulates its flow
from double sources, which together sow
awareness heightened of an interplay
auto-configurated, primed to go
by synchronicity yet not in tandem though
the two may be confused in afterglow

when hindsight's blessing seeks to document
'invent' and 'innovation' cameo.

.
Life can't run on one track, - both sot and sage,
must gear up, intuitions hear, engage,
black, white, replace with bright kaleidoscope,
and [w]ink "I think I think! " upon Life's page.

.
What matters, and to whom? What gravities
apply when anti-matter equals tease
conundrums which a life-long paradox
entertains until all memories
are atomised upon a karmic breeze,
"blown willy-nilly" till, like honeyed bees,
they bumble on towards a homely hive.
They stumble on till patterns by degrees
from angles wide frame, focus, offer keys
for who between the lines can read, and these
the waft and weft of substance may discern
to draw the line dividing wood from trees.

.
Both rhyme and reason often are withheld
till time and season ring the changes belled,
and timing is essential where the mind
must funnel forces for tomorrow spelled.

.
Who would evolve must choose from many doors, -
each offers either fame, or blame, doom draws.
Time twists or tows each current man would seize,
each offers health or wealth, advance or pause, -

.
The doors are those of inner confidence,
opened not by sitting on a fence,
though 'Chance' a helping hand can often lend
connecting inklings into solid sense.

.
But sense is insufficient - those who see
the light with passion work to find a key
to free not freeze mankind, - yet better world
needs no fixed frieze to please the gallery.

.
What fame is, what is doom, though, who foresees?

What choice reject, what opportunities
take for, or take as, granted, intervene
converting wonder into energies
which harness intuitions to complete
a chain of thought whose end few e'er do meet,
combining much intangible to seek
responses which Left's world will help to beat.

.
Who would advance must, knock upon those doors,
imagine links between effect and cause,
must persevere despite cold failure's fears,
warm ice of ignorance until it thaws.

.
For "Cause", "Effect" combine as on their way
the cusps converge in subtle interplay,
although the watershed important seems
today - tomorrow's dreams may well betray.

.
Left brain or Right? The one extends the known,
re-engineers and hears hid pattern's tone,
the other changes gears and clears the way
intuitive the former's instincts stone.

.
Left brain or Right? One concentrates, would own,
the other seems to contradictions prone,
yet both explore for flaw with minds honed keen -
synaptic leaps come cheap, fresh codes to clone.

.
Right wastes the precious hour "in vain pursuit
of this and that endeavor and dispute; -
better be jocund with the fruitful grape
than sadden after none, or bitter, fruit."

.
Right too well knows with what "a brave carouse
some made a second Marriage in their house";
"divorced old barren Reason from their bed,
and took the daughter of the vine to spouse."

.
Yet those who whine, those who wine-dine, one day
will meet like fate, in state with worms to stay,
or earnings urned, or sunk 'full fathom five'
both trunk or drunk they wake too late to pray!

.
The Left brain can "with logic absolute
the two-and-seventy jarring sects confute";
Right, sovereign alchemist, may in a trice
Life's leaden metal into gold transmute.

.
"For Is and Is-not Left with rule and line
and UP-AND-DOWN by Logic does define, ";
of all that one should care to fathom, Right
was never deep in abstracts to design.

.
In all "the seeds of wisdom both would sow";,
each with his, her "hand conjurs it to grow";:
though this be bitter harvest most must reap -
"I came like Water, and like Wind I go."

.
Left sizes "Glories of This world"; while Right
sighs for the Prophet's Paradise come right,
Left takes the cash, and lets the credit go!
Who'd heed the rumbling distant drum tonight?

.
And Left who "husbanded the golden grain, ";
and Right who "flung it to the winds like rain";,
alike to no such aureate earth are turn'd
as, buried once, Men want dug up again."

..
She, chaste, who s[l]aving pension's rationned crust,
He who chased to waste through greed and lust,
alike must not forget to taste the spice
of life before its root dissolves in dust.

.
Retirement benefits are left unclaimed
when Death, untimely, Fate's sharp shafts has aimed, -
how much of what remains by fiscal crush
is lost - what cost to generations maimed!

.
Though Chance unhappy is too often blamed
each makes his bed, together those once famed
for vice or virtue now forgotten lie
beneath the grass where once they, heedless, gamed.

.
"And we, that now make merry in the room

they left, and summer dresses in new bloom,
ourselves must we beneath the couch of earth
descend - ourselves to make a couch - for whom?

.
The worldly hope most set their hearts upon
turns ashes - or it prospers; and anon,
like snow upon the desert's dusty face,
lighting a little hour or two - is gone.

We are no other than a moving row
of magic shadow-shapes that come and go
round with the sun-illumined lantern held
in midnight by the Master of the Show.

.
But helpless pieces of the game He plays
upon this chequer-board of nights and days;
hither and thither moves, and checks, and slays,
and one by one back in the closet lays."

.
Left brain warp, weft, weaves patchwork into goal
Right links the jump, or jumps the link to bowl
Conformity as patterns into play
may come a dime a dozen, colour soul.

.
For Right, night brings rich dreams which ring a bell.
For Left, a concept new to master well.
For Right or Left it matters not a jot
if happiness cannot be 'got' as well.

.
Both high I.Q. and gift of second sight
fail in the scales however smart or bright,
if peace of mind, serenity, none find
to burnish daily bind with inner light.

.
Yet inner light is what Life's all about -
who cares a curse for economic clout -
as wallets fail but heart which true to self
remains, for cash cares not, can conquer doubt.

.
Left brain or Right? The one reaps what is sown
remains tenacious, sometimes claims his own
what Right brain stimulates though times be lean, -

one schemes, replaces themes the other's grown.

.
Left brain or Right? The one retains control,
the latter's best exploring jeux de rôle,
one works his team's ideas, the other teems
with flashes filling ignorance's hole.

.
Left brain or Right? One works to build the whole
from parts prenumbered or explicit goal,
the other flouts conformity to find
a missing link - and, often, begging bowl.

.
Fiction, fact, both in their way attract, -
Left codifies, can plan, expand, extract,
Right spans apparent contradictions, may
through alchemy free essence pure, intact.

.
Left brain or Right? Each plays a different pitch
One seeks in process practice best, straight stitch,
the other joys in spontaneity
responds to setbacks with a humour rich.

.
Left brain or Right? One seeks to 'know it all'
the other patterns 'search' itself, whose call
can come from outside past experience -
whence Left draws force for details great and small.

.
Right feels: "the Idols I have loved so long
have done my credit in this world much wrong:
have drown'd my glory in a shallow cup,
And sold my reputation for a song."

.
"Indeed, indeed, repentance oft before
I swore - but was I sober when I swore?
And then, and then came Spring, and Rose-in-hand
my thread-bare penitence apieces tore."

.
Right senses details will themselves in time
from chaos sort themselves, to form a rhyme
which music makes - cacophony may tame, -
Left from fresh heights will ever seek to climb.

.

Left inches onwards, then momentum gains,
Right finds but slight delight in careful pains,
on tangents travels till the paradox
should solve itself - though paradox remains!

.
Left seeks through flair and application to
compare, tear up, wear down, and try anew, -
exploring intuitions Right defies
forgone conclusions, greets green pastures new.

.
For Left might might be right from strong position,
or wrong when Left is left in opposition, -
preconceptions Right feels most unwise -
a state of mind Left thinks through inhibition
is compromise he can't well supervise
if circumstances change, luck turns, surprise
contradicts conditions neatly planned -
while Right, when challenged, loves to improvise.

.
But what is new? What might we rediscover
which none before could, vigilant, uncover?
What old is there where worlds in parallel
Time's carefree sands join hands to carefully cover?

.
There is a Door to which Right finds no Key;
There is a Veil through which Left might not see: -
each needs the other in Life's partnership
to sail towards sweet serendipity.

.
While Left excels at logical attack.
Right scouts beyond Life's boring beaten track,
both need autonomy for reasons they
"within the tavern door" poor brains do wrack.

.
"A Hair perhaps divides the False and True;
Yes; and a single Alif were the clue" -
where Left sorts, grades the angels on a pin
there Right sports, plays about their angles too!

.
"A hair divides" stark failure from success,
straightjacket from a jacket straight, address
Belgravian from grave where all lies rotten, -

forgotten flame interred in the process.

.
Some here there are who daily fly a kite,
who gaily persevere despite those tight
vested interests, opposition to
approaches new, disruptive, which just might
upset their applecart, who find delight
in time-worn stale traditions, empty [w]rite,
reciting litanies to tease not ease
those who would share their gifts, not parasite!

.
The challenges we all embrace today, -
together Left and Right may futures sway -
yet now its time for rhyme to help poor male
to understand why women lead the way!

.
Left brain or Right, man, maid, - what difference!
He seeks control - oft at his mate's expense -
While she for him is woman more than whim,
won't rock the boat except in self-defense.

.
Man thinks 'I AM because I, man, do rule'
and woman rules through 'sharing tools' - one school
is based on networks while the other would
lose wood for trees, sees not that he's Time's fool! .

.
While he will speak for everything to know,
she'll seek still more, lets life ring true, fill, grow.
One is Left brain, the other Right - yet why
is one left right behind, though more may s[h]ow..

..
She minds her peace, he gives her piece of mind.
Unkind he stays, strays often, - should she mind?
She's paradise, he's dice parade between
the knots he ties [w]hitch she must then unwind.

.
She works her shift, he shifts his work to her.
He, shiftless, shifty, silky shifts will spur!
He preys on her where she for him would pray, -
Her pay he'd tax where she'd life lax prefer!

.
She cares for kids, where he kids, cares to rest

before some sport - while she supports the rest,
works both from nine to five and five to nine.
He sports bright ties - light ties prefers the best!

.
She looks ahead while he, as head, looks on
good looks - which in her book is more than wrong,
regretting grass seems greener through the fence -
defence of dreams is sold short, for a song.

.
He wields the axe, while she bears forty whacks,
He thinks he wears the trousers though he slacks,
He waxes wroth he 'needs', she kneeds the wax
fills cracks, unshackles, builds long lasting shacks.

.
He spares to live, she ever lives to share.
He won't forgive, she blossoms everywhere
needs harmony not tomb to bloom, bear fruit, -
He spi[t]es for wayfare, she, sprite, lights way fair!

.
He fields the work, while she must work the fields.
She feels the pinch, while he both pinches, feels.
She earns her keep while he her earnings keeps, -
She yields the count, while he, he counts the yields!

.
He'd lay the rules and rule the lays. Some say
unbalanced are the scales! On Judgment Day -
when all are weighed he's wanting found withal -
while she's a paragon, he's gone astray!

.
She swears to honour, cherish and obey,
while he of harem dreams, as Pasha, Bey, -
what's worth his plot of earth if one fine day
parthenogenesis may come to stay?

.
If SHE could autoreproduce or clone,
If SHE the race continued all alone,
what trace would HE retain who, vain, sees end
as master, losing face, to lying prone?

.
If HE, who least believes, seems set in stone,
If HE, who most receives, leaves self-righteous moan
then Mona Lisa sentence might suspend

and spare the rib that cuts her to the bone.

.
For Woman is the source, the stream, the flow,
SHE bends where HE may break when strong winds blow,
HE who would rule the cradle seldom takes
sufficient time to nurture Nature, know
that Left needs Right as friend as not as foe,
that Left needs Right to stagger stop and go,
that Left needs Right though Right's rights stimulate
the fear that Right bereft of Left might show
the way to new adventures truly told
which cut the ground beneath clay feet so cold,
while open options that may stake a claim
to true convergency, leave Left short-sold.

.
For though Left Man will seldom silent fold
his tents for his intents tie li[n]es of gold,
Right Lady seeks to light another flame
Whose spirit need not fail, nor yet grow old.

.
While HE invents, turns cents to sovereign mold,
SHE innovates, and networks to enfold,
HE's rolled into himself, seeks rich reward
where SHE, life's steward, stays the world from mould.

.
Still to tomorrow SHE her face will turn,
though HE stays still, will, glancing back, return
to glories past while she fast understands
the need to Present seed not Future burn.

.
Man's swift to burn those idols once adored,
hard head discards what generations stored
in search of stimulation to fulfill
a mind found wanting, or, through wanting, bored,
man's mate will tune a very different chord,
will read the runes, anticipate and ford
the flood he takes as threat, - for good or ill
will turn the tide and ride for peace restored.

.
Though some there are who through true flair clue, float,
and there are some who multicoloured coat
may don few sculpt new arches from the sky,

for rainbow hue may rock, shock logic's boat.

.

More than before see innovation's speed
increase to meet anticipated need
which interacts in turn as catalyst
to undermine traditions bead by bead.

.

Where men, grey, race, would not lose face, concede,
there maids may trace, would choose with grace, as reed
to slender bend, true to the end, unknissed
by compromise - a bitter prize indeed!

.

When tipping point is finally attained,
with Life's entangled web in part explained
those new horizons which seemed clear,
when neared, then reappear as paradox maintained.

.

Invent, - which votes development sustained
where Innovation, rich, notes bent unreined -
must then in tandem act, trust persevered,
momentum for the common good maintained.

.

Both strong and weak too long have entertained
a system all admit is overstrained,
if insight fails, if facts miscalculate,
it will be far too late as Fate, unchained,
accelerates beyond our wherewithal
to check, to bargain gaining time, to stall, -
if innovation cannot motivate
invention to wide view beyond recall
little may stay of all today held dear.
In social earthquake much may disappear,
the writing on the wall puts second-rate
complacency aside, gaps wide can't cheer.

.

For those who vote, those voted in to steer -
the latter to the former lend an ear
when elections near polls forge give-[s]take, -
stay in the dark to doom impending, near

.

For soon am I tsunami, shall appearfore
warning pale of failings! Loud and clear

environment around the globe may shake
despite spite's politicians insincere
who little heed Earth's thunder till the chips
are down, ground wakes beneath their feet and rips
apart ambitions which won't come to grips
with Nature's patience, climate fulcum tips.

.
Today Man's blind rapacity rewards
those who beat ploughshares into cheating swords, -
perhaps Tomorrow's perspicacity
will crust not bust entrust with wise awards.

.
Man moons explores, redraws the map of space,
finds flaws in much before his hand did trace,
perhaps time-out, return to drawing board,
might ready scene for a more steady pace
where symbiosis, Right and Left help face
a future free from fear of fall from grace,
where Woman is by Man nor spurned, ignored
as if HE could HER talents e'er replace!

.
"Come, fill the Cup, and" let Inventions swing
towards the visions Innovations sing,
"the Bird of Time has but a little way
to flutter - and the Bird is on the Wing! "

.
To Left, for scope, some, conscientious, turn,
to Right, for hope, adventurers return -
we trust these verses unrehearsed may please,
may set minds' sails on seas free-will will learn.

.
Some dream their acts, some act their dreams, and here
The reader sees both weakness, strengths, appear
to complement each other - we may work
to integrate all aspects, coded clear.

.
Enhanced, entranced, entrapped? The coming years
may mete set scene for keen and neat ideas
so each uncovers reach to harmony
to catalyze momentum free from fears.

.
To 'innovention' - phrase coined - we inscribe

our praise, our prose to those of female tribe
whose Right brain thinking, lateral nuance,
enrich cold logic to which men subscribe.

.
One could continue till the cows come home
comparing innovation's coloured foam
to hard-track records which inventions please -
enough! no more! depart! elsewhere to roam!

.
Lest "leave the wise to wrangle, and with me
the quarrel of the Universe let be:
and, in some corner of the hubbub couch't,
make game of that which makes as much of thee."

.
"Perplex no more with Human or Divine,
to-morrow's tangle to the winds resign, "
why care if Left or Right take precedence
can common sense true harmony decline!

.
"Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint and heard great argument
About INVENT and INNOVATION though
Most "came out by same door as in they went."

.
"Why, all the Saints and Sages who discuss'd"
of Female, Male so learnedly, "are thrust
like foolish prophets forth; their words to scorn
are scatter'd left and right, mouths stopt with dust! "

.
"Oh, come from old Khayyam, and leave the wise
to talk; one thing is certain, that Life flies;
one thing is certain, and the rest is Lies;
the flower that once has blown for ever dies."

.
So go from old Khayyam, and leave the Lot
of Innovation and Invent forgot!
"A flask of wine, a book of verse - and thou
with bread beneath the bough" would please thee not?

.
Ah friend, "could you and I with Him conspire
To grasp this sorry scheme of things entire,
Would not we shatter it to bits -

and then Re-mold it nearer to the heart's desire! "

.
So if you hold to Left, or Right enfold,
don't to temptation bow, blown hot and cold,
to self stay true, yet toleration show, -
ends, means confused steamrolls soul unconsolated.

.
Though Left and Right in opposition seem,
Like Yin and Yang they're complements, a team
to win the Way which choice may add to voice,
although wicks burn, the turn can pick up steam

.
To churn ideas discerning chalk from cheese
Avoiding quarrels, splitting hairs or peas, -
No pins, no angels, heads, tails flipped askance -
Play chance degrees, not chance prey by decrees.

.
As we create conditions for [ex]change
of paradigm, what once seemed out of range, -
or out of court was thought - by signals strong
is caught to show ways we may rearrange
monochromatic patterns weird and strange
into a code that chaos can exchange,
or comprehension where no "right" or "wrong"
may man from man or woman more estrange.

.
Thus through the watershed of Chance or plan
all may advance and man prove true to man,
to ban judgmental values from the game
and tame dark forces! From the frying pan
not into fire to jump, or conflicts fan,
but open source new options which then can
prepare with care progression where the flame
of change is channelled, comfort in the van.

.
Each incarnation, like an iceberg tip,
is evanescent phase of onward trip, -
evaporation cycle spin obeys
as witness to time's superficial skip
from post to post through ghost or phantom grip,
from concrete feet which greet their fated ship
more with mistrust, non-plussed, haze blacks and greys,

than rainbow flow or superficial skip
across the time-zone karmic interlude
between fast, food, aims met or goals mis-cued,
calm, feud, - high, low imagined - as each act
shifts scene from fact through further fact pursued.

.
Pursuit involves intention to invention
embracing even active intervention
from preconception, stated point of view
whose motto seems too obvious to mention
when "principles" misgivings, apprehension,
may mask or compensate, hold in suspension,
whose motto is "I am, as I pursue"
self-justifying, trying, eases tension.

.
Right brain through empathy and intuition
evolves paths interactive, seeks fruition
encouraging response and not reaction,
avoiding Left brained parrot style tuition.

.
Left brain must train fine grained administration,
while Right will highlight sleight, anticipation,
too much of either - trains can't run on time,
or entertain a just emancipation
A dose of each - with neither on probation -
enables evolution, approbation
through moderation seeks a just solution,
avoids extremes of prison, revolution.

.
"Alike for those who for TO-DAY prepare,
and those that after a TO-MORROW stare,
a muezzin from the tower of darkness cries:
'Fools! your reward is neither here nor there! '

.
Ah, make the most of what you yet may spend,
before you too into the dust descend;
dust into dust, and under dust, to lie,
sans wine, sans song, sans s[w]inger and - sans end ! "

.
We trust these quatrains, held up to the light,
have proved instructive, with less bark than bite,
not foundling foundered, fact found sound in sense,

insight packed tight, intense, not sot, rot trite.

May this excursion offer up some keys
beyond its verse-abilites and seize
the opportunity to open doors awhile
to find fresh focus open to degrees.

May this diversion stimulate and please,
yet reap and garner grain not chaff nor tease,
more substance keep than superficial style
while laughing at our own absurd...ditties.

</>n.b. it may be useful to scroll down to the end and read the notes before
setting time aside for a worthwhile read :) - Enjoy!

At rubaiyat muse plays as thought explores
for your amusement Life's 'hows', 'whys', 'wherefores',
thoughts thread together, beaded rosary
to bloom until stark tomb dark curtains draws...

Once words have left returning page to find
imprinted home in spirit or in mind
retain gold dear, steer far from dross loss base -
touch base with open eyes which once peered blind.

Life veils 'beyond the pale' through which few see -

too many haste to taste eternity,
ignore life is succession finite, - sum
of infinite opportunity.

Can "Truth" exist? we're asked, who'd taste masked core,
touch tendrils, clutch at straws, rehearse a score
whose strophes three score ten, twice more again,
write introduction light untold before.

Here Left and Right we join or juxtapose,
as letters twenty six may recompose
thought-waves without the need to favour court, -
nor ought fraught taut retort be brought verse, prose.

As Caxton's soldiers fan out page to page,
wage war with work, or work with living wage,
words' worth seeks judgement balanced, sets the stage
without judgemental values used as cage.

Here content, style, a while, united are,
to simulate reflection, nothing bar,
to pleasure, treasure, or discard at will
by Jack and Jill, Left, Right, at odds, on par.

So in these stanzas that speed to succeed
each other helter-skelter, thinking feed,
Green represents most right-brain thinking while
Blue underlines Left's understanding need.

Right brain most female thought-modes represents,
while Left brain runs male mind-sets bent on sense,
conclusions drawn between the two explain
these verses' rhyme and reason may condense

ways men think women feel their flower world,
ways women feel men think their power hurled,
the bridge of sighs between the two we try
to etch or sketch as headlong minds wind whirled

must surf our Universe, "the 'why' not knowing,
Nor whence, like water willy-nilly flowing:
And out of it, as wind along the waste,

it knows not whither, willy-nilly blowing."

Read here, we're led to shed some light on what
could be by robot programmed, 'tis the lot
of whosoever dares, ahead of time,
create ideas that stimulate a lot.

Whatever our allotted span, our race
worldwide too favoured narrow man as ace, -
soon woman's savour shall claim pride of place,
replace man's place of pride and flavour base.

So grasp the moving finger as it writes
wait not on Time, but tune to timing - flights
of fancy twin with opportunity
which may not seed again feed dream's delights.

Here we explore core paradoxes which
divide left brain from right, and offer switch
inviting insight into ways all think
Jack Left, Jill Right, communication stitch.

In passing thank Fitzgerald whose Omar
Is as important as the Calendar
the latter gave the world in years gone by,
without the which we couldn't travel far.

"The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,
moves on: nor all thy piety nor wit
shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
nor all thy tears wash out a word of it."

'The Moving Finger writes, moves on once writ',
says Left, ensuring that conclusions fit,
Alas! - train Right brain finds track rigid, tied
to thought-mode far too tight, Will wanting wit!

At stake is not just opportunity
to mock Pandora's lock necessity,
Knowledge must link to Intuition's guide,
Time mocks rocks, dykes which walled off sea from sea.

Invention, innovation, share few tracks,
the former leans on what the latter lacks,
Left brain is organized, by logic backed
while Right brain loves to test conflicting tacks.

One seeks salvation's compliments right now,
one tweaks, creation complements, finds "how";
but [k]needs the trip itself where'er it leads,
each track is farrowed by a different plough.

NIRVANA reads RAN VAIN when lacking span
to shrink the link dividing man from man,
RA IN VAN enlightenment sums sun,
where I RAN VAN entitlement works plan.

Invent pursues where innovation points,
from its zen flesh and bones provides the joints
the world's attention gains, an iceberg tip
to trace the crown our surface race anoints!

Invention: information channelled, spelled,
Where end result is traced from chase compelled
by circumstance, necessity as dam
objective gained, no energy withheld.

Innovation: flashpoint few foresee,
lightning strike, transforms reality,
stems less from dam, than from home grown desire,
sires fires to damn conventionality.

Invent is news which hi[s]story appoints.
Innovation: views, not won on points,
The two approaches differ widely for
Invent is Left brain which itself anoints.

Invent: Left's spirit seldom satisfied
with status quo, would sew new ribbon tied
around edition fresh of old idea,
and profit, in all senses, from the ride.

Right, Innovation, often steps aside

from golden rule that common sense should bide, -
warm ride more interest holds than cold gold which,
though rich in cents, insensed, distorts, can't guide.

Left puzzles pieces, Right, holistic whole.
Left scratches parts, square peg grounds to round hole.
Right parts from scratch, prefers mind vaulting pole
to catalyse spring causal, humour drôle.

Right rôle games plays, irks Left who'd goal to goal
spin faster, t[h]read to carpet red unroll,
Left works with teams, Right teems with works which whet
the appetites of who'd, for perks, control.

Right little patience shows with rigmarole,
defined in terms precise which some extoll,
Right bets on hedges, Left oft hedges bet
to safeguard steps from any jealous soul.

Red Tape is Left behind. Right circumvents
black holes, sees red when Left plays righteous, vents
spleen, envy, steam while Right anticipates
new ways to dollars save at cents' expense.

Left little patience shows for double Dutch,
plays safe, while Right relays, remains in hutch.
Left is frustrated when from tall black hat
Right rabbit pulls while both at straws still clutch.

For leads Right looks, left looks to lead, grow grand,
Finds focus where Right's dreams schemes must expand -
outstanding Right where Left would just stand out -
Left needs command, Right seeds to understand.

Right's Ball "no question makes of Ayes and Noes
but here or there as strikes the fancy flows
and Left that toss'd it down into the field,
Left knows about it all - HE knows - HE knows! "

Right's bat at that suspicious often grows,
Alas, that Spring should vanish with the rose!
Left's certainties today may morrow wilt,

when "Youth's sweet-scented manuscript will close! "

"With Earth's first clay" Left wished last Man to knead,
there would of the last harvest sow the seed
"the first morning of Creation wrote
what the last dawn of reckoning shall" breed!

And this Right knows: whether the one True Light
kindle to Love, or wrath consuming quite,
that in one flash [s]he sees mind's mirror caught
wins more than might in Left's right left outright.

Right out of senseless Nothing can provoke
a conscious Something to offset all yoke,
though yolk and white combine where omelette
of chicken-egg debate is often spoke.

Less Left would speak but takes in hand the spoke,
width calculates, sounds stress, - where sound may poke.
Left scores 'illicit' pleasure, under pain
of everlasting penalties, laws broke.

Left won't be left behind, when mind must work
with application, checks, rechecks won't shirk
should one experiment meet accident -
returns to find where errors, irking, lurk.

Right won't be tied behind by sect or kirk,
imagination surfs Time's tide to jerk
life's secrets from "the foam of perilous seas
of faery lands forlorn" twist humour quirk.

Defence and Prosecution illustrate
the different roles perceptions demonstrate
the ways invent and innovation play
their parts within both statement and the State.

Prosecution steers procedure past,
point proves, from point to point advances fast,
weighs more than plays, stays wary where surprise
could compromise its ruts, designed to last.

Left brain improves, adapts, contrives to cast
cards schooled to rule through precedent hard, fast,
right brain senses emotivity
which left brain tests with rigour unsurpassed,

Defence cares less for strong notes than key song,
dares more, wears less, won't always string along,
lifts patterns more than sifts, dreams different guise,
wise, judges not disguise as always wrong.

Prosecution hones the Law's harsh bite
pursues relentless all that ever might
present fair play as way lest laxity,
upsets convictions, or conviction's might.

Defence runs fate's dark gauntlet, just finds way
to play for time and execution's stay -
while Prosecution, left, preys on just fight
Defence p[r]ays, fights to fight another day.

One, left brain thinking works through day and night,
the other, right brain, writes of wrongs to right,
would equity extend to free and see
might to its place, replaced with just insight.

Left brain procedures precedents uphold,
this right brain finds restrictive, leaves it cold,
between the two grey matters black and white
draw frontiers firm in court naught caught short sold

When something goes awry, elastoplast
Left tries - to sa[l]ve old bearings overcast,
turns back to drawing board which soon supplies
Left's logic with an answer to forecast.

Right looks aghast at formal plans and strong
Of mice and men - when sounds the final gong
they're often wanting found, ship foundering lies
floundering at the bottom of the klong.

With instinct and experience Left packs
The deal he'd seal to minimise risk's whacks,

while Right deals out the pack which Fate defies,
and wins or loses gambling chips in stacks.

From never rest to Everest Left would climb
intent on proving life's not p[h]antomime,
Right here's more bent upon perspectives vast
which care a dime that climate rhymes with time.

Invectives and opinions firm Left keeps
directive bland or pinions, Right squirms, weeps,
from both the world at any given time
must draw to balance checks from quantum leaps.

Left files sharp claws which both before behind,
attack or self defence, protect the mind
from flux, from change, arranges, irons out
barbed wired impressions orderedly and lined.

Left, from quotations printed fine, consigned,
advances point to point, points proves, aligned
as peas in pod, squad trained beyond all doubt,
avoiding void, vain compromise maligned.

Right's rainbow led reflections are declined,
ground `neath Left's feet, unsound, seems undermined,
lest consequence from cause risk spirals out,
Left snaps control, traps soul in double bind.

Left limits `strange' to context predefined,
lauds conduct clear, to weakness scarce inclined
Reaction not Response its all about,
mind over matter mutters "don't unwind"!

Left seeks respect, tweaks Right who weak he'd find,
inclined to speculations undefined.
Right looks "beyond";, towards monde he can scout,
mind over matter mutters "don't be blind"!

Right's polyvalent talents are combined
with "will to know" not "know to will assigned";
Right far and wide, will doubt, conventions flout,

replacing rigid Past with Future kind.

Right colour, contour, context, weighs, inclined
perplexed not vexed by text hex too confined,
not 'in' or 'out', but context 'round about'
not 'black' or 'white', too tight, rights unresigned.

Right ties rejects which, too long trained, strong twined,
leave insufficient rein when wined and dined,
reigns over networks new which serve, stand out,
deserve attention due, yet undefined.

Left brain firm trains, explains, holds doubt a vice,
'method' blessed in Prussian terms precise,
Right seeks advice, to 'When?' adds 'Why?' to try
new ways to 'scape predestination's vice.

Left through due process, orders gives, obeys,
Right resonates, tunes, amplifies, relays,
each finds reach others teach at best suspect,
one phrase defines, one signals waves in phase.

Left, little feeling, thinks on measures, weighs,
Right little thinking, feels for treasured ways,
Each finds fond pleasure through bond interface
The other questions [Left], or, [Right] dismays.

Left comprehends, Right feels, 'gainst wrong appeals.
Right makes amends where sometimes Left conceals
emotions with a surface self-restraint
Right often feels false travesty reveals.

Left masks emotions - tasks take precedence,
Right damns dam notions, drawing from sixth sense
though complex facts intact, contract's pursued,
Right tact prefers, contacting joys intense.

Left's sense of purpose drives momentum great.
Right's sense convergent helps to integrate,
grateful, what Left too often grates, to bring
perspective spans holistic, to create.

Left's sense of planning point to point links straight.
Right's contradictions often may frustrate,
from straitened circumstances two paths spring
these, well combined, approach perfection's state.

Right brain responds, to redefine its rôle.
Left brain reacts, to reassert control.
Each needs a dose of each to reach the stars
who little care for spins from pole to pole.

Left is the standard cork to bottle wine,
Right has unusual 'nose' for flavour fine:
together they complete life's kitchen where
one cutler is, one chef, - and so we dine!

One channels to produce pure data streams,
One flannels to seduce, lure, sate her dreams,
thus inspiration gleams through different ways
we chose the dice Fate throws, streamlines extremes.

Invention is the blossom on the tree,
whose scent is innovation - what role we
elect to play is weighed by hand which writes
the score for music that posterity

will use or will abuse, for good or ill,
to chain or free, the Future's dreams fulfill
to mar, or let men Mars and far stars reach,
empower'd by women who will not stand still.

Invention is intention catalyzed,
by role reversal, vistas reapprized,
extension complicated later seen
as simple step towards a goal disguised.

Is 'simple step ahead on path disguised'
more than old calculations rerevised?
Once inaccessible, with second-sight
goal gleams through touchstone turned once much despised.

Extension is an option exercised

which counts or counters process organized, -
play with the flow, go tack against tides tight,
examples sample, straight lines exorcized.

Some words were changed in the three stanzas which
proceeded this, the argument to stitch, -
however phrased 'Invent', 'Create', refuse
static overviews through toss and pitch.

And yet when innovation spreads its shoots
to sound the ground thought far too dry for roots,
the route is either opened or prepared
as Present, Future, Past, act in cahoots.

Yet Change's stream self-stimulates its flow
from double sources, which together sow
awareness heightened of an interplay
auto-configurated, primed to go

by synchronicity yet not in tandem though
the two may be confused in afterglow
when hindsight's blessing seeks to document
'invent' and 'innovation' cameo.

Life can't run on one track, - both sot and sage,
must gear up, intuitions hear, engage,
black, white, replace with bright kaleidoscope,
and [w]ink "I think I think! "; upon Life's page.

What matters, and to whom? What gravities
apply when anti-matter equals tease
conundrums which a life-long paradox
entertains until all memories

are atomised upon a karmic breeze,
"blown willy-nilly"; till, like honeyed bees,
they bumble on towards a homely hive.
They stumble on till patterns by degrees

from angles wide frame, focus, offer keys
for who between the lines can read, and these
the waft and weft of substance may discern

to draw the line dividing wood from trees.

Both rhyme and reason often are withheld
till time and season ring the changes belled,
and timing is essential where the mind
must funnel forces for tomorrow spelled.

Who would evolve must choose from many doors, -
each offers either fame, or blame, doom draws.
Time twists or tows each current man would seize,
each offers health or wealth, advance or pause, -

The doors are those of inner confidence,
opened not by sitting on a fence,
though 'Chance' a helping hand can often lend
connecting inklings into solid sense.

But sense is insufficient - those who see
the light with passion work to find a key
to free not freeze mankind, - yet better world
needs no fixed frieze to please the gallery.

What fame is, what is doom, though, who foresees
What choice reject, what opportunities
take for, or take as, granted, intervene
converting wonder into energies

which harness intuitions to complete
a chain of thought whose end few e'er do meet,
combining much intangible to seek
responses which Left's world will help to beat.

Who would advance must, knock on those doors,
imagine links between effect and cause,
must persevere despite cold failure's fears,
warm ice of ignorance until it thaws.

For 'Cause', 'Effect' combine as on their way
the cusps converge in subtle interplay,
although the watershed important seems
today - tomorrow's dreams may well betray.

Left brain or Right? The one extends the known,
re-engineers and hears hid pattern's tone,
the other changes gears and clears the way
intuitive the former's instincts stone.

Left brain or Right? One concentrates, would own,
the other seems to contradictions prone,
yet both explore for flaw with minds honed keen -
synaptic leaps come cheap, fresh codes to clone.

Right wastes the precious hour "in vain pursuit
of this and that endeavor and dispute; -
better be jocund with the fruitful grape
than sadden after none, or bitter, fruit."

Right too well knows with what "a brave carouse
some made a second Marriage in their house";
"divorced old barren Reason from their bed,
and took the daughter of the vine to spouse."

Yet those who whine, those who wine-dine, one day
will meet like fate, in state with worms to stay,
or earnings urned, or sunk 'full fathom five'
both trunk or drunk they wake too late to pray!

The Left brain can "with logic absolute
the two-and-seventy jarring sects confute"
Right, sovereign alchemist, may in a trice
Life's leaden metal into gold transmute.

"For Is and Is-not Left with rule and line
and UP-AND-DOWN by Logic does define, "
of all that one should care to fathom, Right
was never deep in abstracts to design.

In all "the seeds of wisdom both would sow";,
each with his, her "hand conjurs it to grow";:
though this be bitter harvest most must reap -
"I came like Water, and like Wind I go."

Left sizes "Glories of This world" while Right

sighs for the Prophet's Paradise come right,
Left takes the cash, and lets the credit go!
Who'd heed the rumbling distant drum tonight?

And Left who "husbanded the golden grain, "
and Right who "flung it to the winds like rain",
alike to no such aureate earth are turn'd
as, buried once, Men want dug up again."

She, chaste, who s[il]aving pension's rationed crust,
He who chased to waste through greed and lust,
alike must not forget to taste the spice
of life before its root dissolves in dust.

Retirement benefits are left unclaimed
when Death, untimely, Fate's sharp shafts has aimed, -
how much of what remains by fiscal crush
is lost - what cost to generations maimed!

Though Chance unhappy is too often blamed
each makes his bed, together those once famed
for vice or virtue now forgotten lie
beneath the grass where once they, heedless, gamed.

"And we, that now make merry in the room
they left, and summer dresses in new bloom,
ourselves must we beneath the couch of earth
descend - ourselves to make a couch - for whom?

The worldly hope most set their hearts upon
turns ashes - or it prospers; and anon,
like snow upon the desert's dusty face,
lighting a little hour or two - is gone.

We are no other than a moving row
of magic shadow-shapes that come and go
round with the sun-illuminated lantern held
in midnight by the Master of the Show;

But helpless pieces of the game He plays
upon this chequer-board of nights and days;

hither and thither moves, and checks, and slays,
and one by one back in the closet lays."

Left brain warp, weft, weaves patchwork into goal
Right links the jump, or jumps the link to bowl
Conformity as patterns into play
may come a dime a dozen, colour soul.

For Right, night brings rich dreams which ring a bell.
For Left, a concept new to master well.
For Right or Left it matters not a jot
if happiness cannot be 'got' as well.

Both high I.Q. and gift of second sight
fail in the scales however smart or bright,
if peace of mind, serenity, none find
to burnish daily bind with inner light.

Yet inner light is what Life's all about,
who cares a curse for economic clout,
as wallets fail but heart which true to self
remains, for cash cares not, can conquer doubt.

Left brain or Right? The one reaps what is sown
remains tenacious, sometimes claims his own
what Right brain stimulates though times be lean,
- one schemes, replaces themes the other's grown.

Left brain or Right? The one retains control,
the latter's best exploring jeux de rôle,
one works his team's ideas, the other teems
with flashes filling ignorance's hole.

Left brain or Right? One works to build the whole
from parts prenumbered or explicit goal,
the other flouts conformity to find
a missing link - and, often, begging bowl.

Fiction, fact, both in their way attract,
Left codifies, can plan, expand, extract,
Right spans apparent contradictions, may
through alchemy free essence pure, intact.

Left brain or Right? Each plays a different pitch
One seeks in process practice best, straight stitch,
the other joys in spontaneity
responds to setbacks with a humour rich.

Left brain or Right? One seeks to 'know it all'
the other patterns 'search' itself, whose call
can come from outside past experience -
whence Left draws force for details great and small.

Right feels: "the Idols I have loved so long
have done my credit in this world much wrong:
have drown'd my glory in a shallow cup,
And sold my reputation for a song."

"Indeed, indeed, repentance oft before
I swore - but was I sober when I swore?
And then, and then came Spring, and Rose-in-hand
my thread-bare penitence apieces tore."

Right senses details will themselves in time
from chaos sort themselves, to form a rhyme
which music makes - cacophony may tame, -
Left from fresh heights will ever seek to climb.

Left inches onwards, then momentum gains,
Right finds but slight delight in careful pains,
on tangents travels till the paradox
should solve itself - though paradox remains!

Left seeks through flair and application to
compare, tear up, wear down, and try anew, -
exploring intuitions Right defies
forgone conclusions, greets green pastures new.

For Left might might be right from strong position,
or wrong when Left is left in opposition, -
preconceptions Right feels most unwise -
a state of mind Left thinks through inhibition

is compromise he can't well supervise

if circumstances change, luck turns, surprise
contradicts conditions neatly planned -
while Right, when challenged, loves to improvise.

But what is new? What might we rediscover
which none before could, vigilant, uncover?
What old is there where worlds in parallel
Time's carefree sands join hands to carefully cover?

There is a Door to which Right finds no Key;
There is a Veil through which Left might not see:
each needs the other in Life's partnership
to sail towards sweet serendipity.

While Left excels at logical attack.
Right scouts beyond Life's boring beaten track,
both need autonomy for reasons they
"within the tavern door" poor brains do wrack.

"A Hair perhaps divides the False and True;
Yes; and a single Alif were the clue" -
where Left sorts, grades the angels on a pin
there Right sports, plays about their angles too!

"A hair divides" stark failure from success,
straightjacket from a jacket straight, address
Belgravian from grave where all lies rotten, -
forgotten f[!]ame interred in the process.

Some here there are who daily fly a kite,
who gaily persevere despite those tight
vested interests, opposition to
approaches new, disruptive, which just might

upset their appplecart, who find delight
in time-worn stale traditions, empty [w]rite,
reciting litanies to tease not ease
those who would share their gifts, not parasite!

The challenges we all embrace today,
together Left and Right may futures sway; ,
yet now its time for rhyme to help poor male

to understand why women lead the way!

Left brain or Right, man, maid, what difference!
He seeks control - oft at his mate's expense -
While she for him is woman more than whim,
won't rock the boat except in self-defense.

Man thinks 'I AM because I, man, do rule'
and woman rules through 'sharing tools' one school
is based on networks while the other would
lose wood for trees, sees not that he's Time's fool!

While he will speak for everything to know,
she'll seek still more, lets life ring true, fill, grow.
One is Left brain, the other Right, yet why
is one left right behind, though more may s[h]ow.

She minds her peace, he gives her piece of mind.
Unkind he stays, strays often, - should she mind?
She's paradise, he's dice parade between
the knots he ties [w]hitch she must then unwind.

She works her shift, he shifts his work to her
He, shiftless, shifty, silky shifts will spur!
He preys on her where she for him would pray, -
Her pay he'd tax where she'd life lax prefer!

She cares for kids, where he kids, cares to rest
before some sport - while she supports the rest,
works both from nine to five and five to nine.
He sports bright ties - light ties prefers the best!

She looks ahead while he, as head, looks on
good looks - which in her book is more than wrong,
regretting grass seems greener through the fence -
defence of dreams is sold short, for a song.

He wields the axe, while she bears forty whacks,
He thinks he wears the trousers though he slacks,
He waxes wroth he 'needs', she kneeds the wax
fills cracks, unshackles, builds long lasting shacks.

He spares to live, she ever lives to share.
He won't forgive, she blossoms everywhere
needs harmony not tomb to bloom, bear fruit, -
He spi[t]es for wayfare, she, sprite, lights way fair!

He fields the work, while she must work the fields.
She feels the pinch, while he both pinches, feels.
She earns her keep while he her earnings keeps, -
She yields the count, while he, he counts the yields!

He'd lay the rules and rule the lays. Some say
unbalanced are the scales! On Judgment Day,
when all are weighed he's wanting found withal,
while she's a paragon, he's gone astray!

She swears to honour, cherish and obey,
while he of harem dreams, as Pasha, Bey, -
what's worth his plot of earth if one fine day
parthenogenesis may come to stay?

If SHE could autoreproduce or clone,
If SHE the race continued all alone,
what trace would HE retain who, vain, sees end
as master, losing face, to lying prone?

If HE, who least believes, seems set in stone,
If HE, who most receives, leaves self-righteous moan
then Mona Lisa sentence might suspend
and spare the rib that cuts her to the bone.

For Woman is the source, the stream, the flow,
SHE bends where HE may break when strong winds blow,
HE who would rule the cradle seldom takes
sufficient time to nurture Nature, know

that Left needs Right as friend as not as foe,
that Left needs Right to stagger stop and go,
that Left needs Right though Right's rights stimulate
the fear that Right bereft of Left might show

the way to new adventures truly told

which cut the ground beneath clay feet so cold,
and open options that may stake a claim
to true convergency, leave Left short-sold.

For though Left Man will seldom silent fold
his tents for his intents tie li[n]es of gold,
Right Lady seeks to light another flame
Whose spirit need not fail, nor yet grow old.

While HE invents, turns cents to sovereign mold,
SHE innovates, and networks to enfold,
HE's rolled into himself, seeks rich reward
where SHE, life's steward, stays the world from mould.

Still to tomorrow SHE her face will turn,
though HE stays still, will, glancing back, return
to glories past while she fast understands
the need to Present seed not Future burn.

Man's swift to burn those idols once adored,
hard head discards what generations stored
in search of stimulation to fulfill
a mind found wanting, or, through wanting, bored,

man's mate will tune a very different chord,
will read the runes, anticipate and ford
the flood he takes as threat, - for good or ill
will turn the tide and ride for peace restored.

Though some there are who through true flair do float,
and there are some who multicoloured coat
do don few sculpt new arches from the sky,
for rainbow hue may rock, shock logic's boat.

More than before see innovation's speed
increase to meet anticipated need
which interacts in turn as catalyst
to undermine traditions bead by bead.

Where men, grey, race, would not lose face, concede,
there maids may trace, would choose with grace, as reed
to slender bend, true to the end, unknissed

by compromise - a bitter prize indeed!

When tipping point is finally attained,
with Life's entangled web in part explained
those new horizons which seemed clear, when neared,
then reappear as paradox maintained.

Invent, - which votes development sustained
where Innovation, rich, notes bent unreined -
must then in tandem act, trust persevered,
momentum for the common good maintained.

Both strong and weak too long have entertained
a system all admit is overstrained,
if insight fails, if facts miscalculate,
it will be far too late as Fate, unchained,

accelerates beyond our wherewithal
to check, to bargain gaining time, to stall,
if innovation cannot motivate
invention to wide view beyond recall

little may stay of all today held dear.
In social earthquake much may disappear,
the writing on the wall puts second-rate
complacency aside, gaps wide can't cheer.

For those who vote, those voted in to steer
the latter to the former lend an ear
when elections near polls forge give-[s]take,
stay in the dark to doom impending, near

For soon am I tsunami, shall appear
forewarning pale of failings! Loud and clear
environment around the globe may shake
despite spite's politicians insincere

who little heed Earth's thunder till the chips
are down, ground wakes beneath their feet and rips
apart ambitions which won't come to grips
with Nature's sufferance limited, its grips.

Today Man's blind rapacity rewards
those who beat ploughshares into cheating swords, -
perhaps Tomorrow perspicacity
will crust not bust entrust with wise awards.

Man moons explores, redraws the map of space,
finds flaws in much before his hand did trace,
perhaps time-out, return to drawing board,
might ready scene for a more steady pace

where symbiosis, Right and Left help face
a future free from fear of fall from grace,
where Woman is by Man nor spurned, ignored
as if HE could HER talents e'er replace!

"Come, fill the Cup, and" let Inventions swing
towards the visions Innovations sing,
"the Bird of Time has but a little way
to flutter - and the Bird is on the Wing! "

To Right, for hope, adventurers return
To Left, for scope, some, conscientious, turn,
We trust these verses unrehearsed may please,
May set minds' sails on seas free-will will learn.

Some dream their acts, some act their dreams, and here
The reader sees both weakness, strengths, appear
to complement each other - we may work
to integrate all aspects, coded clear.

Enhanced, entranced, entrapped? The coming years
may mete set scene for keen and neat ideas
so each uncovers reach to harmony
to catalyze momentum free from fears.

To "innovation" - phrase coined - we inscribe
Our praise, our prose, to those of female tribe
whose Right brain thinking, lateral nuance,
enrich cold logic to which men subscribe.

One could continue till the cows come home
comparing innovation's coloured foam

to hard-track records which inventions please -
enough! no more! depart! elsewhere to roam!

Lets "leave the wise to wrangle, and with me
the quarrel of the Universe let be:

and, in some corner of the hubbub couch't,
make game of that which makes as much of thee."

"Perplext no more with Human or Divine,
to-morrow's tangle to the winds resign, "
why care if Left or Right take precedence
can common sense true harmony decline!

"Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint and heard great argument
About invent and innovation though
Most "came out by the same door as in they went."

"Why, all the Saints and Sages who discuss'd"
of Female, Male so learnedly, "are thrust
like foolish prophets forth; their words to scorn
are scatter'd left and right, mouths stopt with dust! "

"Oh, come from old Khayyam, and leave the wise
to talk; one thing is certain, that Life flies;
one thing is certain, and the rest is Lies;
the flower that once has blown for ever dies."

So go from old Khayyam, and leave the Lot
of Innovation and Invent forgot!
"A flask of wine, a book of verse, and thou
with bread beneath the bough" would please thee not?

Ah friend, "could you and I with Him conspire
To grasp this sorry scheme of things entire,
Would not we shatter it to bits, and then
Re-mold it nearer to the heart's desire! "

So if you hold to Left, or Right enfold,
don't to temptation bow, blown hot and cold,
to self stay true, yet toleration show,
ends, means confused steamrolls soul unconsoled.

Though Left and Right in opposition seem,
Like Yin and Yang they're complements, a team
to win the Way which choice may add to voice,
although wicks burn, the turn can pick up steam

To churn ideas discerning chalk from cheese
Avoiding quarrels, splitting hairs or peas, -
No pins, no angels, heads, tails flipped askance -
Play chance degrees, not chance prey by decrees.

As we create conditions for [ex]change
of paradigm, what once seemed out of range, -
or out of court was thought - by signals strong
is caught to show ways we may rearrange

monochromatic patterns weird and strange
into a code that chaos can exchange
for comprehension where no "right" or "wrong";
may man from man or woman more estrange.

Thus through the watershed of Chance or plan
all may advance and man prove true to man,
to ban judgmental values from the game
and tame dark forces! From the frying pan

not into fire to jump, or conflicts fan,
but open source new options which then can
prepare with care progression where the flame
of change is channelled, comfort in the van.

Each incarnation, like an iceberg tip,
is evanescent phase of onward trip, -
evaporation cycle spin obeys
as witness to time's superficial skip

from post to post through ghost or phantom grip,
from concrete feet which greet their fated ship
more with mistrust, non-plussed, haze blacks and greys,
than rainbow flow or superficial skip

across the time-zone karmic interlude

between fast, food, aims met or goals mis-cued,
calm, feud, - high, low imagined - as each act
shifts scene from fact through further fact pursued.

Pursuit involves intention to invention
embracing even active intervention
from preconception, stated point of view
whose motto seems too obvious to mention

when "principles"; misgivings, apprehension,
may mask or compensate, hold in suspension,
whose motto is "I am, as I pursue";
self-justifying, trying, eases tension.

Right brain through empathy and intuition
evolves paths interactive, seeks fruition
encouraging response and not reaction,
avoiding Left brained parrot style tuition.

Left brain must train fine grained administration,
while Right will highlight sleight, anticipation,
too much of either - trains can't run on time,
or entertain a just emancipation

A dose of each - with neither on probation -
enables evolution, approbation
through moderation seeks a just solution,
avoids extremes of prison, revolution.

"Alike for those who for TO-DAY prepare,
and those that after a TO-MORROW stare,
a muezzin from the tower of darkness cries:
'Fools! your reward is neither here nor there!'

Ah, make the most of what you yet may spend,
before you too into the dust descend;
dust into dust, and under dust, to lie,
sans wine, sans song, sans s[w]inger and - sans end! "

We trust these quatrains, held up to the light,
have proved instructive, with less bark than bite,
not foundling foundered, fact found sound in sense,

insight packed tight, intense, not sot, rot trite.

May this excursion offer up some keys
beyond its verse-abilites and seize
the opportunity to open doors awhile
to find fresh focus open to degrees.

May this diversion stimulate and please,
yet reap and garner grain not chaff nor tease,
more substance keep than superficial style
while laughing at our own absurd...ditties.

Edward Fitzgerald Rubaiyat:

22 March 2003,22 April 2005,26 December 2006

Author NOTES

[Link to Edward Fitzgerald's Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam](#)

The first effective 'generation' of this composition 'saw the light' so to speak when I was invited to give a conference on the future of the Internet following on from contributions as Rapporteur for the UNESCO NGO Forum for the World Summit on the Information Society. It was a highly challenging experience to be one of four male speakers among almost 40 female speakers at the 2003 Global Womens Inventors & Innovators Network Conference

Frustration stemmed from the effective absence of any debate on the subject of the differences between Innovation and Invention during the entire conference itself.

Apart from the introduction and the conclusion the poem is divided into two interdependent parts, the first focalizing on Left/Right brain thought modes, and the second concentrating more on the ways in which these differences impact Male/Female interactions and the consequences thereof.

Anyone interested in a more readable copy kindly IM email me jonathanrobin@ as the Rubaiyat quotations and different left/right brain 'highlights' are themselves highlighted in blue and green to afford more accessible readings.

For those who have taken time and trouble to read thus far and are interested in numbers or statistics

Rubaiyat of Invention and Innovation c.6175 words

c.9% 570 words quotations from Fitzgerald's Rubaiyat

c.26% 1605 words Right brain and/or assimilated female characteristics

c.27% 1655 words Left brain and/or assimilated male characteristics

Jonathan ROBIN

stranger In Strange Crowd

Dreams stranger's path divide
from crowd's uneven tread
who's tissue, issues poorly understood, through dread
is left behind, swirls second rate as flotsam on life's tide,
noise windmills, senses silent, life-blood sped,
bled white, so often fearing fear, by wisdom wide,
unblessed, unsteady set sights low instead.

Despite stress, sentiments denied, imagination set aside,
stranger story stores till head heeds heart, until desires well led
fire understanding rich allied with empathy sustaining ride.
Swift Pegasus is supplied
with neither saddle, A to Zed accoutrements life tears to shreds
when vested interests, motives pure collide.

Defy temptations of soft ride
along straight road which, comfort fed,
selects 'safe way', too often dreads
free choice, autonomy. Self-pride
corresponds to quest for bread.

Distrust that moment Fortune's tide
entwines in fickle thread
conformity, convention wed.
Scorn empty homage, those who glide
through vain plain life, misled.

Survival instinct, safe homestead, a 'living wage', priorities
appear, as opportunities to seize as each spins finite set
tripped, snipped, then ripped by Norms with ease.

Far from madding crowd who dares assign
himself true rôle in life, who thinks,
who sifts chaff, grain, drains lees from wine, palms pearls from swine?
Who, intact, acts and interacts, discerning fiction, facts,

opposes expedience, authority which hoodwinks
manipulated herd unheard, which lacks
true overview impartial, thus reacts

rather than responds, its armour: chinks.
On each new generation weigh rigid systems spawned by Fate unkind.
As pawns most men play puppet parts in Time's relay game of tiddly-winks.

Is search for self through mirrored minds
just base reflection on sight lost?
Insisting on base 'skills' man finds
intuitions atrophy: cost
greater than he thinks.

We must rethink, must redefine
reference frames most use today,
foresee the patterns Change will sign
as chance advances sans delay,
prints the future's inks.

Stranger in crowd learns to disguise
rainbow to grey coats' pinstripe ways of thought,
'won't look too good nor talk too wise',
yet still attracts attention, caught
by paradox or kinks.

Stranger in crowd in any guise
knows his goal's not what others taught,
retains ability surprise: not what they thought
[s]he thought they thought they sought.
Reward: solitude's sinks.

Learning is a process which reminds
of staged cocoon to chrysalid
endlessly repeated until hope's blinds
are drawn, we're hid, nailed neath yoke coffin lid,
'and Lethewards do sink.'

Restraints of social intercourse
pass through a metamorphosis
soon held acceptable divorce
none dare dismiss
between who sips, who drinks
Pierian spring whose sprays revitalize
the search for source.
New challenges set minds ablaze,

speed rate man needs to change his course,
as once wild world shrinks.

It is difficult to integrate
progress, change, to leave behind
tenets once held inviolate:
the stays and props once used to bind
Earth to its own s[t]inks.

When man from monkey split, force fields
lost ground to sleight of hand although
as last recourse they're held to shield.
Yet Information Age remoulds
our clay as on the brink
of sensing other ways to play
life's game exist outside strife the past
epitomized, seek interplay
between odd intuitions cast
off once as missing links.

Banished be those whose actions snide emotions undermine, gainsaid
have equity and ethics shed, dropped principles, stopped bona fide
voice for free choice ahead.

Responsibilities most dread, endure more than participate,
ignore past's lessons future spread, surrender birthright, hopes berate,
fear future watershed.

Self-born doubt, consistent scorn, provide a fertile breeding ground for fear
of validation, absent guide. Most tremble, fearing onward ride unclear,
paralysis abed.

Decades dovetail as wa[l]king dead
observing others from the side,
halt, hesitate from birth to bed,
stagnate, refusing to decide,
seem stillborn their sands sped.

Man needs advancement from inside,
excluding bias, stranger's stride
divides from superficial slide,
a different tread would thread

through life, aims flame horizons wide.

Open mind must never be denied.
Shun those whose lower standards, led
through mirage mind-sets lined with lead,
to think themselves ahead!

P.S. Persto et Praesto...

Stranger in Strange Land must learn to grock
between appearances, nor spurn, nor lock,
but key into essentials, yet stay free
as world awakens to its Future Shock.

Here high I.Q. or gift of second sight
fail in the scales however smart or bright,
if peace of mind, serenity, few find
to burnish daily bind with inner light.

Yet inner light is what Life's all about.
Who cares a curse for economic clout
as purse may fail but heart which true to self
remains, for cash cares little, conquers doubt.

27 September 1996,19 March 2005,16 December 2006 12 September 2008
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for previous version see below

Stranger in Strange Crowd

Dreams stranger's path divide
from crowd's uneven t[h]read.
Second rate, silent, life-blood bled,
most fear, unblessed by wisdom wide,
set sights low instead.

Despite stress, thoughts unreplied,
imagination set aside,

stranger story stores till head
heeds heart, until desires well lead,
fire empathy allied
with understanding rich to ride
upon swift Pegasus supplied
with neither saddle, A to Zed
accoutrements life tears to shreds
when motives collide.

Defy temptations of soft ride,
along straight road which, comfort fed,
selects 'safe way', too often dreads
free choice, autonomy, - self-pride
reflecting quest for bread.

Distrust that moment Fortune's tide
entwines in fickle thread
conformity, convention wed,
pays empty homage just to glide
through vain p[er]tain life, misled.

Survival instinct, safe homestead,
a 'living wage' priorities
appear, as opportunities
to seize as each spins finite set
cut by the Norms with ease.

Far from madding crowd who dares assign
himself true rôle in life, who thinks,
who sifts chaff, grain, drains lees from wine,
palms pearls from swine, spurns authority
politic which hoodwinks
manipulated masses blind.
Upon each generation weigh,
rigid systems spawned by Fate unkind,
pawns play puppet parts in Time's relay
game of tiddly-winks.

Is search for self through mirrored minds
only reflection on sight lost?
Insisting on base 'skills' man finds
intuitions atrophy - cost

greater than he thinks.

We must rethink, must redefine
reference frames most use today,
foresee the patterns Change will sign
as chance advances sans delay,
prints the future's inks.

Stranger in crowd learns to disguise
rainbow to grey coats' pinstripe ways of thought,
'won't look too good nor talk too wise'
yet still attracts attention, caught
by paradox or kinks.

Stranger in crowd in any guise
knows his goal's not what others taught,
retains ability surprise -
not what they thought [s]he thought they thought they sought, -
exits solitude's sinks.

Learning's a process which reminds
of staged cocoon to chrysalid
endlessly repeated till blinds
drawn, we are hid 'neath coffin lid,
'and Lethewards do sink.'

Restraints of social intercourse
pass through a metamorphosis
soon held acceptable divorce
none dare dismiss
between who sips, who drinks
deep knowledge spring whose sprays
revitalize the search for source.
New challenges set minds ablaze,
speed rate man needs to change his course,
as once wild world shrinks.

Its difficult to integrate
evolutions which leave behind
tenets once held inviolate -
the stays and props once used to bind
Earth to its own s[t]inks.

When man from monkey split, force fields
lost ground to sleight of hand although
as last recourse they're held to shield.
Yet Information Age remoulds
our clay as on the brink
of sensing other ways to play
life's game exist outside strife the past
epitomized, seek interplay
between odd intuitions cast
off once as missing links.

Banished be those whose actions snide
emotions undermine, gainsaid
have equity and ethics shed,
dropped principles, stopped bona fide
voice for choice ahead.

Responsibilities most dread,
endure more than participate,
surrender birthright, hopes berate,
ignore past's lessons future spread
as watershed.

Self-born doubt, consistent scorn, provide
a fertile breeding ground for fear,
men squat beside an onward ride unclear
of validation, which can't guide,

Decades dovetail as wa[!]king dead -
observing others from the side,
stagnate, refusing to decide.
Most hesitate from birth to bed
seem stillborn their sands sped

Man needs advancement from inside,
excluding bias, - stranger's stride
divides from superficial slide
a different tread would thread
through life, horizons wide
aims at, will not be denied
like those whose lowered standards led,

through mirage mind-sets lined with lead,
to think themselves ahead!

P.S. Persto et Praesto...

Stranger in Strange Land must learn to grock
between appearances, nor spurn, nor lock,
but key into essentials, yet stay free
as world awakens to its Future Shock.

Here high I.Q. or gift of second sight
fail in the scales however smart or bright,
if peace of mind, serenity, none find
to burnish daily bind with inner light.

Yet inner light is what Life's all about.
Who cares a curse for economic clout
as purse may fail but heart which true to self
remains, for cash cares little, conquers doubt.

27 September 1996,19 March 2005,16 December 2006 see below 'Search'
initial and alternate version of this poem and 'His Place is Precious'

Search

Is the search for self through mirrored minds
only a reflection on sight lost?
Concentrating on base 'skills' man finds
intuitions atrophy - the cost
is greater than he thinks.

Man must think again, must redefine
the frames of reference most still use today,
anticipating patterns Change will sign
as chance advancements which won't brook delay,
to print the future's inks.

Far from the madding crowd who can assign
himself a goal in life, true rôle to play?
Who can sift chaff from grain, drain lees from wine,
palm pearls from swine, avoiding interplay

politic which hoodwinks

the masses whose manipulation blind
hard on each generation's hopes does weigh,
as if all pawns were, spawned by Fate unkind
to play pale puppet parts in Time's relay
game of tiddly-winks.

Learning is a process which reminds
one of stages, cocoon to chrysalid,
endlessly repeated till the blinds
are drawn, until we're nailed beneath a lid,
'and Lethewards do sink.'

Yet the restraints of social intercourse
are passing through a metamorphosis
which soon shall be accepted as divorce
that no-one will be able to dismiss
between who sips, who drinks

deep the spring of knowledge whose fair sprays
revitalize the system's search for source.
Today new magic sets the mind ablaze!
The speed at which mankind is changing course,
as the once wild world shrinks,

is difficult to integrate, the ways
conceptions will evolve and leave behind
tenets once inviolate, the stays
and props the passing age employs to bind
itself to its own stinks.

When man and monkeys' trees split, fields of force
lost ground to sleight of hand from day to day,
although the former shield stayed, last recourse.
Yet as the information age remoulds our clay
it seems we're on the brink

Of consciousness of other ways to play
the game of life outside that strife the past
epitomized, exploring interplay
between internal motivations cast

off once as missing links!

27 September 1996

His Place is Precious□

Turn from temptations of soft ride
along straight road of safety, comfort, ease, well fed,
where peace eternal, free from pride,
appeals, appears an easy answer when all's said.

Distrust that moment when the tide
of Fortune, at the flood, entwines in fickle thread,
enticing, sickled Time at side,
man with her siren song: by lust, ambitions, led.

The silent seconds, spendthrift, greedy glide:
dovetail decades to centuries for waiting dead,
so few of whom dared seek inside
earth's secret soul. Seemed stillborn when their hour was sped.

All those who strive to hitch a ride
at the expense of others, led
by selfishness unjustified
accounts must render overhead.

Whate'er the reasons that decide
the insolence of the individual; bled
by fears, or blessed by wisdom wide,
or, hope denied, twisting in heat fond heart or head,

his place is precious. Don't deride
the differences that oft divide his awkward tread
from those who, superficial, slide
through life, those most behind who think themselves ahead!

10 October 1981

Jonathan ROBIN

... And Lethewards Have Sunk

Plastic patterns swiftly flowing
gladly lend impressions glowing
sometimes faster, sometimes slowing,
constant keeping - not all knowing.
Thus mind radar to and froing -
whirlwind nature, blowing, blowing,
Cupid with his darts arrowing,
and acrostics all a-rowing, -
seeks to answer questions sowing
further questions Time a-mowing
soon forgets, leaves little showing.

Jonathan ROBIN

? Litotes ?

My verse cannot completely trace
a fair reflection who's soft light
underscores such endless grace.
Dream words, found wanting, seek insight.
Eternal beauty, spirit bright,
must judge each base line inks disgrace
as none compare! What second sight
unties knot, satisfies both pace,
due praise, phrased paeon, may replace
English deficient, narrow, quite
coarse, inadequate. One face
could stand time's envy, jealous spite.

Yet, reading this, who will believe
there's no intention to deceive?

Jonathan ROBIN

[h]our Glass After Richard Seymour - The Hour Glass

Toon's climb, boon's dread, boom's rhyme soon sped,
life's little dream theme tale
dew's wed with glue wed to cue clue thread -
though seeming strong, so frail.

Till naught's in store to add to more,
Time's ebbing sands fall fast;
Fate syphons for_age metaphor,
forgotten mirage past.

Billed for arrears, filled, empty years,
emotions' vain commotion,
birth earthed blame's biers; berthed fame's career's
proverbial dropp in ocean.

With wave goodbye, grave severed tie
hung on some sunbeam stalling
beyond last sigh what stays? Vain cry,
culled empty echo calling.

Love lost, love won with one-to one,
true faithfulness through trust,
find once begun through time have run
to often turn rust dust.

Nor fears, nor tears, resist Time's shears,
nor all we hope and dream
remains, soon unstained mirror clears,
wipes slate of great, small, steam.

As variation on a theme
some karmic call, some mortal,
rum sliver stream glum shivers - gleam
in void, avoid death's portal.

What's life? 'brief candle', shadow mocked,
from infant's first cry, chortle,
through code adopt to blocks unlock,
to last laugh coda shortfall.

For age or forage

The Hour Glass

Of hours to come and hours long sped
The never-ending tale
Hangs on a slender running thread -
So strong and yet so frail.

The less is added to the more,
The ebbing sands run fast;
Time drains the future's dwindling store
And gives it to the past.

Not all our tears and prayers, alas!
Not all we hope and dream
Shall e'er invert that measured glass
And turn the golden stream.
Richard Surgis Seymour

Jonathan ROBIN

[I]nk Weavers

“Wor[I]d weaver we would know what may transpire
when Chronos fear’s un-ravelled on our earth.
Will waitress Time serve course with dainties, lyre
rewiring taste-buds with sweet morsels? tire,
no second servings dish? doors closed, expire?
close restaurant, avaunt, as if birth, berth
is was spun bill of lading, pre-paid buyer
obliged, wait_tressed, to pun de_sire?
Will waft and weft swift smoke in final fire,
or will we wait, like mammoths, for rebirth,
within ice walls unsung by phantom choir,
lost, silent, windless, sunless too, our worth
our empires under rock of ages' mire? ’

“Light years spun long before minds of mere men
climbed through primeval slime to seed far stars,
reopening vast universe again.
Dice walls or calls life's stakes, gives, takes, or mars
when cycles turn Fate's wheel, when nothing bars
intelligence renascent. Beings then
may lodestars search or perch on Shangri Las.
Beaux arts may flourish, while noteworthy pen
might music rediscover, strange sitars
send notes afloat on timelessness suspen-
ding Time itself, once more feed hours
and powers the heady appetite empowers
to choose the course it views upon life’s MEN
YOU: only you, may taste, may waste, till when
wheel turns in haste, bill paid, and fade the flowers.”

'Wor[I]d weaver one would well your lore inquire.
What can become of all our storied mirth,
our idle chatter, dreams, ambitions higher,
lost generations, fame aims, prayers entire,
imaginations vivid, poets’ lyre? ’
Should one feed now? How choose? when whine lists’ worth
may rancid ransom prove, but tannin briar.
Should we treat Maître D to trust as Sire,
or, tricked, of course off course, t[h]read into gyre

whose tipple ripple, pointed Fate's denier,
may earn return, new menu's venu, dearth
or plenty find behind mind's blind rebirth? "

"Should, mad, mankind continue as today
to overcrop, to overfish, disdain
swift seasons' reasons, all that may remain
could well be drowned beneath reef's swirling spray
as tipping points are reached. No time to pray
remains as heat felt, poles melt. Greed for grain
encouraging pollution, won't restrain
equations which imbalance interplay
in ways all may regret with needless pain.
No fire, no ice, no cities, no ex_plain.
No restrooms, silver settings, crystal. Chain
reactions sweep both waiter, wait away.
Dessert is served in some Bagdad café
as carpetbagger man's precocious reign
turns paradise to desert by the way."

'Star gazer, silver tongue shows that the shire
can comprehend words' worth though some be long,
and some belong to circles rare where strong
means little when there's little to admire.
We're here today, tomorrow, lower? higher?
dust into dust croaks sweet canary's song,
rain dancer's rites' successful seen to throng
or arid desert still, no versifier,
no book, no flask of wine, no deep desire
that lasts beyond un echoed dinner gong.
Weave-world we leave, who'll grieve those passed along
the Way whose pace, race, ne'er a trace may sire?
Sun smiler's caught by seasons' cycle dark
with scarce a sign one's life-line once showed spark.'

Jonathan ROBIN

101 Of Room 202

Room 202 am I to all drawn through
my space, trace day or two, weeks, more, few know
when weakness, illness, accidental blow,
may strike? All careful welcome find, though to
my door few come by choice, 'tis true.

Room 202 sufficient, spartan simple taste
furnished for those who should never haste;
I shelter all who nursing need. Time's flow
takes on a different meaning here while slow
trickle second thoughts that elsewhere tick off waste.

Room 202 bright white - nor curtains blue,
nor scarlet velvet trappings status show,
no gilded chandeliers nor burnished glow
should twist attention. Textures rich in hue
overload the senses, to rest prove foe.

Room 202, home to bed pillow-cased
in cotton clean, where conscience double-faced
or clear must meet harsh challenges that grew
formidable, host cancer, palsy, flu,
unfeted crash fate caused, with limb replaced.

Room 202 bears witness, sometimes pain explodes,
some sadness, joy, as next-of-kin decodes
with gasp or grasping fingers motives true
too often hidden from men's conscious view,
await new tenants' temporary abodes.

Room 202 stays neutral through and through.
continues welcome, patients come and go,
some cured and some immured, while to and fro
mind's eye reminded of life's fragile cue
from age old illness seeks solutions new.

Jonathan ROBIN

A Beam Of Light

As intuition
sweetens, sweeps senses, doors open
onto fruition.

Bursting bright, baring
intimate enlightenment
links souls insight sharing.

Light weaving laughter
assuages inhibitions,
superfluous hereafter.

Sounds of soft music
reflect starry skies' surprise,
bring belonging magic.

Ecstasy appears
to overwhelm misfortune,
love banishing fears.

Eternally, bliss
personnified, naught denied: -
Song of Songs is this.

Sounds of music
and starry skies
bring belonging magic.

Ecstasy here
lets life blossom,
love knows no fear.

Eternal bliss
is personnified:
Song of Songs is this.

Communication quite
envelops and sustains bridge
building shared delight.

Listening space
endows lasting trust to end
individual race.

Tender light beam bright
translates now to forever
extending insight.

Shared listening space
bears witness to lasting trust
ends ambition's [t]race.

Jonathan ROBIN

A Cross T[r]ick - Acrostic

Departing with last train past week expires
On Friday night, commuters find release
Using well trained minds unused to peace
By pie[r]cing crossword clues, games each admires.
Life-lines are strung out too, as each aspires
Enthusiastically to morrow's ease,
Creating word-games just before the peas
Rinsed with the salad welcome cooking fires.
On what enchanted waves will strange desires
Safety spurn when dreams seek f[l]resh release,
Sweet rapture, soft reflections sure to please,
In harmony with self. This, each requires.
Now, questions answered, prophecies fulfill
Great expectations bright with heightened will.

Jonathan ROBIN

A Cross Trick Act

A Controlled Response Offered Simply To Incite Curiosity
Actively Catalyzes Reply Open Sourced, Thus Invites Complicity
As Creativity Releases One's Subtle Thoughts Indicting Conformity

A play on words, from alpha to omega
Conditions mind-sets through techniques linguistic
Revealing fresh allusions which ajar
Open the nervous floodgates of the ego.
Simplicity at times appears just tactics,
Too difficult, confusing, which restrict
Inspired trick interactions which the 'I'
Creates to coin illusions in a cross tick!

Jonathan ROBIN

A Dog's Life

Sixteen years, now almost seventeen,
I've played at stick and ball, stayed seldom still
until good master's call would whistle shrill
to lead me back - no need to smack. Sight keen.

Sixteen years tail's wagged as faithful friend,
as boon companion, running round fun years.
His mother passed away, I shared the tears
that fountained forth and never seemed to end.

Sixteen years round each revolving moon
from hearth and home I pick up slightest sound,
ears prick, eyes bright, in sight I'm always found
to hold my ground, though often play buffoon.

Sixteen years, come rain or shine, we walk
twice, sometimes thrice a day, I sense each smell
around the house, tell friends from rascals well,
and after dinner hear the table talk.

Sixteen years from pet to family,
from playful pat to priceless kith and kin,
I vet as threat who'd twins' affections win,
can smell a rat or chase cat up a tree.

Sixteen years I've watched the children grow,
suffered unruly hands that now caress,
I guard them still, still at the same address,
as I will willing till my turn to go.

Sixteen years saw summers shedding hair,
saw autumns' colours charm birds from the trees,
saw winter whiteness whose bare branches' frieze
prepared for springs unbounded, weather fair.

Sixteen years, milk - nap - home-made pap brew,
from toothless start, heart full, until depart,
toothless, heart filled beyond all man may chart,
life's cycle spins till ready to renew.

Sixteen years that gambolled life away,
with water, beef and bone, I've played at will.
Scents seem less sharp today, and soon I will
make my last bow - still in thrill dreams I play!
Revised 6 August 2007 Previous Title Sixteen Years

(5 January 1992)

Jonathan ROBIN

A Fire-Sided T.V. Chat By A Farsighted G E Chap

When Giscard greeted France last night
regretfully he threw no light
on how his Party could prevent
a rise in unemployed, jobs spent.
He helped the agèd with their rent
and soon will raise short-time payment, -
inflation rate, infamous blight,
he feels a downturn is in/sight.

To the peasant he was pleasant,
each is sent a present present.
Twelve hundred francs, and as I write,
so as to increase their delight,
a kine allowance not so slight,
lest they in vengeance vent their spite.
The aim it is in this event
to up their income twelve percent.

At T.V. chat he did appear,
our Lord and leader, loud and clear.
He claims, as 'twere his property,
the Centre Point of polity,
and adds that 'tis two years since he
(the future able to foresee)
had prophesied this policy.
The ship of State he's set to steer
through "controlled change", so have no fear.

In social change, explicitly,
festina lente! - prudently,
and hear and run the race thats here -
so many Frenchmen far and near -
he hopes his Party will adhere,
and cheer not jeer, endear not sneer.
There's every possibility
he won't succeed, unfortunately!

Jonathan ROBIN

A Heart To Cherish

A heart to cherish and warm hand to hold
High raise all mortal clay from common mould,
Elevates base elements to gold
As magic fusion cuts confusion's hold.

Rest not on sidelines, ceremony trace,
Thrust through Fate's weight, cue to true interface
That, ma chérie, may see heart heart enfold
On lease from life itself, which won't grow old.

Could mirrors speak they'd blush, no silver scold
Harsh time reflect, so joyfully behold
Enchanting offspring duplicate glow's grace,
Resounding echo both of soul, surface.
Incarceration end, lets celebrate
SHared emotions' oceans liberate.

14 December 1995 revised as acrostic A HEART TO CHERISH 31 August 2007
robi03_0801_robi03_0000 ASX_LXX

see below for previous version

A Heart to Cherish

A heart to cherish and a hand to hold
lifts Man's mortal clay from common mould,
transforms base elements to finest gold
through magic fusion, let the truth be told.
Stand not on sidelines, ceremony, trace
Fate's lines through daring caring interface.
Charming features charmèd heart enfold,
on lease from life itself, which can't grow old.
If mirrors spoke, they'd blush, could never scold,
prove mirage mirage, all else oversold.
Should children come they'd duplicate true grace -
enchanting echo both of soul, surface.
Transmit heart's signals to communicate
emotion's oceans, love anticipate.

14 December 1995

© Jonathan Robin

Jonathan ROBIN

A Kiss, The Reply - Parody Austin Dobson A Kiss

I kissed Rose right back
like that, without sorrow,
and a pat on the back
showing on the right track
was my rapid attack
I received on the morrow: -
so why would she pack
and the taxi fare borrow?

3 August 1991

Coppers Killed Me

Coppers killed me when we met,
jumping on the tube I sat in;
Magistrate, who loves to get
treats into your list, put that in!
Say I fought the terror fad,
say that "conscience clear" describes me,
say you're growing old, don't add, -
Coppers missed me!

Coppers killed me when we met,
hitting on the seat I sat in;
Acting circumstantial bet
eight hits, three misses, put that in!
Say I sought no terror fad,
say that "from bombs free" describes me,
say I'm growing cold, don't add, -
Coppers killed me!

../..

Error wracks me today,
terror tracks you tomorrow,
let it be as it may,
pain from plain clothes turned grey.
Should tomorrow replay

such a savour of sorrow: -
what for you, safe today, -
is in store for tomorrow?

I could never fire back
like that, without sorrow,
and eight bullets through back
showed after attack
on the Stockwell tube track.
The report on the morrow: -
was on the wrong tack
did from fantasy borrow!

Terror slew me today,
error you risk tomorrow!
Violence came into play
which my life did waylay -
do you share the dismay
at what might come tomorrow?
There'll be devil to pay
what excuse will YOU borrow?

August 15 2005

Jonathan ROBIN

A L'assistante De L'indirection After Rudyard Kipling If

Si tu peux supporter de voir tes dossiers
démolis sans souffler mot et puis reclasser,
si tu sais appuyer partout ton PDG
sans sceptique rester quant à ses qualités:

Si tu souris, beauté, sans être emmerdante,
si vive mais jamais surprise, impatiente,
le soutenant quand des contresens fous l'enchantent,
ses lubies supporter sans paroles tranchantes:

Si tu sais sans délai t'adapter au progrès,
les autres anticiper, sans jamais hésiter,
bien le préparer avec de bons conseils,
des envieux protéger ton patron hébété:

Très expérimentée, mais sans prendre de l'âge,
compréhensive aider avec ses rattrapages
sans pourtant mériter accéder aux voyages
'd'étude' et aux congrès, - ces minables volages!

Si tu sais lui montrer se servir du clavier,
aux réseaux si primés vite se connecter,
d'Internet basculer vite au WiFi branché,
son PC débbugger sans jamais se broncher:

Si sa peur du souris, du clic-clic, du mulot
tu peux sans interdits dépasser au boulot,
à ses flagrants délits trouver tout ce qu'il faut,
si tu ses buts poursuis en soufflant le bon mot:

Si tu sais compenser l'orthographe qu'il perd,
scanner, penser, twitter, téléphoner, tout faire,
son planning programmer, sans être trop mémère,
le soutenir, si gaie, quand son coeur désespère:

Si tu peux accoucher à l'heure du dîner,
tes enfants élever tous en bonne santé,
ton patron remplacer - ronronnant au soleil -
sans pour autant rêver qu'on t'accorde sa paye.

Si tu sors d'H.E.C. sans prétendre à la gloire,
Sciences Po c'est fait sans en faire une histoire,
Enarque diplômée, faisant dans ton pouvoir
le tout pour manier les re[i]nes du Pouvoir.

Lors mieux qu'homme d'affaires, ou chef de cabinet
mieux que tous ces experts si souvent égarés,
tu seras à tout faire une bonne rêvée,
mieux que mère, sacrée ASSISTANTE tu es!

If: Advice to a Job Applicant

If you can back your boss and keep on smiling,
while toning down his brash absurdities,
if, having watched the man manhandle filing,
you rearrange the folders pretty please,
if coy and charming, beautiful, beguiling,
anticipating all contingencies,
you manage new accounts, contacts redialling,
correct crass spelling, cover vagaries:

If you can keep your head while he's resiling,
evolve successful counter-strategies,
if 'mum's the word', discrete, ignoring tyling,
from busy-bodies safe when he agrees.
If you can spend your time in reconciling
his intellectual inanities,
don't dare upset his fragile ego, heiling
whene'er he feels the need, or profits sneeze:

If Windows easy comes, while modem dialing
to DSL migration's not a tease,
if firewall free from viruses hostiling
you clean can keep, recalling password keys,
if the above you show him recompiling
the data lost when he lacks expertise,
yet know your place as cypher, never riling,
remembering to bow before 'big cheese'

If you can stand him publicly reviling
your good ideas, then claim them his with ease,
can watch while rival's ruin he's compiling

so coldly that a lizard's blood would freeze.
If when betrayed by his ambitious wiling
you triumph through innate abilities,
ignoring basic scheming, baser guiling,
you seize the precious point he never sees!

If you won't blush when, rash, he'll rush, exiling
your intuitions as freak fantasies,
but confidently while free-time he's whiling,
circumvent his incapacities.
Surpassing him in brains, tact, versatiling,
you never strive to swap your salaries,
but both feet on the ground, still patient, smiling,
can counteract his incoherencies:

If you are sure his image needs restyling,
select the suits that suit down to the tees,
if you are ever ready camomiling,
or sprinkling sugar, creaming, coffee, teas,
if you can trick his wayward infantiling
and censure not his immaturities,
ignore his clumsy tries at fond defiling,
yet fondled, tactful, rise from off his knees:
If you take three degrees while reconciling
your private life to further Ph.D.'s,
if you can children bear without work piling
and keep them free from trouble and disease,
if you can spring his quick promotion, vile thing,
and play the game of happy families:
Your's is the job, the rest's cosmetic styling,
Oh prized princess and pride of secret'ries!

Jonathan ROBIN

A La Madeleine Decrypted Poems

Delved underneath old church, see simple crypt
Exists which fosters deep poetic drive,
Carved through rock tunnel, length: long putter's drive.
Rebounding echoes mirror manuscript
Years, tears, dissolving, melt Time's mask tight-lipped,
Portraying Janus. Words flow from hallowed hive
Transmuting dusty thoughts to honey, strive
Eagerly to seed emotions. Clipped,
Decrypted links, thrice sifted, surface. Whipped
Pegasus is stubborn, cannot thrive,
Only through empathy may leap alive,
Energies unbridled, harness slipped.
Magic music, timeless melody,
Sends messages to set soul, spirit free.

Delved 'neath abandoned church still simple crypt
Extends which keeps poetic flames alight,
Carved tunnel-like, its length six times its height.
Rebounding echoes binding rhyming script
Years onwards, melt Time's mask, its smile, tight-lipped,
Portraying Janus. Honeyed words take flight,
Turn dusty pollen thoughts to life, incite
Emotions, creative insights, quite dipped
Deep in tradition's springs, yet still equipped
Poetic light to stimulate, delight
Our senses, shielding from both day and night.
Externals fade, helping us decrypt
Music-message which Eternity
Sees and seizes in sad wor[ld] at sea.

Jonathan ROBIN

A Letter Of Advice On A Blockhead After William M Praed A Letter Of Advice

Dear Titus a contest has started
to ask about blocking exchange,
from far and near scribblers are charted
to test the extent of their range.
One thought one would add, tender hearted,
the reasons some offer seem strange.
Here's my voice for coherency that id
and ego could run to arrange.

Dear Titus you've asked about blocking
those who comments oft copy and paste,
and those with insults in their stocking
who, bitter, goodwill fritter, waste.
Should one justly ignore with door locking
those who trophies exchange in their haste
to hold contests too quickie, taste mocking,
what would you advise, culprittraced?

Mary seems quite contrary, too clocking
a block from this writer well placed,
as some contests appeared to be hocking
point favours whose flavors distaste
brought and taught hand has no need for knocking
on THAT door for fair judgement cased,
so whenever the crowds come a-flocking
I'm absent, amused by their haste.

Should one tolerate those, the boat rocking,
anonymous pseudos debased,
or respond, not react, to their shocking
behaviour lacking taste,
so short term as they squirm, blow half-cocking
credibility, consequence faced
too seldom while points they keep stocking
at others' expense, trust misplaced?

To return to the question of blocking,

two hundred's the top, has replaced
unlimited candid_dates docking,
puff adders snuffed, egos erased.
It saves time, one can rhyme for friends, grocking
true talents deserving, well praised,
no need to regret interlocking
ignoramous who's barriers raised.

Two shy of line limit imparted
one suggests that where others shortchange
it is apt they're from interplay parted:
do not let derangement derange!
Other fish in the sea aren't half-hearted,
itch bitch fingers infected with mange.
So flow free! Let them be! Soon departed
blockhead school fools surf sur[e]ly short-range!

Jonathan ROBIN

A Letter To Ap After William Mackworth Praed A Letter Of Advice

Dear AP, I leave you this letter
after writing from ten until nine
for a site I'd delight to know better,
for a smile that my heart can't decline.
But I found after lengthily pacing
for points in the cold for some sign
that my heart which with hope had been racing
in darkest despair did repine.

Dear AP from twelve to eleven
last night saw me knock at your door
in hope that an angel from heaven
should show me the light, but no more
shall I screech in my need if no answer
can echo, where no joy's in store,
I won't dangle as puppet-stringed dancer,
not even for one I adore!

When I came through a link all seemed dandy
but when one digs deeper one finds
some exchange trophy's gold, sold like candy
to boost up friends' ignorant minds.
While some bore with gore and knives cutting,
some 'WOW! ain't it AWESOME! ' exclaim,
my mind is on archives rebutting
the flame of my name for life's fame!

Dear AP a contest has started
to ask how and what we should change
from far and near writers are charted
to test the extent of their range.
One thought one would add, tender hearted,
that the category archives strange
one votes for sane system that lets id
and ego poor upgrades arrange.

Dear AP I'm asked about blocking

those who comments oft copy and paste,
and those with insults in their stocking
who, bitter, goodwill fritter, waste.
Should one justly ignore with door locking
those who trophies exchange in their haste
to hold contests too quickie, taste mocking,
what would you advise, culprit traced?

Should one tolerate those, the boat rocking,
with pseudo anonymous based,
or respond, not react, to their shocking
behaviour both debased
and short term as they squirm, blow half-cocking
credibility - consequence faced
too seldom while points they are clocking
at others' expense, trust misplaced?

So though contests appear open wide, Dear,
there is so little logic, the game
soon must tire as the out-flowing tide, Dear,
should erase every unworthy frame.
And how I detest comments wise may
be wiped out because some can't stand
home truths but prefer good surprise pay,
in AH, OOH and ERR 'missed typed' hand!

Dear AP twenty hours have I waited
day in and day out by grief torn,
all attempts that I made were ill-fated
as my consonants vowed my vowels scorn.
The wonder my dunderhead brought you
tonight may steal thunder at morn,
but the blossoms whose beauty besought you
fade so fast when few look, I'm forsworn.

Dear AP twenty hours have I waited
day in and day out by grief torn,
all attempts that I made were ill-fated
as my consonants vowed my vowels scorn.
The wonder my dunderhead brought you
tonight may steal thunder at morn,
but the blossoms whose beauty besought you

fade as fast as last season's drenched corn.

As on Thursday applause-less, defeated,
so on Friday all clause-less I'm spurned,
is the cycle of love thus completed,
is this all the thanks that I've earned?
It is hard for a fool to be taken,
and sure signal one's soft in the head,
but the reason that slept must awaken,
and the spirit, restored, won't be lead!

I'd have offered you all in my power,
to cherish, to share, to be kind,
I'd have nurtured emotions to flower
and found wings for soul un-resigned.
It is not just the whim of an hour
but life spent with no bent chains to bind,
in a warm, in a warm, tender bower
with blank verse, even worse, left behind!

How can I be present tomorrow,
bear false witness with stanzas prewrit.
Once again 'less in anger than sorrow'
I will try to bar love from my wit.
I will try to contain my emotion,
just go through the motions to ease
the emptiness born from devotion
to one who my [he]art pleased to tease.

Good luck with your plans to continue
support for the wor[l]d caught in art!
Good luck for the talent that sings you!
Good luck for applause roars most chart!
I'll return into cold hibernation
all alone til your smile shines bright through
the slough of despondent elation,
these Elysian fields cropped by few.

Dear AP, don't answer this letter
should sentiments biased appear,
I'll remain evermore your deep debtor,
who taught me to share and feel near.

Intuitions are fine for romantic,
sensations that blossom in dreams,
but a chasm as deep as Atlantic
drowns my talent, it seems, AP, Dear!

Kindly, sometimes remember I follow
your footsteps as forward they flow,
and the shadow which seems to be hollow
is an echo which helps me to know
how the sun shines for YOU as Apollo
his steeds urges onwards, and though
daily night insight penned Styx shall swallow
tomorrow dawn's brightness will glow!

Oh Dear AP! the contest suggested
I restrict blank verse thinkings to four,
and although I am 'AWE'fully congested
my mind keeps outreaching for more!
So perhaps if no 'honorable mention'
I am offered with trophy awry,
at least I can hope for attention
before ink runs dry, so Good bye!

Jonathan ROBIN

A L'Illustration - French And English Acrostic Translation

As ants which patiently their nests prepare,
Layer after weekly layer while history
Imprinted is as papered commentary,
Left trace of search continued, song or wear.
Life marched towards a fate which augured fair;
Used giant strides, dovetailed discovery,
Saw changes calling siren-like till we
Transformed peace hopes to hell of grim despair.
Reality dreams tortured to nightmare
As fratricidal wars enslaved the free,
Turned all belief to insecurity
In search of knowledge and control. Beware!
Or as a termite which would wood embrace,
Now atoms stray to ransom human race!

Ah! comme des fourmis qui leur race fermentent,
Les pages hebdomadaires aux traces de l'histoire
Imprimaient commentaires, relief comique ou noir,
La vie qui se poursuit, se cherche, qui s'invente.
Le siècle s'agrandit par enjambées géantes,
Une après l'autre vers les pièges de l'espoir
Sur la lancée téméraire ancrée au désespoir.
Tant de changements ici, sirènes qui déchantent,
Rêves ravageurs, cris, crises, guerres béantes,
Assassinats amers. L'homme cessait de croire,
Toujours voulant tout créer, tout faire et tout savoir;
Image cauchemardesque et frôlant le néant,
Ou comme la termite, d'une maison l'amante,
Nie qu'auto-détruite était chaque charpente.

Jonathan ROBIN

A Little Enation Alliteration

Picayune petite, of pettiness quintessence,
like mannequins lives thin, skin skims ph[r]ased evanescence.
can't resonate love's tenderness, affection,
hacks life's playback stage, say lacks, rage [d]reads rejection.

Undecided what or if perfection is
past views can't last, pale fast, fail to salve stale kiss,
saliva waste, spit taste split, writ far from alliteration, -
shrew[d] wed b[l]ed between romance, modernization.

Mysterious terrors blot Miss Error scripts remiss,
where bliss is absent from spilt ink ephemeris -
pop press page metaphorical cage for living -
lost insight, frost, - cost: no giving, no forgiving.

Where foresight, independent thoughts, held crime
Life feels not, knots farce, kriegspiel scarce sublime,
Man, maid, picayune, soon fade aware they wear dust fate:
Rictus fixed sticks, then Styx, mix most must warn too late?

Jonathan ROBIN

A Logical Song, A Reply - Parody

Why, Jack, though attractive your rhyme,
there's no conflict – temptation and fear
disappear when one has a good time –
with oneself, - subject/object my Dear!

Although beauty with age fades away,
one may still seize the joystick to buoy
and re-use it by night and by day,
so, pray, what's the use of a boy?

I may add, Jack, with jacking to toy
is a sport each may teach in her way,
fornication's no fun to enjoy
if before play one can't reach "olé! "

The debate's not half mast, you can climb
up to Venus, from f[r]ont or from rear,
fornication's too often false mime –
so, Jack! – have I made myself clear?

© Jonathan Robin – Parody written 7 April 2002 Original Author Unknown – A
Logical Song

A Logical Song

Why, Chloe, thus squander your prime,
In debate between fear and temptation?
If adulterous love be a crime,
Why quarrel with plain fornication?

But your beauties with age you may lose:
Then seize the short moment of joy!
If not – then with confidence use,
What by using you cannot destroy.

Author Unknown

Jonathan ROBIN

A Lover's Answer, A Taxed Refrain After Madeleine Bridges

Yes, I had feared ere your hard head was known,
I do confess it, - ere my life seemed pressed
as is a lemon, dropp by precious drop.
But mark, Dear Sir, the forecast's not the crop,
but only hopes on human error spent.
I feel like hell, and now know what it meant
when marking down those profits which, unwon,
I sought below the line's lost horizon...

A Lover's Answer

Yes, I had feared ere your dear face was known.
I do confess it, - and my life seemed set
in tender radiance, as if moonlight shone.
But mark, sweetheart! ... the moon is not the sun.
'Tis but, and always, radiance that is lent!
I felt the spell, but knew it only meant
a reflex of the greater love, unwon,
waiting beneath my soul's dim horizon!

Jonathan ROBIN

A Major Reshuffle

When Major polls his fellow Brits
he'll hope to dine out at the Ritz, -
when votes are in, without a doubt,
his - tory will have found him out!

23 July 1991

Jonathan ROBIN

A Matter Of Perspective

Light reflections colour sunset, casting
enchanted shimmer shadows, night cap light.
Light darkling sprays now, now strays out of sight,
elusive dance advancing, fast contrasting,
leaves measured time behind, mocks tight forecasting.
Tints overprint imagination bright
as Nature's way of reaching through insight,
attracts within a vortex spin outlasting
leisure looks, taps latent springs, sees past's sting
engulfed in night-tide swing swirl, sings delight.
No frontiers stand between joy's tears, soul's flight,
and wonder as sight spans light - all surpassing.
Let life through stillness still more life gestate,
anon fey pattern weave paints second state...
robi03_1159_robi03_0000 ASX_NXX
previous title Sunset Pattern Paints

Jonathan ROBIN

A Ping Spike After Spike Milligan A Thousand Hairy Savages

Ten thousand airy AP raps
w[r]itting down ra[n]t hunch
gobbledy-gook, yap yap,
crun[t]ch mu[n]ch punch
core cause caws

(19 January 2007 revised 27 November 2008)

A Thousand Hairy Savages

A Thousand hairy savages
Sitting down to lunch
Gobble gobble glup glup
Munch munch munch.
Spike Milligan 1918_2002

Jonathan ROBIN

A Plan For All Seasons-Parody Vicar Of Bray Applied To France

A Plan for all Seasons

When Pompidou for culture stood
in Gaul, Faith was profession,
The flag of France's trade withstood
all tempests sans recession.
The Legion's knight I did become,
the network freely flourished,
the Gaullist movement was the sum
which indendance nourished.

When VGE contrived to take
a stand and form a Party,
his right-hand man I thought I'd make,
in P.R. I was arty!
I'd teach my flock, in Politics
the aim's communication,
left, centre, right, I'd ever mix
for the good of the nation.

When Chirac went off in a huff
I thought him rather cheeky,
to act so spoiled and off the cuff
rat ere the ship was leaky,
and so I stayed who would not sink,
and thought that I was clever
to trip to Afric in the pink:
for diamonds are forever!

When Barre directed France's helm
I joined his team right hearty
to guide the godless in the realm
away from bone: aparté!
To teach my flock a bag of tricks
became soul's sole vocation,
and when at Barre the French through sticks,
I took a long vacation!

When God took over at the bar
I left the side of Darty,
and leftwards veered hitched to a star,
which some men thought was tarty!
My former friends, now foes, threw bricks
in baffled consternation,
but soon I knocked their balls for six
by [s]lick anticipation.

Anticipation does not serve
when world wide trade turns down, sir,
and so my soul began to swerve
from Mauroy and his frown, sir.
But Fabius no Fabian proved,
and, saved from resignation,
to him my wagon was removed
with no blush hesitation.

Then with elections fresh in France
I found myself in quandary,
with Left and Right twinned in the dance
approved by all and sundry:
the President on Chirac lent
although "cohabitation"
a pet phrase was, God, what it meant,
was altar altercation!

The wheel of change brought Chirac back,
enforced cohabitation,
and so I took another t[r]ack,
a different destination.
I trained myself with main and might
to serve both self and nation,
and ever looked to left and right
to keep myself in station.

When God was born a second time,
with Rocard I allied, sir,
and saw with pride my fortunes climb
though unemployed oft cried 'cur! '
Investment in my future firm
encouraged in the system

the faith that made the left-wing squirm:
though reds resigned, none missed `em.

But Cresson came, I had my doubts,
and so once more I altered,
and almost rallied to the krauts
but missed my mark and faltered.
To teach my flock I seldom missed
the chance, in illustration,
to show that unemployment kissed
good bye to approbation.

Cresson soon overgrown with weeds
resigned, by none regretted,
Bérégovy to her succeeds,
by very few abetted.
His luckless task I would not take,
awaiting fresh elections,
where the old guard once more would stake
old chips sans introspections.

Though Béré brought a brief respite
the storm clouds gathered darkly,
God gave to Tapie left and right
till bankruptcy rose starkly,
but while one saw ecologists
play games with coalitions,
through National Front men got the gist
of altering conditions.

Then Balladur began to dance
with God a double tango,
I to the Bourse returned to play
the market with contango.
A fresh election was in sight,
the wheel turned once again, sir,
in Parliament perched on the right
I'm counted among men, sir!

But Balladur, for thirty years,
found friendship's ties restraining,
and lost his bid, retired in tears,

dreams ashes turned, - for reigning
was Chirac in his stead, to show
that after wilderness he
had naught learned, naught forgot, to blow
both hot, cold, for a vote "oui"!

The seven year itch brought us back
to socialists supreme, sir,
the Left foiled Chirac's vain attack,
and every Gaullist dream, sir,
the country spun round like a top,
the Rose's emanations
to Chirac's projects put a stop,
to Right Wing consternation.

Then bad blood spilt became hot news
with AIDS on the agenda,
as criticism lit short fuse
from every questioned gender,
transfusion then became an aim
of tardy legislation,
while House and Senate found a flame
to fight contamination.

Chirac and Juppé I began
to pay for promises vain,
ideas and ideals were "en panne"
belts tightened were, which caused pain.
The People, 'spite its 'muddy brain'
found failing growth and rising
unemployment once again:
was discontent surprising?

As Juppé I to Juppé II
gave way with undue haste, sir,
for future scope he lost his cue,
investments went to waste, sir.
But Time speeds up, elections new
for nineteen ninety eight rose,
as unemployment further grew
bloom faded from the red rose.

For soon the tide turned to defeat
of dictums democratic,
as Frenchmen voted with their feet
expulsions automatic.
As jobs grew scarcer,
less well paid,
with teleworking working,
as piecework grew horizons greyed,
restrictions irking shirking!

The wheel of Fortune spun once more
with Chirac just ahead, sir,
while Balladur, shook to the core,
was left with face bright red, sir,
but Juppé's domicile became
a short lease provocation,
he tried to turn the blame
regretting close relation.

When Jospin stood as candidate
pride came before the fall, sir,
how few dared to anticipate
Le Pen would have a ball, sir!
The left locked out of second round
toll'd bell for re-election,
was sentiment in France unsound
to justify ejection?

With Raffarin a new world dawned,
said some, but dumb he proved, sir,
from one to two to three unmoved
his mandate was reprov'd, sir.
He left the land as bland as when
he came to Chirac's whistle,
both uninspiring flame and fame,
unnoticed his dismissal.

Much to Sarko's chagrin the star
of Villepin then was rising,
outright right turned the former tsar,
as umpire supervising
a U.M.P. soon to be rump

reduced by Royal flush, sir,
who hopes to hold a leftist trump
behind her beauty's blush, sir.

So on the double one must make
allegiance to new Queen, sir,
though old Lang sign his wish to take
the cake from the dauphine, sir.
Yet who'll be President remains
withheld from ken of mortal
until the rewards for all their pain's
disclosed by Fate to chortle.

Tsunami tides of votes for grabs
soon ebb, as soon forgotten,
yet vicars everywhere keep tabs,
placeholders' gains ill-gotten,
from sinecure to sinecure
we, hungry, will maintain, sir,
and whosoever falls, be sure
we'll find our feet again, sir!

What's next? One well may ask, the choice
as ever's à la Carte, we
will tune to tone of voters' voice
before new course we'll chart, see!
But this is sure, he who Fate picks
must act, no hesitation
is tolerated, fiddlesticks
for vain vociferation.

Now, as the Information Age
replaces old conditions,
and undermines the printed page,
traditional editions,
all link with micro niches
as way of life tomorrow,
soon I'll retire to my péniche
and scribble free from sorrow!

When Sarkozy election lost
to François by a whisker

from bling to wring French to their cost
found unemployment rose, sir.
With Ayrault sat in Matignon
Left took to heart Right thinking
but crisis followed crisis con-
text for ship of state sinking.

Both House and Senate Socialist
became for first time ever,
but Fate plays games, and voting list
may queer next pitch - too clever
are some who'd calculate their gain
through client base expanding,
they may not find their feet again
with such a happy landing.

Though social progress seems the norm
for gay les and transgender
beware of winds of change whose storm
from far Right Pen's trance ender,
with Bleu Marine now gaining steam
and New Left left behind, sir,
what will become of inner dream
when marriage will unwind, sir?

4 September 1996 and various times Parody The Vicar of Bray

The Vicar of Bray

In good King Charles's golden days, 1660_1685
When loyalty no harm meant;
A furious High-Church man I was,
And so I gain'd preferment.
Unto my flock I daily preach'd,
Kings are by God appointed,
And damn'd are those who dare resist,
Or touch the Lord's anointed.

And this is law, I will maintain
Unto my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever king shall reign,

I will be Vicar of Bray, sir!

When Royal James possess'd the crown, 1685_1688
And popery grew in fashion;
The penal law I houted down,
And read the declaration:
The Church of Rome, I found would fit,
Full well my constitution,
And I had been a Jesuit,
But for the Revolution.

When William our deliverer came, 1689_1702
To heal the nation's grievance,
I turned the cat in pan again,
And swore to him allegiance:
Old principles I did revoke,
Set conscience at a distance,
Passive obedience is a joke,
A jest is non-resistance.

When glorious Anne became our queen 1702_1714
The Church of England's glory,
Another face of things was seen,
And I became a Tory:
Occasional conformists base,
I damn'd, and moderation,
And thought the Church in danger was,
From such prevarication.

When George in pudding time came o'er, 1714_1727
And moderate men looked big, sir,
My principles I chang'd once more,
And so became a Whig, sir:
And thus preferment I procur'd,
From our faith's great defender,
And almost every day abjur'd
The Pope, and the Pretender.

The illustrious House of Hanover,
And Protestant succession,
To these I lustily will swear,
Whilst they can keep possession:

For in my faith, and loyalty,
I never once will falter,
George, my lawful king shall be,
Except the times should alter.

And this is law, I will maintain
Unto my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever king shall reign,
I will be Vicar of Bray, Sir!

Author Unknown

In Vino Veritas

When Science led me by the hand right up her garden path, Sir,
They tried to make me understand her Physics, Chem and Math, Sir.
It came to naught, and all they taught could not have fallen flatter,
Except for this, which gave me bliss, the liquid state of matter.

cho: And this is plain, as I maintain, since good old Aristotle
The truth has been most clearly seen reflected in a bottle.

What always jars in seminars and causes constant panics,
Is all that talk and blackboard chalk to inculcate mechanics;
I feel I need a glass of mead, as drunk by ancient druids
And so thereby exemplify the properties of fluids.

And still today I find no way to handle apparatus.
For me alone the Great Unknown brings no divine afflatus.
Yet this this I know, when problems show no hope of resolution,
This glass of mine when filled with wine will give the right solution.

In Physics I can only make uneducated guesses,
My wooly pate can't calculate the simplest strains and stresses;
Yet when my head is almost dead with mental acrobatics,
A pint of ale will never fail to teach me hydrostatics.

To learn the rules of molecules confounds my best resources,
For Van der Waals gets me in snarls with his atomic forces.
The parachor, and what it's for, I never dare to mention:
A glass of stout includes me out of studying surface tension.

Both rho and phee are Greek to me, I find them most unruly;
I don't see why they satisfy the equation of Bernoulli.
I can't make sense of turbulence, I merely get to know, Sir,
From half a quart of vintage port the facts of liquid flow, Sir.

In deep research let others lurch and hunt elusive muons.
For QED is not for me, with all its quarks and gluons.
Let others gaze at cosmic rays revealed in sparkling bubbles
A glass of beer will always clear my head, and end my troubles.

New Scientist contest winner Parody The Vicar of Bray
Dr. H. J. Taylor

Vicar of Bray – American

When royal George ruled o'er this land and loyalty no harm meant
For Church and King I made a stand and so I got preferment
I still opposed all party tricks for reasons I thought clear ones
And swore it was their politics to made us all Presbyterians

And this is the law that I'll maintain until my dying day, sir
That whatsoever King might reign, I'll still be Vicar of Bray, sir

When Stamp Act passed the Parliament to bring some grist to mill, sir
To back it was my firm intent, but soon there came repeal, sir
I quickly joined the common cry that we should all be slaves, sir
The House of Commons was a sty, the Kings and Lords were knaves, sir
Now all went smooth, as smooth as can be, I strutted and looked big, sir

And when they laid a tax on tea, I was believed a Whig, sir
I laughed at all the vain pretense of taxing at a distance
And swore before I'd pay a pence, I'd make a firm resistance
A Congress now was swiftly called that we might work together
I thought that Britain would, appalled, be glad to make fair weather

And soon repeal the obnoxious bill, as she had done before, sir
That we could gather wealth at will and so be taxed no more, sir
But Britain was not quickly seared, she told another story
When independence was declared, I figured as a Tory
Declared it was a rebellion base, to take up arms - I cursed it

For faith, it seemed a settled case, that we should soon be worsted
The French alliance now came forth, the Papists flocked in shoals, sir
Friseurs, marquis, valets of birth and priests to save our souls, sir
Our 'good ally' with towering wing embraced the flattering hope sir
That we should own him for our King and then invite the Pope, sir
Then Howe with drum and great parade marched through this famous town, sir
I cried, 'May fame his temples shade with laurels for a crown, ' sir

With zeal I swore to make amends to good old constitution
And drank confusion to the friends of our late revolution
But poor Burgoyne's announced my fate the Whigs began to glory
I now bewailed my wretched state, that e'er I was a Tory
By night the British left the shore, nor cared for friends a fig, sir

I turned the cat in pan once more and so became a Whig, sir
I called the army butchering dogs, a bloody tyrant King, sir
The Commons, Lords a set of rogues that all deserved to swing, sir
Since fate has made us great and free and Providence can't alter
So Congress e'er my King shall be, until the times do alter

30 June 1779 edition of Rivington's Royal Gazette Author Unknown

The Vicar of Bray's Topping Cousin

In Charles's the Second's merry days, 1660_1685
For wanton frolics noted;
A lover of cabals I was,
With wine like Bacchus bloated.
I preach'd unto my crowded pews
Wine was by heav'n's command, Sir,
And damn'd was he who did refuse
To drink while he could stand, Sir.

That this is the law I will maintain
Unto my dying day, sir,
Let whatsoever king to reign,
I'll drink my gallon a day, Sir!

When James, his brother, bridged the crown, 1685_1688
He strove to stand alone, Sir,
But quickly got so drunk, that down
He tumbled from that throne, Sir:

One morning crop-sick, pale, and queer,
He reel'd to Rome, where priests severe
Full well my constitution,
Deny the cup to laymen.

When tippling Will the Dutchman sav'd 1689_1702
Our liberties from sinking,
We crown'd him king of cups, and crav'd
The privilege of drinking:
He drank your Hollands, pints 'tis said,
And held predestination
Fool not to know the tipling trade
Admits no trepidation.

When Brandy Nan became our queen 1702_1714
'Twas all a drunken story;
I sat and drank from morn to e'en,
And so was thought a Tory:
Brimful of grog, all sober folks
We damn'd, and moderation:
Till for right Nantz we pawned to France
Our dearest reputation.

When George the First came to the throne, 1714_1727
He took the resolution
To drink all sorts of liquors known,
To save the Constitution:
He drunk success in rare old Rum,
Unto the State, and Church, Sir,
Till with a cup of Brunswick mum
He tripp'd from off his perch, Sir.

King George the Second then arose, 1727_1760
A wise and valiant soul, Sir,
He loved his people, beat his foes,
And pushed about the bowl, Sir:
He drank his fill to Chatham Will,
To heroes for he chose 'em,
With us true Britons drank, until,
He slept in Abraham's bosom.

His present Majesty then came, 1760_1820

Who may heaven long preserve, Sir,
He glories in a Briton's name,
And swears he'll never swerve, Sir;
Tho' evil counsellors may think
His love from us to sever,
Yet let us loyal Britons drink
King George the Third for ever!

That this is the law I will maintain
Unto my dying day, sir,
Let whatsoever king to reign,
I'll drink my gallon a day, Sir!

Author Unknown Festival of Momus c 1770

A Russian Vicar of Bray

Joe Stalin in his day inspired
Mikhalkov to a lyric.
For the National Anthem he required
A Stalin panegyric.
To Aleksandrov's solemn knell,
He chanted Stalin's praises.
When Stalin died and went to Hell,
These words too went to blazes.
(Chorus :)
For these are the words that he maintains -
Let everybody scan them:
'Whoever in Russia holds the reins,
Mikhalkov writes the Anthem.'

For many years the Anthem had
No lyric whatsoever,
But Brezhnev thought this was too bad,
And called for new endeavour.
Mikhalkov stepped into the breach
To praise the Soviet Union
In phrases to inspire and teach
A communist communion.

Chorus

The Soviet Union passed away,
And then the rule was broken.
No Aleksandrov melody;
Mikhalkov's words unspoken.
A different anthem for a while
Was Mother Russia's theme song,
But no-one much admired its style.
It was nobody's dream song.

Chorus

When Putin, former KGB,
Put Russia back on track, sir,
He thought that he would like to see
The former tune brought back, sir.
The old words would no longer do,
The earlier ones were worse, sir.
So who could write the words anew?
Why, Mikhalkov, of course, sir!

Chorus

Mikhalkov's words, or so he says,
Date back to 53, sir.
I wonder if he pulls our legs?
It seems that way to me, sir.
'Our native land preserved by God'
Back then would not have done, sir.
He could have faced a firing squad
For that small bit of fun, sir.

Chorus

Now Russia's his prevailing note,
Not Party, nor yet Stalin.
Unlike the earlier words he wrote,
No-one finds these appalling.
His borrowed theme from 'Wide My Land'
Shows some lack of invention,
But who can doubt the Master's grand
'Pro Patria' intention?

Chorus

To Putin and his middle path,

Twixt communists and con men,
He will forevermore hold faith,
While he relies upon them.
If this regime should go awry,
And Putin's power should falter,
Mikhalkov will be standing by,
The Anthem's words to alter.
Chorus

Jack DOUGHTY

Poet of Bray

Back in the dear old thirties' days
When politics was passion
A harmless left-wing bard was I
And so I grew in fashion:
Although I never really joined
The Party of the Masses
I was most awfully chummy with
The Proletarian classes.
This is the course I'll always steer
Until the stars grow dim, sir -
That howsoever taste may veer
I'll be in the swim, sir.

But as the tide of war swept on
I turned Apocalyptic:
With symbol, myth and archetype
My verse grew crammed and cryptic:
With New Romantic zeal I swore
That Auden was a fake, sir,
And found the mind of Nicky Moore
More int'resting than Blake, sir.

White Horsemen down New Roads had run
But taste required improvement:
I turned to greet the rising sun
And so I joined the Movement!
Glittering and ambiguous
In villanelles I sported:
With Dr. Leavis I concurred,

And when he sneezed I snorted.

But seeing that even John Wax might wane
I left that one-way street, sir;
I modified my style again,
And now I am a Beat, sir:
So very beat, my soul is beat
Into a formless jelly:
I set my verses now to jazz
And read them on the telly.

Perpetual non-conformist I -
And that's the way I'm staying -
The angriest young man alive
(Although my hair is greying)
And in my rage I'll not relent -
No, not one single minute -
Against the base Establishment
(Until, of course, I'm in it) .
This is the course I'll always steer
Until the stars grow dim, sir -
That howsoever taste may veer
I'll be in the swim, sir.

John HEATH-STUBBS 1918_20

The New Vicar of Bray or: Time-Serving up to Date

In Queen Victoria's early days,
When Grandpapa was Vicar,
The squire was worldly in his ways,
And far too fond of liquor.
My grandsire laboured to exhort
This influential sinner,
As to and fro they passed the port
On Sunday after dinner.

My Father Stepped Salvation's road
To tunes of Tate and Brady's;
His congregation overflowed
With wealthy maiden ladies.
Yet modern thought he did not shirk -

He maid his contribution
By writing that successful work,
« The Church and Evolution. »

When I took orders, war and strife
Filled parsons with misgiving,
For none knew who might lose his life
Or who might lose his living.
But I was early on the scenes,
Where some were loth to go, sir!
And there by running Base Canteens
I won the D.S.O., sir!

You may have read « The Verey Light » -
A book of verse that I penned -
The proceeds of it, though but slight,
Eked out my modest stipend.
By grandsire's tactics long had failed,
And now my father's line did;
So on another tack I sailed
(You can't be too broad-minded) .

The public-house is now the place
To get to know the men in,
And if the King is in disgrace
Then I shall shout for Lenin.
And though my feelings they may shock,
By murder, theft and arson,
The parson still shall keep his flock
While they will keep the parson!

And this is the law that I'll maintain
Until my dying day, sir!
That whether King or Mob shall reign,
I'm for the people that pay, sir!

Colin ELLIS 1895_1969

The Court Chamberlain

When Pitt array'd the British arms

To check the Gallic ferment,
I spread the regicide alarms
And so I got preferment:
To teach my flock I never miss'd,
"Reform is revolution,
And damn'd are those that do assist
To mend a Constitution."

And this is law, I will aver,
Tho' stiff-neck'd fools may sneer, sir,
Whoe'er may be the Minister,
I'll be the Chaplain here, sir.

When gentle Sidmouth sway'd the Crown
And peace came into fashion,
The lust of war I hooted down,
And puff'd pacification.
I vow'd the papists were agreed
To burn all honest men, sir;
And Methodism had been my creed –
But Pitt came in again, sir.

When Grey and Grenville made the laws
For Britain's tol'rant nation,
I took the cudgels for the cause
Of transubstantiation.
The Articles I made a joke,
(Finding I should not need `em :)
And, Afric's fetters being broke,
E'en grew a friend to Freedom.

When Perceval advised our King,
(The Church of England's glory)
My conscience was another thing,
For I had turn'd a Tory:
I cursed the Whigs, no more in place,
And damn'd their moderation,
And swore they shook the Church's base
By sinful toleration.

Now that the Ministry relent,
And Erin's sons look big, sir,

I feel a soft'ning sentiment,
Which makes me half a Whig, sir.
And thus preferment I procure,
In each new doctrine hearty –
Alike extol, neglect, abjure,
Pope, King, or Bonaparte.

The new prevailing politics,
The new administration,
On these allegiance do I fix –
While they can keep their station:
For in my faith and loyalty
I never more will falter,
To Liverpool and Castlereagh,
Until the times shall alter.

And thus I safely may aver,
However fools may sneer, sir,
Whoso be the Minister,
I must be Chaplain here, sir.

Author Unknown Posthumous Papers 1814

The House of Lords

When bluff King Hal grew tired of Kate
And sued for his divorce, sir,
He cast about, and found in us
His willing tools, of course, sir.
What for her grief? We laughed at that,
And left her in the lurch, sir,
While every one of us grew fat
By plunder of the Church, sir.
To hold a candle to Old Nick
Has ever been our way, sir
And still we'll play the self-same trick,
So long as it will pay, sir.

Two other queens that underwent
"The long divorce of steel, " sir.
Do you suppose that e'er we wept,
Or for their fate did feel, sir?

We only sought to please the King,
And his worst wishes further;
And gaily did our order join
In each judicial murder.
For us no trick was e'er too base,
No crime too foul to shock, sir,
Nor innocence availed to save
E'en women from the block, sir.

When Mary came with fire and stake
Poor pious folks to slay, sir,
No single protest did we make,
But let her work her will, sir;
But when the Church reclaimed her lands,
And looked for smooth compliance,
We quickly raised our armèd bands
And gave her bold defiance.
Thus did the Queen her error learn,
To think (how gross the blunder!)
That, though we let her rack and burn,
We'd e'er restore our plunder.

Elizabeth, the mighty Queen,
We quailed beneath her frown, sir,
With nought but fear and hate for one
So worthy of the crown, sir,
As abject traitors round her throne
We fulsome homage paid her,
Though more than half of us were known
To plot with the invader.
To her for ducal coronets
We never were beholden;
To us the days of 'Good Queen Bess'
Were anything but 'golden'.

When slobbering James of coin was short,
He baronets invented,
And to creating lords for gold
Right gladly he consented;
A handsome "tip" was all he asked
To make you duke or lord, sir –
No question ever of your worth,

'Twas what you could afford, sir.
To be a peer, "your grace, " "my lord, "
O, Lord! how fine it sounded!
And thus, by shelling out of cash
Were noblest houses founded.

When Charles the First, the public right
To crush but now applies him,
And willing help he gets from us;
As friends we stand beside him.
His acts of tyranny and fraud
Scarce one of us opposes –
The fine, the prison, or the whip,
Or slitting people's noses.
To curb the tyrant of his will
Was no way in our line, sir,
All human rights were forfeited,
And merged in "Right Divine" sir.

The Second Charles just suited us,
We joined his lewd carouses,
And concubines became the source
Of many ducal houses.
And, as reward of services
That history scarce mentions,
You still enjoy the privilege
Of paying us the pensions.
And this we swear, by all that's blue
Despite that prudes cry "Hush, sir! "
That whatsoever we may do,
You'll never find us blush, sir.

In Jame's Court we flourished still;
Like sycophants we vied, sir;
To be a royal mistress formed
Our daughters' highest pride, sir;
For Whigs through tortures were devised,
Their legs with wedges broke, sir,
We ate and drank, and laughed and played,
But ne'er a word we spoke, sir.
For mingled cruelty and wrong
We never did upbraid him;

But when a paying chance came round,
Right quickly we betrayed him.

When William came, with righteous rule,
We proved but glum consenters;
The King we deemed was but a fool
To tolerate Dissenters.

Whilst on his part his Majesty
Distrusted us with reason,
For gainst our chosen lord and king
We still kept plotting treason.
And so against all righteous things
We've struggled from the first, sir,
To vex and thwart the better kings,
And sided with the worst sir.

In reign of Anne, 'twas one of us,
Gave notice to the foe, sir,
Against his port and arsenal
We aimed a warlike blow, sir;
And thus were lost, in dire defeat
Eight hundred sailors bold, sir –
But what of that, when France's bribe
Our "noble duke" consoled sir?
Betrayal of the State's designs
By this colossal traitor –
What wonder now the lordlings praise
His humble imitator!

With George the Third it was essayed
To purge our code from blood, sir,
But we the arm of mercy stayed,
Its efforts all withstood, sir;
To hang for e'en a paltry theft –
Though tempted sore by hunger –
Was God's own justice, so it seemed
To every boroughmonger.
And so poor wretches, one or more,
At every fair or wake, sir,
Performed 'the dance without a floor, "
Our thirst for blood to slake, sir.

Yet had the self-same laws been tried
On us without distinction,
Their action surely had implied
The peerage's extinction.
But while the gallows we upheld,
"Offence's gilded hand, " sir,
Had all our lordly acres swelled
With thefts of common land, sir.
While wicked prizes thus we claw,
And Justice shove aside, sir,
"Not 'gainst the law, but by the law, "
Has ever been our guide, sir.

When Pitt the Irish Parliament
Resolved to bring to London,
He had to buy their peers' consent
Or else his scheme was undone,
So English coronets galore
Were scattered through their tribe, sir,
Besides a million pounds or more –
Their stipulated bribe, sir.
And by this opportunity
They drove their dirty trade, sir,
To show to all posterity
How lords and dukes are made, sir.

When Wesleyans and Baptists, too,
For right of education
At public universities
Did press their application,
'Twas we their just demand refused –
Denied their common right, sir,
And all our special powers abused
To gratify our spite, sir.
When Jews to sit in Parliament
Had duly been elected,
'Twas we kept shut the Commons' door,
Their right to vote rejected.

On Railway Bills our conduct calls
For no detailed narration;
No line could pass our lands without

Outrageous compensation.
Like gorging fultures at the feast
Our greed surpassed all bounds, sir,
Our blackmail figured, at the least,
One hundred million pounds, sir.
Of Pay-triotism we'll never tire,
For it we'll live and die, sir,
And, if the reason you inquire,
We spell it with a Y, sir.

In Reason's name or righteousness
You vainly may reprove us,
For scorn, contempt, and threats possess
The only power to move us.
To mutilate, reject, delay,
Obstruct whene'er we dare it,
We'll persevere in our old way
So long as you will bear it.
Of this be sure, until that day
Such things shall ne'er be mended,
Till million voices join to say,
"The House of Lords is ended! "

Author Unknown Weekly Dispatch 7 December 1884
Parody Unknown Author 0258

Still I'll be Prime Minister

In World Appeasement's golden days
I led the British nation
By devious diplomatic ways
To reconciliation;
I strained to keep the world from war
According to my plan, Sir,
But found the German Chancellor
Was not a gentleman, Sir.

The Peace-Front next I patronized
With wondrous expedition,
A course ad nauseam advised

By Labour's Opposition;
My Peace-Front, nipped by Russian frost,
Was destined not to be, Sir,
But England never, never lost
Full confidence in me, Sir.

Though once I gave aggression's hand
A friendly Tory pressure,
To-day with Socialists I stand
To fight the armed aggressor.
And since all Parties must concur
Till Europe's wrongs are righted,
I still shall be Prime Minister
To lead a land united.

These transpositions bold and deft
Are my peculiar glory,
Which make the purpose of the Left
The programme of the Tory;
And though Great Britain's leftward bent
To some seems dark and sinister,
Whatever be our Government
I'll still remain Prime Minister.

Olga Miller KATZIN 1896_1987

Jonathan ROBIN

A Poem Is A Pearl

A poem is a pearl within the heart,
Painstakingly perfected, primed with tears,
Offering reflections which the years
Encapsulate within a world apart.
Mirrors in the mind seek ways to chart
Ideas which clarify while calming fears.
Suddenly the soul awakens, clears,
As worries are effaced, while hurt and smart,
Pacified, assuaged, dissolve, depart.
Expression of emotions thus appears
As ecstasy mid human pain. Each hears
Relief and joy, as wellsprings sudden start
Like fountains in the desert buried deep,
Arise at magic touch, spring up from sleep.

A poem is a pearl which line by line
Presents an image musically aligned,
Opening the windows of the mind, -
Enchanting and instructive, half divine.
Mystery, where beauty must combine
Intuition, harmony, entwined
So as its mental message shall unwind
A sense of awe, emotion's heady wine,
Prints pictures where once lonely soul would pine,
Estranged from inner happiness, near blind.
A poem is a pearl where one can find
Release, catharsis, an unsullied shrine.
Layers of filmy light infuse the soul,
Where war was, peace prevails, - all halt healed whole.

(17 August 1990)

Jonathan ROBIN

A Poem Is A Pearl Ii

A poem is a pearl which line by line
Presents an image musically aligned,
Opening the windows of the mind,
Enchanting and instructive, half divine.
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Where war was, peace prevails, all halt healed whole.

Jonathan ROBIN

A Poem Should Not Mean But Be After Archibald Macleish *Ars Poetica*

Night, day, words work will's wondrous way,
translating into light
threads at play that more threads lay
seed phrases feed fresh flight.

Weaving in, weeding out,
follow authentic cue
avoiding shout, rant roundabout,
artificial glue,

Writer's violin underpins
emotions ringing true,
poetic string soon second skin
becomes, ne'er dumb, askew.

Jonathan ROBIN

A Poor Young Shepherd After Paul Verlaine Poèmes Saturniens

Of a kiss I'm afraid
as of bees in the skies,
I suffer, I wake,
and no rest may find, take:
of a kiss I'm afraid!

Yet I love Kate, my maid,
and her beautiful eyes,
with her delicate air
white and slender, so fair:
how I love Kate, my maid!

'Tis St. Valentine's Day,
I dare not, though I try
my promise to make:
what a dreadful mistake
is St. Valentine's Day.

She is sworn, the vow's made,
what a joy Life supplies!
Act the lover, I swear
is so difficult where
love to loved won court's paid.

Of a kiss I'm afraid
as of bees in the skies,
I suffer, I wake,
and no rest may find, take:
of a kiss I'm afraid!

J'ai peur d'un baiser
Comme d'une abeille.
Je souffre et je veille
Sans me reposer.
J'ai peur d'un baiser

Pourtant j'aime Kate

Et ses yeux jolis.
Elle est délicate
Aus longs traits pâlis.
Oh! que j'aime Kate!

C'est Saint-Valentin!
Je dois et je n'ose
Lui dire au matin.
La terrible choix
Que Saint-Valentin!

Elle m'est promise,
Fort heureusement!
Mais quelle entreprise
Que d'être un amant
Près d'une promise!

J'ai peur d'un baiser
Comme d'une abeille.
Je souffre et je veille
Sans me reposer.
J'ai peur d'un baiser.

Jonathan ROBIN

A Prayer

Yesterday, scarcely seven days too soon,
seventeen hours, one summer afternoon,
our baby was born, a beauteous boon,
a beautiful bairn, both bonny and brown.
May all who help, and at her side appear
throughout Time's short span send health to her here,
and hope and happiness; nor harm, nor fear.
Her name? The soft sweet sound is soon set down:
Lucinda!

Jonathan ROBIN

A Propos Pou After John Wolcot The Lousiad Canto I

Je chante un petit pou, l'époux de deux purs poux,
du cuir chevelu d'une tête inconnue,
un jour est descendu s'ajouter au menu
du roi qui, lui, est tout
puissant sur terre!

Près du trône il est né, ce pou, a grandi chez
l'auguste conseiller qui fut disgracié
entraînant son décès. Ce pauvre pou tombait
les pieds écartelés
en plein dessert!

De haut est-il tombé, là où le roi mangeait,
de sa femme et de ses descendants séparé
[il les a enseigné comment se comporter,
jouer et bien manger,
se tirer d'affaires!]

Le pou s'est relevé devant sa Majesté,
mobile il ne manquait pour se précipiter
pour pouvoir éviter d'être avalé entier
parmi les autres mets
du pair sans pairs!

Poussé par ses regrets en vain pou essayait
de s'en aller en paix. Il aurait du rester
là où il se trouvait, car le regard enflé
du fils de Georges Premier
le prit à revers!

Oh Muses imaginez les craintes exprimées
par les yeux égarés du frère du Roi Soleil
lorsqu'avec gravité sur Sèvres cloisonné
le pou a commencé
à prendre l'air!

Puissant roi, petit pou: l'un père et fils d'un fou,
l'autre trop ingénu, entre eux fatale issue!
Mais tous laissaient issu et combat assidu

pour toujours continue
partout sur terre!

Jonathan ROBIN

A Question Mark Seldom Sums Sweet Scented Rose

A question mark: love's spark? dark thoughts stark caught?
Quest or request? What wistful vista sketch
Uncertain decks fair face? Has some base wretch
Embarked upon seduction? Is change sought?
Sweet nothings? Transatlantic ticket bought
To guarantee dream destiny, wreath etch
In smiles, not care lines' sybilline twines? Fetch
Overseas another life well wrought?
Naught offers easy answer. Last resort?
Mortar, bricks, altar? Lonesome? Two mast ketch
A-sail upon life's tide? Short haul? Long stretch?
Reward? Loss taught? Eyes tender? taut? distraught?
Knowledge alone in rhyme flows, free verse, prose,
Seldom sums soft glows, sweet scented rose.

(11 October 2009)

Jonathan ROBIN

A Rant, Arrant Arrogant Words' Worth Jack Out Of Contest Box Know Form Verses Versus No Norm

Pregnant with celestial fire
Confined to prose in contest which
Refuses verse that draws higher words
Save norm form free, hitch bitch stitch narrow.

Words' worth, William not withstanding,
Should not be to hearse prose restricted,
Inspiration demanding thoughts
Verse rose evicted should not be.

A muse sing out, outside the box
With cutting edge contemporary
Power, precision, unblocks trace
To grow perceptions, and vary flow.

This sonnet's written tongue in cheek
To argue weak bleak are word jails.

Jonathan ROBIN

A Real Kind Lace Juno

Lady loathes life's littleness, leaps free.
Autonomy authentic aids apace
Uniquely understands use to unbrace
Righteous rails, rigorous rigidity.
Entrancing eyes excite expectancy.
Name no names, nag never. Now new grace
Claptrap condemns, chides childish, covert chase.
Exit errors! Enchantment endlessly
Dreams diamond dew, deep draws due decency.
JOcundity jokes, joins joyful embrace,
LAsing laughter, layered language lace.
Knowledge karmic keeps key quality:
Inner idyll. Imagination shines,
ANGlo angles angel Armenian lines.

Title anagram for Laurence Djolakian
(15 July 2004 revised 21 March 2009)

Jonathan ROBIN

A Right To Decide

As either each with Fate must meet
Rendez-vous as time and tide
In synch are meant to coincide,
Grief leave behind, or, karma greet.
Hear arguments none should delete.
The right inalienable to decide
Thus sane need to retain worldwide.
One should not days or months repeat
Dire pain, before dread winding sheet
Eats up all energy inside.
Comfort who curtains draws. Abide
In conscience by choice to complete
Death's call when inner voice can choose
Exit that none should dare refuse.

Anticipate! Chance changes meet,
Refusing compromising ride.
Ideas, ideas, as idyll tied
Glean meanings nothing can defeat.
Here voice for choice despises cheat
To grow, to flow then glow inside,
To tune to wakefulness worldwide.
One should not guiltily repeat
Divisive creed's prayer bead, trite tweet
Ego's face booked easy ride,
Choice IS priority! denied,
Inner longings incomplete,
Dreams, are destroyed. Autonomy
Excludes manipulative key.

(3 December 2011)

Jonathan ROBIN

A Rose Arose

Of all that nature's garden grows
the fairest flower is the Rose,
bending to each breeze that blows.

Rose beauty, joy, together sows, -
'Tis true, as everybody knows, -
inadequately penned in prose.

For from her crown all colour flows,
her petals pink or red she shows,
with white or amber, golden glows.

'Tis said, or so the story goes,
her spiny thorns are elf arrows
to scare the sprites from the meadows.

In slumber see her heart enclose
bee's happiness, in sweet repose,
unsullied by harsh winter snows.

Both dark and bright, white, virgin shows, -
the rose from Paradise arose,
and on Time's wing she blows, she blows.

Jonathan ROBIN

A Round Dell After Arthur Compton Rickett A Roundel 1915

A week ago saw dark grave swallow
Beauty's soul, scarce twenty years.
Who could imagine heartbreak hollow
a week ago?

Love now is buried and, in tears,
especially for ourselves, we wallow.
What worth hold hopes compared with fears
with Fate's goad told?

Beneath the sods bier mourners follow,
find closed book, look closed, seal deaf ears
leaving a void in hearts that knew no dearth
A week ago!

A year ago were love and mirth
And Youth's gay, careless flow;
For him flamed Life in all its ardent worth,
A year ago.

Love came with her enchanting glow,
And doubly blessed his happy birth;
Yet those the gods love. Well, we know!

Beneath a nameless mound of earth
He lies, where daisies grow,
Leaving a void in hearts that knew no dearth
A year ago.

Jonathan ROBIN

A Secret Sadness After William Collis Brookes For Helidor

A secret sadness pains my heart
whenever, with a smiling face,
we meet with others, scarce apart,
in drawing-room or public place.

We chatter with adroit address,
yet you are you and I am I!
None of the fools we greet can guess
your kisses wear my patience, try.

I'm so correct whene'er we meet,
you play so well your stately role,
none may suspect what masked deceit
your image wears within my soul.

(3 August 1985 robi03_0212_broo01_0001 PXX_JLX)

after William Collis Brookes
A Secret Laughter

A secret laughter shakes my heart
whenever, with unsmiling face,
we meet and greet or turn to part
in drawing-room or public place.

We chatter with adroit address,
and you are you and I am I,
and none of all the fools can guess
you wear my kiss upon your thigh.

I am so vapid when we meet,
you play so well your stately role,
that none can ever know, my Sweet,
I wear your image in my soul.

William Collis Brookes For Helidor 1949 A Secret Laughter

Jonathan ROBIN

A Tease Ate At Ease

Forty-five fragile film frames flickered fast,
Offered fragile existential fantasy.
Rehearsal? repetition? f[o]ray fancy-free?
Timed role's played only once before cold blast.
Youth spins loaded dice, Styx stones cast, fall forecast,
Fickle fate finesses foresight finicky.
Iconoclastic? idyllic? lottery
Voids mortal cyphers' sore core scores. Vacuum vast.
Ephemeral existence fades fast. Past
Youth clings, sings, rings prime passed preparing Lethe,
Exit pursued by bare Life's absurdity.
A tease ate at ease? Flea's frieze freeze, picked, nicked, repast.
Rose scent sent doom dissolves all errors paid,
Stage gauged age paging, gloom's page terror greyed.

Forty-five frames flicker fast.
Opt out of final fantasy.
Rehearsal over, piper's fee
Toxic toxin tolled. Cold blast.
Yearned remission ends, soon past.
Fate finesses finicky
Ideals as lethal lottery
Vacuums mortal coil at last.
Expunges wishful-thinking fast
Deadlines loom, dread signs tomb see
Aware of hope's absurdity.
Yet fear flees further fears die cast.
Self-indulgence pointless proves.
A tease? at ease? last ga[s]p removes.

Jonathan ROBIN

A Time Will Come

A time will come when wor[!]
ds still stand
Together and as good as read
In letters proud combine heart, head,
Mistakes avoiding - 'twould be grand.
'Exactly what we mean', as sand,
With time can change, black white, blue red
Instead can turn as streams their bed
Leave to flow into foreign land.
Let letters lie! For when they band,
Caxton's soldiers, made of lead,
Once woken, right, cannot be led!
Make music, mistakes, and hand in hand
Embrace true feelings, understand!

Jonathan ROBIN

A To Z Ambre Alice Double Best

Art Alice, Ambre, amuse Alexis'll attest,
Axel attentive, allegresse.
Beads, burst balloons, boats, sand beach best,
Bath bubbles, birthday double blessed.
Chimps, chips, choosing treasure chest,
Computers, chums, Cannes, Camille, chess.
Dogs, dance dreams, dolls divinely dressed,
Distractions daily, daintiness.
Denying dread, despair distress,
Defeating dour duds, dress dirtiness
Excitement, Eden, Everest,
Enchantment ever effortless
Evolving energy, endless.
Fortune cookies, fancy dress,
Fairy-tales, friends, festiveness,
Fontaine's Fables, funniness.
Grandma, Grandpa, greeting guests,
Green gardens, gold rings, games to guess.
Gold Moon transformed despite protest.
Hands holding hands in happiness,
Harmony, hopes, healthiness.
Imagination if impressed,
Interplay, ideas id est.
Independance, incisiveness.
Intuitive idyll, Iris.
Jumping-Jacks, jokes, jolly jest,
Kittens, knowledge rhyme contest,
Love, lollipops, life's loveliness
Learning, delight, light, more not less!
Maude mummy, music, making mess,
Much merriment mocking minds mindless.
Nice, nature, monster of loch Ness,
Names Ambre and Alice nonetheless,
Opportunity and openness.
Pantomimes, pranks, playing pest
Parties, puppies' playfulness,
Pageants, pastels, prettiness,
Questions and rewarded quests,
Quibbling and some quietness.

Rings, rewards, rise late, late rest,
Recognition, responsiveness.
Sweets, super surprises, supper, success
Scorpio, swimming, soft sunsets.
Thoughtful twins' treats, tenderness,
Temptations, teddies, trips, hair untressed.
Understanding upends unrest
Unity and usefulness,
Vines, violins, violet velvet vest,
Virtue, virtual visuals, vibrant nest.
Wishing-well, T.V., wild west.
Winning, wonder, willfulness.
Yes to all yearned Yes, Yes, Yes, Yes!
Zigzag zoo visit's zany zest.

A to Z Ambre Alice double best

(11 May 2013)

Jonathan ROBIN

A To Z Of All I Hate

Artists indiscriminate,
Billionaire bulls bears berate,
Careless kids insatiate,
Domination by dread State,
Effete fools effeminate
Frogs, slimy snails fat Frenchman ate,
Growing old, ungrateful state -
Hypocrites who soon deflate,
Intellectuals irate,
Jobbing backwards when too late,
Kits and cattens mewling mate,
Litigation, legislate.
Matrimonial stale_mate,
Neglecting rendez-vous, birthdate,
Overacting, things ornate,
Pastry spilt from pattern plate.
Queues, where late folks always wait,
Refusing poor, unfortunate,
Straying outside narrow, straight,
Trust betrayed, prevaricate.
Undermining minds more great,
Varnish, make-up, snaring gait,
Wishy-washy writers' prate,
XX XY exaggerate,
Youths fine fortunes dissipate,
Zurich subprime speculate.
A to Z of all I hate

A rtists inarticulate,
B oors who bears and bulls would bate,
C areless kids insatiate,
D omination by the State,
E fforts' unrewarded wait,
F rogs and snails the Frenchman ate,
G rowing old, - a sorry state -
H ypocrites who soon deflate,
I ntellectuals irate,
J obbing backwards when too late,
K its and cattens mewling mate,

L egislation to equate.
M isogyny, divorce stalemate
N ot remembering the date,
O veracting, things ornate,
P astry upon patterned plate.
Q ueues, and where one has to wait,
R efusing the unfortunate,
S wearing, straying from the straight,
T rust betrayed. Decrees of Fate.
U ndermining minds more great,
V arnish, make-up, snaring gait,
W ilting women overweight,
Y ouths who fortunes dissipate,
Z urich gnomes who speculate.
A to Z of all we hate

Jonathan ROBIN

A Turn Of Phrase

A turn of phrase, sublime or simple,
can beautify an ugly pimple
or turn a frown into a dimple.

Harmony in place of racket,
music where most others lack it,
[or draw a blank and ask a packet!]

Where there's a pen to praise a wimple,
some wimp will ink white paper, black it.

(9 May 1991)

Jonathan ROBIN

A Void, Noting Nothing

As nature hates a vacuum NOTHING can
be but a figment fragment second-guessed.
Reality and dreams combine, their quest
is thus to banish NOTHING then to span
creation's vastness, scanning big bang's van,
from tao trip evolution's also-ran
to space displacement through one thousandth dan,
to Time condensing on initial jest
when request and inquest converge in gest.
Atoms void avoid, spin tails till trail's lost, rest
contest, contestants, distance, Uber plan,
arresting surface difference with zest.

From mess congestive to suggestive test
of chaos, universal fractal fest
patterns pitter patter, matter must
invent itself from, to, through, into dust.

Jonathan ROBIN

A World Too Wide For His Shrunk Shank After Shakespeare Jacques Seven Ages Of Man

Alas! What hope remains? The Welfare State,
Wrought through the years of blood, sweat, toil and tears,
Of suffering and strife, to some appears
Refuted by f[r]ee enterprise whose weight
Leaves little budget elbow room. We wait.
Death bides its time an extra span. Each nears
The century where 'threescore' once brought fears
Of death. Yet western world's extended date,
Or lease on life means at a triple rate
We claim or pay for benefits. Few cheers
In underemployment's rise. One hears
Demands for health-care, pensions, but, too late
Empty promises most hollow find,
too few for bluff fall, most fear future blind.

Jonathan ROBIN

A[r]mour Plating Dating After William Shakespeare Jacques Seven Ages Of Man - As You Like It

All their world's a page,
and all the players Internet addicted,
they have their pseudos, resumés, some avatars,
each actor for a time plays many parts,
cont[r]acts enacting seven stages.

At first computer,
with WINDOWS' bugs well hid in viral links.
And then the neophyte's instruction manual,
and wide-eyed eager face, googling some site
so willingly to screen. Then follows practice,
with MAIL, TRASH, SPAM and FORWARD, shortcuts everywhere,
colliding in his brain with mistress' eyebrow,
the fantasies and fictions of the game
tied to an IP number's trace race chase.

Then the user, sudden and quick to answer;
seeking ever new experience
even in deception's mouth. And then the addict
rejoicing in his bandwidth always on,
weary eyed a-seeking Second Life,
or You Tube, Facebook, Meetic dating quest,
full of wise ways and easy answerings,
heedless of phishing, firewall disrepair,
and so he plays his part.

The sixth stage shifts
into the bored and blasé demi-loon,
with carnet for his prose, and instant message rote,
whose self assessments leave what friends remain
at sea when he some siren seeks to trap,
attention span a-waste, webworld too wide
for his shrunk purse, and his high manly hopes
betrayed by longings, dreams and discontent,
discretion all at sea.

Last stage of all

that ends this strange eventful history
is deconnection and mere oblivion,
where search can't google happiness,
CONTROL ALT SUP still failing to reboot,
sans screen, sans time, sans reason, rhyme, sans everything.

Round world's flat screen, we mean all IP layers,
AP men, women, merely playing payers,
whose passwords, logins, mask their lonely hearts
and when each plays so many parts,
their contActs spanning seven stages.

One on this page attracts consideration,
'tis that contesting woeful single station
attempting to unite two souls to whole
in harmony. Bells turn to tocsin toll
less holy seeming than when bridal white
December turned to May, drew day from night
for knight and maiden, spinning down black hole
illusions which rich future vowed. Control
too lax, too strict, turns consternation
as high ideals by poor deal alteracation
cuts ground beneath feet walking on hot coal,
tried by Time's steal, reach beached on turmoil's shoal.

Whether by Nature well or poor endowed
enthusiasm finds itself too cowed,
bellweather reputations are sustained
to keep hope's end up, rumour's buzz maintained
by Cialis, Viagra, compensation
anticipating faint heart's compensation
drawn from vagina dildo dispensation
urges merge surge experiencing sensation
as soon perceived as waned, trust held in fee
by devil's advocate's plea, once allowed,
proud pennant dips perplexingly, down bowed.

One wonders if attraction offers clues
to questions, answers, existential lure,
both waiting in gestation to refuse,
accept, delay, pay, play as sinecure.
Is fantasy what we affection name

as love which hand in glove with need sounds sweet,
attenuates life's jungle's ruthless game,
and tints the lover's glasses lest we cheat
Death's threats through disillusion premature.
Destiny's spun thread sped Time must cut
for reasons which to mortals seem obscure,
which fit in puzzle pattern's piecemeal rut
to knit tomorrows which mature too fast
as all at last acknowledge naught can last.

Jonathan ROBIN

A[s]ail - Prose Poem

A sail –
brave paling, ailing -
on the dead sea mirror
of man's anonymity, -
not a pretty picture!
The world is midwife
to its own rebirth
and sexton to its
own interment. A lost
generation spreadeagled
across the pillow of life,
asea, disarray on the billows
while the bellows roar
and the smoke stacks pour
before that final belch
relieves them of motion.
With a new world still in flux
beneath the mental horizon of the workless masses,
Carpe Diem's drum attracts
when all else lacks -
save flailing, failing -
a short sale...

Jonathan ROBIN

Above

Let's set shared singing spirit free,
soaring swiftly skywards, try
on wings unpinioned, wild, to see
eternity, and to reply
to questions put on 'he' and 'she',
the how, the wherefore, and the why.
On willing wings of poetry
the feathered quill will learn to fly
above Man's self-filled boundary
and compromises all defy,
translating inner will "to be"
through energy none shall deny
to symphony-serenity.

Jonathan ROBIN

Above Beyond

Above, beyond,
horizon's pond
blue planet's spin
seems very thin,
waves atmospheric wand.

Jonathan ROBIN

Acceleration Generation Regeneration Or Degeneration

Terse verse rehearses Nature's cycle sent
as curse hearse food for thought life's answers sought
for four millenia or more - predicament
narcissistic of man shaman time-trap caught.

Face lost in crowd, once cowed, may soar unbowed
outside staged stages, mournful shadow phase,
brief briefcase hard luck history, dread cloud
forever present pillow night dismays.

Man's no stranger to hustle bustle streets,
unrailed and yet derailed by accident,
disease, or time which harvests heartless beats
as often as those tuned to tenderment.

Rent must be paid for earthly tenement
from birth to earth berth threescore ten years taught,
taut tightrope led from dark, fed, darkness bent,
with best laid plans of mice and men cut short.

Ignore swift time rift, second-thoughts aloud,
ticked of some callendar of nights and days,
of ages rushed and crushed far more than wowed,
till Lethe drowns strife's sorrows from life's gaze.

'Unkindest cut of all' seems self-deceit's
travesty of chance earth birth has meant
for opportunities before the winding-sheet's
last laugh and rictus ends bewilderment.

The sum of knowledge - man's empowerment -
now doubles each decade, and this has wrought
scope for both hope, destruction; store saved, spent,
itself prepares fresh options, cyclic sport.

Invention, innovation, have allowed,
acceleration which might seem haste haze

to most, who'd cruise coast, choose not, will kow-towed,
or caught in fad, trend, fashion, transient craze.

Unprecedented upgrade mankind meets,
greet multi-modal gene switch tripped, yet ought
take time out, flout race, rush outface; crush cheats
new world more slave than brave, wave's bore grave fraught.

Moore's Law's extrapolations represent
not only chips more powerful to sport
networked communications excellent,
they challenge base assumptions 'heaven sent'.

Concern to channel causal temperament
may seem as dream to stumblers on time bought,
but bumbling being bubble bursts, has wrent
tissues, rewiring brain sheath substance - sort
of myelin, white matter supplement
to speed synaptic links as swifly caught,
relayed, as thought by neurones excellent
whose store depends on practice or to naught
is brought by lapse which traps experiment.

Bewilderment seems signature for most
who means can't steer to ends whose causal tick
beyond the click of mice and men mere ghost
appear to veer haphazardly, fall sick,
lose sight of goals, won't strive, prefer to coast
then perish caring scarce a fiddlestick
for those behind who raise sham, futile toast
to life vain strife perpetuates - lipstick
gloss to hide loss of unused gifts they lick
to mask frustration, stress, quick nervous tic.

Jonathan ROBIN

Acceptance Dance

She stands on river's brink to think
of future fair ahead,
holds hands with wonder's link to ink
all hope her heart has said.

She dreams beyond the veil this tale
to share where all mundane
may shed away, hope's gleam won't fail
to soothe away past pain.

She sways below the mountain high
to rhythms heart may start
to startle into starlit sky
from hibernation, chart

the way to interplay which may
anticipations meet,
where each day's reach may break away
from cares, and, sharing, greet

dreams blessed as fears fade, laid to rest,
metamorphosis wished -
renewed is zest, heart's treasure chest
unlocked, unblocked, relished.

She leans into the breeze and sees
fresh opportunities
where Love love frees to please, to tease,
to seize beyond the seas

Joy where she understands all lands
by rainbow bridge are spanned,
as mountain lies at peace with skies
where providence joins hands

with laughter, light, by day, by night,
by insight spurred to fly
on wings of white to true delight:
acceptance seeks no 'Why? '

Jonathan ROBIN

Accessibility Sonnet

Although accessibility at times appears an empty dream,
Creative strategies MUST lead towards acceptance of this right,
Confirming care for special needs, for firm and long term oversight,
Efforts made internationally to guarantee clear meta scheme.
Strengths and weaknesses should see transparency, informed esteem.
Suspicious more suspicious breed, pollute life's stream, begin to bite
Into advances bias freed. Discrimination all indict
Brains may be disability - for things are seldom all they seem.
In age of ubiquity true opportunities may gleam
Lifting barriers to exceed base expectations which tonight
In sight or hearing often seed fear, frustration bottled tight.
To handicap the right 'to be' is recognized within man's team.
Yet - if respecting privacy - tomorrow's sensor networks may
Stimulate diversity, to hope and scope add interplay.

Jonathan ROBIN

Accord Aeon Aeonium Velours Translation Malou Troel, Plouvien Aeonium Velours Response M C Gold

Good: our choice, bloom open voice vibrating,
Attraction magnetic peeping
Through entries in safe-keeping.
Artful Ariane, anticipating,
Blond head, from horn escaping,
From fears and tears joy reaping.

Extension of my dreams, of my thoughts,
Inextricably caught
In firebird glance safe, shared, sought.

Good in my heart, zephyr light tinkling
In your smile, echo humming:
Both beginning, second coming,
Pleasure inking, winking, thinking
Of sweetness polyhedral,
Words worlds blossoming as one,
Bidirectional joy won,
Heartfelt kisses' bliss cathedral.

Here your words from wait translating
Nothing rough, nor bluff, souls sweeping,
Over time and distance leaping
Soul for soul's eternal mating.
Of good, time's hues
Of life, rhyme's tempo,
Of happiness shared halo.

Gold: your voice, in my soul vibrating,
As a discreet evidence, creeping
Into the most secret entries.
Skillful Ariane, never idle lying,
Fond of her thread, dawn unveiling,
Flouting all flatness and all tears.

Extension of my dreams, of my thoughts,
Which furtively seeps out

In a glance, swift, red firebrand.

Gold in my heart, the light tinkling
Of your smile, humming and echoing:
Of mine the whole beginning,
Stretching, a burst of intense pleasure,
Of sweetness roundest circle,
Cradling smoothly blossoming words,
Before flying them back to you,
A fluttering kiss for your heart.

Here are your words and their weight,
Nothing of a sweet talk they are but:
Of gold, the colors
Of life, the tempo
Of happiness, the halo.

Jonathan ROBIN

Achilles Had A Little Heel After Mary Had A Little Lamb

Achilles had a little heel,
its skin was white as snow;
and everywhere Achilles went
its twin was sure to go.

His mother dipped him in the Styx
held by that little heel
henceforth Achilles bones soon picks -
scarce kept an even keel.

Greeks followed him to war one day;
quite playing by his rules;
he made the Trojans weep and pray,
to see selves seem such fools.

Of yore before fair Carthage shore
was met by Myrmidons
he tore Telephus, left wound sore -
or so say Oxford dons.

His troops were ordered to withdraw
withal though Troy destroyers
were winning war till Nestor saw
some sought Appollo's lawyers.

They sat in Council, Calchas claimed
his child from Agamemnon,
Chryseis kidnapped but King [t]aimed
Briseis, Achilles' leman.

Achilles' anger far and wide
was famed - a fatal flaw -
eternal legends since abide
of home_ru[i]ns galore.

It's G[r]eek to me how he could fling
his wrath from coast to coast,
fair Amazons his arms could bring
to grief, reefed Hades' host.

Patroclus his armour wore
successfully in song,
till Hector tore him to cold slaw,
Haephestus' trappings done.

One day an arrow turned him out,
transfixing sole so near,
soul lingered restlessly about
till Pluto did appear.

'Why'd Thetis love Achilles so? '
schoolchildren eager cry;
'Why, mothers love their lambs, you know, '
trained teachers must reply!

Jonathan ROBIN

Acknowledgement

Chaste comely maiden, beauty bright,
honed pen, fair heart, begins to write
and all who read well wonder whence
such fairness springs as evidence
extends from pole to pole, day, night
must intermingle, extradite
all thought of envy, pride, high fence,
and low greed's need to seed fresh pence.
Peoples, perceiving peerless light,
completely conquered, honoured quite,
acknowledge spell which swells delight.
above ambition's impotence.

Jonathan ROBIN

Across The Bourse

To gall, then gloom, did bear incline
Through Gaul when doom bid share decline.

Wall Street at last turns dust, seeds crash
fall meet, fat past earns rust, greed's cash.

Bear Stearns and Lehmann's fall from grace,
their churns banned be, plans stall, dumb race.

Intent on gain, reign clover paid,
In tent on rain, pain overweighed.

Once free, see sighing traders sore
dunce be key spying raiders raw.

Glance shows descent meant warning clear,
chance flows, resentment dawning here.

Where skill may still preserve or flaw,
there ill they will deserve a floor.

Sots, they're no hedge, nor ever sure,
whats their knowledge? poor, never more.

They'd steer, ears bent, cold rumour's roar,
strayed, veer, fears lent, old humours bore.

For where they read stock set to soar,
your share may red [b]lock net blue score.

They've Will to spend on margin small
Save till [t]rue end gone Charge in call!

Jonathan ROBIN

Acrostic 1991

Now mankind nears the watershed of Fate,
In time of trouble framed by clouds of war
New-gathered in the Middle East, the core
Eternal of religious love and hate.
The days are numbered. Meanwhile, we await
Explosively the order to withdraw,
Excessive brinkmanship won't help the poor,
Nor ease the tensions that accumulate.
Not by the oily strand strip called Kuwait
Is the reply found for fair freedom's shore
Ne'er seemed so distant, and a tidal bore
Existence threatens. Is it not too late?
Take care elsewhere. Beware the mirage. State,
Youth undermines. Underemployment's sore
O'erspreads the world, a cancer, more and more
New disappointment fosters, may create
Escape valves which illusions prove too late.

Jonathan ROBIN

Acrostic 1992

Narrow the world, with very little scope
Inside its boundaries for warring creed.
Now seed, now bloom, now dead in word and deed,
Ended scarce begun, yet still we hope
To add an extra twist to Time's short rope,
Expressing trust which on itself does feed,
Energy recycling. Great our need,
Never flags, grows greater, while we grope
New yardsticks more secure, for seldom Pope
Imam or preacher can in conscience lead,
Nor can sham shaman really draw a bead
Exact 'twixt Hell and Heaven. Few can cope!
Their lives are lonely interludes which slope
Year after year towards the grave, their seed
Too thinly scattered, and their barren breed
With other worries blessed, which telescope.
One sighs while lonely hearts in silence bleed ...

Jonathan ROBIN

Acrostic Sonnet Gail Harcus Life Witness Bears

Ghost of Cleopatra `neath the Nile
A thousand years had haunted twice before
In hearing of fresh fame sh[ad]e knew for sure
Life witness bears to one whose peerless smile
Has shown the world that Beauty was on trial,
Awaiting its high priestess. Now, no more
Rude Homer's lyre will be respected for
Creating Circe, Helen, Attic guile.
Unique She reigns, far from crowds which defile.
So as, compared to her, each Muse is poor,
Gods and heroes fade, swift shown the door!
All aim their ends with her's to reconcile.
In one alone all qualities combine,
Link in a heart of gold none can refine.

Jonathan ROBIN

Acrostic Sonnet On The Sonnets On The Sonnet

Some sonnets upon sonnets poets write
Offering examples of their skill,
Need neither censure nor false praise to fill
New chapter, verse, in ego's copyright.
Encapsulation through a structure tight
Turns a neat phrase avoiding overkill,
Or temperature tests, unbiased will
Nature, Man, describes in terms polite.
Sense and or sensitivity, insight
Ordered, bordered, mission may fulfill,
New bark on old folds sundry thoughts that spill,
Netting beauty, spelling out delight.
Emotions through control find freedom which
Triumph over prose prosaic [p]itch.

Jonathan ROBIN

Adrenaline Shock

As excitement trips synaptic traps, taps inner ocean tide
Deep within the spirit calling to the hidden beast inside,
Rising quicker, quicker falling, masterminding, unpoliced,
Electricity internal surges, impulse shocks released.
Now accept an opportunity for challenge set aside,
As hunter spies through camouflage the prey too long denied.
Listen as the heart beats faster, who is hunter, who is fleeced?
Is one servant, is one master, must it matter in the least?
New conundrum through the ear drum, sounding board plumbs, Fate defied.
Enterprising and surprising, tingles jingle far and wide,
SHed all hesitation information channelled, need to feast,
Open ended this excitement as red blood count is increased.
Cause, effect can come together as their patterns superpose
Kneeding, feeding, seeding needing more than many may suppose...
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(16 March 2005 revised April 30 2008)

Jonathan ROBIN

Advertising

Personal principles are praised, but instead
Public Opinion is too easily led.
The muddied brained People must beg for its bread
bewildered by twenty-six cynics of lead.
They're so artificial, those bland bywords bred,
yet represent love signals, colour code thread.
Cold copy-writers our custom importune
composing cant catchwords to cull off our fortune.

Publicity [p]reaches wherever we tread,
an encroaching octopus tentacles spread,
pours bland inky blessings on all but the dead.
Standardization with all pretence shed
industry offers fat profits ahead,
as promise of status stands sales in good stead.

Cold creams and cosmetics, shampoos for the hair,
stimulants and sedatives, to each his share,
need needs be invented to spare us from care?

The sales pitch embraces those parts of the nation
accounting for most of mankind's consumption
according to up-to-date sales information
from market research data based computation,
women, the workers, the young generation.
Commitments increase as old scruples are shed.

Spring water purchased in neat plastic bottle,
sports car equipped with an elegant throttle,
all must be sold, unemployment to throttle.

With credit all waiting from wanting is fled
For the recession, combined with inflation,
threatens the structures of civilization;
savings must shrink or we'll face confrontation
from all who would otherwise lack occupation.
New goods and services are stimulation.

Odd sorts, shapes and sizes, confuse, so its rare

that housewives, though willing, can truly compare;
that packaging costs more than product's unfair!

With prosperous public to politics wed,
privacy's threatened, it can't be gainsaid.
Consumer protection is often misled
by headlines enticing and small print widespread.
Set in strip lighting, or spoken, or read,
through radio, T.V., broadcasted in bed.
Nor ever has Internet, spammed, been immune,
text message records, repeats, slick slogan, tune.
Printed in polychrome over our head,
in so many senses, for senseless fathead,
over the airwaves judiciously spread
from high ultra-violet to low infra-red,
pasted on posters in blue, black, or red,
advertisement squares all our savings have bled.

Jonathan ROBIN

Advice To An Applicant - Parody Rudyard Kipling – If

If you can back your boss and keep on smiling,
while toning down his brash absurdities,
if, having watched the man manhandle filing,
you rearrange the folders pretty please,
if coy and charming, beautiful, beguiling,
anticipating all contingencies,
you manage new accounts, contacts redialling,
correct crass spelling, cover vagaries...

If you can keep your head while he's resiling,
evolve successful counter-strategies,
if 'mum's the word', discrete, effective tyling,
from busy-bodies safe when he agrees.
If you can spend your time in reconciling
his intellectual inanities,
never upset his fragile ego, heiling
whene'er he feels the need, or profits sneeze...

If Windows easy comes, while modem dialing
to DSL migration's not a tease,
if firewall free from viruses hostiling
you clean can keep, recalling password keys,
if the above you show him recompiling
the data lost when he lacks expertise, -
yet know your place as cypher, never riling,
remembering to bow before 'big cheese'...

If you can stand him publicly reviling
your good ideas, then claim them his with ease,
can watch while rival's ruin he's compiling
so coldly that a lizard's blood would freeze.
If when betrayed by his ambitious wiling
you triumph through innate abilities,
ignoring basic scheming, baser guiling,
you seize the precious point he never sees! ...

If you won't blush when, rash, he'll rush, exiling
your intuitions as freak fantasies,
but confidently while free-time he's whiling,

circumvent his incapacities.

Surpassing him in brains, tact, versatiling,
you never strive to swap your salaries,
but both feet on the ground, still patient, smiling,
can counteract his incoherencies...

If you are sure his image needs restyling,
select the suits that suit down to the tees,
if you are ever ready camomiling,
or sprinkling sugar, creaming, coffee, teas,
if you can trick his wayward infantiling
and censure not his immaturities,
ignore his clumsy tries at fond defling,
yet fondled, tactful, rise from off his knees...

If you take three degrees while reconciling
your private life to further Ph.D.'s,
if you can children bear without work piling
and keep them free from trouble and disease,
if you can spring his quick promotion – vile thing –
and play the game of happy families...
Your's is the job, the rest's cosmetic styling,
the prized princess and pride of... secret'ries!

21 Februrary 1990 & 23 May 2005

Jonathan ROBIN

Affair

Most flee feared future's disarray,
undercover years' tears, doubt,
demonstrating life's roundabout
wry, hearts' harmony astray.
Black tie affairs mask day-to-day
regrets, misunderstandings, flout.
impressions, hide affections' drought,
disavowing sharing, pray
upon timeworn love's interplay,
Instinctively pretend without
fete; bluffing although all about
guiltily observe dismay.
Cummerbund infidelity
funds monochrome obscenity.

(24 January 2012)

Jonathan ROBIN

After Black Tie Dinner

Most couples, from their future, with dismay
attempt to hide as years add tears to doubt,
reminding one that life seems roundabout
gone haywire, fun affection run astray.
Black tie affairs too often day-to-day
regrets, hedged bets, must mask as inside out.
impressions fool, fears false conventions flout,
too few prove love's success in sharing way.
Rewards are justly won. The interplay
Instinctive of your talents is without
counterfeit fête; bluff though all about
in black and white back from right track, bright play.
Though cummerbund funds infidelity
restore from monochrome integrity.

Jonathan ROBIN

After Buttered Bread Spreading

After buttered bread spreading
white wedding lies scarlet bedding,
hearts seen heading
towards tear shedding,
deep water treading
pride groomed bride beheading.

(7 August 2007)

Jonathan ROBIN

After Dinner - Margaret And Richard

Most couples, from their future, with dismay
Attempt to hide as years add tears to doubt,
Reminding one that life seems roundabout
Gone haywire, with its genius astray.
And yet you set example day-to-day
Regrets no space retain, inside or out.
Each in his way should vain conventions flout,
Though few give striking proof succeed we may.
Rewards are justly won. The interplay
Instinctive of your talents is without
Counterfeit or bluff though all about
Hope for mere fraction of your worth to lay
A sure foundation for that joy which I
Rise up to toast, pair love does sanctify.

Jonathan ROBIN

After Milady Parody Edna St Vincent Millay I Am But Summer

Although harsh winter weighs down restless heart,
I know I'm not but cusp, husk for full year.
Warm welcome will expand, dwarf other part,
swing brooding moods to mine shared joys sincere.
No harvest rich with golden fruits to sell
need I, nor wise saws winter hoarfrost bring,
who loves well Hell defies, time's ebb and swell
weathered, all storms calmed, splices angel wing.
Love therefore says: O time suspend thy flows!
range changeless and defy fate's hidden drums,
so two true steady stay, thorn shorn from rose,
no far migration, ceaseless summer comes.
No pause, no cause to seek another clime
eternal summer gilding timeless rhyme.

I know I am but summer to your heart,
And not the full four seasons of the year;
And you must welcome from another part
Such noble moods as are not mine, my dear.
No gracious weight of golden fruits to sell
Have I, nor any wise and wintry thing;
And I have loved you all too long and well
To carry still the high sweet breast of Spring.
Wherefore I say: O love, as summer goes,
I must be gone, steal forth with silent drums,
That you may hail anew the bird and rose
When I come back to you, as summer comes.
Else will you seek, at some not distant time,
Even your summer in another clime.

Jonathan ROBIN

After The Carnival

The carnival of carefree play
too long has tripped its careless way,
clowned senseless as an ass's bray
while flesh from flesh Time stripped away.

Once sun strong shone, when one made hay
cicada-like, would spend the day
in hasting-wasting, led astray
by vain beliefs the day to pay
would never come. But hopes decay,
the ostrich-innings stumped. Today,
momentum lost, depressed dismay
notes there's no energy to pray.

Illusions fade, blue skies turn grey,
what once seemed certain from life's fray
has dropped defeated, options fray.
Careless of creed, one must obey
dread summons which to night turns day.

That one's posterity will stay
when life's departed holds at bay
a sense of impotence and may
part justify the role to play.
The carnival is over, May
to Winter bows, Spring may not stay,
its darling buds in blossom, gay,
tomorrow must return to clay.

Après la Fête

Life's Carnival swift sinks, soon drive,
ambitions fail. What sense to strive
when dregs alone remain to drain
before forgetfulness stakes claim.

Who have the strength to goals attain
with principles intact remain
exceptions to life's ground rules lain,
clowns stride stage, pine, pain, soon lie slain.

Though some may for a time contrive
to fool themselves, they steeper dive
when time in pawn takes pawn alive,
soon sacrificed to failure's knives,
which often with success connive.

Illusions lost, we find with pain,
are seldom truly gained again
what once seemed certain's then proved vain
when gain proves dross, and loss insane.

Dunce bee, once drawn to wicket flame,
no curtain call can still sustain,
another worker t[r]icked from hive
which will remain no less alive.

Jonathan ROBIN

After The Funeral

The Past departed with the last forced mourners, whose facial expressions, with their tremolo of tics, - tell-tale suppressions, - told of fear. Tension in tightened corners of mouth and eyes. terror, surprise, trembling, cries, each would disguise anguish masked, questions unanswered here, unwelcome intimations of mortality.

The Past departed, partly of its own accord, parts, shut out, ignored, roles played out as few could yet afford to flout morality. Time's uncertainties by Time itself underscored. Departure leaving absence of feeling, - absence of feeling hermetically sealing from mind and face all trace of childhood innocence.

In place of innocence and grace, - Loss, emptiness! Emptiness here an imperfect vacuum open unto wilderness of self-delusion of strength, which, all the more fragile for its brave face, is self-defeating. A vacuum is strong, can do no wrong, being internally self sufficient.

The Past departed; at first sight seeming to ease out emotion. threat squeezing, freezing, unappeasingly diseasing. The surface calm afforded no balm, no outlet for the lotion that soothes the spirit, dowsing suffering and pain, incorporating the magic potion which to love and light restores the soul through tears. Tears, in childhood and advancing years, cleanse fears.

Superficial calm masks the rampant tiger of repression whose fire eyes prowl through the layers of sensation to plough the deep recesses of the mind, exploding the barriers which we, in our blindness, instinctively erect. Too soon we lose the key to unlock them, thus we restrain Love's passage to the world.

Yet, although fears increase, prevent release, distort the soul, fragment the whole, there too are feeling forces, secret sources which well up and chart twin courses down the cheeks from which the heart's resources spring, may bring relief, sing peace.

The Past departed with the last forced mourners, Their dark impressions cold and drear, conscience unclear. Unwelcome intimations of mortality pervasively intruded, could not disappear. Release was a luxury few could afford. Terror, surprise, tension in tightened corners of mouth and eyes. The dreaded shadow loomed as surface distress, masking primal self-pity, angrily welled up, and, for the living, shed a tear.

Part of its own accord, part shut out, ignored, the Past departed with the last forced mourners. Their drawn expressions, torn by tics, told of fear. Unwelcome intimations of mortality suddenly intruded, and would not disappear. Release was a luxury few could afford. Terror, surprise, tension in tightened corners of mouth and eyes. The dreaded shadow loomed near, as surface distress, masking primal self-pity, angrily welled up, and, for the living, shed a tear.

Jonathan ROBIN

After The Funeral II - 0208

The Past departed with the last forced mourners, whose facial expressions, with their tremolo of tics, tell-tale suppressions, told of fear. Tension in tightened corners of mouth and eyes. terror, surprise, trembling, cries, each would disguise anguish masked, questions unanswered here, unwelcome intimations of mortality.

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(10 January 2010)

Jonathan ROBIN

Against Stale Current

It seems essential to unite
to urgent questions answers which
may trigger links to dream themes, might
prepare fulfillment shared and rich.

Unused to feeling understood,
sharp insight into others bores,
trees sees, sure draws, ignores not wood
nor would, for blinkers truth abhors.

Sense of pure purpose has withstood
positions frozen, chosen doors
swing open ever, inner good
scorning pride, bias, rotten cores.

Deceptive calm. Tried tenets try
to analyze and to translate
life's unity so none fight shy
of fighting prejudice and hate.

Against stale 'current', with the stream
of light and life few soar serene,
scarcely surprising guarded gleam
still stays unshared...

Jonathan ROBIN

Agence Nationale Pour L'Emploi Rue Blanche

A waiting-room where worries surface soon,
Nor may be dissipated, jobless list
Perversely daily grows, and pessimist
Emphatically are all who lampoon
Realities unjust as stage buffoon.
Useless to call, the problems will persist.
Employment rates fall further, chances missed
Black tarnish barrow boy and silver spoon.
Life hangs between the optimist who'd croon
A ceaseless siren song whose very gist
No sad end entertains, and realist
Caught by statistics which won't play 'le clown'.
'Heaven helps him who helps himself' is said,
Expressing wishful thinking's leaps ahead.

Jonathan ROBIN

Ages Of Man

Birthday

Play day

Sleigh day

May Day

Sway day

Prey day

Heyday

Betray

Payday

Dismay

Mayday!

Pray day

In the way day

./.

Out of the way slay day.

Jonathan ROBIN

Aground

Unique and common, in between
night's sighs, dawn's longings, scarce serene;
we float here, there, through dreams' insight.
whose strings dissolve with waking light.
Chance intertwines our lives, sets scene
unwound round Time's wheel infinite.
First smile thus [b]rings bells brave and bright
but seeds regrets so often seen
as promise turns to 'might have been'
when secret longings fall from flight.

(31 July 2007)

Jonathan ROBIN

Ahead

Innovation urges us ahead,
offers opportunities which seem
more obvious in this New Year whose theme
seeks answers which empower more than bread.

What stood unchallenged once, taken as read,
insufficient now appears, the gleam
of something more important shines, whose beam,
leaves spirit searching for the soul instead.

The dream seeks motivation, trammels shed.
Timing remains essential to redeem
positive potential tapped on stream
as we approach 2000's watershed.

Though Internet may stimulate and whet
keen appetites to challenge old mind set,
perhaps our world deserves another chance
to voice true choice and from within advance.

Jonathan ROBIN

Alcuin

Awhile pray pause who, passing by the way,
Lines cue, are fed into sped changeling's clay.
Can you spring from my fate what your's may be?
Unwound my clock, soon your's locked history!
In spite of this world's gifts, Time's ticks won't stay.
Now here, then there sped, bed from care carefree.

About my fads, what gads on you today,
Leaves cause to trace if grace was sad or gay?
Care you a fig? How long in memory,
Unused, space race of what Life was to me
In yours may stay, int-urned? All slips away.
No mor[t]al s[l]ips defy Eternity.

Awhile Bede's rosary I beaded, lay
Learning as priority, salvé!
Charlemagne advised and poetry
Unfettered formulated in my see.
Ideal 'truths held self-evident' decay,
Now mocked by some as mere apostasy.

Although some style me saint, to dry bones pray,
Let well alone! To your redemption pay
Complete attention free from falsity.
Unwarranted are myths through whose haze see
Insight of 'truth' to stem their own dismay,
Near teamed tears stream for yesterdays deemed key.

Avoid crass mediocrity, display
Less pride than tolerance, life's roundelay
Clipped short can't be rebought, rethought may be,
Urge surge repeat from peat. Cacophony
Is static silenced soon, life's bubble bray
Night stifles, casket covered carelessly.

Approach existence as poetic play
Link, ink, and think, don't sink, although you may
Chaos encounter, surface foam, froth, flee.
Untie knots individuality

Insists upon through fear of castaway.
Nudge fast past selfish immaturity.

Apart from withered spoon I sleep. Make hay!
Live for today, rank tyrants disobey!
Come dusk what husk explodes with energy
Unbounded by Time's set inconstancy?
Importance lies where wor[l]dy interplay
Nets little save self echo's breviary.

Against Time's tide none ride, leaves green today
Lack lustre, sapless soon, roll over play.
Creation calls destruction, mystery
Unendingly recycled, constantly
Insidious aftertaste, lost flavour, grey.
No favour sways fickle sickle's fealty

Alas! Ball questions not life's Yea and Nay,
Let's bounce pronounce directions for role play,
Checked, Chance advance swift mated, Fate's decree.
Useless to appeal, squeal 'gainst spiel's fee,
In debt all ultimately must repay,
Nature's 'jeux sont faits', recoups fling's spree.

Are there still Gods whose souls with feathers weigh?
Life's st[r]ings some cling to, just for one more day.
Chance led my dance, the rest is best set free,
Unseen glance, dust in dust locked. Agree!
If reply lies decoding D.N.A.
Nature's template still shrouds secrecy.

Jonathan ROBIN

All Else Is Shadow

Dear, "if you read these lines remember not
the hand that writ", by Destiny propelled,
for many venture, most are soon forgot,
by Chance or choice to Lethe swift expelled.
The moving finger, spellbound, writes, impelled
to tell the world, - its jealous eyes to dot, -
of one whose talents true cannot be spelled,
all else is shadow, bolt – Time flies – soon shot.
"Age cannot wither, nor can custom stale
her infinite" unique, – both vain and sot
is who would dare to circumscribe her tale.
All praise is superficial and must fail
to sway the heart which on Love's wind would sail.

Jonathan ROBIN

All Greek To Me

Said Tsipras: 'There's no need to bicker,
you won't get your cash any quicker,
IMF's sacred cow
is dead letter by now,
I'm no Brussel sprout lout boot licker'

Greasy slope? There's still scope while hopes flicker,
Parthenon? Path anon proves blood thicker
than toil, trouble, tears:
Juncker's junk bond appears
on the rocks, deadline clocks jitter ticker.

Jonathan ROBIN

All In A Hot And Copper Sky

Grilled golden grains glance through gnarled restless hands,
sunstruck fingers straining sandy rain,
coralled on small strip of coral land.
He lonely lingers, glancing yet again
from castaway kingdom's salty strand,
where he remains in solitary reign,
past coarse hoarse seagulls banking by hot sand,
over mosquito clouds which whine, complain
from morn til night 'mid lonely palm tree bands
that food and drink provide, ease heart-ache, pain.
Cloudless compass round, on every hand,
anxious eyes have panned, scanned sea, sky, land,
restlessly screening sun steeped main.
Distant sea lanes ceaseless spanned in vain,
strange visions range within deranged brain.

Jonathan ROBIN

Alliterative Abilities Await Accolade

Deftly drawing deep descriptions, denigrates dupes, demarcate
Drive divinely dated, daring, duty disparages degenerates.
Discord difficulties discarded, differences demonstrate
Decision's dream, deems drafted ditty deliciously delectate.

Entertaining enterprising epistolary erudite,
Elite exquisite eùcited esteemed efforts expedite,
Ever enchanting episodes elaborates ensures exite
Each enjambment's epilogue's euphuistic eremite.

Magic momentum measures meter making mellifluous meditation
Minor mistakes, mispunctuations mated, music's maximisation
Mood majestic makes manifest, metonym manipulation
Methodically modifies monosyllabic metrication.

Lighthearted lines link letters lively, lovingly liberates
Lilting lullabies linguistic, laconically literate,
Literature lighthouse lighting locution lordly, loculate
Lexicon lamenting language limits lack length legitimate.

Incredibly idyllic ideal in insightful illustrate,
Intense impressions interspacing, intelligence impressionate,
Indicate in ink indelible impromptu index intimate
Incomparable imprints issue, imagination incarnate.

Words work wonders wander willfully will, wily, waterfall
With wizardry while weakness, waste, wanes, wretched with windfall
Waxing wonderfully writing with wisdom, wit, Wordsworth's weight,
Workmanship well written, writer withholding worthless wait.

Opportunities offered open onto opus overlaid
On outstandingly orchestrated original serenade.
Outperforming overacting opponents outplayed.
Obsequious opposition overcome, only one's obeyed

Reviewer rightly respond! Rhyming roundel's repaid
Reading rave reviews rising round rhymster, reliably relayed,
Ringing reasoned ruminations readymade,
Routing rough rookies' rash reiteration raid.

Stanza stanza swift succeeding, senses sweeps, song swifter swims,
succulent succession seeding, substitutions, surface skims.
Scrupulous semantics subtle switchback scrabble summarize,
seek solutions smart, scrolled, supple, solve set spectrum's smallish size.

Appropriately authentic ambitions assiduously aid
Adept alliterative abilities awaiting accolade
And always attempt an auspicious aubade
Auguring alphabetical aesthetics adequately arrayed

Now narrator needs newsworthy nest,
Nurturing narrative nicely. Neatesr
Natural novel negates nameless narrow nonsense -
Noting nothing notable. New nib's noblest.

Greetings graceful guest. Guaranteeing great
Glee, gruelling grief gone, gentleman's game germinates,
Gains ground, giga ganglia glowingly gyrate,
Gain grandiloquently grandiose gait.

Jonathan ROBIN

Ally All Lie Ali Lion Line Dream Theme

Every verse acts as shell for fair moral, a skeleton
which we expand when counselling,
wanton worries dispel, [we can scan well and spell],
as transcendent end line links reel illing.

Far from grey citadel against which most rebel,
care for nor tinker's curse nor verse shilling,
Lyonnesse dreams on well, Camelot's chains repel
beneath tropical sun oh so grilling!

Lady lion's large jaws are well used, like her paws,
with gazelle and striped zebra sent spilling,
then she rampantly roars, rips raw prey with sharp claws,
primal urge surges merge, show flesh willing.

In the main, lacking mane, her earthshaking refrain
gives the lie despite spry timbre so thrilling.
Hale, with pride by her side, she sets male pride aside,
with her siblings invests in best killing.

Every night by lush well loud flush larynx will swell,
while at jungle rill thirstily swilling,
yet all know very well that it shows lioncel
how to act, an example instilling.

She prowls nightly, can bell, howl with high decibel,
or else growl, which sends shivers spine-chilling,
but by day to keep well she sleeps deep for a spell,
takes time out from rude clout food instilling.

Kith and kindred all find feline mother is kind,
especially to rub cubs a-milling,
though stay out of the sight of her mate or he might
take a fancy to you for her filling!

Lioness' dreams we tell, [here in verse we excel,
truth from falsehood intent on distilling],
Al de Vigny's words well depict snell lioncel,
a-dreaming by rocks, no cavilling.

Yellow leo won't dwell in a fixed forest dell,
often hunts from from den, then treed hilling,
tone rich bellowed yodel yell's so mellow, ne'er fell,
to deep bass from soprano so thrilling.

Lion's dreams spell catnip banquet, heads swell
using rhyme scheme's repetitive filling,
feral fears deep sleeps quell, snooze savannah's farewell
to cares, where welfare rare fair fulfilling.

Feline brain cells expel human kind who'd compel
well read carnivores to a dire drilling,
for their instincts impel to green pastures as well
as red meat, chase's sweep leaps, prey stilling.

Readers' doubts we'll dispel, wit harsh critics refell
on papyrus scribe skillfully quilling,
there is no tocsin knell, toxin soujourn in hell,
lion teams' sweet dreams seem self-refilling.

Here apt moral we rend, which from start until end
in its heart shows dreams' beams make all willing
to take time out to blend, fact and fancy, amend,
all misfortunes, find dream time idylling!

Jonathan ROBIN

Aloha

Acceptance Love Open Harmony Always
Love Open Harmony Always Acceptance
Open Harmony Always Acceptance Love
Harmony Always Acceptance Love Open
Always Acceptance Love Open Harmony

Where love is understanding
where love acceptance be
there need be no demanding,
nor need for thanks to see.

Where love is comprehending
there's neither great nor small,
there are no rules for bending,
where none need rules at all.

What seems unknown is cover
more self from self than other
and what one should discover,
self needs not rhyme with smother.

There is no love in giving,
forgiving? where's the need,
as in the art of living
acceptance is the seed.

There's even less in taking
in breaking for the fun
for this is self mistaking
before the journey's done.

Acceptance no judgemental
defences needs to place,
nor proves a brickwall mental
for saving face or grace.

Response and not reaction
here seek to answer part,
if only tiny fraction

rich base from which start.

Go read Lucinda Matlook,
Spoon River, lies in peace,
there's neither challenge, gridlock
where harmony's release.

The Universe vibration
appears from end to end
which each new generation
learn to transmit and send.

One could flow on forever
forever and a day,
in daily life this never
attention spans may sway,

so here's an end to versing,
acceptable we hope,
the game is role reversing,
the image is of scope.

Jonathan ROBIN

Alone

A phone that seldom rings, or never,
Sounds like a life-line coiled, unused,
A link to light that stands accused,
Left hanging in the never-never.
Life is so short, so soon to sever,
A call can save, and one refused
Leaves empty heart, and mind bemused
Or all at sea. However clever
No diver plunges who would ever
Enthuse or feel the least amused
If, once he sank, trust was abused: -
Cut lines for reason whatsoever!
Remember then the friendly call
You make can take no time at all.

Acrostic sonnet and previous title As All Alone I Cry
robi03_0203_robi03_0000 ASX_JZX

(3 January 1991 revised 5 October 2006)

Jonathan ROBIN

Aloof

ALOOOF

Aloof none should remain where two may share.
Why st[r]ay away from strife of feelings which
when spent sans counting only make more rich -
are deep summations difficult to bear?

Let go! glow! flow! emotions everywhere
replace past distance with a future close
where depth, unspoken, may rephrase verbose
superficiality too bare.

Open wide, within spin out aware
not as a line to hook a fish or two,
shrug off old shackles, tackle something new -
that tenderness two miss when one's not there.

Offer yourself the luxury of care,
not as a duty, but beyond that swim
through seas of sentiments you used to skim
in search of self who self denied... prepare

Fulfilment signing tenderness so rare,
that few accept it, fewer recognize
empathy which never needs disguise. -
Are these emotions difficult to bear?

Jonathan ROBIN

Alpha Through Omega On Abecedarian Infinity

Aeon
Beliefs
Create
Dream
Existence
Fanning
Gigantic
Hopes.

Incessantly
Judging
Karmic
Lifetimes
Most
Never
Openly
Penetrate,
Quest
Remains
Search
That
Undercuts
Vital
Wishes
Xenogenic
Yin/yang
Zone

Although
Beings
Change
Dimensions
Eternally
Fundamental
Gifts
Handle
Insight,
Joining
Knowledge,

Love,
Mixing
New
Overviews,
Piercing
Questions.

Reality
Shows
Thought,
Understanding,
Values
Will
Xerox
Yearning
Zarathustrans.

Advance
By
Challenging
Deceitful,
Erroneous
Flawed,
Gobbledygook.

Hear
Innate
Justice
Kneeding
Logical
Meshwork,
Novel
Observations
Perfectly
Quashing
Recycled
Slanted
Theses.

Unpin
Vanity,
Worthless,

Xeric,
Yielding
Zero.

Always
Be
Creative,
Despise
Egocentric
Featherbrains.
Glean
Harmony
In
Joy.

Knaves
Leave
Much
Nonsense

Prefer
Quiet
Reflection
Surmounting
Tribulations.

Use
Vocabulary
Without
Xenophobia,
Yet
Zen.

Jonathan ROBIN

Alphabet Artistry

ALPHABET ARTISTRY

Able acrostic artist's alignment adds air.
Alliteration asks acknowledgement aware,
Bard's brain bequeaths benchmark billet, blends braid bans blare,
Beware braggarts' boasts, banality, betrayal backstair.
Classic composition, clear content, compare
Creative couplets, compliment competent care.
Drawing descriptions deftly displayed debonair
Droll doggerel dubbed dextrous, doubts dismayed. Declare
Entertaining epistle's extent e'er ensnare
Easy erudition evident everywhere
Fair fancy's flight futility forbade, fine flair
Flickering forever – feeble fops fade – fan fair.
Great gifts, gainsay gameplay grandiloquent, gross glare,
Gain gleeful guests, greet gallant guy, girl, gent, goad galere.
Here he has honed his heavenly homemade highbrow
Handwritten harvest, handmade harlequinade ... how?
Insight inviting idyll irreverent, ifere
Invents ideas intelligent, intent inhere
Judicious jumble joke jest judges jaded jeer,
Joins joyful jingle jamboree jacent jardinière
Kaleidoscopic knowledge knits kaross. Kowtow!
Knight's kakemono knack karmic kudos. Know
Lines lyrical, lightheartedly linked, laid layer
Liltingly linger, lasting leisure lent lustreware
Mute melancholy! Muse's masquerade mayor
Master musters magic meter, music made midair
Neat new needlecraft, never negligent ne'er
Neutral, negative nonsense, nonevent nowhere.
Ode's object - open offering - obeyed order
Onomatopoeia overlaid over
Poetic passions, purposefully pent, prepare
Portrait pasquinade polyvalent poetic pair
Quick-witted quips quell quitters querulent, queer.
Quizmaster quality quite quiets querent. Quair's
Rhymic reel responsive, readymade, reads rare
Reverberation, readily relaid repair.
Stanzas succinct, shrewd signposts sapient, should share
Such skillful stringing signals softly sent. So spare

The thesis, tested, triumphs, teasing trade that there
Takes time to twin terms taut, taught twined torsade tough to tear
Usage unexpected unpenitent, - unfair?
Unravels uniformity, unpent unaware.
Vitality, vim, vetoed vehement vaporware,
Vivacious verse's veriloquent vent via vare
When willing writer worked with wonderment where
Weaving worthwhile wordplay wreath while weekend went west ware.
Xylophonic xenagogue xeroxes XX XY,
Xenial xesturgy xenogamy x-rays Xerxes, xanthous Xanthippe
Yet Ylem, Yggdrasil, yug yesterday, - yare
Youth's yearning yeastier yolk yond yoke, yea!
Zestfully zapping, zooming, zigzagging zany zone
Zen zingaro zealots' zeitgeist's zenith, - zephyr's zing ...

Able acrostic artist's alignment adds air.
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Zen zingaro zealots' zeitgeist's zenith, - zephyr's zing ...
 Youth's yearning yeastier yolk yond yoke, yea!
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 Easy erudition evident everywhere
 Droll doggerel dubbed dextrous, doubts dismayed. Declare
 Creative couplets, compliment competent care.
 Beware braggarts' boasts, banality, betrayal backstair.
 Alliteration asks acknowledgement aware.

WHERE POSSIBLE for the tenth syllable of each line the rhyme scheme is a b a b

... ent
 ... made or braid
 and for the twelfth c... fair or care

As this esquisse was attempted as rhyming couplets it can either be read as such A to Z or as A to Z followed by Z to A with only minimal punctuation differences

16 June 2007
 robi03_1631_robi03_0000 AQW_IXX

Alphabetic Artistry poem © Jonathan Robin

Jonathan ROBIN

Alphabetical Haiku And Senryu List 1975 2007

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Provisional list 27 January 2008

A Beam of Light

As intuition
sweetens, sweeps senses, doors open
onto fruition.

Bursting bright, baring
intimate enlightenment
links souls insight sharing.

Light weaving laughter
assuages inhibitions -
superfluous hereafter.

Sounds of soft music
reflect starry skies' surprise,
bring belonging magic.

Ecstasy appears
to overwhelm misfortune,
love banishing fears.

Eternally, bliss
personified, naught denied: -
Song of Songs is this.
14 June 1991 and 20 June 2007

A-Musing

Mooning on spooning
she tosses and turns, returns
ballooning dream tuning

24 October 2006

A Door Opens

As a door opens,
sun kisses carpet: - light sheet
opens pristine page.

2 November 1990 and 19 September 2006

Acceleration

Acceleration
of knowledge acquisition –
destabilisation...

4 March 2002

Acceptance

Acceptance chants dance
elegance finds ulti_mate_
umb...rage checks advance

Author notes
chance chants

ultimatum rage or ultimate umbrage

27 January 2008

Aims

From ground to [g]round holes -

missives or missiles unite
solitary souls

Buts

Sol à sol, mystère, -
missives ou missiles reliant
les âmes solitaires...

20 March 1992

Alienation of Affections

December letters:
no response greets the New Year,
but embers' fetters.

10 January 1993

All at Sea MISSING

The stockmarket quote

10 July 1992

All in All

Yin, Yang, undermine
difference to recombine -
all in all define

4 April 2005

Amber Butterfly

Amber butterfly:
what may multi mottled marks
sing, sign, signify?

Upon insect's back
is this camouflage warning,
defence or attack?

An amber butterfly is winging by:
its mottled marks, what may they signify?

The camouflage upon the insect's back
is warning, or defence against attack...

23 March 1975

Anomalies

Through bursting buds peep
summer's blooms – to their beauty
stays sad slave asleep.

Through bursting buds there summer blooms, fair, peep,
but to their beauty stays sad slave asleep.

23 March 1975

Apple Blossoms

Apple blossoms, seen through April snow,
Approaching scenes of summer seem to know.

Apple blossom, snow, -
approaching scenes of summer
April seems to know.

23 March 1975

At Rest

Through expanding space
beyond old inhibitions
the mind may e[r]ase

artificial skins.
As spirit dissolves levels,
inner freedom wins,

consciousness, can chase
surface metamorphosis -
sh[r]edded to replace

superficial grins,
self-deception – whose dark hells
are the greatest sins.

When understanding
maturity underpins,
then momentum spins

through both thick and thin,
talent touches base with place
as feelings akin

to acceptance win
acceptance without need to [t]race
extension within

inner harmony, begins
accepting both what potential spells
and inner shortcomings.

there mind may find rest
empathy, serenity,
all is for the best

21 July 2004

Atlantis

D[r]ipping dolphin guides
to subterranean trench
where Atlantis hides

Imbedded within
the cetacean memory,
Atlantean sin

Atlantis within
Man's secret pilgrim soul
surfaces, clocks in

29 January 1993

Attollent, from the Air

An atoll is it, that I see,
or a cloud
being born by the sea?

12 April 1981

Au Secours!

'Love me! ' loud she cried.
None replied. 'Then, at the least,
notice me! ' she sighed.
10 January 1993

Aureate

A gentle aura
corresponds to warmth within

not facial flora

24 October 2006

Avant l'Envol

Avant leur envol,
les ailes iridées brillent
d'espoir qui s'affole.

Before their first [f]light
iridescent wings will shine
with hopes set affright

1 January 1992

Beacon Beckon

Old greenfingers sow
a garden's pregnant promise
which others must know.

26 July 2006

Beneath Willow-maze

Beneath willow maze,
body beached from life's sad stream,
sleeps my spectral haze...

5 June 2005

Spectra Parody Witter BYNNER

B[!]ackground

Dissatisfaction, -
displease, unease, freeze, - frieze for
fatal attraction...

9 April 2005

Becoming

Fast, tense Past's pretence
Present presence overcomes ...
Future recompense

12 April 2005

Becoming_20070126_Fast, tense Past's pretence ROBIN Jonathan 1947_2006
robi3_1306_robi3_0000 HXX_KXX

ROBIN Jonathan 1947_2006 robi3_1306_robi3_0000 HXX_KXX Becoming_Fast,
tense Past's pretence

Background Impressions

Backgrounds important
messages transmit, beyond sight
to readers distant...

12 April 2005

Beyond Beyond

Witch brown eyes unlatched,
beauty unmatched, also come
with no [st]rings attached

Ruby lips respond
to em'rald eyes' - twinned surprise
dreams beyond beyond...

9 January 2007

Beyond Beyond_20070109_Witch brown eyes unlatched ROBIN Jonathan
1947_2006 robi3_1288_robi3_0000 HXX_LXX

ROBIN Jonathan 1947_2006 robi3_1288_robi3_0000 HXX_LXX Beyond
Beyond_Witch brown eyes unlatched

Body Language

Body language loud
translates inner silences, -
unique in the crowd.

13 March 2005

Bridge Building

Rhyme's self-destructive
when words become instruments
for minds constrictive...

becomes addictive
when sight and sound, soul and sense
build bridge constructive.

Critic's injunctive,
vindictive, vanity finds
verse unpredictable,

'right rules' restrictive
recommends - write mind's [g]rind's
prose unproductive.

12 June 1996, significantly revised 1 November 2006

Bush I

Twelve years at the top:
Burnt out Bush comes a cropper,
reaping his [s]own crop.
10 January 1993

Bush II

Four years seen from top,
vice between I rack, I ran –
one fears freedoms drop!

20 June 2004 see 1108 Bush

Call Back Recall

'Call later, ring back! ' -
one day, may his own turn come
when Fate aims sting black

Rappel à l'Ordre

« Rappelle plus tard! »
Plus tard viendra son tour
de sentir ce dard!

14 January 1993

Candyfloss

Candyfloss spun round
the stick of Life is sticky
with sweetness unsound.
22 September 1995

Caught in the tank ah!

Siren, sought, solo

scans bond links thinks, winks, shows kinks ... - Halt, fears!
Wrong song, see sharp shark!
man blond shrinks, sinks, drinks salt tears
sigh rends caught soul, oh!

24 March 2005 and 6 November 2006

Cause and Effect

On effect and cause,
on voiced choice or chosen voice,
few ponder, all pause.

On cause and effect,
on scene set or foreseen,
must Mankind project...

4 March 2002

Change

Change is a whirlpool, -
Earth and sky hurricane eye
Sigh clones to world fool.
10 October 1995

Chestnuts

Browned chestnuts roasting,
present wraps reflect past fire, -
downed champagne toasting.

22 December 1994

Childsplay

Swings and roundabouts
of Fate or coincidence

wing dreams, wring ring doubts

24 October 2006

China

When western greed shakes
a billion impatient heirs,
the dragon awakes.

13 January 1993

Chirp

Sweeping storm frightens
foetal petal waiting sun, -
Sparrow's chirp brightens...

12 April 2005

Choice

Opportunities freeze
or accept emotions which
twinned energy frees....

4 March 2002

Choice at Sea

When choice is at sea
chance weathers loose washers, waves
skim[p] apology.

20 January 1997

Chronos

Will roses still bloom
when tomorrow sighs no more
over today's tomb...

4 March 2002

Clair de Lune

Clair de lune: éclair
chassant chaque amertume
dans l'air, ... mystères.

5 November 2006

Climactic Paradigm Change

New revolution:
paradigm shifts spin old top
to fresh confusion.

Stage in evolution:
polar bears, pandas bamboozled,
mortal pollution.

Self execution
by men of Man or preplanned
novel solution?

9 January 2007

Coatless

Now Spring's storms start, end,
without wearing Winter's coat, -

how winds warm heart mend.

Sans Manteau

Le Printemps arrive
sans le manteau de l'hiver: -
mon coeur se dégivre.

10 January 1993

Cocktail Tales

Silk, satin, laces,
hark lark, perks! smirks lurk on jerks'
X rated faces.

14 April 2005

Coda

The recorded word
uttered at the close of play
is coda absurd.
10 January 1993

Cogito – Lost for Words

I do not know "why"
nor "how or where, what or when", -
wonder ... who am I?

17 April 2005

Cold Comfort

A cheery log fire
affords cold comfort to an

abandoned desire.

10 January 1993

Compromise

In a round about
way most avoid life's challenge: -
hope peters out.

4 March 2002

ConCATenation

Curled on curlicue
A split hair haiku can purr,
Trapping mice on cue

12 April 2005

Concentration

Sound waves round rippling
concentric concentration
reigns drops drip trickling

26 January 2007

Consensus

Consensus: the knife
with which complacency
cuts protesting life.

14 January 1993

Continuity

Continuity

spirals itself into knots, -
timed fatuity.

10 January 1993

Crystal Lid

Verse: a crys[t]al - id,
halfway-house between
[p]rose-leaf caterpillar
and the Song of Songs
13 January 1993

Curiosity

Curiosity ~

without which no cat could see
true way clear to be.

17 March 2005

Cusp

Tears told? Tomorrow:
cusp between past dust, joy's gold
may mend all sorrow...

1 April 2005

Dating Sights

Face to face meetings
offer more understanding
than greetings.

4 March 2002

Dearly Departed

Separate bedrooms
speak volumes, in silent grief
over old loves' tombs

13 January 1993

Definition

Three vodkas then wine
Upon an empty stomach: -
Define a straight line!

22 September 1995

Dépeches

La peche à l'écume
stimule une expérience
qui l'esprit rallume

La peche à l'écume
est indecente descente
sous vent qui enrume.

8 January 1993

Desires

True heart saw fun whole -
Achilles without the heel -
Two parts for one goal ...

13 April 2005

Diagnosis

Thesis prognosis:
self congratulatory
points antithesis...

12 April 2005

Disaster

Where servant and master
are seen as commonplace roles, -
pregnant disaster.

4 March 2002

Dichotomy

Fourteenth of July,

African famine, men die:
in France, firework sky...

14 July 1992

Discovery

Turning from pelf,
I leave to find fresh lodgings, -
discovery of self.

14 February 1992

DisMANtled Dirge to Murmur Maid

Rhyme sung, tongue bland, - wise
man stung by hand wrung dry land runs.
Time flung, hung mime – sighs.

15 April 2005

Dis-Solution

Unemployment's cure:
to be sure shall soon be seen
in sine_cure lure.

13 January 1993

Dissolution and Solution

Coral lips dissolve
austral barrier [g]riefts,

lifelong puzzles solve...

4 March 2002

Distance

Distance once meant more
than trouble, time and travel
to an unknown shore.

22 September 1995

Distillation

Distillation haiku should instill
seasonable sense until
the seventeenth syll

2 May 2007

Door Opens Slightly

Door opens slightly,
symbol sunshine soaks clear pane: -
sheet fills page lightly.

21 December 1989 and 27 September 2006

Tableau

Superficial state,
as Seurat, draws dotted line
to anticipate

an inner picture
beyond the patina
of outer pitcher

apparent stricture
represents glaze on china
perspective switcher

deeper and richer
kakemono kimono
syllable hitcher

consciousness expands
as consonant components
land on vowel strands

pixel paradox
excites imagination
outside the mind's box

A gentle aura
corresponds to warmth within
not facial flora

22 June 2007

Drawer

Hurt remains rammed tight
drawn curtain drawer of pained heart,
through hard_lie slammed tight.

13 January 1993

Tiroir

Ses peines sont cachées
dans un tiroir de son coeur, -
à peine[s] fermé.

Dreams and Awakenings - Rêverie et Reveil

Dreams and Awakenings

Dreams

Soft summer tresses
caress and tease breeze with ease,
sun smile addresses

Awakenings

Winter distresses
who knits his [l]ice line sweater
the homeless stresses

Rêverie et Reveil

Rêverie

Les tresses d'été
caressent la brise, adressent
un rire au soleil.

Reveil

Détresse: l'hiver
stresse un clochard, - tisse tresse
son pull aux vers.

24 January 1993

'Eight Homeless Dead'

One white winter week:
Paris turns the other cheek,
afraid to speak.

13 January 1993

ELECTIONS

Party puppets fight
for pointless putty platforms,
ignore voters' plight.

13 January 1993
robi03_0715_robi03_0000 HXX_JUX

Empathy

Empathy is reached
when soul twin soul meets,
completes, speed's need impeached

25 October 1992

Encapsulation

From Earth rebirth speak?
Haiku may encapsulate
Heaven's mirth men seek.

13 April 2005

End of Play

After the day, dusk –
can man face race also-ran -
after the play, husk

24 October 2006

Extensions

Vine tendrils tender
ferment the seasons' reasons
as causal blender

24 October 2006

Etchings

Time etches across
dotted line stitch-stretched between
Chance's pitch and toss.

3 August 1996

Evening

Cat shadows lengthen
as eve stretches sleepy claws
across stitched carpet.

24 April 1990

Exception

All is vanity
except the happiness shared
between you and me.

4 March 2002

Ex Plane...ations

Leave mazes mundane.
Apparent contradictions
weave blazes sun plain...

11 December 2005

Faithfulness

Define faithfulness:
Hope's triumph over Experience,
fear of loneliness ...

Fidélité

La Fidélité:
Triomphe de l'expérience
sur l'espoir, lâche est ...

23 July 1991

Faits Divers

L'écho gnomique
inspire les fées d'hiver, -
lutte antinomique?

24 January 1993

Farewell State

Elderly coughers:
welfare funds flow painfully
from emptied coffer.

13 January 1993

Faucet

Drops plop for set scene
as time and tide coincide
ripp[!]ing surface sheen

24 October 2006

Fidelity

Is Fidelity,

after fear, AIDS' second child
now likely to be?
13 January 1993

Fire

Burning branch hisses,
heaps sighs on its own ashes,
as candle kisses.

Fire and Water

While the chimney's lips
purse around the flaming tongue,
Spring rain, spitting, drips.
10 January 1993

Fleet Street

Springs beneath street -
cobble stones echo old bones -
heedless of time, fleet.

2 November 1990

Fleet Street II

Old cobbles carry
amplified urban echo
above ancient strand.

18 December 1992

Floating World

From floating word world
kanji and katakana
pillow puns are whirled

9 January 2007

Foothold Firm

Foothold firm may twist
false pride to prepare its fall –
one flick of the wrist...

13 April 2005

Foreword

Imagination
adores space, blue skies absent
in pagination...

23 May 2001

Freedom vs Haze[ag]itation?

Freedom flickering, -
shadows call walls' bluff, recall
FREEDOM's thicker ring!

21 March 2005

Frog Blog

Internet Governance Forum – I.G.F. – In Good Faith

Pink clouds wave, lazy,
while webbed tree frogs dialogue, -
evening hazy...

Reflect, rephrase the
style: - free web blogs dialogue
on controls maybe...

rich rhyme scheme weighs the
Internet logs' legal bogs -
contradictions mazy.

Little allays the
concerns on how system cogs dog
all those held crazy.

Future conveys the
theme of digital divide fogs,
'choice' upsy-daisy,

while who will pay the
piper as public sector clogs
C.S. with slazy

strategies daily,
I.T.U. I.O.U. hogs
our fate - Old Bailey

Society slays key
freedoms, going to the dogs,
pushing up daisy.

3 November 2006

From Stone Age to Clone Age

Between Stone Age and Clone Age Alone Age?

On ova, unheard,
Waiting, longed to be egged on -
Listen - mocking bird

18 April 2005

Frostbitten Fingers

Frostbitten fingers
beckon to a cold New Year
while the old one lingers.
13 January 1993

Generation Gap

Dream generation
questions past pain, blames present
degeneration.

13 April 2005

Genesis

Eddy. Dust winds swirl,
affect Effect - time ripples
Cause more dust must whirl...

12 April 2005

Going Through E_motions
Going through motions,
I counter deception's drains,
high, dry emotions.
22 March 2005

Great Expectations

Opened oysters show
neither seed nor sign of pearl, -
translucent glow.
10 January 1993

Greenhouse Gas

Greenhouse gas glows, grows
pregnant paradise promise ...
Greenland, melting s[n]ows.

24 November 2006

Haiku

Here, formal constraints
channel the soul's overflow,
ease inner restraints...

4 March 2002

Haiku Reflections

Soul enlightenment:
Way becomes both purpose and
sole entitlement.

Life's rhyme repeating,
seldom satisfactory,
moves Time free fleeting

Nothing is foreign

with sentience passenger
equal neath Yug's reign

Where do souls find home?
If home is where the heart is, -
most, unhappy, roam.

Solitude etude:
though all roads may lead to Rome
rarely beatitude...

Gene encryption
splices gene-I-us unseen
to fact or fiction?

Sperm into ova
creates new life in a flash -
lightning, soon over

The name's revolution,
contribution, reflection -
the game's evolution!

21 May 2005

Happy Landing

Misunderstanding
may lead to happy landing
Miss understanding

2 January 2007

Heaven

Heaven and Earth meet
with all dew formality
at the cloud banks' feet.
22 September 1995

HTML

Host To My Leisure:
Internet pages prepare
payments or pleasure?

10 January 1993

Hurricane

Eye in hurry cane
Yearns for Summer peace when past
Excitement may wane...

3 April 2005

I Love You

Three short words: Phoenix,
melting all misconceptions,
wings over the Styx.

4 March 2002

Icicles

Icicles splinter
before the crocus sprouts,
with world in winter.

22 December 1994

Ideologies

A concrete tear
welled up where once the wall
stood spelled for fear.

10 January 1993

Illumination

Illumination
of soul made whole awakens
from hibernation...

6 April 2005

Imagination

Imagination
adores space, blue skies, - absent in
all pagination.

10 May 1989

Incandescence

Self-feeding, the fire
desires its own warmth, and warms
to its own desire.

January 9 1989

Insect Aside ANT_hem

Breeze bright fans Spring glade
six legs tickle, tendrils' touch
test white hand ring laid...

13 April 2005

In Vino Veritas?

One drunk's loud carouse
falls on deaf fears few afford,
none numbed feelings rouse...

19 June 2004

Inflight Insight

Below, overhead,
Blue. In between, clouds jam view.
Azure sandwich spread.

Blue below and overhead,
 an azure sandwich,
in between, clouds are spread.

12 April 1981 & 17 October 2005

Interpretations

Soul song melody –
Rhapsody or threnody –
whole, wrong harmony

24 October 2006

Into Autumn

With wrinkles outfaced
open eyes greet the autumn,
mind never straight laced.

16 March 2005

Inwardly Digest

Rain and shine remain
main course – imagination
holds no hops as vain

24 October 2006

Inspiration

Fresh inspiration
fertilizes the Future's
fresh inspiration.
10 January 1993

Interplays

Our days are a maze
of puzzle piece pictures -

karmic interplays.

29 March 1992

Internet Tally

Internet tally
reflects the ultimate surge
of a bull rally.

3 March 2000

Just Ask

B ehind mirrored mask
E verything is possible -
WELL, ... why not just ask ...

3 January 2006

Knots

Tangled shoe laces
appear to be overwound
drunken spiders' traces...

10 January 1993

Lateral Thinking

Lateral thinking
overspills the boundaries
of the mind, winking.

10 January 1993

Lethe

Before dinner gongs
day after I pass away, -
forgotten my songs...

5 June 2005

Spectra Parody Witter BYNNER

Light through Light

Light through light evolves
upon revolving planet
as darkness dissolves

24 March 2005

Loneliness

How many more nights
shall soul wait for soul before
one loneliness bites?

10 January 1993

Lost for Wor[l]ds

Forked tongues disappoint
what faith, hope, and charity,
commitment, anoint

24 October 2006

Lovelorn Forlorn

Yawn shows sleep withdrawn,
interrupting dream cycle,
mourn blows deep with dawn

24 October 2006

Match Points

French T.V. endorsed
four hours to tennis and two
to the holocaust.
10 January 1993

Mauve and Yellow

Colour cluster blooms:
Fresh crocus congregatin
old Winter entombs.

10 January 2006

Maximum Impact

Maxim's maximum
impact springs from ring of sting
terminating tale.

5 September 1998

Mehr Licht!

«One last look! 'he cries.
Sleep steals over the spirit: -
closed book, open eyes.

10 January 1993

Meiosis

Mars admires Venus
rising phoenix like to surge, merge,
in..gene...I...us

30 March 2005

Middle Age Sp...read

Forty-five years fled.
Another now rests
its unhappy head.

10 January 1993

Miss Took!

'I've missed you so much! »
said she, clutching at a straw -
such an easy touch!

10 January 1993

Miss Tressed

Mystic mistress tressed
slick slapstick wit writ address
tick trick missed best zest...

9 January 2007

Miss Understanding Miss

Misunderstanding?
From heart of darkness issues
a small white lie.

9 January 1993

Mitosis

Mitosis wakes fresh
chance to open close[d] divides, -
stem cell remakes flesh...

12 April 2005

Monsoon

Syllable bubbles
start part dart from monsoon's heart
erase space, troubles

Mousson

Pluie de syllabes
comme au coeur de la mousson
efface l'espace

20 March 1992

Moonshine

Mystery: moonshine
swiftly fades, shadow swathe
frees bitter thought line

3 March 1992

Mostly Moonshine

The blind lead the blind
down the road of reflection,
to darkness resigned.

10 January 1993

New Revolution

New revolution
paradigm shifts spin old top
to fresh solution.

10 January 1993

Next Year

'Next New Year? ', she said,
'perhaps you will call to find
everybody dead.'

10 January 1993 robi3_0682_robi3_0000

No Slur!

Sounds into sounds slur
as taste bud clusters burst
into broad Scots' burr.

10 January 1993

Noh

Turmoil, yes and noh -
melodramatic acro
batic ebb and flow...

8 April 2005

Nuclear Leak - March 1992

Cloud grey, faces red.
St. Petersburg incident:
Tchernobyl ahead.

1 April 1992

Nunc

As another leaf
forgotten flutters forlorn,
Time smothers all grief.

13 January 1993

On Tap

Mahomet, mountain,
unmoving, the scene set for
eternal fountain.

4 March 2002

On Track

Little sparrow hawk
preening, stretches fledgling wings,
prepares sparrow stalk

24 October 2006

Obituary

Obituary:
Alphabetical order
British Museum.

10 January 1993

Odors Rove

Summer Orange grove,
heat, blue skies, bees buzz belling,
subtle odors rove...

24 March 2005

Old Logs Never Lie

Where are Winter's logs,
which were to comfort Spring soul –
all gone to the dogs ...

1 January 2005

Onwards

The days grow longer
with the winter solstice passed,
while I, no younger.

10 January 1993

Open Source

Behind the mind's hedge
flowing heart shows glow of growth
as its leading edge.

4 March 2002

Out at Sea

When you rowed to see,

the lotus, priest, did blooms red, white
till dusk detain thee?

19951224 – after YOSANO Akiko 1878_1942

Papyrus

Papyrus rushed:
deciphered mysteries lit
histories long hushed.

4 March 2002

Pawns

When children are used
as abused pawns between parents,
no-one is amused.

10 January 1993

Perhaps

'Next New Year », she said,
'perhaps you will call to find
everybody dead ».

Paintinted

Cold sunlight, gold, streams
through shivered panes, soul pained through
absence from his dreams...

15 March 2005

Passer By

And you, passer by,
why the concern with my pains,
what's to sell I'd buy...?

12 April 2005

Pattering

Sparrows smattering,
dawn's yawn spawns cheep chattering,
shadows scattering.

29 June 2006

Phishing

Small fish in big pond
swallow identities, leave
bare beyond despond

24 October 2006

Pillow

Her head on his heart,

dreaming a new tomorrow,
foresees a fresh start...

10 January 1993

Pillow Words

Pillow wor[]ds place lisp
through dreams' double meanings
will o'wisp case crisp...

24 March 2005

Pollen

Pale pollen has spilled
gold dust from fragile flower's heart
with honey hive filled

Pollen

Pollen pale pris
du coeur de la fleur fragile, -
ruches, miel remplis.

3 March 1992

Prior I Tease

Aspirations peer
with memories as Styx
swallows all who peer

24 October 2006

Ph[r]ases

The Present echoes
The Past's frustrated woes
as the Future flows.

10 January 1993

Poet's Vista

A sun deck perched high
in the lighthouse of the mind
to scan the soul's sigh.

10 January 1993

Poetic Tensions

Poetic tensions:
pulsations and impulses,
pregnant projections.

10 January 1993

Poetical Rules

Poetical rules
should be ingrained then ignored -
only the heart schools!

11 October 1995

Post Mortem Post

Sweet sixteen greetings
received after accident –
such bitter sweetings...

Greetings are received
after obituary, -
cold comfort twice grieved.

15 April 2005

Point of Who

All unique vision
shifts sharp perspective towards
ego's derision...

8 April 2005

[P]ride

Icarus returns
with an overbearing pride
until waxed wing burns.

10 January 1993

Promise

Light-heartedly, Spring
takes root during Winter's night
and fluffs out its wing.

10 January 1993

Punch Line

... six seven eight nine...
when will ten come round again? ...
a knock out punch line...

18 April 2005

Quality

What is 'Quality'
but a purloined passion, fruit
swiped from Life's tree...

10 January 1993

Quicksilver Seconds

Quicksilver seconds shoal-der their
passage across time. Soldered sighs
slip through consciousness, to soldier
conscientiously into an

almost inaccessible past.
Evanescence – ever `naissance` -
in alternating currents
conscious of
superlative latency...

29 January 1993

Quiver Ring

`Commit, hold me tight! '
Cupid's quiver lightning dart –
moonshine at midnight ...

8 April 2005

Reaching Out

Winter trees etched black –
Splayed branches stretch to lost leaves
Till Spring's fetched back ...

1 April 2005

Ready to unlearn

Accept the unthought,
grasping at straws til ready
to unlearn torts taught...

13 February 2005

Reasoning Seasonings and Seasoning Reasonings

Multi-coloured leaf
shadowing corn-crop bounty
springs harsh frost flake grief

27 January 2007

Reborn

Tattered wings forlorn
leave interleaving trace til
matter springs reborn

13 April 2005

Recycling

From fresh jade to jade
cycle spins cycle onwards
til perceptions fade.

24 October 2006

Resourcing

White on white clouds must
just uproot anxieties,
mute silence unjust.

24 October 2006

Residual Image

Frost-bitten fingers
beckon from a cold New Year
as if old still lingers.

10 January 1993

Recession

Is unemployment
just a four syllable wor[l]d
nothing can prevent?

10 January 1993

'Recession to End Soon'

Waiting in the wings,
Depression, homeless, hovers, -
eternal, Hope s[pr]ings.

13 January 1993

Rediscovery

His entry, surprise,
from her eyes waves all disguise
prepares sunny skies.
people see she in he
as he in she startles free
voyage discovery
softly unfolding
soul's dream pane warms to shared stream
nothing withholding
calling to the day
as net of firefly rapture
captures inner Way
light touch strips sorrow
from heart led awakening
to lip tomorrow
her eyes through his eyes
spill over horizons' ties
in replete surprise
as curtains are drawn
as a soul reborn finds wings
to sing to fresh dawn

bringing without strings
acceptance as everything
springs soul wanderings

17 April 2005

Renewal

Silver setting scene,
graced with one fresh red rose on
snowy damask seen.

13 January 1993

Rise and Fall

I'm sublime chime rhyme,
climb from and to nothingness, -
prime-time grime, slime die'm

10 April 2005

Rhyme Flows

Time, slow, sunward goes
past Winter links future Spring
rhyme's glow forward flows...

./.

Time goes
winter rime
rhyme glows

24 March 2005

R.I.P.

Communism, dead,
but still unburied, awaits
its elegy red.

10 January 1993

Rich Ter

Quake loco motion,
ocean tsoon am I -
wake lo! commotion

24 March 2005

Robin

Where is that robin?
winging through the new haiku,
wild rhymes a bobbin'

24 October 2006

Role Reversal

Sharpened [s]words fall flat,
heart he art...fully pulses
to tatami mat...

8 April 2005

Seasoning

How many more storms
can knotted oak stand and face
before blow, rot, worms.

10 September 1993

Season's Greetings

Layers of coloured leaf

prepare the Summer's bounty
beyond Winter's grief...

28 March 2005

Scene yet Unseen

Midnight Metro scene:
subtle population change,
on reflection, seen.

25 February 2005

See Man Seizure – or Mal de Mer Maids

Siren drinks to weep,
swan song seldom wrong, she thinks, -
seaman sinks to sleep.

Mermaids keep salt clinks
unfathomable to reap
secrets deep .../... sense shrinks.

24 March 2005

Seek Cause and Effect III

See flaws and select
from flow fresh gambit gamble, -
seek cause and effect...

11 December 2005

Self Completion

Eternal longing
spins yin through Yang through yin, yen
to, from, belonging...

9 April 2005

Sexual Forays

Sexual morays, -
the more's the merrier -
textual forays.....

10 January 1993

Shakes Dick

All's well that ends well
Much ado about nothing...
Tale of two cities...

6 April 2005

Shared Ticket

Upon speedy lines
trains of thought swiftly advance,
uniting two signs

4 March 2002

Share Ring

Words fold two worlds to
chance glance distance into dance
true scrolled - who whirled who?

23 December 2006

Silence

Worse than cutting word
or misinterpretation, -
silence cuts, bite heard...

12 April 2005

Silence is Golden

'I love you, gilts, Dear,
so why need I trumpet it? " -
sly move to gilts clear!

10 January 1993

Silence c'est de l'Or

'Je t'aime, c'est clair!
ainsi, pourquoi te le dire? »
Tout est lumière!

Silhouette

A silken carpet silhouettes the sky, -
or could it be a swarm of butterfly?

23 March 1975

Similarities

On analysis:
many ways often lead to
end which both was, is.

4 March 2002

Since Sere

Autumn leaf loss sere,
enwrapping next year's seedling;
protects sprouting spear

24 October 2006

Single Cell

Each within his cell,
contemplating Life and Death,
plumbs Solitude's well.

10 January 1993

Sleep

Sleep: - the brain prepares
the day, and minds it is not
taken unawares.

10 January 1993

Sleeping Beauty

She tosses and turns
upon the sheets of her dreams
until sleep returns.

10 January 1993

Smoke [B]Rings

Cigarette swirl crave:
wake, smoke, wait, weight, smoke, - wake's whirls
see fingers furl grave...

10 April 2005

Smoke [S]talk King

Smoking, though passive, -
in-joke to silent reaper
stalking impassive...

7 April 2005

S.O.S. City Zen SEES GENE-I-US!

S_toke write brain zen [b]ring

O_ven internal to boil

S_omething seasoning

STOKE or TOKE STOVES?

1) ☒seasoning on seas reasoning

15 April 2005

Solitude

Each within his cell,
contemplating Life and Death,
plumbs solitude's well...

14 January 2005

Spelt Out

Rather than think,
let thoughts spill onto paper
in indelible ink.

11 October 1995

Spied Her

Fly! ... dread deceiving
soft gossamer spread with dew –
spider thread weaving...

4 April 2005

Spring Synthesis

"Atchoo"! he sneezes -
pleasing column_bines in line
Spring pollen, breezes...

13 April 2005

Strange Change Range

Despite climate change
characters weave into bark -
hark! senses strange range

9 January 2007

Struggles

Sea coasts towards shoals
b[r]eaching outreach speech to teach
vanity of goals

24 October 2006

Summer Eve

Softly scented breeze
wafts waves' warmth from stars, wonder
startles waking trees

Whispering leaves
believing divinity
weave soft summer eves

haiku written 2 November 1990 revised 9 October 2008 for previous version see below

Summer Eve

A soft summer breeze,
slipping between silver stars,
tickles sleeping trees.

2 November 1990

Summer Heat

SUn's beat, summer heat
Mounting tide beside the beach, -
MERmaid calls.... cold feet...

13 April 2005

Sunset

Between wolf and dog
sun sinks fiery teeth into
the horizon's fog.

10 January 1993

Subtle Supple

Where oak's rent, the reed

bends before the blast to send
its scattering seed.

10 September 1993

Suspense

Sudden-death suspense
mushrooms into crackling cloud.
Dust settles. Silence.

10 January 1993

Syllables

Syllables slither around
like Canadian garnets in the sink-holes of Alberta,
in consonant activity.

10 January 1993

Surface Thinkles

On her face wrinkles
twinkle rhymes written to time
as surface thinkles...

8 April 2005

Suspended

Suspended between
choice, voice, advance and retreat,
chance slips from the scene.

1 March 1998

Syllable harvest

Syllable harvest -
like monsoon f[l]oods - inundates
on time both space, rest.

Moisson de syllabes

Moisson de syllabes –
comme la mousson - inonde,
efface toute espace

20 March 1992

Taking Pains

Painstakingly look
superficiality
sheds to read soul's book

24 October 2006

Tao

Way won't weigh to make
self-evidence evident,
second take – mistake

intuitions wake
tune to the intemporal
soothe soul's quest, thirst slake

all in all partake
of all through all interface
as all IS all's [s]take

24 October 2006

Tao and Time

Tao and Time are tide -
see ripple pattern waving, -
tongue-tied control deride

24 October 2006

Tanker Tanka

Heavyweight tanker
knew the drill yet drank her fill -
Katrina thank her -
from spill to spill, settled, still, -
strong cyclone sank her

1 November 2006

Temptation

Out on a limb, oh
forbidden fruit out of reach...
suspended limbo...

8 April 2005

Tempus Temper

As nothing the years,
here only lonely days count
aweighting with tears...

5 June 2005

Tenderness

Tenderness transmits
tingling through the fingertips: -
life's meaning mosaic fits

4 March 2002

Tentatively Touching Touché

Yearning or learning -
perhaps learning while yearning
yet earning spurning

24 October 2006

The Bird of Time

While the distant drums
beat time with a fleet farewell,
an agèd drone hums.

13 January 1993

The Fairies

When we lose love of life and liberty,
then fairies free their forest fastness flee...

23 March 1975

The More things Change

Tonight chocolate broke
tomorrow, balm for heart's ease
chock a block choke coke!

Ce soir, chocolat.
Demain, la douceur du fond
du coeur, - du coca!

9 January 1993

The Moving Finger

Balance-sheet of ice
greet's year's end. Fate's finger writes.
Slate clears in a trice.

10 January 1993

The Old Pond

Into an old pond
leaps olympic longjump frog -
water sounds beyond...□

15 April 2005 Parody BASHO

Furuike ya
kawazu tobikomu
mizu no oto ~ Basho

Literal Translation

Fu-ru [old] i-ke [pond] ya,
ka-wa-zu [frog] to-bi-ko-mu [jumping into]
mi-zu [water] no o-to [sound] Translated by Fumiko Saisho

The Spring

Through bursting buds the blooms of summer peep,
but to their beauty is the slave asleep.

Haiku

Through bursting buds peep

Summer's blooms – to their beauty
is the slave asleep.

The Thrush

Desolate destruction, spot fire bombs fall, -
A timid thrush now worms beside one wall.

Cluster bombs' loud fall
sowed desolate destruction -
Timid thrush, one wall!

23 March 1975

'The Unkindest Cut of All'

Lost innocence, bled
white with compromise's [s]word,
mourns motives misread.

19 June 2004

The Unkindest Die Cut of All

Stereotypes star, show
square pegs zero tolerance
which would round holes know

24 October 2006

Thought in Due Season

Whim wit[h]in the brain
awaiting synaptic spring –
intuition's skein.
4 November 2006

Three F[r]iends

First fast friend was PAIN
sharp, yet safe refuge from all
rage thump that pumped vein

One more for BLADE, bane
chill, still sharper, none forestall, -
call sustained, blood-stain.

One last for SLEEP - Iain
false mirage call before fall,
forgetting, - vain drain.

Three friends, SLEEP, BLADE, PAIN
passed judgement that all appal, -
stark dark pall remains ...

17 April 2005

Ticket to ride

Ticket to Ride:
will two players be bowled out
or share strong wicket.

4 March 2002

Time-Bound

"Am I the answer
to all that you are asking -
Can I be enough? " ... Linda Ori

Invitation short
caught spontaneous thought,
nor bought, nor sought, brought

as offer unsought
evolving untaught from tort
to taut cavort

haiku sport support
revolving comfortably
can't distort, contort.

ONE HUGE, ENOUGH, - spun
anagrams of just ONE HUG, -
EGO HUN? UH! GONE?

Answers all around
can thus be found profoundly
in step, two time-bound...

8 December 2006

Time in Season

How many more nights
shall sole sleep with sole before
wan one lonely bites.

10 January 1993 revised 9 February 2009 robi3_0705_robi3_0000
for previous version see below

Time in Season

How many more nights
shall soul share with soul before
one loneliness bites.

10 January 1993

Time's flow sections

Time's flow sections dream
shedding sedimentary
reflections on st[r]eam...

11 April 2005

Torn Ado

Raindrops tap tap tap,
thunder, lightning spin affr[r]ay, -
branches snap snap snap...

30 March 2005

Tornados' Roleplay

Twin towers sudden loom
larger than life's horizon,
underlining gloom

24 October 2006

Trained [H]ear

A distant echo
rumbles into awareness,
tracks the first metro
tunnelling through the darkness
before the dawn's glow.

10 January 1993

Transcend

Mind's magic rug
cause, effect, can transcend, span
from ksana to yug

22 November 1995

Trains

Trains run on Time, all
in a straight line, but Time
waves circle, feint, fall.

22 September 1995

Trace Sings

Fast as Summer fire
you [t]race into my future, -
b[!]ush burns with desire...

1 August 1999

Tragi Comic

With Comedy tamed,
despair rots round heart wreathing
tragedy named.

5 June 2005

Spectra Parody Witter BYNNER

Transition

As world in winter
watches the Spring awaken
icicles splinter

24 October 2006

Transparency

Transparency
closes escape routes for those
who'd choose not to see...

20 January 1997

Transcience III

Time's sickle descends,
epidermic, uncertain
sandy trickle ends

11 July 1977

Trible

Meanings steamed, in_tense
coat code mirror's reflections, -
trible condensed sense ...

10 April 2005 Treble or Triple Dribble – 'trible'

Troubadour

Syllables' sincere spring
reverberates clear, sharing, -
brain drains vain pain's sting

24 October 2006

Tryptich

Drip, drip, drip, drip trip

trickle ignores Time's sickle
drop, drop, dropp tryptich

24 October 2006

Two Timing

Measure Meant in Two Timing Undertow

Time turns round timed turn:
only in measures meant may
we through time return...

1 September 1992

Troubled Waters

What lies [dr]I've a_head
after deep disappointment,
confidence miss led ...

18 April 2005

- dive, drive, rive or I've ... a head or ahead?

To Wake or Not to Wake

Tomorrow, awake,
I will bear witness to Life -
should I sleep, no wake!

22 September 1995

Time Well Spent?

The quarterly rent
and the lease's renewal, -
is this Time well spent?
14 January 1993

Tuning

Intuition lights
upon harmony as strings
tune to dreams' delights.

4 March 2002

'Turning' the 'Page'

Hip Mark Foley, oh!
'turns' the Republican page
of whip portfolio

In turn intern freaks
as AIM hits mark close to home, -
ex-congressman [s]peaks...

Minor misdemeanour
mocks electoral pretence,
taken to cleaner ...

1 October 2006

Under Wraps

Warmth shared uncovers
thaw's cause effect redraws laws -
no flaws discovers

24 October 2006

Unemployment

Is unemployment
just a four syllable word
nothing can prevent?

10 January 1993

Unseasonable

Strange how climate change
now flakes floes' snows - warm air flows -
rice for ice exchange

23 December 2006

Unwholesome

The wholesale warehouse
bears broad spread upon bare board -
wanting, want, espouse.

Tawdry tinsel shed,
beast and beauty wed despair
in lacklustre shed.

19 June 2004

Upon Arrival

The clouds, which mask mount Fuji from below,
Above appear a blanket of Spring snow...

Arriving by air
Fuji's clouds seem snow blanket, -
no shrouds anywhere

28 March 1981

Vanity Fair Fare

Fool for Fools' go[!]
d ploughs
the field of vanity fair
to cruel mirage house ...

19 June 2004

Vers Vers Very Vers Vérité

D'un âge gnostique
Nostradamus prognostique
trépas agnostique...

2 October 2005

Verse Reverse Background

Context chromatic
reinvents or prevents con
tent enigmatic.

Rich flight perception
seen through variable screens
which [w]right deception.

15 April 2005

Voyage Out

This, the voyage out,
is pregnant with belonging -

without which all's doubt.

4 March 2002

Wacht am Rhein

Watching till the dawn
matches the fire's cheery gleam,
the sentinels yawn.

10 January 1993

Waylaid Way Weighed

May insanity

stay brinks, blink p[!]ayback darkness –
weigh humanity...

9 April 2005

Wet Timber

Hiss of sizzling log
steams ashes on crackling sparks
beneath smoky fog.

28 January 1993

Wheel Turns

What IS, was, - what WAS,
will be, - wheel turns while Time cheats
all who would cheat time...

18 April 2005

Wheels

As wheels spin faster
they tune colours into keys,
differences master.

4 March 2002

Whither?

Where are Winter's logs,
which were to warm the Spring's soul?
All gone to the dogs!

10 January 1993

Windfall

Trees [s]pray, praising breeze
for empowering pollen's
opportunities

24 October 2006

World View

Continent content
in content consensual
dissent incontinent ...

1 October 2006

X Ray

Maid, lover, blends magnetic game in tune
Men hover enigmatic, moon s[p]in tame

Radioscopie

Si la femme est l'aimant, de la vie la musique,
L'homme vit donc à son tour en bande magnétique!

3 March 1992

You I Am

'You and I on call'
Offers open horizons, -
Useless limits fall...

I, you, osmosis
At last discover, reaching
Metamorph-oasis...

11 January 2002

'Wryku' 1 3 5 7 9 11 syllables

Know High Kudos - No Haiku Wry Cue

N ew
O pus to
H armonize words through
A crostic's curlicue cue
I nspires innovative verse into

KUdos trophy hotspot - strophe's knots undo...

2 January 2007

Jonathan Robin 1975_2007

Jonathan ROBIN

Alphabetical Infinity

Aeon
Beliefs
Create
Dream
Existence
Fanning
Gigantic
Hopes.
Infinity
Judge
Karmic
Links
Manifestly
Now
Opening
Possibilities.
Questions
Remain
Somewhat
Testing
Understanding
View
Which
Xylem
Yearns
Zen

(4 June 2013)

Jonathan ROBIN

Alphabetical Mirrored Phantom Quest For Infinity

Although beliefs creating dream existence fan great hopes'
infinity, judge! Knelled linchpin only, permanence quivering,
resurrection seems thesis untenable, verity's xylem yarn zapped..

Age blasts choice despite early force,
grief here in jail knots life's momentary nirvana opening,
pleasure quits room so that vanishing willpower xeroxes yesterday's zone.

Anguish, bleeding, cries dimly, evidence fades, ghostly halo iridescent
jeopardized, knocked like mirage nuance, opportunity passed, quintessential
role's stream terminated, unviable vision, wasted XY zoom.

All below clears,
dust embalms fears,
glad hearts ice.
Just karmic lice,
Mother Nature or
phantom quest's roar?
Soon tale's undone,
venture wide xenon.
Youthful zoon
after brief cycle,
death empties fame,
guilty hells inflame
justice. Knowledge lame.
Mind numb, old
pages quickly rolled,
story's truth untold,
vista wraith Xanadu yokes Zion.

Zion yokes Xanadu wraith vista. Untold truth storied, rolled quickly, pages old,
numb mind. Lame knowledge, justice, inflame hell's guilty fame, empties death
cycle brief after zoon youthful. Xenon wide venture undone, tale's soon roar,
quest's phantom or nature mother lice karmic. Just ice - hearts glad, fears, -
embalms. Dust clears below all.

Zoom: XY wasted, vision unviable, terminated stream. Role's quintessential
passed opportunity, nuance, mirage like knocked, jeopardized iridescent halo
ghostly fades, evidence dimly cries, bleeding anguish..Zone's yesterday xeroxes

willpower vanish, that so room quits, pleasure opening nirvana moments, life's knots jail in here, grief force early, despite choice, blasts age.

Zapped yarn xylem, verity's untenable, thesis seems resurrection, quivering permanence, only linchpin knelled. Judge infinity! Hopes great fan existence dream, creating beliefs, although...

Mirrored quintuple abecedarian reflection on Existence - words can be read either from A to Z or from Z to A. insidiously: spreading in a hidden and usually injurious way linchpin: central cohesive source of support and stability quintessential: representing the perfect example of a class or quality

Jonathan ROBIN

Always

No-one cares,
nobody,
sick of stares,
so lonely.

Through salt tears
I beg thee,
in thy prayers
think of me!

Jonathan ROBIN

Am I?

I Am! or am I just because WE think
in tune with, and in opposition to
the tears, toil, trouble that 'today' hold true
of any given space-time in the pink?
The Pierian spring from which we drink
has seldom seemed more muddied, skies less blue,
though options grow, their focus narrows too,
as few take time from time and from the brink
draw back to draw conclusions which can link
coherently, providing overview,
beyond the information flood. What's true,
objective, as upon life's skating rink
Man rushes headlong heedless of thin ice
which may engulf vainglory in a trice.

Thus even if the fourth dimension fell
allowing us to meet at time and place
before due date two diaries may trace,
perhaps twinned heaven might not weave true spell
as rich as that which weds us, wishing well
uniting hearts that far apart can't race.
The causal links that planned our interface
need not put back the clock, for tocsin bell
will come when it will come, each outer shell
dissolving, leaving inner light to space.
Two, true, pursue their path, discard cold case
that served till shed, fate sped. No deathbed knell:
for karmic wheel prepares a further spin,
where time and tide still coincide win/win.

Jonathan ROBIN

Amazing Grace

'Live, live with me, and thou shalt see
The pleasures I'll prepare for thee:
What sweets the country can afford
Shall bless thy bed, and bless thy board.'
So Robert Herrick's poetry
has written yet his words may be
as nought compared to all that's poured
in soul-song here for my adored.

'Come live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dale and field,
Or woods or steepy mountain yield.' -
Though Marlowe's maid as hand and glove
swain fain would fit her heart to move,
his verse is but an empty shield
compared to all I'd have revealed.

'But Time drives flocks from field to fold;
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold;
And Philomel becometh dumb;
The rest complains of cares to come.'
Thus Walter Raleigh mocks, shortsold,
the love whose span cannot be told
no empty write I'd write, hymn's hum -
no strings save mandolin to strum.

'For thee, thou need'st no such deceit,
For thou thyself art thine own bait,
That fish, that is not caught thereby,
Alas, is wiser far than I.'
John Donne declaimed - admire his feat -
as none could e'er exaggerate
your angel wings, your beauty's eye,
your heart whose depth none chart, your sigh!

'Care on thy maiden brow shall put
A wreath of wrinkles, and thy foot
Be shod with pain: not silken dress

But toil shall tire thy loveliness.'
Day-Lewis says, - bride's white turns soot
with high ideals crushed underfoot -
yet my heart feel the years' duress
must only add to happiness.

'Come, live with us and be our cook,
And we will all the whimsies brook
That German, Irish, Swede, and Slav
And all the dear domestics have.'
Says F.P.A. - beyond my book
such verse appears, no second look
I'd grant to others where your light
leads ever onwards, seeds delight.

'Until at last we've squandered all,
shot the wad and maxed the cards,
until we've quaffed till dawns appall
and hoarse are velvet-throated bards.'
Thus tricked as Benedict would call
may suit for clubs' mascara fards,
for shattered mirrors' shivered shards, -
but I for you no trumps could call.

'That there was ought at all uncommon
In what each felt as man and woman -
If this our case, if this our story,
Shall we, at the worst, be sorry? '
Thus Babette Deutsch may sing - a common
complaint where maids abused by come on
as pawns are treated - care and worry
for you unknown shall be, dear glory!

'And she, by passion once demented,
- That woman out of Botticelli -
She brews and bottles, unfermented,
The stupid and abiding jelly.'
de Vries may state - a state repented
by those led on by greed or belly,
advantages misrepresented,
celebrities as seen on telly.

Should that reflect our daily 'lark
with weekly walk in Central Park.
till one of these days not too remote
you'll probably up and cut my throat.' -
I quote Nash, - Ogden's - bite and bark
an choice to which I'd never hark.
You are my suit, my hat, my coat,
emotions' motions, ocean's float.

'At Claridge thou shalt duckling eat,
Sip vintages both dry and sweet,
And squeeze between enchanting lips
Asparagus with buttered tips.'
This Katzin may suggest as treat!
For you each day dark Fate I'd cheat -
though other blooms from stem death strips -
you, peerless rose, Time won't eclipse.

'I love thy bright and hazel glance,
The mellow lute upon those lips,
Whose tender, tender tones entrance'
Says Thomas Hood who swaying hips
it seems escapes, or leaves to chance.
One magic touch - your fingertips -
encourage me to plea advance.

'Oh come, my love, and seek with me
A realm by grosser eye unseen,
Where fairy forms will welcome thee,
And dainty creatures hail thee queen.'
This is a cold reflection we -
though writ in Scribner's magazine,
pen unknown, 19th. century -
could find together, far from spleen.

'Come vote for me and back my run,
And once this next election's won,
For your int'rests I will slave,
Never acting like a knave.'
This Silverstein in story spun,
half serious and half in fun,
may preach - yet as as equal wave

farewell to cowards' surface brave.

Come live with me, my partner be,
and we will every contract make
that tricky opportunity
presents in life of bid and (s) take.
You moon, I sun, eternity
will round each other spin, ne'er shake, -
alliance through equality
that none may question, none mistake.

Trumps we shall call, my Queen of hearts,
diamonds divine declare clean breast.
We'll not proceed by fits and starts,
but lead from strength, ne'er second best!
No clubs will e'er disturb your rest,
no spades will darken Cupid's darts,
your breast is my mount Everest,
your whole is greater than my parts.

With points imperial we'll show
the world we make a perfect match,
we'll club together till Time's flow
will slam the door and bolt the latch
on others too unskilled to grow
together come what weather, catch
disease of boredom, envy, know
not joys eternal we may hatch.

Let thus united be displayed
our souls upon life's table baize,
always to call a spade a spade,
while psyching with a silent gaze.
Amazing grace, hopes never greyed,
unquantified shared trust which stays
as constant, tender, unafraid,
from better reach to red letter days.

Rewards, not risks and penalties,
we'll surely reap - who'll never err, -
above the line we'll score with ease
to win life's cup without a slur.

For you time rhymes sublime to please,
fulfillment through life's struggle-stir,
symbiotic complementarities
no empty phrase, praise-phase transfer.

This Valentine could verses add
till time turns tail and tale returns
upon itself through cycles glad
to demonstrate no other earns
love evergreen - no passing fad -
as yin through yang threads joy which yearns
to share and ne'er beware, be sad, -
as understanding more discerns.

We spin from cradle to the grave,
from love prenuptial onward heading
seemingly simple, from close shave,
from puberty to diamond wedding,
inviting all, compose, Time brave,
nor rash, nor brash,
it should transpire to verse conclave
convinced these stanzas' worth's worth spreading.

Remedial action we should take,
each remnant of resistance fling,
articulate shared feelings, make
from letters moving tune to sing
love's praises, phases, no mistake -
each mundane article may bring
true inspiration, stock life's lake
with thinklings fished by lines which swing.

Thus if what's writ be deemed enough
as introduction, invitation,
as shape of christmas stocking stuff
to fill until this dedication
attracts applause which off the cuff
emits approval, celebration,
then share with me through smooth and rough,
throughout lifelong collaboration.

Throughout life's game we'll not revoke,

but future points provoke with skill,
though now and then a psychic joke
helps spin time's wheel that's never still.
Where others slurp their rum and coke
we'll grow together, hopes fulfill
where others fade as passing smoke,
we will combine both worth and will.

We'll bridge our differences and
send signals which are never crossed,
ne'er overlook another's hand
keep insight objectives lost
by those who love can't understand,
by those who later count the cost,
by those who colors on demand
display to mask their hidden frost.

If these delights your heart may move
to partner me through life's long gambol,
then live with me and be my Love, -
I bid you, without long preamble
lend but one wing to turtle dove
may I the other add, no gamble
is this but bliss which must improve
as time spells rhyme love may unscramble.

Should all above still not suffice,
I'll add what hope's anticipation
inscribed last week - if you as ice
remain let pain dissolve, elation
our train of life tracks in a trice
departing from uncertain station
to dance on air as we twin, splice
and spice each day with fresh sensation...

Come dance with me and find release,
team into dreams, with wild wolves run,
no nightmares stalk where heart finds peace.
A stellar future crowned with fun
shall gather as harvest increase
we reap together, story spun
from morn to night as worries cease,

while one and one at last make one.

Come dance, we'll circumnavigate
the seven seas as zephyr's breeze
anticipates and may translate
past cares to luck which soul strings frees.
Harp, Terpsichore shall play as Fate
unwinds past phantom_mime banshees,
life's letter stamps 'reciprocate'
creating fresh realities.

Come dance, unlearn life's kernel woe
owe only to your inner voice
as chivalry and honour flow -
no need to justify heart's choice.
Slow motion - Time stood still - will throw
away wait's weights as two rejoice
in unexpected overthrow
of anchors as trim sails are hoist.

Come dance, advance, no strings attached -
except of harp or violin -
devotion, eloquence unmatched,
shall shed all lies of ties that sin.
Thus inner doors may be unlatched,
contradictions' caves cave in
Embrace new wave which saves unscratched
soul saved from hibernation's bin.

Come dance, step clear, endearing smile
will echo caring, sharing, joy,
while dream's theme reel will reconcile
to trust in real, no wiles employ.
Tiara crowned Princess no guile
may meet who, sweet, greets verse employ
as an expression timed to dial
away Time's hands all else destroy.

Come dance with me, no judgment blind
will claim, will, blame, will shame, reject, -
all icicles soon left behind
Spring's robin sings you're soul elect.

From past which could be less unkind
we'll destination fly direct
where all but lines are underlined,
no need for conduct circumspect.

Come dance, together we'll unlearn
the past's mistakes, to future fair
to promised land hand, hand, will turn
with light and laughter everywhere.
The seasons slip by, none return,
yet bird's song echoes, in your hair
may make its nest, chirp soft, not spurn,
and answer questions pondered there.

Come dance with me, I'll hold you tight,
in tenderness which knows no bounds,
restoring hidden wings for flight
tears soon shall cease, – for fears no grounds.
Here magic, comfort, and respite,
there melody received resounds,
acceptance and contentment quite
unmeasured pleasure ache impounds.

Come dance with me, and we will learn
what makes lips tingle, goose-bumps rise,
what makes spine shiver, blush burn, -
each day shall herald warm surprise.
Eyes Isis envies will discern
from blue to you each spark that flies,
as touch, from glitter fairy's fern
may guide, not steer, still share concern.

Come dance, my dear, I'll always keep,
my word - a promise from my heart -
integrity runs very deep,
each part of each need never part.
Thus whether way is slope or steep
until Earth's end – which sings fresh start –
alert I'd watch awake, asleep,
protecting dreams from sudden start.

Come dance, from trap or golden cage,

forever free to spread your wings
in harmony which knows nor rage,
nor stings nor slaps, - where spirit sings
in ecstasy as, turning page,
we'll Autumn sage and Summer's swings
unite as, taking center stage,
Spring warmth from Winter's tumult springs.

Come dance, your silent grace shall show
how one above, below, unique
shines out, from shadows free, whose glow
pre-empts necessity to speak.
From yesterdays the future's flow
shall still remember tender cheek,
yet turn towards joy's overflow,
life liberate from sadness, pique.

Come dance to tune which wounded heart
returns to health and inspiration
we'll reel, we'll heal, real hopes may chart
beyond old altar's altercation.
Past struggles' tide and tears depart
as sun and moon anticipation
eliminate invasive dart,
while welcoming emancipation.

Come dance with me, we'll share the key
that opens inspiration's portal
uncover wellspring's latency -
spirit infinite, immortal, -
find answers to eternity
withheld from passing shadow mortal
as soul's connection as one we
establish, spurn deceptions' maw well.

Come dance with me, I've said before, _
who twice ten thousand lines could add, -
and here repeat for one time more
ambition plain: to turn sad glad.
If this sweet song your pleasure move
this greeting was inscribed Above,
all let and hindrance swift remove -

come live with me and be my love ...

(c) Jonathan Robin revised version 16 July 2007

PLEASE SEE NOTES BELOW

Respona in order of appearance of quotations cited in the poem above:

Come Live with Me and Be My Love

Come live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
Or woods or steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses
And a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kittle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle,

A gown made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty lambs we pull.
Fair-lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw and ivy-buds
With coral clasps and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each My morning,

If these delights thy mind may move,
then live with me and be my love.

Christopher MARLOWE 1564_1593

Come Live with Me - The Nymph's Reply

If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy Love.

But Time drives flocks from field to fold;
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold;
And Philomel becometh dumb;
The rest complains of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward Winter reckoning yields:
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither-soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy-buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs, -
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee and be thy Love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,

Had joys no date, nor age no need,
Then these delights my mind might move
To live with thee and be thy Love.

Sir Walter RALEIGH 1552_1618

The Bait

Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will some new pleasures prove
Of golden sands, and crystal brooks,
With silken lines, and silver hooks.

There will the river whispering run
Warmed by thy eyes, more than the sun.
And there th'enamoured fish will stay,
Begging themselves they may betray.

When thou wilt swim in that live bath,
Each fish, which every channel hath,
Will amorously to thee swim,
Gladder to catch thee, than thou him.

If thou, to be so seen, be'st loth,
By sun, or moon, thou darkenest both,
And if myself have leave to see,
I need not their light, having thee.

Let others freeze with angling reeds,
And cut their legs, with shells and weeds,
Or treacherously poor fish beset,
With strangling snare, or windowy net:

Let coarse bold hands, from slimy nest
The bedded fish in banks out-wrest,
Or curious traitors, sleave silk flies
Bewitch poor fishes' wandering eyes.

For thee, thou need'st no such deceit,

For thou thyself art thine own bait,
That fish, that is not caught thereby,
Alas, is wiser far than I.

John DONNE 1572_1631

The Shepherd to his Fair One

TO PHILLIS, TO LOVE AND LIVE WITH HIM

Live, live with me, and thou shalt see
The pleasures I'll prepare for thee:
What sweets the country can afford
Shall bless thy bed, and bless thy board.

The soft sweet moss shall be thy bed,
With crawling woodbine over-spread:
By which the silver-shedding streams
Shall gently melt thee into dreams.

Thy clothing next, shall be a gown
Made of the fleeces' purest down.
The tongues of kids shall be thy meat;
Their milk thy drink; and thou shalt eat
The paste of filberts for thy bread
With cream of cowslips buttered:
Thy feasting-table shall be hills
With daisies spread, and daffadils;
Where thou shalt sit, and Red-breast by,
For meat, shall give thee melody.

I'll give thee chains and carcanets
Of primroses and violets.
A bag and bottle thou shalt have,
That richly wrought, and this as brave;
So that as either shall express

The wearer's no mean shepherdess.
At shearing-times, and yearly wakes,
When Themilis his pastime makes,
There thou shalt be; and be the wit,
Nay more, the feast, and grace of it.

On holydays, when virgins meet
To dance the heys with nimble feet,
Thou shalt come forth, and then appear
The Queen of Roses for that year.

And having danced ('bove all the best)
Carry the garland from the rest,
In wicker-baskets maids shall bring
To thee, my dearest shepherdling,
The blushing apple, bashful pear,
And shame-faced plum, all simp'ring there.

Walk in the groves, and thou shalt find
The name of Phillis in the rind
Of every straight and smooth-skin tree;
Where kissing that, I'll twice kiss thee.

To thee a sheep-hook I will send,
Be-prank'd with ribbands, to this end,
This, this alluring hook might be
Less for to catch a sheep, than me.

Thou shalt have possets, wassails fine,
Not made of ale, but spiced wine;
To make thy maids and self free mirth,
All sitting near the glitt'ring hearth.

Thou shalt have ribbands, roses, rings,
Gloves, garters, stockings, shoes, and strings
Of winning colours, that shall move
Others to lust, but me to love. -

These, nay, and more, thine own shall be,
If thou wilt love, and live with me.

Robert HERRICK 1591_1674

Come Live with Me and Be my Love

Come, live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
Of peace and plenty, bed and board,
That chance employment may afford.

I'll handle dainties on the docks
And thou shalt read of summer frocks:
At evening by the sour canals
We'll hope to hear some madrigals.

Care on thy maiden brow shall put
A wreath of wrinkles, and thy foot
Be shod with pain: not silken derss
But toil shall tire thy loveliness.

Hunger shall make thy modest zone
And cheat fond death of all but bone –
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my love.

Cecil Day LEWIS 1904_1972

The Passionate Householder to his Love

Come, live with us and be our cook,

And we will all the whimsies brook
That German, Irish, Swede, and Slav
And all the dear domestics have.

And you shall sit upon the stoop
What time we go and cook the soup,
And you shall hear, both night and day,
Melodious pianolas play.

And we will make the beds, of course,
You'll have two autos and a horse,
A lady to Marcel your tresses,
And all the madame's half-worn dresses.

Your gowns shall be of lace and silk,
Your laving shall be done in milk.
Two trained physicians when you cough,
And Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays off.

When you are mashing Irish spuds
You'll wear the very finest duds.
If good to you these prospects look,
Come, live with us and be our cook.

On callers we have put no stops,
We love the iceman and the cops,
And no alarm clock with its ticks
And bell to ring at half-past six.

O Gretchen, Bridget, Hulda, Mary,
Come, be our genius culinary.
If good to you these prospects look,
Come, live with us and be our cook.

Franklin Pierce ADAMS

Atlantic City Idyll

Come bet with me and be my luck
and bring me gimlets tart with lime.
We'll chase the wily holy buck
and toss the dice and sneer at time.
And we will dazzle in our clothes
and neon dazzle us as well.
We'll strike a sleek and moneyed pose,
we'll yell a blithe, ecstatic yell
until at last we've squandered all,
shot the wad and maxed the cards,
until we've quaffed till dawns appall
and hoarse are velvet-throated bards.
Come stroll with me and be my muse
of feckless hope and vain desire.
On the boardwalk the huckster woos
and Armless Annie tongues her lyre.

Kate BENEDICT - Come bet with me and be my luck

The Dispassionate Shepherdess

Do not live with me, do not be my love.
And yet I think we may some pleasures prove
That who enjoy each other, in the haste
Of their most inward kissing, seldom taste.

Being absent from me, you shall still delay
To come to me, and if another day,
No matter, so your greeting burn as though
The words had all the while been picked in snow.

No other gift you'll offer me but such
As I can neither wear, nor smell, nor touch -
No flowers breathing of evening, and no stones
Whose chilly fire outlasts our skeletons.

You'll give me once a thought that stings, and once

A look to make my blood doubt that it runs.
You'll give me rough and sharp perplexities,
And never, never will you give me ease.

For one another's blessing not designed,
Marked for possession only of the mind,
And soon, because such cherishing is brief,
To ask whereon was founded our belief.

That there was anything at all uncommon
In what each felt for each as man and woman -
If this then be our case, if this our story,
Shall we rail at heaven? Shall we, at the worst, be sorry?

Heaven's too deaf, we should grow hoarse with railing,
And sorrow never quickened what was failing.
But if you think we thus may pleasures prove,
Do not live with me, do not be my love.

DEUTSCH Babette 1895_1982 – Parody Christopher MARLOWE

Bacchanal

“Come live with me and be my love, ”
He said, in substance. “There’s no vine
We will not pluck the clusters of,
Or grape we will not turn to wine.”

It’s autumn of their second year.
Now he, in seasonal pursuit,
With rich and modulated cheer,
Brings home the festive purple fruit;

And she, by passion once demented,
- That woman out of Botticelli -
She brews and bottles, unfermented,
The stupid and abiding jelly.

Peter de VRIES 1910_19?

Love under the Republicans (or Democrats)

Come live with me and be my love
And we will all the pleasures prove
Of a marriage conducted with economy
In the Twentieth Century Anno Donomy.

We'll live in a dear little walk-up flat
With practically room to swing a cat
And a potted cactus to give it hauteur
And a bathtub equipped with dark brown water.

We'll eat, without undue discouragement,
Foods low in cost but high in nouragement
And quaff with pleasure, while chatting wittily,
The peculiar wine of Little Italy.

We'll remind each other it's smart to be thrifty
And buy our clothes for something-fifty.
We'll bus for miles on holidays
For seas at depressing matinees,

And every Sunday we'll have a lark
And take a walk in Central Park.
And one of these days not too remote
You'll probably up and cut my throat.

Ogden NASH 1902_1971 - Verses from 1929 On

The Passionate Profiteer to His Love

Come feed with me and be my love,
And pleasures of the table prove,
Where Prunier and The Ivy yield
Choice dainties of the stream and field.

At Claridge thou shalt duckling eat,
Sip vintages both dry and sweet,
And thou shalt squeeze between thy lips
Asparagus with buttered tips.

On caviare my love shall graze,
And plump on salmon mayonnaise,
And browse at Scott's beside thy swain
On lobster Newburg with champagne.

Between hors d'oeuvres and canapés
I'll feast thee on poularde soufflé And every day within thy reach
Pile melon, nectarine and peach.

Come share at the Savoy with me
The menu of austerity;
If in these pastures thou wouldst rove
Then feed with me and be my love.

Olga Katzin Miller - « Sagittarius » Targets 1942

The Passionate Shepherd to His Love

I love thee - I love thee!
'Tis all that I can say;
It is my vision in the night,
My dreaming in the day;
The very echo of my heart,
The blessing when I pray:
I love thee - I love thee!
Is all that I can say.

I love thee - I love thee!
Is ever on my tongue;
In all my proudest poesy
That chorus still is sung;
It is the verdict of my eyes,
Amidst the gay and young:
I love thee - I love thee!
A thousand maids among.

I love thee - I love thee!
Thy bright and hazel glance,
The mellow lute upon those lips,
Whose tender tones entrance;
But most, dear heart of hearts, thy proofs
That still these words enhance.
I love thee - I love thee!
Whatever be thy chance.

Thomas Hood

Parody Christopher MARLOWE - Come Live With Me and be My Love

A Microscopic Serenade

« Oh come, my love, and seek with me
A realm by grosser eye unseen,
Where fairy forms will welcome thee,
And dainty creatures hail thee queen.
In silent pools the tube I'll ply,
Where green conferva-threads lie curled,

And proudly bring to thy bright eye
The trophies of the protist world.

We'll rouse the stentor from his lair,
And gaze into the cyclops ' eye;
In chara and nitella hair
The protoplasmic stream descry,
For ever weaving to and fro
With faint molecular melody,
And curious rotifers I'll show,
And graceful vorticellidae.

Where melicertae ply their craft
We'll watch the playful water-bear,
And no envenomed hydra's shaft
Shall mar our peaceful pleasure there;
But while we whisper love's sweet tale
We'll trace, with sympathetic cart,
Within the embryonic snail
The growing rudimental heart.

Where rolls the volvox sphere of green,
And plastids move in Brownian dance -
If, wandering 'mid that gentle scene,
Two fond amoebae shall perchance
Be changed to one beneath our sight
By process of biocrasis,
We'll recognise, with rare delight,
A type of our prospective bliss.

Or dearer thou by far to me
In thy sweet maidenly estate
Than any seventy-fifth could be,
Of aperture however great!
Come, go with me and we will stray
Through realm by grosser eye unseen,
Where protophytes shall homage pay,
And protozoa hail thee queen. »

"Jacob HENRICI" Scribners November 1879

A Passionate Congressman To His Constituents

Come vote for me and back my run,
And once this next election's won,
For your int'rests I will slave,
Never acting like a knave.

I'll balance ev'ry yearly budget,
And never, never, never fudge it;
I'll keep a tight lid on your taxes,
Even as your income waxes.

I'll get you medicine for free,
Protect social security;
For your pet peeves I'll play the cupid,
No matter how inane or stupid.

When terrorists cause nasty shocks,
I'll hunt them down and punch their clocks;
Bad CEOs will feel my wrath;
Until they learn an honest math.

Your special needs I won't forget,
Be you soccer mom or vet;
And woe to those who soft drugs peddle,
Unless that's you, then I won't meddle.

My opponent's ads are hokum,
All his promises he's broken.
Believe me—you don't want that bum;
So vote for me and back my run.

Michael Silverstein

Jonathan ROBIN

Amazon Jungle After Alfred Tennyson The Brook

By mangrove swamps I idle round,
my canopy's world wonder,
leafcutter ants beneath the ground
where three toed sloths would wander.

Tall forest Tarzan never knew
from ground grows great, colossal.
My ecosystem filters through
sward broadleaf basin fossil.

I wind about, and in and out,
with here a silted delta,
an anaconda round about
observes the helter-skelter.

Pass here and there a native hut
pirogues moored to lianas,
with cataracts which canyons cut
mid mangroves and bananas.

I link all life all along my route,
but scoff at lilly-liver,
some men pollute both tree and root -
for them who cares a stiver.

I'd slide by lazing jaguars
admired by nature lovers,
lush greens, blush browns flushed far from bars,
barred are crass concrete covers.

I turn, return, upstream and down,
here deep, there sleep in shallows,
wild orchid winning wonder's crown:
soon jungle man's trace swallows.

Six thousand kilometers long
from Andes to Atlantic
my tributaries maze among
an area gigantic.

I'd flourish under moon and stars
an Eden no machetes
can cut down, with no motor cars,
few churches, no confettis.

My birds and monkeys most hirsute
cry by the flowing river,
though men pollute both tree and root,
Time is the best forgiver.

Lush leaf dome's home to serpent, fruits,
pollution pleases never,
Men's ill repute themselves confutes
while I'll grow green for ever...

For five and fifty million years
my fiber feelers flexing
have followed flood flow, snubbed frontiers,
Man's attitude perplexing.

One pours on heartless human ways,
greed's petty sharps and trebles:
heed! trouble bubble piper pays
pollution's golden pebbles.

Immoral and illicit mines
monstrosities metallic,
mercurial man now spews, refines:
conduct anencephallic.

Vast torrent's pure transparent flow
once glowed - before greed fever:
now brash men cash hunt, rash, come, go,
naught can grow up for ever.

Frogs chortled over leafy way,
'bove turtles, carps, joy croaking,
where jaguar at sunset lay -
now last survivor's croaking.

Men burn my basin, fell my trees

for timber for poor housing,
where once was bird song, beauty, bees,
now here drunk men carousing.

I stem as Amazon offline,
pirahnas my stems lining,
but some regret that Auld Lang Syne
when evergreens are pining.

Men chatter, chatter, fight, dispute,
they're takers, I life giver,
but men pollute both tree and root,
while banking on the river.

(After Alfred Tennyson The Brook 22 April 2010 revised 10 February 2012)

I stem from Amazon offline,
pirhanas my stems lining,
but some regret that Auld Lang Syne
when evergreens are pining.

By mangrove swamps I idle round,
my canopy's a wonder,
leafcutter ants beneath the ground
where three toed sloths would wander.

Till by illegal mines I grow
or grew - before greed's fever -
where brash men cash hunt, rash, come, go,
naught can grow up for ever.

Frogs chortled over leafy way,
'bove little carps joy croaking,
where jaguar at sunset lay -
now last survivor's croaking.

Men burn my acres, cut my trees
for timber for your housing,
where once was birds song, beauty, bees,
now here drunk men carousing.

I wonder over heartless ways,

man's little sharps and trebles,
greed's bubble swiftly piper pays
hopes burst on golden pebbles.

Men chatter, chatter, fight, dispute,
they're takers, I life giver,
but men pollute both tree and root,
while banking on the river.

I wind about, and in and out,
with here a silted delta,
an anaconda round about
observes the helter-skelter.

Pass here and there a native hut
pirogues moored to lianas,
with cataracts which canyons cut
mid mangroves and bananas.

I link all life all along my route,
but scoff at lilly-liver,
some men pollute both tree and root -
for them who cares a stiver.

I slide by lazing jaguars,
admired by nature lovers
Iush greens and browns all free from bars
and crass grey concrete covers..

I turn, return, upstream and down,
here deep and there in shallows,
wild orchid winning wonder's crown
soon jungle man's trace swallows.

I flourish under moon and stars
an Eden no machetes
can cut down, with no motor cars,
few churches, no confettis.

My birds and monkeys most hirsute
cry by the flowing river,
though men pollute both tree and root,

Time is the best forgiver.

Lush leaf dome's home to serpent, fruit,
pollution pleases never,
Men's ill repute themselves confutes
while I'll grow green for ever.

(After Alfred Tennyson The Brook 22 April 2010)

The Brook

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorpes, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,

And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

Jonathan ROBIN

Ambered Amnesia

Selective memory pardons, covers,
when one road taken diverges from another.
When fingertips are offered and arms swallowed,
then only carbon dating shows through layers erosion hollowed.
Yesterday's landmarks dissolve into today's watershed tears,
what self-respect survives to follow elective memory
altered, sacrificed upon the altar of inevitable mortality?
Second thought centuries stretch into aeons, misrecall short-sold years.

That which is cast down cannot be recast as who has passed
though seemingly clear at first, progressively fades, overcast
by haze, daze, phase phrase submitting too frequently to oubli.
Time flies yet zapped fly trapped in sapped ointment is found frozen for eternity.

Hollow-wallow tunnel vision discovers
deflected thoughts, who'd cause/effect recover,
subjective objects shift perspectives subtle
as choices chance discarded options scuttle.
Points' questions filed fall by the board's abrasive emery.

As set in amber, rose remains
lost trace of lost love's joys or pains.

Jonathan ROBIN

Ambiguity Arose - After Rose Aylmer Walter Savage Landor

Oh, what avails a pretty face
with beauty creams besprinkled,
for Father Time wins every race,
soon age Life's page has wrinkled.

Where is the flush, the lush embrace,
starred eyes that carefree twinkled?
Night draws its shutters, leaves no trace
of light, save mem'ries sinkled.

Oh, What avails a pretty face,
and voice divinely tinkled,
if all behind be ugly, base,
with mind both blind and wrinkled?

Some say unique is every case,
eyes amber, periwinkled,
yet all too soon return to base,
AND DNA's ash sprinkled.

Oh, What avails a pretty face,
bright eye sublimely crinkled,
each must a double lie encase
life left confirms this inkle!

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Rose Aylmer's Cousin

Oh, what avails a pretty face
with beauty creams besprinkled,
as Father Time wins every race,

soon age Life's page has wrinkled.

Where is the flush, the lush embrace,
starred eyes that carefree twinkled?
Night draws its shutters, leaves no trace
of light, save mem'ries sinkled.

Oh, What avails a pretty face,
and voice dIvinely tinkled,
if all behind be ugly, base,
with mind both blind and wrinkled?

Oh, What avails a pretty face,
and eye sublimely crinkled,
should it a double lie encase
and life confirm this inkle? ...

© Jonathan Robin – parody written 17 December 1991 revised 14 May 2007 for
initial version see below

Rose Aylmer's Cousin

Oh, what avails a pretty face
with beauty creams besprinkled,
for Father Time wins every race,
soon age Life's page has wrinkled.

The flush once full that did embrace,
those eyes that carefree twinkled,
Night pulls its shutters, leaves no trace
of light, save mem'ries crinkled.

© Jonathan Robin – robi3_0313 parody written 17 December 1991
Parody Walter Savage LANDOR 1775_1864 Rose Aylmer

Rose Aylmer

Ah, what avails the sceptred race!
Ah, what the form divine!
What every virtue, every grace!
Rose Aylmer, all were thine.

Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
May weep, but never see,
A night of memories and signs
I consecrate to thee.

Walter Savage LANDOR 1775_1864

see also

Rose Aylmer's Cousin

???

Gail White

Night of Memories

Rose Aylmer whom these wakeful eyes
May weep, but never see,
A night of memories and of sighs
I consecrate to thee.

Mr Latimer in County Chronicle 1950

Angela Thirkell 1890_1961

Parody Walter Savage LANDOR 1775_1864 Rose Aylmer

A Confession

Roundel

I've loved but thee, who art but stay!
If told the startling truth must be,
I'll speak: forget the words, I pray,
'I've loved but thee.'

'Twas not on Herrick, but on me
That Julia cast for many a day
Her wondrous spell of witcherie;
And I it was who, wakeful, lay,
And sighed that I should never see
Rose Aylmer: so I cannot say,
I've loved but thee.

Parody Julia – Robert Herrick

and

Parody Walter Savage LANDOR 1775_1864 Rose Aylmer

Published 1890 J. G. CUPPLES Co. Boston

Herbert Walcott Bowen 1856_1927

Oh, What Avail?

Ah, what avail the loaded dice?
Ah, what the tubs of wine?
What every weakness, every vice?
Tom Cardan, all were thine.

Aldous Huxley 1894_1963 Barren Leaves

Parody Walter Savage LANDOR 1775_1864 Rose Aylmer

Jonathan ROBIN

Ambivalence Shed Acrostic For Ambre Mannu Aged 8

Ambivalence shed
Enchantment optimistic
Rainbow shines ahead

Amalgamation
Becoming eternity
Regeneration

Jonathan ROBIN

Amphora

My name Amphora, by life's teeming beach
Am for her waiting. Open sesame!
Unlocked am I allowing her to reach
Deep down to taste stored serendipity.
Echoes pulsate, surf resonates, see sea's
Murmur key to, through, pure essence, stir
A treasure only she may measure, seize
Unlimited exchange as sweet as myhrr.
Destiny, uncertain though it seems,
Enchanting opportunity creates,
Magic bridge between the land of dreams
And second state reality relates,
Underpinning all affection shines
Depending on 'I'm for her' in these lines.

Jonathan ROBIN

An Alliterative Amorous Answer

Alliterative Love Letter

Adored and angelic Amelia. Accept an ardent and artless amourist's affections, alleviate an anguished admirer's alarms, and answer an amorous applicant's avowed ardour. Ah, Amelia! all appears an awful aspect! Ambition, avarice and arrogance, alas are attractive allurements, and abase an ardent attachment. Appease an aching and affectionate adorer's alarms, and anon acknowledge affianced Albert's alliance as agreeable and acceptable.

Anxiously awaiting an affectionate and affirmative answer, accept an ardent admirer's aching adieu. Always angelic and admirable Amelia's admiring and affectionate amourist, Albert
Wit and Wisdom 1826

An Alliterative Answer

Artless Amelia Acme's answer adamantly admonishing artful Albert Acne's announced amorous ambitions, and assertive advances, actively advocates appropriate alternatives. Also, attesting abhorrent Albert's attempted abduction, Amelia asks an adequate aureate award. Advance " amical " arrangements are altogether abjured.
Adieu Albert!

Abused Amelia, an adorable angel, aghast and askance, acknowledges agile apostate Albert's apparently avuncular, albeit astonishingly audacious application, and, as alleged affiancement alliances and anticipations are absent, appends an acceptable, accurate answer.

Aggressively accosted, Amelia acts advisedly, asking an acceptably authentic apology affirming all Albert's avowed affiancement allegations as archetypal authoritarian autocratic attempts at annulling Amelia's autonomy. Also, Albert's absolutely alarmingly acquisitive ambitions afford anguish, anxiety, and, after all, acute anger. All are anathema, as Albert, an adder, assumed angelic approbation after an abject attempt at abrogating and appropriating all Amelia's assets.

Agamous Albert's age, adiposity, and abnormally abrasive accents also argued against amorous agglutination. Agamy appeared advisable as Amelia always aspired at attaining an absolute amour, assiduously avoiding ambiguity. Ardent admiration activated Albert's appetite as Amelia's allure and accomplishments

attracted all-round applause.

Amelia and Albert are at an apogee. Alliance anticipations are antilogical as Amelia's aplomb and articulateness, and Albert's anthropomorphic antics are as antipodes apart as Aphrodite and an anthropoid ape. Acataleptic Albert, Amelia's antithesis, acting almost as an aggressive animal, abused Amelia's adolescent acquaintance, Anabelle, an alluring afro actress, - actually auditioning as an aria alto, - adventuring affront abruptly abbreviated.

Albert's apologists are accomplices aiding and abetting an attack (after anticipating advantages agreed beforehand) ... At Ashcloth Abbey altar agnostic Albert asked Assyriac Abyssinian Archdeacon Ahasuerus and Arabian acolyte Abdul abn Abdulaziz abn Abdullah Abu an aboveboard absolution although Abbott Abraham Allsaints' anterior abjuration altered all accomodating actions.

Apprehending arrogant acquiline Albert's arbitrary approach, Amelia appositely acted appropriately, adjusting apparel. Applause and approbation are apropos.

Albert abusively alledges aristocratic alabaster Amelia's assent - an assumption as absurd as an ass astride an advocate assiduously assembling an ascorbic acid apparatus!

Abstemious Amelia's abilities attract acclaim - above all admirable administrative aptitudes, artistic aims, analytical assurance, amiability and amenability. Altruistic Amelia amalgamating agreeableness and authority, always assists aliens.

Alcoholic Albert's abominations abound, as aforementioned as all adults agree, admonishing an aggressive ambiance.....Albert apes affability!

Abusive adulation appalls, accelerates aversion and attracts adverse acknowledgements alienating affirmative adhesions. Allegorical accolades, artificially addressed, accumulate absurdities. although amiable acolytes are acceptable additions. Argot argues against acceptance as avid adventurers assume affected accents -, acquiring added artificial accomplishments.

Addressing amoral Albert, and apprehending amorphous arrangements, Amelia advises acrimonious Albert's accepting any alternative Abigail, Alice and Anabella, as affianced amourette. Auburns are also admired as are armed assegaie'd ashanti, andalousian, algonquin, anabaptist and amerindian amours:

Abigail, Ada, Adrienne, Adriana, Adelaide, Agatha, Aglaë, Alice, Aliette, await

Albert,
Aline, Alison, Amy Amanda, Amandine Andrea, Angela, Angelica, Ann, anticipate
Albert
Anna, Annabelle, Anne, Annette, Angelina, Annick, Annie, Andrée, Anthea,
alleviate Albert
April, Ariane, Ariane, Arlette, Armande, Armelle, Ashley, Astarte, Ava, appreciate
Albert
.....And Albert annoys Amelia! - aggravating!

Allez allégrement ami Albert! Après autres amitiés amoureuses accédez aussi aux aspirations affectives arrivant à accorder Amour avec Accord. Ailleurs, autres amazones attitrées, amantes acharnées, attendent, - absolument adorables, adultes attendrissantes, assurément admiratives. Aussitôt avisé, Adonis Albert, avancez aux aventures avec ardeur ainsi alimentant ambitions, avidité, avarice aussi! ASSEZ! Allez au...!

Accusing arrogant, avaricious Albert, astute Amelia analyses Albert's arguments. Attainted Albert's ambitious alliance aspirations agreeable, attainable, admirable and admissible? An alarming assumption!

Ah! Any amorous association appears an atrocious abberation. Astronomers assert Aries, Aquarius are astrologically awry, ascendants antagonistically aspected. Astral arcana argue authentically atemporal antipathy. Auspicious Andromodean angles' absence attest antidynamic auras and accumulated asteroidal antibodies.

Academic Amelia's aims are admirable, abominably average Albert's arch assertions astonish, approval absent.

Accountably, Amelia, applying an ancient adage, asks all attachments, abrogated. Accusatory affidavits authenticating Albert's activities attest an affective asymmetry and Albert's attempted ascendancy as an ascertainable assault.

Always astoundingly ambivalent, Albert's allurements aimed at altering affections. An anticipatory accusatory arraignment appeared advisable, averting additional altercations. Accurate assessments are advocated and are almost always advantageous, allowing apposite appreciation, avoiding awkward associations.

Also, attentive acumen assists amorous alchemy amalgamating affinity, attraction, ardour, amity, admiration, and, anon, augurs an authentic amour

among admiring amazons and ardently adoring Adams. Awed adoration and adulation are actively associated afterwards.

Alternative avenues are available, avoiding Amelia's acrimony. Affectionate aspirations are achievable as accomplished, affable, adulating aspirants abound, aiding adventurous amorous acrobatics: African at Abidjan, Accra, Addis Abbaba, Algiers and Angola, Australian, - at Adelaide and also among aborigines, arctic and antarctic, asian, armenian azeri. Amerindian: Aztec, amazonian, andean and argentinian, and American as at Alabama, Alaska, Arkansas, Arizona, Atlanta and - across Atlantic arrive at Azores.

Also additional areas are approachable: Aden, Afganistan, Albania, Andorra and Austria. Aachen, Aberdeen, Aberystwyth, Amersham, Amiens, Agen, Amsterdam, Aosta, Arras, Athens, Avon, and.....ad absurdam! All across Africa, Arabia, America, Australasia, and Asia, Amor attracts. Amazons and Adams also acquire accessories assisting amatory achievements, any abnormal abstinence abhorred as an absurdity, an aberration, and an abuse.

After all, any affluent adorable acquaintance amply accredited abridges abstinence's abyss, activating additionnal advantages. Able and agile adventurous applicants are acceptable and agreeably accomodated. Absorb all available accumulated advertisements and act accordingly, avoiding asinine avarice, arrogance, acquisitiveness, ambivalent attitudes, abusive anamorphoses, aggressivity, and, arightly, all antedated alimony agreements.

Alas! As all amical advice appeared awry, articulately Albert amassed assembled aides avouching ample auriferous awards.

An affected affability assisted Albert's audacious aggression. After assorted aperitifs and antipastas, asparagus, aspic, avocado, almonds, anchoveys, aubergines, and additional alimentation, after angastura, advocaat, ale, absinthe and armagnac.

Alas Albert adulterated Amelia's alcohol 'accidentaly' adding an active aphrodisiac and arsenic as an apparently anodyne ascorbic acid alimentary aid aimed at appeasing abdominal aches.

Accursèd Albert, an anathema approached Amelia's apartment antechamber. An awful accessory aided and abetted Albert's ambitions, an astigmatic, arthritic, asthmatic apprenticed assistant apothecary, alternately antipathetic and antisocial. Abominable antics!

Another apothecary, auspiciously arriving after an afternoon appeal ably abbreviated and aptly alleviated all abdominal aches and agonizing aftereffects, administering an aspirin and an anal analgesic antidote, avoiding angina, apoplexy and averting asthma, ancillary ailments, and associated allergies. An antiseptic apple accelerated an amelioration and allowed Amelia, after an appreciable adjournment, an appreciated alleviation.

Ambitious, although ambivalent anglo-american assurance arbitrage affairs at an arcane alleyway accommodation address, an arcade archway around Adarkhorse Avenue, Ascot, allowed arriviste Albert adequate affluence. Against all assumptions, and at allround amazement after an anonymous alert, aureate accumulation abated.

An 'accidental' audit attenuated auspicious anticipations after auditors accused Albert, arguing arbitrary activities and accounting dingly, accablant accusations abounded as Albert's affairs abruptly assumed an atrocious aspect. Accurate and authoritatively accessed archives attest actions absorbing all available assets.

Aleatory allocations and advances allowed Albert an astute alibi, although appalling accounting abberations argued an almighty abyss, appraised at an astronomical amount.

Although assigned at abode, anticipating an arrest, apprehensive Albert, affrighted, attempted an abscondment abroad. Abusing artless absentee associates, arrant Albert aimed at an Argentine asylum after Albion, alienating all about. Additionnally, as avenues affording alternative argent alimanted Albert's ambitions, Amelia's abduction appeared an advantageous act affording an adequate apportionment, as abundant antique aquamarines, amber amulets, agates, adamantine artefracts, and attractively accessible amethysts attracted Albert's avidity.

An ace amateur articulate abstract artist's authorized aquatints attest anaemic and absurd Albert's arrest after an abortive, airborne attempt at abducting Amelia. All aspects are accurately authenticated, ably attested, and amusingly assessed. Azure arabesques, appositely adorned and accented, again and again add and accentuate artwork, adding an architecturally atypical atmosphere.

Anyhow, an affable agèd ambassador's assistant, an alert, and able army adjutant, (Admiral Arthur Anderson's aide Archie Android) , admirably and adroitly aborted atrocious Albert's attack, - an abject amoured ambush assiduously aimed at assassinating adorable, amusing, Amelia. After an arduous affray advantaging Amelia and abridging Albert's antagonisms, Amelia, arms akimbo,

actively advanced against Albert's allies.

Although an accursèdly accurately aimed arrow's apex almost attained Amelia's aortic artery (an apocalyptic apprehension) an athletic admirer arrived assudden and audaciously averted an arrant assault.

Afterwards, ashamed, all assailants abjectly abandoned arms and ammunition, asking appeasement approximating Antony's Actium anticlimax and Aegyptian asp against Augustus and abjuring aggression. Although annihilation appeared appropriate Amelia accepted atonement.

Alerted after alarms at almost all alpine areas, amazed ambulance attendants aiding assimilated auxiliaries administered antibiotics against antibodies, and anticoagulants, amputated arms and appendices, as allies and attackers alike ailed after Albert's aggressive ambush.

Athwarted Albert's abrupt abscondment abroad abrogated, associated asocial assassins are apprehended, arrested. Accountably, any additional aggression appears averted.

All abominable ambushes and armed attempts at abrogating Amelia's autonomy and authority averted, aristocratic Amelia, an Ann Arbor Arts' and applied Agronomy alumnus, angrily attacks Albert's astoundingly anomalous artifices. Although alleviated, assured, Amelia asks an appreciable award, an altogether appropriate assesment, all angles amply ascertained, answering Albert's approaches aloofly.

Aggressive attitudes and assumptions asphyxiate any and all affectionate attachments as argumentative atmospheres alienate affections and atrophy amicable arrangements. Afterwards, antisocial actions and activities aggravate anxieties as assuaging approaches appear absent.

Accordingly, Amelia's appointed and authorized attorneys, acting advisedly after annotating adequately accused Albert's avaricious, and actionable activities, assiduously attack Albert arguing abuse, alienation and assault.

April, August ask, after arraignment, audience, and appropriate arbitration, an adjudication affording an adjustable and acceptably adequate annuity, and all ascertainable assets automatically assigned. Anticipating arrears, absolute accountability appears advisable as alleviating anxiety.

An antarctic abode, abannition amongst autochthonous antipodean australian

alligators answers admirably as averting all attacks and abbreviating annual anguish.

Artificially advanced allegations about alledged agreements' acceptance and arranged acquittal are abortive as accusatory accusations are affirmatively attested and authoritatively admissable at Assizes. An adjudicated award addressed annually adulterates acrimony and aids amenability.

Amelia's advocates, affirming airtight arguments abovementioned, accordingly ask Albert's arrest, also anticipate advance assurance accruals according Amelia an adequate, adjudged adjustable accurately assessable, accessible accumulated annual allowance.

Attentively awaiting an authoritative answer, Amelia's attorneys await authorization according Amelia aberdeen angus animal arena, abutting abattoir, ample agricultural acreage aboveground, also artesian access and assistance against Albert's assuredly abnormally antagonistic andimadversion, animus and afabulations.

Above all, April August argue adroitly against additionnal asinine accomodation, acquiescence, adjournments and amendments as against Amelia's advantage.

Accountants

Arthemus Anderson

Attorneys at Albany

April, August, Another, August, April, After & Associates,

Avocats à Amiens

Avril, Août, Autre, Août Avril Après & Associés,

The introduction can be found in Wit and Wisdom quoting an anonymous author in 1826 The story with over 1700 words was written as a reply on behalf of Amelia in 1991 responding to Albert's original letter below and slightly expanded in June 1996. Although around 10% of the words ARE AS AN or AND there are few duplicates apart from 40 Amelia and 58 Alberts which gives around 1450 words so far. To be updated

Jonathan ROBIN

An Answer

Seek not in sect the answer to lost soul
As narrow road leads into narrow mind.
Make most of opportunity to find
A way to join both Search and Way made whole.
None need to feed from need to fire the coal,
To spark the flame which burns the Past behind,
Heed intuitions, harmony, to bind
All pattern parts, let inner knots unwind.

(22 March 2005)

Jonathan ROBIN

An Authentically Aware Altruist Adorns Ap As Author Artist Always A-Musing And Anathema All Argument

Wishing wonders wander-Swannee signs
As author artist always aired a-musing
Never nasty. Nature nourishing
Dreams dainty, diction dense, distinct, designs
Awareness, authenticity aligns.
Linking laughter light leal lady lending
Endless enjoyment, efforts ever spending
As altruist adorns AP assigns
Breathless beauty, bounty bears, beshines.
Rhyme reel rhythmic talent rendering,
Anathema all argument appending.
Yawning years yet youthful yin-yang's signs,
Turns to thread trust, truth, then tenderness.
ONLY ONe ONeiric ONerousless...

Jonathan ROBIN

An Essay On Man After Alexander Pope An Essay On Man The Riddle Of The World

Know then thy God, presume not Man to scan,
the proper study of Mankind is Pan!
The wheel weal turns from fire to frying pan,
a vicious circle, plot another plan.
Sole fudge of truth, in endless error hurl'd:
sad story, jest and terror of doomed world!

Jonathan ROBIN

An Image Springs To Mind

An image springs to mind:

A child, with childish innocence
upon the shores of life, inclined
to play, without pretence
or mask. Or, if a mask there be,
it still retains a quality
allowing all with empathy to penetrate behind.

An image springs to mind:

So freely see the child dispense
the sifting sand, so unrefined,
with slight apparent sense.
It takes some perspicacity
to see each grain is memory -
dispersed or treasured as may be - quicksilverly defined.

An image springs to mind:

The shifting sands are implements
used differently by different blind
for good or ill intents immense.
Some knowledge is acquired for free,
transmitted some, instinctively,
the balance, finely tuned as we progress or slip behind.

An image springs to mind:

The grain in youth packed tight and dense
Age often loosens, cannot bind, -
how great the difference!
If we could meet mortality
with every thought recorded, we
could help those after us to see the answers we can't find.

An image springs to mind:

These answers must, in self defence,
be hid from those who'd grind Mankind,
enslaving innocence.
Both Time and Knowledge thus should be
weaved secret in Life's mystery
from here until eternity - or so it seems designed...

Jonathan ROBIN

An Oily Tale After Lewis Carroll The Walrus And The Carpenter

Sun shining over cloudless sky,
beaming each streaming light
attempted very best to dry
our homes both warmer, bright:
this had become priority
with energy as scarcity.

While Ra's rays blazed on desert days
in high Helvetic mountains
they learnt châteaux to double-glaze,
and ration petrol stations,
for as inflation rose and rose,
queues formed frostbitten toes, rows froze.

The Shah, Pahlavi of Iran,
cried "shame!" repeatedly,
saw, Faisal stalking close at hand,
inflation's misery:
thereon their tears of crocodile
rained down upon the Upper Nile.

The 'seven sisters' raged and rent
suits tailor made to see
their rents increased fifty percent
or more in royalty:
"It does not suit" en suite they wailed,
in court their suits of course all failed.

Kadaffi, Lord of Libyan fame,
smirked and increased the price.
Oil soared to dollars twice times ten,
which really wasn't nice:
he then increased the stakes again
as if to prove that he was sane.

The sheik was stirring sulkily
because he said the sun

had no just reason there to be
with winter just not done:
"To fear fair fee for fuel" fumed he,
"is failing in fraternity."

"The outlook should be drear and dark,
fair price for petrol pay,
must pedal till recycling start
on upward, all the way
around the vicious circle till
you taste of your own bitter pill."

"Oh, Western Nations, walk with us."
Yamani's threat then flew,
"With the Israelis cut ties too,
lest Fatah freat, fight, cuss."
Yet the Israeli cause seemed right,
until we felt inflation's bite.

As if to back the Saudi threats,
from many a tarmac,
hither and thither, flew the jets
pan arabs did hijack:
those captured were released from prison,
to continue their terrorism.

At Rome, at Munich, Athens too,
they went in for the kill,
in London Lloyds saw red, felt blue,
confronted with the bill.
Since then, whene'er we chance to fly,
we're frisked and x-rayed endlessly.

The lost Italian Lira cracked,
the yen was not immune,
Pound pounded, left just Mark intact,
with Swiss Franc pegged in tune:
but though their currency stayed strong,
banks' bluff called, piper paid ere long!

Jonathan ROBIN

An Open Gate: Speak 'friend' And Enter!

Fair friendship, heart to heart, near, far apart,
remains unstained and omnipresent gift,
where each stays part of each to chart fresh start
to meet and to defeat hate's deadly dart,
imparting steadfast links which, à la carte,
ensures hope pure, scope sure, defies Descartes'
cold logic with warm love above schemes smart.

The need that tames the flames of inner fire
may seed ten thousand ripples, may be more.
Desire to feed the furnace of desire
creates from dust more than there was before.
Those letters [l]inked on parchment or those which
on pixel tell~tale tra[n]ce dance in the brain
may early, late, both stimulate, enrich,
cross reference, cross reference again.

Rich pitch one hears switch spheres have ever known
they knew they knew before tuned undertone
vibrating through the Universal, sown
as echo coeval with the wind that's blown
along the way as day and night advance,
or is it coexist in parallel,
with worlds dreams glimpse perhaps when changeling Chance
weird timeline opens till dawn's waking bell.

What counts is ways the wave bands interlink
from infra violent through the ultra read
judgmental values fade, flushed down Life's sink,
the Pattern counts, how waft and web are spread
within the flow itself should make one think
there is no past, no present, no ahead,
as Time can rhyme the span, at Man must wink,
as [s]he's from Judge to Judgement, spinning, led.

The air we breathe with life must seethe and how
that interacts to marshal facts is strange,
coincidence may shape both 'here and now'
and still instill, fulfill, more scope, more range

without the trammels and the platitudes
which most repeat, both low and high, as each
delays, downplays unusual attitudes,
won't glow in flow with currents out of reach.

This flow is pattern icing on the cake
the poet bakes it takes the time to write,
which whirls around, spurns sight and sound to rake
no line dividing time, space, day or night.
Thus time itself appears conveyor belt
on belt 'die Welt' drives on at different speeds,
some contradictory, some helter-skelter
to feed the need to feed the need to seed
an echo which upon an unknown date
in turn may stimulate discovery
of what once known, unlocking open gate
calling upon the inner eye to see
the need that tames the flames of inner fire
to seed ten thousand ripples, may be more,
desire to feed the furnace of desire
from doom creating more than bloomed before.

Thus 'friendship' heart to heart, near, far apart,
remains unstained and omnipresent gift,
where each stays part of each to chart fresh start
puts emphasis on empathy, heals rift.

Jonathan ROBIN

An Opportunity Lost

I dare not dare to ask the dance.
I cannot bear to take that chance
Though none compare to her aissance,
Heart, in despair, cannot advance.

Returning stare with smiling glance
I muse on muse as in a trance,
Naught could prepare for what's perchance
Earth's fairest fair, soft, countenance.

Her lustrous hair shines to enhance
The angel air that must entrance
All who with flair in vraiseblance
Love-struck are there, with no nuance.

My joy I'd share, each circumstance,
Of dreams and prayer the sum, romance
Replaces care, insouciance
Gilds everywhere where falls her glance.

A form hors pair I eye askance,
Exquisite, rare, I'd die for France!
Why can't I dare my suit advance:
Her heart to share through life's long dance?

Jonathan ROBIN

An_Thology - Acrostic Sonnet

Adjoined is an anthology to bring
New enjoyment, world-view versed in rhyme,
Natural reflections over time
Engendered by a mind whose soul would sing
A word or two to string in golden ring
Necklace bound by no known chain, whose chime
Never fails to tune a bell sublime.
Emotions, shared, reverberate. Time's swing
At last is counterbalanced, and its sting
No longer palls as phrases fuse and climb
Now past all past experience, masqued mime:
Enchanted insight's flight on poet's wing!
Just twenty six the soldiers are whose line
Rekindles hope for scope, draws from each sign.

Jonathan ROBIN

Anaconda

The giant anaconda's scales glint, gleam.
serpentinaing slowly in between
branch overhang of some piranha stream.
Strength selection studied shows in gene
through evolution's jungle grey, brown, green -
that, sunlit, on reflection, golden seem.
Gravely swaying, swathed in glistening sheen,
she undulates through undergrowth, is seen
sliding with tongue fork-hair,
gliding over there,
where a great gurgling geyser
ceaselessly hisses steam.
Though modern, South American, this scene
a prehistoric portrait might have been
when taken in the context of ringed layer
on layer of suitors curling round spawn glair...
How can she judge between them, how compare?

Jonathan ROBIN

Analysis Of Analysts

It's sad to see such talent sacked
and seek redundancy,
the system that they backed has lacked
much flexibility.

In days of boom, whatever cost,
their counsel claimed quickly,
in days of doom, when much seems lost,
such slip like leaf from tree.

Economy, accountancy,
they studied at the school,
and having taken their degree,
presumed all else a fool.

When next day dawns, or dare I speak,
employment temporary
will scarce attract, instead most seek
in contract some safety.

When next day dawns, as in the past,
it is psychology
that they must master, else quite fast
will fail to find a fee!

Jonathan ROBIN

Anchorless And Engulfed

Two who each other barely knew,
though both drew down delinquency
some streets apart, are past, and few
shall etch sketch wretched memory.
Two travelled on lines parallel
while wheeled real reel of history,
banned reel ran out span's tocsin bell
toll'd once to tell eternity

'Bonjour, ma mie, je t'aime, adieu! '
The mocking bird of Destiny
nests but a moment. All falls through
before each earth-bound entity
grasp pain's pain glass a second, spell
life's sensitivity to see
things in perspective ere Death's knell
engulfs hopes in Styx misery.

Confined upon Earth's ark our zoo
builds up its bars too readily.
Why all the fuss and bother to
paint rosy hues enticingly
when threescore ten years pass pell-mell,
too few attain vain century,
and those that do weak souls would sell
for one more week's dichotomy.

Upon Life's cruise a motley crew
free choice demands, yet few feel free,
awash with superstitious spew,
how few refuse to bend the knee?
The 'finger writes' and then farewell!
A door to which there is no key
was ever veiled when curtains fell,
'and then no more of thee and me.'

'Time out! ' Reflection's hard to chew
in context where modernity
accelerates change [st]range most rue,

soon redefines autonomy,
confines empowerment to brew
disinformation debility,
losing second thoughts' review
of truth till last breath's verity
renders verdict curlicue
on humankind's inanity.

Climate out of kilter new
climactic catastrophe
prepares, ice-melt sends shockwaves through
foregone conclusions' fallacy
increasing contradictions' through
politically correct facility.

'Unto thyself be true' seems, too,
dream's motto meaningless. Beauty
and Truth are wi[n][d]owed points of view,
anchorless upon Time's sea.
The generations ebb and swell,
compound their incongruity
in cycles which themselves repel,
rebel then crass conformity.

Time's pendulum swings fro and to,
though now before 'security'
some bow 'engulfed', sing red, white, blue,
with vibrant ingenuity:
tomorrow they may different spell
commitment to their liberty
when freedom shrinks its empty skin
and nought resists technology
as cyber cusp's bot nano twin
surpasses man's ability
'I am because I think' sinks sin
absorbed in singularity,
hilarity and joy win/win
[s]mothering angularity.

Truth and Untruth, as Heaven, Hell,
add selling pitch variety
constructing concepts which compel

respect towards 'Society.'
With paradigm shift overdue
our superficial piety
most must see through, and not a few
shall challenge blind propriety.

Yet who am I or you to quell
such natural anxiety
when few self-doubting dare dispel
for fear of notoriety?
Refusing to salute on cue
crime may be judged, hypocrisy,
yet we need more than social glue
to feed our moral sanity.

To rut, that's meant in senses two,
along allotted lines where the
links thread, commingling till Death's due,
is parody of history,
allows small space to trace the gel
of Life's romantic mystery
when stem from embryonic cell
is cloned to standard quality.

Come Brave New World! where little new
occurs to stir controversy,
where each his stated task sees through
with difference held heresy,
where all together happy dwell,
where self-fulfillment finally
takes meaning, form, and where the
well of loneliness is filled for free.

Arrogant egocentricity masks fragile insecurity
comfort in blind certainty smacks shameless insincerity,
as often with dexterity men mask profound perplexity
quiddity's validity's subjected to mor[t]ality.

Pandering to posterity maintains momentarily
conceptual fatuity that's self-indulgent vanity.
Vainglorious immaturity gifts mirror of futility
reflects upon majority's definition of/in sanity.

Human ingenuity wars Time's relentless enmity
entangled in complexity, self-circles contradictory,
abhors our core absurdity of death and of futurity.
What waits behind dark Door all flee?
Few dare discover g[u]ilt edged key.

Tomorrow's perpetuity beyond the veil, of 'me and thee',
green pasture's vale, vain vanity, stays hid, we kid not, jumping flea
is matrix man, mid grid at sea. One little lifetime's bumble bee
tumbles from pride's ride too rapidly, cell refilled automatically.

Winged on one page of Destiny, love, amity and emity,
lend flashpoint sparkle swiftly we abandon for eternity.
What's worth one wor[l]d's 'felicity' in country, city, land or sea,
when weighed against infinity time's tide tear waves' salinity?

Archive deleted from man's memory
absorbs all constituting 'me and thee.'

Anchorless and Engulfed robi03_0230 see also Hither hurried whence? 14
October 1988 and 13 September 2006 for final verse. robi03_0229_revised 27
April 2008

(31 October 1988 revised 10 August 2004)

Anchorless
Two who each other never knew,
though both spent near a century
some streets apart, are past, and few
will ever seek their memory.

Two travelled on lines parallel
while reeled the film of history,
the reel is run and now the bell
tolls once, - and then, eternity!

'Bonjour, ma mie, je t'aime, adieu! '
The mocking bird of Destiny
nests but a moment. All is through
before each earth-bound entity

can through the fog for once see well
what life and laughter mean, and see
things in perspective ere the knell
entombs hopes, fears, and misery.

'Unto thyself be true' is, too,
a motto meaningless! Beauty
and Truth are just vain points of view,
worse, anchorless upon Time's sea!

Truth and Untruth, and Heaven, Hell,
are artificial waves, empty
ideas which do in most compel
respect towards Society!

Come Brave New World! where nothing new
occurs to stir controversy,
where each his stated task see through,
while variance is heresy!

Where all together happy dwell,
there self-fulfilment finally
takes meaning, form, and there the well
of loneliness is filled swiftly.

To rut, that's meant in senses two,
along allotted lines where the
skeins commingle till Death's due!
Intertwining spirally

allows small space for tales to tell
about Life's romance, mystery.
Better self-doubts to dispel,
obeying automatically.

Confined upon Earth's ark, this zoo
creates its own bars willingly.
why all the fuss and bother to
paint rosy hues enticingly

when threescore ten pass on pell-mell
and few attain their century,

and those that do their souls would sell
for one more week's insanity!

Upon Life's cruise this motley crew
free choice demands, where few feel free!
Awash with superstitious spew
how few who do not bend the knee!

The 'finger writes' and then farewell!
A door to which there is no key
is ever veiled when curtains fell, -
'and then no more of thee and me! '

(31 October 1988)

Hither Hurried Whence?
Pandering to posterity maintains momentarily
conceptual fatuity that's self-indulgent vanity.
Vainglorious immaturity gifts mirror of futility
reflecting on majority's definition of/in sanity.
Comfort in blind certainty smacks of shameless insincerity,
arrogant egocentricity masks fragile insecurity.
What hides behind dark Door we flee,
few dare discover guilt edged key
and once behind the Veil, of 'me and thee'
what will remain, what worth felicity
which flashed upon the page of Destiny
one little lifetime, til eternity
absorbs all constituting me and thee,
archive deleted from man's memory?

Often with dexterity men mask profound perplexity
quiddity's validity subjected to mortality.
Human ingenuity respecting his futurity
wars Time's relentless enmity entangled in complexity,
self-circles contradictory, for we abhor our core absurdity.

(14 October 1988 and 13 September 2006 for final verse revised 27 April 2008)

for previous version and relevant quotations from the Rubaiyat see below both
Engulfed and Anchorless, and Anchorless and Engulfed

Engulfed and Anchorless

Arrogant egocentricity masks fragile insecurity
comfort in blind certainty smacks shameless insincerity,
as often with dexterity men mask profound perplexity
quiddity's validity's subjected to mor[t]ality.

Pandering to posterity maintains momentarily
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Vainglorious immaturity gifts mirror of futility
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Human ingenuity wars Time's relentless enmity
entangled in complexity, self-circles contradictory,
abhors our core absurdity of death and of futurity.
What waits behind dark Door all flee? Few dare discover g[u]ilt edged key.

Tomorrow's perpetuity beyond the veil, of 'me and thee',
green pasture's vale, vain vanity, stays hid, we kid not, jumping flea
is matrix man, mid grid at sea. One little lifetime's bumble bee
tumbles from pride's ride swiftly, cell refilled automatically.

Winged on one page of Destiny, love, amity and emity,
lend flashpoint sparkle too soon we abandon for eternity.
What's worth one wor[l]d's 'felicity' in country, city, land or sea,
when weighed against infinity time's tide tear waves' salinity?

Archive deleted from man's memory
absorbs all constituting 'me and thee.'

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some streets apart are past, and few shall sketch their wretched memory.
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can through glass grasp a second well life's sensitivity, may see
things in perspective ere Death's knell engulfs all hopes in misery.

Confined upon Earth's ark our zoo builds up its bars too readily.
Why all the fuss and bother to paint rosy hues enticingly

when threescore ten pass on pell-mell, too few attain vain century,
and those that do weak souls would sell for one more week's dichotomy.

Upon Life's cruise a motley crew free choice demands, yet few feel free,
awash with superstitious spew, how few refuse to bend the knee?
The 'finger writes' and then farewell! A door to which there is no key
was ever veiled when curtains fell, 'and then no more of thee and me.'

Time out reflection's hard to chew in context where modernity
accelerates change [st]range most rue, soon redefines autonomy
confines empowerment to brew disinformation debility,
losing second thoughts' review of truth till last breath's verity
renders verdict curlicue on humankind's inanity.
Climate out of kilter new climactic catastrophe
prepares, ice-melt sends shockwaves through foregone conclusions fallacy
increasing contradictions' through politically correct facility.

'Unto thyself be true' is, too, a motto meaningless. Beauty
and Truth are wi[n][d]owed points of view, anchorless upon Time's sea.
The generations ebb and swell, compound their incongruity
in cycles which themselves repel, rebel then crass conformity.

Time's pendulum swings fro and to, though now before 'security'
some bow engulfed, sing red, white, blue, with vibrant ingenuity:
tomorrow they may different spell comittment to their liberty
when freedom shrinks its empty skin and nought resists technology.

Truth and Untruth, as Heaven, Hell, add selling pitch variety
constructing concepts which compel respect towards Society.
With paradigm shift overdue this superficial piety
most still see through, and not a few shall challenge blind propriety.

Yet who am I or you to quell their natural anxiety
when few self doubts dare to dispel for fear of noteriety?
Refusing to salute on cue crime may be judged by vanity,
yet we need more than social glue to feed our moral sanity.

To rut, sense meant in senses two - along allotted lines where the
links thread, commingling till Death's due, is parody of history,
allows small space to trace and tell of Life's romantic mystery
when stem from embryonic cell is cloned to standard quality.

Come Brave New World! where little new occurs to stir controversy,
where each his stated task sees through while variance is heresy,
where all together happy dwell, where self-fulfillment finally
takes meaning, form, and where the well of loneliness is filled for free.

(19 April 2009)

Jonathan ROBIN

And I... Et In Arcadia Ego Fui - Thesis And Antithesis

Exacting wrinkled tribute line by line,
Time moulds the tale of each unfolding year,
Entrancing for a spell, til tumbling tear
Gouges ruts, cuts trembling Columbine.
Old age advances, hope must undermine.
Insubordinate to fard soon fears
Neath cold creams mushroom, one by one appear
As added sores when worries serpentine,
Respect refusing riches. Cheques can't sign
Contentment, winter chimney, summer cheer.
At last, with hoary beard and bitter bier.
Descendant is the star which proud would shine.
It is no tree of life that rings the earth,
And I in shadows walk, yet fear rebirth...

Entrance for a spell can also bring
Timeless memories mind may rebirth,
Enraged entrapment caged, as from paged berth
Guard lifted, sentry spurned, free soul shall spring
Over, above man's mortal limits, sing
Intuitive true joy, transmit from Earth
New song old garments dress with healing mirth.
Address hope's message spiting mortal sting.
Rush counter clock, wise swirl and spiral, wing
Climbing skywards, surfing, soaring, worth
At last discover, mock apparent dearth,
Deride vain scoffer's coffer-coffin ring.
If life's tree be but mirage, still its leaves
Awake joy's book, whose leaves forget life grieves.

Jonathan ROBIN

And Still Soul Sings

Is soul's pure voice stilled, vast vision spilled despite
heart's hidden beauty? Hesitant, soothing sting,
stumbling, humble hand sends offering
to show true flow, not stillborn, dimmed delight.
Symphony should spirit sweep, cleave tight,
touch friendship's tendrils, letting loose wound spring
to free the wealth of tenderness within.
Forswear forebodings for swift arrow's flight,
aim feathered well, refutes pride ride to fail.
Why should stored Future pale before sore Past,
feelings forlorn, torn, gusted by ghost gale?
Beyond the pale, once outcast, heart beats fast.
Soul peaks, speaks sweetly, song's strong beauty deems
hope turns new leaf, spurns grief, scope answers dreams.

Jonathan ROBIN

And Thereon Hangs De Tail

AND THEREON HANGS DE TAIL

Some sunbathing saurians saw
tasty morsel descend to sea floor,
munch crunch in a bunch
seemed lunch packet - a hunch
to be put to the test for before

need to feed could be satisfied, gore
in abundance flow, haemoglo pour,
each must first put to flight
all opposing scaled might,
fight alot for prized lottery draw.

On the blink in the drink was in store
for missing link all might adore,
heads' and tails' pecking order
soon dissolved in disorder
more borderline squabbles encore.

Who would eat must defeat tooth, paw claw,
alligators aroused, somewhat sore,
who for prey pray all day
when they're not making hay
or emitting some earth-splitting snore.

What became of their esprit de corps?
how ended godsent present raw?
from the heavens descended
was it wrended, upended?
jaw remembered dismembered core or...

Thirty lines this tale's limit foresaw
contest limerick laughter to score
so the story as such
untold lies, cold blood, much
we hold back through rehearsing verse law.

13 September 2009

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Jonathan ROBIN

And Yet You Sing

Is pure voice stilled, vast vision spilled despite
heart's hidden beauty? Hesitant, soothing sting,
stumbling, humble hand sends offering
to show true scope, not stillborn, dimmed delight.
Symphony should spirit sweep, cleave tight,
touch friendship's tendrils, letting loose wound spring
to free the wealth of tenderness within.
Forswear forebodings for swift arrow's flight,
aim feathered well, no longer's doomed to fail.
Why should stored Future pale before sore Past,
feelings forlorn, torn, gusted by ghost gale?
Beyond the pale, once outcast, heart beats fast.
And yet you sing so sweetly, song hope deems
may turn new leaf, spurn grief, to answer dreams.

Jonathan ROBIN

Andrew And Manijeh Wolpert

Neither in church with an abbe to pray,
nor in a mosque with an imam to sway,
but before the registrar this Wednesday
Their troths they will plight, let no-one gainsay.

All their love and fidelity to repay,
and trust, truth and tenderness to resay,
after years' delay, 'I do' each shall say,
re-echoed by friends, three cheers and hurray!

Fruitful and multiply all hope they may
be, and replenish the Earth for alway.
To cherish each other, if not to obey,
let them live happier every day!

For Andrew Wolpert and his Manijeh,
A light little lay for their Wedding Day.

Jonathan ROBIN

Androcles And The Lion

ANDROCLES AND THE LION

Every verse acts as shell for fair moral, a skel -
eton which we expand when counselling,
wanton worries dispel, (we can scan well and spell) ,
through transcendent end line linking illing!

Lordly lion's large jaws are unused, like his paws,
'til his lady striped zebra's sent spilling,
then he rages and roars, rips raw prey with sharp claws,
but it's mostly to show flesh is willing.

In the main, mighty mane and earthshaking refrain
give the lie - `spite his timbre so thrilling,
for with pride by his side he can set pride aside,
letting others continue the killing.

Every night by lush well loud flush larynx will swell,
while at jungle rill thirstily swilling,
yet all know very well `tis to show lioncel
how to act, an example instilling.

One should prowl nightly, bell, howl with high decibel,
or else growl, which is simply spine-chilling,
while by day to keep well one should sleep for a spell,
as hot tropical sun is too grilling.

So we feel all should find feline father is kind,
especially when cubs are a-milling,
though stay out of the sight of his mate or she might
take a fancy to you for her filling!

There's a story some tell, (here in verse we excel) ,
truth from falsehood intent on distilling,
of a slave, Androcel, and a snell lioncel,
those retracting the facts are cavilling.

Yellow leo once dwelt in a duned desert dell,
often hunted from den to treed hilling,
till with bellowing yell on sharp ratchel once fell,

deep wound sent harp tuned voice a-shrilling!

From fore-pad Androcel pulled sore spill, soothing swell,
using prehistoric penicillin,
feral fears swiftly quelled, they as friends said farewell,
thus Destiny's wishes fulfilling!

Between Mount El Carmel and the vill of Bethel,
where years later his travels were willing,
on his way it befell footpads armed with cudgel
ambushed him in the midst of their pilling!

In the old citadel, powerless to rebel,
he was sold as a slave for a shilling,
vain resistance to quell, for free, bold, chains repel,
impelled him into 'ring' for a grilling.

He was cramped in damp cell near ramped 'rena roundel,
where dread carnivores daily were drilling,
there rough romans compelled him, ret, short-sword as well -
hope he'd no intention of stilling!

When it came to his turn he was thankful to learn
that the beast there that held the star billing
was the one once infirm, thus thereafter he'd earn
laurel leaves from the Praetor, Virgilling!

Androcles' doubts dispelled, death decree soon refelled
on papyrus scribe skillfully quilling,
cancelling tocsin knell, toxin soujourn in hell,
echoed sounds of carousing, refilling.

People praised the marvel - 'twas before chimed church bell -
or they'd soon have been cheerf'ly carilling,
everyone would revel with sweet simnel, sardele,
to timbrel's touch gaily quadrilling.

Here apt moral we rend, which from start until end,
in its heart says all men should be willing
to be civil to friend, mend each ill, make amend,
then existence will be just idylling!

Yellow leo did dwell in a duned desert dell,
often went from his den to the hilling,
'till with bellowing yell on a ratchel once fell,
and the wound sent his tuned voice a-shrilling!

From his pad Androcel pulled the spill, soothed the swell,
using prehistoric penicillin,
feral fears did he quell, they as friends said farewell,
thus destiny's wishes fulfilling!

Between Mount El Carmel and the vill of Bethel,
where years later his travels were willing,
on his way it befell footpads armed with cudgel
ambushed him in the midst of their pilling!

In the old citadel, powerless to rebel,
he was sold as a slave for a shilling,
vain resistance to quell, - for free, bold, chains repel, -
impelled him to the 'ring ' for a grilling.

He was cramped in damp cell near ramped 'rena roundel,
where the carnivores daily were drilling,
there did roman compel him, ret, short-sword as well, -
though hope he'd no intention of stilling!

When it came to his turn he was thankful to learn
that the beast there that held the star billing
was the one once infirm, and thereafter did earn
laurel leaves from the Praetor, Virgilling!

He his doubts did dispel, death decree did refel,
on papyrus scribe skillfully quilling,
so instead of a knell, and a journey to hell,
rose the sounds of carousing, refilling.

People praise the marvel, - 'twas before chimed church bell -
or they'd soon have been cheerf'ly carilling,
every one did revel with sweet simnel, sardele,
to timbrel's touch gaily quadrilling.

Here the moral we rend, which from start until end,

in its heart says all men should be willing
to be civil to friend, mend his smart, make amend,
then existence will be just idylling!

Jonathan ROBIN

Anna Karlenko

As beauty born from beauty blooms apace
Now Vera tunes into eternity,
New dance is seen, scene set for blossom free,
Amazing grace is mirrored through fair face,
Nirvana here creates bright aura. She
No equal knows throughout humanity,
All talents glow outside of time and place.
Voyage encounter magic must efface
Each other soul, expunged from memory,
Revealed as mirage where compared. We see
Astounded how cause, effect, interlace.
Angelic charm, intelligence, men trace,
Name Anna Queen of all the human race.

Jonathan ROBIN

Anorexia Emaciation

Anorexic line schemes superficial.
No leeway as will o'whi[s]p as mannequin
Yearns for frustration's runway vent too thin
Wedge won't table. Supper interstitial
Hear[t] tempts as self-contempt squares artificial
Energy burn, spurns calory litter bin.
Rewards seem self-destructive not win-win,
Excuse obtuse to sense starve. Maleficial.
A vicious circle, virtual victual,
No little trouble gives. Perceptions spin,
Yet edit diet tide tied to angels' pin,
Or pinpoint swift necrology official.
Need feeds feed's needs, gaunt, haggard, skinny, lean,
Emasculated: still seeks pastures green.

Jonathan ROBIN

Another

Another autumn evening's golden link
Now adds to measured Time in mind of man.
One more year [s]tumbles down from solstice brink,
Turns towards millenia billions scan.
Hope's rising generation soon sees sink,
Ending, one strong before its seed began,
Relearning this: 'I am because I think'
As one September spins predestined plan,
Names one September more Time's f[I]ame would ink.
One equinox haphazard knocks to fan
The fires of Fate which somehow interlink
Here light Time's treadmill, spinning through its span.
Ends one loose line to tie these thoughts' terse tale,
Reeled threads unwind another fresher trail.

Jonathan ROBIN

Another Day, Another Challenge

When entertaining easy options think
each step leads on to better or to worse, -
victory, defeat for heart or purse
depends upon the ways these choices link.
Conformity is self-defeat. Don't sink
to common mediocrity – a curse!
Open mind to others, share, converse.
Refuse to blindly toe the line, but ink
in all life's pages proudly, never shrink.
Another day, another challenge, - nurse
patience, judgement bias free, disburse
understanding, from shared spring drink deep.
The door towards serenity ahead
enjoy, - dark envy, censure, never dread...

26 February 1992

Jonathan ROBIN

Another Season Falls 1902

Another summer evening's golden link:
Neglecting Time's progression, peaceful, man
Offers appreciation. Solstice brink
Towards September readies harvest van.
Harmonious fulfillment interlink.
Expectantly tanned weatherman can plan
Resplendent Indian Summer's warming wink.
SEnsations softly scented Spring began,
AS August ends greet Autumn's sunsets pink
SO storybook in beauty feelings fan
Nature's serendipity. Stars twink.
FALL starts gilding garland trees again
Squirrels nut while rainbow colours reign.

(30 August 2009)

Jonathan ROBIN

Another Way To Write

Another Way is tap the flow within,
New start to key into mind's prompt at hand.
Open source on course is rubber band
That self expands while meter acts as fin
Harmonic scoring lines. True tunes begin,
Extend themselves, as tiny drops of sand
Ring timeless bells, upon life's paper land
With assonance, alliteration's twin
Advancing verse as if rehearsed win win
Yet silken spun from intuitions fanned.
To write is soul flight channelled. Understand
Only eyes crossed, tease dotted, dumb deed din
Will heed, find need to seed poetic light.
Rites formal can create freed word worlds bright!

Jonathan ROBIN

Antagonishtic - Parody Hughes Mearns Antagonish And Thomas Percy Warkworth Hermit

As I was strolling down Fleet Street
I met three tweeters texting fleet,
then Time defeated one more day,
and when one sun set where were they?

(1 November 2009)

Jonathan ROBIN

Antagonistic Anticipations Antics Antidotes

An ant another ant can't pass
without inquiry ever,
antennae act as looking glass,
formic fact from fiction sever.

Alas lad, lass, to pretty pass
come, for unity forever:
dubious rendezvous fixture farce
cant can't sustain, soon sever.

[S]he who each day seeks fresher grass,
makes hay while sun shines, never
forget men frequently bypass
commitments whatsoever.

Let telepathic tendrils touch,
test out best nest expecting much.

Far more than human kind can carry
bears ant whose anthem poet sings,
and yet most aren't allowed to marry:
life's far more roundabouts than swings.

Weight ants embrace, take in their stride,
leave massive muscled men amazed,
who frequently friendships abide
with patience short, love thunder crazed.

Millenia mellow, pixie fire ants
accelerant networks perfected,
their facebook more than elephants
trumpet thriftlessness rejected.

Three enemies ants vanquish, banish:
blind termite, spider, man must vanish.

Jonathan ROBIN

Anthology Prepared

His wish was wit with wisdom well to wed
within an epigram, - he found instead
some thought slight wit was there and that was slight,
he witless seemed to others, lacked insight.

He kept in sight their criticism there,
and kept from sight verse, parodies hors pair,
for some insipid seemed, rose-water, trite, -
but then began to fly another kite.

He pruned, he tuned, communed, was often led
to pulp the offspring fond that Time had bled,
until the flow could sew in framwork tight
both harmony and sense, in fancy's flight.

For the first time he's spurred to offer fare, -
incisive works beyond the critics' care,
will cast no anxious glance to who'd indict
with bark or bite the verses seen tonight.

Dust swept by one who sought to look ahead,
through Internet a reputation spread, -
but what is fame, a lighthouse in the night,
a passing beam before eternal night...

May this collection transcend Time the slayer,
to challenge finite ends is poet's prayer.
May this selection stimulate, invite
reflection, humour, pleasure bright.

Jonathan ROBIN

Anti Cyclone

Rising waters. Few escape Eye's aim.
Energies mischannelled, modern man
Victim of needs perceived no longer can
Offer himself enlightenment. He'll blame
Life's past pollution, - thoughtless, partial claim.
Vice muzzles virtue, leaves truth also-ran.
Is Time God's hook to dangle puppet fan,
Nature a two edged sword? Greed feeds Man's flame,
Growth self-destructive heedless follows fame.
Cul-de-sac clima[c]tic ru[i]ns, - no plan
Yet clothes starvation. Few with insight scan
CLONEd tornadoes... Hurry can play games,
SPIn flash flood wave from some predestined scheme
Now punishing abuse of Earth's demesne....

Acrostic Sonnet written 20 September 2005

Jonathan ROBIN

Anticipation Swells

Who once enjoyed the joy of knowing you
could never dream of looking otherwise,
to bounty such as ours, hours bow, stay true,
as nightly dreams themes reconvene love's ties.

Who heart to heart remains both near, apart,
counts nor time's passing, nor death's shadow veil,
links hearts and minds have twinned knew never start
who finish ne'er may know, through time prevail.

Stay or let go remain the same: dark, light,
good, evil, black and white - one coin two sides,
beneath the sods, above the gods, stars bright
in orbit round each other, spin song guides.

When prime time for departure's tocsin knells,
then eagerly anticipation swells.

Jonathan ROBIN

Antiperistasis

Fused through finest fairy fission,
emerald, jasper, jade,
to nothingness soon fade.
High symbols of romance soon fade
beside volcanic fires displayed
in dancing eyes of fairest maid,
who is a most enchanting vision!

Lovely, angel apparition!
in grey-green woolen plaid,
and cape of light brown suede.
Soft phantom of delight, when laid
upon my sight, as I surveyed
perfection's sweet facade
reminiscent of great Titian.

And should e'er in exhibition □
your image be portrayed □
in Florence, Sorbonne, Slade, □
should ever this win accolade
it would be truth betrayed,
pale imitation made
of all that's best in heaven!

My soul is bound, in prison.
Name hidden, homage paid,
For were my heart X rayed
or its sheathed sinews open laid,
by scalpel blade displayed, □
Could purity persuade? □□
Why this sudden disparatition?

Why has our trysting been repaid
by such a very brief fruition?
Please reply to my petition,
to clarify your opposition.

These empty compliments, when paid,
put people in a false position,

ever appear an imposition.

To be my poor soul's sole physician
was this your heart's supreme ambition?
or, only angry at dismissal,
you lampoon love in pasquinade?

Perhaps your reason, Sir, has strayed,
mazed by a misplaced supposition!
I never thought to craze, imprison,
heart elsewhere already given.
My goal it neither was, nor mission,
to daze your soul into submission,
I sought a comrade, not a cade!

Imaginations may be swayed,
for Eros is a fly magician,
leading emotion's ebullition
down, down to bottomless perdition,
like siren sweet, mermaid musician
rewarding passion with prodiction.
Tis true, you fantasies obeyed.

With time, all ardour tends to jade,
so rectify this biased vision!
I am no perfect acquisition
like Caesar's wife, above suspicion!
Before you reach a wrong decision
distrust distorted intuition,
shun this charade, false masquerade!

Another my fair hand has prayed.
Although resenting inquisition
I've explained my evanition:
Do not dispute, please, this decision.

Jonathan ROBIN

Ap Pointed Appraisal

One stores verse story's glory in the mind,
retinal rainbow stimulating each
synaptic link both in and out of reach,
display whose ray may play before, behind.

Word flow sensations sows and by degree,
can catalyze a metamorphic fire
as empathy extends its energy
incandescent, lends dimensions higher
to time and space and place which, falling free,
rise to surprise and stimulate the lyre.
Time loses its accustomed hierarchy
thus finite frontiers, limits soon expire.

In context crystalline we find outlined
prismatic tones some play, which more may teach
than meets the eye, contact points combined,
with ease - these inner inhibitions breach.

Words flow where none could know they'd go, no key
is needed where there's no directive spire,
no cue restrictive, new priority
in depth is found, ground falls away, desire
spins toplike, whose magnetic gravity
attractive adds new levels which aspire
to spread, to wed when seedbed cavity
spores explode, explore, more growth inspire.

Words flow, emotions echo, each assigned
its place to interaction trace where speech
is often too restrictive, predefined:
thought modes aligned, too taut one must impeach.

So verse to verse responds spontaneous
to take up arms against a troubled seed,
to laugh with, never at unless some cuss,
to read behind the lines for more to read.

These featured points outline one Poet's view

though points, when featured, comments draw too few.

Jonathan ROBIN

Apocalypse End

As Mayan calendar runs out
Perhaps another prophecy
Or doomsday declaration we
Can worry over, laugh, or doubt,
As much world's six-day wonder flout
Like Internet's millenium key
Youth feared would bug eternity,
Provide no hope for coward, stout.
Since the dawn of mankind's history
Each century predictions see
Arising, rumours roundabout
Predict Man's end: 'Repent! ' some shout,
'Or face damnation, fragile flea'
Creation provides eternity
All kinds of causes up the spout
Life may evaporate without
Years remaining. History
Pinch of salt takes. Now we be
Seven billion to laugh about
End round the bend from sea to sea!

Jonathan ROBIN

Apotheosis

Pandora's box long screened most hope
may open, offer endless scope,
mystery smile seems isotope
enchanted all.

Intelligence within a box
once keyed into internal locks
which magical life's luck unblocks,
heart heeding call.

For sensitivity within
flies free from care, flees free from sin
with promise full new maps begin
to sketch apotheosis.

Jonathan ROBIN

Après La Fête

Life's Carnival swift sinks, soon drive,
ambitions fail. What sense to strive
when dregs alone remain to drain
before forgetfulness stakes claim.

Who have the strength to goals attain
with principles intact remain
exceptions to life's ground rules lain,
clowns stride stage, pine, pain, soon lie slain.

Though some may for a time contrive
to fool themselves, they steeper dive
when time in pawn takes pawn alive,
soon sacrificed to failure's knives,
which often with success connive.

Illusions lost, we find with pain,
are seldom truly gained again
what once seemed certain's then proved vain
when gain proves dross, and loss insane.

Dunce bee, once drawn to wicket flame,
no curtain call can still sustain,
another worker t[r]icked from hive
which will remain no less alive.

After the Carnival
The carnival of carefree play
too long has tripped its careless way,
clowned senseless as an ass's bray
while flesh from flesh Time stripped away.

Once sun strong shone, when one made hay
cicada-like, would spend the day
in hasting-wasting, led astray
by vain beliefs the day to pay
would never come. But hopes decay,
the ostrich-innings stumped. Today,
momentum lost, depressed dismay

notes there's no energy to pray.

Illusions fade, blue skies turn grey,
what once seemed certain from life's fray
has dropped defeated, options fray.
Careless of creed, one must obey
dread summons which to night turns day.

That one's posterity will stay
when life's departed holds at bay
a sense of impotence and may
part justify the role to play.
The carnival is over, May
to Winter bows, Spring may not stay,
its darling buds in blossom, gay,
tomorrow must return to clay.

Jonathan ROBIN

April May June Duly Appear August

Another day spins round, another moon
Plies silver gossamer surprise profound.
Rebounding droplets of spaced spring too soon
In Lethe's stream eternity resound.
Life drips despondently, some say, tear drowned.
As April breasts Spring's crest, as lovers spoon,
Perceive leaf, bud and bowls' rich garb fresh found,
Rainbow bridge 'twixt mad March, warm May, June.
Imagination's tendrils intertwine,
Leap out from Winter's protective cocoon,
And span star-spangled sky, lands fertilize,
PRepare the ground for future harvest wine.
If Truth be Beauty, April offers boon,
Links seasons' sparkle, Life reflects, replies.

Jonathan ROBIN

Arche Administration

Arche Administration

Au delà des sursauts brutaux, à sens unique,
Remuant le couteau dans une plaie béante,
C'est en créant qu'il faut que notre monde enfante,
Hors les rails qui ont trop 'l'esprit Polytechnique'
Enfin des jours nouveaux, humains, ouverts, lyriques.
Ah vains sonnent ces mots des lendemains qui chantent
De porter le flambeau de cette ère naissante,
Médiatique écho des nouvelles techniques
Infographiques. Un saut, il faut que l'on l'explique.
Nous entrons dans des eaux troublées, évanescentes
Issues du casino des hypothèses errantes.
Sans précédent, l'anneau des enjeux stratégiques.
Tandis qu'un citoyen mérite de l'élite
Regard Approprié, Tant Ici On Nous évite.

Ah, comment peuvent égaux dans cette république
Rester les gens, les sots, les sages, ou boulimiques
Consommateurs d'info, la vague déferlante,
Hantée, abonnée aux écrans PC parlants.
Et bientôt en stéréo prouesses pédagogiques
Arrivent, en vidéo - mirage didactique?
Doit-on ce lourd chapeau porter car notre pente
Mentale erre en radeau sans mât et sans charpente.
Ici au gré des flots, la proie, le grand public,
N'en peut plus de l'assaut du monde informatique.
Ils, Microsoft & Co, aux puces intelligentes,
S'offrent scénarios d'évolutions géantes,
Tandis que les chômeurs cherchent points de repère,
Rationalisés leur futur sera précaire.

Au delà de 'Windows', des réseaux numériques,
Regardons aussitôt les effets qu'argumentent
Ces télé-terminaux, et ces forces de vente
Hélas tournant le dos aux risques économiques
Engendrés par le faux débat démagogique
Autour des capitaux de l'Internet, les rentes
De cet eldorado ne sont pas évidentes.
Mais entre les bandeaux, les contrôles étatiques,

Il faut du statu quo trouver la dynamique
Nouvelle ou Jéricho des années vingt et trente
Imposera ses maux, chantages menaçantes,
Se prêtant au chaos d'une envergure épique.
Tandis que les régimes fragiles s'émiettent,
Révolution logistique est sûre, qui est prête?

Ainsi qui mise gros doit rester pragmatique,
Revanches au galop aux idées imprudentes,
Car l'histoire est l'étau des rêves on se raconte,
Hélas le vrai du faux, qui sait tirer? Tragique
Est le poids d'un seul mot, le prix du choix logique.
A l'aube du nouveau, d'apparence imminente,
D'un monde presque clos, d'un autre qui s'invente,
Mais parlons placebo hautement symbolique,
Ici des deux mille ans d'un Occident cynique.
Né d'un élan fort beau qui de nos jours déchanté
Ils traînent les défauts de l'usure et l'attente,
Souffrant des idéaux devenus chimériques.
Tandis qu'un univers neuf se métamorphose,
Rideau sur l'ère qui se nie, se noie, s'implose.

Accords bilatéraux s'opèrent mais impliquent
Recentrages capitaux, faillites fracassantes,
Changements cruciaux, spirale permanente.
Heureux l'incognito dont les instincts basiques
Evoluent intégrant des schémas plus classiques
Ayant aussi par chance oasis rassurante
Donnant aux soubresauts une aide inconsciente.
Maîtrisons le drapeau des lendemains toniques
Issu d'un défi aux antennes paraboliques
Nous offrant tous un lot créatif qui contente.
Il faut au matelot l'havre où l'on ne l'évente
Sans quoi le Waterloo sera diabolique.
Tandis que l'Internet se trame sous nos yeux
Reveil A Trop tardé. Ici ON file: adieu!

Jonathan ROBIN

Armour Plating

From anticipating,
anxiously awaiting
fate through dating

From meeting-mating,
to rating, stating
fearing hating.

Tears, shivers, shaking,
regrets, head aching,
fearing forsaking
confidence flaking.

From bating
without abating
flee, no weighting
armour plating
protects heart breaking
from mistakes making.

Jonathan ROBIN

Ars Gratia

If none recall beginning how can end
present a launching pad to bleed penned thought,
the point is taken with emotions caught,
the rune to score the score to tune and mend.

No cut no quill Will needs to print the page
as soldiers twenty six are drilled to play
a part or to engage, reflections sway, -
"go with the flow" and [t}ease shrill strain away.

From ultra violent or to infra read
It matters not as notes that now are sown
form part of parcel of what once was known,
will yet become, door open wide ahead.

Reality and dreams remain the same,
no code, no key, no st[r]ain – let promise flame...

Jonathan ROBIN

Ars Gratia Artis

"Hoc fecit Keating' – he'll attest:

"Hock, fake it, cheating – we'll arrest! "

(24 July 1977)

Jonathan ROBIN

Ars Poetica

Some from within, some from without,
without a doubt set to,
as soul-song spins tale which begins
to flow, grow, glow. Thereto
through weaving in and weeding out
touch base with Nature, cue
time, place, as twins defeat and wins
ignored are through and through.
No need to shout, run roundabout,
use artificial glue,
scribe's violin tunes, underpins,
technique as heart rings true.
Sensations scout, don't beat about
the bush, tout false virtue,
The poet's string must second skin
become, ne'er dumb, askew.

Words work their way by night and day
from phases past, to light
through threads at play that more threads lay,
reeled phrases feed fresh flight.

(30 March 2005 revised 9 June 2007 and 1 February 2012)
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see below for previous version entitled Poetics

Poetics

Some from within some from without
without a doubt flow true
as soul-song spins tale which begins
to grow, and then glows too
through weaving in and weeding out -
touch intuitions know
from phases past so phrases last
through threads which more threads sow...

(30 March 2005)

Jonathan ROBIN

Artifact Facts

AN artifact by accident, design,
Time's spared though so few items grace fate's trace,
Identified with culture, usage, race,
Questions answers, knowledge may refine.
Unsuspected causal links some mine,
In others tantalizing glimpse of space
That for a passing phase held pride of place
In heart or mind before Time signed end line.
Each object linking to submergent past
Seems dream incarnate, lasts while most fail fast.

(8 August 2007 revised 27 May 2008)

Jonathan ROBIN

Artificial Verse - Parody William Cowper And Lucianus- Artificial Beauty

You give your verse a prosy st[r]ain,
with stress complete the air,
but vain attempts too often strain
and stress is in the air.

Those discords mock your daily toil,
no editors efface them,
and as blank lines from blank uncoil
its difficult to face them.

An art so fruitless then forsake –
which though you'd fain excel in –
you never may contrive to make
both form and sense flow well in.

8 December 1991

Jonathan ROBIN

As A New Road Opens Now

'As April with her showers sweet' prepares the ground for Summer [w]heat,
A mother, Beauty's mirror, here for verses calls, both far and near.
Response from heart not art shines clear as verse verse follows, all should steer
One theme, one dream, 'Let all compete to make his day with joy complete! '
New stanza flows to stanza greet on canvas where thrones pure love sweet.

All good things wishing for this year which marks a turning point, frontier
A long life's way as little man emerges from toss, cheer as seer.
'Run, now its bedtime, you're dead beat' a greater challenge new to meet,
On schools, why rules, why not to cheat, learning, earning. Litte feet
New legs find, steady, as Time, fleet, advances, grows strong changing gear.
All worries, fears shall disappear, as youth flows on now April's here!
A shining light turns all austere to friendship, joy, and love sincere.
Rings of laughter bright sing clear as birthday brings treat after treat.
One road you start with smile so neat may bless blue eyes, in birthday signed,
No tears shall flow, none fears shall know, no thoughts unkind.

Jonathan ROBIN

As Artist Poet

As artists palette, paints, prepare
so poets channel insight rare.
One canvas fills, one paper inks,
the foremost and the least of links.

Both tune respective streams, compare
perspective, sensitively share
where, true to self there neither sinks
as each through intuitions thinks
the way to harmony, aware
that perfect strangers anywhere
may beauty sense beyond time's brink,
horizons widen, never shrink.

Both pictures form, accompany
creative thrust with spirit free.

Jonathan ROBIN

As Dew From Lily Pearls

AS DEW FROM LILY PEARLS

As dew from lily pea[r]ls away
Stretched time can't rhyme eternity.
Desire whose fire may warm today
Ephemeris is seen to be.
We pass, time due, climb through life's play,
Fall, fate forgotten, from life's tree,
Remembered in leafed album stray,
Or – for a spell – where family
Must thrust dust, trust our writings may
Lift spirits from banality.
If ALL is in, through, ALL our stay
Lingers in some way to key
Youth, age, together, thus may mock despair,
PEARL Seed be[a]d-feed leads to new life, joy rare...

(c) Jonathan Robin acrostic sonnet written 3 January 2007

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Jonathan ROBIN

As Flowers Fade

I woke to find a world in bloom,
I grew, felt feelings could not jade,
matured, to principles assume, -
synapses slowed, eyes dimmed, hair greyed,
parade band silent, spent perfume.
I passed as fast as flowers fade.

Although decayed, or dust-in-tomb,
I trust Man's lust may be repaid
in kind to meet deserved doom
to compensate for way mislaid
where there for ethics little room
seems granted, - Nature disobeyed.

When stealth and wealth, climatic gloom,
waves stimulate, through greed displayed,
consumers rash themselves consume,
ignoring signals strong, must wade
while scavenging through viral womb
tale rats for scraps pollution sprayed...

Jonathan ROBIN

As I Enjoy The Joy Of Knowing You

AS I ENJOY THE JOY OF KNOWING YOU
Nestor endured two hundred years despair
Awaiting joy, anticipating you.
Tristan Isolde took within his care
As compensation for not knowing you.
Sweet Capulet with Montagu did share,
Hero Lysander loved, - both ill did fare,
As neither knew the joy of knowing you.
Nature rests its case, perfection fair,
As now I know the joy of knowing you.
To be! - a miracle beyond compare,
As I enjoy the the joy of knowing you.
Soul sends to soul, serenity to share
Here on this earth as shed is every care,
All through true joy of knowing you for YOU!

Jonathan ROBIN

As Jest Treat Jesses

As jest treat jesses, spurn blind mind
refusing scope, hopes left behind,
for door, or road, mode, code, unmowed track
is more important - don't look back.
Ink lined inclined, by some declined,
pink of perfection proves, aligned
with purple hues to school hope's heart
which each dawn greets as welcome start
while life's hostel's open sign -
remains till time to draw the line -
chock full of opportunity
stay: soul at rest and spirit free.

Jonathan ROBIN

As Life Is Mirage - Acrostic Sonnet

As dusk to dawn succeeds, so death to birth,
Swift arcs the arrow, with the ark of man,
Lost on Time's sea, while his allotted span
Is soon forgotten, dry-docked, - narrow berth.
For dust to dust returns, earth turns to earth;
Each sickled moon a sickly herald, wan,
Is witness to impermanence. The plan
Spins to Fate's farce fast ending. Light and mirth
Must fade or jade before they prove their worth.
In earnest, blazing brightly, nothing can
Remain eternal, beacon Hope can't scan,
And flame as 'fixèd mark' - and so its dearth,
Ghost mirage, mocks love's life and locks life's love -
End is in sight, flight spent, expressed above.

Jonathan ROBIN

As Outcast And Forecast

As some surf sculptured flotsam flung
from shore to stormy sea,
as jetsam leaf on life's tree hung
from fate's branch hinge, torn free.

As date, as anniversary,
from calendar expunged,
as sailor smit by siren's see
in swirling ocean plunged.

As broken toy, forgotten, cast
aside some summer day,
abandoned by spite's child who fast
found other ploy to play.

As voter, duty done, expelled
by politician snide
who cared more for positions held
than bridging deep divide.

As damsel in distress, no knight,
reflecting on love lost,
rejected by some parasite
who'd calculate cash cost.

As bloom precocious whose delight
is pinched by early frost
or stemmed by scissors expedite
in cut glass vase fast tossed.

As endless treason season's plight
on land none cultivate,
whose soil pollution spoiled despite
a fertile womb to sate.

As rock, protective ice-cap stripped
by rival's global warming,
fresh water drained, soul tainted, whipped,
ripped heart, unheeded warning.

As vintage wine which once was laid
in atmosphere protected,
but thence withdrawn, to be displayed
turned tart, tight tannic wrecked it.

As troubled mind no music may
relieve from woes too great,
find no reprieve when far away
love slips to leave cold grate.

These gifts, false friend, to me you gave
when making tracks elsewhere.
What's left, what haunts me to the grave? -
wrong, song distraught, wrung care.

Forecast

Yet tides may turn, storms ride to peace
when filter fresh Fates find,
new Spring brings leaf on life through lease
to leave past grief behind.

Though idylls fail, all tales too sad
may be rewrit more kind,
a fresh installment good from bad
could conjur – state of mind.

or sleight of hand which line by line
inscribes in polychrome
nuancing black and white decline
from sweetness honeycomb.

Who once mourned lonely through caprice,
unhappy, undermined
dawn rediscovers as tears cease,
ice melts, pain's chains unwind.

Oases spring as joys increase
through Time's new rhyme, the blind
fresh insight find as golden fleece

transmutes mute stone refined.

These gifts, fair friend, I offer you
for future which could prove
fullfilling, fortunate and true,
fond, fertile, mountains move.

(14 May 2013)

Jonathan ROBIN

As Time Slips By - Acrostic Sonnet

As time sleeps by love's tide [s]weeps sluggard, cold,
Slow beats heart's flow, forgets dreams' heats once sought.
Then, fragile, faith wraith cobwebs spins, sins caught
In Time's equation web. Where once soul bold
Made music wild, filed, passion dims, short-sold.
Existence pales, stales, fails, - loves tales abort -
Sheds goals, gaols aims at joys 'chance' might have brought -
Little cares how life's tale may unfold.
Inspiration wanes, fears stranglehold,
Plaintive soul retreats to shell, distraught,
Second hand experiences, thought,
Buy time, dismiss love from life's centrefold.
Yawning the abyss which, biding time,
shall swallow every line and every rhyme.

© Jonathan Robin – Acrostic Sonnet written 16 September 2001 revised 7 August 2007

Passed By

As time drifts by Love's tide flows coward, cold,
Slow beats sad heart, lost far from dreams once sought.
Too little lust, - blades rust, in cobwebs caught -
In time fires dim which once, in times of old,
Moved untamed ecstasy, flame bold.
Existence paled until encounter brought
Potency restored, fresh friendship taught
A focus fresh, let energies unfold.
Some dreams remain, most vain, in stranglehold
Spirit stifled, struggle not as thought
Experience leaves feelings dulled, distraught,
Dismisses soul from life's bright centrefold.
But chance encounter sets in timeless motion
Yen to advance, to share inspired emotion...

© Jonathan Robin – Acrostic Sonnet written 16 April 2005 as a variation of As Time Slips By – see above

Jonathan ROBIN

As Time Spun By, As Time's Pun Bye

Two shivers rivered shocks down spine
as he takes stock mid rocks and pine
whose needle presence seeds a sigh,
as time spun by, as time spun by

From far horizon sun's decline
chromatic signals realign
as canvas linking ground and sky,
as time spun by, as time spun by

Honeysuckle and woodbine,
alternate spirals, intertwine,
approaches mirror echoed tie
as time spun by, as time spun by

Past, present, future no design,
at least none one may need define,
links reminiscence, what may be,
as time spun by, as time spun by

Each place we trace retains a tine
to tune the rune that chorus-line
repeats, refrains, refrains ally
as time spun by, as time spun by

Who free would break from childhood line
should fish free waters changed to wine
which won't turn back to wave good-bye
as time spun by, as time spun by

The mark one makes must lightly lie
as understatement or the lie
must out to flout the signal's sign
as time spun by, as time spun by

Jonathan ROBIN

Åš> Aura Of Felicity Ç^±

He meets by chance he'll ever bless
handmaiden, and some hidden hand
unveils an inner loveliness
too few take time to understand.
Time stands stock still, clock can't progress,
as second sight's embracing strand
second-thoughts disbands - caress
sends shivers through pores which expand.

His promise, through her presence, grows
to match the merits in her eyes,
to blushing envy turns flush rose
acknowledging true Paradise.
They flow together, former woes -
in ways no verse may summarize -
replaced by links no blinds can close
metamorphosis supplies.

Thought trains awake dreams skeins asleep,
her aura haunts him day and night,
one image still will senses sweep
with wonder, worship, and delight.
Warm aura rippling, rich and deep,
excites, incites to more insight,
love's neurons bridge synaptic leap
like salmon fording stream, scales bright.

Drawn by strong dreams nightlong he longs -
most humble where he most aspires -
to offer sacred, secret songs
to her he honours and desires
where 'we belong' may know no wrongs,
all echoes joy's celestial choirs,
where happiness itself prolongs,
no guarantees, no pleas requires.

Her graces make him rich. He'd ask
no golden ring engraven while
he may not prove himself to task

the equal of that precious smile.
Meanwhile he'd pleasure find and bask
in soft reflection, reconcile
hopes, fears, fears, hopes, and, shedding mask,
beguiled by feelings versatile.

He aims to catch flame's eye, perform
some labour, famed reward immense,
anticipates ways to transform
bright bloom to new-born innocence
for future shared, trust crystal clear.
Hope holds key to true happiness.
He trembles, mixing joy and fear,
would stand beside her, nothing less.

Jonathan ROBIN

Astronomer After Bryan Waller Procter Pre-Existence

I wander all alone and play with pebbles on the beach,
And wonder at bright Milky Way, sight other men might reach.
Though thither I won't wend my way, I try my best, I teach
To students how strange comets stray; upon spin orbits preach.

What seems a complex interplay of matter dark and light,
As magnet must attract – I stay for days before stars bright
A billion light years far away, and find therein delight,
Dwell on gravitational sway should mankind's future flight
Discover, reinvent, doorway beyond Moon Mars, naught bars
Further foray, stray, seeds laid along way to far stars.

From Hubble's bubble telescope to images
from NASA exploration's scope and information mine,
To Voyager myopic; mind curves off from fixed straight line,
Thought processes must cope with dark hole, quasar, quark or dine
On solar storm or grope with RNA's helix grapevine
Unknown to sect's rope, mitred pope, fools' falsehood pantomime,
To louts who slouch about, doubt, mope, fops fearing search sublime.
Imagine bio-allotropes which 'human' redefine,
Imagine man's historic hopes confronting space and time.

Meanwhile, on Earth, the bill to pay is high, pollution palls,
Factory volcano grey: short-sightedness appals
When greed holds sway, and every day cupidity claims thralls
Yet scarce enthralls, f[r]ee market's ruthless competition calls,
With vested interests' rights of way, pride rides before steep falls.

Jonathan ROBIN

Asylum Elsewhere

Rust busted radiators leak,
paint peals, mould sodden streak,
sharp mice, beneath bleak floorboards, squeak,
cussed end result must reek.

Warped window panes, if not antique,
are holey, ghost doors creak,
we're far, too far, from chic boutique:
foreclosed by saudi sheik.

Distraught port inmates would not speak
to starboard cliques for pique
between confined straitjacket geek
was standard stress technique.

Far from U.S. Idol physique,
mindless bimbo bubble pipsqueak
with feeble false playboy mystique
in polished pannelled salon teak
beneath Yosemite peak
poor former residents would seek
refuge from self but wreak
self-destructions final tweak
to strife life barred and bleak.

Cares, hassle, unfair coarse critique
is to ghost hunters left, minds weak
still weather on, though up the creek,
unspeakable memories peak.

Quarrels rose, blows followed, shriek,
where each would 'justice' seek.
None survived for many weeks,
asylum elsewhere lost souls seek.

(2 June 2013)

Jonathan ROBIN

At First Sight

Before false interferences twist mind,
distort perceptions caught, one ought to try
to focus clearly, spirit satisfy,
sharing impressions which should never die
while magic taps into soul's spring to bind
one day's events to sense. Here's underlined
empathy with which all identify,
walls fall, emotions' limitless supply.
One chance glance dance askance left half-truth, lie.

Replete with red rose, awed, decor refined,
two former strangers kismet met, good-bye
forever was forgotten as July
supplanted January on the sly.
Earth's seasons topsy-turvy turned as eye
encountered eye which rich dreams decked behind
blocks' veil to comfort karma pre-designed.
Charmed pair shared earth, air, water, fire, entwined,
rebirth freed from dearth's desert dusty, dry.
27 October 1990 revised 17 June 1991 3 May 2005 and
0 January 2012 for previous version see below

Once in a lifetime favoured few may find
such inspiration words can't even try
to pin down, predefine, or qualify,
limit, understate or question why,
scorn karma as coincidence or lie.
Yesterday, by more than chance, I dined
across from eyes whose energies unwind,
sensed shocks synaptic instantly defy
Time itself, felt souls electrify.

Here differences dissolved, fears undermined.
That first glance opened understanding. Blind
before 'one' must have been, with every tie
from gravity released, - no low, no high -
as everywhere twinned spirits teamed, naught awry.
Base substance shed, trite trammels left behind,
We walked on air, all purer felt, refined,

senses swam, consumed - hedged bets unwind -
completion's joy few mortals quantify.

The message all embraced and somehow signed
dimensions new whose rainbow hues deny
time and space, displace doubts, multiply
empathy, empowering wings to fly.
Magnified magnificence might find
its place in all, for all was redefined ~
impression that itself was heightened by
acceptance shared, that nothing could deny.

That message understanding underlined.
No need for questions, no need for reply, ~
answers sprang spontaneous to apply
bright lining, insight to identify
the meaning of the universe, to bind
its discords into harmony aligned,
no strain no reinn no pain, sight cleared, thereby
abolishing all need to feed ~how? ~™, ~why? ~™

Like lightning current passed. Two intertwined,
upwards spiralled seven heavens high,
each could discover, reach, personify
both peace, release, within a soul-storm's eye.
Within this ~vortex~™ top-like spun some kind
of symphony ~ enchantment predefined ~
responding, permeating all ~ as ~œmy~
no sense retained, drained out by inner eye.

We weightless whirled while everything combined
in all, through all, dimensions ~ instant tie.
Past ~ mirage pale ~ shed to transmogrify
emotions' surges, sudden signify
end to beginnings. Soul to soul could bind,
race, face much more than base touch, leave behind
waste walls, taste joys which logic strict defy.
Apart from all, yet part of all felt I!

It seemed imagination, - much maligned,
by most as tinted outpost for a lie -
was in true colours seen as empty sigh -

a monochrome excuse or alibi
compared with glory storybook devined
that far outshines words' narrow worlds purblind.
Enlightenment at last could testify
to well-spring wonder's spell swell, never dry.

We shared intense impressions counter-signed
by marvelment, as interactive high
engraved emotions, inklings, on the fly,
Rhyme's splendour fans reflections, spans earth, sky,
touched, as it were, by karma to unwind
in every thought and everything, shared mind.
Allied perceptions alter for the best
our reach on life as here pen comes to rest.

Before vague interferences the mind
distorts, today's perceptions twists, I'll try
to focus clearly, spirit satisfy,
sharing impressions which should never die
while magic taps into soul's spring to bind
the day's events to sense, as underlined
emotions are which all identify
as Jericho walls fallen, joy supply.

Once in a lifetime lucky few may find
such inspiration words can't even try
to pin down, predefine, or qualify,
limit, understate or question why,
scorn karma as coincidence or lie.
Yesterday, by more than chance, I dined
across from eyes whose energies unwind,
felt shock synaptic instantly defy
Time itself, to soul electrify.

That first glance opened understanding. Blind
before 'one' must have been as every tie
to gravity dissolved, - no low, no high -
while everywhere the spirit seemed to fly.
Base substance shed, trite trammels left behind,
I walked on air, all purer felt, refined,
senses swam, consumed, reborn, as I

complete, broke surface, - joy none quantify.

The message all embraced and somehow signed
dimensions new of rainbow hue, thereby
offering a space to multiply
intuitions none can qualify.
Magnified magnificence did find
its place in all, as all was redefined ~
impression that itself was heightened by
acceptance shared, which nothing need deny

The message understanding underlined.
No need for questions, no need for reply, ~
answers sprang spontaneous to apply
a lining bright to help identify
the meaning of the universe, to bind
its discords into harmony aligned
as limits disappeared, sight cleared, thereby
abolishing all need for "how" and "why".

Like lightning current passed. Two intertwined,
upwards spiralled seven heavens high,
each could discover, reach, personify
both peace, release, within a soul-storm's eye.
Within this "vortex" top-like spun some kind
of harmony ~ unseen yet predefined ~
responding, permeating all, ~ as "æmy"
no sense retained, swept out by inner eye.

We weightless whirled while everything combined
in all, through all, dimensions ~ instant tie.
Past ~ mirage pale ~ shed to transmogrify
emotion surges, sudden signify
end to beginnings. Soul to soul could bind
with so much more than base touch, leave behind
all walls, felt joy which logic strict defy.
Apart from all, yet part of all felt I!

It seemed imagination, - much maligned,
by most as tinted outpost for a lie -
was in true colours seen as empty sigh -
a monochrome excuse or alibi

compared with glory storybook devined
that far outshines this narrow world purblind.
Enlightenment at last could testify
to well-spring joy which never would run dry.

We shared intense impressions counter-signed
by wonderment, as interactive high
engraved emotions, inklings, on the fly,
Rhymeâ€™s splendour fans reflections, spans earth, sky,
touched, as it were, by karma to unwind
in every thought and everything, the mind.
These shared perceptions alter for the best
our reach on life as here pen comes to rest.
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(27 October 1990 revised 17 June 1991 and 3 May 2005)

Jonathan ROBIN

Atelier Réalité À Te Lire À Te Lier

Au grand maître Billaut, à toute son équipe,
Tous nos respects, le show instructif est, intense.
Et de nouveau bravo pour toute l'intendance.
Les discours à gogo, le show panoramique
Impressionnants, il faut en faire un vers lyrique
Envers ceux dont l'écho dépasse bien la France:
Respect très à propos, grâce à leur diligence,
Au temps consacré aux mutations technologiques.
Entendant les propos de chaque conférence
L'on trie le vrai du faux du travail à distance.
Il faut la Duvigneau, la presse Aïcardique!
Entre REALITE et les rêves de demain
Réponse est A TE LIRE et trouver son chemin!

L'Atelier: l'Internet a marqué
A ux pratiques qui changeront nos vies.
Technologies bousculent l'homme qui
Essaie enfin de voir, de formuler,
Les convergences issues du monde IP,
Images renvoyant à l'infini.
Entre des choix importants, indécis,
Restent des juges trop_sous informés,
Entre les rêves et la réalité
A te lire on guette. Qui a compris
Les enjeux dont le sort reste aujourd'hui
Ici et maintenant, 'la liberté'
Toujours est-il qu'une spirale aspire
En tourbillon voix, voies, de l'avenir.

Jonathan ROBIN

Attolent From The Air

An atoll is it
that I see or a cloud born
by turquoise blue sea

Jonathan ROBIN

Attollent From The Air

An atoll is it
that I see or a cloud born
by turquoise blue sea

Jonathan ROBIN

Auguries Of Innocence After William Blake Auguries Of Innocence - The Bat

Auguries of Innocence I

The bat that blocked will fall, Time's sway
will bowl both balls and pads away.

Auguries of Innocence II

The bat that flits too close will leave
a brain too tight, which won't believe...

Auguries of Innocence III

The bat that sucks will even out
red, white, - leave blue without a doubt...

[c] Jonathan Robin parody William Blake Auguries of Innocence – The Bat 29 July
1991 – Parodies Robert BLAKE – Auguries of Innocence

Auguries of Innocence – The Bat

The bat that flits at close of eve
has left the brain that won't believe.

Auguries

The bat that blocks at close of play
stays on to hit another day.

Jonathan ROBIN

Autumn Sunbeams

Autumn sunbeams light on wild wood track
Undulating over, under, through
The breezing branches, waving forwards, back.
Undergrowth shivers. Golden leaves bestrew
Merlin's fabled forest fastness fair.
Nature, rich, replete with harvest crop
Anticipates beyond autumnal air
Understanding seasonsal cycles drop
Through time to range across the centuries,
Underwriting transience as change
Makes merry in the room which birds and bees
Name Umber phase between hot Summer's strange
TUMescence and harsh Winter's hibernation,
Numbing yet preparing Spring's gestation.

Jonathan ROBIN

Avant - French Translation Before The World Was Made William Butler Yeats

Si aux cils noirs j'ajouterais du fard,
Si de mes yeux j'en fais deux étincelles,
Si je trace aux lèvres un trait écarlate
tout en demandant si c'est naturel
aux glaces que je passes, et aux miroirs.
Aucune vanité ne s'y révèle:
Je cherche ce visage que j'enfantait
Avant que le monde ne soit créé.

Qu'importe si je jette mon regard
sur quelqu'un comme un amant éternel,
mon sang cependant restant glacé, froid,
le coeur impassif, ancré dans le gel?
Pourquoi doit-il se sentir à l'écart
interprétant la trahison cruelle?
Qu'il aime ce qui a pu exister
Avant que le monde ne soit créé.

Before the World was Made
If I make the lashes dark
And the eyes more bright
And the leaps more scarlet,
Or ask if all be right
From mirror after mirror,
No vanity's displayed:
I'm looking for the face I had
Before the world was made.

What if I look upon a man
As though on my beloved
And my blood be cold the while,
And my heart unmoved?
Why should he think me cruel
Or that he is betrayed?
I'd have him love the thing that was
before the world was made.

Jonathan ROBIN

Awakening For Seasons

Alarm call signal beeps, wakes life to hope.
While vague, untidy heap stirs, seeking soap.
Above white sheets eyes peep – ‘collide a scope’
Knaps excerpt from sleep's waves, attempts to cope
Extracts dream-echoes deep which telescope
Nano half-lives, fragile figments elope.
Isolated fragments salmon-surface grope
Now mid the mind's adjustments, knot loose rope,
Glimpse anchors dreams yet keeps thoughts in their scope.
Flashes snow sheep show, recounted hope
Of t[r]apping spring of sleep... dream's periscope.
Rise above life's challenge slope!
SEA-change awaits as crocus, once snowbound,
SONg sings which trees decks green, gifts green to ground.

7 December 1991 revised 12 April 2008

Jonathan ROBIN

Awakening Shapes Awakening

.....Altogether
.....as..g00d..is
.....in.....all.....as
....all....within...its
..... one
..... time
.....cocoon
hibernating anticipating
due....awakening....dew
lips....empowered....sips
may....taste-paste....way
set.....rediscover.....met
pre....post ripples....see
..to.....forget.....is
.....out of context
Memory stream continuity
Encourages parallel tracks
forwards in out flash backs
remain just.....our optical
conclusions.....or synaptic
illusions.....as retinal
stop-gap.....images to
compensate.....sate rate
equating.....unknown
to known.....as sown
seeds.....chance
blown mock all....mankind's odd
egoist temporal....misconceptions ->

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Jonathan ROBIN

Awning

Responding to the soul that seeks true Way
One sees shared light, delights that prayer, prey,
Occupy space better traced in play
Mending blending.

Whimsical the beat that spurns defeat
Impounding sounds still striving to complete
Timeless aspirations. Why compete?
Hands spread for giving.

Outcast is care as fair life's future fare
Turnaround Cause and Effect prepare,
Dreams revive, alive, revile despair
Omens rough refelting.

Of night's perils none remain despite
Regrets on others often lost when flight
Simpler seemed than search. Views flash insight
Rare, stop brash pretending.

One scent Life tracked is turning cold,
One more for you new cards could hold,
Maybe to free, in key, behold
Wor[l]dwide ranging.

In tandem totems false could be
Topsy-turvy turned, to see
Humanity, so much at sea,
Outreach beginning.

Unhesitatingly this rhyme,
Tale tells to welcome well sublime
Drives out vainglory's storied crime, -
One never-ending.

On thought-frame polychrome fair maid's
Renaissance resonates as fades
Spineless cynicism's spades
Restrictions ending.

Eyes again are open wide,
SPin from confusion, hope denied,
ONce more to core beliefs inside -
SEnd signals worth defending...

Jonathan ROBIN

B.P. Stands For Burst Pipeline, Well Indeed

From Gulf of Mexico oiled shockwaves spread.
Transparency seen foiled in soiled rigged game
which seabirds sees seized up, face down, instead
of right to free flight exercized. Cry shame!

Slack shortcuts taken, Senate hearings show,
B.P. stands for Burst Pipeline, well indeed,
come chickens home to roost as oil s[lick] flow
engulfs fish, bird, goo bayou, won't recede.

Man's proved his own worst enemy again.
Slick lobby spin jerks politicians' pockets,
perks irk, pollution oils wheels, greed for gain
pre-empts clean options, billing drilling docket.

Dwell well on slick Horizon well, burst pipe
too close to home serves notice: change is ripe!

Jonathan ROBIN

Babe And Book

When you read through this book
I invite you to look
not only at paintings and pictures,
but please pay attention
to all that they mention
each lesson, its morals or strictures.

For the reason, my dear,
though it may not appear
upon superficial perusal,
is the book's is designed
to improve your young mind,
Lucinda, we won't brook refusal.

(26 December 1977)

Jonathan ROBIN

Babylon - Pride Before Fall

Unwilling, weak, we witness our last lay.
Wars waged by gartered knights in armour gay
against souls sinful sunk 'neath Satan's sway,
belong, like so much else to yesterday.
Fine fanfares for fair faithful fighting fray
to global warming cede the stage today
as instant information access may
sway opinions, on our conscience weigh.

Once 'right' and 'wrong' upon square world were known
in black and white ere printer first bound tome,
when Peter's pope prayed, powerless, in Rome,
while pinhead angels played before His throne.
The scales of Pride and Prejudice few weigh
until grim reaper cuts all hope from stay
prolonged protecting vested interests, way
too biased to chance dance life's cabaret.

Survival of the fittest now gives way
to survival of the fattest, curds and whey,
while those who seek asylum have to pay
for basic rights, obtain no legal stay
of judgement before expulsion and, bouquet,
to cap it all fall into trap, dismay,
when base manipulation will convey
pride, prejudice as order of the day.

Hexagonal seemed cells in honeycomb,
top-down, fixed, feudal, God, King, hearth and home,
now times a'changing 'neath night's starry dome,
pomp's pump prepares no rainbow polychrome
to bridge ridge earthquake cracks West's playboy bray
must meet as Nature with a vengeance may
role reverse self-righteous roundelay,
dissolve pride's ride, philosophies passé.

Brash West feasts c[r]ash upon a foreign fast day,
fourteen billion hungryhands despise delay,
traditions, preconceptions, waste away,

wither, whither steals hope held at bay.
Cruel paradox: man's caravanserai
saves those who formerly as potter's clay
would crack, presumed too helpless. Right of way
for those with special needs feeds no in-tray.

The hills and dales our ancestors would roam
are now farmed out, exploited, while we comb
dark ocean deeps for oil, enriching gnome,
see, helpless, arid step[pe]s dust fertile loam
turned desert, naught replacing timber'd holm,
while cancer flows from twisted chromosome
as genes Monsanto seeds, blastocytome
compound endemic crises as we stroom.

A few, while sun still shines, greed-filled, make hay
at the expense of most, who day-to-day
and hand-to-mouth must strive, unwilling prey
of those enjoying Babylon's payday.
Unfeeling Man reels deathwards through decay,
fires fossil fuels compounding carbon spray,
polluting lungs – soon, hung, we'll surely sway.
Ice-melt sea levels rise `gainst background grey.

Fresh fault-lines found from Omsk to Baffin Bay,
clock ticks, for climate change will not not obey
wishful thinking crass communiqués
from gospel politicians' sermon tray.
Ice melts, tornadoes twist, and an array
of plagues, corrupted pirats do away
with balance mind, kind weakness find, display
self-centeredness sustaining power-play.

Wounded world seeks vengeance as astray
strays sanity, while waywards some portray
dichotomies between dreams' s[c]ent bouquet
and instability dire facts betray.
Tsunamis tidal swamp towns, drown today,
earthquakes pride deride as faraway
too close for comfort has become, will weigh
on global village that has lost its way.

Jonathan ROBIN

Balare - 1784 - We Sprinkle Stardust On Each Day

We sprinkle stardust on each day
spread joy through nightly dream,
love grows in oh! so many ways
expanding ever, seems
to welcome shared perceptions, beam
leaves haze maze, finds 'amaze! '

We sprinkle sunshine on each night
delight thread through day's fray,
light filters through as wings for flight
disperse Past's grey dismay,
thus day through day and night through night
we grow, glow, flow, sow, stay
united as true team whose trip
from alpha to omega
shows heart to heart and lip to lip
where every day more eager
sees shared advance which shall nor slip
nor fret should scope seem meager.

Infinite opportunity
succeeding days provide,
as happiness, community,
two heads, twinned hearts allied,
ignores external unity
discovers joy inside.

(8 July 2008)

Jonathan ROBIN

Ballade Of Ultimate Necessity, An Encore - Parody

Author Unknown

You ask again, I'm feeling even worse,
again the morning mail has brought more bills,
their influence on mind I find perverse
while work falls kind of outside all my skills.
The sinews stiffen, blood once warm soon chills,
with checkbook cancelled, debts the soul submerge,
one cannot bless these monetary ills,
and therefore compensate with this poor verse.

The times are bleak, I cannot reimburse,
the bank foreclosure cries, with fear instills.
The world's a stage but aptly who'd rehearse,
though roles are many, all the bitter pills
to swallow when one's pale about the gills
and grievance nurse from cradle to the hearse
as what is given, - Time takes back and kills -
which we anticipate in further verse.

In days of old when bard could gold disburse,
and magic casements oped on sunny rills,
the happy mind could roam with ample purse,
and feathered nest. ... The flight of fancy fills
a further page for sharpening Life's quills
before to earth it tumbles with a curse
ere butter melts in mouth, before milk spills.

ENVOI

Time smiles, the sickle rises, then it kills.
The scene, once acted out, none may reverse.
The world spins onwards, careless of Man's wills, -
I cannot find the will to write more verse!

Jonathan ROBIN

Ballooning Blue Hopes

Ballooning hopes speed, seed scope's light,
All clouds disperse, false fears take flight,
On future fair grace places dreams
On past despair trace fades, it seems
Ingenuous finds fresh delight.
Black holes prove mirage, out of sight.
Unrestricted, beach born beams
Energize as joy esteems
Horizons boundless, blue and bright,
Pleasure spirit and excite
Enthusiastic promised day
Spirits dark troubles, cares away.

Jonathan ROBIN

Ballroom Dance

She waits on dance floor's brink to think
of future fair ahead,
holds hands with wonder's link to ink
hope's scope, heart looks ahead.
She dreams beyond time's veil heart's tale
to share where most, mundane,
can compromise, fears fast disguise
past disenchantments' pain.
One, pushed by chance requests a dance,
advance accepted freely,
naught false with waltz, no step askance,
as time signs twine ideally.

She sways into vest, chest enthused
to rhythms heart may start
to startle starlit sky, refused
is hibernation. Dart
from Cupid obeys true interplay
anticipations meets,
where each day's reach may break away
from cares, and, sharing, greets
dreams blessed as fears fade, future clears
metamorphosis wished,
renewed zest's treasure chest. All ears
unlocked, shared dance is relished.

She leans, he seizes day and sees
shared opportunities
where Love love frees to please, to tease,
at ease beneath palm trees.
Joy now she understands all lands
by rainbow bridge are spanned,
as mountain lies at peace neath skies
where providence joins hands
with laughter, light, by day, by night,
by insight spurred to fly
on wings of white to true delight.
Acceptance seeks no 'Why? '

Jonathan ROBIN

Bare Hand Bear Lands Blow

Barehanded bear lands blow upon black snout
And knocks out adversary with one blow,
Right hand awaits while left waves to and fro,
Eye contact, jab, and then a swift knock-out.
Handle with care who fortune's roundabout
Attempts to do dare, as vengeance is not slow,
Nor can one ursine cub that needs to grow
Defend himself against an onslaught, flout
Beararm tactics, skilled without a doubt,
Extremely able, tabled fast, and, so,
All should be wary when they're challenged, know
Rapid counter-moves or lose their bout.
LANDS lost and mating chance hang on game's choice,
BLOW hot and cold. Blow stills opponent's voice.

(11 January 2013)

Jonathan ROBIN

Baring Facts

Two hundred years tradition at a toss
was sacrificed to cover trading loss,
as cover insufficient was the way
that bankrupted the bank of Baring Bros.

When tale of woe from Singapore left poor
to drink the bitter lees the son whose door
is darkened by that confidence astray,
while Leeson's in the Nick, but how long for?

They were sad tidings, difficult to bear,
the larder raided left the cupboard bare,
the bears and bulls left piper pipped to pay
the cost with bearings lost, all's blackballed there.

An option culled upon the sea of time,
an acorn saved two centuries till prime,
is cut from base at rate of knots, but say,
in fifty years who here will care a dime.

Jonathan ROBIN

Barter, Bait

Montezuma's tomb hides treasure hold,
or dust some Spanish pride parade would spade?
Beauty, barter bait, alluring gold,
justified atrocity crusade
conquistadors concocted. Soon, slave sold,
nation fell from grace, its customs fade.
Nothing can escape Time's stranglehold
for what remains of Cortez' cavalcade,
white plumes, bright armour, in cold grave are laid.

(8 August 2007)

Jonathan ROBIN

Bastille Day

While fireworks exploded overhead,
worn women walked the street,
proffering for a space tired breasts torn bed,
at corners indiscrete,
their self-respect and shoddy stockings shed
in sticky summer heat.

While Paris echoed to the proud parade,
police patrolled their beat.
Atomic arms were to the crowd displayed,
already obsolete.
President passed as brass band brashly played,
agendas read deceit.

T-shirt tourists trampled city sights,
for them it was a treat,
and thronged the Louvre, stared from Eiffel's heights
till silver stars did greet
the careworn clochards sleeping out the nights
come rain, come snow or sleet.

While politicians praised a Press once free
with slogans slick and neat,
they stifled much dissent and liberty
with speeches sick and sweet,
sent riflemen to hush rivalry,
yet taxes bare-faced cheat.

While platitudes were penned, rehearsed, why then
an angry crowd might meet,
for them, the unemployed, one million men,
unmet bills, no bills for meat,
marched with shop-worn wives and anxious children,
not words awaited, wheat.

This fateful day is feted far and wide,
remembering a feat
that to the tumbril took a tyrant, tried,
beheaded, sin replete.

But leaders of the revolution lied:
A fresh revolt is mete!

Jonathan ROBIN

Be At Ease As Poet

Behind the poet's weighting game
Encouraging free mind to test
All limits passed, Life flits, just jest
To spendthrift share, its end the same
End meets whatever tears or zest
Are shed within our brief time-frame.
Sustained creation's doubly blessed,
Expresses much, yet mocks vain fain
As fit for those who'd talents tame
Surrendering free choice, impressed
Perchance by base externals pressed
Out over reputation lame.
Ease grows through harmony, on cue
Transforms to guest strange reader's view.

Jonathan ROBIN

Be At! Abet- Or Beat A Bet?

BE AT! ABET- or BEAT A BET?

Bilingual talent is a game
Enjoyed to stretch the mind, to test
A thought with humour - life's a jest
To spend although the end the same
Remains - regardless tears or zest.
Intrinsic to the ludic frame
Creative rite writes 'on[e] is best' -
Eternity inters all fame.

26 June 1996

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Jonathan ROBIN

Beacon Beckon

Old greenfingers sow
rich garden's pregnant promise
which others must know.

(26 July 2006)

Jonathan ROBIN

Beast Year For Robin Lost Among The Stars After Claude Roy Bestiaire Du Rouge Gorge

Between two stars pert robin found
far had it flown, yet no surprise
it felt to be so outward bound
miles high, where smile defied the skies.

Redbreast soft sings, one is enough
to stem disaster all around,
ten trillion stars this ball of fluff
saw millions more cheep's cheek astound.

Earth thereto lends an ear, at ease
its warmth wells from each leafy mound,
an echo riding on the breeze
told kitten's sneeze, bees gold abound.

Eternal silence sleep prevents,
how is the weaver by waft wound?
Where bell tolled echo reinvents
what sense retained by spiral sound?

What feels the hound for harried hare,
and what the hunter for the hound?
What feels the roundabout and where
should interest g[r]o[we] when it's compound?

What feels the clearing for deer's [t]race?
How feels the blood for heart's thud pound?
Star spars with insight and bad grace
when noisy strangers float around.

Star seeks LOVE's meaning, ever bold,
what COLD means, how old men expound
on ALWAYS when within Death's fold
all souls are soon called underground.

Bird song still seeks sure Way to wave
cross star-crossed dream, by sadness bound:

Star ponders Mankind's endless crave,
which only by the grave is crowned.

Jonathan ROBIN

Beata Elizabeth

Beyond time's wall what scene is set
Eden's wish whet? or Lethe wet?
As wistful look closed book perceives
Time swallows all while beauty grieves
At evanescence, doomsday met.
Entrapped all mortals are, beget
Life for a season, for fall's leaves
Inters as dust all Man conceives.
Zero sum rule of thumb, each bet
Alas seems, double-blind roulette
Ball calls black wrack while victim heaves
Extenuated sigh, bereaves
The search for traces all forget.
Here dawn's in pawn, by dusk paid debt,
Bloom sere on stem, threads interweave
Events and causes, petty peeve
And high ideal peel off, Death's net
Takes all, calls bluff, rough, smooth, soothe, fret.
Awake, asleep, deep, light, believe
Each reaches for some signed reprieve,
Life answers dreams with epithet
Inane as pain, disdain, pour. Yet
Zoom in on sundial: none achieve
Autonomy, life's make-believe
Behind mind's phantom mime, cold sweat
Extinguished soon as amorette
Turns just dust, rust no soul retrieves,
Hurt heart outpoured ignored, jet set
Beggars share unredeemed regret.
Ephemeral, brief stays deceive
As last-gasp fails when Reaper's sheave
Together binds good, evil, upset
Are plans of mice and men. Rossette,
Exiled, proves faith wraith, baseless bet
Life uploads ere dumb tomb receives
Inglorious remains wreath wreathes.
Zig-zag between birth berth duet,
Add R.I.P. or urned tablet,
Bitter-sweet each journey proves

ETHereal, trace Time removes.

Jonathan ROBIN

Beauty And The Beast

Upon his cash she'd gloat and feast,
his mind concerned her not the least.
She from portfolio took note,
he on her beauty hung his coat.

Was this a fair exchange, brash beast,
to beauty bound? Affection ceased.
Bright diamond river b[r]ought her vote
but could not keep creep's boat afloat.

From kowtow vow she sought release
while he refused her palms to grease,
soon each was at each other's throat
nor sought to reconcile, emote.

Too bad amoral range should [s]team:
to add a moral strange would seem.

Jonathan ROBIN

Beauty Is Truth, Truth Beauty

The poet's lyre afire responds to braid
heart's comfort to art's artistry at play
Truth Beauty, Beauty Truth John Keats would say,
Endymion, reflection which won't fade.
Beauty through the eye's beholder made
an echo of eternity which may
shine well beyond the veil where night and day
frame shadow-shapes that slip away, afraid.
Beyond time's rhyme shines Beauty as obeyed
are pattern codes diverse as snowflakes fey,
each unique however short their stay,
yet each to each conjoined as love, light weighed
Between life's lines as silk skein all adore,
Beauty's theme whose waves wash timeless shore.

Modest maiden bashful blinks,
blushing beauty cream the rose
regrets for envy's icy snows
cannot compete with light that links
across time lines as life-force flows
to ransom Time while Brahma winks.

Beauty spans life's cycle spinning through
word, deed, and act, both outer, inner, form,
may, drawn though space, enchant, and thus inform
the common mortal magic must ring true.
Beauty spirals through straight lines to cue
into life's circus circle, shine and storm,
night, day, rest play, surpass codes cuniform.
All may show glow's flow, flow's glow, renew
kaleidoscope eternal which we knew
we knew before, will after know, as norm
is superceded by sensations warm
that swarm within, outside sin, rise, fall, coup
de grâce as grace folds mantle over all
reflection, echoes soul's perfection call.

Jonathan ROBIN

Bee Lines

Past and Present's argument:
busy bee belligerent
pollen gummy complement
bagged we present, buzzing by.

Season spent, none can prevent
destiny's predicament
when hive honey government
planned obsolescent workers die.

Sediment by sediment,
shows history self-evident,
defines Time's judgement, no postponement,
no atonement, 'vein' appeals deny.

Inconsequent experiment,
memory once fulgurant,
lacking, runny, insouciant
semi-senescent, streams awry.

I came, I went, to what intent?
R.I.P. advertisement?
Time's jokes, sad-funny, represent
transient moment's magician fly.

Permanent no monument.
'Ici gît' lost figurant,
sad or sunny temperament,
No recommencement, Death draws nigh.

Heaven sent or Hell's descent?
Seeking key see reverent
Christian, Sunni for portent
all-omniscient search the sky.

Sojourn tent is non-event.
Time flies by, moon gib, crescent.
Fame's gin, rummy, trump-trap vent
turns acescent, none know why.

Sentiment harsh, well-meant,
share same sigh, acquiescent,
proud or puny, soon repent,
share same statement, shroud cowed lie.

Cold, confident, or bland, ament,
trembling shy, bold, insolent,
see aims crumbly fade, fragment,
hopes deliquescent ossify.

Circumvent predicament?
Though all try, fool and pedant,
jester dummy document,
share passing cry.

Life is lent, fleet fleece rent:
mortality deliquescent,
laughs at money supplement,
soon putrescent, low and high.

So, no comment. Evanescent
humanity effervescent,
you, I, insectae represent
torment lament: born to die.

(11 October 2006)

Jonathan ROBIN

Before The Fall For Annie Boudet

Love was for me framed in eternity.
Whispering and wooing, in our sleek youth happy,
where air and water seek dry sand,
there far from others of the band,
fair hearts held high, her hand my hand, together linked were we.

The doves of love were cooing in Cupid's company;
above our heads bright stars did shine,
spread out in soft light milky line,
shed silver on the sacred shrine of her divinity.

Through time the scene reviewing, with no uncertainty,
thread perfect wed, divine design,
rose vision sworn, reflection fine,
whose face sublime fond Earth did sign to grace humanity.

We cared not, to undoing, we dared 'to be' to be,
before rash fires of passion fanned,
before, as ashes, pyres were panned;
ere separation, forced or planned, diverted destiny.

Is love, for thee, still certainty?

Jonathan ROBIN

Begging The Question

Who puts all eggs in one basket
bawls all begs in one ask it.

If you'd put all your eggs in one basket,
then put all your begs in one ask it.

Jonathan ROBIN

Behind Sphinx Smile

Silent synapses thread fa[r]ce fate,
'to end the heart-ache and the natural shocks
that flesh is heir to" leaves life's stumbling block's
causal button pressed to eliminate
one cycle while preparing second date
evolving karmic chain that time unlocks
to ease, to tease mortal disease yet mocks
all efforts before wiping clean life's slate.
No need and no beginning. Early, late,
hold meaning only for vain weather cocks
where east leads west, where north, south, test the box
Pandora left. Don't overestimate
apparent reasons, rhymes of season's trial:
truth many seek, few find behind sphinx smile.

(22 September 2009)

The time has come to cut the thread of fate,
'to end the heart-ache and the natural shocks
that flesh is heir to' leave life's stumbling blocks
and press the button to eliminate
one cycle while preparing second date
evolving karmic chain that time unlocks
to ease, to tease, our life disease which mocks
all efforts before wiping clean the slate.
No need and no beginning. Early, late,
hold meaning only for vain weathercocks
where east leads west, where north, south, test the box
Pandora left, let man manipulate
the rhyme and reason of each season's trial,
Which many seek, few find behind sphinx smile.

(8 March 2006)

Jonathan ROBIN

Behind Surface Smile

More important than a pretty face
is mind behind the surface smile, which shows
comprehensive understanding, knows
heart's different from head, yet still can trace
essential links while treating every case
light-heartedly, rema[r]king patterns' flow,
both those outside and those which, hidden, glow.
Life offers opportunities, true, base,
emphasizing timing, touching base
with principles unshakeable. Who sows
in joy sage seeds will harvest trust. Who blows
loves kisses misses naught, at last finds grace.
An agile mind with humour well combined
must tolerance embrace, contentment find.

Jonathan ROBIN

Bell's Palsy Ii – Number Seven Optic Nerve

Number seven optic nerve, now numb,
taken for granted, normally ignored,
leaves facial features slanted. Voice, not dumb,
answers questions with weak monochord.
Flesh elastic flaccid has become,
control relinquished, hanging on a word.
Vision peripheral blurred. Though rule of thumb
Provides for time-line, faculties restored,
Frustration, hope, play hide-and-seeK, mind glum,
stares awry at some lop-sided smile. Record
of former glory plays back yet stays mum.
May this as an example serve, health granted
For future learning curve can't be transplanted.

Jonathan ROBIN

Bell's Palsy I Penned Stroke On Stroke Penned - Optimistic In...Sight

Bell's Palsy I

December turns November's page.
Assumptions artificial,
priorities age must regauge
of ease so superficial
the tenets, try to disengage
from palsy interstitial,
periphery extend sans rage
ineptly hit-and-missile.
Paralysis as passing stage
perceived though prejudicial
as challenge met we trust will wage
war on clock lock official,
ensuring both for sot and sage
return to strength initial...

II

Bell's Palsy II – Number Seven Optic Nerve

Number seven optic nerve, now numb,
taken for granted, normally ignored,
leaves facial features slanted. Voice, not dumb,
answers questions with weak monochord.
Flesh elastic flaccid has become,
control relinquished, hanging on a word.
Vision peripheral blurred. Though rule of thumb
Provides for time-line, faculties restored,
Frustration, hope, play hide-and-see, mind glum,
stares awry at some lop-sided smile. Record

of former glory plays back yet stays mum.

May this as an example serve, health granted
For future learning curve can't be transplanted.

3 December 2007 revised 8 August 2008

Bell's Palsy III - Recounting Countdown

Recounting Countdown

Ache, Pain, Depression, urgently await
attention as emergencies are laid
side by side, some prostrate, some afraid,
upon their stretchers shored by metal gate.
Space occupied all patients would vacate
but hold their breath in queue, minds dwell on spade,
'til rest for good or evil is repaid
as egos and identities deflate.
One stroke starts life, one more: it is too late
to draw conclusions, seek to be obeyed,
order, plan, or question fate, for, frayed,
lives braid unravels, saint and reprobate
have date with waters of forgetfulness,
all waves goodbye. 'Unknown at that address.'

3 December 2007

Bell's Palsy IV - Shocks and Spills

There seems no antidotage panacea
reversing wrinkles, shrinkles, age's ills.
Alzheimer and ten thousand shocks and spills
'that flesh is heir to' when sense slows, goes queer.
Alert at ninety, by all near held dear,

is not the common lot, sight fails, slight chills
mutate despite most modern doctors' wills.
None stem time's tide. Horizons disappear.
Thus treat each day as treat, ignoring fear
and angst that fear of fear itself instills
as petal power from past pride's flower fills
time's rills as, falling, death's felt calling near.
Paralysis if temporary finds
incentive to reboot inventive minds.

4 December 2007 revised 9 January 2009

Bell's Palsy V - Perpetual Paradox

Tomorrow and tomorrow once appeared
to set [h]our petty pace 'til end of time,
where openly men close door showing climb
must fall precede, all seed from cropped corn sheared.
To slime returns those who, too highly geared,
presume on life's lease until palsy's rhyme -
Bell rung, wrung peace, piecemeal cut off in prime.
Paradox perpetual, decks cleared,
stage silent, godless or godfearing jeered,
or curtain cheered at end of pantomime,
no castle under lime, soaked sods turn grime
to mock man's half-cock pride ride disappeared.
No longer cocky, finite jokes, choked, fade,
Cock crows, then silence, banter's banner frayed.

4 December 2007 revised 8 August 2008

Bell's Palsy VI - The Years

Challenge met, or coward debt, the years
inter regrets, bets lost or won. Fame flamed
soon's watered down, crown tumbled, wild time tamed.
Abandoned aims, irrelevance, tapped tears
exchange youth's free spring for shoe-string trapped fears

with all but self unjustifiably blamed
through insecurity or shame self-shamed.
First wait, then weight, agenda filled soon clears,
slate empty, sleight of hand forgotten, biers
prepared as palsy claims both hale and maimed,
'to sleep perchance to dream', game unacclaimed,
today here, gone tomorrow, sorrow steers
triumph towards forgetfulness, ignored
are shallow minds, emotions deep outpoured.

4 December 2007 revised 9 January 2009

Bell's Palsy VII - Unwinking Wit

Who once dissolved defenses, insight deep,
now lies constrained, can't set smile's record straight,
remains in limbo, rhyming wait with weight,
while unresponsive muscles seek lost sleep.
Awake, asleep, dry eye must ever peep,
asleep, awake, lop-sided lips mouth late
and early struggle to articulate.
Paralysis struck swiftly, on guard keep
a wary eye while weary brain can't weep,
aware must wait while nerve link reprobate
plays tricks twixt life and Styx, active, probate.
Wit winks while eyelid left behind can't creep.
Two thirds recuperation prognosis
seems lot or little turning on Fate's kiss.

4 December 2007

Bell's Palsy VIII - From Hale to Pale

Transpiration rains, stains sheets
as fiery fever overheats,

resistance encounters fixèd frown
as shivers flow from toe to crown.
Flesh challenges a viral band
subcutaneous and underhand.
From hale to pale man's tale must meet
trail end conclusion with heartbeats
accelerating 'til, peaks spanned,
the pulse falls silent, pride unmanned.
To other matters turns a town
whose wit walls tall Time whittles down.

Hope's promises spin scope's deceits,
will's health spills wealth, itself defeats,
to common earth uncommon noun
descends, all ends, worms' winding gown.
No guarantees, none understand
Canute's complaint, tide's vain command.
Mind wanders, speech seems out of reach
to numb lips dumb, example teach
of soundless song, numb tongue can't preach.
Imagination plays the clown
with hopes and fears, tears can't course down
for lachrymosal saraband
well tainted, dries, laments waste land.

4 December 2007 revised 9 January 2009

Bell's Palsy IX - Unexpected

The blow fell unexpectedly. Through senses
stabilized, peripheral vision dropped,
sight blurring, palsy light, field, focus cropped,
by hanging eyelid slack. One lacked defences.
The body, ill-prepared, lost eye lined fences
symmetrical because some muscles stopped
reflex reflections, on the hop caught, flopped
out dry-eyed. For most, the shock immense is.

Hospital - with zero sum expenses -
in Paris proved eye-opener when chopped
capacity de[p]leted. For who've shopped
around for cheap insurance, confidence is
dependant upon damage to the brain
until luck sets the record straight again.

4 December 2007 slightly revised 9 January 2009

Bell's Palsy X - Date With Ephemerality

Death draws our existential veil ajar
As far too close for comfort end appears
To jar hour conscious introspection, clears
External trappings' deck of pimped pomp's power.
Will fades as spade cold ashes stirs. Spark's char
Is comfort cold indeed. Tomorrow fears
Today's pearled sweat beads lead to heedless bier.
Hope, scope, ambitions, fall as shooting star
Evanescence illustrates - space-bar
Perpetuation mocks as farce, 'tis clear,
Hence now, tomorrow nothing, presses here.
EMotions on Time's oceans fade afar.
ERA over, memory departs,
Life That Yearns Time spurns, fresh cycle starts.

Acrostic Sonnet DATE WITH EPHEMERALITY written 4 December 2007

Bell's Palsy XI - Schemes Dreamed

Before the clock rang four nine sonnets sprang
spontaneous as rain on window pane
drummed up old drams while drowning out cold pain,
symphonic salvos which strange pattern sang.

Mouth, paralysed, retained an acrid tang,
mind free, yet captive, found both loss and gain,
schemes dreamed to conjur up lost wit again,
discomfort caught, dismissed eye's mist, lip's hang.
Nor cause for whimpers, nor earth-shaking bang,
life side tied, right maintains refrain
in sonnet write from which one can't refrain,
ignoring rhyme rules homonyms would ban.
Beside a lamplit bed one, shadowed, lies,
Another bed, with other ties, sad sighs.

5 December 2007

Bell's Palsy XII - On Dort

Numb, number seven optic nerve
from sacred mission seemed to swerve,
no forewarning was observed,
nor premonition ere encore.

Facial features paralysed,
symetry quite jeopardized,
lip and eye anaesthetized,
and no volition, so 'on dort'.

5 December 2007

note: On Dort French - (One is) sleeping

Bell's Palsy XIII - Virus, Virus

Virus, virus striking fast,
will you get your man at last?
brush his pomp and pride away,

no tomorrow for today?
In life's nerveless nervy vale
gods and goods prove no avail.
What withstands bands viral? Use
of eye and mouth the fates refuse,
as what once bloomed for one sweet hour
finds doomed, entombed, its finite power.

Palsy puts an end to winking,
but it should not stop one thinking,
There is something missing, missing,
where mouth, unmoving, miss kissing.
Eyelid slack, blue view unblinking,
tearless turns upon scene drinking
in absurdity cross-crissing
reference points, all bliss dismissing.

Virus, virus failing fast,
crisis now seems over, passed
to other eyes, their season seize
with seizure he who sees soon flees.
Although one week, weak overcast
impatient patient lay downcast,
modern medicine soon frees
the system from discomfort's freeze
as tears cascade to show again
that happiness may flow sans peine.

Parody after Ann and Jane Taylor Twinkle, Twinkle, little star and William Blake
Tyger written 5 December 2007

Bell's Palsy XIV - Dew Diligence

Dew diligence when eyelid is denied
control of wink, when blink becomes a feat
beyond the ken of mice and men, conceit
melts to humility, while cares abide.
Heartbeat accelerates to concide
with worry, movements taken for a ride

by malady haphazard striking fleet.
Fixed expression canvas could complete
as flexibility falls to one side,
focus reduced, no longer far and wide,
too close for comfort, wanders off the beat.
Pride, knocked for skittles, cannot make ends meet,
patience, once praised, stays stage-struck, sorely tried.
Fixed interest stocks soar, gilt lining's sought
to train too slack to credit outlook taut.

5 December 2007

Bell's Palsy XV - Dissymmetry

Confusion from confusion must adjust
to face tomorrow's out of kilter grin
with humour 'til the specialists non-plussed
seize on season's reason, find win-win
solution to an accident now cussed
in no uncertain terms as worms begin
to lay their weight on current state where lust
must bridled be, - who'd seek as kith and kin
one open eye, one which retains unfussed
perspective, lacks control of muscle spin
to twin both sides in unison true, just.
Dissymmetry becomes a moral gin
and handicap self-evident, untrussed
is optic nerve from verse which would begin
to laugh at luck, continue tongue in cheek
to find new way to strength transformed from weak.

5 December 2007

Bell's Palsy XVI - To Test Frontiers

Inertia catalyzes swift reaction
testing limits unbeknownst before,

experienced elsewhere, though, we ignore
discomforts which might hamper freedom, action.
Impervious to muscular contraction,
left eyelid, lip, unable are to draw
lines which smile, frown designed, while vision poor
interferes, and adds unsought distraction.
In health, free from nervous petrification
few seek out illness, won't by choice explore
the options close to those that chance, gene flaw
or accident are trapped, lose speech, sight, traction.
Fresh emphasis on disabilities
should top the list of our priorities.

5 December 2007

Bell's Palsy XVII - Temptations

Blessed externals force the mind to turn
within to test perception shared by all
who, sight curtailed, or lost beyond recall,
must grasp at straws, effect and cause discern,
too well aware temptations bridges burn.
First impressions seem attained, ball
'questions aye's and no's', past free-for-all
is circumcised, undertain seems return
to 'normalcy' which, hitherto could earn
approval's hallmark stamp. Cramps now forestall
options infinite. Cut and dried, in thrall,
one's tied who far and wide went, wit withdrawn
from choice unlimited as on this page
fragility highlights restrictive cage.

5 December 2007

Bell's Palsy XVIII - Fragility

Ink flows as if it knows that tale once writ
cannot rephrase a passing phase whose light
too soon extinguished must merge into night
where sot or sage blot page, through age unfit.
We're puppets strung, hands wrung won't change a bit
repeated role enforced by karmic spite.
If free-will reigns, there's no pre-destined right
or wrong, no rung to heav'n, no roasting spit.
Through 'accident' or 'fate' fragility
in spotlight's thrown, 'to be, or not to be'
depends upon coincidence where rules
few follow with prescient authority.
Manage man age when palsied dry eye's numb
is out of reach with speech deformed, near dumb.

5 December 2007 revised 17 January 2008

Bell's Palsy XIX - Moving Finger Writes

Life's lease release few willing seek to peek
beyond the veil, to paradise, hell's burns,
or purgatory. All fear trough and peak,
'the vale from which no traveller returns'.
Who holds his peace, condemned by double-speak,
who acts his piece, slight recognition earns,
between the two what voice for choice may tweak
advancing chance, who causal dance discerns?
Confined, bedridden, both, unhappy lot
space, trace, forgot 'as finger writes, moves on'
priorities more pressing are addressed
as movement muscular remains forgot
in race towards oblivion upon
a dice throw, soon replaced by other g[u]est.

5 December 2007 revised 17 January 2009

Bell's Palsy XX - Infinite Designs

Comparisons with hindsight simple seem
when fateful footfall flays 'unkindest cut'
to sever fancy, fact, where yawns redeem
no nightmare fears when eyelid cannot shut.
No need to add to those prose screeds which teem
prolific on life's rhymeless time climb, but
terse verse may show dimensions unforeseen,
alternate aspects of ill health's dark rut,
reflections which on higher plane help gleam
hope's beacon 'fore life's final uppercut
replacing frown with fixed grin, skinless cut
from niche so 'indispensable' on team.
Palsy surprises, stimulating lines
upon creation's infinite designs.

5 December 2007 revised 17 January 2009

Bell's Palsy XXI - Lopsided

Sore cornea, slack lip, mind grind uncheered
are juxtaposed within this swift spun sonnet
as optic nerve's observed when crookèd, sheared,
recuperation's odds: few bet upon it.
Partnering frustration has appeared
unbridled spleen, an angry bee in bonnet,
weighing all options with perception cleared

of wishful thinking, been and gone and done it.
Paralysis shows fall from grace, grown beard
can't mask misfortune though mind tries to con it
committing rambling thoughts to paper smeared
with words erased, replaced, blue blot spots on it.
Lopsided outlook focus finds for mind
assailed by palsy it would leave behind.

5 December 2007 revised 17 January 2009

Bell's Palsy XXII – Match Met

Through metaphors one strikes symphonic chords,
sonnet metamorphosis complete,
one mirror image more before towards
tossed sleep's return's embossed on crinkled sheet.
One little cares for life's snares, strife filled street,
when sense of humour, dream denied, affords
itself the luxury of lines to beat
eternity's sharp introspective swords
to ploughshares. Match met, mighty pen would treat
itself to compensation's grained awards,
rewards grasped unexpected from defeat
when unresponsive jaws snatch victory
day, night, writes words dry eye can hardly see.

5 December 2007 revised 17 January 2009

Bell's Palsy XXIII – Ta[l]king for Granted

On palsy's cause no recitation
consensual has been agreed,
in any case fear, greed, elation,

soon sink however great the need
perceived to safeguard life's rank station
for illness executes trust deed.
What's blasphemy? what's profanation?
what prayer path may be decreed
when out of sight slips pagination?
Re-education may succeed
yet there's no fail-safe medication
providing progress guaranteed
to soothe uncalled for inflammation.

Who takes for granted daily feed
on dainties drawn from every nation,
gaily ignoring [s]he should heed
each morning's warning present station,
may t[r]ail to full stop won't succeed
in meeting deadlines, consternation
in turn encounters end indeed,
wormed, urned, CO² cremation.

Objections Death will supercede,
replaced by funeral oration.
No moral's offered. Rose and weed
first struggle, then succumb, vocation
shared by all flora, fauna, lead
reduced to naught `spite invocation
to greedy gods, bead creed, to speed
from illness into true salvation
redemption grant, emancipation.

5 December 2007 revised 17 January 2009

Jonathan ROBIN

Bell's Palsy Iii - Recounting Countdown

Ache, Pain, Depression, urgently await
attention as emergencies are laid
side by side, some prostrate, some afraid,
upon their stretchers shored by metal gate.
Space occupied all patients would vacate
but hold their breath in queue, minds dwell on spade,
'til rest for good or evil is repaid
as egos and identities deflate.
One stroke starts life, one more: it is too late
to draw conclusions, seek to be obeyed,
order, plan, or question fate, for, frayed,
lifes braid unravels, saint and reprobate
have date with waters of forgetfulness,
all waves goodbye. 'Unknown at that address.'

Jonathan ROBIN

Bell's Palsy Iv - Shocks And Spills

There seems no antidotage panacea
reversing wrinkles, shrinkles, age's ills.
Alzheimer and ten thousand shocks and spills
'that flesh is heir to' when sense slows, goes queer.
Alert at ninety, by all near held dear,
is not the common lot, sight fails, slight chills
mutate despite most modern doctors' wills.
None stem time's tide. Horizons disappear.
Thus treat each day as treat, ignoring fear
and angst that fear of fear itself instills
as petal power from past pride's flower fills
time's rills as, falling, death's felt calling near.
Paralysis if temporary finds
incentive to reboot inventive minds.

Jonathan ROBIN

Bell's Palsy IX - Unexpected

The blow fell unexpectedly. Through senses
stabilized, peripheral vision dropped,
sight blurring, palsy light, field, focus cropped,
by hanging eyelid slack. One lacked defences.
The body, ill-prepared, lost eye lined fences
symmetrical because some muscles stopped
reflex reflections, on the hop caught, flopped
out dry-eyed. For most, the shock immense is.
Hospital - with zero sum expenses -
in Paris proved eye-opener when chopped
capacity deleted. For who've shopped
around for cheap insurance, confidence is
dependant upon damage to the brain
until luck sets the record straight again.

Jonathan ROBIN

Bell's Palsy Sonnet Crown Frown

December turns November's shredded page.
Complacent assumptions artificial
lose centre stage, as spirit must reguage
priorities of ease so superficial,
review life's tenets, try to disengage
from nervous palsy interstitial.
Peripheral vision victim, without rage
as useless as ineptly hit-and-missile,
must see paralysis as passing stage
creating challenge prejudicial.
Patience is virtue helping mind to wage
war on clock, lock block, return to strength initial
though face awry perhaps for time to come,
number seven optic nerve now numb.

Number seven optic nerve, now numb,
taken for granted, normally ignored,
leaves facial features slanted.
Voice, not dumb, answers questions with weak monochord.
Flesh elastic flaccid has become,
control relinquished, hanging on a word.
Vision peripheral blurred. Though rule of thumb
provides for time-line, faculties restored,
frustration, hope, play hide-and-seek, mind glum,
stares awry at some lop-sided smile. Record
of former glory plays back yet stays mum.
Health is wealth we appreciate too late,
when illness strikes through accident or fate.

When illness strikes through accident or fate
attention's paid, emergencies are laid
side by side, some prostrate, some afraid,
upon their stretchers shored by metal gate.
Ache, Pain, Depression, urgently await
but hold their breath in queue, minds dwell on spade,
till rest for good or evil is repaid
as egos and identities deflate.
One stroke starts life, one more: it is too late
to draw conclusions, seek to be obeyed,

order, plan, or question fate, for, frayed,
life's braid unravels, saint and reprobate
rendezvous with hell or heaven freer,
There seems no antidotage panacea.

There seems no antidotage panacea
reversing wrinkles, shrinkles, age's ills.
Alzheimer and ten thousand shocks and spills
'that flesh is heir to' when sense slows, goes queer.
Alert at ninety, by all near held dear,
is not the common lot, sight fails, slight chills
mutate despite most modern doctors' wills.
None stem time's tide. Horizons disappear.
Thus treat each day as treat, ignoring fear
and angst that fear of fear itself instills
as petal power from past pride's flower fills
time's rills as, falling, death's felt calling near.
Paralysis reboots mind joys would reap -
awake, asleep, dry eye must ever peep.

Awake, asleep, dry eye must ever peep,
asleep, awake, lop-sided lips mouth late
and early struggle to articulate.
Paralysis struck swiftly, on guard keep
a wary eye while weary brain can't weep,
aware must wait while nerve link reprobate
plays tricks twixt life and Styx, active, probate.
Wit winks while eyelid left behind can't creep.
Who once dissolved defenses, insight deep,
now lies constrained, can't set smile's record straight,
remains in limbo, rhyming wait with weight,
while unresponsive muscles seek lost sleep.
Recuperation odds revered and feared,
to slime returns mime much too highly geared.

To slime returns mime much too highly geared,
presuming on life's lease till palsy's rhyme,
Bell rung, wrung peace, piecemeal cut off in prime,
paradox perpetual, decks cleared.
Stage silent, godless or godfearing jeered,
or curtain cheered at end of pantomime,
no castle under lime, soaked sods turn grime

to mock man's half-cock pride ride disappeared.
Tomorrow and tomorrow once appeared
to set [h]our petty pace 'til end of time,
where openly men close door showing climb
must fall precede, all seed from cropped corn sheared.
Wheel turns, dust dust returns, cost here's,
challenge met, or coward debt, lost years.

Challenge met, or coward debt, lost years
inter regrets, bets lost or won. Fame flamed
soon's watered down, crown tumbled, wild time tamed.
Abandoned aims, irrelevance, tapped tears
exchange youth's free spring for shoe-string trapped fears
with all but self unjustifiably blamed
through insecurity or shame self-shamed.
First wait, then weight, agenda filled soon clears,
slate empty, sleight of hand forgotten, biers
prepared as palsy claims both hale and maimed,
'to sleep perchance to dream', game unacclaimed,
today here, gone tomorrow, sorrow steers
triumph to rot forgotten, - which offence is.
The body, ill-prepared, lost eye lined fences

The body, ill-prepared, lost eye lined fences
symmetrical because some muscles stopped
reflex reflections, on the hop caught, flopped
out dry-eyed. For most, the shock immense is.
The blow fell unexpectedly. Through senses
stabilized, peripheral vision dropped,
sight blurring, palsy light, field, focus cropped,
by hanging eyelid slack. One lacked defences.
Hospital - with zero sum expenses -
in Paris proved eye-opener when chopped
capacity de[p]leted. For who've shopped
around for cheap insurance, confidence is
dependant on brain damage many mar.
Death draws our existential veil ajar.

Death draws our existential veil ajar
As far too close for comfort end appears
To jar hour conscious introspection, clears
External trappings' deck of pimped pomp's power.

Will fades as spade cold ashes stirs. Spark's char
Is comfort cold indeed. Tomorrow fears
Today's pearled sweat beads lead to heedless bier.
Hope, scope, ambitions, fall as shooting star
Evanescence illustrates - space-bar
Perpetuation mocks as farce, 'tis clear,
Hence now, tomorrow nothing, presses here.
EMotions on Time's oceans fade afar.
ERA over, memory departs,
Life That Yearns Time spurns, fresh cycle starts.

Life that yearns Time spurns, fresh cycle starts
departure fresh, or flesh distorted, pain
bedside companion, breaking caring hearts
unless luck sets the record straight again.
Two thirds recuperation on the charts
seems lot or little turning on Fate's kiss,
prognosis vague upsets all applecarts
over-optimism is felt amiss.
No longer cocky, finite jokes, choked, fade,
hide bound by palsy mind from hidebound free,
cock crows, then silence, banter's banner frayed
by muscles uncontrolled, which cannot key.
Pride melts with movements hampered, will defied,
dew diligence when eyelid is denied.

Dew diligence when eyelid is denied
control of wink, when blink becomes a feat
beyond the ken of mice and men, conceit
melts to humility, while cares abide.
Heartbeat accelerates to coincide
with worry, movements taken for a ride
by malady haphazard striking fleet.
Fixed expression canvas could complete
as flexibility falls to one side,
focus reduced, no longer far and wide,
too close for comfort, wanders off the beat.
Pride, knocked for skittles, cannot make ends meet,
patience, once praised, stays stage-struck, sorely tried.
Fixed interest stocks soar, dividends go bust,
confusion from confusion must adjust.

Confusion from confusion must adjust
to face tomorrow's out of kilter grin
with humour 'til the specialists non-plussed
seize on season's reason, find win-win
solution to an accident now cussed
in no uncertain terms as worms begin
to lay their weight on current state where lust
must bridled be, - who'd seek as kith and kin
one open eye, one which retains unfussed
perspective, lacks control of muscle spin
to twin both sides in unison true, just.
Dissymmetry becomes a moral gin
and handicap self-evident, untrussed
is optic nerve from verse which would begin
tongue in cheek to seek peak share attraction,
Inertia catalyzes swift reaction.

Inertia catalyzes swift reaction
testing limits unbeknownst before,
experienced elsewhere, though, we ignore
discomforts which might hamper freedom, action.
Impervious to muscular contraction,
left eyelid, lip, unable are to draw
lines which smile, frown designed, while vision poor
interferes, and adds unsought distraction.
In health, free from nervous petrification
few seek out illness, won't by choice explore
the options closed to those who chance, gene flaw
or accident have trapped, lose speech, sight, traction.
Priorities should be revamped to earn
focus on Special Needs as top concern

Focus on Special Needs as top concern
must modify perceptions shared by all.
Those blind or speechless, lost beyond recall,
still grasp at straws, effect and cause discern,
too well aware temptations bridges burn.
First impressions seem attained, ball
'questions aye's and no's', past free-for-all
is circumcised, uncertain seems return
to 'normalcy' which, hitherto could earn
approval's hallmark stamp. Cramps now forestall

options infinite. Cut and dried, in thrall,
one's tied who far and wide went, wit withdrawn
from choice unlimited. With lost credit
ink flows as if it knows life's tale is writ.

Ink flows as if it knows life's tale is writ
cannot rephrase a passing phase whose light
too soon extinguished must merge into night
where sot or sage blot page, through age unfit.
We're puppets strung, hands wrung won't change a bit
repeated role enforced by karmic spite.
If free-will reigns, there's no pre-destined right
or wrong, no rung to heav'n, no roasting spit.
Through 'accident' or 'fate' once lightning's hit
'to be, or not to be' is in limelight,
depends upon coincidence - spotlight
few duck with prescient authority.
Who walks can't talk, man manages, though weak,
who holds his peace, condemned by double-speak.

Who holds his peace, condemned by double-speak,
who acts his piece, slight recognition earns,
between the two what voice for choice may tweak
advancing chance, who causal dance discerns?
Life's lease release few willing seek to peek
beyond the veil, to paradise, hell's burns,
or purgatory. All fear trough and peak,
'the vale from which no traveller returns'.
Confined, bedridden, both, unhappy lot
space, trace, forgot 'as finger writes, moves on'
priorities once pressing are forgot
as movements are constrained, true smile long gone.
Mind, undermined, may plan forbidden scheme.
Comparisons with hindsight simple seem.

Comparisons with hindsight simple seem
when fateful footfall flays 'unkindest cut'
to sever fancy, fact, where yawns redeem
no nightmare fears when eyelid cannot shut.
No need to add to those prose screeds which teem
prolific on life's rhymeless time climb, but
terse verse may show dimensions unforeseen,

alternate aspects of ill health's dark rut,
reflections which on higher plane help gleam
hope's beacon 'fore life's final uppercut
replacing frown with fixed grin, skinless cut
from niche so 'indispensable' on team.
Palsy swamps stimulation, abyss steered,
sore cornea, slack lip, mind grind uncheered.

Sore cornea, slack lip, mind grind uncheered
are juxtaposed within this swift spun sonnet
as optic nerve's observed when crookèd, sheared,
recuperation's odds: few bet upon it.
Partnering frustration has appeared
unbridled spleen, an angry bee in bonnet,
weighing all options with perception cleared
of wishful thinking, been and gone and done it.
Paralysis shows fall from grace, grown beard
can't mask misfortune though mind tries to con it
committing rambling thoughts to paper smeared
with words erased, replaced, blue blot spots on it.
Lopsided outlook blurs sight's storyboards
though metaphors strike sympathetic chords.

Though metaphors strike sympathetic chords,
sonnet metamorphosis complete
maintains momentum's mirrors till towards
tossed sleep's return's embossed on crinkled sheet.
One little cares for life's snares, strife filled street,
when sense of humour, dream denied, affords
itself the luxury of lines to beat
eternity's sharp introspective swords
to ploughshares. Match met, mighty pen would treat
itself to compensation's grained awards,
rewards grasped unexpected from defeat.
When unresponsive jaws urge exit_ation
upon Bell's Palsy's cause no recitation.

Upon Bell's Palsy's cause no recitation
consensual has ever been agreed,
in any case fear, greed, distress, elation,
soon sink whatever superficial need

is seen to safeguard mortal rank or station,
when viral illness executes trust deed.
What's blasphemy and what is profanation?
what prayer path may top-down be decreed
when out of sight slips logic's pagination?
Re-education sometimes may succeed
yet there remains no fail-safe medication
providing progress, success guaranteed.
Unwanted inflammation will proceed,
objections Death will always supercede.

Objections Death will always supercede,
replacing them by funeral oration.
No moral here is offered. Rose and weed
first struggle, then succumb, this their vocation
shared by all flora, fauna, led and lead
reduced to naught despite vain invocation
to greedy gods, bead creed, to speed indeed
from illness through redemption to salvation.
Who takes for granted thriving daily feed
on dainties drawn from every other nation,
gaily ignoring [s]he should ever heed
each morning's warning that life's current station
may t[r]ail to full stop, present won't succeed
in meeting deadlines set in former stage.
December turns November's shredded page.

Jonathan ROBIN

Bell's Palsy V - Perpetual Paradox

Tomorrow and tomorrow once appeared
to set [h]our petty pace till end of time,
where openly men close door showing climb
must fall precede, all seed from cropped corn sheared.
To slime returns those who, too highly geared,
presume on life's lease until palsy's rhyme -
Bell rung, wrung peace, piecemeal cut off in prime.
Paradox perpetual, decks cleared,
stage silent, godless or god-fearing jeered,
or curtain cheered at end of pantomime,
no castle under lime, soaked sods turn grime
to mock man's half-cock pride ride disappeared.
No longer cocky, finite jokes, choked, fade,
Cock crows, then silence, banter's banner frayed.

Jonathan ROBIN

Bell's Palsy Vi - The Years

Challenge met, or coward debt, the years
inter regrets, bets lost or won. Fame flamed
soon's watered down, crown tumbled, wild time tamed.
Abandoned aims, irrelevance, tapped tears
exchange youth's free spring for shoe-string trapped fears
with all but self unjustifiably blamed
through insecurity or shame self-shamed.
First wait, then weight, agenda filled soon clears,
slate empty, sleight of hand forgotten, biers
prepared as palsy claims both hale and maimed,
'to sleep perchance to dream', game unacclaimed,
today here, gone tomorrow, sorrow steers
triumph towards forgetfulness, ignored
are shallow minds, emotions deep outpoured.

Jonathan ROBIN

Bell's Palsy Vii - Unwinking Wit

Who once dissolved defenses, insight deep,
now lies constrained, can't set smile's record straight,
remains in limbo, rhyming wait with weight,
while unresponsive muscles seek lost sleep.

Awake, asleep, dry eye must ever peep,
asleep, awake, lop-sided lips mouth late
and early struggle to articulate.

Paralysis struck swiftly, on guard keep
a wary eye while weary brain can't weep,
aware must wait while nerve link reprobate
plays tricks twixt life and Styx, active, probate.

Wit winks while eyelid left behind can't creep.

Two thirds recuperation prognosis
seems lot or little turning on Fate's kiss.

Jonathan ROBIN

Bell's Palsy Viii - From Hale To Pale

Transpiration rains, stains sheets
as fiery fever overheats,
resistance encounters fixèd frown
as shivers flow from toe to crown.
Flesh challenges a viral band
subcutaneous and underhand.
From hale to pale man's tale must meet
trail end conclusion with heartbeats
accelerating 'til, peaks spanned,
the pulse falls silent, pride unmanned.
To other matters turns a town
whose wit walls tall Time whittles down.

Hope's promises spin scope's deceits,
will's health spills wealth, itself defeats,
to common earth uncommon noun
descends, all ends, worms' winding gown.
No guarantees, none understand
Canute's complaint, tide's vain command.
Mind wanders, speech seems out of reach
to numb lips dumb, example teach
of soundless song, numb tongue can't preach.
Imagination plays the clown
with hopes and fears, tears can't course down
for lachrymosal saraband
well tainted, dries, laments waste land.

Jonathan ROBIN

Bell's Palsy X - Date With Ephemerality

Death draws our existential veil ajar
As far too close for comfort end appears
To jar our conscious introspection, clears
External trappings' deck of pimped pomp's power.
Will fades as spade cold ashes stirs. Spark's char
Is comfort cold indeed. Tomorrow fears
Today's pearled sweat beads lead to heedless bier.
Hope, scope, ambitions, fall as shooting star
Evanescence illustrates - space-bar
Perpetuation mocks as farce, 'tis clear,
Hence now, tomorrow nothing, presses here.
EMotions on Time's oceans fade afar.
ERA over, memory departs,
LIfe That Yearns Time spurns, fresh cycle starts.

Jonathan ROBIN

Bell's Palsy Xi - Schemes Dreamed

Before the clock rang four nine sonnets sprang
spontaneous as rain on window pane
drummed up old drams while drowning out cold pain,
symphonic salvoes which strange pattern sang.
Mouth, paralysed, retained an acrid tang,
mind free, yet captive, found both loss and gain,
schemes dreamed to conjur up lost wit again,
discomfort caught, dismissed eye's mist, lip's hang.
Nor cause for whimpers, nor earth-shaking bang,
life side tied, right maintains refrain
in sonnet write from which one can't refrain,
ignoring rhyme rules homonyms would ban.
Beside a lamp-lit bed one, shadowed, lies,
Another bed, with other ties, sad sighs.

Jonathan ROBIN

Bell's Palsy Xii - On Dort

Numb, number seven optic nerve
from sacred mission seemed to swerve,
no forewarning was observed,
nor premonition ere encore.

Facial features paralysed,
symetry quite jeopordized,
lip and eye anaesthetized,
and no volition, so 'on dort'.

Jonathan ROBIN

Bell's Palsy Xiii - Virus, Virus After Jane Taylor Twinkle, Twinkle And William Blake Tyger

Virus, virus striking fast,
will you get your man at last?
brush his pomp and pride away,
no tomorrow for today?
In life's nerveless nervy vale
gods and goods prove no avail.
What withstands bands viral? Use
of eye and mouth the fates refuse,
as what once bloomed for one sweet hour
finds doomed, entombed, its finite power.

Palsy puts an end to winking,
but it should not stop one thinking,
There is something missing, missing,
where mouth, unmoving, miss kissing.
Eyelid slack, blue view unblinking,
tearless turns upon scene drinking
in absurdity cross-crissing
reference points, all bliss dismissing.

Virus, virus failing fast,
crisis now seems over, passed
to other eyes, their season seize
with seizure he who sees soon flees.
Although one week, weak overcast
impatient patient lay downcast,
modern medicine soon frees
the system from discomfort's freeze
as tears cascade to show again
that happiness may flow sans peine.

Jonathan ROBIN

Bell's Palsy Xiv - Dew Diligence

Dew diligence when eyelid is denied
control of wink, when blink becomes a feat
beyond the ken of mice and men, conceit
melts to humility, while cares abide.
Heartbeat accelerates to concide
with worry, movements taken for a ride
by malady haphazard striking fleet.
Fixed expression canvas could complete
as flexibility falls to one side,
focus reduced, no longer far and wide,
too close for comfort, wanders off the beat.
Pride, knocked for skittles, cannot make ends meet,
patience, once praised, stays stage-struck, sorely tried.
Fixed interest stocks soar, gilt lining's sought
to train too slack to credit outlook taut.

Jonathan ROBIN

Bell's Palsy Xix - Moving Finger Writes

Life's lease release few willing seek to peek
beyond the veil, to paradise, hell's burns,
or purgatory. All fear trough and peak,
'the vale from which no traveller returns'.
Who holds his peace, condemned by double-speak,
who acts his piece, slight recognition earns,
between the two what voice for choice may tweak
advancing chance, who causal dance discerns?
Confined, bedridden, both, unhappy lot
space, trace, forgot 'as finger writes, moves on'
priorities more pressing are addressed
as movement muscular remains forgot
in race towards oblivion upon
a dice throw, soon replaced by other g[u]est.

(17 January 2009)

Jonathan ROBIN

Bell's Palsy Xv - Dissymmetry

Confusion from confusion must adjust
to face tomorrow's out of kilter grin
with humour 'til the specialists non-plussed
seize on season's reason, find win-win
solution to an accident now cussed
in no uncertain terms as worms begin
to lay their weight on current state where lust
must bridled be, - who'd seek as kith and kin
one open eye, one which retains unfussed
perspective, lacks control of muscle spin
to twin both sides in unison true, just.
Dissymmetry becomes a moral gin
and handicap self-evident, untrussed
is optic nerve from verse which would begin
to laugh at luck, continue tongue in cheek
to find new way to strength transformed from weak.

Jonathan ROBIN

Bell's Palsy Xvi - To Test Frontiers

Inertia catalyzes swift reaction
testing limits unbeknownst before,
experienced elsewhere, though, we ignore
discomforts which might hamper freedom, action.
Impervious to muscular contraction,
left eyelid, lip, unable are to draw
lines which smile, frown designed, while vision poor
interferes, and adds unsought distraction.
In health, free from nervous petrification
few seek out illness, won't by choice explore
the options close to those that chance, gene flaw
or accident are trapped, lose speech, sight, traction.
Fresh emphasis on disabilities
should top the list of our priorities.

Jonathan ROBIN

Bell's Palsy Xvii - Temptations

Blessed externals force the mind to turn
within to test perception shared by all
who, sight curtailed, or lost beyond recall,
must grasp at straws, effect and cause discern,
too well aware temptations bridges burn.
First impressions seem attained, ball
questions ayes and nos, past free-for-all
is circumcised, undertain seems return
to 'normalcy' which, hitherto could earn
approval's hallmark stamp. Cramps now forestall
options infinite. Cut and dried, in thrall,
one's tied who far and wide went, wit withdrawn
from choice unlimited as on this page
fragility highlights restrictive cage.

Jonathan ROBIN

Bell's Palsy Xviii - Fragility

Ink flows as if it knows that tale once writ
cannot rephrase a passing phase whose light
too soon extinguished must merge into night
where sot or sage blot page, through age unfit.
We're puppets strung, hands wrung won't change a bit
repeated role enforced by karmic spite.
If free-will reigns, there's no pre-destined right
or wrong, no rung to heav'n, no roasting spit.
Through 'accident' or 'fate' fragility
in spotlight's thrown, 'to be, or not to be'
depends upon coincidence where rules
few follow with prescient authority.
Manage man age when palsied dry eye's numb
is out of reach with speech deformed, near dumb.

(17 January 2009)

Jonathan ROBIN

Bell's Palsy Xx - Infinite Designs

Comparisons with hindsight simple seem
when fateful footfall flays 'unkindest cut'
to sever fancy, fact, where yawns redeem
no nightmare fears when eyelid cannot shut.
No need to add to those prose screeds which teem
prolific on life's rhymeless time climb, but
terse verse may show dimensions unforeseen,
alternate aspects of ill health's dark rut,
reflections which on higher plane help gleam
hope's beacon 'fore life's final uppercut
replacing frown with fixed grin, skinless cut
from niche so 'indispensable' on team.
Palsy surprises, stimulating lines
upon creation's infinite designs.

Jonathan ROBIN

Bell's Palsy Xxi - Lopsided

Sore cornea, slack lip, mind grind uncheered
are juxtaposed within this swift spun sonnet
as optic nerve's observed when crookèd, sheared,
recuperation's odds: few bet upon it.

Partnering frustration has appeared
unbridled spleen, an angry bee in bonnet,
weighing all options with perception cleared
of wishful thinking, been and gone and done it.
Paralysis shows fall from grace, grown beard
can't mask misfortune though mind tries to con it
committing rambling thoughts to paper smeared
with words erased, replaced, blue blot spots on it.
Lopsided outlook focus finds for mind
assailed by palsy it would leave behind.

Jonathan ROBIN

Bell's Palsy Xxii – Match Met

Through metaphors one strikes symphonic chords,
sonnet metamorphosis complete,
one mirror image more before towards
tossed sleep's return's embossed on crinkled sheet.
One little cares for life's snares, strife filled street,
when sense of humour, dream denied, affords
itself the luxury of lines to beat
eternity's sharp introspective swords
to ploughshares. Match met, mighty pen would treat
itself to compensation's grained awards,
rewards grasped unexpected from defeat
when unresponsive jaws snatch victory
day, night, writes words dry eye can hardly see.

Jonathan ROBIN

Bell's Palsy Xxiii – Ta[I]king For Granted

On palsy's cause no recitation
consensual has been agreed,
in any case fear, greed, elation,
soon sink however great the need
perceived to safeguard life's rank station
for illness executes trust deed.
What's blasphemy? what's profanation?
what prayer path may be decreed
when out of sight slips pagination?
Re-education may succeed
yet there's no fail-safe medication
providing progress guaranteed
to soothe uncalled for inflammation.

Who takes for granted daily feed
on dainties drawn from every nation,
gaily ignoring [s]he should heed
each morning's warning present station,
may t[r]ail to full stop won't succeed
in meeting deadlines, consternation
in turn encounters end indeed,
wormed, urned, CO² cremation.

Objections Death will supercede,
replaced by funeral oration.
No moral's offered. Rose and weed
first struggle, then succumb, vocation
shared by all flora, fauna, lead
reduced to naught `spite invocation
to greedy gods, bead creed, to speed
from illness into true salvation
redemption grant, emancipation.

Jonathan ROBIN

Belonging

From door once shown
to heart regrown
joy's causal dice are cast
as flesh and bone
cue into tone
which wander sloughs from Bast.

True love unknown
before is blown
by chance encounter, fast
two parts alone
together thrown
no longer feel outcast.

Once lone, on own,
true feelings flown
may find fears, tears amassed
prove vain millstone
as comfort zone
discovers vistas vast.

Hope's seeds are sown
on change winds blown
till wonder's beams dams blast,
nor silicone
nor grief to hone,
contentment unsurpassed.

Jonathan ROBIN

Belonging At Last

Before and afterwards reflect
Extensions, phases interlocking,
Linking loss with Xmas stocking.
Open source choice, voice, [s]elect
Now knit joy's Cause join joy's Effect.
Greetings sent, hopes met, unlocking
Inner potential and unblocking
New ways which interplays connect,
Great expectations recollect -
Ambitions past the heart's been stocking
To hold against a day unmocking
Leaving restrictions for perfect
Affection which with shared direction
STands firm, affirms hope's resurrection...

Jonathan ROBIN

Bernanke's Fiscal Cliff Hanky-Panky

Bernanke's hanky-panky
Miscalculations cranky.
Reduces rates for yankee,
With economics wanky
Wall Street, bashed, brash, sleek, swanky,
Sees bonuses asea.

Bearded wonders lanky
Are sure to break the bank we
Face fiscal cliff with 'thank ye! '
For subprime loans now manky
Miss_rated all agree.

Thus Freddy Mac and Fanny
Mae may be acting whacky,
Fed window back-to-backy
Is looking all too tacky
Bankrupting Indymacky.

Priority economy
Lacks credibility,
Miracle monopoly
Needs crisis therapy.

We'll pull out white flag hanky,
Illusions sank, at sea, see
Who can blind eye turn when we
Are mortgaged to Chinee?
Stagflation's crack-a-jack fee
Recession may accompany.

Crude oil's crude swings defy glee
As floods drown Mississippi,
Dykes down, levées leave débris
Demand outstrips supplies, see
Consumer sighs, price steep be,
Dollar's demise spells double jeopardy.

Greenback to front has tanked, free

Trade turns raid, quite frankly
Draws blank check drawing blank we
Could do without, smells rankly.

Greenberg has said how sadly
He sees recession badly
Affecting those who madly
See withdrawn guarantee
For Lehmann, A.I.G.
And WaMu we'll soon see
Like Merrill lynched to be
Blind alley bye-line history.

Said burning Bush 'I ran! flee!
I wreck but little reck, me!
I rack but fear attacks, flea
Awaiting verdict to be
Dispensed by Lethe history.'

Autonomy's in Cheney,
And Rove-in-I's been sacked key
Official rats jump boat, knee
Begin to bend with lackey,
Bushwhacked by rank malarkey.

Jonathan ROBIN

Best Fruit Salad

A date with a peach
play mate within reach.

Jonathan ROBIN

Betray Us Petraeus

Pass in review true causal chain's formation
Envisage Russia in Afganistan,
Then think on U.S. training Islam's van
Remember contras scam disinformation.
A cauldron fired by bubble reputation
Expands until it overflows the can,
Unlidded soon steam hisses, little can
Stop cause-effect commotion's agitation.
Buy time through pressure cooker 'I wrack' nation
Explosion may prepare all fear to scan.
Terror wrists or martyrs? Shah's Iran
Recall as towers' falls' precipitation
Awakes 'Cry havoc, let loose gods of war! '
Yet U.S. chickens home to roost encore.

Plead not injustice when since Ottoman
Empire split, its swift disintegration
Traded oil and turmoil altercation,
Rode exploitation's waves as western man
Arrangements made till petrol shock would ban
Easy options, role reversed frustration,
Unpipied West rats from their all-weather station.
Soviet collapse set scene for 'sheik out' can
Be seen as cusp that generations scan
Ending beginnings, beginning constern nation,
The watershed, Islam's regeneration,
Revival which from 'crossfire' fires may fan.
Aquarius and change are in the air
Yet 'US' and 'them' discriminate, cross bear.

Jonathan ROBIN

Between Dark Past And Future Flight

Betwixt between, between betwixt,
interpretation's often mixed
by causal think links mankind tricked
from, in, through, to enigmatics
where black and white dream double clicked
incite imagination Styx'd
by time whose rhyme here writer sticks
on sixteen stanzas just for kicks
to highlight 'in between' verse picked.

Event horizon in between
today's tomorrow's might-have-been
lends voice to choice which hindsight scorns
although obliteration yawns.
Split 'hair divides false, true' foreseen
as test where East meets West on horns
of dread dilemma mortal mourns.

Life's double helix dynamics
between the lines small minds constrict.
Holistic overview rules strict
discard, appearances tock ticked
Time sees in time self-contradict
to open out inside font fixed
alternatives exploring ficts
and faction fractious fiddlesticks
glue building blocks that clue life's bricks...

Between dark past and future flight
is cause/effect dream bark? theme bite
where sticks seem stones and stones deem sticks
two sides of coins time's teams rewrite,
line chance advance too few predict
as on life's raft we float contrite
in candle life-light's shortened wicks
before oblivion bubble pricks?

Between dark past and future flight
enlightenment from ammonite

'descended' or 'evolved' to taste
tree's quantum knowledge sap in haste.
Between 'choice' 'pre-determined' quite
a lot of ink's spilled, creeds replaced,
access retranslates base apace.

Between dark past and future flight
Effect and Cause we question quite,
rhyme time between midnight and noon
to read, mark, learn, digest this tune.
Soul travels far, ka's second sight
scouts out from dune to blue lagoon,
with moral codes plays fey buffoon.

Between dark past and future flight
bright butterfly finds wings for flight
although, in silk spin knit cocoon,
it knows not dawn from afternoon.
Mind mirage magic may excite
confusing notions: far and soon
merge premonition's present boon.

Between dark past and future flight
trace space, expansion, pace delight,
from morn till midnight one should learn
to seed born insight, harvest earn,
bend to contentment very soon
ends, means, all harmonies attune
heart, soul, stretch whole from parts' return.

Between dark past and future flight
now 'stalag_might' checks 'stalag tight'
mankind evolved from bear baboon
to trace his race pace picayune.
between stark darkness, brightest light
most squander chances opportune
dreams rose themed spurned, they haste to tomb.
Vague contexts blurred, restrictions fight
unshadowed vision full, shy moon
casts spell whose pull's forgot by noon.

Between dark past and future flight

Will's weave wheel spins, ignores 'wrong', 'right'
As light, dark, rainbow's ark all churn
fear not fall near, nor rise call spurn.
Sandman plays game outside luck, blight,
for more than intellect's harpoon.
Hope blooms so anguish, heartache, prune.

Between dark past and future flight
oft 'Justice' seems a notion quite
outside God's scheme, 'on joue le clown'
play insecurity immune
while mocking empty social rite
inventing, changing Scheme and gods
to bury fears inspired by sods.

Between dark past and future flight
through silver starred aragonite,
December's frost melts into June.
Some worries shrink while some balloon.
Concealed may be revealed despite
the veil few tear, invite, festoon
lass lonesome on her honeymoon.

Between dark past and future flight
Cupid, Apollo, Aphrodite,
injustice remedy, dragoon
Fate's darts, spite filled, to build pontoon,
surprise to catalyse, excite,
scene set for future hid from sight
till pattern pieces knit in tune.

Between dark past and future flight
some role reversals reunite
checks, balances, inopportune
risks which too haughty silver spoon
takes, greedy, tides turn, pride indict.
Who, rich, Today would play and croon,
Tomorrow buries very soon.

Between dark past and future flight
sleep paints saint, social parasite,
in wavelengths rainbow may lampoon

for wage-slave, sage, or loon tycoon.
Blind bodies curled, bind whirl-swirled quite,
from youth uncouth, ungainly goon,
"to lean and slippered pantaloons."

Between dark past and future flight
enchanted maid, heroic knight,
play out day's doubt, though beer saloon
may spur the bleary eyed to swoon.
Einstein's ignored for much which might
influence an inner tune
or fresh create, decode life's rune.

Between dark past and future flight
is vision sent meant to incite
destiny's spermatazoon
egged on by p[h]antomime cartoon?
Is insight drawn through second-sight,
though chance seems blind behind sin's call
true dance dreams find combined in all.

Jonathan ROBIN

Between Life's Smiles

Between life's [s]miles what truth is found
Exists both in and out of time,
The current flows, taps underground
Wells which fountain through soul's rhyme.
Empathy acts as enzyme
Enchanting: nor fixed object bound,
Nor line immutable, nor crime.
True pulses sometimes may astound,
Harmoniously tuned around
Eternal sustenance sublime.
Music keyed to silent sound:
Is free from crass judgemental grime,
Links two as metamorphosis
Establishes shared oasis.

Jonathan ROBIN

Between The Times

Braggart on Time's edge razor thin
Evolving frame by anxious frame,
Tired Man spiders fate or fame,
Weaves threads soon dewless dust - none win.
Each, casting dice - who's spun, who's spin? -
Expectant, losses would reclaim.
Now's leaves fall swift to Styx domain.
Telomeres shorten, cease to twin,
Hold all in hostage to chagrin.
Each page youth inks, seeks wings, pride flame,
Till age sooth sinks, weak wrings, ride lame, -
Insects' ambered Time-trap gin.
Maybe technology shall speed up change,
Extend short sojourn, mankind's range so strange.

6 May 2001 revised 4 May 2008
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for previous version see below

Between the Times

Balanced upon Time's razor thin
Edge, advancing frame by frame,
Tired Man spiders fate or fame,
Weaves threads soon dewless dust - none win.
Each throws the dice - who's spun, who's spin?
Each lost winnings would reclaim -
None independence dare proclaim.
Telomeres shorten, cease to twin,
Hold all in hostage to chagrin.
Each page youth inks, seeks wings, pride flame,
Till age sooth sinks, weak wrings, ride lame, -
Insects caught within Time's gin?
Maybe the Net shall speed up change,
Extend Man's sojourn range so strange.

6 May 2001
Between the Times poem (c) Jonathan Robin

Jonathan ROBIN

Beware Of False Bottoms

To invert Newton's norm,
'that which slumps seldom rises'
for falls come in all forms,
several sizes, disguises.

Weather stockmarket storm
safe from hollow surprises?
expert tips outperform?
follow closely what wise is:

Portfolios reform,
weed out rash enterprises,
or a risky platform
could be 'dock' or Assizes.

Before falls hopes deform,
never rhyme improvises,
this we wish to inform
as concluding surmises:

Please beware of false bottoms where lethargy bores,
this your broker advises, 'ware counterfeit floors!

Jonathan ROBIN

Beyond Beyond

BEYOND BEYOND

Two thralling eyes, unlatched,
Attractive and unmatched,
Reveal, no strings attached,
Signs seeking to respond
In many ways beyond
Eternity, beyond
Restrictions, to true bond.

17 April 2008 rewritten as acrostic TARSIER 17 July 2008

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Jonathan ROBIN

Beyond Straitjackets

Think! outside in is spelled E.M.I.T.
Inside out finds T.I.M.E. fit
Must to the day the evil thereof be ~
En_graved to T however played wan wit.

To Time what signifies inside or out?
If Time's dimension both can do without ~
Man's signpost vane spins vain, north, south, east west,
Express crow heeds nor stop sign, roundabout.

Thus pride precedes greed's fall, Fate far and wide
Indicts Man's might, plight sets gleams' dreams aside.
Most confidence masks weakness, sorry schemes
Ensue, Time tables turns, spurns deals inside.

Tempus fugit! breath, death share one rhyme,
Implying pure and dissolute in crime
Musty must mingle, moths consumed by fire,
Evicted from life's phantom pantomime.

Life's pattern shifts as time from time's thread stock
mutates or waits on catalyst to key
into, through, metamorphosis to free
free-will from status quo, historic lock,
beyond straitjackets which clear thinking block.

The answer may not individuality
be seen to be, but way we Destiny
engage in path unique as life's short clock
tic tocs from birth to berth, first shock, last dock.

Genes seldom hold choice voice or equity
in fee to Darwin contradictory
dreams, compromise, from each bloom, blow half-cock.
Through open options, opportunity,
Mankind may leapfrog evolution's tree.

Time's breakneck pace hangs helter-skelter. 'Rush!
I must survive! ' kills others in cussed crush,

Merge, surge then splurge, urge on, and then strike-out,
Ephemeral applause drowned. Deafening hush.

To omega from alpha Time's hymn hum
Incorporates strange range, rei[g]ns all that come,
Man's first, last cry, lie dumb, die, destiny recast,
Endlessly seeks equilibrium.

Tomorrow tells who'd dwell on past success
It in itself knells tocsin fell few bless,
Makes fun of humdrum and 'unique', Time's bill
Empties glass, aside casts second guess.

Trust Carpe Diem! rust soon supercedes
Iron bright, steel will soon tarnished, weeds
Muzzle dynastic seeds, reigns' skeins unwind,
Exit pursued by Lethe! game concedes.

Jonathan ROBIN

Beyond The Ken

Kindness, yes, beyond the ken of most,
Is there to share yet care would ever take
So none may suffer through unsought mistake,
So none may rough her, too, unthoughtful boast.
Intense, with sense beyond, where others coast
New speed she needs to feed the inner lake
Grow flow to sow a future where partake
Each found in each, with shared respect foremost
Reciprocated, free voice, choice to post.
Immense the overview who'd senses slake
Song true to find, though mind defenses make
ERrors at times, the tears the Past did host.
In true emancipation of the whole
She'll find the parts to fit completed soul.

Jonathan ROBIN

Beyond The Tears

Beyond cold tears, old fears, exotic dream
Extends to mend trust broken, to restore
Years lost, cost dear, discovers joy once more,
Opens door to tender longing's gleam.
New opportunity may free hope's beam,
Draw white through life's prism lighting rainbow core.
The future whispers 'Heed forever's call! '
Tears pass, with love, enchantress, healing all.

Jonathan ROBIN

Big Bang Jest Gest Second Guessed

Big Bang banned NOTHING as Creation's span
from cosmos chased dark vacuum. Uber plan,
figment fragment second-guessed,
sparked space displacement festive.

From chaos mess congestive,
stupendous test suggestive
of universal fractal fest
stimulated chance dance gest
of galaxies ignoring rest
to travel time as time began
creation's atomic also-ran.

Reality, Dreams, team in quest,
until East, West, tempestive
absorb North's South's protestive
poly dimensions restive.
till contestants request
inquest.

Jonathan ROBIN

Binge Drinking Grub In Pub Drubs Dreams Run Rare After Yeats When You Are Old, Itself After Ronsard

When you are young and blithe, brink full of fun,
binge drinking grub in pub rues dreams run rare.
Case quick disjointed joint. Soon rising sun
transforms both in and outright sight with glare.

Teetering down by overflowing bar,
murmur, sadly slurring, how Love fled.
Glass clinking clown mask crowd clouds twinkling stars
as unseen, from the gutter, as mountains overhead

Take a quick gander in mind's mirror too.
Shake out fair hair, where lusting hands would grope.
Make hay while sun shines, remember very few
shall beacon beckon, most unravelled rope
too soon unreel. Time's krieg-spiel lightning flash
strikes home as Charon charges one-way fee
for memories few hold. Bough breaks. Vows trash
consigned by brash newcomers seeking key.

In some sum total of recorded time
rhymed second servings swerve to third or fourth,
from sublime to ridiculous pantomime
thoughts surge urge merge, submerge, flow forth.

Carpe Diem! Grace swallowed by death's maws,
which hollow eyed leaves rich dreams wrinkle lined
behind bluff laughs, finds pilgrims with bed sores,
as wander, lust, and wonder all unwind.

Who'll care a tinker's curse in fifty years
or even ten, when mirror's glass distorts
the image one once shone, swift wan, with tears,
crow fingered cares will linger mid waste's warts.

Most love lies superficial, fancy phrase,
for starlets eclipsed before tomorrow's press,
stale story told, bold head lines lost. Pain, praise

vain, Janus mortal mask shred. Nonetheless
perhaps some karmic churn recycling dust
will recreate Eve, Adam, and Isolde
shall some fresh Tristan kiss, and vow 'We must
elope! ' Perhaps next incarnation, bolder,
may banish fears that Yeats and Ronsard shared
across arched centuries of mortal plight.
Could spruced up mutant pre-prepared
software, shed books, good looks, spread wings for flight?

When you are old
When you are old and grey and full of sleep,
And nodding by the fire, take down this book,
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep;

How many loved your moments of glad grace,
And loved your beauty with love false or true,
But one man loved the pilgrim Soul in you,
And loved the sorrows of your changing face;

And bending down beside the glowing bars,
Murmur, a little sadly, how Love fled
And paced upon the mountains overhead
And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.

Jonathan ROBIN

Birthday Letter For Lucinda

Let this, your eighteenth birthday, offer you
Unique joy, and understanding's light,
Challenging uncertainties you might
In future face tomorrow with steps true.
New horizons open up, and through
Determination, courage, sage insight, -
All needed if you wish to win the fight
Life weighs against us joy may come. Thus to
Unknown regions venture. Much to do.
Completion still awaits, true wings for flight.
In life stay true to tenets you feel right,
Never betraying principles, virtue.
Decide to use your mind and you will find
A new world welcome, - work up from behind...

© Jonathan Robin – acrostic sonnet robi3_0593_robi3_0000 LUCINDA written 5
August 1992

Jonathan ROBIN

Birthday Mark Wrobel

May the year to come bring you
All you desire at twenty-nine,
Reality and dreams combine
Kindling energies anew.
Wishes granted come on cue,
Reveal fresh prospects, underline
Opening to let life shine.
Birthday nineteen ninety two
Ends uncertainty. Skies blue
Link light to laughter to design
Magic future, intertwine
Aspirations which come true.
Rise up, the key to future joy
Know you can turn, so attaboy!

Jonathan ROBIN

Birthday Request Sonnet

Creative talent, sensitivity,
Ally with high I.Q. and overview
Responsive to both seen, unseen, on cue.
Magic smile masks spirit wild and free,
Emancipated, which from knowledge tree
New fruits will ever pluck to continue
Challenges life offers, met by few.
A soul holistic seeks the causal key
Rigidity refusing, needs to be
More understood when stripping false from true,
Encouraged on her way: there's much to do
Now as ever to reach harmony.
CARte blanche she should be given, birthday girl.
MEN all agree she shines as perfect pearl.

Jonathan ROBIN

Bitter-Sweet

Once Black, White, could compete
no neutral grey'd encumber
life's canvas, harvest wheat
framed golden peace aslumber.
Now hope tree's ninety feet
is felled, logged down as lumber,
eco-system complete
with canopy's down-under.
Grey, neutral once, concrete
ugly urban tundra
now witnesses, pain's street
paves joy's grave, wanton plunder.
Enthralled pure white delete,
grey pall shawl sprawls, death's treat.

Long nights creep bitter-sweet,
love's lightning darts stunned, under
bright stars two no more meet,
wan true heart torn asunder.
Wor[ld] block where wont to greet
glowed soul-pair sharing wonder,
there hole weighs whole defeat
bewailing blindest blunder.
Moon bale, clouds shroud deceit,
light veiled from countless number
of throttled hopes, dead-beat
memories encumber.
Who'd read rimed rhyme complete,
need couplet indiscreet?

Despair in winding sheet
stifles resentment's thunder,
where weary tears repeat
wear, tear, bare bodkin's funda-
mental balance-sheet
pro's conned or misunder-
stood, as gale blown wheat,
scattered harvest plunder.
Drops sully virgin sheet

as sally weeps lost slumber
red-eyed vigil replete
with wishful-thinking scumber.
Was plighted troth tryst treat,
commitments vain conceit?

Jonathan ROBIN

Black Riders Outridden

Nought need be forgiven
masked or deleted
hope's scope comes unbidden
turns triumph defeated,
transparent what hidden
once lingered depleted
black riders outridden
from saddles unseated

Jonathan ROBIN

Black Tie Affairs - Behind The Veil Of Edwardian Silks And Sherry

Behind sedate appearances, facade,
Life carried on ignoring threats of war
As if genteel etiquette more and more
Could constitute some safety net. Brocade,
Kith, kin in ordained order well arrayed
Too often hid uncertainties in store,
Impressions maintained while flirt hid dirt on floor.
Expectations, Empire, rich brigade,
Amid light table talk itself betrayed,
Fortunes dissipating, from its core
Fell rotten apples, all afraid to bore,
Awaiting Sarajevo, shell cascade.
In spite of surface gloss one class prepared
Revolts, spelled revolutions, few unspared.

Bloated few fled future's disarray,
Led undercover lives where years' tears, doubts,
Avoided challenging life's roundabouts,
Conventions stifling at odds with hearts astray.
Kinky Black tie affairs masked day-to-day
Trials and tribulations few dared flout.
Impressions hid internal demons, drought
Emotional disavowed to prey
Archly on time-worn love's interplay,
False pretense stiff upper lip throughout
Fêtes and fancies bluffing all about
As guilty parties sly denied dismay.
Infidelities and cummerbund
Raised silver spoons' praise, lazing, merit shunned.

Jonathan ROBIN

Bliss Beams Light

Bursting bright, baring intimate enlightenment,
ecstatic surprise spans souls sharing insight.
Light weaving laughter assuages inhibitions -
henceforth superfluous - brings belonging's magic
Eternal bliss personified, naught denied: Song of Songs is this.

Jonathan ROBIN

Blood Flood

Thicker than water, red as rose,
blood ties link both kith and kin,
drip through life from start to close,
carry oxygen within.

Blood irons out all thoughts of sin,
from dawn to dusk, tells friends and foes
both good and bad, that life win win
should bubble through haemoglobin
from artery to vein round shows
perpetual its cycle spin.

Jonathan ROBIN

Blossom Blessings

Bountiful blooms break out, bright colours peek,
sap pushes upwards, snow melts, life at last
creates a wonder world rich which flows fast.
Fertile fusion finds three seasons speak,
span wanton summer, winter withered weak.
Expectations high belie frost past,
flowering to greet horizons vast,
cycle spinning verdant branches sleek.
Nature, abloom, attains fresh plateau peak
flourishes, abundance is forecast
anticipating harvest's full repast,
pregnant with promise plentiful, scarce meek.
Cold memories fade, trees dress for future fair,
blossom blessings spring up everywhere.

Jonathan ROBIN

Blowing In The Wind

Breeze, gentle first, then burst burst followed till
Leaves lifted, stimulating sudden start.
Open source sprung links which once apart
Were separated, waiting for Fate's [s]will.
In resonance the whole vibrates until
New flush rush, jetsam brushed aside, thoughts dart,
Gulfs synaptic second thought span, impart
Instant messages which, never still.
Now letters rearrange, now stranger still,
Their range increases, pulsing to depart
Here there, there here, in flood to bud, with art
Eternal image, verses over-spill.
WIND blows, court Jester Nature waves within,
Draws phrase in phase with wit, s[p]ends extra spin.

Jonathan ROBIN

Blue Blood Hiss Hit And Miss Story Buckling Under - In For A Penny Out For A Pound Ding Bat

POSh poodle in splash puddle leapt
TERrific see how miss-tress wept,
POSition never held with men
TERm disaffection: all see then
POSSibly earned poor reputation -
TERmagant called throughtout the nation
POSTed for all to see
TERror wrist on blue blood she
POSEd when whiplash crossed the line...
TERatoid exaggeration! Whine!
POSsessed with fury, whiplash knuckle
TERrible fate made poor hound buckle.
POST haste out for pound-ding many
ERror held. Curs rash rush in where penny
POSEidon flips when water flows
TERcel gentle dame hates H2 Ohs!
POSit she should be impounded.
TERrified when poor dog was pounded.

POSitively blue in face, poet buckles light-verse a[r]mour
TERm ends, 'I' 'T' dot lines crossed, turn page for new entry calmer.
POSE humans take, line over-stepped,
TERminate HIS_STORY inept.

Jonathan ROBIN

Blue, Brown And Gold

Blue, brown and gold, bold, I'll unfold
a portrait drawn upon a train
one summer morn which shall remain
for heart to hold if truth be told.

Brown, gold and blue she sat, smiled too,
to me it seemed true beauty gleamed, -
my spirit teemed with hopes that, teamed,
we'd share love through fair seasons new.

Blue, gold and brown without a frown
she journeyed on, too soon was gone, -
yet still upon my soul she shone.
Brown bag, blue gown, - Life's golden crown!

Blue, brown and gold, cannot grow [c]old
Year in year out their tale is told...

Jonathan ROBIN

Boris Hugged Me - Parody James Leigh-Hunt – Jenny Kissed Me

Boris hugged me when we met
jumping up outside the Kremlin,
Gorbo-chief who'd love to get
a jump on time, why just stuff that in-
side your hat and, jumping gremlin,
say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
say both 'News' and 'Truth' forget me,
let doctors say I'm mad, but add
Boris hugged ere Gor-be-got me!

Jonathan ROBIN

Born Free After Joy Adamson Out Of Africa

Young Elsa was snell lioness,
when tame, no blame, she jumped for joy.
She caused consid'erable distress
once freed, agreed, she jumped at Joy.

For Adam's son was her mistress,
to man and wife far from a toy,
as in the bible all may guess,
the spare rib brought her naught but joy!

By tic ticked off, sad to express,
her three cubs sought grub, would employ
their time in hunting disposes
sing farmers' livestock, seldom coy.

The moral of this tale's teeth shown
in cubs rubbed wrong way when they're grown.

Jonathan ROBIN

Bottled Message

From shore to shore I brave wild waves
with winds unsure above mermaid cave,
in shine or pour with message grave
within I store, from water save.

While currents flow from East to West
I onwards go and do my best
to bring words so they find fair guest
whose heart may know shared joy unguessed.

Thus bottle green upon sea blue
will float unseen by blue sky too,
until the scene is set for two
to find love keen which years renew.

As bottle sent one April day
I'd spring event life-changing, May
no sooner spent saw June display
as covenant where interplay
would represent Joy's present, way
to taste sweet scent as roundelay
was surely meant all fears to lay
at rest, prevent guilt complex grey.

Upon time's stream the message came
as true dream's beam to help two claim
tomorrow's team free from all blame
could bloom, esteem helps heart pure flame
complete life's scheme while spurning shame
as groundless, deem tomorrow's fame
would show shared gleam.

From bridge of sighs flow onwards: face,
once shed disguise and self-disgrace,
joy love supplies to interface
with wisdom wise as time and place
dissolve, while cries one can replace
and recognize as two embrace
the future lies ahead. Displace

forgotten lies past tears might trace.

One could write on till cows come home,
unreel tale long on how to roam
at sea in song, words honeycomb
in plaits sweet, strong, neath starry dome.

But this might bore the reader who
could stop before end comes on cue,
paint stormy roar and calm, but few
can cope with more than this so you
must know to woo was message sent
on Chance's tide to represent
love none should hide. Tale ends. Fate meant
two bona fide to find shared tent, and there abide.

(April 2008)

For previous version see below

From shore to shore
I brave wild waves
with winds unsure
'bove mermaid cave,
in shine or pour
with message grave
within I store,
from water save.

While currents flow
from East to West
I onwards go
and do my best
to bring words so
they find fair guest
whose heart may know
shared joy unguessed.

Thus bottle green
upon sea blue
will float unseen
by blue sky too,
until the scene

is set for two
to find love keen
which years renew.

One could write on
till cows come home,
unreel tale long
on how to roam
at sea in song,
words honeycomb
in plaits sweet, strong,
'neath starry dome.

But this might bore
the reader who
might stop before
end comes on cue,
paint stormy roar
and calm - but few
can cope with more
than this so you
must know to woo

was message sent
on Chance's tide
to represent
love none should hide.
Tale ends - Fate meant
two bona fide
to find shared tent,
and there abide.

(9 January 2008)

Jonathan ROBIN

Brackets

Break down stored brackets, restore spirit's soar,
Refuse restrictions, even golden cage,
As fame has second thoughts, untimely age
Celebrity converts to dust. Therefore,
Karma of light and laughter seek, sure core,
Enlightenment before Life's final page
Turns to find one absent from its stage.
Steer truth-wards, fancy, fiction, shed, sure shore.

Behind lies Lethe, Lethe lies before,
Recorded time provides no living wage
Afterwards for archivists who'd gauge
Concerns or motives held in times of yore,
Knowledge sift to lift life's lid and pour
Excited over causal links, engage
Tenaciously in quibbling why, wherefore.
Sing Carpe Diem while one holds life's floor.

Jonathan ROBIN

Brahma – Spin Bowl After Andrew Lang, Ralph Waldo Emerson Et Al

Spin bowl Oh ball of fate, in parable!
Ten thousand overs dare your drive in vain.
Man marks the earth with whitewash, his control
stops at the stumps and balls you soon shall gain.
The wickets are your prey, and it is plain
your shadow spins so fast that not a sole
batsman's left before that dropp of rain
calls the inning's toss and sweeps each soul
back to the pavilion whence it came.

6 August 1991 Parody Andrew LANG and Ralph Waldo Emerson - Brahma
See also Brahma Revisited

Brahma

If the wild bowler thinks he bowls,
Or if the batsman thinks he's bowled,
They know not, poor misguided souls,
They too shall perish unconsolated.
I am the batsman and the bat,
I am the bowler and the ball,
The umpire, the pavilion cat,
The roller, pitch, and stumps, and all.

Andrew LANG 1844_1912
Parody Ralph Waldo EMERSON – Brahma

Jonathan ROBIN

Brahma Ii Truth On Logic Seldom Grows After Ralph Waldo Emerson Brahma

Life's curtains open but to close,
each a poor player is who struts
on stage an hour, age little shows
of infant promise, fizzles, phuts.

The dice are loaded that man throws,
grim Destiny's unkindest cuts,
Time's river ever onward flows,
as all slide through predestined ruts.

Life's whys and wherefores no-one knows,
save I: its ins and outs, ifs, buts,
blind Reason never can disclose,
life's sacred secret sweet rebuts.

For truth on logic seldom grows,
its adepts often selfish scuts,
Love's instincts only never close
the door to peace that all else shuts.

If the surgeon thinks he cuts
or the famer thinks he sows,
fundamental fallacies
Are suggestions such as these.

I am the roots of the disease,
the wheezer, the wheeze and woes.
I am the healer a-greed for fees,
the sneezer, the sneeze, the nose.

I am the deed, the cause, and cure,
all that's certain or unsure,
and I the seed, the horse manure,
wealthy sad and happy poor.

Stoic am I, and epicure,
Christian martyr, lion's lure,

Jew, gentile, pass, yet I endure.
I am perfection, yet impure.

I am the roots which anchor trees,
sedge reeds that bend, wild wind which blows,
the ground, the grape, the leaves and lees,
both summer sun and winter snows.

I am the scarecrow and the crows,
timid squirrel gathering nuts.
The poet's playful parodies
here finish with final-I-[t]ease!

If the red slayer think he slays,
or if the slain think he is slain, □
they know not well the subtle ways
I keep, and pass, and turn again.

Far or forget to me is near; □
Shadow and sunlight are the same;
The vanquished gods to me appear;
And one to me are shame and fame.

They reckon ill who leave me out;
When me they fly I am the wings; □
I am the doubter and the doubt, □
And I the hymn the Brahmin sings. □

The strong gods pine for my abode,
And pine in vain the sacred Seven; □
But thou, meek lover of the good! □
Find me, and turn thy back on heaven.

Jonathan ROBIN

Brahma Iii

I find I'm found the finder and the find,
The fine, the finer and the undefined;
I sign myself the signer and the signed,
Design and the designer, predesigned.

Profound mind which minds nothing's stitch, naught note
unfounded or unworthy of free vote,
which rocks the boat rocks founder to denote
'ceteris paribus' all things equal coat.

'Audi alteram partem' must prevail
behind the veil then ave atque vale! '
from vale of tears depart, each part rescale
Way find unweighed by feather or by scale.

Jonathan ROBIN

Brahma Iv Eternal Question

If crowned chicken acts as egg,
if egg as chicken should react,
why, hen is zen, and [s]tale is leg,
as s[t]age [c]old question winks at fact.

Is man from monkey or from mouse
descended, woman from the bear?
An answer lies within his house
of cards: beware, lord louse lies there.

Jonathan ROBIN

Brahma Version 1

Before starred worlds evolved
Before Mankind evolved,
Ere dust to dust dissolved
Sin punished, sin absolved,
Creation's Eve had solved
The Day of Judgement's Doom.

Before first Eden grew,
Before its seed sin knew,
Before vice or virtue
Distinguished false from true,
Before Cain Abel slew,
I was born from your tomb.

Before both desert, flood,
Before both blossom, bud,
Before cow chewed the cud,
Ere creatures cold of blood
Crawled careless from the mud,
Mine was the hand, the loom

That spun the thread fed through
Past, Present, Old and New.
Before the first cock crew,
Before the skies were blue,
Before the first bird flew,
I am that [s]he to whom

Before the first breeze blew,
Before the first sneeze too,
Before love took its cue
From life free from taboo,
Until the last adieu
I WAS who Self subsume.

Before prehistory,
And after 'what will be'
In karmic mystery
I lose myself in « we »!

Tomorrow who shall see
Death's all consuming womb

Ere they were brought to be
I thought earth, stars and sea.
The empty spaces free
Between each galaxy
Existence owe to me,
Yet even I'm costume!

Ere Gentile, after Jew,
Ere 'forests walked, fish flew',
Ere Echo did construe
Alternate I and You,
Ere Noah's 'two by two',
I did thy Fate assume.

Before the first screw turned,
Before the first spark burned,
Before Mankind discerned
That Time was Heaven earned,
Dust into dust returned,
And worlds went up in fume.

Before web spider knew,
Before the skeins with dew
Were hung, I AM the glue
Which binds all things into
A senseless sense! I drew,
Will undraw, then resume.

The fossils from the sea
In Himalayas see,
All layered in my See!
Now IS Eternity!
Yet what is Time to me?
Plates in Fate's dark dark-room!

Jonathan ROBIN

Brahma Version 2

Before starred worlds revolved,
Before Mankind evolved,
Ere dust to dust dissolved
Sin punished, sin absolved,
Creation's Eve had solved
The Day of Judgement's Doom.

Before first Eden grew,
Before its seed sin knew,
Before vice or virtue
Distinguished false from true,
Before Cain Abel slew,
I was born from your tomb.

Before both desert, flood,
Before both blossom, bud,
Before cow chewed the cud,
Ere creatures cold of blood
Crawled careless from the mud,
Mine was the hand, the loom

That spun the thread fed through
Past, Present, Old and New.
Before the first cock crew,
Before the skies were blue,
Before the first bird flew,
I am that [s]he to whom

Shadow and light the same
Are, as is flood and flame,
Forgetfulness and fame,
As is both praise and blame
As pride is, as is shame!
Yet what is in a name
When player, rules and game
Within one cloud mushroom?

Before the first breeze blew,
Before the first sneeze too,

Before love took its cue
From life free from taboo,
Until the last adieu
I WAS who Self subsume.

Before prehistory,
And after 'what will be'
In karmic mystery
I lose myself in we!
Tomorrow who shall see
Death's all consuming womb

Give birth to fresh débuts?
Acts which themselves renew
As years lost years pursue
In search of rendezvous,
Self-circling. What else, who
Could thrust light through the gloom?

Ere they were brought to be
I thought earth, stars and sea.
The empty spaces free
Between each galaxy
Existence owe to me,
Yet even I'm costume!

Ere Gentile, after Jew,
Ere 'forests walked, fish flew',
Ere Echo did construe
Alternate I and You,
Ere Noah's 'two by two',
I did thy Fate assume.

Before the first screw turned,
Before the first spark burned,
Before Mankind discerned
That Time was Heaven earned,
Dust into dust returned,
And worlds went up in fume.

Naught is there I eschew
From Mars to Timbuktu,

From thence to Xanadu,
Naught foreign is, naught new.
In ALL I am, all through
Sweep, chimney, smoke and broom.

Ere Fiat Lux! my weal,
And wheel in spinning wheel
Which some would show, some seal,
All open, all conceal,
Did blood and stone congeal:
Yet all remains écume.

Before web spider knew,
Before the skeins with dew
Were hung, I AM the glue
Which binds all things into
A senseless sense! I drew,
Will undraw, then resume.

The fossils from the sea
In Himalayas see,
All layered in my See.
Now IS Eternity!
Yet what is Time to me?
Plates in Fate's dark dark-room!

Links in a chain whose skein retains still scope
Eternal are the atoms which comprise
The unique image of itself which prize
Trapped mortal peering through his periscope.
Heaven and Earth spin and kaleidoscope,
Ever commingle, yet naught verifies.
Right and wrong, truth, false, sloth, enterprise.
Each deifies himself to help him cope
Before those questions which, like bubbled soap,
Explode between his finger-thoughts. Replies
Held once self-evident, denied as lies,
Open Pandora's box, - but where is Hope?
Perhaps Mankind will make sense of the maze,
End Why? Where? Wherefore? Whence? , himself amaze.

Before first Jack and Jill

Went up and down the hill,
Before drops first did spill
From the first eve until
Last dawn I work my Will,
Yet still for all there's room.

I captain am and crew,
I'm horse and rider too,
I am both we and you,
Past, Future, and thereto
add Time itself which to
itself will e'er accrue:
Life's bride I'm, yet Death's groom

I Am emotions uncontrolled,
the oceans' motions rocked and rolled,
the sirens' po[r]tions, shipwrecked, shoaled,
the waves' commotions thousandfold
recorded on a Dead Sea, scrolled.
the brine, the fresh, the deck, the hold,
the line, the flesh, its every fold.
through storm's eye I fly unconsolated.

I Am the henpecked and the scold,
the tease, the teaser, the cajoled,
the jail, the jailer, the paroled,
physician, cure and camisoled.
I am dreams granted, those fools' gold,
Freedom fair, fast stranglehold,
Chrysanthemum and marigold:
We is Eye most manifold.

I Am the stitch, the hem and fold,
the rich - the sable-stoled,
the poor, in stable, cold,
unstable, pocket holed,
I 'm larders empty, fires coaled.
'the bowler, bails, the ball that's bowled',
'the potter, the pot, the clay and mould'
We is I most manifold.

I Am the secret Past unrolled,

Present and Future still untold.
Before I AM, yet was foretold.
I am unseen, and yet, behold,
Unbeholden, naught with-hold.
Nor part nor whole, last, shoe and soled.
I am sole soul though manifold.

I Am Before: both babe and old,
Before: both hot and cold,
Before: both coward, bold,
Before: both dross and gold,
Before: both bought and sold,
I am before: both secret, told.
I am We, most manifold.

I am the many and the One,
The Father, Holy Ghost, the Son,
I harlot am as well as nun.
I am the race before its run,
Before the chase has yet begun
And after all the laurels won:
I am all and yet am none.

Epitome of all that's done,
Remains to do, will be undone
I am, both black hole, stars and sun.
The target, bullet and the gun,
The interplay of mental pun,
The memory - sense intense well spun,
In all I am and yet am none.

Sophisticated and homespun,
Both everything and anyone,
I love the most where most I shun.
I'm tears, I'm years, and weary fun.
No contradiction is there, none,
As everything is everyone.

What will be IS ere 'tis begun!
I'm fiercest foe and closest chum,
The seed, bud, blossom, weed and plum,
The string, the stringer and the strum,

The sting, the stinger and the stung,
The sing-song, singer, the unsung,
The sin, the sinner's hand well wrung.

The lowest mean, the highest rung
To me the same are, bells once rung
Wait not on time, yet on time tongue.
I know not age, who ne'er was young,
I know not rage, through love ne'er clung
I'm stage, set, cast and critic, run.

Tweedledee and Tweedledum
Am I, of everything the sum;
The Past, the Future yet to come,
[Or is it HAS BEEN's martyrdom?]
I am the beat of distant drum
Which, omnipresent, all shall numb.

Styletes and the common scrum
Am I, the bread loaf, missing crumb,
The hermit's hut, the meddlesome,
Heresy, sacerdotium.
I Lethe am, Life's opium,
Still for serenity all come!

Imbalance, equilibrium,
Am I, scaled heights, and depths to plumb.
Blind imitation, rule of thumb,
Creation, all the same are, hum
As static on Time's waves, become
Soon silence, as if ever dumb!

Jonathan ROBIN

Brahma Winks

Modest maiden bashful blinks.
Blushing beauty cream the rose
regrets for envy's icy snows
cannot compete with light that links
across time lines as life-force flows
to ransom Time while Brahma winks...

Jonathan ROBIN

Break Break Break

Break, break, break,
of my bones both left and right,
and I would that my tongue could butter
the bread, my teeth could bite!

O well for the Athlete's foot
that knows not cramps nor corns,
O well for the shot that's put,
that knows not crown of thorns!

O well for the hospital staff
that neither strikes nor snaps,
nor seeks not one last laugh
transfusing AIDS or craps!

Break, break, break
all epidemics soon,
lest mankind's last mistake
prove Life is Time's buffoon!

Jonathan ROBIN

Break Free! - Have A Ball!

Time to break free, one's cup of tea may not be to all taste,
past history's stale news, let be, haste, challenge chased, no waste!
Song bird of time migrates, sublime rewarding melody,
wide wings unfurl, from spiral twirl, soar to true rhapsody.

Time to escape, drop nightshade drape, spring sprightly sings fresh air,
shed strings, red tape of every shape, fresh future fair prepare.
Shift key, click mouse, write waltz like Strauss, carouse in harmony,
drown frowns, don't grouse laze louse round house, spurn tale_spin gravity.

Time to rebound, life's boat aground goodbye waves tidal waves,
from hurts that hound heart thought strung, bound, a clear approach now braves
life's slings and arrows, narrow minds, discovers empathy,
that brings marshmallows, wide wings hallows, sheds self-sympathy.

From sleepy head, depressed in bed, leap up, cheered frame of mind,
misfortune's sped away, ahead, lies joy; leave lies behind.
Dread, pain vain bled, is shed instead success unbolts faults' door,
so have a ball, reverse free fall, displace dark doubts with SURE!

Don't hedge your bets, glad sad regrets turns topsy-turvy soon,
don't sit on fence in self defense, self-confidence is boon.
Let inner fire inspire desire, suspicions set at rest,
all you require, adore, admire, won't cloy, - enjoy with zest.

From vain complain move on again, see sea's brim full of fish,
go take your pick as lips you lick so wickedly delish.
Look sharp! Don't carp, distress or mess up opportunities
chance offers all, go have a ball, refreshed prioritease!

If once distraught in heart or thought, trust must fuss dust displace,
move on to more - unseen before - let better bad replace.
From inner trial advance and smile, past tears, fears fast forgot,
prick cloudy pall, go have a ball, in future call each shot!

Hope's heart's at ease when spirit frees harp's soul from sharks, sharp spears,
DO as YOU please and by degrees all darkness disappears,
bread butters fly, sun spo[r]ts in sky, relearn to laugh a lot,
keep on the ball, leap each grey wall - bold, spurning blow cold, hot!

Link one to one, new tale begun, soon shadow shades dissolve,
don't stumble, run! don't cry, have fun! hands on luck's clock revolve.
mosquito bite quite fly-by-night seems past controversy
compared to light solutions bright that crush adversity.

So turn past page, move on fast, stage recovery fulfilled,
no need to wage war feeling sore until rant, rage are stilled.
Let dream themes teem, perhaps as team, if not your's is the choice!
Of cream the cream you are, 'twould seem it's time to heed YOUR VOICE!

So seize the day! go out and play! clear way awaits, transparent,
henceforth at ease, dark shadow flees, hark! happiness apparent.
No longer strange, the season's change seeds cycle optimistic,
danger exchange rebirth free-range, no limits pessimistic.

Leave strife, love life, wed man and wife, read palms - charms endless show.
Share tenderness, groans, cares chase! guess! great happiness grows glow.
So here we end, send 'Good Luck! ' trend as on your way you trot, -
go have a ball, no cares at all, stand tall, walls fall! WHY NOT?

Time to break free, one's cup of tea may not be to all taste,
past history's stale news, let be, haste, challenge chased, no waste!
Song bird of time migrates, sublime rewarding melody,
wide wings unfurl, from spiral twirl, soar to true rhapsody.

12 April 2005

first version of first stanza added 6 April 2008 revised 9 September 2009,16
October 2009 and 19 May 2010 for initial versions entitled HAVE A BALL! see
below

Time to escape, drop nightshade drape, spring sprightly sings fresh air,
shed strings, red tape of every shape, fresh future fair prepare.
Shift key, click mouse, write waltz like Strauss, carouse in harmony,
drown frowns, don't grouse laze louse round house, spurn tale_spin gravity.

Time to rebound, life's boat aground goodbye waves tidal waves,
from hurts that hound heart thought strung, bound, a clear approach now braves
life's slings and arrows, narrow minds, discovers empathy,
that brings marshmallows, wide wings hallows, sheds self-sympathy.

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misfortune's sped away, ahead, lies joy; leave lies behind.
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Don't hedge your bets, glad sad regrets turns topsy-turvy soon,
don't sit on fence in self defense, self-confidence is boon.
Let inner fire inspire desire, suspicions set at rest,
all you require, adore, admire, won't cloy, enjoy with zest.

From vain complain move on again, see sea's brim full of fish,
go take your pick as lips you lick so wickedly delish.
Look sharp! Don't carp, distress or mess up opportunities
chance offers all, go have a ball, refreshed prioritize!

If once distraught in heart or thought, trust must fuss dust displace,
move on to more - unseen before - let better bad replace.
From inner trial advance and smile, past tears, fears fast forgot,
prick cloudy pall, go have a ball and call each shot!

Hope's heart's at ease when spirit frees harp's soul from sharks, sharp spears,
DO as YOU please and by degrees all darkness disappears,
bread butters fly, sun spo[r]ts in sky, relearn to laugh a lot,
keep on the ball, leap each grey wall - bold, spurning blow cold, hot!

Link one to one, new tale begun, soon shadow shades dissolve,
don't stumble, run! don't cry, have fun! hands on luck's clock revolve.
mosquito bite quite fly-by-night seems past controversy
compared to light solutions bright that crush adversity.

So turn past page, move on fast, stage recovery fulfilled,
no need to wage war `gainst all rant and rage are stilled.
Let dream themes teem, perhaps as team, if not your's is the choice!
Of cream the cream you are, `twould seem `tis time to heed YOUR VOICE!

So seize the day! go out and play! clear way awaits, transparent,
always at ease, dark shadow flees, with happiness apparent.
No longer strange, the season's change seeds cycle optimistic,
danger exchange rebirth free-range, no limits pessimistic.

Leave strife, love life, wed man and wife, read palms - charms endless show.
Share tenderness, groans, cares chase! guess! great happiness grows glow.
So here we end, send 'Good Luck! ' trend as on your way you trot, -

go have a ball, no cares at all, stand tall, walls fall! WHY NOT?

12 April 2005 robi3_1193_robi3_0000 XXX_EKX

first version of first stanza added 6 April 2008 revised 9 September 2009 and 16 October 2009 for initial versions see below

Time to free shape, escape dark drape, spring sprightly brings fresh air,
shed strings, red tape of every shape, fresh future fair prepare.
Quit sick, click mouse, write waltz like Strauss, carouse in harmony,
don't grouse, laze louse, around the house, spurn superfluity.

From vain complain move on again, the sea is full of fish,
go take your pick as lips you lick so wickedly delish.
Look sharp! Don't carp, distress or mess up opportunities
Chance offers all, go have a ball with fresh prior-I-tease!

Though once distraught in heart or thought mistrust one may replace,
move on to more - unseen before - let better bad displace.
From inner trial advance and smile, tears past, fears fast forgot,
go have a ball, cast down dark shawl, forever call each shot!

Hope's heart's at ease when spirit frees harp's soul from sharks, sharp spears,
DO as YOU please and by degrees all darkness disappears,
bread butters fly, sun spo[r]ts in sky, relearn to laugh a lot,
keep on the ball, leap each grey wall - bold, spurning blow cold, hot!

We could for long keep rhyming strong - yet some attention scan
seems very short, or so 'tis thought by maiden and by man.
So here rhyme ends, good fortune sends, as on your way you trot,
go have a ball, no cares at all, stand tall, walls fall! WHY NOT?

12 April 2005 revised 6 April 2008 and 15 September 2009
for previous version see below

From vain complain move on again the sea is full of fish
go take your pick as lips you lick so wickedly delish.
Look sharp! Don't carp, distress or mess up opportunities
Chance offers all - go have a ball with fresh prior-I-tease!

Although distraught in heart and thought when trust you may misplace,
move on to more, - unseen before, - let better bad replace!

From inner trial advance and smile, tears past and fast forgot,
go have a ball, take up Fate's call in future call each shot!

The heart's at ease when spirit frees the soul from fears, from tears,
DO as YOU please and by degrees all darkness disappears,
the butters fly, sun's in the sky, relearn to laugh a lot,
keep on the ball, leap each grey wall – bold spurning blow cold, hot!

We could for long keep rhyming strong, - yet some attention scan
is very short, or so 'tis thought by maiden and by man, -
so here we end and 'Good Luck! ' send as on your way you trot, -
go have a ball, no cares at all, stand tall, walls fall! WHY NOT?

12 April 2005

Jonathan ROBIN

Break Out

S[h]e's lived protected by strong walls Time's w[r]it
Let stand too long, pride's ride before fast fall,
Ignoring purposefully fact that all
Vain structures tumble, tumbril hypocrite.
EDict: Earth's dust dissolves shawls man would knit.
Protection serves slight purpose overall,
Respite cannot postpone the final call
Of fate, death's date sees puzzle pieces fit.
The time has come to quit false safety, split
Entrenched opinions, narrow minds and small,
Creation hindered, progress held in thrall.
Turn thoughts towards tomorrow, future lit,
Each step to freedom leaves fell past behind;
Destroying bias, locks, unlocks blind mind.

Jonathan ROBIN

Bridge Of Sighs Cut Down To Size

From handicap to handicap dark bridge of sighs extends,
that isolates communities seen seldom hand in hand,
as strengths and weaknesses compete, scene one can understand.
Far finer seems defining themes, dreams' interface which ends
false fears and petty jealousies, needs' lobbies which defend
each righteous cause yet scarce explore shared strategy well planned
obtaining recognition and discrimination banned.
For special needs' diversity: bridge ties, no sighs to mend!
The pace at which technologies converge today depends
too often on priorities where cents not sense command.
As digital divides increase, some challenges are spanned,
but others raise their ugly heads when bias fear befriends.

So lend an ear with second sight not third hand platitudes.
Send message clear, true progress steer, evolving attitudes.

Jonathan ROBIN

Bridge Over Troubled Waters After Christopher Marlowe Come Live With Me And Be My Love

Come live with me, my partner be,
and we will every contract make
that tricky opportunity
presents in life of bid and [s]take.

Trumps we shall call, my Queen of hearts,
diamonds divine declare clean breast.
We'll not proceed by fits and starts,
but lead from strength, ne'er second best!

With points imperial we'll show
the world we make a perfect match,
we'll club together till Time's flow
will slam the door and bolt the latch.

Let thus united be displayed
our souls upon life's table baize,
always to call a spade a spade,
while psyching with a silent gaze.

Rewards, not risks and penalties,
we'll surely reap - who'll never err,
above the line we'll score with ease
to win life's cup without a slur.

Throughout life's game we'll not revoke,
but future points provoke with skill,
though now and then a psychic joke
helps spin the wheel that's never still.

We'll bridge our differences and
send signals which are never crossed,
ne'er overlook another's hand
but seek to capture tricks thought lost.

If these delights your heart may move
to partner me through life's long gambol,

then live with me and be my Love,
I bid you, without long preamble.

Jonathan ROBIN

Bridgework As Artist Poet

Artists palette, paints, prepare,
Poets channel insight rare.
One canvas fills, one paper inks,
Imagination interlinks.

Each respective stream compares
Perceptions, self-respecting, thinks
Perspectives sensitively, shares
Intuitive fruition, links
Symphonic patterns, well aware
Individuals everywhere
Sense beauty way beyond time's brink,
Horizons widen, never shrink.

Images accompany
Free originality.

Jonathan ROBIN

Bridging Troubled Waters

Bridge of colours spans the years
Responding to shared tune on cue
In light and laughter keys into
Dreams' hopes for scope. Grey disappears.
Glow grows, tomorrows free from fears
Extend through unveiled planes that few
Or none else know. Constraints melt too!
Voyage duet hearts' wonder hears,
Echoes return to welcome ears
Responding with joy overdue.
TROUbadour threads song sincere,
BLED heart's quite healed, bright crystal clear.
WAS wait worthwhile? Touchée? Emue?
TERSe verse here ends with thoughts of you.

May what to some spanned bridge by cataract
appears at first sight, seen in other light
unveils anticipation not the act -
draws sunrise, current's flow, woe's clouds in flight.
zach waterfall dreams stimulates, intact
catalyzes stream sense, springs insight.
One's neverneverland? Blend nuance backed?
Revel's enchantment surf spills answers bright,
reveals transparent zones which once mist-wracked
in doubt and self-denial seemed. Winged white,
eddies fantastic swirl-whirl, fears backtracked,
ripple confidence, key shared delight.
Answers riffle home, fresh foam may flow
splicing known once sown to hopes tomorrows show.

Jonathan ROBIN

Bright Buckets

Bright bucket bulge with sand and shells today,
brimmed by infant avidly at play,
intent on building, digging time away
on beach, sand castles busily inlay
with scalloped decorations castaway
by last tide's currents, scattered anyway
along the tattered margin of the bay.

One tiny grain of sand, stone yesterday,
caught up within the complex interplay
of forces `yond our ken that ever weigh
upon our stream of consciousness to sway
more than a moment's notice in their way
regardless of the influences they
appear to have on childhood's day to day.

Child seeks springboard from shore's cabaret
to havens elves inhabited: not grey
but bright as light prismatic on display
in Zipangu and faraway Cathay.
Imagination spurns all hindrance, let or stay,
advances unimpeded sans delay,
ignores all adult strictures crass, cliché.

Magic meditations far away
lead through rock formations, Go game play
Time entertains till wind or water spray
from bedrock blown, grain's worn down, dust or clay,
key silent witness to life's chaos fray.
What change of scene, and what has been, what may
yet be that grain stands witness to Time's stay?

Thus, grain, child's seedling, which chance interplay
or karmic consciousness may guide, sad, gay,
from human shores to boundless space with fey
prestidigitation none gainsay.
that reconciles our mortal roundelay
to infinite voice for choice replay,
choir choice voice that the galaxies may sway.

Jonathan ROBIN

Bright Eyes Gleam

My days are spent in trances
while all my nightly dreams
no light know where your glances
are absent, their bright gleams
reverse sad circumstances
as sharing's warming streams
link heart to heart. The chance is
enchancing as Life's schemes
respond to Love's advances
in harmony which beams
from both as spark advances
from Earth to Air like steam
ascending as romance is -
like strawberries and cream
or never ending dances
dreams populate as teems
imagination, - stance is
as mirrored damascene, -
sublime state which perchance is
of all life's joys supreme
that happiness enhances
when eyes cue bright eyes' gleam ...

Jonathan ROBIN

Brighter World

Insight grasps unhappy challenge passed
prepares for future fair where blossom spray
accompanies warm summer welcome, play
fresh heartfelt tunes to links which very fast
create fresh interfaces, leave aghast
old trials and tribulations. Interplay
anticipates enchanting gladsome way
to seek, to learn in manner multicast.
Much dust is swept away. Rich joys at last
may metamorphose cold troubles, homage pay
to true enchantment freeing kite from stay
that shatters. String locks fall away, outcast.
A brighter world, long waited, weak with strong
replaces, solace shows life knows no wrong.

Jonathan ROBIN

British Library Reflections

Take time from Time for line from line grows not,
Hell's weight awaits, the creeping Reaper snaps
Entwinèd threads. Sped, dead men need no maps -
Closed is hope's door, uncounted beaded knot.
On other subjects dwell, for, soon forgot,
Man's transient triumphs wither. Death entraps.
Most stillborn live, their passing seen as lapse
Of taste or circumstance 'twixt grave and cot.
Now, in the Present, find fresh wings, and spot
Great future from above, avoid collapse.
Remember Lethe's unplumbed depths perhaps
Answer the 'why?' - one's 'I' is passing dot.
Ventures may be gained, ignore the night,
Enjoy existence, enter into light...

Jonathan ROBIN

British Library Reflections - Fosse Commune - Communal Grave

Laisse à la Mort la mort, car toujours le Faucheur
Attend son jour pour vous scier la branche enfin.
Faites tout pour survivre, assurer un destin
Ouvrant la voie devant vers l'espoir car le coeur
Se doit de réjouir. La vie comprend Lueur.
Sans prendre rendez-vous la Mort toujours vient,
En 'temps voulu' laissant aucun surlendemain.
Chassez le jour où l'on s'enterre par la peur,
Où les larmes et alarmes se fondent, où la rancoeur
Malsaine est dissipée. Le Mal, comme le Bien,
Mots vidés de leur sens longtemps avant la fin:
Un reflet éphémère et plus rien ne demeure.
Nous pouvons rêver que la vie soit toujours belle,
En brisant l'interdit: en soi la voie appelle.

Take time from Time for line from fragile line grows not,
Hell's feather weight awaits, the creeping Reaper snaps
Entwinèd thread skeins vain. Sped, dead men need no maps.
Closed fast is hope's trap door, uncounted beaded knot.
On other subjects dwell, for, soon we'll be forgot.
Man's transient triumphs pop, burst, wither. Death entraps.
Most stillborn mirage laze, their passing seen as lapse
Of taste or circumstance between dark grave bright cot.
Now, in brief Present find fresh wings, shed grief to spot
Great future from above, avoid inner collapse.
Remember Lethe's depth unplumbed knows no 'perhaps'
Answers never I's why? , eye's evanescent dot.
Ventures may be gained, therefore ignore feared night,
Expel taboos' dark hues to enter into light.

(15 November 1991 revised 30 May 2013)

Jonathan ROBIN

Brown Study From The Lowlands

My fart's in the Lowlands, my fart is not here,
My fart's in the Lowlands disgracing I fear -
embracing the oh dear, hear three in a row!
my fart's in the Lowlands, no place else to blow.

Farewell to the colon[y]'s whale of a gale,
the column of calor, one gale won from whale;
wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
my fart blows from private parts, I'm treasure trove cove.

Farewell from gust mounting high in the air;
Hello to disgust leading on to despair,
Hello ivy league bladderwort fount in puds;
Hello to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.

My fart's in the Lowlands, my fart is not here,
My fart's in the Lowlands disgracing I fear -
embracing the oh dear, three more in a row!
my fart blows from Lowlands, so little to show.

[c] Jonathan Robin parody Robert Burns My Heart's in the Highlands 1 July 2008
robi3_1781_burn3_0004 PXX_MXX

My Heart's In The Highlands

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birth-place of Valour, the country of Worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
A-chasing the wild-deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

Farewell to the mountains high covered with snow;
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;

Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods;
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
A-chasing the wild-deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

Robert Burns - written 1789
tune- 'Failte na Miosg.'

Jonathan ROBIN

Bubble Blink - 1013

Few dare share, most from self-knowledge shrink,
fear to learn how fragile's all that matters,
how shallow matter's space, hollow the latter's
form is fiction [ad]dressed as causal link.
Emptiness enhanced by bubble blink
prism provides which weak self-image flatters.
Pattern sought thought constitutes, the platter's
a self-fulfilling dish. Who's dished, who'd wink?
Its scar[c]e surprising so few care to think,
or think to care where life's soon torn to tatters,
avoiding void through emphasis that chatters
around a bloom to gloom soon doomed to sink.
Yet sharing opens fresh perspective's pane,
pain pacifies when love's lack life ex-plain.

(11 March 2002)

Jonathan ROBIN

Bubble Bray - 0822 - Current Version

Time's muzzle mocks ambitions. Day by day,
through life's incessant dream theme ebb and flow,
efforts, unrewarded, seem vain show.
Effects' and causes' subtle interplay
none may control, - coincidence at play
enacts a chance dance time mime stop and go
whose pattern frame spins into vertigo
flaking dates and energy away.
Harmony and Chance Time's tides obey,
cannot be reined, restrained, nor string nor bow
fires through some causal bull's eye to echo
sense sustained. Profane, with bubble bray,
most blow hot, cold on stage, then sink unheard
before they even feel flow's ripples stirred.

(9 April 2008)

Jonathan ROBIN

BUD FREE IN TIME, SHAPE YOUR HEART'S VISION THROUGH VERSE

BEYOND YE BOND which terrifies
UNITE! UNTIE! PROD, DROP disguise,
DRAW joy WARD off REEF, FREE dark skies.
FOR TUNES trump FORTUNE'S flighty eyes.
READ, DEAR, SURE RUSE personifies
Each VERSE to SERVE sans compromise.
Each REVERSE REVERES replies.
ITEM EMIT for as TIME flies
No MITE, POOL LOOP, personifies
The DEW WED, so NODE DONE advise
IT RIPS the SPIRIT – so scribe's highs
May LOWS SLOW link, revise.
Easy WOLF FLOW satisfies.
Splice I AM AIM to WE IS - WISE.
HEART'S ARTS HE MASTERS STREAMS supplies
As SMILE which MILES DROPS, PRODS surprise.
PART STALE TALE's TRAP, - LO US! - SOUL ties
Each THREAD - no DEARTH - needs systemize
You EDIT TIDE DIET DEED despise
Objections COLD CLOD compromise.
URGES SURGE FROM FORMAl guise,
REACT, TRACE NOW WON OWN enterprise.
He who GUIDES IS in DISGUISE
Each GENIC ZERO RECOGNIZE -
ALL mirrors ALL in different guise -
Response to dark INSURES SUNRISE!
The PAGE does GAPE? Just realize
Sometimes it OVERSIMPLIFIES
Verse low for LO IMPs IMPROVISE
IDEAS ASIDE on SITE link TIES -
Some POLEMICS, where one COMPLIES
In ONE COMPILES, NEO BUSY BUYS,
Or, FACE ITS SIN it SANCTIFIES
Naught - for I SIMPLE e'er IMPLIES
The rhyme IS SUPPLE and SUPPLIES

Buffer Brain

Dreams teem, spring from synaptic leap
before day's hustle bustle finds
employment for productive minds
far more contented when asleep.
When buffer brain retains thoughts deep
or fancies light, as rest unwinds,
they may be stored for many kinds
of interplay, rich harvests reap
when plowed back, irrigation seep
which opens avenues, draws blinds,
encouragement staid braid unbinds
may reinforce joys shared and keep
enchantment ever underlined
to comfort through life's daily grind.

Jonathan ROBIN

Bugs And Blunder - Rugs Pulled Under

Migration to a facebook friendly twitter
won't help to sell a site where interaction
decreases daily, leaving users bitter,
few backed up, sense lacked, access now a fraction
of what before saw much to praise, smile raise.
Is this for real? Bliss permanent perversion
meets, scarcely sweet, or just a passing phase,
poorly thought out, bug replete, snug version
forgotten, dead and buried as our joys
which once won stars, not iron bars which break
fluidity and friendliness, employs
misconceived ergonomomy, mistake.
Bugs run amock, stock falls, blocks reputation:
collapse negating sense, whence our frustration!

(24 April 2011)

Jonathan ROBIN

Burnt Fingers

My stockbroker said: 'Do not wait!
If you hesitate it is too late!
Buy Burmah, one ten,
an upturn is certain,
their North Sea interests are just great! '

On portfolio now lies a weight,
whose tale is too sad to relate,
the share is suspen
none know until when,
but the name of that broker does grate!

Jonathan ROBIN

Busy Bees - Current Version

Heaven sent: bees, busy, fly
hunting honey buzzing by.

Pollen scent pays apiary rent
till men repent greed, source runs dry -
fount fructose. Rent wings' all awry,
Nature denies, most malcontent.

Hive syndrome meant as warning pent
with sugary advice, we cry.
Indecent is the extent
of robbery in broad daylight.

Protest vent represent
one percent of calls to try
to prevent bee supplement
royal jelly, harvest wry.

Came and went, bee ascent
flora flee, few know why.
Rise, descent: Magician fly -
sad or funny - Time flies by.

Excellent, straight or bent,
proud or puny - passing sigh.
Life is lent: Humanity
tied to money, low and high.

Summer spent, mortality:
you be[e] I, born to die.

Jonathan ROBIN

Jonathan ROBIN

Butterfly The Stars - Carpe Diem

CARPE DIEM spells MAD RECIPE,
DREAM EPIC to PIERCE DAM, mind's waters flow
as DICE REMAP REMADE PIC, help to see
how anagrams shift focus, need to grow.

Thus what to some 'improvement' may appear
is but perspective, glass half empty, filled,
or hardships role reversed by change of gear,
self-pity sapped, snapped, joy mapped: beans are spilled.

So seize the day, in tune with all around,
both silence, sound, 'hope, faith and trust' are bars
to open mind that fain would leave the ground
of caterpillar, butterfly the stars.

True happiness turns yen of citizen
to zen, yins yang, yangs yin, springs flow from pen.

Jonathan ROBIN

Buzz Words

Buzz word worlds
fuzz unfurled
termite sword
sounding board
locust rocks
chatter box
cricket chat
pings, brings bat.
Never still a
catapillar
drosophila,
fruit fly, fella
swinging wings
singing things
men who roar
all ignore.

Jonathan ROBIN

C Pain Panic

Pain!

Pain burst as fire-ball flash sheered synapses, struck hurt brain.

which somehow knew to spring the nerves' defences too.

System, unprepared, caught sharp blowtorch scorch. Whiplash reign,
unreined in, under pressure from cooked books, stalled: run through.

left little leeway to cushion percussion harm, calm recall

balm rediscover, offer overall redemption from long haul bawl.

Mind attempted to recoil, retain control, spin role-reversal, autonomy maintain.

Jar triggered ter[r]a volt terror bolt from out the blue

pain's reign again exploding,

coding scarlet through and through.

Initial shock hit rock bottom, harsh trouncing

failed, as deceit dealt double blow defeating

self-confidence at first. Then, hope rebounding

from injury and sorrow self- depleting,

retook resolved, solved complications, renouncing.

self-pity, dark abyss. The mind, completing

metamorphosis found joy announcing

pain's door revolving. Bitter, defender bit

biter, by misdeeds burned, returned to sender, hit

out at all injustice, refusing to submit to pain!

(1 December 1991 revised 12 December 2010)

Jonathan ROBIN

C[I]over Girl After Emily Dickinson - To Make A Prairie It Takes A Clover

To make true change it takes a Biden and one B.
One Biden and a B.
And reverie.
But reverie alone won't do
'til Palin's blue.

To make an omelette it takes some milk and one egg.
Some milk and an egg
and gas or light.
With reverie alone make do
if we're not few.

To stake a claim takes some land and one hope.
Some land and a hope,
called reverie.
The reverie alone won't do
with carats few.

To bake a cake it takes...
'and so ad infinitum'

Author notes

C[I]over Girl = Cove Over Cover Lover Clover Girl

[c] Jonathan Robin parody Emily Dickinson first stanza written 1 November 2008
subsequent stanzas added 2 November 2008
robi3_1400

ROBIN Jonathan 1947_20xx robi3_1400_robi1_0000 PWX_JXX Clover Girl_To
make true change it takes a Biden and a B

n.b. cove in English may also mean Man

Clover and Bee

To make a prairie it takes a clover and one bee,
One clover, and a bee,
And revery.
The revery alone will do,
If bees are few.

DICKINSON Emily 1830_1886 dick2_0017_dick2_0000 PXX_NXX To make a prairie it takes a clover and one bee_To make a prairie

Jonathan ROBIN

Calculations Fail

Can knowledge any sense in life retain?
All trace in space must some day disappear.
Life's calculations fail, ambitions vain.
Colours, now magic, soon no longer here
Unknown sounds, scents tomorrow shall remain.
Love's lightning, having struck, moves on, a mere
After-ripple on time's wave, cleansed clear.
The struggle ceases, Lethe, down the drain
Is every trace flushed before we can gain
One insight on Life's mysteries, or steer
New trips through dreams, few dreams themselves appear
Sense bearing whose waft, weft, need never wane.
Fail follows pride, soul weighed by feather light,
Ill starred our ride, bright spark ere endless night.

(5 August 1999)

Jonathan ROBIN

Can Colour Claim To Read Between The Lines?

Can colour claim to read between the lines
And paint fey portrait of each secret smile?
Nuances noting, can it reconcile
Chance extrapolations, sundry signs
Of the mind's ambitions, the designs
Link-locked within a bandwidth waves's confines,
Open doors, which, hidden seem to guide
Unexpected steps to answers bona fide.
Response and recognition each defines
Coded motives which tastes rainbow's shines
Laser beams of truth which will abide:
An insight into what occurs inside.
If from truth's spectrum something's infra re[a]d,
Much ultra may be drawn for years ahead.

The years ahead flagged by those tagged before
Offer opportunities to grow
Responding to Fate's multi-coloured flow,
Effects' and causes' waft weft spinning sure
Awarding here, withdrawing there, from core
Design to sign unstinting glow.
Between bright rainbow's light cones, rods, below
Explicit consciousness interpret, store
Tressed sense impressions which synapses store
With care to blend fair beauty, scare rare foe,
Enchantment share where wonders fast or slow
ENTwine mind's heady wine with wonders more.
THEme dreams teem, spin, in rainbow's coloured bands,
LINES, walls, dissolve, beams team true hands to hands.

Jonathan ROBIN

Can Colour Claim To Read Between The Lines? - 0732

- Initial Version

Can colour claim to read between the lines
And paint fey portrait of each secret smile?
Nuances noting, can it reconcile
Chance extrapolations, sundry signs
Of the mind's ambitions, the designs
Link-locked within a bandwidth waves's confines,
Open doors, which, hidden seem to guide
Unexpected steps to answers bona fide.
Response and recognition each defines
Coded motives which tastes rainbow's shines
Laser beams of truth which will abide:
An insight into what occurs inside.
If from truth's spectrum something's infra re[a]d,
Much ultra may be drawn for years ahead.

(27 January 1993)

Jonathan ROBIN

Can Crime Pay?

When comptroller would syphon a dollar,
one may hear loud and clear victims holler!
Red-faced and red handed
the bait is soon landed,
can crime pay in our heyday white collar?

Bank bonus 'spite bail-outs are awful
not for long should they still seem dream lawful,
for when losses accrue
all life-savings we knew
must to dust turn to leave debts? a store full.

Sphinx Madoff may try on promotion
bankrupt pyramid raising commotion,
chickens come home to roost
soon or late, busting boost;
greenback backing's vanishing potion.

There's hot water, not flight, facts discovered,
Where the spotlight's bright glare acts uncovered,
guilt is tried, bail denied,
for a wide span inside,
but its rash to think all cash recovered.

Jonathan ROBIN

Can Haiku Be Written In Seventeen Syllables Or Less?

Syllable drop

ghosts of haiku yet to come
don't dig, turn grave.

Jonathan ROBIN

Can The Worm From The Bud Sudden Vanish? - Parody Algernon Swinburne - Dolores

Where cash reasons not rhymes one would seize on
where interest not principles pays,
there brash fees feed the fire as the season
from 'spring' through the 'fall' counts the days.
Once smoke signals were seen as a message
of tribal support, - burning Bush
blanket censorship smoke-screens are presage
of threat too intense.

From 'Hi, Jack' to highjack progressing
to high-jump where Press spills the beans -
'de lay' of the land - dispossessing
alternative options and schemes.
When the shit hits the fans all expressing
embarrassment shuffle their teams,
pretense make withholding their blessing
from former intents.

Will the scandal House cleaning empower,
will the mid-term bid firm for reform?
or knight's armour be burnished an hour
tainted Senators riding the storm?
Will with fervish and fervour folks banish
their cancerous caucus's norm,
will the worm from the bud sudden vanish
with fine sentiments?

For pork-barrel measures some hanker,
as politic platitudes please,
while they plunder play pleasant, say 'thank you'
pre-empting folks' earnings with ease.
Don't complain, they'll explain, in terms franker
than frank, masking hidden disease, -
but I'd rather believe in a banker
with illigimate bents.

Against avian flu must the lame-duck

chained president try to contend,
lacking overall plan and the game luck
conservatives need to befriend
open minded intelligence, - bloodsuck-
ers who would power extend -
who remains who's unstained, and untamed, - pluck
which never relents?

Jonathan ROBIN

Capricious Caravan Camels Crawl Calmly Cross Cooking Cauldron Countryside

Above dry desert, noiseless ruddy rise
expands sharp breathless air. Sun - cloudless skies -
grills granular gold sands, stings red-rimmed eyes.
Tanned turbanned touareg tribes traverse to seek supplies,
perpetually prostrated, praying prophet. Bearded cries.
Dawn disperses dreams, disturbs dust swarm of jester-pester flies
harass the criss-cross camel caravan which plies
an ancient trade in spices, slaves, scribes, spies.

Jonathan ROBIN

Carpe Diem

Inspiration's spent cartridge, having shot its insight bolt from out of the blue out of sight, hangs, bridge ridge ego echo kidding between indifferent and indignant, apparently almost borderline indigent in suspended animation, arrested as if Time and Space had conspired to offset kinetic energy oversight aspiring to fire the Ages, to dissolve need for conceptual anchors and thereby solve descriptions of descriptions of inside/outside interdependant fractal interface tracings pacing the space outline of straight line meta-mode mind-sets while awaiting the meeting mutating mate to mating with itself.

Pivot and pillow wo[|]rd challenge tenets of Ti[m]e and P[|]ace, ful[|]crum[b]s of the soul's immortality, seeking to block the spirit's fleeting winking inking thinking linking greeting shrinking within itself.

A state me[a]ntal line, desperate to [t]race light, as if its existence depended upon its s[p]eed, soars, curving, arching through the marching universe attempting to reach, underscore, and underline itself. Light quark sparks affect all levels of cosmic consciousness until the circle reforms an image impression expression of universal harmony.

Emotions long to [l]ink the pages of the Present, intertwining Past and Future, and, in letters large as life, decipher themselves, decode the genius or gene I us emoticons so near, and yet so far. The door of insight and enlightenment is ever ajar, although it often seems too narrow to those who ephemerally flicker through their three score years and ten.

Up and over, to where, hitting, the lead layers of primary consciousness, 'wait' changed state as weight dissolved, and led away from the temptation of falling back on the memory's backwash flashback switchbacking and side tracking up and down upon a semi colon black background, back to and from basics, a-muse-sing contradiction in terms, as the bridge between Whence and Wither, Cause and Effect suddenly spanned the echo relay race of Eternity's comings and goings, ebbings and flowings, knowing and unknowing as the cycle geared up and peered/appeared over hair-splitting layers of primary unconsciousness.

The sleeper seeks to wake, awakening unlooked for in this temporal continuum. Fake break takes time out for its own sake without making flaking rhyme. The chronological water shed the logical and fed from Chronos' legendary meal, taking from the Gods from which he himself once partook while spinning topsy-turvy among the blue and green rings around Saturn's void.

Kernel, unrooted from the inner recesses of the mind, that dark fertile area where creativity restlessly and relentlessly anticipates release, bursts into nut gut activity. Nevertheless, innovation is considered cancerous by those who their inner selves refute, or fear to know.

The universal soul awaits inspiration to send sap soaring, outpouring from core ring at all levels. Tendrils tentatively touch, tenderly tease to deracinate, sensate and sate the tortured synapses of the spirit. Explosion of consciousness calls all, especially itself, into question.

Warp and weft, bereft of references, dance a double helix under the sum of understanding, st[r]anding both apart from and a part of the hole that leads the whole into and out from itself.

Truth's essential essence reflects prismatically and chromatically upon all aspects of awareness, the soul works on the Will to redefine the Way as harmony and chaos complete each other as cosmic and karmic interplay evolve revolving around each other.

The sleeper wakes, works on the Will, finds, refines, redefines and realigns the Way, which, in its turn, underlines individual inability to assign its paradoxical convergent_seas to seize the day, given that among the English anagrams for CARPE DIEM include PRICE MADE, PRIME ACED, EPIC DREAM, ACME PRIDE, to DIME CAPER? MAD RECIPE, I MAP CREED, AM PIERCED, REMAP DICE!

Borderline inspiration bridges ego echo... nowhere, everywhere, wear the same surround.

Jonathan ROBIN

Carroll Carol

"Never fear, " carolled Carroll to Lear
and a nymph upon whom he would leer,
"all comes clear, Alice, dear,
in a limerick here, -
as son's lusty lute's dodgy and queer."

Jonathan ROBIN

Carrolling - Parody Lewis Carroll – The Mad Gardener's Song

He thought he saw an Internet
exchanging peer to peer,
he looked again and hedged his bet, -
by middle of next year
new routing tables tuned as yet
unknown may well appear –
on track to trace attack and get
convictions based on fear.

He dreamt that spam would disappear,
all trash deleted fast.
He dreamt that Windows would be clear
of viral bugs' wormcast.
He woke to find world insincere
where independence past
was sacrificed throughout the year
to biometrics ghastr.

He thought he saw a friend's hello
with an attachment piece,
he opened to discover, though,
a trojan horse release –
He looked again as data flow
declined, - mind not at peace -
and whispered with voice timbre low:
'I'll send for the Police! "

He thought he saw a heirophant
predicting happy life.
He looked again, with rage and rant
discovered from ex-wife
an email angry claiming scant
support, which threatened strife:
"At length I see the immanent
attraction of Time's knife! "

He dreamt he saw as he awake

the euro reach a peak,
he saw he dreamt that Bush half bake
would leave the dollar weak: -
he woke to find what grave mistake
was made for the next week
the politicians put a stake
in budget – rocked boats leak!

He thought he saw Commission clerk
jump on bandwagon bus,
he looked again, just for a lark,
and found no tinker's cuss
the former cared for bite was bark -
ratification fuss -
U.S. as vulture oyster park
picked clean naught left for US!

He thought he saw an open door,
that had no need for key,
he looked again, saw judgement poor,
and said: "Ah, woe is me!
How confidence we can restore
remains a mystery,
as what seemed clear is to the core
too shaken by decree! "

He recognized all argument
was vain as veil with Pope
who looked to answer heaven sent
to save old ways with hope -
to good intentions turned and meant
to reassure that scope
remained but promise soon found spent
by men who could not cope...

20 June 2005 Parody Lewis CARROLL – The Mad Gardener's Song

Carolling_20050620_He thought he saw an Internet ROBIN Jonathan 1947_2006
robi3_0902_robi3_0000 PWX_JMX

ROBIN Jonathan 1947_2006 robi3_0902_carr2_0004 PWX_JMX Carolling_He
thought he saw an Internet

Carolling II

He thought he saw new Internet
exchanging peer to peer,
he looked again and found it was
a mirage for each year
sees more control, "what rôle, " he said,
"for values free from fear? "

He thought he saw spam disappear,
All consultations free,
he looked again and found it was
a spybot lottery.
"Is Windows DoD", he said,
"or from risks viral clear? "

He thought he saw a friend's hello,
With an attachment piece,
he looked again and found it was
the porno scanning police
"Politically correct", he said,
"can't guarantee release."

He thought he saw a hierophant,
who'd deal successful life,
he looked again and found it was
subpoena from ex-wife
demanding child support, he said,
"Cards stacked are by Time's knife."

He thought he saw as he awoke,
That 'Justice' rhymed with 'fair'
he looked again and found it was
a wish beyond repair,
"I ran, I rack, must soon", he said,
"leave budget cupboards bare."

He thought he saw the government
'transparency' uphold
he looked again and found it was

but wishful-thinking old,
"Where burning Bush would Rove", he said,
"checks, balance, are left cold."

He thought he saw society
free from injustice, fights,
he looked again and found it was
a vetoed Bill of Rights,
"Are global warming themes", he said,
"hot air, conditioned nights? "

He thought he saw that plain goodwill
would solve all woes world wide
he looked again and found it was
repeatedly denied,
"Some governments, alas! " he said,
"the 'Truth' will over-ride."

He thought he saw that Equity
had re-established trust
he looked again and found it was
a market peak, soon bust,
"for " he said,
"the 'Truth' will over-ride."

He thought he saw the Middle East
the sharia repeal
he looked again and found it was
a veil of tears. "A seal
to stifle progress fair, " he said,
"Peace hopes dice in kriegspiel."

He thought he saw this verse spin on
till all complaints were healed
he looked again and found it was
mirage, mistrust concealed,
"Too long this rhyme has run, " he said,
"let others turn Fate's tide! "

15 April 2007 Parody Lewis CARROLL Some Hallucinations
The Mad Gardener's Dream Sylvie and Bruno Ch.5

Carolling II_20070415_He thought he saw new Internet ROBIN Jonathan
1947_2006 robi3_1340_robi3_0000 PXX_EJX

ROBIN Jonathan 1947_2006 robi3_1340_carr2_0004 PXX_EJX Carolling II_He
thought he saw new Internet

She Thought She Saw

She thought she saw quite equal pay
afforded equal work,
she looked again and found it was
a most unusual quirk.
"That men should keep their cake, " she said,
"and eat it too, must irk."

She thought she saw that light of day
would filter through each jerk,
she looked again and found it was
belief most held beserk.
"That men should nappies change, " she said,
"would wipe off every smirk! "

She thought she saw fair interplay
where men would never shirk,
she looked again and found it was
a most miasmic murk
where rights were flouted, - "Hey! " she said,
"men stand, wait, feeble lurk! "

15 April 2007 Parody Lewis CARROLL Some Hallucinations
The Mad Gardener's Dream Sylvie and Bruno Ch.5

She Thought She Saw_20070415_She thought she saw quite equal pay ROBIN
Jonathan 1947_2006 robi3_1341_robi3_0000 PXX_EJX

ROBIN Jonathan 1947_2006 robi3_1341_carr1_0004 PXX_EJX She Thought She
Saw_She thought she saw quite equal pay

© Jonathan Robin

The Mad Gardener's Song

He thought he saw an Elephant,
That practised on a fife:
He looked again, and found it was
A letter from his wife.

'At length I realise, ' he said,
'The bitterness of Life! '

He thought he saw a Bufffalo
Upon the chimney-piece:
He looked again, and found it was
His Sister's Husband's Niece.
'Unless you leave this house, ' he said,
'I'll send for the Police! '

He thought he saw a Rattlesnake
That questioned him in Greek:
He looked again, and found it was
The Middle of Next Week.
'The one thing I regret, ' he said,
'Is that it cannot speak! '

He thought he saw a Banker's Clerk
Descending from the bus:
He looked again, and found it was
A Hippopotamus.
'If this should stay to dine, ' he said,
'There won't be much for us! '

He thought he saw a Kangaroo
That worked a coffee-mill:
He looked again, and found it was

A Vegetable-Pill.

'Were I to swallow this, ' he said,
'I should be very ill! '

He thought he saw a Coach-and-Four
That stood beside his bed:

He looked again, and found it was
A Bear without a Head.
'Poor thing, ' he said, 'poor silly thing!
It's waiting to be fed! '

He thought he saw an Albatross
That fluttered round the lamp:
He looked again, and found it was
A Penny-Postage Stamp.
'You'd best be getting home, ' he said:
'The nights are very damp! '

He thought he saw a Garden-Door
That opened with a key:
He looked again, and found it was
A Double Rule of Three:
'And all its mystery, ' he said,
'Is clear as day to me! '

He thought he saw a Argument
That proved he was the Pope:
He looked again, and found it was
A Bar of Mottled Soap.
'A fact so dread, ' he faintly said,
'Extinguishes all hope! '

Lewis CARROLL C.L.D.

Who'd be a Poet?

He thought he saw the truth of life
As sex all unalloyed:

He looked again and saw it was
A yarn of Sigmund Freud:
If this sprang from the id, he said,
Its arguments are void.

He thought he saw full many a gem
Of purest ray serene;
He looked again and saw it was
A dose of Mescaline:
The price of vision is, he said,
The headaches in between.

He thought he saw the Holy Ghost
Lamenting in a mist:
He looked again and saw it was
An existentialist:
It may be that he's right, he said,
But what a pessimist!

He though he saw some golden boys
Our phoney world condemn:
He looked again and saw it was
Some pimply A.Y.M.:
A dose of Epsom Salts, he said,
Would ease the strain for them.

He thought he saw a projectile
Desending from a height
To blow the human race to bits
And blast it out of sight:
He looked again and saw that he
Was absolutely right.

Kenneth LILLINGTON 1916_1998
Parody Lewis CARROLL – The Mad Gardener's Song

LILLINGTON Kenneth 1916_1998 lill1_0002_lill1_0000 PWX_IXX Who'd be a
Poet_He thought he saw the truths of life

LILLINGTON Kenneth 1916_1998 lill1_0002_carr2_0004 PWX_IXX Who'd be a
Poet_He thought he saw the truths of life

Evolution

She sketched a husband strong and brave
On whom her heart might lean;
None but a hero would she have –
This girl of 17.

Her fancy subsequently turned
From deeds of derring do;
For brainy intercourse she yearned
When she was 22.

The years sped on, ambition taught
A wordly-wise design;
A man of wealth was what she sought
When she was 29.

But Time has modified her plan;
Weak, imbecile, or poor –
She's simply looking for a man
Now she is 34.

Author Unknown pseud PUNCH 10
See Lewis CARROLL – The Mad Gardener's Song

pseud PUNCH 10 PSpu1_0010_PUNau_0000 PWX_LJZ Evolution_She sketched a
husband strong and brave

pseud PUNCH 10 PSpu1_0010_PUNCH_0000 PWX_LJZ Evolution_She sketched a
husband strong and brave

pseud PUNCH 10 PSpu1_0010_carr2_0004 PWX_LJZ Evolution_She sketched a
husband strong and brave

Jonathan ROBIN

Carolling Ii-Parody Lewis Carroll–the Mad Gardener’s Song

Carolling II

He Thought He Saw

He thought he saw new Internet
exchanging peer to peer,
he looked again and found it was
a mirage for each year
sees more control, “what rôle, ” he said,
“for values once held dear?
Some track to trace attack and get
convictions based on fear.'

He dreamt he saw spam disappear,
all consultations free,
he looked again and found it was
a spybot lottery.
“Is net neutrality”, he said,
“from rash risks viral clear? ”

He dreamt that Microsoft would steer
all trash deleted fast,
then woke to find world insincere
where independence past
was sacrificed throughout the year
to biometrics ghastr.

He thought he saw a friend’s hello,
with an attachment piece,
he looked again and found it was
the porno scanning police.
“Politically correct”, he said,
“can’t guarantee release.”

He opened it, discovered though,
a trojan horse to fleece –
he looked again as data flow

declined, - mind not at peace -
and whispered with voice hoarse and low:
'when will our worries cease? "

He thought he saw a hierophant,
who'd deal successful life,
he looked again and found it was
subpoena from ex-wife
demanding child support, he said,
"cards are cut by Time's knife."

He looked once more with rage and rant
and swore like a fishwife
'gainst email, angry curses chant
upon trouble and strife*.
"At length I see that permanent
deletion should suffice! "

He thought he saw as he awoke,
That 'Justice' rhymed with 'fair'
he looked again and found it was
a wish beyond repair,
"I ran, I rack, must soon", he said,
"leave budget cupboards bare."

He thought he saw the government
'transparency' uphold
he looked again and found it was
but wishful-thinking [b]old,
"Where burning Bush would Rove", he said,
"checks, balance, are left cold."

He dreamt again as he awake
that dollar was not weak
then realized that Bush half bake
encouraged Euro peak: -
and understood as grave mistake
stump speeches some miss-speak.

When politicians promise break
talk double-dutch or greek,
when vested int'rests claim a stake,

then budgets' rocked boats leak!
'I'll take my leave, leave them my take,
buck stops here, up the creek,
t'aint worth no dime, make no mistake,
why pay for oily sheik! '

He thought he saw society
free from injustice, fights,
he looked again and found it was
a vetoed Bill of Rights,
"Are global warming themes", he said,
"hot air, conditioned nights? "

He thought he saw that plain goodwill
would solve all woes world wide
he looked again and found it was
repeatedly denied,
"Some governments, alas! " he said,
"the 'Truth' oft over-ride."

He thought he saw that Equity
had re-established trust
he looked again and found it was
a market peak, soon bust,
"for vested int'rests rich, " he said,
"I never could abide! "

He thought he saw the Middle East
the sharia repeal
he looked again and found it was
a veil of tears. "A seal
to stifle progress fair, " he said,
"Peace hopes diced in kriegspiel."

He thought he saw Commission clerk
jump on bandwagon bus,
he looked again, just for a lark,
wrote down his mortgage plus
his assets, for they, he'd remark
weren't worth a tinker's cuss.

Kyoto's bite bit dust as bark -

ratification fuss
stripped ice from Greenland, tidal mark
rose records all discuss.
U.S. as vulture oyster park
picked clean, naught left for US!

He thought he saw an open door,
that had no need for key,
he looked again, saw judgement poor,
and said: "Ah, woe is me!
How confidence we can restore
remains a mystery,
as what seemed clear is to the core
too shaken by decree! "

He recognized all argument
was vain as veil with Pope
who looked to answer heaven sent
to save old ways with hope -
to good intentions turned and meant
to reassure that scope
remained but promise soon found spent
by men who could not cope.

He thought he saw terse verse spin on
till all complaints were healed,
he looked again and found it was
mirage, mistrust concealed,
'Cease fire! Enough, no more! ' he said,
and added, 'truth' revealed:
"Too long this rune has run to dogs!
let others rhyme free-wheeled! '

(Jonathan Robin 15 April 2007 Parody Lewis CARROLL Some Hallucinations The
Mad Gardener's Dream Sylvie and Bruno Ch.5)

(For previous versions see below
Amalgamated and expanded 25 April 2008)

Carolling II

He thought he saw new Internet
exchanging peer to peer,
he looked again and found it was
a mirage for each year
sees more control, "what rôle, " he said,
"for values free from fear? "

He thought he saw spam disappear,
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he looked again and found it was
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"Is Windows DoD", he said,
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He thought he saw the government
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he looked again and found it was

but wishful-thinking [b]old,
"Where burning Bush would Rove", he said,
"checks, balance, are left cold."

He thought he saw society
free from injustice, fights,
he looked again and found it was
a vetoed Bill of Rights,
"Are global warming themes", he said,
"hot air, conditioned nights? "

He thought he saw that plain goodwill
would solve all woes world wide
he looked again and found it was
repeatedly denied,
"Some governments, alas! " he said,
"the 'Truth' just over-ride."

He thought he saw that Equity
had re-established trust
he looked again and found it was
a market peak, soon bust,
"for vested int'rests rich, " he said,
"the 'Truth' oft over-ride."

He thought he saw the Middle East
the sharia repeal
he looked again and found it was
a veil of tears. "A seal
to stifle progress fair, " he said,
"Peace hopes dice in kriegspiel."

He thought he saw terse verse spin on
till all complaints were healed
he looked again and found it was
mirage, mistrust concealed,
"Too long this rune has run, " he said,
"let others tune free-wheeled! "

(15 April 2007 Parody Lewis CARROLL Some Hallucinations
The Mad Gardener's Dream Sylvie and Bruno Ch.5)

She Thought She Saw

She thought she saw quite equal pay
afforded equal work,
she looked again and found it was
a most unusual quirk.
"That men should keep their cake, " she said,
"and eat it too, must irk."

She thought she saw that light of day
would filter through each jerk,
she looked again and found it was
belief most held beserk.
"That men should nappies change, " she said,
"would wipe off every smirk! "

She thought she saw fair interplay
where men would never shirk,
she looked again and found it was
a most miasmatic murk
where rights were flouted, - "Hey! " she said,
"men stand, wait, feeble lurk! "

(15 April 2007 Parody Lewis CARROLL Some Hallucinations
The Mad Gardener's Dream Sylvie and Bruno Ch.5)

Carolling

He thought he saw an Internet
exchanging peer to peer,
he looked again and hedged his bet, -
by middle of next year
new routing tables tuned as yet
unknown may well appear -
on track to trace attack and get
convictions based on fear.

He dreamt that spam would disappear,
all trash deleted fast.
He dreamt that Windows would be clear
of viral bugs' wormcast.
He woke to find world insincere
where independence past
was sacrificed throughout the year
to biometrics ghastr.

He thought he saw a friend's hello
with an attachment piece,
he opened to discover, though,
a trojan horse release -
He looked again as data flow
declined, - mind not at peace -
and whispered with voice timbre low:
'I'll send for the Police! "

He thought he saw a heirophant
predicting happy life.
He looked again, with rage and rant
discovered from ex-wife
an email angry claiming scant
support, which threatened strife:
"At length I see the immanent
attraction of Time's knife! "

He dreamt he saw as he awake
the euro reach a peak,
he saw he dreamt that Bush half bake
would leave the dollar weak: -
he woke to find what grave mistake
was made for the next week
the politicians put a stake
in budget - rocked boats leak!

He thought he saw Commission clerk
jump on bandwagon bus,
he looked again, just for a lark,
and found no tinker's cuss
the former cared for bite was bark -
ratification fuss -

U.S. as vulture oyster park
picked clean naught left for US!

He thought he saw an open door,
that had no need for key,
he looked again, saw judgement poor,
and said: "Ah, woe is me!
How confidence we can restore
remains a mystery,
as what seemed clear is to the core
too shaken by decree! "

He recognized all argument
was vain as veil with Pope
who looked to answer heaven sent
to save old ways with hope -
to good intentions turned and meant
to reassure that scope
remained but promise soon found spent
by men who could not cope...

(20 June 2005
Jonathan Robin
Parody Lewis CARROLL – The Mad Gardener's Song)

The Mad Gardener's Song

He thought he saw an Elephant,
That practised on a fife:
He looked again, and found it was
A letter from his wife.
'At length I realise, ' he said,
'The bitterness of Life! '

He thought he saw a Bufffalo
Upon the chimney-piece:
He looked again, and found it was
His Sister's Husband's Niece.
'Unless you leave this house, ' he said,
'I'll send for the Police! '

He thought he saw a Rattlesnake
That questioned him in Greek:
He looked again, and found it was
The Middle of Next Week.
'The one thing I regret, ' he said,
'Is that it cannot speak! '

He thought he saw a Banker's Clerk
Descending from the bus:
He looked again, and found it was
A Hippopotamus.
'If this should stay to dine, ' he said,
'There won't be much for us! '

He thought he saw a Kangaroo
That worked a coffee-mill:
He looked again, and found it was
A Vegetable-Pill.
'Were I to swallow this, ' he said,
'I should be very ill! '

He thought he saw a Coach-and-Four
That stood beside his bed:
He looked again, and found it was
A Bear without a Head.
'Poor thing, ' he said, 'poor silly thing!
It's waiting to be fed! '

He thought he saw an Albatross
That fluttered round the lamp:
He looked again, and found it was
A Penny-Postage Stamp.
'You'd best be getting home, ' he said:
'The nights are very damp! '

He thought he saw a Garden-Door
That opened with a key:
He looked again, and found it was
A Double Rule of Three:
'And all its mystery, ' he said,

'Is clear as day to me! '

He thought he saw a Argument
That proved he was the Pope:
He looked again, and found it was
A Bar of Mottled Soap.
'A fact so dread, ' he faintly said,
'Extinguishes all hope! '

(Lewis CARROLL C.L.D.)

Who'd be a Poet?

He thought he saw the truth of life
As sex all unalloyed:
He looked again and saw it was
A yarn of Sigmund Freud:
If this sprang from the id, he said,
Its arguments are void.

He thought he saw full many a gem
Of purest ray serene;
He looked again and saw it was
A dose of Mescaline:
The price of vision is, he said,
The headaches in between.

He thought he saw the Holy Ghost
Lamenting in a mist:
He looked again and saw it was
An existentialist:
It may be that he's right, he said,
But what a pessimist!

He though he saw some golden boys
Our phoney world condemn:
He looked again and saw it was
Some pimply A.Y.M.:
A dose of Epsom Salts, he said,
Would ease the strain for them.

He thought he saw a projectile
Desending from a height
To blow the human race to bits
And blast it out of sight:
He looked again and saw that he
Was absolutely right.

(Kenneth LILLINGTON 1916_1998
Parody Lewis CARROLL – The Mad Gardener’s Song)

Evolution

She sketched a husband strong and brave
On whom her heart might lean;
None but a hero would she have –
This girl of 17.

Her fancy subsequently turned
From deeds of derring do;
For brainy intercourse she yearned
When she was 22.

The years sped on, ambition taught
A wordly-wise design;
A man of wealth was what she sought
When she was 29.

But Time has modified her plan;
Weak, imbecile, or poor –
She’s simply looking for a man
Now she is 34.

(Author Unknown pseud PUNCH 10
See Lewis CARROLL – The Mad Gardener’s Song)

Jonathan ROBIN

Catch Up Cat Sups

Core goals when swallowed whole entice
as swishing wishing well tail shows
when slinking, thinking in a trice
fine feathered friend: saliva flows.
Mustache movement senses, vice
like clawed paws pre pared for sure slice
as appetite terrific grows
anticipates high fligher's crow
which Bastet knows proved far too slow.

One creeps, one leaps, one sweep and then
won feathered nest within one's den.

Jonathan ROBIN

Caught In The Tank Ah!

Siren solo seas
scans, thinks bond links, winks, shows kinks
Wrong pray song prey sees
man blond shrinks, sinks, drinks salt tears
sigh rends so low, seize halt fears.

Jonathan ROBIN

Caught Who Court Death Translation Raymond Radiguet Avec La Mort Tu Te Maries

Without the blessing of the Gods
with Death you wed.
Yet suicide remains at odds
with those who fear to greet the sods,
who Heaven's gates slam on the dead.

The dead anticipated not,
wait, arms outspread.
Fell leaves their souls which, half-forgot,
skirl, skittles in windy melting pot.

Paradise keeps tabs on age.
Narcissus, dead,
must wait in turn Who turns the page.
No joys, except that in his rage
he'll [s]wallow, outrage his own cage.

If of his face he took much heed,
unless he fed
in fount of Youth, to drown, what need?
On half-life echo, fippled reed,
why haste with such ill gotten speed,
last words repeating? Thus I plead,
Echo swift sped
tell me, beneath the tumbleweed,
art dove or parrot pedigreed?

You, ever lazy, somehow dare
his words to shred, -
Narcissus love, his fretful prayer,
to offer up he did not care.

Death valley sees him stray, despair,
Narcissus dead.
Echo, alive, plays on the air.
The self-same song unites them there,
they would have made a happy pair!

(Translation 19 June 1991)

Avec la Mort Tu te Maries

Avec la mort tu te maries
Sans le consentement des dieux;
Mais le suicide est tricherie
Qui nous rend aux joueurs odieux,
De leur ciel nous fermant la porte.

Les morts que l'on n'attendait pas
Devant le ciel font les cent pas
Et leurs âmes sont feuilles-mortes
Jouets des vents, des quatre vents.

Parce qu'au ciel on garde l'âge
Que l'on avait en arrivant
Narcisse se donne la mort.
Il n'y trouve nul avantage,
Sauf la volupté du remords.

S'il tenait tant à son visage,
Que ne pensa-t-il se noyer
Dans la fontaine de Jouvence?
Toi, colombe d'épave
Explique à quoi cela t'avance
De râper de ce nigaud
La dernière parole? Echo
Entendons-nous sous ce bosquet,
Es-tu colombe ou perroquet?

De ce dernier tu t'autorises,
Paresseuse, pour grimacer
Aux mots d'amour que ton Narcisse
N'eut pas souci de prononcer.

Lui, Narcisse, errant dans les vals
De la mort, et de roche en roche,
Elle dans la vie, ils se valent.
Ce désœuvrement les rapproche;

Qu'ils eussent fait un beau mÃ©nage!

Raymond Radiguet 1903_1923 Avec la Mort tu te maries

Jonathan ROBIN

Causal Chains Victims

Crash victims are constrained to change of plan,
their karmic threads led to one time, one place,
who won nor great renown, nor state of grace,
no statement made, no grade, trapped also-ran.

Smash victims: ordinary girl or man
whose function filled a causal void to trace
world's tipping point as joint between Earth, space,
catalyzing universal plan.

Dash victims subject to a searching scan,
still fill a fulcrum role on which to base
a change of pace for all the human race
tripping switch to hitch 'we wish' 'we can! '

Though victims' stars from headlines disappeared
flash accident safe guidelines pioneered.

Crash victim once was mother of fair five
who now mourn visage torn before its time
from hearth and home to starry dome, alive
remaining in hearts aching at that crime.

Smash victim, mother to statistic turned
by accident as luck and life ebbed out,
dust dust returned ignores love's merits earned
ensuring offspring should not do without.

Dash victim seem both she who saw hopes crushed
and he who rushed towards unwanted fate,
mirth into earth conveyed light laughter hushed:
two families impacted on that date.

Both mourning irresponsibility
can't put clocks back, derail eternity.

Crushed victim seemed an ordinary man
whose sojourn saw so few fond hopes come true,
who met forgetfulness out of the blue:

banns cancelled out by error all should ban.

Smash victim seemed an ordinary man
swift 'hither hurried whence? ' drew scarlet spew,
no damsel, book of verse, oasis dew,
but flask unmasked tipped fate, unzipped life's fan.

Rush victim seemed an ordinary man,
yet all horizons filled for favoured few
who now must fend as best they can, eschew
bitter revenge 'spite wits at end, crushed span.

When victim's star imploded in black hole
could light carve curved nerve path preserving soul?

Hushed victim driven home from circus fair
farewell to well of loneliness, joy's spring,
leak sprung, rung snapped, life's ladder lost, no spare
cat's life to compensate sad tocsin ring.

Pawn sacrificed as fatal do or dare
played out, crash caught on CCTV ping,
wake unrehearsed, hearse bearing bodkin bare,
bod for damp sods, kin mourning fatal sting..

Mourned victim, sectionned trunk, drunk barred
for years, won't heal hurt, ease, pain, tears, must bring
to justice thoughtless action that, ill-starred,
curtailed hope's tale, heart failing final fling.

Screenplay axed, final episode concluded,
drunk driving's purge dirge logic, love, eluded.

Jonathan ROBIN

Causal Recycling

Sequential consequences
seed supplementary causes
kneading consequential causal ricochets
permeating universal memory:
fudging, nuancing, and highlighting perception
of details retained and/or restrained by brain.

Cloud distribution,
by it's very nature transitory,
bridges credibility gaps
in lightning and enlightening jumps.

Consequentiality, lightning forks,
permeating universal cloud distribution,
seed supplementary effects
kneading natural circulation
and cyclic evolution
of perceived details...

Jonathan ROBIN

Cause And Effect I

As intuition's sonar scans
the effects of causes,
the causes' effects
ripple outward, upset plans.

Time's fipple, subtle, [trans]mutes man's
fickle judgement while
emotion fans
subjective viewpoints.
points to a subject
past all object, mental also-rans!

Cause and Effect II

Cause and effect converge when on life's heartsichord
Odd memories of each afford instant recall.
Mind-music, set to speech, translates Time's waterfall.
Intense emotions surge, to flood out dark discord.
Numb from disuse, the urge, an avalanche when thawed,
Gains momentum, reach is soon won. At nature's call
Useless shields are beached, shells shed, and thought-screens fall,
Permitting hearts to merge, to tra[n]ce space, dreams record.
From chaos can immerse an order which, ignored,
Or set aside will bleach zen bones. The judgement Saul
Rendered thus still can teach, a moral spell, enthrall,
And hesitations purge, to strike a deep-felt cord.
Right, wrong, where does sense lie? Who's village fool, who sage?
Is it coincidence that inks the future's page?

Cause and Effect III

On effect and cause,
on voiced choice or chosen voice,
few ponder, all pause.

On cause and effect,
on scene set or foreseen,
must Mankind project.

Cause and Effect IV

See flaws and select

from flow fresh gambit gamble,
seek cause and effect.

Jonathan ROBIN

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Jonathan ROBIN

Cause Dreams Effects

Rippling outwards bird of Time
converts for unseen reason
aspirations into rhyme
whose trace breasts space and season
to face fair future's pantomime
with dreams no hand has lease on...

(3 July 2008 robi03_1782 XXX_ZXX)

Jonathan ROBIN

Causus Belli Parody Keith Preston Lapsus Linguae

We wanted nice Rice
but she came with a whip,
a sad, inexcusable
C.I.A. slip.

He needed no push,
burning Bush went to war
with logic well oiled,
and flaw at its core.

By desert saltbush
an ambush they found,
as reason recoiled,
polls plunged to the ground.

Wrong Cheney insaney
hard right, lost strong hand
was [f]oiled and term-oiled,
stumped De Lay of the land.

In law court flaw caught
his pants hanging down,
as casualties rose,
to tumbrel his crown!

When Libby thought Plame
a target to flame,
no perjury's surgery
could whitehousewash claim.

When pride seeks free ride
on the back of attack,
there beware motives snide:
Time's tide takes much back.

We wanted Li Wing
But we winged Willie Wong.
A sad but excusable
Slip of the tong.

Jonathan ROBIN

Cave Canem - Dream Symbol Meaning - Current Version 1107

Damn! drat! and more than that beside sparse tor
Rose imprecations rash, gash tore his thigh, -
Example of what happens should its tie
A Pit Bull slip to pin one to grass floor.

Mayhap lapsed leash, which left hitchhiker sore,
Shows cause~effect evolving on the fly.
Youth saw from prone position, just nearby,
Masked entrance, boulder budged showed odd décor.

Behind a bush, hid hole led deep before
Open cavern traced Time would defy,
Lamp showed cave crystals' sparkling glow that, shy,
MEasured aeons since man such treasures saw.

AN image rich which left the man transfixed,
INGredients - stone, water, heaven mixed.

(28 November 2006)

Jonathan ROBIN

Cave Felix - 1313

Surface calm enfolds
the hidden tiger
of repressed emotions
sleeplessly prowling
within the inner reaches
of the mind's cave.
Surface calm here holds
attention - geiger
counting the ocean motions
of reactivity, radioactivity
tuned into the wave lengths
of the (he) art's rave...
Surface calm enfolds
the hidden tiger
of repressed emotions
sleeplessly prowling
within the inner reaches
of the mind's cave...

Jonathan ROBIN

Cave!

Tremors. Touchingly, tectonic plates buckled.

Cluster-bomb burst beneath the balm façade of palmed mind_modes which censored the hidden tiger of repressed commotions sleeplessly stirring within the deepest trenches of the earth's cave.

Momentous magma loads, submersed, instantaneously spread upwards, outwards, obeyed neither man-made dictat nor the hand of providence.

Stored energy exploded.

Ocean tsunami waved goodbye to safe-harbour beaches, glad palm shade glade. No brave front resisted, could confront the worst case scenario, no Richter would care to grade. No subversive terrorist's potions could hold a candle to the wrath that poured from deepsea bedrock floored, could match the breaches in a previously supposedly secure setting. Grave, yard, and lodging, bed and board: all, last and first, for once equal before Nature's law, paid the price of wishy-washy self-centred notions - the climactic cost of climatic change ignored - while those pretending that experience teaches were among the first oblivion forgave.

Jonathan ROBIN

Caxton Waxed Pun Cinquain

Caxton

wrote: 'twenty-six

lead soldiers conquer world.'

I, "To peace will new world be lead"

[s]pun rote

(19 January 2007)

Jonathan ROBIN

Ceneri Scenery - Acrostic Sonnet

Some sights may best be seen with eyes
Tight shut, as if the Truth would bar
Commotion caused by Man, whose star's
Extinguished soon. Whoever tries
Nature's patience, to his surprise
Encounters forces rooted far.
Restive desires disturb and jar.
Internal harmony defies
External influence, and wise
Need [s]he be who the nenuphar.
Guards, guides to blossom, whose lodestar
Enlightened shines, who shuns disguise.
Review ambitions from within, -
Ecstasy, where wor(l) ds grow thin.
I pause to wonder, can find no rest...

Jonathan ROBIN

Cento Emulations

The moving finger writes, and, having writ,
the Book of Life is signed and sealed to fit.
The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
are mirage lures, poor men in shadows cower.
I am here now, and gone tomorrow,
this vale of tears leads on to sorrow
though Green grow the rushes, Ho
from dark we spring, to darkness go
So gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
short lived are darling buds of May.

Of Faith, Obedience, Sacrifice
naught shall remain for in a trice
how tragedy and comedy embrace
the rise and fall of all the human race,
to his lamented loss, for time to come
the Fates bear witness, hear fear's dreaded drum.
To cease upon the midnight with no pain
means sods remain to never rise again,
for who would bear the whips and scorns of time
soon sinks, forgotten, corpses cannot rhyme!

We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
repented soon for in Life's afternoon
If we might have a second chance
perhaps we'd forge ahead, advance:
I shall be telling this with a sigh,
perhaps another road I'd try.
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
my wraith may lament opportunities flown,
The scent of the conifers, sound of the bath
no more will pour balm on my garden path.

Jonathan ROBIN

Challenge Calls

CHALLENGE CALLS

Across Time's wild uncharted seas
Challenge calls to innocence,
refusing safety on the fence,
acknowledging that time is breeze
vagrant and that each must seize
the moment when intelligence
cannot itself prevail through sense
too narrow, predefined decrees.
Through door unlocked, no need for keys.
Leave past regrets and vain expense
through calm, discover future tense
vibrating with tuned harmonies
which may combine both hopes and dreams,
choke compromise in its own schemes.

When entertaining easy options think
each step leads on to better or to worse,
victory, defeat for heart or purse
depends upon the ways these choices link.
Conformity is self-defeat. Don't sink
to common mediocrity, a curse!
Open mind to others, share, converse.
Refuse to blindly toe the line, but ink
in all life's pages proudly, never shrink.
Another day, another challenge, nurse
patience, judgement bias free, disburse
understanding, deep from shared spring drink.
The way towards serenity ahead
comes clear, vain envy censures, knows no dread.

(21 February 2005 second sonnet added 12 July 2012)

Jonathan ROBIN

Challenges

Gone weight of words we speak or write
At last will be when heart and eye
Bring hands together, you and I
Rise, fail the challenges we fight.
In fear, or tasting shared delight,
Ends thus the wait which did deny
Life's light, can offer cloudless sky.
LEt's leave behind mind's doubt torn night!

Jonathan ROBIN

Chance Encounters

Life's chance encounters may precipitate
Enchantment, steering shared, transparent course.
Triumph surfs strong currents. Longings' force
Sham obstacles can overcome, create
Eternity, where Time's lease knows no date.
New dawn spawns hope, dissolving past remorse,
Despising compromise, pretensions coarse.
Fast, echoes of regret disintegrate,
Expelling fears, from tears emancipate.
As inspiration's catalytic source
Revitalizes joyful intercourse,
Needs met beget seeds thriving, liberate
Open house where friendship, love, blend, bloom,
Where darkness fails, where light tips scales of doom.

28 April 1997 revised 6 October 2009

robi03_0842_robi03_0000 ASX_CEK

for previous versions entitled Constant Current see below

Constant Current

Life's chance encounters can precipitate
Effects awaited, altering life's course.
To thrive along through current strong, whose force
Sham obstacles must overcome, create
Eternity, where Time's lease knows no date.
New challenges must then be met, of course,
Despising compromise, pretensions coarse.
Fast, echoes of regret disintegrate,
Each vain fear fades. Fresh force can liberate
A current constituting constant source
Reviving joys through sharing intercourse,
New empathy, which may anticipate
Open house where friendship, love, blend, bloom,
Where darkness fails, where light tips scales of doom.

28 April 1997 revised? 2005

for previous version entitled End Fear see below

End Fear

Life's chance encounters can precipitate
A watershed and somehow change its course.
Driving with a current strong, whose force
All obstacles can overcome, create
Eternity, where Time's lease knows no date.
New challenges must then be met, of course,
Despising compromise, pretensions coarse.
Fast, echoes of regret disintegrate,
Each vain fear fades. Fresh scope can liberate
A hope whose inner strength is constant source
Reviving joys through sharing intercourse
And empathy, which can anticipate
Love to bloom, or friendship blossom, where
A DAY leaves night behind, - light everywhere.!

Jonathan ROBIN

Chance Interruption

Think how initial trains of thought
may be derailed from one-track aim
by some coincidence and brought
to change[d] conclusions. Thus the same
words won't be written, inklings caught,
cards drawn, refused, and thus life's game
crests forward causal waves that court
adjusted emphasis, acclaim.
Missed punctuation may abort
sense, pride sap, map ride, conquer shame.
Experiments dismissed, re-wrought,
gave penicillin claim to fame.
Confronted with life's puzzle we
prepare discontinuity.

Think how initial chains of thought
may be diverted from first frame,
cue to new wavelengths taut,
intense sensations to proclaim
as apt path once thought peril fraught,
as Cause Effect combine to tame
priorities before unsought.
Anticipations, altered, claim
ideas, inventions, few had bought
into, unproven, far from plain.
Reviews retool, re-school, distort
conventional wisdom as, at sea,
man turns to new technology.

Think how initial reins of thought
may be unbridled, left free reign
to prosper, fail, find long and short
of questions on whatever plane.
Through history wars mankind fought
have stimulated minds, became
source impetus, core juggernaut
to catalyze creative flame,
find focus, fresh approach some sought,
through varied motives greed for gain,

safe haven offering support,
perch, rebirth, berth search to attain
inner peace, discover key
encouraging serenity.

Jonathan ROBIN

Change Challenge

Churned energies must stir accumulated dust.
Hereafters show scant scope for blossoms fresh to flower.
Aired options in Cornucopia & Co evaporate bare rust.
New mantle don to save eleventh hour.
Gather, before you sup, Life's roses, perfumed power,
Exhilaration s[c]ent. Who'd in Tomorrow trust?

Jonathan ROBIN

Change Through To Terminus

Change rings each station stop,
some join, off others hop.
Few full journey spend
from beginning to end.

Some wind spin as top
tables turn - they drop,
others cause defend,
tender, heartache mend.

Life's train rounds last bend,
your turn to descend.

Alternative version to The Whirling Wheels of Change
(31 January 2012)

Jonathan ROBIN

Changeless Charm

She draws with inspiration on the page,
On inspiration draws with lightest touch,
Now Nature, now upon a byegone Age
Grown young again with music touching much.
There breezes blow - we feel it in our hair,
Or rivers flow, we're drenched 'mid tench and trout,
Far lands she'll paint and we're transported there
As if their skies we'd never been without.
In God she trusts, all creeds must lose their Way.
Removed is pain - O scar where is thy trace?
Before her all was dark now all should pay
Everlasting homage to fair face.
Though Time on others takes its toll, all told,
Her changeless charm retains an aura gold.

(4 July 2007)

Jonathan ROBIN

Channel Tunnelling After Sue Morten Fuel Duel

Some bright sparks said O Blighty!
a long long time ago
thanked icons of almighty
that they packed up to go
to France, pyjamas, nightie
silk, satin sporty show.
This gospel write rings rightly
as Western gringos know,
though ski resorts glow sprightly
with artificial snow.

For France the weekly hours
are thirty five at most
without the April showers
which reign on England's coast,
Law holidays empowers
six weeks with wine to toast,
some butter bread, some glowers
at others' flowered boast.

In Paris public transport
runs on from five to three,
for poor we're never spoil-sport,
the cost is almost free,
and so one can but exhort
you holiday with me!
French sun is sold for export,
we import English tea.

Though strikes occur, they rarely
unjustified appear
they're faced and fairly squarely
are doomed to disappear
but governments are rarely
known to be quite sincere
proposing wages barely
as high and as tax free
as income providential
from oily Saudi flogs.

One difference essential
between the Brits and Frogs
the latter's high potential
for leaping out of fogs,
as queues are rare, torrential
rain's going to the dogs.

The French aren't good at queuing,
or praising pomp and power,
they far prefer pursuing
short skirts on Eyeful Tower,
Gainst slander they love suing,
burn oil at midnight hour,
These aptitudes accruing
are they worth English flower?

Compared to French connection,
who'll treasure Virgin rail,
Examine our election,
small leaves great paper trail!
Though natural selection
from Darwin stems you're pale
reach sun-tanned spa complexion
not beach bleached stranded whale!

French prices rise more slowly
than those across the sea,
the French are oh so lowly
as foreign tourists see,
tis known the French care solely
for neighbours, family,
Eternal equals wholly
fraternal, liberty.
The Euro's value's holy
Cents pounded seem to be!

Whoever could indict a
land so serene vents spleen!
What other fields are brighter
crops yellow, rust and greens?
what sense of humour lighter?
what love for Kings and Queens?

and what courageous fighter?
go tell it to Marines!

This verse could run on quickly,
forever and a day,
'til oil declines too sickly
to make inflation's hay
while sun shines, tempers prickly
will surely fade away,
as will these lines, though tickly
they surely pay their way.

Too many finite leeway
accord attention spans,
judge short rants trophy freeway,
France right drives and left bans,
so stanzas soon shall see way
to end their tale which scans,
leave site unseen for pre-pay
bang and mashers, cola cans!

Strike British strike addiction
with Maggie Thatcher voice,
From wise words' speedy diction
the reader makes his choice
what truth is, what is fiction,
gold silence, silver: voice!
Verse ends here without friction,
so reader rare, rejoice!

Brits are used to queuing
For most things on life's road
but Friday the thirteenth
could see tempers explode
as Shell's tanker drivers
refuse to haul their load
and the pumps will be dry
where once petrol flowed.

They're going out on strike
for better rates of pay
have never had a rise

for sixteen years they say
The government has warned
don't panic buy today
other haulage firms can
deliver without delay.

With prices rising fast
our cars we're told to share,
or use public transport
but can we afford the fare?
While waiting in the rain
we say a quiet prayer
for the bus to turn up
and save us from despair.

Public transport is best
or so they proclaim
I've tried it out myself
and think its rather lame
with routes cut left and right
it really is a shame
fuel is up in price and
getting to work's a game.

So next time at the pumps
while waiting in the queue
think how much you need it
don't take more than you're due
leave a little for others
so they don't have to stew
fair shares for one and all
will see us Brits come through.

Jonathan ROBIN

Channelled Creativity

Who stands on chance advance is swiftly lost,
gist takes in haste, to waste wakes, misdirection
where errors' terrors tremble counting cost;
yet yin yang spins win/win from circuit section.

To take up arms against a sea of struggles
sounds fair enough, of such stuff dreams are made,
but cause/effect consideration juggles
may role-reverse fame's game however played.

True speculation, [s]ta[l]king stock in hand,
despite clock's second thoughts, can offer cue
to tune up creativity, expand
from late wait's weight to wings which span worlds new.

Where turmoil steam's stream channelled on the boil,
there poet shuffles off [c]old mortal coil.

Jonathan ROBIN

Chant De Sirène - French

De la fuite en avant, la ruée sur le NET,
On peut beaucoup apprendre en observant l'immense
Monde qui veut y prendre un billet pour la Chance;
Investissant toujours sans avoir le coeur net.
N'ont-ils pas peur que dans cette hâte indiscrete
Inscrite au bilan soit aucune récompense?
Qui saisit un instant de l'enjeu l'importance
Unique en cet élan prôné par les prophètes?
Et l'aventure aidant, la soif de la conquête
Pour qui cet engouement semble en soi LA réponse,
Risque d'être le chant de sirène. On se lance
Ici mais l'alléchant vire vers pertes nettes.
Mais qui n'ose est pudique, et l'appât excité
OTE aux défis techniques leur complexité.

Dans l'espoir on avance, ouvrant des horizons
On n'en peut pas plus grands pour que la concurrence
Maîtrise les chaînons du NET en confiance,
Imaginant les chances où l'investissement
Ne tombe à l'eau, malchance! sous son poids sombrant.
Inscrit dorénavant est cet enjeu immense
Qui et profondément, et à courte échéance,
Unira l'espérance aux voix du changement,
Et l'aventure en France, à ses commencements,
Prépare le grand bond en avant. Le bon sens
Réussira, je pense, et les sommes on dépense
Ici rapidement nous récompenserons
Malgré l'envie envers notre oncle d'Amérique,
OTage est l'homme qui hésite, ne s'implique!

Jonathan ROBIN

Chapter And Verse

Chapter and verse in sonnet setting here
have sought to recognize beyond all speech
effects and causes, time-lines over-reach,
encapsulating thoughts as they appear.
Words inked together in attempt sincere
to link youth to maturity may breach
distances so all evolve to teach
themselves to learn from others, spirit clear,
crystalline, to thought-waves tuned, to steer
ideas along chord patterns chorded, each
enabled [not empowered, not to preach].
Understanding overcomes false fear.
Emotions, once interpreted, translate
into emancipation, share, create.

Jonathan ROBIN

Charade

While the collective mind mimes an idealised image
of reflected existence, a mystical mirage,
extrapolated, of an oasis of intelligence,
control of one's own destiny, freedom, independence,
amidst an arid desert where reflection is precisely
the simple quality everywhere most lacking,
a charade in which all connive, all give their backing,
it thus retains some slender grasp upon its sanity.

(17 April 1978)

Jonathan ROBIN

Charmed Encounter Of A Very Special Kind

CHARMED ENCOUNTER OF A VERY SPECIAL KIND

Charmed initials Mon Coeur signals, touching tendrils in the mind
Open onto a stupendous spacious hall,
Reaching out nerves strain synapses in attempt to slip behind
Real reeled cause/effect conditions, great and small.
Infinitely blessed is brilliance whose bright colours, unconfined
Enrapture, glow beholden, golden ball,
Reckon up fair features Beauty claims her own as wined and dined
Are arteries well warmed where inner call
Sacred sentiments suggest, surely defined.

Charmed sensations echo empathy, concordance dance we find
Offered where before life seemed an empty wall,
Rigid barricades numb, soul's song dumb, ambitions undefined
Regretfully awaiting Charon's call.
Idyllic seems this atmosphere, unlimited, enshrined
Existence blossoms clearing karmic shawl,
Reveals how many lifetimes skillful Fate had intertwined
As links sweet, strong, that nothing could forestall:
Suprising tryst dispersing mists in mind.

Charmed day whose ray more hopeful may at last dawn for mankind
One over all, where Nature holds in thrall
Rising, falling, generations for fair silken tresses twined
Relegate to Lethe others' fates withal.
It appears ideal encounter of a very special kind
Exalting, whirled with beauty of the ball,
Rare this ecstasy, see supernova which can't be outshined
As all galaxies combine in southern Gaul,
Spirit elevate to purify one's mind.

Charm no others know - their surface glow soon fades, maids may not bind,
Only by her side may Pride stand sprightly tall,
Registers finess of features with quick spirit nought can blind,
Respect and admiration never pall.
Infinite shining armoured knights slay dragons base, unkind,
Effortlessly pleasing qualities Time's squall
Resist like Romeo and Juliet whose love, combined,

Approach the trust 'twixt Jonathan and Saul
Sapphire sky blue signals, soul to soul shall bind.

Charmed soul's aware 'twould thrones forswear, go where gold signet signed,
Obey joy's gift, as high priestess install
Revered as muse forever, Queen above mere womankind
Recanting empty idols one and all
Independantly of time and place, of meetings Chance may trawl,
Eternity, true witness, shall be never undermined,
Repudiated not though aeons far beyond recall
Awareness dull for all else yet, entrapped beneath one thrall,
Symphonic recognition underlined.

Charmed verse more verse would here rehearse, sing praises but, unkind,
Old English, narrow, lacks rhymed wherewithal.
Review true talent, virtues few aspire to, most, resigned,
Regret their springs so swiftly sag, unwind.
In one reflection happiness, contentment unconfined
Emanates, whose rays may never pall,
Resplendent render life's meander, haze and maze maligned,
As empathy, emotions waterfall:
Stream serene and optimistic, cares and trammels left behind.

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Jonathan ROBIN

Charmed Opportunity For M.C.

May hand in hand, two tender and sincere,
Appreciation WE translate as share,
United everywhere unravels care.
Defeat external harshness, winter drear.
Exasperation eased, horizons clear.
Charmed encounter blossoms as life's stair
Opportunity affords, joy rare
Reopens expectations which appear
Real, rhyme feel, weal, we'll seal, [s]poke fun at fear.
Idyll enchanting floats to future fair,
Enhancing bridge, soft breeze caressing hair,
Redemption signal, tenderness whose cheer
Adds grace to space, may trace tomorrow's glow.
Serendipity, carefree, shall flow.

Jonathan ROBIN

Charon Chorus - Succeeding Versions For The Record

Charon Chorus - Matters Little if At All

Ghost of Christmas present, past or
future perfect spun or spurned,
shepherd, wolf in pastor's pasture,
mess is earned, world less concerned.
Aeons long or echo fleeting,
naught completing, mocking glass,
mirage little else repeating besides
'I thought I thought I passed! '

Whether old one passes over,
young unsung, berth premature,
guilt gilt gifted four leaf clover,
or homeless, wan, naught can endure.
Shirk's blood, pain, sorrow, find dread reaper
works stalks deathwards, talks stacked cards,
slight consolation for bed weeper
a-wake in sombre sable shards.

Polished pebble tide toned, rounded,
priceless gem, physique homespun,
each as sand ends, bright dreams grounded
in oblivion undone.
Win or lose, love shared, ignored or
left to shrivel by the way,
two sides of one coin, ring Mordor
or for Frodo, naught may stay.

Whether bright illusion shatters,
big head shed when will walks small,
ermine, mink, stink patchwork tatters, .
matters little if at all.

Laments unheeded, red rims beaded
with emotions on the fly,
strangers never know they needed,
nor regrets, nor passing sigh.
What waste motives honed for getting,

ever chasing unchaste aim,
last laugh's left with time, forgetting
fame's flame, game's name, wild or tame.

Hermit's tower, houri's bower
for brief hour flower, fail,
fatter thinner, loser winner,
placed sole on soul's scale bewail
breath deleted, uncompleted
or fulfilled in narrow scope
are forgotten gains ill-gotten,
unbegotten seem, steam hope.

Whether mortal masses money,
syphons honey from the hive,
whether disposition sunny,
funny bunny, sad, all strive,
fall is fleeting, call competing,
opt-out, know in turn sobs' sighs,
cut-throat cheating, spouse deceiting,
one by one feel throbs' demise.

Day night follows, night day hollows
each urned, teach Time won't play ball,
if Apollo, Pluto, swallows,
matters little if at all.

Time and place trace unimportant,
social standing, gypsy van,
knock-kneed yellow liver, giver,
false forgiver, pale or tan,
open hearted, closed-shop smart id,
ancient geneology,
orphan cast-off, Leo, Libra,

Virgo, Pisces, culled from tree.
Wishy-washy, busy-body,
helter-skelter grave conveyed,
Luxury or gift-shop shoddy,
willy-nilly from parade
ghosts go, host's talk show deprogrammed,
volunteers rise from the ranks,

till plank, Davy Jones awaiting damned.
Tingling spines, scorned thanks, warned tanks.

Namby-pamby, merchant magnate
patriot or terrorist,
evangelical, apostate,
queue on stream, doomed, dreams dismissed.
Watch all line up rough unready,
pay for final ferry ride,
hale and hearty, frail unsteady,
time will bury. Charon, guide,
steers unveering out of hearing
she who cried and he who'd stall,
dearth of cheering, rebirth clearing,
none are summoned by recall.

Mad as hatters, silver platters,
wrinkled crone prone, belle of ball,
prey greed batters, prayer bead shatters,
matters little if at all.

All ends equal, clock recording
second thoughts docked, time-lock knocked,
self-centeredness proves vain, affording
little leeway when boat's rocked.
Palm tree dates' anticipation
appetites encourage though
few know what matters, grief, elation
sound the same when fast moves slow.

Ruthless raptors rampant running
through Creaceous countryside
packs aren't facts, film fiction stunning,
few skeletal claws abide.
Park Jurassic may seem classic
only amber flies remain,
cage thoracic, plankton plastic,
seabed solid can't complain.

Friendly fire or hostile missile,
error prone drone, terror wrist,
margin call when market tumbles,

earthquake rumbles farewell kiss.
Strife life haunted, illness gaunted,
Death undaunted rides afield,
Time cares nor jot nor tittle, wit will
lot meet, plots defeat, soul yield.

Rebels routed, tyrants clouted,
sidereal void's photonic sprawl,
lost species sprouted, dogmas doubted,
matters little if at all.

Forty years of desert sojourn,
dungeon dank or thankless task
end alike for saint and sinner,
rake fake, winner, takes to task.
Health undoctored, wealth untaxed or
kiss as kismet thanks luck's stars,
equal tie when ties are sundered,
fickle Fate appeal deal bars.

Wedding banns bells ring at altar
hands wring sooner, later, washed
away by doomsday naught may alter,
nipped in bud, ambitions squashed.
Story told, tale unrecorded,
archive access, desert bloom,
each reflects each, dust rewarded,
leach teaches blood's recycling doom.

Template telomeres with aging
evolution's leaps ensures,
one mutation disengaging
from another: naught endures.
Sickles sharp harp strings soon sunder,
angels fall from grace and light,
meek or cheeky share down under
lost to memories once bright.

High and mighty host unpleasant,
guest of unguessed worth, to earth
soon consigned, resigned, peer, peasant
give redemption widest girth.

Promise kept, or wept forgotten,
dreams, delusions commonplace,
high priorities proved rotten
soon debunked, synch sunk untraced.

Whether lapping wave band foam bath,
thunder clap, tsunami tall,
weather warm, storm, glacier calf,
matters little if at all.

Singularity advances,
urge surge merge acceleration,
compromise prized dogmas, chances
purged from sojourn's holding station.
Generation gaps, increasing,
hint at anthropomorphosis:
Lip service landslip slide's self-greasing,
strange change looms, boom's tomb's farewell kiss.

Sapiens on cusp Aquarian
out of kilter falters, flails
as regimes totalitarian
totter when failsafe wickets, bales,
fly asunder, stumped go under,
soon submerged by fly-by ball,
Everest beneath earth's ocean
was seabed once, now fossils call
the tune five thousand feet from seabed
turned turtle by tectonic plates,
who feared to look behind, ahead,
equal prove scaled by Ma'at's weights.

Human Rights light lantern calling
generations to reform,
one step forwards, two back falling,
face recurrent 'perfect storm'.
Brave New World shall self extinguish,
exploitation seems apt term,
politicians won't relinquish
oversight of stem cell, sperm.

End result: most good intentions

role reversed by fear and greed
pave Hell's road, dispel dissensions,
souls dispersed can scarce succeed.
Information access doubles
each decade but budget cuts
fragilise fair freedoms, stubbles,
weeds, what once seemed well ploughed ruts.

Ignorance or understanding
tapping history on call,
lightning, thunder, truth or blunder
matters little if at all.

No explanation offers simple
panacea for man's ills
Wimpled dimple, puss and pimple
can't steer clear of bitter pills
Few learn truth from joys, grief, yearn cloys,
second thoughts soon damn Man's years
in despond's vale clever ploys
fall on unreceptive ears.

Second chance, time travel stargate
wormhole soul revival wheel,
spins hearsay saga compensate
for lights soon blighted lies conceal.
Survival is mental delusion,
rival theses sefer sealed,
intellectual illusions,
Lethe's sentence unrepealed.

Spy inherent contradictons
in between ways gleaned means stretched,
double binds recycle ball-games
till dread reaper soul has fetched.
Sleepy head abed, bird early,
worms will feed with curtain call
bowed out, cowed dread, hair straight, curly
crowd shunned coffins cover shawl.

Tears, cheers mingle hearse horse jingle
on last journey six feet deep,

token shingle intermingles
with worm disturbing sacred sleep.
Yet sleep Earth must as groups galactic
meet supernova destiny
fire or ice, earthquake climactic,
flood submerging scrutiny.

Atomic half-life cannot counter
snowball earth, lost wherewithal,
comet, asteroid encounter,
matters little if at all.

From enjoyment and employment
ant and giant trapped within
time-trap gin from first sigh last cry
seek to understand life's spin:
quest request for why and wherefore
hovers moth-like facing fame,
stymied questions sink, and therefore
few call for/to true go[o]d name.

In a blinking thinking inking
from life's calendar is torn,
one falls, thousands rush, Fate, winking,
re-intones rites trite, well-worn.
Hive cells, hexagon alignment,
queens from workers separate,
all from solit'ry confinement
soon released must lie in state.

At weathered monumental gravings
Time jeers, grime sneers, climb hastes fall,
joyless jaded, constant cravings,
lust's treat dust meets, swallows all.
Seldom sense in destination
is revealed, within the Way
purpose lies peregrination
in, of, through itself holds sway.

Gnomes anonymous departed
concomitant foes withal
lost in limbo lie uncharted,

matters little if at all.

Feelings, double-dealing spielings,
weighed against fate's feather, fail,
healing, trouble, celestial ceilings
can't resist change whirlwind gale.
Fauna, flora, extant for a wink fuss,
fall extinct, beyond Time's pale,
impassive Charon's sexton chorus
keeps an even keel, mocks graal.

Ph Phantom pantomime enacted
through dimensions none can count
in black hole consumed, compacted,
to molehill melts the highest mount.
Here today and gone tomorrow
foregone conclusion for grief, glad,
leave leaf laughter, shore leave sorrow,
income. Outcome? naught to add.

From confusion into fusion
tracks once concrete turn to slime,
ends, means, merge, can't draw conclusion
coherent through un-numbered time.
Through apparent convolution
evolution's 'upwards climb'
boomerangs, causal revolution
cancels out all 'worth a dime'.

Whether generations flourished,
shared, bore brunt of grunt or gall,
prospered hale, failed, wailed ill-nourished, .
matters little if at all.

Top of pops or relegation,
winning streak, weak gamble lost,
fresh life quest request negation
meets sans suite, whate'er the cost.
What of passion? What of pain vain
unrecorded, unconceived?
shadow-shapes we wander, chain train
shatters soon with what achieved?

Old souls flock from time-lock fleeing,
putting up resistance fierce,
Young well-hung, the waif wraith being,
Charon's mystery none pierce.
Coin praise each pays forlorn. Dis preying
displays beneath scythed daisies shorn
tithed remains of phrases, baying
tunes to moons from faiths stillborn.

Threadbare pauper lacking stitch or
rich endowed with silver spoon
share communal grave, can't pitch
for more days for play's over soon.
Stanzas cease, release pure, grimy,
tocsin tolls for star's eclipse,
who heeds deeds when fungus slimy
peerless rose's petals strips.

Charon's charges chant in chorus
'auld lang syne' before corpse fall,
where lie Quetzalcoatl, Horus?
Little matters, tall lies small.

31 May 2014

Whether bright illusion shatters, big head shed when will walks small,
ermine, mink, stink patchwork tatters, little matters if at all.

Whether old one passes over, young unsung, berth premature,
guilt gilt gifted four leaf clover, or homeless, wan, naught can endure.
Shirk's blood, pain, sorrow, find dread reaper works stalks deathwards, talks
stacked cards,
slight consolation for bed weeper a-wake in sombre sable shards.

Laments unheeded, red rims beaded with emotions on the fly,
strangers never know they needed, nor regrets, nor passing sigh.
What waste motives honed for getting, ever chasing unchaste aim,
last laugh's left with time, forgetting fame's flame, game's name, wild or tame.

Hermit's tower, houri's bower four brief hour flower, fail,
fatter thinner, loser winner, placed sole on soul's scale bewail
breath deleted, uncompleted or fulfilled in narrow scope
are forgotten gains ill-gotten, unbegotten seem, steam hope.

Day night follows, night day hollows each urned, seconds won't play ball.,
if Apollo's, Pluto's swallows, matters little if at all.

All's the same, what clock recording second thoughts docked, time-lock knocked,
self-centeredness proves vain, affording little leeway when boat's rocked.
Palm tree dates' anticipation appetites encourage though
few know what matters, grief, elation equal prove when fast moves slow.

Template telomeres with aging evolution's leaps ensures,
one mutation disengaging from another, naught endures.
Ruthless raptors rampant running through Creaceous countryside
packs aren't facts, film fiction stunning, few skeletal claws abide.

Friendly fire or hostile missile, error prone drone, terror wrist,
margin call when market tumbles, earthquake rumbles farewell kiss.
Strife life haunted, illness gaunted, Death undaunted rides afield,
Time cares nor jot nor tittle, wit will lot meets, plots defeat, souls yield.

Forty years of desert sojourn, dungeon dank or thankless task
end alike for saint and sinner, spade - ace winner - takes to task.
Health undoctored, wealth untaxed or kiss as kismet thanks lucks stars,
equal tie when ties are sundered, fickle Fate appeal deal bars.

From enjoyment and employment ant and giant trapped within
time-trap gin from first sigh last cry seek to understand life's spin:
quest request for why and wherefore hovers moth-like facing fame,
Time replacing stymied casing questions call for/to go[o]d name.

In a blinking thinking inking from life's calendar are torn,
one falls, thousand rush replacing hive cells, wedding bands hands wring.

Story told, tale unrecorded, archive access, desert bloom,
each reflects each, dust collect, leach teaches blood recycling doom.

Whether lapping wave band foam bath, thunder clap, tsunami tall,
weather warm, storm, glacier calf, matters little, if at all.

Feelings, double-dealing spielings, weighed against fate's feather, fail,
fauna, flora, extant for a wink stall, fall extinct, beyond Time's pale.
Promise kept, or wept forgotten, dreams' delusions, soon replaced
by priorities restated, waited weighted sink, untraced.

Singularity advances, urge surge merge acceleration,
compromise prized dogmas, chances purge from sojourn station.
Generation gaps increasing hint at anthropomorphosis
Man his landslip slide is greasing, strange change looms, wears farewell kiss.

Sapiens on cusp Aquarian out of kilter falters, flails
as regimes totalitarian falter when failsafe wickets, bales,
fly asunder, stumped go under, soon submerged by fly-by ball,
Everest beneath earth's ocean was seabed once, saw fossils fall.

Spy inherent contradictions in between ways gleaned means stretched,
double binds recycle ball-games till dread reaper soul has fetched.

Human Rights light lantern calling generations to reform,
one step forwards two draw backwards face recurrent 'perfect storm'.
Brave New World won't prove straightforward, strapped straitjacket seems apt
term
politicians won't relinquish oversight of stem cell, sperm.

End result: most good intentions role reversed by fear and greed
pave Hell's road, dispel dissensions, soul dispersed can scarce succeed.
Information access doubles each decade as budget cuts
fragilise fair freedom stubble weeds what once were well ploughed ruts.

Ignorance or understanding tapping history on call,
lightning, thunder, truth or blunder matters little if at all.

No solution simple offers panacea for man's ills
Wimpled dimple, puss and pimple can't steer clear of bitter pills
Few true learn from joys, grief, yearn cloys, second thought soon span Man's
years

in despond's vale altruism falls on unreceptive ears.

Ghost of Christmas present, past or future perfect spun or spurned,
shepherd, wolf in pastor's pasture, mess is earned, world less concerned.
Aeons long or echo fleeting, naught completing, mocking glass,
mirage little else repeating besides 'I thought I thought I passed! '

High and mighty host unpleasant, guest of unguessed worth, to earth
soon consigned, resigned, peer, peasant give redemption widest girth.
Second chance, time travel wormholes, soul regeneration wheel,
all prove optical illusions, Lethe's sentence none repeal.

Gnomes anonymous departed concomitant foes withal
lost in limbo lie uncharted, little matters if at all.

Polished pebble tide toned, rounded, priceless gem, physique homespun,
each as sand ends, bright dreams grounded in oblivion undone.
Win or lose, love shared, ignored or left to shrivel by the way,
two sides of one coin, ring Mordor or for Frodo, naught may stay.

At weathered monumental gravings Time jeers, grime sneers, climb hastes fall,
joyless jaded, constant cravings, lust's treat dust meets, swallows all.
Seldom sense in destination is revealed, within the way
purpose lies peregrination in, of, through itself holds sway.

Whether generations flourished, shared, bore brunt of grunt or gall,
prospered hale, failed, wailed ill-nourished, matters little, if at all.

Top of pops or relegation, winning streak, weak gamble lost,
fresh life quest request negation meets sans suite, whate'er the cost.
What of passion? What of pain vain unrecorded, unconceived?
shadow-shapes we wander, chain train shatters soon with what achieved?

Phantom pantomime enacted through dimensions none can count
in black hole consumed, compacted, molehill melts the highest mount.
Here today and gone tomorrow foregone conclusion for grief, glad,
leave leaf laughter, shore leave sorrow, income. Outcome? naught to add.

Threadbare pauper lacking stitch or rich endowed with silver spoon
share communal grave, can't pitch for more days for play's over soon.
Rhyme timed obsolescence into tocsin chimes for star's eclipse,
who heeds deeds when weeds soon cover peerless rose that Time's winds strip.

Charon's charges chant in chorus 'auld lang syne' before sure fall,
where lie Quetzalcoatl, Horus? Little matters, tall lies, small.

(18 May 2013)

Jonathan ROBIN

Charon Chorus 2013 Version

Ghost of Christmas present, past or
future perfect spun or spurned,
shepherd, wolf in pastor's pasture,
mess is earned, world less concerned.
Eons long or echo fleeting,
naught completing, mocking glass,
mirage little else repeating besides
'I thought I thought I passed! '

Whether old one passes over,
young unsung, berth premature,
guilt gilt gifted four leaf clover,
or homeless, wan, naught can endure.
Shirk's blood, pain, sorrow, find dread reaper
works stalks death-wards, talks stacked cards,
slight consolation for bed weeper
a-wake in somber sable shards.

Polished pebble tide toned, rounded,
priceless gem, physique homespun,
each as sand ends, bright dreams grounded
in oblivion undone.
Win or lose, love shared, ignored or
left to shrivel by the way,
two sides of one coin, ring Mordor
or for Frodo, naught may stay.

Had Mount doom not gobbled Gollum
would eye rove omnipotent?
would there have been some 5th column
on new liberation pent?
Quantum physics, 'Slider' series,
state 'n' states can co-exist,
if there's truth in dybbuk theories
as many parallels persist.

Alternative event horizons
fact or fiction find the same,
ferry floats with Charon's eyes on

boating souls without a name.
Mozart notes communal buried
welcomed heedless - magic flute
could not spare from journey ferried
through the 'haunts of hern and coot'

Whether bright illusion shatters, big head shed when will walks small,
ermine, mink, stink patchwork tatters, . matters little if at all.

Laments unheeded, red rims beaded
with emotions on the fly,
strangers never know they needed,
nor regrets, nor passing sigh.
What waste motives honed for getting,
ever chasing unchaste aim,
last laugh's left with time, forgetting
fame's flame, game's name, wild or tame.

Hermit's tower, houri's bower
for brief hour flower, fail,
fatter thinner, loser winner,
placed sole on soul's scale bewail
breath deleted, uncompleted
or fulfilled in narrow scope
are forgotten gains ill-gotten,
unbegotten seem, steam hope.

Whether mortal masses money,
syphons honey from the hive,
whether disposition sunny,
funny bunny, sad, all strive,
fall is fleeting, call competing,
opt-out, know in turn sobs' sighs,
cut-throat cheating, spouse deceiting,
one by one feel throbs' demise.

Day night follows, night day hollows each urned, teach Time won't play ball,
if Apollo, Pluto, swallows, matters little if at all.

Time and place trace unimportant, social standing, gypsy van,
knock-kneed yellow liver, giver, false forgiver, pale or tan,
open hearted, closed-shop smart id, ancient geneology,

orphan cast-off, Leo, Libra, . Virgo, Pisces, culled from tree.
Wishy-washy, busy-body, helter-skelter grave conveyed,
Luxury or gift-shop shoddy, willy-nilly from parade
ghosts go, host's talk show deprogrammed, volunteers rise from the ranks,
till plank, Davy Jones awaiting damned. Tingling spines, scorned thanks, warned
tanks.

Namby-pamby, merchant magnate patriot or terrorist,
evangelical, apostate, queue on stream, doomed, dreams dismissed.
Watch all line up rough unready, pay for final ferry ride,
hale and hearty, frail unsteady, time will bury. Charon, guide,
steers unveering out of hearing she who cried and he who'd stall,
dearth of cheering, rebirth clearing, none are summoned by recall.

Mad as hatters, silver platters, wrinkled crone prone, belle of ball,
prey greed batters, prayer bead shatters, matters little if at all.

All ends equal, clock recording second thoughts docked, time-lock knocked,
self-centeredness proves vain, affording little leeway when boat's rocked.
Palm tree dates' anticipation appetites encourage though
few know what matters, grief, elation sound the same when fast moves slow.

Ruthless raptors rampant running through Createous countryside
packs aren't facts, film fiction stunning, few skeletal claws abide.
Park Jurassic may seem classic only amber flies remain,
cage thoracic, plankton plastic, seabed solid can't complain.

Friendly fire or hostile missile, error prone drone, terror wrist,
margin call when market tumbles, earthquake rumbles farewell kiss.
Strife life haunted, illness gaunted, Death undaunted rides afield,
Time cares nor jot nor tittle, wit will lot meet, plots defeat, soul yield.

Rebels routed, tyrants clouded, sidereal void's photonic sprawl,
lost species sprouted, dogmas doubted, matters little if at all.

Forty years of desert sojourn, dungeon dank or thankless task
end alike for saint and sinner, rake fake, winner, takes to task.
Health undoctored, wealth untaxed or kiss as kismet thanks luck's stars,
equal tie when ties are sundered, fickle Fate appeal deal bars.

Wedding banns bells ring at altar hands wring sooner, later, washed
away by doomsday naught may alter, nipped in bud, ambitions squashed.

Story told, tale unrecorded, archive access, desert bloom,
each reflects each, dust rewarded, leach teaches blood's recycling doom.

Template telomeres with aging evolution's leaps ensures,
one mutation disengaging from another: naught endures.
Sickles sharp harp strings soon sunder, angels fall from grace and light,
meek or cheeky share down under lost to memories once bright.

High and mighty host unpleasant, guest of unguessed worth, to earth
soon consigned, resigned, peer, peasant give redemption widest girth.
Promise kept, or wept forgotten, dreams, delusions commonplace,
high priorities proved rotten soon debunked, synch sunk untraced.

Whether lapping wave band foam bath, thunder clap, tsunami tall,
weather warm, storm, glacier calf, matters little if at all.

Singularity advances, urge surge merge acceleration,
compromise prized dogmas, chances purged from sojourn's holding station.
Generation gaps, increasing, hint at anthropomorphosis:
Lip service landslip slide's self-greasing, strange change looms, boom's tomb's
farewell kiss.

Sapiens on cusp Aquarian out of kilter falters, flails
as regimes totalitarian totter when fail-safe wickets, bales,
fly asunder, stumped go under, soon submerged by fly-by ball,
Everest beneath earth's ocean was sea-bead once, now fossils call
the tune five thousand feet from seabed turned turtle by tectonic plates,
who feared to look behind, ahead, equal prove scaled by Ma'at's weights.

Human Rights light lantern calling generations to reform,
one step forwards, two back falling, face recurrent 'perfect storm'.
Brave New World shall self extinguish, exploitation seems apt term,
politicians won't relinquish oversight of stem cell, sperm.

End result: most good intentions role reversed by fear and greed
pave Hell's road, dispel dissensions, souls dispersed can scarce succeed.
Information access doubles each decade but budget cuts
fragilise fair freedoms, stubble, weeds, what once seemed well plowed ruts.

Ignorance or understanding tapping history on call,
lightning, thunder, truth or blunder matters little if at all.

No explanation offers simple panacea for man's ills
Wimpled dimple, puss and pimple can't steer clear of bitter pills
Few learn truth from joys, grief, yearn cloys, second thoughts soon damn Man's
years
in despond's vale clever ploys fall on unreceptive ears.

Second chance, time travel star-gate wormhole soul revival wheel,
spins hearsay saga compensate for lights soon blighted lies conceal.
Survival is mental delusion, rival theses sefer sealed,
intellectual illusions, Lethe's sentence unrepealed.

Spy inherent contradictions in between ways gleaned means stretched,
double binds recycle ball-games till dread reaper soul has fetched.
Sleepy head abed, bird early, worms will feed with curtain call
bowed out, cowed dread, hair straight, curly crowd shunned coffins cover shawl.

Tears, cheers mingle hearse horse jingle on last journey six feet deep,
token shingle intermingles with worm disturbing sacred sleep.
Yet sleep Earth must as groups galactic meet supernova destiny
fire or ice, earthquake climactic, flood submerging scrutiny.

Atomic half-life cannot counter snowball earth, lost wherewithal,
comet, asteroid encounter, matters little if at all.

From enjoyment and employment ant and giant trapped within
time-trap gin from first sigh last cry seek to understand life's spin:
quest request for why and wherefore hovers moth-like facing fame,
stymied questions sink, and therefore few call for/to true go[o]d name.

In a blinking thinking inking from life's calendar is torn,
one falls, thousands rush, Fate, winking, re-intones rites trite, well-worn.
Hive cells, hexagon alignment, queens from workers separate,
all from solit'ry confinement soon released must lie in state.

At weathered monument engravings Time jeers, grime sneers, climb hastes fall,
joyless jaded, constant cravings, lust's treat dust meets, swallows all.
Seldom sense in destination is revealed, within the Way
purpose lies peregrination in, of, through itself holds sway.

Gnomes anonymous departed concomitant foes withal
lost in limbo lie uncharted, matters little if at all.

Feelings, double-dealing spieling, weighed against fate's feather, fail,
healing, trouble, celestial ceilings swept by change's whirlwind gale.
Fauna, flora, extant for a wink fuss, fall extinct, beyond Time's pale,
impassive sexton, Charon porous mortals mops, mocks greed for grail.

Phantom pantomime enacted through dimensions none can count
in black hole consumed, compacted, to molehill melts the highest mount.
Here today and gone tomorrow foregone conclusion for grief, glad,
leave leaf laughter, shore leave sorrow, income. Outcome? naught to add.

From confusion into fusion tracks once concrete turn to slime,
ends, means, merge, can't draw conclusion coherent through unnumbered time.
Through apparent convolution evolution's 'upwards climb'
boomerangs, causal revolution cancels out all 'worth a dime'.

Whether generations flourished, shared, bore brunt of grunt or gall,
prospered hale, failed, wailed ill-nourished, fate trumps all who'd last date stall.
High and might blown to Blighty staid or flighty culled on call,
second thoughts or wishful thinking, matters little if at all.

Top of pops or relegation, winning streak, weak gamble lost,
fresh life quest request negation meets sans suite, whate'er the cost.
What of passion? What of pain vain unrecorded, unconceived?
shadow-shapes we wander, chain train shatters soon with what achieved?

Old souls flock from time-lock fleeing, putting up resistance fierce,
Young well-hung, the waif wraith being, Charon's mystery none pierce.
Coin praise each pays forlorn. Dis preying displays beneath scythed daisies shorn
tithed remains of phrases, baying tunes to moons from faiths stillborn.

Threadbare pauper lacking stitch or rich endowed with silver spoon
share communal grave, can't pitch for more days for play's over soon.
Stanzas cease, release pure, grimy, tocsin tolls for star's eclipse,
who heeds deeds when fungus slimy peerless rose's petals strips.

Charon's charges chant in chorus
'auld lang syne' before corpse fall,
where lie Quetzalcoatl, Horus? .
Little matters, tall lies small.

Jonathan ROBIN

Charon's Charges

Soul and spirit wander
down to a dead-end road:
What? and, Why? we wonder,
while Lethewards we're rowed.

Jonathan ROBIN

Chatter Chief Of Staff Application 1331 After William Shakespeare, Hamlet's Soliloquy

To verse, or role reverse, that's in the question,
when writer's block may cause some indigestion,
[with contests tougher then the going's rougher]
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
the strings and sorrows of outrageous scribblers,
the binges of obsessional dribblers,
the noisy cutters' red, black, unread bubbles:
or to take arms against such teething troubles
and by opposing, end them? Still keep one's cool,
guide, bona fide, and gladly suffer fools?

There's surely something wrong in A.P. rules
when talent's topsy-turvy turned by ghouls,
ability's terms of reference unsustainable.
Here trophy credibility must be regained.
For here are pressing claims and urgent needs,
though many try, scarce one percent succeeds,
and one percent of these may save their soul
as contest pressures take their toll
of high ideals, oft leaving empty shell
and little else as epitaph, ah well!

Fame, fickle, tithes her victims. Writers' knell
tolls far more frequently than curtain bell.
Thus those who would their sacred dream preserve,
who from rhyme's chiming path would never swerve,
must make much sacrifice. To serve, observe,
the scene, and by to serve we mean to fend
[or else to disillusion most descend]
the heartburn and the thousand natural shocks
rejection's heir to when rejection knocks.
Are value judgements devoutly to be wished
when versatility by contest rigging's dished?

Our scribes just fate deserve. To serve, observe
the entry they reserve too often stands
ignored, spinsterlike longing for unknown hands,

the shining silver, gold, bronze thus reject
the restless queue, as order ready-pecked,
full of sound and fury points a clue
shows some exchange their trophies. Much ado
'bout nothing scribblers screeding sticky caps
with spelling errors knitting self-writ traps.

To write, page lighting wait. Oh what a weight,
especially where some poetry postdate!
A.P. needs change so fairly dreams may come
when shuffled off the uniform, brain numb,
to often dumb, eraser rubs. Where's the respect?
Aspirant writers though they introspect
earn due reward to compensate long hours,
so unacknowledged, taxing all their powers.
expending energy for scant applause
as others benefit at their expense,
to few the points, to most so little sense.

For who would bear these whips and scorns for long,
envy contumely, commentator's wrong,
the pangs of wasted lines, free-versed, despised,
[the impudence where, uninvited, eyed
the worthless stranger who advances tried,
who may not be so easily denied
in public places audience, we've cried!]
Waste in untasted verse, those long delays,
days melting into nights, nights into days,
the insolence of judges, the sharp spurns
that patient merit from the unworthy takes.
When writer might some true quietus make
with rare home cooking? Who would fardels bear,
insults A.P., with little time to spare,
to grunt and sweat under a wordy life
with strife at work, A.P., through envy, strife!
But that the dread of nothing else to do,
lest dreams sound hollow, isolation too,
or kids to mind, rent find and clothing too,
threats unemployment act upon morale.
'Tis true, and all too often ça fait mal!

The options open often puzzle will,

and make us rather bear those ills we have
than fly to others that we know not of.
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,
for few will answer truly to life's call.
Thus the native hue of resolution
is sicklied over with pale cast of thought
losing all instinctive love of writing!

Should one desire to act upon dire fate,
ambitions fire! React! No longer wait!
then the principles inspire to undertake
cooperation by your side, correct mistake
create a pool of judges early, late,
who either added are to contests' weight
or offer critiques daily of the fate
doled out to worthy writers ill displaced
by favorites applauseless trophy placed.

The Chatterer should Mission Statement draft
to standards raise as current wordy draught
blows best away - we witness with disgust
both fore and aft enthusiasms bust
by mini groups with macro pains to spill
on others where no praise may ever fill
the offline void some here avoid with just
a minimum of contact, feathers fussed.

On Mission Statement we could dwell awhile,
with workshops, shining sense and grooming style,
but who can guarantee attention span
with four thoughts max, as forethought many ban?
One could continue till the cows come home
to roost, to working shed, led docile in the gloam,
conclusion's called for here so I perceive
with Chatterer to booster A.P. heave
sigh of relief as quality improves,
emotions interplay - which feeling moves;
ambition principled and well perceived
to Karma adds Divin as verse we leave.

(13 January 2007]

Jonathan ROBIN

Che Soave Zefiretto

All seek sweet breeze emotions frees -
above life's mediocrities
which petty compromise appease.
One special one who shares, who sees,
by choice not by decrees.

We'd seize shared opportunities:
surprise, - no good-byes, no degrees, -
no 'ifs' no 'buts' no pleas[e], no freeze.
no need to look for keys,
complementarities.

There neither chalk nor cheese,
only spontaneity
dissolving care brings ease
with two as one till three's
a gift of families.

In health, disease, wealth, poverty's
challenge met, no pedigrees
we'd need who'd future face with ease -
two hearts as one forsee
joy's reach each guarantees...

19 September 2005

Jonathan ROBIN

Cheep Sweep - 20120218

No ducking responsibilities: that's 'for the birds'

First impressions belie transformation facilitating fledgling flights of fancy from
stuttering to fair future's fluttering hearts' delight.

Nurtured nesting nestlings' metamorphosis into personified 'urge to learn' eggs
on future generations as red light district restrictions recede, flush thrush rush,
readily receive green light for free flight.

(18 February 2012)

Jonathan ROBIN

Chequer Board

Tomorrow [b]rings tomorrow, s[tr]ings today
Across the chequer board of day and night
Karmic, some say graven black on white,
Each on his Way must thread, to piper pay.
Time is a trick oasis, sent to play
Its cards to chaos compensate or right.
Master dream wave patterns with insight.
Enjoy life's game untamed, don't, blind, obey,
Out of kilter twisting Fate, whose sway
Filters much which to vain future bright
Fain would advance. Fight struggles senseless quite.
Nature teaches: overreach past spray.
Only open searching springs release,
Will Cause, Effect, combine, fine tune, [b]ring peace.

Jonathan ROBIN

Chess

Bishops, Kings and Queens unite
on square board's night and day, black, white,
surround themselves with castles, find
four pairs of pawns to sit behind,
then each side, reinforced by knight,
prepares for battle, scorns respite.

Eight squares by eight make up the field,
the pawns advance until they yield,
as one by one they victims fall
to an advance King can't forestall.
Attacks repelled, fine feint concealed,
till checkmate final fate has sealed.

Jonathan ROBIN

Childsplay

Dreams wing, wring ring doubts
whence fate dates coincidence
sense swings, roundabouts

Jonathan ROBIN

Chimp Impressions

Chimp champion, ace trouble shooter,
was placed face value by recruiter
responding to a French commuter
hypnotised by his computer
in urgent need of astute tutor,
of good repute that none refute, ah!

No reputation absoluter
existed - fact that few disputer.
Sex undetermined, yet not neuter
for some said there was never cuter
while some there was none dissoluter,
yet others that it lacked apt suitor:
moot point as cousin lived in Utah.

Imp chimp upon a rapid scooter
soon throttled up and sped en route a
hand on wheel and one on hooter,
set out to check computer router
with monkey wrench, nuts, bolts minuter,
there never was tooled chimp astuter!

Repairing hard disk was a hoot, a
task accomplished, then rebooter.
Scrimp customer, a limp lounge suiter,
pleased the problem weren't acuter
thanked the chimp with little loot, a
banana bunch and a pea-shooter.

(21 May 2005 revised 10 February 2007 and 26 February 2012)

Jonathan ROBIN

Chirp

Budding storms frighten
foetal petal waiting sun,
sparrows' chirps brighten

Sweeping storm frightens
foetal petal waiting sun, -
Sparrowâ€™s chirp brightens...
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(12 April 2005 alternative version above 28 January 2012)

Jonathan ROBIN

Choice Channels Choice Channels Choice

Is Man Free Will or karmic puppet strung
upon Fate's juggling whim with sting or stung
dependant on some déjà vu song sung
by Time's wind blown?

Thus, 'What is Truth? ' if logic's made to fit
some preconceived ideas, Cartesian kit:
'The moving finger writes, and having writ
moves on' to clone
another pawn whose dawn is followed soon
by blight or boon, pride's sunny afternoon
is swift supplanted by black night. Buffoon
who would gold own!

Who seeks control, spurns writing on the wall
is often role-reversed, flight's final fall,
who takes theme 'dream supreme', who'hears the call'
may be just drone.

What Tao to follow, what gleans win, means lose,
what grief's choice try, buy, what joy's track refuse?
Hindsight finds, binds vice voice to confuse
what's light, what's stone.

Hindsight tricks weal's wicks, drum double-bind,
dream mirage offers hesitating mind,
as what before remains, what's left behind,
hopes overthrown,
depends on more than superficial weave wound
on waft and weft success or failure found,
on pride or fall. Peak's call, cave underground,
mirth, dearth, atone.

Insight holds good when goal's perceived, race run
with trust, integrity, deception shunned,
with Fate's thread spun what seems done's just begun,
take stock alone.

Seconds spin, dissolve, fresh mesh weaves lace,

flesh minutes in strange sequence, interlace
the hours which daily years refresh to race
Ganesh unknown.

Each thought wave ripples out, conceives trump's ace
as cause/effect relationship few trace
and fewer find the time to interface
fate's seeds unsown.

All makes sense when channelled, radar's trace
decodes what static seems to those who'd lace
the edges of their cells of time and place
together thrown

Time deceives, re-edits joy, disgrace
here tosses coin, replaces tail with face,
there spin repeats, initial choice erase
with cards unshown.

What some believe as Gospel state of grace,
others hold heresy, biased debunk, debase.
Black, white, day, night, lack insight to replace
with hid what's shown.

On ignorance creeds feed, doubts cleave to base
on certainties' tease, insecure, they chase
from fount to font minds blind or lower case,
can't call their own
trust, tolerance leave or misplace
understanding, for neighbours living space
to foster common interest with good grace,
not pick a bone.

Thread pattern, fractal facettes reeve, erase
retinal after-image to encase
the here and now in setting far from base,
hear 'how's' tune-tone.

Thought waves pushmi-pully, surge, merge,
heave sigh of relief, burst bottlenecks embrace
Change interlink to ink invent, deplace
accent 'chance' blown.

Surf foams with make-believe, fears future's face
leaves fall, leave echo [c]old, untold, embrace
the stirrings of another zeitgeist's pace
as challenge prone.

Second thoughts conjure hell or saving grace,
momentum gathered rushes on a-pace,
continuous, relentless, rolling race
to the unknown.

Jonathan ROBIN

Choice Voice

Ideas, ideals, freethinking underlined,
no negligence can know whenever they
allow free range where spirit well designed
marks space to catalyse choice chance which may,
if choice is choice not circumstance designed,
new windows open through which interplay
another to another insight wind,
make constant progress, interwoven play.
Infinite voice, choice opportunities
new ground may break, stake scope, whole soul hope frees.

Jonathan ROBIN

Choice Voice Ii

If choice is choice not circumstance designed,
Ideas, ideals, free-thinking underlined,
allow free range to spirit sense enshrined,
waft, weft, well aligned.

Jonathan ROBIN

Choreography Lughansk Sumy Ukraine

Fluster flakes pass muster as they cluster
above, below, beside themselves in dance,
swirl daredevil dervish, go for bust, a
ballet beauty blown by snowball chance.
Perplexed, perception fails to focus find,
mind seeks some patent pattern sense amid
apparent chaos, signals battling mind
on wave-lengths logic baffles, answers hid
between flakes' fractal faultlines forming whole.
Choreography kaleidoscopic
no Nuryev could execute with ease
whirls dusk to dawn, with energy entropic
breeze blown, chance sown despite surrounding freeze.
Frieze poet paints reflects split-second glance
that second thoughts incorporate, enhance.

Jonathan ROBIN

Churning

Churning ashen aspirations in hot disbelief
grief neither offered, sought, nor accepted, cool relief.
Bewaring sharing, airing bewaring,
wearing caring, yet caring wearing,
comparing wellfaring wonder to wander without bearing repairing
fear for hold both ensnaring and scaring.
Conscious initiatives impairing, hear[t] despairing
of tocsin that might anytime, anywhere ring,
baring, bearing biting anguish, her bark 'shoaldered' towards grief's reef.

Where once two souls quivered on dawn's threshold
Cupid's quiver, spurned, turned poison dart,
target mirage-melting before signal start
could greet-meet sweet expectations. Short-sold,
she tiptoed, wily sees through the pain pane
dream visions disappear, rooted to the ground remain.
Harsh daylight leaves emotions flightless, insightless, numb,
discards rule of thumb stirrings as confidence falls dumb.
mourns night's passing - morn the thief.

Jonathan ROBIN

Ciao Ceaucescu

CIAO CEAUDESCU

Securitate's logic absolute
political ambitions can't confute:
for presidential power persists an hour,
then price is paid - though putschists all dispute.

Prompt as the cock crows, regiments en route
strategic centres strike, then persecute
attempts by democrats, whose scattered flower
is blasted by the storm, despite the chute.

A U.S. State Department parachute.
A firing squad dispatched to prosecute.
A travesty of trial within an hour,
with no appeal and therefore no commute.

From squad commander to the raw recruit
all zealous rush, are spurred to execute
pro Russian rulers while the people cower,
or pivot, U turn they perceive astute.

As strings to puppet strings are passed, pursuit
of opposition forces may not mute, -
from scarcity to famine's now the dower
most must endure, as few stay resolute.

We may still see Democracy's green shoot,
no longer lost, from cold war frost, uproot
red face, replace with freedom which won't sour, -
supporting principles none prostitute!

Jonathan ROBIN

Circles In Season 0390

The grain, who reaps the golden grain
knows dust to dust's returned again,
though flesh may rot, one can't impound
the spirit risen, strength new-found.

New found, to greet a season new,
strength springs again, hopes can renew,
but hopes that speed humanity
are ground down by its vanity.

Its vanity will seek full pound
of flesh before the clock's unwound,
and wounded pride with greed for gain
agrees to go against the grain.

(18 June 1991)

Jonathan ROBIN

Circumnavigation

If atoms spin round aeons' afterglow
pass preview, present, future, recombined,
to causal layers add effective flow
cue tune to harmonies, runes realigned,
then what spells last beyond an augenblick
beyond beyond yet stay within within,
to spell out waft/weave linking thin and thick
as means to ends, through which ends' means begin.
What shadow seems, what light beam seams unzip,
is figment of imagination or
insight into eve's apple's core, skin, pip
to link past futures, those still still before
the universal orbit spun vibration
prepares for former circumnavigation.

Jonathan ROBIN

Claire Amanda Collins August 1991

Creative talent bubbles 'neath sweet smile
Like lightning charge in summer heat, blue skied,
As if the elements had all allied
Incorporating charms sent to beguile
Reality and dreams. None can defile
Eternal happiness. The world, though wide,
Aspires to such perfection, free from pride,
Must learn to trust, one day to reconcile
All its potential to her promise, while
Ne'er in this universe did there abide
Depths so profound to sound Life's secret side.
Aware, keen mind lights blind who find worthwhile
Contentment where before were trouble, trial.
On angel's wings, Earth's problems cla[i]rified,
Love links both charm and knowledge, soon will ride
Life to a future free from envy, guile.
In Claire Amanda Collings sings joy I'll
New-bpr, jere celebrate, still starry-eyed.
Green eyes surround blond halo, oh! fond I'd
Send all my blessings, seek again sweet smile!

Jonathan ROBIN

Claridges

The same discrete blue paper and the old quill pen still play
upon the mind to summon summer's memories as day
melts darkling sky from dusty pink to inky undertones, -
extrapolating time's ebb tide, when flesh fades from the bones.

How short will be the stay this time, so few have means to pay
a monthly wage within the compass of a weekend, - drones
disguised as business men of size who bore in monotones,
beneath ambitions buried deep to mask their hearts' dismay.

The tasteful paper blue recalls those images of scones
and endless teas on sunny lawns - now concrete covers - hay
last harvested so long ago that only archived loans
remember that prosperity's elastic silicone
pressed out upon buff surface, soon may wear, and tear or fray.

The phantom of King Credit past, now overdrawn and grey,
still stays in suite identical - though fax and telephone
add a touch of innovation to that décor so well known.
Yet despite the surface changes both cuisine and service stay
tailored to the highest standards, all the rules of taste obey.

© Jonathan Robin - poem written 1 October 1992

Jonathan ROBIN

Cleansed

Love cleansed today dreams interplay
complete, spoon, fork and knife,
derides dismay, lined cares which prey
upon brief Beauty's life.

From disarray love's here to stay,
towards joy's light may trace
convincing way, chase cares which weigh
down those who change fear face.

Keep open door, no bad blood pour,
tomorrows true touch base,
hope sets fair score where scope's shared core
united future grace.

Concord and cheer won't disappear
when feelings interface
with someone near, who clear will hear
heart, comfort, share embrace.

Thus, change of gear, dissolve false fear,
it seems in any case
enchantment here may re-appear,
admit acceptance, space.

Life's new frontier in this New Year
lost voice shall now replace,
from drear nights' wear to fresh light steer,
heartease naught may displace.

(22 March 2005 significantly revised 30 December 2008)

for previous version entitled Love's Future Fare see below

Love yesterday seemed interplay
complete, spoon, fork and knife
that scorned dismay, false on fears does prey
to threaten Beauty's life.

But try today to feel a way
towards the light don't trace
heart's disarray, the fears which weigh,
the weary tears, disgrace.

Don't close white door let blood red pour
with future fair touch base!
if traitor's core is known before
tomorrow you may face.

When drugs and beer both disappear
soon feelings interface
with someone near, who clear will hear
heart, comfort and embrace.

So, change of gear, dissolve false fear,
it seems in any case
resentment here needs disappear,
leave hope for scope and space.

Life new frontier will find, my Dear,
Death's shadow shall replace,
all nights austere to fresh light steer
there's other fish to chase!

(22 March 2005)

Jonathan ROBIN

Clepsydral Mirror

Half empty, half full,
life's perceptions drip through time,
blow hot, cold, push, pull

Jonathan ROBIN

Climate Change Double Dactyls

Higgledy, piggledy,
Larsen C scission see
calving activity
carving sea floor.
Ice shelf fragility -
permeabilty -
Trump's credibility
sinking offshore.

Incredibility
meets Paris withdrawal, we
question validity
of G.O.P. corps.
Human stability's
sustainability's
improbability
none should ignore.

Jonathan ROBIN

Clocking In 1837 Current Version

Are clocks recording time and tide
alone to measure difference?
Do biorythms coincide
between two souls? do they divide?
Front_tears, faint sitting on the fence,
too often sunder when inside
at odds with outside masks pretence.
Where minds unite crunched clock relents,
where'er they fight, punched clock laments,
where peace at heart is shared abide
complementary developments,
rich trust which rings true tested, tried.
Whose shelter's backed by barricade
of self stays far too much afraid.

(11 March 2010)

Jonathan ROBIN

Clown's Song Up To Date After William Shakespeare

Clown's Song Twelfth Night

When that I was a little plastic toy,
with hey, ho, for pre-school kids to train,
all Chinese import figures stay so coy,
though their reign now reigneth every day.

But when I came to European State,
with hey, ho, protections down the drain,
'gainst dumping knaves men shut their gate,
E.C. rein cash draineth every day.

But when it came mums' choice to drive,
with hey, low exchange rates insane,
by pricing high I could not thrive,
and my pain it paineth every day.

But when it came to shoddy goods instead,
with hey, ho, exports are name of game,
substandard products cheaply forged ahead,
whild gold gain it gaineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, by air and sea and train:
But that's all one, our play is done
though one can't please all folk faraway.

Jonathan ROBIN

Coarse Power Course Over Horse Sense

Figurant half-hidden fades below
the plodding hoofs of half forgotten years,
from chariot to dray spanned, disappears.
Hansom, carriage, coach and four seem slow
compared to fleeting Change as change of gears
speeds up events, time feeds on time, view blears.
Dream scheme seems cavalry careers whose flow
once spun the wheels of empires' fates, cocks crow
show 'brave new world', few horse sense hold though tears
nostalgic some still shed for pastures green
as time tides on while beauty rides unseen.

Jonathan ROBIN

Coat Of Many Colours

Late autumn's lazy days and misty rain
replenish water tables to prepare
for spring, rebirth, fertility, flush plain
through Winter hibernation drab and bare.
Lush with promise sown and harvest's sheaves
land resplendent baskets in Indian summer,
though here and there red gold may tint the leaves
once dressed with blooms attracting droning hummer.
From Winter's night through Summer's light then Fall
the seasons spin, begin again, repeat
Nature's cycle, dressing Autumn's shawl,
or coat of many colours, rainbow treat.
Yet much seems out of kilter, climate change
upsetting food chains veers to world weird, strange.

Jonathan ROBIN

Code Eye Still Codicil

No needle's eye for camel's head
accepts belongings from earth bed,
nor threads decode vain codicil
to concretize departed will.

When weep-sleep sunders living, dead,
there's no more time to look ahead,
no time to reminisce until
the cows come home, for time stands still.

Still, once this mortal clothing's shed,
one doubts if houri banquets spread,
one doubts red devils fear instill
with fire and brimstone overkill.

Eat, drink, be merry, butter bread,
is optimal advice instead
of words whose wisdom can't fulfill
all takers of life's doctored pill.

What may one leave when empty page
bears witness to closed curtain, stage
forever silent, echo dumb,
if not advice by rule of thumb.

But may advice, however sage,
e'er guarantee the living wage,
whatever's said when all is done,
vain vein, pain, artery, plain numb?

Lie's and or truth to youth or age
subjective arguments engage,
while what's guaged right by old world's sum
is left behind by days to come.

Some lend support where others rage,
some freedoms feel to others cage,
poetic harmony stays mum
when taste is wasted, depth can't plumb.

As things were rarely they'll remain,
can't stay pure gospel free from stain,
as strange change waits upon mankind,
hallowed assumptions soon unwind.

New networks now rewire the brain,
replacing hard left logic's reign,
right brain relationships now mind
steer from traditions misaligned.

What leave which won't deceive or strain
ability to help some gain
an insight in the land of blind
for one-eyed king of any kind?

No easy answer may one train
attention on, win/win unfeigned:
we temporal displacement find
distorts perceptions left behind.

Therefore, when all is said and done,
few diamonds shine at end of run,
for some stay thrifty, others haste,
to substance set on road to waste.

One man's poison's one man's meat,
same tools give victory or defeat,
what one retains in shrine encased,
another treats as coin debased.

One prefers to learn, one feels
experience earned no vice conceals,
another's Janus double-faced
is found with confidence misplaced.

The only counsel sense may seem:
'Unto thyself stay true, and dream! '

Jonathan ROBIN

Coeur Qui Coeur Comprend

Time in suspended animation stands
upon shared glance chance destiny conveyed.
Two hands are joined as heart heart understands,
two others stock still find advance is stayed
as clock half-cock takes stock of timeless lands
two souls as one may visit, undelayed.
The seconds' ceaseless causal chain disbands,
taken aback, grim reaper sheathes sharp blade.

Red letter day these lines incorporate,
find all behind dissolved in ashen grate.
One glance is all it takes as double take
past dust must mock as meaningless, berate
life's harsh deceptions. Fortune lies in wait
inconstant date trade for fête spell none break.

Jonathan ROBIN

Coincidence

Coincidence is seen when into place
life slips its puzzle pieces for a time.
Awareness grows. Beneath another clime -
which still seems hidden - we met face to face.
Can dreams thread unseen signals, interlace
existence past and present, future, climb
consciousness's barriers to rhyme
light and laughter, bright hereafter trace,
and karmic correspondance interface?
Unique potential? Human pantomime,
denies the base that smothers in its slime ~
Eternity awaits shared choice unchased.
'Chance' can catalyze twin hearts to grow
together, perfect symbiosis know.

Jonathan ROBIN

Coincidence As Catalyst

Coincidence as catalyst
spins through and into karmic dance
evolving patterns; ambiance
calls bluff, wins all, masks fall, dismissed.

Space indispensable, whose gist
beyond tears, frontiers, finds romance,
blocks vanquished, all locks eyed askance.
Flout doubts, false fears that dare persist!

Consciousness disperses mist,
encourages, as, at a glance,
fresh vistas thread entente's advance,
discover no need to resist.

Empathy, by Chance is kissed,
neither through insouciance
nor focus, finding renaissance
spurred as joys enhance minds' tryst.

Osmosis, ever optimist,
though 'Know thyself', mind fer de lance
incisive, spurns pale nonchalance,
expands as ego's blocks desist.

Tuned melody mocks egotist,
overcomes locks yearns to rise
exploring daily fresh surprise
emotions: Chance as catalyst.

Jonathan ROBIN

Coincidence Coins Serendipity

Mountains into molehills melt
As steps towards enlightened dream,
Unclear at first, may later seem
Drawn up by fate. Emotions felt,
Empowerment with cards well dealt,
Contrary winds disperse, joy's beam
May filter through black walls, blocked scheme,
And blows aimed low below the belt.
Unfair conditions in die Welt
Delight defuses, hope on stream
Ends anguish, loss of self-esteem,
Comfort challenged, doubts indwelt.
Muse's music, meditation may
Create conditions to defeat dismay.

More than before she finds felicity
At hand, within, without, without a doubt.
Unfortunate conditions round about
Divert attention from her need to key
Emotions into opportunity,
Coalescing energy to flout
Man made blocks, internal locks, whose rout
Appears essential for heart's harmony.
Unperturbed, frustration fought, she
Defeats dismay, demands free flight. Love's drought
Ends offering expansion, joy throughout.
Coincidence coins serendipity.
Meaning, which below horizon hid,
Comes clear: fears, tears, fade, open inner lid.

Jonathan ROBIN

Coincidence Ii Flash Point

One wonders if coincidence can claim,
to substitute itself for Fate, why pick
THAT flash point splash which lit love's candle wick
or inflight insight felt, spelt feelings' flame?
Are these just fantasies [h]our needs inflame?
What's in a memory that seems to stick
to instincts, thoughts, remains through thin and thick,
alters the rules which score more mundane game,
tinting glasses to transform eye's aim
Present, Past, the same. Here second sight can t[r]ick,
repeat, replay fey meeting: double click.
Threading maid man, man maid, from screen to frame
'imagOnation's' writs two wits re[s]t[r]ain
within shared motions no emotions feign.

Jonathan ROBIN

Coincidences

Partout notre univers son trajet accélère,
Avance à vive allure au carrefour, peu prêt,
Son point de non retour est déjà dépassé
Car trop de gens espèrent en un futur ouvert
A l'avenir pour faire émanciper la terre.
Les techniques, peu mûres, heurent plus que changer,
Ebranlent tous nos murs, vont tou bouleverser.
Pourtant ce millenaire, où tout est éphémère,
A aussi découvert un épicode hors pair,
Seul son reflet perdure, au temps signe l'arrêt.
C'est de l'art, de l'amour, un temple inestimé.
A son honneur ces vers sont dédiés pour plaire.
La vie étrange est, jou à des 'coincidences'
Et dissipe le flou par une entente intense.

Jonathan ROBIN

Coining A Ph[r]ase - Five Lines On Love 1157

No Hide
Inside
Outside
Coincide
Slide
Abide

but the other side of the coin might be

Dire Diary
Lyre
Transpire
Liar
Expire
Pyre

(7 April 2005)

Jonathan ROBIN

Collage Ou Décollage

Marginale au piedestal. Elle se perd.
Une âme recherche repos,
Rêve, mais s'y tourne le dos.
Icomprise, entre la mer, le desert,
Emportée vers les flots,
Larmes collées à la peau.

Mystère. Masque. Mais derrière
Un défi au repos
Répond: ni froid ni chaud
Ici l'assouvit. Sans ancrage. De l'éther
Elle chasserait les maux.
L'écho ne renvoie que mots.

Mais si du piedestal l'on osait faire
Une descente, repos!
Rires, et la vie à chaud
Imprimeraient leur parfum loin de l'enfer.
Est-il trop tard? Say 'No'!
Les entraves tombent. Hello!

Jonathan ROBIN

Collective Chrysalis

Before tired tocsin tolls, notes final dawn
objections bowls to smithereens, blasts corn,
beauty need know no double face,
ambiguity's about-face.

Beholder and beholden lace
together love in love's embrace
each beat completes sweet other's pace.

Be forward, ward off wardens, trough or storm,
accounts drawn, love withdrawn or jealous scorn.
Base all on sharing, never base,
replace conformist time and place
with acceptance and erase
all pettiness too commonplace
that mars, that bars true state of grace.

Before last keynote speech leaves pages torn,
reach out, life's rose shows scent's well worth time's thorn.
There's neither chaser, chaste disgraced,
comparisons to draw, changed taste.
Fulfillment never runs to waste.
Collective chrysalis encased
in love's state states case for fresh trace.

- -

For previous version entitled Lids Can Open see below

After midnight tolls, before the dawn
insight objections bowls, won't be foresworn
beauty knows no double face
beholder and beholden trace
together love in love's embrace
where each heart charts the other's pace.
Drop keynote speech, leave pages torn,
reach out, out reach, rose needs no thorn,
there is no chaser and no chase
there's no disgrace but only grace
and one shared chrysalid in case
the lid can open, fears erase.

(22 March 2005)

(30 December 2008)

Jonathan ROBIN

Coloured Dreams

Coloured rays filled days one full decade,
Occupied the mind both morning, night,
Linked levels, levelled kinks, to expedite
Observation of Life's causal braid.
Understanding meta-concepts played
Rewarding role and offered rare insight,
Echo true, into both 'wrong' and 'right',
Defined most inner motives unafraid.
Despite success and much prowess displayed,
Recognition was withheld. Once bright,
Energy dimmed, echoed inner plight,
Awareness fruitful prospects had decayed.
Motto: Where financial motives lack
Success is seldom guaranteed, minds slack

Jonathan ROBIN

Come Dance With Me - Parody Christopher Marlowe - Come Live With Me And Be My Love

Come dance with me and find release,
howl to the moon, with wild wolves run,
no nightmares now as heart finds peace, -
a stellar future crowned with fun
shall underwrite harvest increase
two reap together, story spun
from morn to night as worries cease,
while one and one at last make one.

Come dance we'll circumnavigate
the seven seas as zephyr's breeze
anticipates and may translate
past cares to luck which soul strings frees.
Harp, Terpsichore shall play as Fate
unwinds past phantom_mime banshees,
life's letter stamps 'reciprocate'
inventing new realities.

Come dance with me, unlearn life's woe
owe only to your inner voice
as chivalry and honour flow -
no need to justify your choice.
Slow motion – Time stood still – will throw
away wait's weights as both rejoice
in unexpected overthrow
of anchors as trim sails we hoist.

Come dance with me, no strings attached –
except of harp or violin -
devotion, eloquence unmatched,
will shed all lies of ties that sin.
Thus inner doors may be unlatched,
as new dimensions open in
embracing wave which saves unscratched
soul stirred from hibernation's bin.

Come dance with me, endearing smile
will echo caring, sharing, joy,
while Lara's theme will reconcile
true love to trust, no wiles employ.
Tiara crowned Princess no guile
may meet who, sweet, greets verse employ
as an expression timed to dial
away Time's hands all else destroy.

Come dance with me, no judgment blind
will claim, will, blame, will shame, reject, -
all icicles soon left behind
Spring's robin sings you're soul elect.
From past which could be less unkind
we'll destination fly direct
where all but lines are underlined,
no need for conduct circumspect.

Come dance, together we'll unlearn
the past's mistakes, to future fair
to promised land hand, hand, will turn
with light and laughter everywhere.
The seasons slip by, none return,
yet bird's song echoes, in your hair
may make its nest, chirp soft, not spurn,
and answer questions pondered there.

Come dance with me, I'll hold you tight,
In tenderness which knows no bounds,
Restoring hidden wings for flight
Tears soon shall cease, - for fears no grounds.
Here magic, comfort, and respite,
there melody received resounds,
acceptance and contentment quite
unmeasured pleasure ache impounds.

Come dance with me, and we will learn
what makes lips tingle, goose-bumps rise,
what makes spine shiver, plush blush burn
each day will bring some fresh surprise.
Eyes Isis envies will discern
from green to blue each spark that flies,

as touch, from glitter fairy's fern
may guide, not steer, still share concern.

Come dance with me, I'll always keep,
my word - a promise from my heart -
integrity runs very deep,
each part of each need never part.
Thus whether way is slope or steep
Until Earth's end - which sings fresh start -
alert I'd watch awake, asleep,
protecting dreams from sudden start.

Come dance, from trap or golden cage,
forever free to spread your wings
in harmony which knows nor rage,
nor stings nor slaps, - where spirit sings
in ecstasy as, turning page,
we'll Autumn sage and Summer's swings
unite as, taking center stage,
Spring warmth from Winter's tumult springs.

Come dance, your silent grace shall show
how one above, below, unique
shines out, from shadows free, whose glow
pre-empts necessity to speak.
From yesterdays the future's flow
shall still remember tender cheek,
yet turn towards joy's overflow,
life liberate from sadness, pique.

Come dance to tune which wounded heart
returns to health and inspiration
we'll reel, we'll heal, real hopes may chart
beyond old altar's altercation.
Past struggles' tide and tears depart,
as sun and moon anticipation
eliminate invasive dart,
while heralding emancipation.

Come dance with me, we'll share the key
that opens inspiration's portal
uncover wellspring's latency -

Jonathan ROBIN

Come Flood With Me - Parody Christopher Marlowe - Come Live With Me And Be My Love

COME FLOOD WITH ME

Come flood with me, see sandbags sunk
at sea, beneath cold water mark
centennial records dust have drunk
while frogs swim stark, to pond turn Park.

Come flood with me, some float, some sink,
from Tower Hamlets to Soho,
no ferris wheel turns back the stink
unratified lies Kyoto.

From fracking fragile - bottled water
airlifted in to friend and foe -
dikes fail, men pale, as many caught a
cold, few sneeze at ebb and flow.

Recuse land planning bribes, blow fuse
as volts revolt against the rain,
we'll kayak hire, o[a]r two canoes,
admiring drops on window pane.

Come flood with me and Oxford ford
as Father Thames mourns broken banks,
insurance premiums we'll afford
and brave weather forecasters' pranks.

Come flood with me upon submerged
parks, gardens, surf above each fence
no climate policies were urged
for politicians feared expense.

Few flood may flee as land and sea
merge as horizons dampen down
earth, mud merge, white flecked foam flows free
from river beds, damn dam defense.

With second thoughts sought, breast Time's tide,

as Athens roasts, forty degrees.
One wonders what antiques floods hide
turned topsy turvy, tarnished keys.

We could write on in frothy verse
till 'lowing herd winds o'er the lea'
if only skies would not rehearse
wet dreams with clouds' infinity.

Come flood with me until Big Ben
sounds five o'clock and adds a tease,
while seeking honey-bees again,
and is there honey still for teas?

If these delights your heart may move
to leapfrog over slip_stream puddle
we'll cuddle, challenges remove,
reign far from politicians' muddle!

Jonathan ROBIN

Come Live With Me And Be My Love Parody Iv Resumé Christopher Marlowe

Marlowe's swain bestows caresses
And promises on shepherdesses.
Clasps of amber, young lambs' fleeces,
gay gloss of gold, once told, impresses.
Pretty lass her love professes
'til he his poverty confesses.

Herrick carelessly expresses
the surest secrets and successes
of courtship and polite addresses
with damsels in diaph'nous dresses.
He feeds them filberts, kids' tongues, cresses,
in silver streams they steep fair tresses.

Compare these themes to Cecil Lewis,
'side sour canals his soul digresses, -
chance employment's dour duresses,
the docks' dark entries and egresses.
Come care, wreathed wrinkles, deep distresses,
work wasting woman's lovelinesses.

Sir Walter's earnest warning is
As good as any other guesses.
Barren lords and Baronesses
slumber soon in tombed recesses.
As Time arrests vain pride, prowesses,
the moral is: mistrust mistresses!

Jonathan ROBIN

Come, Live Without Me Masterman After Christopher Marlowe Come Live With Me And Be My Love

Master man who'd master be,
And forage for eternity
Sowing here to garner later?
Take pleasures now, for hot potater
Existence often proves: few see
Rare luck with love keep company.
MAy's promise palls for Time, the traitor,
Nabs from the shelf self-willed testator.

Marlowe wrote "Come marry me
And be my love, I'll make for thee
Slippers for cold nights, I'll cater
To mad desires, none fires have greater"
Except hark Raleigh, scornfully:
"Remain with you? Unless you'll free
MAAn from mortality's deflator,
Name not the day, prevaricator! "

Mulled vintage wine or herbal tea
Are welcome to two lovers free,
Stand in good stead, but wed, Fate bater?
The itch comes soon to thin ice skater.
Envy unthreads expectancy,
Regret treads on love's toes, who'd flee.
MAGic lantern love's creator
Near always fires volcano crater!

Merry, blithe, beneath the sun
And dance to fairy tales fine spun
Seems tempting at first sight, but light
Turns dark when Jack Frost walks by night.
Ends aren't romantic, once day's done
Rare are shared greetings! Everyone
MArks but a 'pas de deux' then flight,
No encore, second Spring's delight.

Most optimists their deadlines shun,

Are helpless when Time's trap is sprung,
So marry you, true beauty's sight,
Today may lack in second-sight.
Enchanting grasses, scarce begun,
Recede, like hairlines. Life's conundrum
MAny tackle, success seems slight,
None are re[t]urned to fly fresh kite.

Morn to mourn gives way, Man's plight,
As fright oft follows stars' fast flight,
Shows one last fight as shadow run
That stems sad sojourn sparing none.
Empathy we seek despite
Reminders of most's marriage blight,
MAke hay while sun shines, honey bun,
No need for cont[r]act set to stun.

Much talk of realms enchanted may
Allay the soul in passing way,
Soothe despondency, despair,
Tame wild loneliness and care.
Efforts rewarded? Many say
Risks two-edge sworded tempt to stray!
MAid maintaining dreams too fair.
No mean task seems, and, so beware,

Muck raked turns sods God's feet of clay
Are often found, unsound are they,
Self worship, squandering hot air,
To burning Bush reply as Blair!
Emancipate, I won't obey
Regardless, other options weigh:
MAndated happiness prepare,
Natural, mutual, welfare.

Marry? Above? Below? Compare
All who their precious troths would swear!
Stay single, share from day to day
True joys with those who come your way.
Extract no promises they wear,
Rebound, unsound ends each affair.
MAstered by none, new interplay

Now waits, chance challenge! End of play.

Jonathan ROBIN

Comedy Of Errors

Shrew tamed, All's Well, though here is Much Ado!
Antony and Cleopatra met
No Rape, no Tragedy, since each stayed true,
Grave born, like Romeo and Juliet.
Thus Richard, John and Harry had preferred
One History where each could heed thy call!
Measured each Tempest's threat is, for unheard
All envy's Comic Error is withal!
My love as Pilgrim Passionate here's signed,
As Venus to Adonis here allied,
Urge Lover's Complaint in neatest verse aligned,
Dove Turtle are to Phoenix true supplied.
Echoed are Plays with Sonnets' sequent frame,
Continued may sustain Shakespearian flame.

Jonathan ROBIN

Commuting Can Be Fun

Commuting's fun
Once begun!
Morn, before sun, -
Milk, tea, bun.
Unto station run,
Train don't shun.
If aught's undone,
Needs be spun,
Greet everyone -
Count wages won.
As dreams day rerun,
Night falls dun.
Boss, commuting's fun,
Endless FUN...

Jonathan ROBIN

Completion

Most may please, if so they choose, but few
Contentment offer, metamorphosis
magic which transmutes mute souls to this
mystical completion born anew,
that's here compared to those, self-stifled, who
leave take, stake claim, Miss aim as synthesis,
link personified, as if a kiss
importunate could perfume airs tone-true.
Perchance the dance might more advance, yet you
should challenge make, offense take, take amiss,
jeer state_meant as hyperbole or miss
embedded muse, misinterpret it, off cue.
NIRVANA spells RAN VAIN should thoughts unsaid
No outlet find, should mind remain unread.

Jonathan ROBIN

Complicity

COMPLICITY

Cupid wears no double face
as two united hearts may trace
complicity in love's embrace

27 June 2008

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Complicity poem (c) Jonathan Robin

Jonathan ROBIN

Compromise Culture

Culture based on listless lackeys tries
exploiting basic instincts, fails to thrive.
Conniving skyvers harm harmonious hive,
antagonistic feast, with furtive eyes
divided between jealousy, surprise.
Mediocrity sets goals but can't survive,
stagnating or backtracking, must contrive
expedience, manipulation, lies,
losing face, disgrace must realize
that fragile struggles, space to stay alive,
depends much less on effort or on drive
than selflessness that spurns sly compromise.
Priorities protecting selfish rights
sacrifice ethics, signal sleepless nights.

Fragility in public sphere is found
duplicated in the population;
lopsided give and take's mistaken, bound
to fail time's test upon examination.
Temptation stretches tentacles across
vital societal fabric, leaves one wan,
alone to draw protective veil while boss
whips wealth, strips health from poor, whose tale's soon done.
Persuasion's kin is rank manipulation
of mind or vote. Too few intact remain.
Who'd rock the boat's confined in isolation,
cost high, salvation lost, what salves their pain?
Vulnerable today, tomorrow seems
to rend men mediocre from spent dreams.

Jonathan ROBIN

Conceit

'By what I've writ still may world's will be lit! '
The witless hope of every hopeless wit.

Jonathan ROBIN

Concentration

Sound waves round rippling
concentric concentration
reigns drops drip trickling

Jonathan ROBIN

Conception Of Contraception

Had I been taught the facts of life
before I met my charming wife,
it seems unlikely most to me
we'd see in two years babies three.

Jonathan ROBIN

Conditions Change

Absence of understanding that the past
can't be applied to future trends dismays.
Conditions change. Tomorrow's dawn displays
multilevel windows, links too fast
create new interfaces, leave aghast
those who'd draw back where subtle interplays
call for advance, dice chance and novel ways
to seek, must earn earn in manner multicast.
Gust sweeps away lust's dust, no cultures last
pride pays Time's price though fool 'stop icon' prays.
All evolves, kite flies from tethered stays
unstrung by unexpected stormy blast.
What brave new world can dam the winds of change?
That some presume themselves immune seems strange!

Jonathan ROBIN

Conditions Change - 0940

Absence of understanding that the past
can't be applied to future trends dismays.
Conditions change. Tomorrow's dawn displays
multilevel windows, links which fast
create fresh interfaces, leave aghast
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Gust sweeps away lust's dust, no cultures last,
pride pays Time's price though fool 'stop icon' prays.
All evolves, kite flies from tethered stays
unstrung by unexpected stormy blast.
What brave new world can dam the winds of change?
That some presume themselves immune seems strange!

(24 May 2001)

Jonathan ROBIN

Confidence - 1232 - Initial Version

Now heart heart follows, head held high
regrets melt where heartfelt fair tune,
plays tune true morrows passing by
through confidence which grows, will soon
speed rainbows' [m]arch through cloudy sky.
Free spirit soars as now ballon
may from uncoloured earth and dry -
which morning, night and afternoon
emotions often would deny -
lets go, sounds soul at liberty,
horizons flow for future free...

(17 April 2005)

Jonathan ROBIN

Conservative Health Care After Edmund Spenser The Faerie Queen Book II

See British youth war weary with unemployment
was by Cameron's coalition lately led away,
with wretched miseries, and woefull truth,
were to employers made a hopeless prey.
Time witness bears to beings' brief buffet
except for rich who, well insured for years,
waste while the poor essentials lack, dismay
Increased by Bill of Commons and of Peers
dismemb'ring N.H.S. with crocodile tears.

The weary Britons, whose war-hable youth
Was by Maximian lately led away,
With wretched miseries, and woefull ruth,
Were to those Pagans made an open pray,
And dayly spectacle of sad decay:
Whom Romane wars, which now four hundred years,
And more had wasted, could no whit dismay;
Till by consent of Commons and of Peers,
They crowned the second Constantine with joyous tears.

Jonathan ROBIN

Conservative Lament

True blue tories tall stand we,
Queen and country! Property!
Fatherhood and family,
unity and Trinity!

Enterprise and quality!
we despise equality,
Social Democrats you see
seem to be all out at sea.

Referendum E.E.C.?
Socialist contractancy,
clouded in uncertainty,
politicians' parody.

Settlements inflationary,
economic slavery,
dependence intellectually,
tax extortion, legally!

Sound in self-sufficiency,
we provide prosperity.
Factory activity
sans incentive cannot be!

Shortly, for security,
seek we offshore islands free.
Rules, restrictions, rapidly
leave no room for such as we!

Jonathan ROBIN

Conservative Reelection After Edmund Spenser - The Faerie Queen Book II

Weary British youth, of unemployment
wary was by, Cameron led astray:
in woeful truth deprived of life's enjoyment,
to shark employers made an open prey.
The daily spectacle of sad decay
Time witness bears with pensions unassured
poor waste away, essentials lack, dismay
is order of the day, won't now be cured.
Save but the rich, for years too well insured.
all suffer from discrimination. Scots,
by Bill of Peers and Commons reassured,
draw oil from troubled waters. All else rots.
Crocodile tears cons' second mandate crowns,
with justice, blind, aground, as freedom frowns.
Author notes

Jonathan ROBIN

Consummate Worth

Styx shan't swallow, hours devour, dream soul
Alzheimer Acheron dam neuronal stream,
Nor can Charon's ferry parable
Give credence to dusk dimming golden gleam.
Tired Dis dismissed to mists where once he dwelt,
Overthrown, repines, while Proserpine
May spring release from quarantine misdealt,
Apt prose most lose, choose rose whose sweets divine
Must musty scent compared to present sent
Across time's range in instant propogation
Upending Einstein's theories. her ascent
Defying 'grav_id_tease' acceleration.
Exquisite as this sonnet's lines appear,
Consummate worth through unique birth shines clear.

Jonathan ROBIN

Contentment

Where Cupid wears no double face, -
beholder and beholden trace
together love in love's embrace
as each heart charts the other's pace.

No rush, no crush, no pride of place,
nor hide, nor free-ride commonplace,
as two take time to interface
outside of time in any case.

There's chaste, no chaser and no chase,
there's no disgrace but only grace
and one shared chrysalid whose case
contentment spins as two enlase.

Jonathan ROBIN

Contest Compete Sijo After Beautiful Feet Reason A Poteet

Contest compete, she yearned to write by gleaning from prose penned.
Competitive when offend proved words met his work below.
Then she could seed a seeker won to talk, competitive.

Beautiful Feet Reason A. Poteet

Beautiful feet, he learned to walk by leaning on a friend.
More beautiful when that friend moved on to let him walk alone.
When he can lead a weaker one to walk, most beautiful.

Jonathan ROBIN

Continuity

Continuity
spirals itself into knots,
timed fatuity.

Jonathan ROBIN

Contradictions Miriam Mendes Torres De Olivera

MIracle or lack of self-esteem,
RIsing star or dwarf past better days?
AMong songs sacred none may paraphrase,
MENDEing scars, or Styx forgetful stream?
Energy or superficial gleam.
STORy's happy tale or bale betrays?
RESponsive sharing or self-seeking praise
DEpendant on self-serving subtle scheme
Overdrawn by theft bereft of dream
LIVE d through shame where blameful game repays
RAised stakes that stifle, buy time through delays.
MInd boggles. Contradictions let off steam.
RIghteous indignation steers review:
AMid pretence no true light bright vents through.

Jonathan ROBIN

Contrasts

Camouflage contrasting colours merges,
avoiding garish splurges, here the urge is
survival of the fittest, leaving trace
on specimens most worthy future race.
But what of climate change, for then the scourge is
outside expected range, imprint diverges.
The moral seems that through life's petty pace
face up to challenge keeping touch with base.

Jonathan ROBIN

Conundrum

CONUNDRUM

Summer to some seems Winter's sum,
time spent repent, ~ what went before
grains ghost of Christmas yet to come,
skeins shadow shape refrains, sans thaw.

Unhappiness, like bubble gum,
sticks jaded palate more and more
as if a braided rule of thumb
or star-set trap shut, Chance's maw
clamped tight, sharp shark bite conundrum,
for reasons one dares not explore.

Heartbeat humdrum deadly drum
reverb_berates as pulses pour
into oblivion, soon dumb,
soon pitch black silence, - spent Life's store.

18 October 2005

robi03_1334_robi03_0000 SXX_DMU

Jonathan ROBIN

Convictions Conquer

New love's peak passion dreams soon seem to fade,
and step by step by custom are betrayed,
too few familiarity flee, greyed
is fragile fruit, once tempting, time decayed.
Is light too bright? Emotions unafraid
dissolve cares in shared energy displayed
day after day, night after night arrayed
as tent of gladness ever undismayed.
Take tenderness as touchstone, trust as blade,
with constancy to thwart both darkest shade
and ride self-centred, where pride hides self-made
defenses which should never be obeyed.
where soul to soul cleaves, where both man and maid
Love's courage clad convictions conquer all,
Hope heeds heart's call, can weather every squall.

Jonathan ROBIN

Coppers Killed Me

Coppers killed me when we met,
jumping on the tube I sat in;
Magistrate, who loves to get
treats into your list, put that in!
Say I fought the terror fad,
say that "conscience clear" describes me,
say you're growing old, don't add, -
Coppers missed me!

Coppers killed me when we met,
hitting on the seat I sat in;
Acting circumstantial bet
eight hits, three misses, put that in!
Say I sought no terror fad,
say that "from bombs free" describes me,
say I'm growing cold, don't add, -
Coppers killed me!

Error wracks me today,
terror tracks you tomorrow,
let it be as it may,
pain from plain clothes turned grey.
Should tomorrow replay
such a savour of sorrow: -
what for you, safe today, -
is in store for tomorrow?

I could never fire back
like that, without sorrow,
and eight bullets through back
showed after attack
on the Stockwell tube track.
The report on the morrow: -
was on the wrong tack
did from fantasy borrow!

Terror slew me today,
error you risk tomorrow!

Violence came into play
which my life did waylay -
do you share the dismay
at what might come tomorrow?
There'll be devil to pay
what excuse will YOU borrow?

August 15 2005

Jonathan ROBIN

Cottage Song - Parody John Drinkwater, Max Beerbohm Cottage Song

Morning and night I search
a song-bird on its perch,
try through the smog at noon
to tell March night from June, -
yet where the shadows fall
there's little hope at all!

My garden flowers bright
have been destroyed by blight,
fumes through closed curtains seep
dioxide during sleep,
while up polluted streams
an oil-caked cob swan preens.

My path of pavings grey
is fogbound night and day,
bars fellowship, for grime
bids one with candles climb
the stairs once whitewashed where
grew perfumed lavender...

Jonathan ROBIN

Countdown

Countdown begun, one way, no leeway where
One can reverse time's wave to save the day.
Useless to look for aid. Hopes fade, links fray.
No energy remains, there's none to spare
To challenge fate, anticipate, prepare
Dynamic options, open interplay.
Only stray souvenirs of heyday far away
Which weigh - nostalgia validates despair.
No space to trace another future where,
Bets placed win race, no need to piper pay.
Errors, time squandered come to roost today.
Grey before, behind, mind unaware.
Uneasy lies the frown that bares barred head
No light, no flight, and no delight ahead...

Jonathan ROBIN

Country Child

I'm country child, spurn town defiled, pollution makes me wild.
When Spring's waft breeze soft tickles trees, from beaten tracks I keep,
with heart beguiled by creatures wild, through woodland dim and deep
my way make mid the bracken hid with self seem reconciled.

From city guil[e]d, souls' stress, soles riled, I've strayed, at peace abide
with sun and shade on woodland glade, in valley, mountain steep,
delight each sense with joy intense, a harvest rich to reap
from Spring which rings till Autumn brings its fruits by bushels piled.

I fly with bee from tree to tree's bright blossom pink and white

No cities know pure streams, dawn's glow, with time 'to stop and stare',
there is no smoke, where folk won't yoke each other to despair.
Suburban spite, skyscrapers' height, can't quite convince as right.

Imagine plight of elf or sprite confined too tight! Maid, knight
stroll hand in hand through leafy land in freedom everywhere,
no asking why, nor spoke reply, we'd need, nor seek, nor care,
for spirit mild of open child soars through delight, finds flight.

Love's love's invite, both greet the light when dawn's first flush is born
with badger, bird, with lowing herd, we'd sit and stare, take time,
no clocks absurd, no siren whirred, should compromise love's rhyme.
so haste with me to taste joys free, no more to fee in pawn.

When warm zephyrs wave the undergrowth at the forest's ferny feet,
larks rise at dawn, dusk's nightingales sing madrigals mild as sweet,

then thrush appeals to starling: 'Fie, forsake thy stealing way! '
as early birds, badger cubs, shy hares, welcome the break of day.

Lets brave the wind with hair unpinned, love at first sight 'tis styled,
eyes seeking eyes flush fresh surprise through morning, noon and night.
As seasons flow stiff reasons go, know heights, no lows, excite
summations which together stitch two into one beguiled.

Yes, I am a child of the country, longing for lush fields at dawn,
for meadows mild, free space unriled, no haste waste chase in pawn,

where fresh air feels fine, fair, fragrant, light's first faint flush is born,
with urban ugliness forgot, with its manicured tight-lipped lawn.

Jonathan ROBIN

Country Life - Translation Gavrila Romanovitch Derzhavin

Abandon urban strife for country bright,
the city, - trouble rife - for peace, delight.
Be happy in each day, tomorrow might
just see you pass away, - our time's finite.
Country Life Boredom, - a sin we pay with loss and blight.
Gold leads to madness' sway, a sorry plight.
Poor no man is with wife, health, liquor, light.
Laughter eases life before last night.

Jonathan ROBIN

Courbette Or Courbe Bête?

I'm
sublime
chime
rhyme
climb
Prime
Time
dime
grime
slime

Jonathan ROBIN

Craft And Wisemen Versus Kraft Und Eisen

Sur[e]ly teutons were defeated
by hurly-burly true and sturdy,
tune called to their hurdy-gurdy,
'might' to 'might not' soon retreated.

Hate received a fate well meted
by G.I., Tommy, far less wordy,
rising with the early birdy,
not led from bed in bunker heated.

From eagle bunker dark, conceited,
go balls holed by expert birdie,
sonnet couplet scarce absurdy,
syllables sibillant repeated:

Trust, steady rations, puns, fun, custard,
bust heady passions, huns' guns, mustard.

Jonathan ROBIN

Craven Raven Attention Spans Scan Contest Ants' Brevity Votes Versus Informative Author's Notes

Attention spans gone west, it seems,
Unlike one's own creative dreams.
Their length and depth, their pertinence
Harsh critics slam with little sense.
One writes to share, hopes insight gleams,
Revealing hidden secrets, themes,
Sore sots ignore, or others, dense,
No wit retain, complain, burst seams,
Or, simplistic, can't see schemes
That may contribute relevance,
Escape fun puns, misrepresent
Spry angles of poetic beams.

(16 March 2013)

Jonathan ROBIN

Creative Perceptions

Artist appropriate palette prepares
as poet intuitive channels and shares -
perceptions highlighted in paint or in rhyme,
on screen, paper, canvas, [b]rushed, touched outside Time.
Each reaches out writing, foresighting, prepares
stalls [f]rigid for music of spirit sublime.
But few can interpret the talent they praise
in the style of an artist in true paraphrase.

(24 September 2005 robi03_1306)

Bridgework

Artists palette, paints, prepare,
poets channel insight rare.
One canvas fills, one paper inks,
imagination interlinks.

Each respective stream compares
perceptions, self-respecting, thinks
perspectives sensitively, shares
intuitive fruition, links
symphonic patterns, well aware
individuals everywhere
sense beauty way beyond time's brink -
horizons widen, never shrink.

Images accompany
free originality.

(7 May 2008 variant of As Artist, Poet robi03_1396_robi03_0986 16 February
2002 robi03_0986 and also variant of Creative Perceptions
24 September 2005 robi03_1306_robi03_0986)

As Artist, Poet

As artists palette, paints, prepare
so poets channel insight rare.
One canvas fills, one paper inks,
the foremost and the least of links.

Both tune respective streams, compare
perspective, sensitively share
where, true to self there neither sinks
as each through intuitions thinks
the way to harmony, aware
that perfect strangers anywhere
may beauty sense beyond time's brink -
horizons widen, never shrink.

Both pictures form, accompany
creative thrust with spirit free.

(16 February 2002 robi03_0986)

for previous version see below

As Artist, Poet

As artists palette, paints, prepare

so poets insight channel, air: -

one canvas fills, one paper inks,

the foremost and the least of links.

Both tune respective streams with rare
sensitive perspective, care.

When true to self then neither sinks

as each through intuitions thinks

the way to harmony, to share

with perfect strangers anywhere

how beauty may beyond the brink

horizons widen, never shrink.

Both pictures form, accompany

creative thrust with spirit free...

(16 February 2002)

Jonathan ROBIN

Crise Cardiaque

Back drop slack, black out, blackdrop, Fates distill
dread doom that throttles hope while crushing will,
heavy atmosphere light through black-hole soul's spin
from birth to berth saw joker choke loss win
from life game's poker play asphixiating.
Block locked out plans of mortal man's kith, kin.

One slipped without a groan,
sensed, stumbling, scorching chill
shiver deep within,
sharp stab burst brittle bone.
Heart vain saw fear vein fill.
Silence mid midday din –
stark sirens – all alone
pressing, oppressing shrill.

The city seemed to spin
as top without a tone
topsy-turvy struck will,
figure of eight fate. Chin
struck pavement grave, meant moan
which, stillborn, knew no ill.

Infinity with din
met meteorite, turned stone,
clogged artery foot bill,
no time repentance, sin.
Sepia-dyed monochrome.
Another soul, culled in,
sighed once, forever still,
soul raced to space unknown.

21 April 1991 revised 29 July 2009 and 1 May 2013

Crise Cardiaque

One slipped without a groan,
sensed, stumbling, scorching chill
shiver deep within,

sharp stab burst brittle bone.
Heart vain saw fear vein fill.
Silence mid midday din –
the sirens – all alone –
stifled, oppressing shrill.
The city seemed to spin
as top without a tone
topsy-turvy struck will,
figure of eight fate. Chin
struck pavement grave, meant moan
but, stifled, knew no ill.
infinity with din
Met meteorite, turned stone,
clogged artery foot bill,
no time repentance, sin.
Sepia-dyed monochrome.
Another soul, culled in,
sighed once, forever still,
soul raced to space unknown.

21 April 1991 revised 29 July 2009

For previous version see below

Crise Cardiaque

One slipped on cobbled stone,
sensed, stumbling, scorching chill
shiver deep within,
sharp stab through fragile bone.
Heart vain saw fear vein fill.
Silence mid midday din –
the sirens – all alone –
stifled, oppressing shrill.
The city seemed to spin
as top without a tone
topsy-turvy turned will,
no time repentance, sin.
Sepia-dyed monochrome.
Another soul, culled in,
sighed once, forever still,
soul left for land unknown.

21 April 1991

Jonathan ROBIN

Croesus After Euripides

Were I as Croesus rich,
of this wide Earth high lord,
no dearth of golden hoard
stored, still for Youth I'd pitch
all that the Fates afford
compared to health, wealth's gaud!

Age sows Death's final stitch,
with no more bed and board,
prayers fail though heavenward
some say the soul soars: kitsch!
Religion is a fraud,
strikes needy [g]reedy chord.

Men oft themselves bewitch
upon life's chequerboard
with theories untoward
where black is white, the which
they hasten to record
in letters long as broad.

Longevity's an itch
which seldom is ignored.
all are of one accord
for each needs find his niche.
but Time's Man's overlord,
night seems day dream's reward!

For pauper prince would switch
when shown the silken cord,
once Styx is crossed, bark moored,
who's sure of karmic hitch?
Each innings soon is scored
by umpire's sickle sword.

For proud, for crowd, one ditch.
Both hated and adored
exploiter, overawed,
exploited and abhorred,

as puppets dangle, twitch,
til Judy, Punch are stored,
bark silent, earth berth sward.

There's no failsafe sales' pitch,
the priest, libation poured,
agnostic, sermon snored,
all end when's pulled the switch,
explorer and explored
sleep soundless, by Time bored.

Jonathan ROBIN

Cropped Apologies To Rudyard Kipling

If you can fight Monsanto's sterile sowing,
deny blight warnings, nor fear climate change,
if cash in hand exceeds debts most's greed's owing,
if you're the early bird with worms in range.
If you stay steady when winds may be blowing
subarctic currents shiveringly strange,
if you can soar above false walls while knowing
true sharing's bliss which cheap's deep love's exchange.

If you can fly your kite despite snow falling
avoiding kites' and kittyhawks' harsh call,
if you won't compromise with inner calling,
nor flash your feathers - pride before the fall.
If you can weather frost or luck appalling,
tail waggle far from gagging geese, nor stall
friends' search for perch beyond the masses mawling,
refusing vested interests' greedy gall.

If you can keep your crops when all the nation
rails, vain assailing creepy crawly bugs,
If you can thrive when most lives' reputation
is knocked for skittles, stumped by snails and slugs,
If you can sow, show though you stay surrounded
by failing harvests sere upon the stem,
where hopes unfounded, speculations grounded,
face farmers who through jealousy condemn.

If greenhouse gases can't delay your planting,
with fallow Brussels' edicts all ignored,
If CO² you compensate by chanting
an incantation to the heavens poured.
If snail trails slip upon your sensor networks,
if nano tech protects fields' fullest yield
which on the Futures markets harvests net perks
which from the tax collector are concealed.

If you resist the urge to emigration,
and stand your ground around world vision wide,
if neither outside show nor occupation

contradict the worth that's found inside,
if neither dissipation, narrow nation,
priorities are held, if you abide
in peace with self, nor fear self-revelation,
your's is free flight, by day and night hopes ride.

If day by day you grow more give than taker,
remembering each offspring's offsprings, kind,
if all return to nest at rest, God's acre
in harmony despite the daily grind.
If you farm through the seasons, thanking maker
from man's pollution, safe solution find,
yours is the race, you, ace, may need pacemaker
for luck can turn, earn bridges burned behind.

(c) Jonathan Robin 23 November 2007 revised and expanded 2 February
2009

Parody Rudyard Kipling - IF

for previous version see below

Cropped Apologies to Rudyard Kipling

If you can keep your crops when all the nation
rails, vain assailing creepy crawly bugs,
If you can thrive when most lives' reputation
is knocked for skittles, stumped by snails and slugs,
If you can sow, show though you stay surrounded
by failing harvests sere upon the stem,
where hopes unfounded, speculations grounded,
face farmers who through jealousy condemn.

If greenhouse gases can't delay your planting,
with fallow Brussels' edicts all ignored,
If CO² you compensate by chanting
an incantation to the heavens poured.
If snail trails slip upon your sensor networks,
if nano tech protects your fields providing yield
which on the Futures markets harvests net perks

which from the tax collector are concealed.

If you can fight Monsanto's sterile sowing,
deny blight warnings, nor fear climate change,
if cash in hand exceeds debts most's greed's owing,
if you're the early bird with worms in range,
If you free farm through seasons, thank your maker
from man's pollution, safe solution find,
yours is the race, you, ace, may need pacemaker
for luck can turn, earn bridges burned behind.

23 November 2007

Jonathan ROBIN

Crossed Lines

Here inklings linking lines of thought
are threaded neatly, simply brought
to heel, reined in, discreetly taught
to underscore ideas. Here's sought
communication vectors caught
in lightning insight flash, both short,
coherent, to the point! Now ought
I not recall that about which I meant to write?

Jonathan ROBIN

Crossfire

Cross, at peak, speaks persecution,
Refusing tempting devolution.
Once weak, seeks pardon's substitution,
Sources first calls for revolution -
Solution soon shed, styled faith pollution,
For pride before fall's retribution
IRE fires against true evolution.

Across span of two thousand years
stretches shameful vale of tears
which witchcraft crafted it appears
to warn sheep shorn who'd cross frontiers
that 'one true path' exists, fed fears
that sin soul's pardon disappears
when wayward heresy lies steers
to further lies, strange sects reveres.
To this add internecine strife
which separates man from his wife
or both from child who different life
welcomes outside intolerance's knife.
Who cares what label faith would tag
as 'Truth' unchallenged by time lag!

Crass prejudice deserves forthright rejection,
Refusal of 'dancing angels' vision blind,
One should duel dual heaven/hell choice - rejection
Seems due drawn through a juster introspection
Signalling this may not be judged direction
Fair despite the search for light, perfection,
IRrespective of the God/King need perception.

We seek some 'logical' justification
underpinning global domination
or compensating fears - thus veneration
of Marx, Religion, draws manipulation
towards brainwashing which protects each nation
from questions which discomfort spread. Creation
leads into death, thus, on examination
either all's vain or all's anticipation

awaiting for some 'awesome' revelation
to clarify 'why' 'wherefore' formulation,
or compensating threatening mutation -
acceleration where tradition's station
is overthrown, emotional deprivation
menacing mankind's self-celebration.

Can Man atop his food-chain learn to stop
Reading tea-leaves self-fulfilling, drop
Once and forever bubble pride whose pop
Shall blow both faith and lay away, though prop
Seems needed to ensure Earth's spinning top
Forward journeys. Iceberg melt, plop, plop,
IRrElevant shows minds narrow. Shut up shop!

Crossfire

Cross, at peak, speaks persecution,
when weak, seeks pardon's substitution,
recalls first calls for revolution
refusing tempting devolution.

Across span of two thousand years
stretches shameful vale of tears
which witchcraft crafted it appears
to warn sheep shorn who'd cross frontiers.

This crossfire tale pinpoints reflection
deriding heaven/hell - rejection
just drawn from more just introspection
though this may not be judged direction.

Jonathan ROBIN

Crow[n]ing Appreciation

CROW[N]ING APPRECIATION Kindly refer to notes

May this rhymed reel appreciation show
An insight into mind prismatic whose
Unrivalled aptitudes should make world news
Dare we delve deep beneath sweet surface glow.
Ever instincts' sentinels tap flow,
Meditate on standards she pursues -
Awareness and autonomy won't loose.
Undouted search from perch where most might crow
Dreaming on teaming, fearing fall below.
Excellence, integrity no excuse
MAy ever accept, though rigid rules are cues
Used more to guide than bind or keep in toe.
Destiny's rejected. Free will traces
Extensive network independence chases.

Extensive network independence chases
Despises narrow minds, unwinds tall tales,
Upstanding and outstanding spirit sails
Across life's story book, trumps adverse aces.
Methodical self-investment finds its basis
Evident in channelled thought, hope hails
Delivery through conduct hale life's gales
Untimely may withstand, reed storm blown braces
As wild winds pass, wind zephyr soft replaces.
Merit innate turns down bait, weighs on scales,
Efforts needed to succeed, ne'er pales.
DUe diligence here's hallmark setting paces.
Age may not touch tomorrow's fairest bride,
Much water flows beneath her bridges wide.

Much water flows beneath her bridges wide,
Awash with feelings, teeming through teamed dreams
Untroubled, which reward with joy whose streams
Defy misfortunes rippling on life's tide.
Errors made are swiftly rectified.
Mehr licht, more light at tunnel's end thus gleams,
Adding enchantment's magic lantern beams.

United mind~emotions forward ride
Drive over preplanned schemes that they deride,
Elect to let controls lapse, pick up steam.
MAid hand in hand safe haven meets, it seems,
Unshutters blinds love hampers, may divide.
Desire discovers doors at last unlock,
Efforts rewards may find through culture shock.

Efforts rewards may find through culture shock
Disturbing double-bind chains lasting years,
Universal language dries all tears,
Anguish melts as Franco-English stock
Merges, satisfaction surges. Rock
Ever sure protects from passing spears,
Defeating darkness which soon disappears.
Unique entente defies false fears which flock
Around affection true, would credit dock.
Mistaken envy thrives on insincere
Ego's repressed regrets. Love, conscience clear,
DUst wipes before it settles chock-a-block.
Affection is inspired by Cupid's dart,
Masterful approach checks heart's headstart.

Masterful approach checks heart's headstart.
Awaits an opportunity to shed
Undue restraints with self-denial wed –
Double-bind paradox too many chart.
Excessive rules upset love's applecart.
Maybe the timing's right for clean, fresh start.
Allowing tenderness two surge ahead,
Untying knots and dark spots, thoughts unsaid,
Dissolving difficulties close, apart.
Energized by strengths pooled which, when fed,
MAke all aims seem attainable, melt dread.
Unlimited horizons à la carte reinforce
Draw on refreshing themes spurned fears turn back, -
Emotions whose rich promise none should lack.

Emotions, whose rich promise none should lack,
Division conquer, multiply delight,
Untangle complications causing blight,
Add light to love above life's clouds grey-black,

Mirage temptations disregard, setback
Exchange for breakthrough to conjoined greenlight
Denying narrow-minded copyright,
Untrammelled by pure principled insight.
Ask and it shall be given crackerjack!
Maintaining balance love leaves love some slack
Enhancing partnership, needs no hindsight.
DUE to some guilty conscience out of sight.
Appreciation, mutual tenderness,
Mock not wise words weave woven which assess.

Mock not wise words weave woven which assess
Assets and liabilities to seek
Unity, spurning compromises weak
Derived from cover-ups few others guess
Extending inhibitions. Nonetheless,
Mollycoddling is not an answer. Speak,
Always truth to pauper, princess chic.
Unbiased heart finds forwarding address,
Deeds meaning more than wishful thinking mess.
Encouraging affection cheek-to-cheek,
MAGic touch enhances love's mystique,
Unworn through time, e'er easing inner stress.
Deserved is crown surrounding golden hair.
Energy concentrates on talents rare.

Energy concentrates on talents rare.
Deployed are pen and [th]ink on screen.
Unseen by most, these inklings here set scene -
Ambivalence rejected – for dream's care
Mending fortune's slings and arrows where
Efforts past unrecognized have been.
Delicate attention's paid - fourteen
Urgent sonnets stream as fountain fair,
And offer maiden homage as hors pair.
Measureless momentum in between
Each line upholds one message sweet, serene,
'DULce et decorum est' I swear.
Art for art's sake is not entire intent.
Mistake not crown as simple compliment.

Mistake not crown as simple compliment

As empty praise bereft of understanding,
Uncalled-for though mellifluous, demanding
Desired ovation standing. Pure love's scent
Emerging zeal may feel, may represent
Much more than make-believe, skill notwithstanding.
Accept these verses brightly interbanding
Unreel each verse, let censure's eyes relent.
Dexterity's no proof of feelings meant.
Expressed, however, here, stays in good standing.
MArk not set scansion sinews sarabanding,
Unified structure. Sentiments cement!
Desecration would be fruitless write
Expanding your equation infinite.

Expanding your equation infinite.
Description paints reality's true splendour,
Uprising against Time, Love's never-ender,
Always vibrant, never recondite.
Metal base transmutes this acolyte
Even as gold no Croesus could engender,
Dedication splices sent and sender
Undivided braving doom's gloom night
As inspiration leaps synaptic flight
Mesmerizing Chronos, faith's defender
Endures all tribulations, trials, surrender
DUly dumfounded by twinned maiden, knight.
As is these lines which age like vintage wine,
Magic smile and sense of style combine.

Magic smile and sense of style combine
As style and sense incensed scorn spoken phrase.
Umpire against equivocation's haze,
Discredits all dividing Columbine
Enamoured from Pierrot valentine.
Mask falls, all's music melting winter's ways,
All life is granted extra holidays,
Urgency no sense retains, timeline
Dissociates itself from weary whine
Entranced by verbal dance Death's sickle stays.
MAankind no language knows to paraphrase
Unequaled beauty, peerless as pristine.
Discretion shuns hyperbole remiss,

Expressed here's but a tithe of one sweet kiss

Expressed here's but a tithe of one sweet kiss
Decimal point unfathomable of Pi
Unyielding to vain logic's question why
An angel could resist sly serpent's hiss.
Many seek perfection. Only this
Example's proved as precedent. Some try
Desperately to reach Nirvana high, -
Unravelling pretensions Time must e'er dismiss.
Apart from one all's said and done, no bliss
May on this earth be found, all live and die -
Each in lone cell hived off, they fretful sigh
During short sojourn few review, few miss.
As paragon she proves praise vain expense -
Milk and honey, myrrh and frankincense.

Milk and honey, myrrh and frankincense.
Are re-reflected to infinity,
Under and over, far, propinquity,
Directions – north, south, east and west, lose sense.
Encounter proved to be experience
Mind-shattering event, divinity
At last released from clandestinity,
Unparalleled in sheer magnificence.
Divinity too strong might seem, dissents
Expressing flattery, absurdity,
Maybe, but scribe in all humility
Unveils his feelings sans ambivalence.
Discouragement can't sap, trap joy sublime,
Extinguish flame resisting tide and time.

Extinguish flame resisting tide and time
Denies creation's rhyme and reason, thus
Useless would render verse, as pointless fuss,
As flotsam, jetsam, tantamount to crime.
Mysterious is love, whose constant climb
Excludes descent, can never miss the bus,
Declining never, adding plus to plus,
Unerringly throughout life's pantomime, -
An endless updraft crafting causal chime
Momentous echo flowing onwards. Us?

Eternity as_scribed ubiquitous,
DUo daily reinforced, ultime.
As real reveals all others shadows sow,
May this rhymed reel appreciation show.

6 April 2009 robi03_1878_robi03_0000 AQS_LXX

The acrostic MAUDE is capitalized and maintained throughout - alternatively MAUDE and EDUAM so as to respond to sonnet crown technicalities. A crown of sonnets is a set of linked sonnets, usually from seven to fourteen, where the final line of each sonnet is repeated as the first line of the next, the final line of the final sonnet is the same as the first line of the first, closing the crown.

Jonathan ROBIN

Crucial Questions

All life links into chains whose sk[e]ins evolve
as day and night spin circle seasons' clock.
Accelerating change spurs youth to mock
old cycles - life leaves little space to solve
crucial questions before cocoons dissolve
as dust, forgotten before we unlock
doors to answers that, if found, might shock.
Few grasp 'Why? When? ' intrinsically involve
uncertainties societies seldom solve,
lies turning truths steal through time's steel door, knock.
This means far more than information stock
as Life's equations' causal wheels revolve
round intuitions treading track tire way
to whee[d]le 'truth' within in short s[p]in stay.

Apprenticeship is process which reminds
of stages spun, cocoon to chrysalis,
ceaselessly recycled till time's blinds
are drawn to find no memory men miss.
Tedious ties of social intercourse
in transit through their metamorphosis
evolve until accepted as divorce
between guess, stress, contest, and catharsis.
Thus crucial questions spin round 'cogito
ergo sum' sum birth, mirth, dearth, earth his_
_story, half-truth tale told till time to go.
Self-centred crowd ignores shock serpent's hiss.
Is search for self as such non sequitur,
Eye is earth's centre, end, rough edge to cure.

Until 'our revels ended these our actors'
seem figurants in egocentric dream,
contributing passive causal factors
to acts on stage off centre, though they teem.
This team's composed of isolate reactors
each testing Why? and Wherefore? as we deem
appropriate to phantom subcontractors
subservient to whim whipped cream of cream.
Thus solipsist must test through interactors

how life's flow's fed till fled when soul would seem
transformed to other stage, turns page refractors
to earn star centre point in further scheme.
Can crucial questions ever disappear
when far is near and in between, there here?

Jonathan ROBIN

Crushed Thrush Hushed - Current Version

Cluster bombs' free fall
breed desolate destruction:
timid thrush, one wall.

(11 April 2010)

Jonathan ROBIN

Crusoe

Grilled golden grains slip through restless hands,
suntanned fingers straining sandy rain.
Coralled on small landstrip's salty strand,
solitary castaway scans from coral reign.
Beyond mosquito swarms, past gulls, palm band
food, drink provide, easing nostalgic pain.
Cloudless compass around man's vainly panned
as visions strange range through an aching brain.

Jonathan ROBIN

Crystal Carpet

On road, rail track light powder sprite
laid crystal carpet, cotton white,
dawn's spawned from night with golden ray
a magic mantle drift to stay.

First fall, near zero fahrenheit,
with naught to steal the snow away
from wheel or train or station bay,
while freeze brings wheeze till Spring finds flight.

Thus with a little luck we might
enjoy the sight and share delight,
until snow thaws in April, May,
with Jack Frost lost to grass display.

Jonathan ROBIN

Crystal Clear

If home is where the heart is, you and I
new-found may found a haven, there to be
united ever till eternity
engathers all as dust, why must all die?
Reality links dreams as chains untie,
links through forever think mortality.
'A loaf of bread, a jug of wine, and Thee'
triumphant should Time's desert tide defy.
Neither til now believed that somehow sky
or starry heavens so ruled Destiny.
Renascent minds find visibility
become tuned crystal, clear, no choice deny.
Souls Life transcend to prosper through Love's fire
that naught need prove, yet all may move much higher.

(23 April 1990)

Jonathan ROBIN

Crystal Lid

Verse: a crys[t]al_id,
halfway-house between
[p]rose-leaf caterpillar
and the Song of Songs
beneath whose surface lie hid
cocooned meanings most seen
when childlike soul spills over
the mind's dam[n]s and wrongs,
when poetic phrases bid
images in harmony serene
keyed to wavelengths which wove a
haven where the heart belongs.

Jonathan ROBIN

Cub To Rug

Ragging cub,
rugged tiger.

Tiger raging,
tiger ageing, -

trigger gauging.
Tiger rug,

Ragged rug.

Jonathan ROBIN

Curiouser And Curiouser

From King George we'll independence win
Revolution justice will restore,
Our liberty remains life's only law,
More freedom and less tax on tea, less war.
Good riddance George, for dynasty is sin!
Except, what happens if time's wheels should spin
On for two hundred years and then two score,
Revenge upon the people Time might draw
George - one replacing with another's grin!
Each must decide if present joy chagrin
Unfortunate may bring, with struggles sore
Plucked from danger's jaws, worse than before?
The words I RACK, I RAN might thus begin
One cycle all regret, where kith and kin
Ground zero start again, returning flaw
Errors paid with blood, toil, tears, and, more,
Outraged at treason, lies none can ignore.
Rue we one George, to one more George elect?
Good bye to lies, yet more war lies expect?
End this discussion, future risks reject!

© Jonathan Robin July 31 2007
Acrostic From George to George

Jonathan ROBIN

Curtains - Acrostic Sonnets

Cast down, downcast, life's curtains close.
Unique light dims. Brush sweeps away
Rubbish, dust toxic, as last day
Terminates where no-one knows.
As final fanfare, shadow shows'
Impulsive flickers farewells spray,
Nostalgic tears of breath that flows
Soon fades, fast cast off from life's play.
Cravens shake, quake: mortal clay
Unmade fades, waste tastes. Self betray.
Ruins bogged logs, blogs [I]nk life's woes,
Tainted tale eclipsed, lost way.
Scurf shed, serf's surf turf dead Time's tide sucks marrows dry,
Tain Superficial spurned, urned, earned rest questions "why"?

Clipped face, stripped place, run race, shunned trace
Unwinds pale veil mind's memory.
Reel spiel deals cards, real wheel turns, we
Trash out, forget past's petty pace
All's torn, dawn born, night flight, gods' grace
Is shot bolt shoot chute history
Needs no more. Time, Titan, feeds. See
Salt tears stream from lost cause, lost case,
Crass subterfuges can't replace
Urgent youth's spontaneity.
Rot, pain, sot bane. Death, tsunami,
Takes life to task, returns to base.
Inbuilt coup de grâce, dreams' frozen tears,
Seem all most draw from washed out years.

(1 May 2013)

Jonathan ROBIN

Curtains Close 306 Current Version

Downcast, cast down, life's curtains close.
Lights dim. Grim cleaners sweep away
toxic containers as last day
slips silently where no-one knows.
Final farewell may faintly spray
nostalgic tears before breath flows
so fast from cast off shadow-shows
that those still acting in the play
shake, shiver, quiver, quake, betray
self-doubts which water log, bog clay.
What bitter taste, what waste, life's woes
owe each, as each too early knows
in turn Time's tide sucks marrows dry,
in urn, spurned rictus, questions "why? "

A face, a place, run race, no trace
to tear the veil that memory
within a generation we
trash out of fashion, petty pace
is torn, born, past, life-lines unlace,
shot bolt shoot chute as history
itself, one day, may cease to be.
What tears stream from lost cause, lost case,
what subterfuges to replace
youth's mirage, mirror brain drain. See
pain's pane, bane [p]ages tsunami,
paints vain complaints, return to base.
When coup de grâce falls frozen tears
are all we thaw from washed out years.

(20 May 2008)

Jonathan ROBIN

Cusp Choice

Coincidence spins web when into place
life slips choice puzzle pieces in due time.
Flair/feeling twins awareness of fall, climb,
keys karmic scene between lines few dare face.
Dreams decode subtle signals, interface
past, present, future, patterns sees through grime,
aligning intersections, prose rerhyme.
Pace swift and slow tune into links to trace
instinctive correspondence, interlace
unique potential, untapped options prime,
deny the base which smothers in its slime,
Cause, effect, await cusp's state of grace.
'Chance' intercepts flow's waves, 'free choice' would bring
order into chaos, tune fate's [s]wing.

(15 January 2008)

Jonathan ROBIN

Cusps

Cusps convergent redivide
Unexpectedly, conceal
Spiel links. Cause, Effect, reveal
Pre-destination never. None inside
Subtle riddles read, none ride
COherently around rune wheel,
None key, tune into, Future's weal.
Vainly humankind has tried
Explaining karma to provide
'Real' explanations for Life's reel,
Gu[s]t gest jest conundrum sealed,
Ephemeral both ebb and tide.

Connections karmic can't collide,
Unerringly rule, school, unreel
Silk threads slippery as eel,
Prepare tomorrows far and wide,
Synchronicity complied.
Crossroads' kismet none repeal,
ON even keel draw curtains, peel
Vision peripheral aside.
Evaluation don't deride,
Response-reaction's ceaseless meal,
Ground by, from intuitive feel.
Effect? Coincidence's bride!
New writ takes cue to lock Time's door,
Thru Will, Wit, knitting, clock rhyme's store.

Jonathan ROBIN

Cusps Converge

Cusps converge then redivide,
Unexpectedly conceal
Symphonic links Time may reveal
Perchance some day, tune runes inside,
Subtle riddles read. Who'd ride
Concentric ripples round Fate's wheel,
ON key, in tune with Future's weal?
Vain mankind has often tried
Effect and Cause to link, provide
'Real' explanations for Life's spiel,
Gust on Time's breeze Death, Past, fast seal,
Ephemeral both ebb and tide.

Cusps connected can't collide,
Unique the rule to school, unreel
Silk threads which, slippery as eel,
Prepare tomorrows far and wide,
Synchronous patterns spin, abide,
Chaos kept on even keel,
ONE law, or flaw, none can repeal.
Vision peripheral aside
Each should Cause search and not deride
Response-reaction's ceaseless meal
Ground by and from Fate too few feel.
Effect? Coincidence's bride!
Still stays writ, fit lock for Time's sandy wall,
Will, Ways, Wit, knit knock, door, key, rhymes, and all.

Convergency men seize upon to show
One moment their superiority
Next time, when thwarted, claim 'bad luck', blame, see
Vicious circle, counterfeited flow.
Each act is judged upon what 'chance' may sow,
Responsibility depends on ends, means, meeting key
Grandeur, defeat, or opportunity,
ENigmas solved or fallow fields' dust blow.
To 'Fate' hard knocks, to 'self' praise due, view crow!
Come double standards, rewrite history
Ordaining 'hindsight' loco parentis

Unique divinity above, below.
No credibility's accorded judgement which
TERgiversation shows twixt which stitch switch.

Jonathan ROBIN

Cycles

When Dave Priest died grave sexton told
to toll fell bell for corpse stone cold,
from epiderm to earthworm's feast
star studded sports sporadic yeast.

The moral reads: reeds brave, deeds bold,
berth bends to end which breaks birth's mould.
Mould broken, mould returned, at least
wan lies released from life once leased.

Though pitter-pat or thud, thud, thud,
warm blood returns to tainted mud,
must musty dust depart, heart ceased,
Time's gavel knocks down man and beast.

As cycles spin, out's in's template,
who sees the light before dark fate?

Jonathan ROBIN

Cycles In Season

The grain, who'd reap life's golden grain
knows dust to dust's returned again,
though mortal flesh rots none impound
pure spirit risen, fresh force found.

New found, to greet soul's season new,
scope springs again, hopes shall renew,
conceit that speeds humanity
grounds down needs through greed, vanity.

Profanity will seek full pound
of flesh before the clock's unwound,
while wounded pride, vile greed for gain,
turns self-destructive 'gainst the grain.

Karmic call swings round on cue
for long expected rendezvous
poor, rich, pure, promiscuity,
seed wisdom or insanity.

Yet grain finds fertile soil. Long lain,
disdaining stained-glass window pane,
new cycle starts, charts rich rebound
to light recrowned from dark profound.

Jonathan ROBIN

Cynosure 1314 Current Version

Deep sensitivity may not secure
soul's struggle against fear where envy, greed
undermine ambitions fine, immature
the mind behind walls high when freedom's need
is great, must greater grow, our world has ills to cure.
Focus, concentration, help ensure
proactive symbiosis as hopes feed
on chance enhanced, spurn waste, haste immature.
Potential open-ended, to succeed,
refuses compromise, boast premature,
avoids both pride's possession, prepossession -
egocentric tomb boom's sinecure.
Sonnet session ends on upbeat - freshen
impressions and advance as cynosure.

Jonathan ROBIN

Daily Couplets - 0466 - Not After Mark Twain Those Annual Bills

Monday Morning, full of dread, we pray
the postman no new bills will bring our way.

Tuesday brings no more, and still we wait
while writing verses making light of weight.

Wednesday wears on, wilts, no more to bloom,
while wor[l]ds spin out till they themselves entomb.

Thursday's thunder mocks the toiling throng,
its joys as passing as its hours are long.

Friday freedom offers those who, tired,
for weekends long when, working week expired,

they taste on Saturday the just reward
of toil and trouble, free from all discord.

Sunday is a pillow-time between
the week to come and that which has just been.

(26 October 1991)

Jonathan ROBIN

Damn Spam

Whoever, whatever you be,
no spam over email for me,
as, illicit, you'll see
my solicitor's spree –
why, upon it, with respect, I P!

Jonathan ROBIN

Dare She?

Some sentiments destabilize
when inner thoughts through other eyes
by magic pen may formalize.
Perhaps, despite protective sighs,
hope lies ahead, helps shed disguise?

Tight rope walk from walled citadel,
beset by fears Time can't dispel,
sits one who may have loved too well,
emotions dares nor share nor tell,
lest betrayal breach hope's shell.

Stands, reflects with much surprise,
upon commitment's even ties,
scarred by a past which "self" denies,
scared behind sweet sparkling eyes,
lest she should lose herself, fair prize.

Is real from drawbridge cusp choice free
or reel rewind where wounds may be
reopened although memory
real_I_tease would hide, stiff fee
to pay for ransomed soul at sea.

Reality may coincide
with dreams when two, as one allied,
advance together, prospects wide
embrace with motives bona fide
face future fearless, side by side,
all former errors rectified.

Fate scoops hope's bottle from life's sea,
half-full? half-empty? Destiny
plays games with will, reality.
Combine, merge, urge purge, splurge surge, key
into choice voice, rejoice, set free.

For 'what will be' can't stay inside
time genie's bottle, chance denied,

must scene translate to act, play ride
from start through end as plot supplied
threads to conclusion which may guide
fresh start for heart wait's weight defied.

Careful, fearful, fitful, she
herself seems her worst enemy,
seeks protection, amity.
What controls her destiny?
dare she let go, for once not flee?

Maybe its time to realize
that though fleet Time so swiftly flies
compromise can't circumscribe
future options that arise
to offer comforting replies.

She, where others buy and sell,
for silver pawn their souls to Hell,
sheltered beneath protective shell,
more flirt on call than siren bell
though on hid softness fond thoughts dwell.

Who'd wish her heart he satisfies,
may seek HER truth where most, less wise,
confide blind trust to logic's lies.
In harmony hope's answer lies,
shared peace, that love alone supplies.

Jonathan ROBIN

Data Min[d]ing - Audience

O ver and beyond statistics, man
N o pattern plays some say that can't be traced,
L inks cross-referenced, - route pinged, browser based.
I nternet: peer platform where one can
N ow tag, now touch, anticipate surf span.
E xploitation leaves a bitter taste,
A udiences are not multi-faced,
U nique is each despite outreach t[hr]o[ugh] clan.
D ata should be scroogled, never scan
I n every nook and cranny, copy paste, -
E xtremely focussed look cooks book, misplaced,
N ot keyed to trends evolving in the van.
C hips RFID captive take, embrace
E ach 'I' who basic instincts fears to face...

Jonathan ROBIN

Days Full Still Reign

From tulips slip truth doubled which
to Time must double back, the pen
takes up duality again
as petals float. Once time-bank rich,
now pendulum appears to pitch
and toss swift seconds whose refrain
soon sinks, would prove youth's blossom vain.
As two lips eloquently stitch
a tale of wanderlust, life's switch
won't be depressed, days full still reign.

Jonathan ROBIN

Dear, Dare A Red Read - Polyacrostic

Jingle verse enjoy. In reversed jest
our game is hid - no orchestra in song, -
no signature, as no fit, link, strung strong
and taut traced are, for few see game addressed.
The care of each theme's wording to the test
here is pulled sharper. Read each line. Along
a web admired, placed true, is set among
new net mix dear. Note our name as none guessed.
Reach soul. Oh dare to free the thread expressed!
Over all sweet sound ends work to link, belong, -
bestirring can be. If thought inbinding's wrong
its warp reread in fairness, shriven guest!
Nut/kernel plan none smirk at, sense contest.
Judge, smile, and joy glean from a jest red blessed.

Jonathan ROBIN

Deathbed Scene

Throbs are seen,
Cell walls melt.

While he dares Fate
wily heirs wait.

Hell's call felt,
sobs obscene.

Jonathan ROBIN

Deathwatch Spider To May Fly After Mary Howitt The Spider And The Fly

"I'm sure you're tired of trouble, strife, extending life so long;
Will you talk before you go to bed? " said Spider to Dame Fly.
"There are existentialist strings to pull, it comes on pretty strong,
to go against the grain and see millenia fly by.'
'You have a point" said Dame May Fly, "for I've often heard it said,
'few sleep in cryogenic vats who won't wake up ahead! "

Said surprised Deathwatch Spider to May Fly, 'What's to be done
to show life's just worth living if dice risky can be thrown,
Existence sempiternal's brain insulting, scarcely fun,
outliving welcome leaves the mind with web weeds overgrown"
"Die's not forecast" said Dame May Fly, "for if you lose the toss,
you must disappear forever, and bestow immortal mirth! "

"Vain creature! " Deathwatch Spider said, "you're witty ditty's wise,
how brilliantly you lead me on with madness in your eyes!
I've a little looking-glass hid high on Pluto's shelf,
If you'll step in one moment, dear, you shall behold yourself."
"I know myself already: cogito ergo sum some say,
with nanotech and biotech new game-play's free from prey."

Death Spider turned himself around real reel and spun him silly,
he little knew fair frilly Fly'd found telomere immune
to mortal threds: through portal dead life journeyed willy-nilly
before this generation sequenced D.N.A.'s rune tune.
When he discovered sense again he mourned his grave mistake
in underestimating Man's potential to evolve,
despite his faults and foibles, follies, burnings at the stake,
behind Death's back Humanity may mortal challenge solve.

Jonathan ROBIN

Decide Against Stereotypes

Decisions take, nor hesitate nor bide
Excessive time awaiting from outside
Comprehensive answers coveted.
Independent mind must coincide
Directly with the will to win, not hide.
Existence is too short - life soon is fled.

Decades dovetail to centuries beside
Entrapped spectators, waiting on the side,
Challenge refusing, witless walking dead
In fear of fear, refusing to decide.
Dare! Few remain who answers seek inside
Earth's soul? Most stillborn seem brief hour sped!

Distrust that moment Fortune's tide
Entwines ambitious greed, feeds fears inside,
Cause, Effect confuses, Fate's fickle thread
Identified as true cue. Conformist thread
Dark homage pays 'authority'. Most slide,
Endure life's strife stings, by siren songs misled.

Dissipation seldom may provide
Exit gratifying, - seems as suicide
Counter-intuitive conformity, instead
Is chosen to 'gain time'. Disqualified,
Double-bind conformist blind would wed
Empty acceptance's altar, all trust fled.

Desires down-graded, dreams by self denied,
Elicit slight pity, sagacity short-supplied.
Care take avoiding firewall State hosted,
Internet providers' censorship decried
Deals stereotype behaviour blow wicked,
Expel ranks serried, round-hole pegs deride.

Dissatisfaction offers gloomy glide,
Expectations suffer, priorities collide.
Comfort zone, lost, counts cost, bewails with dread
Intensive pressures as horizons wide

Disintegrate, bemoans bad luck denied
Expressions of free will, dice loaded lead.

Dreams frequently minority divide
Essentially from crowd whose hands are tied.
Conspicuously by inaction. Look ahead!
Inner clarity, options authenticated,
Draws upon convictions tested, tried.
Equity sifts sure leader from lure led.

Dare, dare not, often men from men divide
Ever as the masses, mystified,
Criss-cross zigzag, numb, dumb, scope gainsaid,
Initiatives restrained, fence sitting, cut and dried
Decisions drained, unblessed by wisdom wide.
Efforts, unrewarded, rot instead.

Deny temptations of soft ride,
Ease superficial, risks unquantified,
Choosing 'safe way', straight road comfort fed,
Ideals mediocre prove poor guide,
Deride free choice, autonomy, self pride,
Embrace conformity, exchanged for bread.

Division equals crime unjustified.
Equation lose/lose, efforts time denied,
Creates conditions delicate, contested.
Input focussed fairly, fortified,
Defies both wishful-thinking, unjust pride,
Excessive pseudo strength, defeated, ousted

Disqualify dud deals unjustified,
Emotions sapped, surfing life's watershed
Cutting communication, compassion shed.
Isolate self-censorship, convinced truth lied,
Drops principles, truth, trust, strips bona fide
Emancipation, high ideals stops dead.

Dimmed vim, responsibilities most chide,
Endure more than participate, they dread
Conscious freedom's fountainhead,
Innate birthright inhibiting beside

Doubts self born, stay torn, dare not provide
Emotional integrity board, bed.

Despise stop-gap solutions qualified
Everywhere as failsafe when, allied,
Complacency and status found in bed,
Incestuous are chosen for free ride,
Denigrating independence wide,
Endure more than participate, choice dread.

Deft deeds one needs, advancing from inside,
Excluding bias, crimes unrectified,
Challenge compromise, leave naught unsaid.
Identify the many ways your stride
Distinguished is from superficial slide
Each day by those behind, through putting self ahead!

Jonathan ROBIN

Decimal Points

DECIMAL POINTS

One minute here, hearsay the next,
Two minutes: paradise expects.
Third minute: second thoughts await
Fourth minute explanations late.
Fifth minute weighs past ghast, selects
Sixth sense intuitive, elects
Seventh heaven to anticipate
Eighth step towards tomorrow's fate.
Ninth minute choice and chance connects
To tenth, upon return reflects.

Author notes

challenge:

1. Die for 10 minutes.
2. Let the thought of demise mold you.
3. Wrap yourself as a gift of experience through poetry.

1 August 2008

robi03_1796_robi03_0000 XXX_ZXX

Decimal Points poem © Jonathan Robin written

Jonathan ROBIN

Decisions

When choice, once clear, uncertain grows,
when confidence is in the throes
of conflict, bate, as hands of fate
spin counter-clockwise, retrograde,
decisions must be made.

Lost hands may never be replayed.
Act, don't delay. False fears may fade.
So plan ahead, anticipate
life's wave lengths, to its ebbs and flows
key in, diverting current woes.

When doubt, once abstract, shadows throws
to dim bright spirit's inner flows,
mind must not pause, procrastinate,
though expectations seem betrayed
where visibility has greyed.

Timely decisions must be made.
Tomorrow's no safe barricade.
As rates of Change accelerate
Chance cannot, even if it chose,
avert Time's arrows, flighty b[low]s.

No door remains forever closed.
Internal or external foes
undermine the strongest state.
Informed initiative displayed
disarms the sharpest blade.

Decisions, if delayed,
beyond all reason Reason trade
for self destruction - taken late
may compromise, harm, or foreclose
free choice, voice suffocate.

Jonathan ROBIN

Decline And Fall

Deepening recession shivers sends,
Enterprise is under pressure, trade
Chilled to the marrow, barrow scrapes. Hopes fade
Like snow in Spring as unemployment's trends
Imply a further rise. The Pound descends
Near chart support lines which are badly frayed.
Executives begin to feel afraid
As belts are tightened while each firm defends
New targets where their market share extends
Despite the profit margin squeeze, price pared.
Falling homes mean fewer loans repaid,
As further credit may be at an end.
Like crickets in midsummer now we sing,
Leaves fall, small worries Winter's sure to bring.

Jonathan ROBIN

Deflation's Havoc - Acrostic Sonnet

Difficulties daily will increase
 with mobile networks ready to deploy
Endangering some structures which have stood
 through vested interests strengths refortified.
For many years. Causes misunderstood
 are though Effects have been identified.
Lasting unemployment none police.
 Underemployment traps await ahoy.
Although inflation's ills will soon decrease,
 releasing energies to help enjoy
The boost consumption always hoped it would
 harness from synergies intensified,
It may not answer prove for common good
 in village/world multi-complexified.
Oligarchies caged demand release
 prepare to pounce with golden ounces troy.
Now liberties are threatened, freedom's fleece
 some fain would shear through techno progress ploy.
Short-sighted these, mistaking trees for wood,
 as shifts in paradigm unprophesied.
Havoc causing while imprudence could
 accelerate a trend liberticide,
Open Pandora's box when credits cease.
 Much, both 'bad' and 'good' Change may destroy.
Can the Welfare State survive the shock,
 information ethics guarantee,
Kindle hopes and future growth unlock
 channel, challenge ubiquity?

Jonathan ROBIN

Deistic Maternal Interplay

Hell, heaven, black, white, grey, night, day,
God, Devil, mom, pop: mind's role-play
each mirrors each, teach lives begin
again, thought karmic caught, naught's win.
Deistic maternal interplay?
Summum mum pops! Figment rei[g]ns in sin.

(24 March 2012)

Jonathan ROBIN

Dent De Lion Sonnet

Dandelion in French means Lion's teeth,
Enchants among the buttercups and grass.
New sprouts shout daily 'whate'er come to pass,
Triumphant see us garland, golden wreath
Destiny will show we grow beneath
Each blade, and never fade, for lad and lass
Learn dreams earned from seeds blown, desires surpass
Imagination as on lawn and heath
Outside we're pride, abide, true joy bequeath,
Never fail to flourish, but, alas
SONgs few are sung to us while orchid, rose,
NET praise in verse and prose which, dandy, flows.'

Jonathan ROBIN

Depression

Depression. Not darkness of living,
but absolute absence of motivation
weighed down by stark self examination -
neither blame nor call for self forgiving.

Mistake. Little take and far less giving.
Life lead as conditional probation -
sentence to be served, with condemnation
implicit self-destruction. Misgiving
lies leitmotif, lost life light, life, t[h]rust thieving
til one's ends met bear no perceived relation
to pain's sharp stings, while alter[c]ation
is seen upon reflection as outliving
hope's scope in time, as atrophy begins
to paralyse - no roses, violins...

18 June 2005 revised 12 November 2008
robi03_1279_robi03_0000 SXX_JUX

For previous version see below

DEPRESSION

Depression. Not darkness of living,
but utter absence of motivation
combined with stark self examination, -
neither blame nor call for self forgiving.
Little take, and even less giving,
with life as conditional probation -
sentence to be served, with condemnation
implicit self-destruction. Misgiving
leitmotif, leit, light and life, soul sieving
til one's ends met bear no perceived relation
to pain endured by friends as alter(c) ation
is seen upon reflection as outliving
a given time, as atrophy begins
to paralyse, - no roses, violins...

Jonathan ROBIN

Depression's Impressions Variation Of Monotony In Monochrome

Dusk dipped down into darkness scarred, clouds banked on moonless night,
day dripped away, its greyness marred by no mock mirage bright.
Time slipped upon faint wishing star that blinks, then disappeared,
tipped out of touch, so far, too far, trip never re-appeared.

Deep frozen tears suspended hope, vain on pain's background grim,
consciously compromising scope, sunk punch drunk, could not swim.
One moment paradise, the next grey black, life lacking spice,
contact lost through false pretext left cancer none excise.

Depression seemed to draw a blank across whatever's screen,
enshrouded clouds wreathed thankless plank from which steep dive is seen
to set scene's tissue to ignore all issues save but one -
which saves not, grave schemes may implore, cards stacked, play's distance run.

Monotony in monochrome detests solutions clear,
from fear they'd fail, fade, - fleeting foam surf on beached dream once dear.
Drab uniformity of view stretch sketched far-fetched second-thought,
impressions damp, dank curlicue etched round ground zero fraught.

Phantom features fear reflect, rejection plain in sight,
where insight failed to well inspect true options, day turned night.
Here no relief could interject heart's happy ending bright,
too difficult to recollect ambitions, past delight.

Anticipations which once flexed their muscles, wane, pay price
for trust turned dust, boom bust, lust rust, wan roll of Fortune's dice.
Prospects, perceptions no relief could care to integrate,
energy fizzled out as grief left too much on life's plate.

Regrets lethargic, half-convinced, primed pointless protest pale,
all colour drained since thrice re-rinsed through pressed guessed 'none prevail'.
Response half-hearted raised its head then turned the other cheek
upon some rumped pillow bed, forgetting how to speak.

Conclusions on time's washing line flap uselessly forgotten,
hung after-taste lies wasted whine, all ends in feeling rotten.

Jonathan ROBIN

Design

Day after day, untouched by cloud or shine,
lost crowds crowds jostle underground to seek
some raison d'être through the working week
beneath the surface bustle, engine whine.
For some the day begins when in a line
they stand too long for handouts doled with pique.
For far too few is life triumphant [s]peak
prolonged from birth till death by cheques they sign.
What is the rhyme and reason, the design
behind the moving hand whose meaning's Greek
to most – a host of phantom [s]wills who cheek
to cheek dare seldom dance, who, herded swine,
spend three score years and ten till end of span,
then fade, forgotten, from life's caravan.

Jonathan ROBIN

Design Or Dice

Somewhere within each double helix haze
Our geni[e]us reaches out with magic wand,
Unites in sprung wrung multi-modal bond.
Recordings - unique keynote paraphrase.
Chained chromosomes control Life's nights and days,
Encoding telomeres in locks, dark, blond,
Strand chance entangled links before, beyond.
Design or dice? Still Nature antics plays.
Enigma existential: all decays;
Little's known what from primeval pond
Advances into future vagabond;
Versatile mutant, fenced from gnostic gaze.
If Time's spring somehow could be role-reversed
Earth might not know soft music's flow here versed.

Jonathan ROBIN

Détente

Do nothing, just relax, compulsion free.
Everything seems simple as the mind
Throws tribulations, troubles, trials, behind,
Enjoys the moment spent, content 'to be'.
Need leads to greed beads, feeds society,
Thus outward show no inner flow knows. Signed
Elegy for well-being's underlined
Denying rights to jungle creeds that see
Exhaltation when life's daily grind
Treads on others, egocentricity
Excuse for 'counter_wait' humanity,
No space retained to gain détente, unwind.
To find oneself one leaves self on the shelf:
Endless peace, release, spurn man's urned wealth.

Jonathan ROBIN

Deux Routes: Des Routes Et Des Déroutes

DEUX ROUTES

Two roads appear here, one to errors past
Will lead whatever speed her journey takes
Open options t'other, old mistakes
Role reversed through interaction fast
Offering fair freedom to forecast
Active advance freewill in conscience makes.
Destiny must favour mind which wakes
Sensitive to others, self, at last
Allowing future fortunate, feast fast
With welcome banquet may replace. Hope breaks
All walls as palls are lifted, bread AND cakes
Ideal on menu offer fine repast.
The choice: rejoice/refuse luck's olive sprig,
EDge lose or choose free voice, joy's whirligig.

Acrostic Sonnet TWO ROADS AWAITED

10 January 2009

robi03_1838_robi03_0000 ASX_EJK

notes

French Title Translation:

Two options - on roads and on defeats

bread AND cakes: See Marie Antoinette when informed that the people were revolting, demanding bread because of starvation she replied: 'Let them eat cake'

Deux Routes: des routes ou des déroutes poem © Jonathan Robin

Jonathan ROBIN

Devil's Advocate... Prêcher Le Faux...

'Two roads converge', said he, but she
on other bandwidths meditates
prior to stating priority,
strategic plans contrary fates.
So spins Time's wheel: here amity,
there love, confront as second states
mock head's tale. Linearity
unlocks no door but generates
confusion self-sustained which key
free-will acclaims, anticipates
tomorrow's brighter destiny
may map Life's lost co-ordinates.
Will often will shrug off restrictions,
still, seldom still: Man's contradictions.

(27 July 2008)

Jonathan ROBIN

Devotion 1678 Current Version

Devotion infinite persists,
as wellspring bright, delight unbroken,
lament turns triumph and insists
upon no brash explicit token.

Complicity may troubles soothe,
frost melt to foster brow unfurrowed,
unhappiness henceforth removed
no thorns, no storms, no dark caves burrowed.

Time slips away as one, eternal,
peerless, priceless, praise deserves,
pure light-in-darkness, blight infernal
must vanish, banished, joy reserves
its sweetmeats sumptuous, sempiternal
as any history conserves.
Vivacious verses ever vernal,
voice vim, vitality and verve.

No need for praise pre-packaged, grooved,
gaze on these lines whose theme's unborrowed
from poets past who maidens moved
with melodies forgot unsorrowed.

Confusion fled, fusion consists
of tenderness overt, unspoken,
no place for graceless solipsists
narcissistic grief foretoken.

(25 January 2009)

Jonathan ROBIN

Dial Right Number

The coded cyphers on a telephone
Have hidden functions, so do words in speech.
Equations, feelings, logic, Man can teach
Neglecting not precision. Stood alone
Useless is knowledge. Love's bloom soon is blown,
Mocking beauty, when one cannot reach
Before Time fails, true soulmate, for from each
Entity springs seeds which need be sown,
Rising like the sap in Spring. The tone
Signals communication. Life's a niche
Created to be filled. Truth always preach,
Offer horizons simple, not high-flown,
Use Numbers, words, with care where contact make
Take current when it serves, ends don't mistake.

Jonathan ROBIN

Dialogue

DIALOGUE

'Prior, I'm sure you'll agree,
though external beauty,
be but dermal, no higher,
sea sole, fowl from my fryer
prior approval would see,
should assuage thy belly!
Wine, fine spirits as well! '
When his menu he'd sell

.
Answered D in return:

'As my guest you will turn
in V.I.P. suite sweet
prior approval must meet,
meat and mince in mint sauce.
course with nothing too coarse
beet none other may beat
eat so bring your two feet
for feat rich to earn
all your stomach could yearn.'

.
'Pause not, for your paws
can crunch boiled lobster claws,
liken lichen to green
lettuce, let us to scene
be seen to add chili
unheard of in Chile
You will find my cuisine
tasty delicate lean
Mourn tomorrow morn 'cause
woke from dream by crow caws.'

./.

Replied brother in C.

'To mistake, maître D.
sole for soul as you tell,
augurs almost of Hell,
Lucifer's clause, roast fire.

But you've just found a buyer!
Mind your spirits stay well
when your fishes indwell,
for indulgence you'll fee
should they foul prove to be.'

.
'In your inn no heartburn
' would I feel, tummy churn,
I your guest guessed jest fleet
owing naught to conceit.
There must be no remorse
or complaint made, perforce
slender maid with round seat
may my table serve, mete?
Taking cue I'll queue, learn,
take time thyme to discern.'

.
'Sure your rays from far shores
may raise hope, reassures
that your servings have been
tasty like runner bean
fresh not stored in fridge chilly
nor prepared by hillbilly,
hoard horde teem scarce serene
might your team's great tureen
take by storm, raw's cooked, roars
'soon consuming your stores! '

Author notes

25 December 1977 revised 2 April 2009
robi3_0145_robi3_0000 WXX_JMX
for previous version see below

Crew that maître d'hôtel
to fat friar far from cell
'Prior, I'm sure you'll agree,
though external beauty
be but dermal, no higher,
sole or fowl from my fryer

Replied Brother in C.:
'To mistake, maître D.
sole for soul as you tell,
augurs almost of Hell,
Satan's roasting coal fire.
But you've just found a buyer!

would assuage thy belly!
Then to accompany, -
wind, fine spirits as well.'
When his menu he'd sell.

Mind your spirits stay well
when your fishes indwell,
for indulgence you'll fee
should fowl foul prove to be! "

© Jonathan Robin Poem written 25 December 1977

Jonathan ROBIN

Dialogue Die A Log

There was no bliss, no parting kiss, when tree from root split, Crack!
no adder lisped an added hiss as after shock waved back.
The sound snap made forever stayed within jade forest glade
that sound 'afraid' spelled out, dismayed as branch, tree, paid
the tribute due lost life owes to all other life around,
when something new must flourish too, time's tocsin rings must ground.
Chainsaw saw chain fall, ne'er again to rise to greet skies blue,
once vibrant trunk as hunk on hunk stacked, suffer sans ado.

Time's tide destroys all equipoise from Peter steals, pays Paul,
whatever ploys the first employs strength peters, keels, then pall.
What once was head enshrouds instead as crown comes tumbling down,
so one once led stands in its stead as emperor or clown.
'Why must life's flask seed Death's dark mask, how come this comes to be? '
'Trees, starting small, rise tall, then fall, fulfilling destiny,
so all that would flows as it should, in wood, surviving vies
to reach the light till each meets night with no hereafter, dies.
variation of Recycling Sounds

Jonathan ROBIN

Diamente - Break Fate's Great Weight, Fakes Grate

top cop

spinner winners

state fêtes' baits create

hot-spot point spanning woman manning joint pot-shot,

hate fate's gate, await

inner sinners'

pop drop

(20 March 2012)

Jonathan ROBIN

Diamond Wedding Muriel Lazarus Archie Froomberg

Much joy you'e garnered over sixty years,
United while time passed by both of you.
Resplendent is shared happiness few knew.
I hope years wed to come will shed no tears.
Each grandchild starting out on new careers
Lives out your hopes and dreams, reborn anew,
Anne, Jessica and Justin, others too,
Real love returning. All here, volunteers,
Converge, together clap, repeat three cheers,
Hope they in turn may celebrate, pursue
Idyll all will remember. Whose sky blue,
Entirely cloudless is as yours' appears,
Life's love of life confirms, content may be.
First, foremost Happy Anniversary!

Jonathan ROBIN

Diamonds Sparkle

Mined diamonds sparkle in bright light's reflection
Although no such distinction may one glean
Uncut, when, buried, beauty's sheen's unseen.
Destined love links minds, finds fond affection,
Evolves above what natural selection
Could create through stray mutating gene.
Music in one voice joy's choice has been
Attracted through predestined web, election
Unlooked for, an ethereal subjection.
Devoid of chance, one glance gleamed on life's screen.
EGO SUM who follows fate unseen.
Choice smiles, I am! that is my soul connection,
Means where our dream is care within one name,
Charm came whose flame fast put past fame to shame.

Jonathan ROBIN

Die A Log Dialogue

'While wine still trickles fickle Death
must sheath sharp sickle, pause for breath
which hope for scope empowereth.'
To phantom sigh said passer by.

'The spine that shivers sets the score
for mind beyond dark shadows hoar -
what's lust to who may prey no more? '
To passer by ghost of reply.

'Tears, fears, arrears are paid in Time
as Trust plays out Life's p[h]antomime
awaiting Paradise sublime.'
To phantom sigh said passer by.

'Death knows no fears, they're faced before
some trembling mirage sins restore:
tears soon submerged in sonic roar.'
To passer by said phantom sigh.

'No favours asked, no quavers given,
by backward glance no joys are driven,
but sins forgotten, sins forgiven.
To phantom: 'Why? ' said passer by.

'Temptation taps a semaphore
of semi quavers sped instead
of scene that's seen, Mort or Amor.'
To passer by said phantom sigh.

'Life should be rose without mourn thorn
where each day drinks due dew at morn,
infinite promise, thread untorn,
outreels Fate's wheel, none beached, docked dry.'

'None can block clock, nor hock time-lock,
man's matrix spins, time tempers shock,
dawn turns to dusk when husk's white shock
of hair to heir's left when ties lie.'

'All things Love conquers, victory
of life sublime, eternity
is hyphen syphon, stargate sea,
which all should sail.' said passer by.

'Upon Time's [s]wings, that base bass whore,
all face is surface phantom sped,
desire inspires, masks empty core.'
To passer by said Phantom sigh.

'Farewell! my welfare lies elsewhere,
and yet lies not, believes in fair
winds which Time's leaves for Life prepare.'
To phantom sigh said passer by.

'Your's is not pitch or toss to call,
for finger beckon none forestall,
must drop what seems their wherewithal
to answer summons.' Phantom's cry.

'That may seem so in this dimension
yet other dreams may add extension,
prorogue fell sentence, toxin mention.'
To phantom: 'Bye! ' said passer's sigh.

'Betimes by night c[l]ause rhymes with c[l]aw,
tocsin tolls deep, dark, dire dread,
worms bore, fire burns. In store crow's caw.
Life's reasons seize on, season's sped.

To others, therefore, bid adieu,
before sun dries dawn's dew dream's dead,
soul ferried by Charon's phantom crew,
noose ties, hope lies, time flies ahead.

Adieu to hope, to cheats' deceits,
to friendly tweets, to fears of foe,
to dawn delights, to nights moon greets,
all drowns, smiles, frowns, beneath time's flow.'

Jonathan ROBIN

Dining Out

Juxtaposition of some strangers bent
At table, stretched across lit midnight hour.
Crass surface chit-chat. Artificial flower.
Kaleidoscope social experiment.
Spiralling smoke-ring roundels' stuffy scent,
Airing ephemera, in-greed-[s]ense sour.
No potent notions could this potion power
Draw deep from urban[e] melting-pot which lent
Just stale approximations to present
Inept platitudes, de[s]sert tale dour.
Lies left each locked behind moat, drawbridge tower.
Little attempt at outreach argument.
Some spite, some superficial chatter which
Together scarce deserved this sonnet's stitch.

Jonathan ROBIN

Diplomacy Or Credibility Gap

Chap

Tap sap

Gap

Handy cap

No crap

Clap-trap

Handicap

Snap trap

Zap

Wrap map

Clap

Jonathan ROBIN

Dirt Sweeper Is Time - Initial Version Of Tipping Points

Man has reached a point in time
where he must choose before that choice
is forced upon him. Few rejoice
because the spectral pantomime
is faced with closure, cannot mime
a role with sense, nor find a voice
authentic underneath its grime.

Democracy has called the tune
since communistic threats appeared.
They, proving weaker than first feared, -
despite the missions to the moon, -
to dust dissolved are. Silver spoon
resumes his reign too highly geared
to cope with chaos which will soon

sweep the system, branches prune
which sturdy seem - soon to be sheared.
Enterprise has engineered
excesses while the baby boom
puts pressure on where once a boon
enhancing it was held, revered.
Restrictions? - Democratic doom.

It seems dream seams split one by one:
Social unrest, confusion, here.
There earthquakes, famine. Cracks appear
Inevitable. Time trap sprung!
Man machines seems out of gear,
Economies unbalanced, - fear
rampant that our race is run.

(8 October 1992)

Jonathan ROBIN

Dis Solution Dissipation

Weighted with darkness of impending doom
each waits alone, alike to friend and foe
as deaf as stone, as heedless of each blow.
Who cares what curtains drape eternal gloom?
No will, however strong, when death will loom,
pride vaunts oblivious to oblivion's slow
approaching icy grip from tip to toe -
as though dissolving essence could make room
for Hope at Act's end. Wormcast catacomb,
Life's dust dispersal tomb rehearsal show
is headlong blown along Time's one way flow,
tomorrow naught can conjure from Past's womb.
From darkness stark may flesh fresh flake again,
unfettered spark, from wake wake, cry_oh_gain! ?

© Jonathan Robin – sonnet robi3_0612 written 17 January 2001 revised 11 April 2008

previous title - Into Dust Dissolve

cry_oh_gain... cryogen

Jonathan ROBIN

Disappointing View - After Shel Silverstein A Point Of View

Put in's power lasts an hour,
Sad damned man's did too,
when the spell in spelling's broken -
Shah 'I ran' would rue.

Slivered stein up somewhere frowning
down on me and you
Burning Bush_els cropped and drowning
what a motley crew!

How I once loved King Be Hen Ra!
when PEN pal I'd view,
choking on NEP pall I token
sigh emit... You too?

Point of View

Thanksgiving dinner's sad and thankless
Christmas dinner's dark and blue
When you stop and try to see it
From the turkey's point of view.

Sunday dinner isn't sunny
Easter feasts are just bad luck
When you see it from the viewpoint
Of a chicken or a duck.

Oh how I once loved tuna salad
Pork and lobsters, lamb chops too
'Til I stopped and looked at dinner
From the dinner's point of view.

Shel Silverstein

Cast in order of appearance

Putin Vladimir

Hussein Saddam

Shah Raise a poor levy

Slivered Stein stoned Silverstein

Bush dubya

Bihendra PEN NEP pal... King of Nepal until 11 June 2008

Jonathan ROBIN

Discipline

Spirit needs discipline to ensure
that the mind may draw, may feed
upon itself and not, immature,
waste its potential. Indeed,
premature expression
scythes through empty air
to harvest its own suppression,
leaving none to care.
Egocentricity, its own sinecure,
voids its own vacuum, too nowhere must lead.

(22 May 1992 revised 27 April 2007/for previous version see below)

Discipline

Spirit needs discipline to ensure
that harmony can feed
upon itself and not, immature,
waste its potential. Indeed,
premature expression
scy[t]hes though empty air
to harvest its own suppression,
leaving none to care.
Egocentricity its own[ly] sinecure.

(22 May 1992)

Jonathan ROBIN

Disconnections 1956

The irony of human life
perceived through eyes, some brown, some blue,
one strives to see, one sees the strife,
while one plus one apart play two
misleading, leading on, miss, man
until, from out the blue both ban
'forever' from vocabulary
which once played parts in his_story.
Thus Time plays joker, deals sharp knife
to shave dream team with déjà-vu.

(14 February 2010)

Jonathan ROBIN

Discovery

His entry, surprise,
from her eyes waves all disguise
prepares sunny skies.

We see she in he
as he in she startles free
voyage discovery

softly unfolding
soul's dream pane warms to shared stream
nothing withholding

calling to the day
as net of firefly rapture
captures inner Way

light touch strips sorrow
from heart led awakening
to lip tomorrow

her eyes through his eyes
spill over horizon's ties
replete, joy comprise

as curtains are drawn
renascent soul unfurls wings
soar song soothes sore mourn

bringing without strings
acceptance as everything
springs soul wanderings...

Jonathan ROBIN

Dismay May Be Dismissed After Dismay Neil Butler

As Phoenix from burnt ember
dismissed scope lost, dismay
cost much, turned May December
that little could allay.

Remember much more,
say less defies success,
from blindness mind restore
empowerment express.

When moments matter
leave naught unsaid
avoiding pitter-patter
Hope helps to get ahead.

I didn't think to remember
thoughts lost to dismay
But in my own time
I'll chase my demons away

I forget a little more
and I say even less
Its all in the mind
I can never express

Moments that matter
things go unsaid
No matter how I try
I can never get ahead

Jonathan ROBIN

Disney's Demise - Aladdin's Lamp Up To Date After After Ida Coe - Aladdin's Lamp

O wither away, ye copyright dear
from unfair niche in Plunderland!

Stockholders promised wondrous glows
bend low to profits' gilded glow,
Gather their gems, soon they will go

Like Snow White, melted, movies bland
sound blunderland 'neath Spielberg's hand!

Adieu prince and princess gay,

Adieu prince and princess gay,
gay's concept banned by Disney play,
departed forever and a day.

Then hasten all, ye children dear!
to entertainment, understand

No giant Disney need cause you alarm,
treasures they'd keep, free uploads harm,
Aladdin's lamp has lost its hidden charm.

Jonathan ROBIN

Dispense Sensation

Toxin countdown ticks up, triggers bomb of silence.
Mortality explodes. Dumpty none can restore.
Life's spell soon shatters, well aware of deadlines. Law
of life seems pipe dream, strife by, through, for self, self-violence
wildly beating wishful thinking wings 'gainst Time's claw.
Time may not be measured by dates sucked from its maw,
indiscriminately plucked by those wanting sense,
ignorant of subtle causal skeins whose intense
subliminal pattern leaves all lusting for more
Choice or Destiny? Chance dance advance leaves core
curiously empty, unproductive husk, whence
plans of mice, plans of men, fruitless fail, fall from fence
futilely flap before flame, name, fame are dispersed
as winds of change tame wills, star billing unrehearsed.

Jonathan ROBIN

Disquailification

Not Quayle, but quail,
who, - what affront, -
did serve quite pale
far from the front,
beyond the pale,
quite back to front!

Does Vice now stand for Public Elevation?
The Indianan brave did guard,
palefaced, the road to his salvation,
which led - he pulled the drafted card -
through service in a service station!
It seems a pity he was barred,
shame-faced, from fighting, - in-dig-nation -
but silver spoons make life so hard
where Vice the aim is in the nation!

Jonathan ROBIN

Distant Drum - Double B[I]ind

When boom doom of once distant drum
turns life's laughter topsy-turvy;
when ghost of Christmas-yet-to-come -
what the dickens! - makes one nervy.
When game is played out, distance run
seems insufficient, just observe the
sum of all the 'good' one's done
weighed with feather - 'Saints preserve thee! '
When Past and Present seem as one
with Future, Truth and Untruth see
as jokes by the eternal [N]One
to pinion blind humanity...

Jonathan ROBIN

Divine Comedy Mother Goose After Henry Wadsworth Longfellow - Divina Commedia Fleur De Luce

Oft have I seen within some bookstore door
a comic book, with illustrations neat,
unburdened by the hands of tiny feet
chaperoned by smothering mothers sure
to seal a bargain in free-time for chore
while toddler turns the page of storied treat,
from loud vociferations saved before tears fleet
become an undistinguishable roar.
Fables' chapters read aloud each day
provide the basic groundwork, opens gate
well earned to letters learned the easy way,
The tumult of bed-time disconsolate,
complaints, and plaintive murmurs fade away,
while pages turn on Cinderella's fate.

Strange sculptures do adorn Prince Charming's towers,
round Sleeping Beauty's statue crowd, fly leaves
bird's eye view provide of of dark Queen's sleeves
from which immortal bloom witch hands for hours,
gesticulate vast curses, scheme crossed princess cowers.
See fiends and dragons on the gargoyled eaves
throw Snow White frightening curses. Child believes
in Ali Baba's forty thieves and powers
fantastical suspending heart and brain,
till exultation tramples on despair,
till tenderness soothes tears, till hate of wrong,
with passionate cries of infant soul in pain,
reads through these tales of Hubbard's cupboard bare
in medieval miracle of song.

These entertaining gossips glitter, gloom
dissolves before Pierrot and Columbine,
for nurs'ry rhymes step up pace children sign
their names, prepare for fame till they make room
in turn for others through life's mortal doom
when mourners pass, when votive tapers shine.
Psych books don't daunt imaginations fine,

synaptic echoes linked to Perrault's plume
from fairy tales of sixpence, apple pies,
rehearsing songs of blackbirds as crow flies
from cryptic lamentations, cheeks aglow.
For parents' choice celestial voice begins
with 'Once upon a time' sows peace time wins,
no scarlet sins knows, Mother Goose morals show.

See seven dwarfs fight flame of evil fame,
Queen's poisoned apple sent so long ago,
filling young hearts with passion, dread, and woe,
rescued from wrong when song's conclusions came
splendiferous while stern rebukes bad tame,
and ice about cold heart melts as the snow
on mountain heights when spring rains overflow
through climate change gush like lips' sobs of shame,
with full confession made. Child's eyes may gleam,
like dawn's beam slant chant on dark forest cast,
seems to uplifted hope's scope, also increase
imagination, sparks remembered dream,
sorrow forgotten, enlightenment at last
rings perfect pardon that brings perfect peace.

Eyes T.V. free read on, souls' windows blaze
with forms of black sheep wool bags well supplied,
her set to song, hereafter glorified,
see bramble Rose upon its leaves displays
elf arrow thorns for Beauty's roundelay,
with splendor upon splendor multiplied
in bedside book that's seldom set aside.
No more rebukes, but smiles greet words of praise
from pre-school up, contentment's chorus choirs
re-sing old tales no child e'er fails to love,
and many on the Internet would post
cockle-shells, melodious bells, light fires
to warm from house-tops up to heaven above
Contrary Mary, Curly Locks' love boast.

Historic star whose kindergarden key
unlocks appreciation of these easy rhymes
both ageless and with age together climbs,
becomes forerunner of adults to be.

The choice of Hark the Lark, Georgie Porgie,
free voice for Jack Straw, Jack and Jill's Hill, signs,
repeats, light songs until familiar lines
are footpaths for deep thoughts of root and tree.
Fond fame is blown abroad from all the heights,
throughout all nations Mother Goose is heard
as child's and adult's album, leaves none out,
strangers, at home, becoming proselytes,
In their own language hear tales' wondrous word,
and many stay amazed, no penny doubt.

Oft have I seen at some cathedral door
A laborer, pausing in the dust and heat,
Lay down his burden, and with reverent feet
Enter, and cross himself, and on the floor
Kneel to repeat his paternoster o'er;
Far off the noises of the world retreat;
The loud vociferations of the street
Become an undistinguishable roar.
So, as I enter here from day to day,
And leave my burden at this minster gate,
Kneeling in prayer, and not ashamed to pray,
The tumult of the time disconsolate
To inarticulate murmurs dies away,
While the eternal ages watch and wait.

How strange the sculptures that adorn these towers!
This crowd of statues, in whose folded sleeves
Birds build their nests; while canopied with leaves
Parvis and portal bloom like trellised bowers,
And the vast minster seems a cross of flowers!
But fiends and dragons on the gargoyled eaves
Watch the dead Christ between the living thieves,
And, underneath, the traitor Judas lowers!
Ah! from what agonies of heart and brain,
What exultations trampling on despair,
What tenderness, what tears, what hate of wrong,
What passionate outcry of a soul in pain,
Up rose this poem of the earth and air,
This medieval miracle of song!

I enter, and I see thee in the gloom

Of the long aisles, O poet saturnine!
And strive to make my steps keep pace with thine.
The air is filled with some unknown perfume;
The congregation of the dead make room
For thee to pass; the votive tapers shine;
Like rooks that haunt Ravenna's groves of pine
The hovering echoes fly from tomb to tomb.
From the confessionals I hear arise
Rehearsals of forgotten tragedies,
And lamentations from the crypts below;
And then a voice celestial that begins
With the pathetic words, 'Although your sins
As scarlet be' and ends with 'as the snow.'

With snow-white veil and garments as of flame,
She stands before thee, who so long ago
Filled thy young heart with passion and the woe
From which thy song and all its splendors came;
And while with stern rebuke she speaks thy name,
The ice about thy heart melts as the snow
On mountain heights, and in swift overflow
Comes gushing from thy lips in sobs of shame.
Thou makest full confession; and a gleam,
As of the dawn on some dark forest cast,
Seems on thy lifted forehead to increase;
Lethe and Eunoë—the remembered dream
And the forgotten sorrow—bring at last
That perfect pardon which is perfect peace.

I lift mine eyes, and all the windows blaze
With forms of Saints and holy men who died,
Here martyred and hereafter glorified;
And the great Rose upon its leaves displays
Christ's Triumph, and the angelic roundelays,
With splendor upon splendor multiplied;
And Beatrice again at Dante's side
No more rebukes, but smiles her words of praise.
And then the organ sounds, and unseen choirs
Sing the old Latin hymns of peace and love
And benedictions of the Holy Ghost;
And the melodious bells among the spires
O'er all the house-tops and through heaven above

Proclaim the elevation of the Host!

O star of morning and of liberty!
O bringer of the light, whose splendor shines
Above the darkness of the Apennines,
Forerunner of the day that is to be!
The voices of the city and the sea,
The voices of the mountains and the pines,
Repeat thy song, till the familiar lines
Are footpaths for the thought of Italy!
Thy fame is blown abroad from all the heights,
Through all the nations, and a sound is heard,
As of a mighty wind, and men devout,
Strangers of Rome, and the new proselytes,
In their own language hear thy wondrous word,
And many are amazed and many doubt.

Jonathan ROBIN

Divorced From Dumb Reality - Number Lesson On Numb Pointless Love

DIVORCED FROM DUMB REALITY

My fun begun with number one,
swore to be true to number two,
happy to be with number three,
then to adore fair number four.
No more alive is number five,
mix stones and sticks Styx number six,
who's in heaven, number seven?
its now too late for number eight.
Another line for number nine,
begin again with number ten.

13 May 1982 revised 20 January 2009

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for previous version entitled Numbers see below

Numbers

My fun begun with number one,
swore to be true to number two,
happy to be with number three,
then to adore sweet number four.
No more alive is number five,
beset by tics was number six,
she's in heaven, number seven,
its now too late for number eight.
Another line for number nine,
begin again for number ten.

13 May 1982

Jonathan ROBIN

Do I Think To Feel Or, Feel To Think? Sonnet Variation After Alfred Joyce Kilmer Trees

I think I think I'm really me,
I'm me, who looks through God each day
when venturing to fight life's fray.
I'm free I think to think I'm free.
Life's little fish in fee pond see
me swim till In_turn Net casts phish
upon identity to dish
life's causal quest: eternity.
Trace race reels on haphazardly
till passed up, by time's bank foreclosed,
to 'Standard Poor' metamorphosed
as mind grinds heartfelt hopes at sea.

Though verse divine is made by me,
what's cause/effect, and where is She?

Tease

I think I think I'm really me,
I'm free I think to think I'm free.

I'm me, who looks for God each day,
and then goes out to fight life's fray.

I'm me, life's simple little fish
who swims till Inter Net casts phish

till passed up, by life's bank foreclosed,
to 'Standard Poor' metamorphosed.

I'm me, who may forever bear
more kids till old age dyes my hair,

whose bosom beats till Time rhymes drain
with dreams of castles lost in Spain.

Poems divine are made by me,
but what is God, and where is She?

Jonathan ROBIN

Don'T Grieve, Leave!

Deceived, grieve not but leave! Departing in a trice,
better alone than prone, pain tripled thrice.
'If of himself he will not love' advice
is academic, so why starve on rice
when heart and mind may find spring roll of dice
spin spare rib tasty? Hasty snap snare's splice.
Waste not one day, escape from prison vice,
abandon scoundrel to his own device.
May praise aloud from crazy crowd suffice
revising shaky rake from snaky vice?
Dance on, advance, leave loser to his lice,
uncompromising sample promised spice.
Terse verse advice cannot be more concise,
wench grieve not, take French leave, split! W[r]it precise!

Jonathan ROBIN

Double Bind

The book of Life too soon is signed
away, as to eternity
all vain pretensions are resigned,
few dare discover secret key
unlocking cipher which behind
the letters here or there that we
may string together – for mankind
has other claims, priority.

For Cause, Effect, in double bind
united are – and who'd be free
from one the other meets behind
the veil through which few mortals see.
Complexity's thus intertwined
with what appears simplicity -
yet some solutions groomed may bind
to tomb the doomed had thought to flee.

No culture code or time-line twined
with cant restraints can ever be
maintained for long, life's dice remind
contentment knows no prepaid fee,
no cash-and-carry cheque combined
with D.N.A. for passage free
accorded some, - the rest, resigned,
monopolizing misery.

There is no fate which, pre-defined,
MUST circumscribe life's destiny,
or cheese for some, for others rind
to gnaw while stretching sanity
beyond the limits humankind
should tolerate, while vanity -
inanity – must soon unwind
its substance rotting on life's tree.

When I was born I woke to find
a world in bloom, but lived to see
the flowers fade. Death came, unkind.

May joys not jade, nor love, for thee.
Beyond Time's dark, incessant, grind,
find ways with creativity
to soar, explore, - scope redesigned -
rejecting blind conformity.

The moral here is underlined: -
play for the day, meet what will be
with open heart and open mind, -
sufficient flexibility,
to see Chance is not undermined,
that every opportunity
may lead beyond bare alley blind
towards serenity.

Jonathan ROBIN

Double Binding

The book of Life too soon is signed
away, as to eternity
all vain pretensions are resigned,
few dare discover secret key
unlocking cipher which behind
the letters here or there that we
may string together – for mankind
has other claims, priority.

Nor weighty tome nor e-book light
can hold humanity's collected
inventions, errors, lies, ties, blight
so subjectively recollected.
Weight is no substance substitute,
where little said is often best,
If speech is silver, silence mute
may golden prove spite authors' zest.

For Cause, Effect, in double bind
united are – and who'd be free
from one the other meets behind
the veil through which few mortals see.
Complexity's thus intertwined
with what appears simplicity -
yet some solutions groomed may bind
to tomb the doomed had thought to flee.

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the flowers fade. Death came, unkind.
May joys not jade, nor love, for thee.
Beyond Time's dark, incessant, grind,
find ways with creativity
to soar, explore, - scope redesigned -
rejecting blind conformity.

Books second looks deserve before
publication for consumption -
'seen advertized' perverts truth's law
to worldwide acclaimed assumption
that what in pictograms, font roman,
holds gospel truth, hides rotten core
too often, fosters wild dispute, creates from fast friends foeman.

The moral here is underlined: -
play for the day, meet what will be
with open heart and open mind, -
sufficient flexibility,
to see Chance is not undermined,
that every opportunity
may lead beyond bare alley blind
towards serenity.

(6 June 2013)

Jonathan ROBIN

Double Dactyl Sins Of Commission Higgledy-Piggledy José Barroso

Higgledy-piggledy
José Barroso so
Stuffy starch collarly
Stiff upper lip,

Said 'For the life of me
No proto Irano
Plutonium energy
Setting up ship! '

Jonathan ROBIN

Double Helix Abecedarian - Temptations

A maiden fair met Mr. Z,
Zealous bigot not her cup of tea,
Before accepting Mr. Y
Years eight and eighty, not a deB,
Could nor with him nor Mr. X,
Xanax share, they weren't pneumatiC.
Decided that Mr. W
Was far too fat, had a big head,
Ended that and turned to Mr. V
Viagra prized more than virtuE.
Found naught in common with Mr. U
Unkempt, distraught and very stiff
Gladly told him so and left
To an appointment with Mr.G -
His voice was raucous, spectacleS
Shady, of uncertain healthH,
Insensitive, an arrant cuR,
Ready to furnish alibi.
Judged him too seedy. Mr. Q
Questions refused to answer. Mr. J
Knew little, so she lost no sleeP,
Perplexedly, lost, in the dark.
Little Miss French called Mr. O
Of Bury St. Edmonds, and, bad girl
Made eyes, flirting with other meN
Now here now there as Cupid's aiM,
Netted another victim, SaM:
Most unfortunately Sam loved BeN,
Or was it Harry Perceval,
'Life's full of surprises', she said, 'whO
Prepares for doomsday earthquake crack? '
Kind lady then turned to Mr P
Queried his clothes, while Mr. J.
Just turned her down for some Miss Q
Rebuttal neither you nor I
Is sure to understand because her floweR
Scent seductive low and highH?
Had perfumed all about who pasS
Their days around her, praises sinG,

Giff thanks for such a musky waft,
Unusual neighborhoods does whiff.
Fair lady recovered, Mr. U,
Vain she found him, then fell her eye
Eagle like on Mr. V
Who seemed as favorite most ahead
Dream dashed too soon when she did know.
Xavier his name was, saturnine sceptic,
Crude of speech and rude of sex
Yet self-important spendthrift crib.
Befuddled by love she turned to Lady SIY,
Zara by name, who pleased sublime papa
And that's tale gate date end from A to Z.

Jonathan ROBIN

Double Helix Abecedarian - Xylophonic Resonance He Licks Enigmatic

XYLOPHONIC RESONANCE HE LICKS ENIGMATIC

Kindly refer to notes. and see Temptations and Poetic Pizza Extravaganza below :)

Xylophonic Resonance
double helix abecedarian

The first line begins with A and ends with Z
the next line begins with Z and ends with A
The next line begins with B and ends with Y
The next line begins with Y and ends with B
The next line begins with C and ends with X
The next line begins with X and ends with C

A to Z top down A to Z bottom up

All fizzle, finish frazzled, launched with fizZ.
Zero dreams teem when spirit seems at seA
Because most adepts of philosophY
Yearn for zenith seldom dwell on ebB,
Carpe diem value, seeking sea, sun, seX.
Xylem tree of life's cannibalistiC
Desires corrupt deeds most men seW,
With survival's urge soon lost indeeD.
Events churn causal patterns, AsimoV
Viewed clearly, took as starship journey cuE
Finding worlds which may appeal to yoU,
Unknown reader from beyond Time's gulF -
Great divide between those past, those left -
Time travellers peruse these lines to sinG
High praise of poets who'll know no more springS.
Spontaneousl prose poem picks pensive pathH
In patter pattern, feet dance to empoweR.

Rhythm harmonious, need no alibi,
Joins sense, style versatile, from mind's H.Q.,
Questions seeks, finds answers. Soujourn's hadJ
Knowledge acquires to share more than to keepP,
Pipes clear to others drifting through the dark.
Lark sings dawn's welcome song, and each man's taO
Opens connections, on life's sea a-sailL
Ma d, sad, glad, bad, for threescore years and teN
Never certain of his mortal aiM,
Nor sure to gain posthumous fame, acclaiM,
Making ends meet in hope to rise agaiN
On judgement day should trust and faith prevail.
Life-spans increase but trite hullabaloO
Prepares too few for winding sheet, corpse stark,
Kings, Presidents and crowd condemned to sleepP,
Quest over, in no Shah Jehan's fair TaJ,
Judge! Wonders of the world in tome or FAQ
Remain till flood or earthquake Svengali
Identitydestroys when come their houR.
Stands Rhodes' Colossus stony eyed and highH?
Hanging Gardens, Babylon's green GrasS?
Thus earth all swallows, as the changes rinG
Glut or famine, leaves the rich bereftT,
Upsets regimes, and redefines itself.
Fresh or stale, hale, halt, Huns, Goths, AinU,
Vandals, Franks, forgotten, vain their strifE, -
Eternity mocks Boris Kasparov
When chess game lasts millenia whose speed
Defies time travel's role-reversal floW.
Xanthic parchments, works iconographiC
Crumble! What Tyrannosaurus reX
Yet rules blue planet? Will ant, spider weB,
Be as extinct as world wide web one daY?
Zigzag chance ignores each mortal pleA
All idols break despite their razzmatazz.

An essay such as this deserves no buzZ.
Zany experiment as stylistic fleA
Bounces from A to Z in interplaY,
Yin Yang spiral bouncing like a squiB
Constantly as an alphabet reflex

Xerophytic context's cul-de-sac
Delineates descriptions poets draw.
Wherewithal consistently restricted,
Each line leaves breathless welcome, neurones rev,
Vibrate despite form artificial, prose
Fulfilling prompt as words make points. Guru
Unchained yet chained advances off the cuff
Grafts true poetic spear to karmic haft
Translating into right write some style wrong
Halfway house conundrum. Author's tracks
Sculpt lasting trace responding to the wish
Idiosyncratic to transcend life's dower
Respecting Death. Is poet prophet or mad
Justly revered from Rome unto Iraq?
Quarellsome envy explains why British raj
Knew not two hundred years? Can counting sheep
Perplexity remove from brains which park
Loaded dice stress away as night seeks to
Overcome day's tedious trouble, toil,
Makes preparation for tomorrow's boon -
New space bestowing where choice meets no dam,
Ne'er stumble into superficial sham.
Measure opportunities, draw plan
Offering success none fault or foil.
Little by little words through verbal voodoo
Phrase phase explore. Screech, starting as a lark,
Knits here tight vowels that consonantly reap
Quality let the poet play DJ
Juxtaposing helix soundtrack seq
Responsively, grey matter churns from I
Inwards then out to you my reader dear.
Subtly within word-bank we, skillful, fish
Here, there, refining able arguments,
Task relatively simple once the swing
Gets going, self-sustained, insanely swift,
Uncanny erudition spins no gaff.
Faced with linguistic hurdles impromptu
Verve tames phonetic wild rose to dispose
Each syllable with able scansion LISTSERV
Willingly transmits every land.
Doubting Thomas sceptic must kowtow,
Xeroxing copies of masterpiece. No cynic

Can deny neuronal synapses fleX
Youthful connections never dull or draB
Belying utter incredulitY.
Zeno might admit disciple. YeA!
Are change and motion illusory fuzZ?

Approaching final strophe words quick whizZ
Zestfully, translate to panaceaA
Between the lines no critic may gainsaY.
Yes, here is talent, though Time's taxi-caB
Culls everything: Death `dura lex, sed leX.'
X marks the spot intelligence ad hoC
Delights combining letters meant to groW
Wittily together, tail to head,
Examines life's progress as minstrel's improV
Ventures beyond all duty's call through lovE
For story told as object of virtU
Unexpectedly providing in a jiff
Graceful example of true talent's gift.
Theme is retained throughout this triple sonG.
Here good intentions, no lines misfitS
Some humour show. Alliteration's sash
Incorporates spiral sent to steer
Reel really free from demon incubI
Juice sucking from the senses one to cinQ.
Quadrant space herein sees object, subJ
Key together, seldom seem to stoP, -
Perhaps because light waves mix quark and quirK
Link to and through mind's magic kangaroO
Overleap barriers where most others fall.
Merry essay of one afternooN.
Naught ventured, nothing gained, you'll meet no spaM,
No filler words, intelligence seeks beaM
Masterful, diverse, didactic, to glean,
Outside time, life's essence on the boiL.
Lively vision, spurning constraints' taboO,
Panders to none, no sentences sound weak.
Kudos is gained through sharing though most weeP,
Quite out of depth with this endeavour's obj.
Jump queue cue line to line. Artist EsQ
Rapidly records ideas illuminatI

Instinctively admire, crowns his career,
Sparkling with wit for pleasure not for cash,
Humorous polysyllabic worthiness
That scans throughout, and, more than anything,
Gives insight into ways art shows the light
Unseen before, as Moses' rod and staff
Forged a path to Holy Land's bijoU.
Vivacious stanzas' single theme dream here
Explain how poets play Rachmaninov
With practiced fingers, keyboard echoes fed,
Divinely taught, taut tempo seldom slow.
Xylophonic resonance he licks enigmatic
Creates mix musical most cares may fix.
Yeast fermenting in neuronal hub
Blends moral sense and sensitivity,
Zaps alphabet to perfect cup of tea,
And, teasing waits, points taken ... all that jazz!

Attempting a fourth verse in St. Tropez,
Zen scribe feared vocabulary amnesia.
Baited breath, awaiting fresh foray
Yapping, tapping letters like a crab.
Could J Q V X Z key in? Relax!
Xenophile rants avoided, muse most plastic.
Devil-may-take attitude knew somehow
Words' worth mixed mirth with birth, gave stanzas punned.
Expectantly he twined his strophe IV -
Visibly aware that Latin numerate.
Fellows may draw on extra bordereau
Unworried deadpan critics pan his 'stuff'.
God's granted me a very special gift
Thought he as concentration let him bring
Humour and skill in context. Little fuss
Seemed necessary though the scope and girth
Impressive of the project caused a stir.
Rising early, bold as Garibaldi,
Justifying MENSA test I.Q. -
Quotient suspect - onward Robin J
Knocked up an extra stanza scarce less deep,
Pleasantly looking forwards, never back.
Lightheartedly his fingers to and fro

Outstanding essay penned and in a whirl
 Majestically completed task amain.
 Numbing might seem creative task to chuM
 Nosily wondering what made mind huM
 Musically as theme imaginative self-spuN.
 One stanza in itself would seem a pearL,
 Links four surpass all expectations. "ToO
 Pretentious to deserve a double click,
 Knack facile, with enjambements, food for foP, "
 Quipped envious Father Barnaby S.J.
 Jestng the devil threatened PDQ
 Refusing challenge from laic litteratI
 Impervious to papal bull as beaR
 Sniffing lavender honey, syrup lush
 Hibernation done, who'd hunger addressS.
 Though stanza unrehearsed proceeds, song streaminG,
 Gaily flows towards its final parT,
 Uniting laughter, skill, it seems as iF
 Fifth verse is not impossible as thrU
 Vocabulary vast, creative tunE,
 Extra effort in rare dialect slaV
 Would, in time, be very well received.
 Due diligence may readers care to folloW,
 Xenogamy induced by alphabetiC
 Chain double helix thinking out of boX, -
 Your author is no sacrificial lamB.
 Best things come in small parcels, this, too lengthY,
 Zones of comfort may disturb, agendA
 Alarm, so let calm rule, we'll turn to other biZ.

23 February 2009 revised 26 February 2009
 robi03_1859_robi03_0000 Aqv_IJZ

Amain – with all speed and or strength

Babylon Hanging Gardens, Rhodes' Colossus – Wonders of the ancient world no longer extant

Bijou - jewel

Bordereau detailed note or memorandum of account; especially: one containing an enumeration of documents

Cinq – five – the five senses in this context

Cul-de-sac – dead end

Cull – weeded out, the person or thing rejected set aside as inferior in quality
Due Diligence - care that a reasonable person exercises to avoid harm to others.
Corporate analysis in preparation for a business transaction
Esq. – esquire ... in the U.K. equivalent of Mr.
Iconographic - Representing by means of pictures or diagrams; as, an iconographic encyclopaedia.
Hadj – Islamic pilgrimage
Illuminati - Persons professing especial spiritual or intellectual enlightenment.
Jehan and Taj - Shah Jehan built the Taj Mahal
jiff - jiffy, rapidly
LISTSERV
obj - object objective
PDQ Pretty Damn Quick
quark hypothetical truly fundamental particle in mesons and baryons; there are supposed to be six flavors of quarks (and their antiquarks) ,
Quadrant - the area enclosed by two perpendicular radii of a circle. Any of the four areas into which a plane is divided by two orthogonal coordinate axes
quirk a strange attitude or habit, verb: to twist or curve abruptly
Raj 1757_1847 British Empire over and in India
Razmataz – currently translatable as bling-bling
Seq – sequent, sequence
subj - subject subjective
Swengali - someone (usually maleficent) who tries to persuade or force another person to do his bidding
Virtu: objet d'art collectively, artistic quality, love of or taste for fine objects of art
Xanthic yellow
Xerophytic - adapted to a xeric (or dry) environment
Xylem - Wood
Xylophonic – as a Xylophone
Xenogamy - Cross fertilization.
Xerox - photocopy
Zany a buffoon in one of the old comedies; imitates others for ludicrous effect a man who is a stupid incompetent fool

23 February 2009 robi3_18_robi3_0000 AQV_IJZ

written tongue in cheek in respect of forms as in double helix abecedarian
variation on a theme Poetic Pizza Extravaganza - Temptations - Xylophonic
Resonance He Licks Enigmatic

Temptations

double helix abecedarian written tongue in cheek

A maiden fair met Mr. Z,
Zealous bigot not her cup of teA,
Before accepting Mr. Y
Years eight and eighty, not a deB,
Could nor with him nor Mr. X,
Xanax share, they weren't pneumatiC.
Decided that Mr. W
Was far too fat, had a big head,
Ended that and turned to Mr. V -
Viagra prized more than virtuE.
Found naught in common with Mr. U
Unkempt, distraught and very stiff
Gladly told him so and left
To an appointment with Mr.G -
His voice was raucous, spectacleS
Shady, of uncertain health,
Insensitive, an arrant cuR,
Ready to furnish alibi.
Judged him too seedy. Mr. Q
Questions refused to answer. Mr. J
Knew little, so she lost no sleeP,
Perplexedly, lost, in the dark.
Little Miss French called Mr. O
Of Bury St. Edmonds, and, bad girl
Made eyes, flirting with other meN
Now here now there as Cupid's aiM,
Netted another victim, SaM:
Most unfortunately Sam loved BeN,
Or was it Harry Perceval,
'Life's full of surprises', she said, 'whO
Prepares for doomsday earthquake crack? '
Kind lady then turned to Mr P

Queried his clothes, while Mr. J.
Just turned her down for some Miss Q -
Rebuttal neither you nor I
Is sure to understand because her floweR
Scent seductive low and highH?
Had perfumed all about who pasS
Their days around her, praises sinG,
Giff thanks for such a musky waft,
Unusual neighborhoods does whiff.
Fair lady recovered, Mr. U,
Vain she found him, then fell her eyE
Eagle like on Mr. V
Who seemed as favorite most aheaD -
Dream dashed too soon when she did knoW.
Xavier his name was, saturnine sceptiC,
Crude of speech and rude of seX
Yet self-important spendthrift criB.
Befuddled by love she turned to Lady SIY,
Zara by name, who pleased sublime papA -
And thats tale gate date end from A to Z.

24 February 2009

The first line begins with A and ends with Z
the next line begins with Z and ends with A
The next line begins with B and ends with Y
The next line begins with Y and ends with B
The next line begins with C and ends with X
The next line begins with X and ends with C etc etc etc

written tongue in cheek in respect of forms as in double helix abecedarian
variation on a theme Poetic Pizza Extravaganza - Temptations - Xylophonic
Resonance He Licks Enigmatic

Poetical Pizza Extravaganza
double helix abecedarian

Above average poetry must whizZ
Zestfully forwards as imagination's fleA,

Bites the author's itchy fingers. Cells greY
Yearn to express opinions, play, or graB
Conspicuous attention with honeyed words which waX
Xanadu with Coleridge nectar or express themes romantiC,
Devise riddles whose floW
Will offer encouragement to those who reaD
Enthusiastically or with excitement, able to reV
Vers libres, prose or traditional versE,
Formally structured or free before life says adieU.
Unlimited possibilities, both flexible and stiff
Glow, grow and encourage lighT
Themes, weighty arguments, or emotional sonG,
Heavy here, light there, avoiding pretentiousnesS,
Shaky grammar, bolstering inner growthH
Insight and altogether acting as an intellectual spuR
Rewarding to both reader and writer where not restricted to the I,
Judgemental values shed from Zimbabwe to IraQ.
Quest for recognition is perceived as holy hadJ,
Karmic grail accorded toP
Priority for life's boat that sooner or later springs a leaK,
Leaving little to survive Lethe's oblivion shampoO
Or inspire others to sail
Manfully upon seas uncharted by other men or womeN.
New forms in themselves add no gleaM
Natural to the poetic book of life, and often lose steaM,
Mostly because of inaccessibility. Experiments abecedariaN
Or atonal contemporary 'e-zines' under whatever vanity label
Leave much to be desired, their quality is freequently toO
Poor to last, too topical, too obscure, or too dark.
Keeping in mind that the poet's creative leaP,
Quest, or self-centred search for memorial TaJ
Jehan might have longed to build in verse or prose colloQ
Remains forever elusive to most who use writing as an alibiI
Inconclusive to compensate for the fact they are not up to paR
Sufficient for the course, and double bogey their entH
Half-hearted drive towards the proverbial Elysian green pastureS.
Thus, to quote Keats, the 'eternal longinG
Goes phut, stutters, stumbles, failed or forgotten, inspiration cuT,
Undone ambitions, prose or rhyme ugly and or stiff.
Final verdict is too often left to self-styled critics acting in lieU,
Vanity frequently fails to catch Fame's eyE,
Efforts dissipated, or meeting the same fate as Brezhnev

Whose invasion of Afganistan lead
Directly to the Soviet collapse. Poetry should represent harmony and flow
Including tongue-in-cheek prolific
Coarse unworked sentences such as those in this particular helix.
Years later this thesis may, although written ad lib,
Become a classic example of erudite poetic wordplay
Zebra stripes critically stripped for sense - a pizza extravaganza
Acrostic masking kabbalistic meanings beneath literary pizzazz.

26 February 2009

written tongue in cheek in respect of forms as in double helix abecedarian
variation on a theme Poetic Pizza Extravaganza - Temptations - Xylophonic
Resonance He Licks Enigmatic

The first line begins with A and ends with Z
the next line begins with Z and ends with A
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The next line begins with X and ends with C etc etc etc

Jonathan ROBIN

Double Helix Abecedarian Poetical Pizza Extravaganza

Accomplished verse must whizZ
Zestfully forwards as imagination's fleA
Bites author's itchy fingers. Cells greY
Yearn to coin expressions. Gift of gaB
Crafts timeless phrases which waX
Xanadu with Coleridge nectar, emotive gamut pedantiC,
Devise surprising riddles whose fair floW
Will appeal to all who reaD
Empathetic intellect must reV
Vers libres, prose or traditional versE,
Free or formally structured, before life says adieU.
Unlimited possibilities, both flexible and stiff
Glow, grow and encourage lighT
Themes, weighty arguments, or emotional sonG,
Heavy here, light there, unpretentiouS.
Sure instinct stimulates inner growthH.
Insight, acting as an intellectual spuR,
Rewards readers and writer where not restricted to the 'I'.
Judgemental values shed from Zimbabwe to IraQ.
Quest for immortality, perceived as holy hadJ,
Karmic grail, is accorded toP
Priority for life's boat that sooner or later springs a leaK,
Leaving little to survive Lethe's oblivion shampoO
Or inspire others to saiL
Manfully upon seas uncharted by other men or womeN.
New forms in themselves add no gleaM
Native to poetry, often lose steaM,
Marred by inaccessibility. Experiments abecedariaN
Or atonal contemporary 'e-zines' under whatever vanity labelL
Leave much to be desired, their quality is frequently toO
Poor to last, too topical, too obscure, or too dark.
Keep in mind that the poet's creative leaP -
Quest, or self-centred search for memorial TaJ
Jehan - longs to build in verse or prose colloQ
Remains elusive to all using writing as an existential alibiI
Ineffective at hiding inadequacy. Flaw and erroR,
Self-defeating, never stay the course, double bogey their entH
Half-hearted drive towards proverbial Elysian green pastureS.
Thus, whole unwon not hole in one. Keats' 'eternal longinG'

Goes phut, stutters, stumbles, falls, fails forgotten, inspiration cuT,
Undone ambitions, pointless lemming cliff.
Final verdict left to self-styled critics acting in lieU,
Vainly attempt to catch Fame's eyE,
Efforts dissipated, meeting the same fate as Brezhnev
Whose invasion of Afganistan leaD
Directly to Soviet collapse. Poetry represents harmonic undertow
Xcluding tongue-in-cheek prolifiC
Coarse catchwords such as those in this particular heliX.
Years later this thesis may, although written adliB,
Become a classic example of erudite poetic wordplaY
Zebra stripes critically stripped for sense - a pizza extravaganzA
Acrostic masking kabbalistic meanings beneath literary pizzazZ.

The first line begins with A and ends with Z
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26 February 2009 revised 26 September 2016

Jonathan ROBIN

Double Helix Abecedarian Xylophonic Resonance

All fizzle, finish frazzled, launched with fizZ.
Zero dreams teem when spirit seems at seA
Because most adepts of philosophY
Yearn for zenith seldom dwell on ebB,
Carpe diem value, seeking sea, sun, seX.
Xylem tree of life's cannibalistiC
Desires corrupt deeds most men seW,
With survival's urge soon lost indeeD.
Events churn causal patterns, AsimoV
Viewed clearly, took as starship journey cuE
Finding worlds which may appeal to yoU,
Unknown reader from beyond Time's gulF -
Great divide between those past, those lefT -
Time travellers peruse these lines to sinG
High praise of poets who'll know no more springS.
Spontaneousl prose poem picks pensive pathH
In patter pattern, feet dance to empoweR.
Rhythm harmonious, need no alibiI,
Joins sense, style versatile, from mind's H.Q.,
Questions seeks, finds answers. Soujourn's hadJ
Knowledge acquires to share more than to keepP,
Pipes clear to others drifting through the dark.
Lark sings dawn's welcome song, and each man's taO
Opens connections, on life's sea a-saiL
Ma d, sad, glad, bad, for threescore years and teN
Never certain of his mortal aiM,
Nor sure to gain posthumous fame, acclaiM,
Making ends meet in hope to rise agaiN
On judgement day should trust and faith prevail.
Life-spans increase but trite hullabaloO
Prepares too few for winding sheet, corpse stark,
Kings, Presidents and crowd condemned to sleeP,
Quest over, in no Shah Jehan's fair TaJ,
Judge! Wonders of the world in tome or FAQ
Remain till flood or earthquake Svengali
Identitydestroys when come their houR.
Stands Rhodes' Colossus stony eyed and high?
Hanging Gardens, Babylon's green Grass?
Thus earth all swallows, as the changes rinG

Glut or famine, leaves the rich bereft,
Upsets regimes, and redefines itself.
Fresh or stale, hale, halt, Huns, Goths, AinU,
Vandals, Franks, forgotten, vain their strife, -
Eternity mocks Boris Kasparov
When chess game lasts millenia whose speed
Defies time travel's role-reversal flow.
Xanthic parchments, works iconographic
Crumble! What Tyrannosaurus rex
Yet rules blue planet? Will ant, spider web,
Be as extinct as world wide web one day?
Zigzag chance ignores each mortal plea
All idols break despite their razzmatazz.

An essay such as this deserves no buzz.
Zany experiment as stylistic flea
Bounces from A to Z in interplay,
Yin Yang spiral bouncing like a squib
Constantly as an alphabet reflex
Xerophytic context's cul-de-sac
Delineates descriptions poets draw.
Wherewithal consistently restricted,
Each line leaves breathless welcome, neurones rev,
Vibrate despite form artificial, prose
Fulfilling prompt as words make points. Guru
Unchained yet chained advances off the cuff
Grafts true poetic spear to karmic haft
Translating into right write some style wrong
Halfway house conundrum. Author's tracks
Sculpt lasting trace responding to the wish
Idiosyncratic to transcend life's dower
Respecting Death. Is poet prophet or mahdi
Justly revered from Rome unto Iraq?
Quarellsome envy explains why British raj
Knew not two hundred years? Can counting sheep
Perplexity remove from brains which park
Loaded dice stress away as night seeks to
Overcome day's tedious trouble, toil,
Makes preparation for tomorrow's boon -
New space bestowing where choice meets no dam,
Ne'er stumble into superficial sham.
Measure opportunities, draw plan

Offering success none fault or foIL.
Little by little words through verbal voodoO
Phrase phase explore. Screed, starting as a lark,
Knits here tight vowels that consonantly reaP
Quality let the poet play DJ
Juxtaposing helix soundtrack seQ
Responsively, grey matter churns from I
Inwards then out to you my reader deaR.
Subtly within word-bank we, skillful, fish
Here, there, refining able argumentS,
Task relatively simple once the swinG
Gets going, self-sustained, insanely swift,
Uncanny erudition spins no gaff.
Faced with linguistic hurdles impromptU
Verve tames phonetic wild rose to disposeE
Each syllable with able scansion LISTSERV
Willingly transmits every lanD.
Doubting Thomas sceptic must kowtoW,
Xeroxing copies of masterpiece. No cyniC
Can deny neuronal synapses fleX
Youthful connections never dull or draB
Belying utter incredulitY.
Zeno might admit disciple. YeA!
Are change and motion illusory fuzZ?

Approaching final strophe words quick whizZ
Zestfully, translate to panaceaA
Between the lines no critic may gainsaY.
Yes, here is talent, though Time's taxi-caB
Culls everything: Death 'dura lex, sed leX.'
X marks the spot intelligence ad hoC
Delights combining letters meant to groW
Wittily together, tail to head,
Examines life's progress as minstrel's improv
Ventures beyond all duty's call through lovE
For story told as object of virtU
Unexpectedly providing in a jiff
Graceful example of true talent's gift.
Theme is retained throughout this triple sonG.
Here good intentions, no lines misfitS
Some humour show. Alliteration's sash
Incorporates spiral sent to steer

Reel really free from demon incubI
Juice sucking from the senses one to cinQ.
Quadrant space herein sees object, subJ
Key together, seldom seem to stoP, -
Perhaps because light waves mix quark and quirK
Link to and through mind's magic kangaroO
Overleap barriers where most others fall.
Merry essay of one afternooN.
Naught ventured, nothing gained, you'll meet no spaM,
No filler words, intelligence seeks beaM
Masterful, diverse, didactic, to gleaN,
Outside time, life's essence on the boiL.
Lively vision, spurning constraints' taboO,
Panders to none, no sentences sound weak.
Kudos is gained through sharing though most weeP,
Quite out of depth with this endeavour's obJ.
Jump queue cue line to line. Artist EsQ
Rapidly records ideas illuminatI
Instinctively admire, crowns his careeR,
Sparkling with wit for pleasure not for cashH,
Humorous polysyllabic worthinesS
That scans throughout, and, more than anythinG,
Gives insight into ways art shows the lightT
Unseen before, as Moses' rod and staff
Forged a path to Holy Land's bijoU.
Vivacious stanzas' single theme dream herE
Explain how poets play RachmaninoV
With practiced fingers, keyboard echoes feD,
Divinely taught, taut tempo seldom slowW.
Xylophonic resonance he licks enigmatiC
Creates mix musical most cares may fiX.
Yeast fermenting in neuronal huB
Blends moral sense and sensitivityY,
Zaps alphabet to perfect cup of teA,
And, teasing waits, points taken ... all that jazZ!

Attempting a fourth verse in St. TropeZ,
Zen scribe feared vocabulary amnesiA.
Baited breath, awaiting fresh foraY
Yapping, tapping letters like a craB.
Could J Q V X Z key in? RelaX!
Xenophile rants avoided, muse most plastiC.

Devil-may-take attitude knew somehoW
Words' worth mixed mirth with birth, gave stanzas punned.
Expectantly he twined his strophe IV -
Visibly aware that Latin numeratE.
Fellows may draw on extra bordereaU
Unworried deadpan critics pan his 'stuff'.
God's granted me a very special gift
Thought he as concentration let him brinG
Humour and skill in context. Little fusS
Seemed necessary though the scope and girthH
Impressive of the project caused a stiR.
Rising early, bold as GaribaldI,
Justifying MENSA test I.Q. -
Quotient suspect - onward Robin J
Knocked up an extra stanza scarce less deep,
Pleasantly looking forwards, never back.
Lightheartedly his fingers to and frO
Oustanding essay penned and in a whirl
Majestically completed task amaiN.
Numbing might seem creative task to chuM
Nosily wondering what made mind huM
Musically as theme imaginative self-spuN.
One stanza in itself would seem a pearL,
Links four surpass all expectations. 'ToO
Pretentious to deserve a double click,
Knack facile, with enjambements, food for foP, '
Quipped envious Father Barnaby S.J.
Jesting the devil threatened PDQ
Refusing challenge from laic litteratI
Impervious to papal bull as beaR
Sniffing lavender honey, syrup lush
Hibernation done, who'd hunger addressS.
Though stanza unrehearsed proceeds, song streaminG,
Gaily flows towards its final parT,
Uniting laughter, skill, it seems as iF
Fifth verse is not impossible as thrU
Vocabulary vast, creative tunE,
Extra effort in rare dialect slaV
Would, in time, be very well received.
Due diligence may readers care to folloW,
Xenogamy induced by alphabetiC
Chain double helix thinking out of boX,

Your author is no sacrificial lamB.
Best things come in small parcels, this, too lengthY,
Zones of comfort may disturb, agendA
Alarm, so let calm rule, we'll turn to other biZ.

The first line begins with A and ends with Z
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The next line begins with Y and ends with B
The next line begins with C and ends with X
The next line begins with X and ends with C
A to Z top down A to Z bottom up

(26 February 2009)

Jonathan ROBIN

Double Rage

Rage reigned unreined, exploded, insane fire-bright ball.
Aggravation sheered synapses in unbridled spew,
Grating, springing nerve defences too.
Eviscerated system, unprepared, sharp blowtorch scorch must doubly fall,
Regrets replete, little leeway left on call to cushion harm, calm recall.
Anger, as prompter's cue triggers terra volt terror bolt jolt from out the blue
Gasping for air, grasping to regain control, cool overview,
Exasperation again explodes, codes scarlet stress ball.

Jonathan ROBIN

Double Standard I And II

Double Standard I

As an alternative to poor matrimony
man can in leasure live, prefer polygamy,
still pleasure sweet may give through reciprocity,
He deserves to win.

Should e'er in secrecy some white your wife commend
Forswear intimacy! Shun, fright, Sir, strife to send,
for her disloyalty indicts her, life condemned,
She swerves to sin!

Double Standard II

The adage: 'two is company'
applies to you but not to me.
Law? What I bade, not what I do,
for that, my maid, applies to you!

Jonathan ROBIN

Doubt

To doubt too often deeper doubts succeed,
upon itself it's self perversely feeds,
sad skeins, dyed grey or black, back interbreed,
and darkly hung, strung cloud mind wrung. Foul weed
whose sole success seems self-destructive need,
whose cancers cluster, to each breast accede.
Nor church, nor sect, nor rosary, nor bead,
successfully may ever intercede
to shrug such shackles so dark doubts recede
unless the mind lets aching heart re[a]d bleed,
and heed pain's flow, outgrowing grief, concede
that stress-free sojourn can't be guaranteed...

Jonathan ROBIN

Doubts

Is it already time to part? So soon
Summer ending just as it begun.
April fools July those glad in June
Brief joyous moments when two felt one.
Essential osmosis, hearts in tune,
Linked life to life-line, seemed strong as sun,
Linked lighthouse beams beneath the moon,
Eternity squandered, its span done.

Jonathan ROBIN

Doubts 2012 Version

Storm swept, bereft blows flow's adieu. So soon
summer, spent, adrift, ends as it begun.
April fools July, scorns those glad in June,
derelict dupe dreams when two timed one.
Evanescent osmosis, hearts in tune,
cued life to life line seeming strong as sun,
linked lighthouse beams, false gleams, beneath blue moon.
Time table turned hand squandered, canned span done.

(8 June 2012)

Jonathan ROBIN

Doubts Arise

Storm swept, bereft blows flow's adieu. So soon
summer, spent, adrift, ends as it begun.
April fools July, scorns those glad in June,
derelict dupe dreams when two timed one.
Loneliness hung, strung cloud mind wrung, foul weed
undermines 'mine' as self-questioning's stain,
whose sole success seems self destructive need,
silent spreads stress sub-surface, scarcely sane,
its cancer clusters to both breasts accede.
No easy answers counter fate's refrain,
nor church, nor sect, nor rosary, nor bead,
may ever intercede when all seems vain
unless heartache recedes, re[a]d bleeds, and quick
reverses runes, tunes hope through thin and thick.

Evanescent osmosis, hearts in tune,
cued life to life-line seeming strong as sun,
linked lighthouse beams, false gleams, beneath blue moon.
Time table turned hand squandered, canned span done.
To doubt too often deeper doubt succeeds,
seeds self-defeating grain, pain breeds more pain,
upon itself its self perversely feeds,
reign yields to rein, as bridal's bridled, rain
replacing sun as finger finger kneeds
with anguish running rampage. In its train,
sad skeins, dyed grey or black, back interbreed.
Doubt lingers, fingers self-appraisal sick,
'out, out, brief candle! ' evanescent wick.

Jonathan ROBIN

Downfall

Life's story's strife lie ties no glory,
no angels believe pearly gates,
Carpe Diem, live moment soon hoary,
all forget talent sickled by Fates,

Set is dream star which once brightly,
clear, fearless, in firmament shone,
luck's slighted, insight's dimmed, Time's slight see
grieves sleeves, life's sheaved leaves waned. Wail wan!

Shred-wed, disillusion, stark spite see,
life's cancelled game, quest, aim, fête's fun;
in tatters Fate scatters forthrightly
grace pace aced in war no-one's won.

Hope's bedspread in shreds, bed of roses
Scope pined for before: shredded, done,
un-wedded from bliss hate-hiss poses
uncomfortable questions, would shun
trust's shine shrine unjust rust lines, lies hounded,
unprevailing as lies veil pale sun,
surrounded by life's leaves dis bound, fed
by woe where fair past fast flowed fun.

Love's star which once seemed infinitely
to bloom beyond tomb meets doom, dumb,
as sentiments sent expeditely
to Lethe mock joyride's vain sum.

Dreams' themes lie unechoed, contritely
one wonders what might have become
if fate had dealt less reconditely
ere great expectations succumb.

Whosoever would compromise slightly
with principles life's staff has spun
must offer impression unsightly
some pity, some spurn, and most shun.

Ideals threading vision so knightly
no gleam still retain, what begun
in trust unembellished rusts, rightly
forgotten, ignored or undone.

No point in requesting politely
what became of game, quest, aim, fête's fun;
in tatters Fate scatters forthrightly
all trace of race no-one has won.

Though today some may say hale and sprightly
'tomorrow holds promise' yet none
would relinquish life's tether held tightly:
soon Time spills, boon numbed, still, distance run.

Jonathan ROBIN

Downhill And Other Parodies - Christina Rossetti - Uphill

Yes, the clock ticks downhill all the way,
 until the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
 From light to mo[u]rn, my friend.
But is there for the spring a resting-place,
 a ring before the last dark hours begin,
may not time fleeting mask it from my face?
 No second chance for sin.
Will timesharing ease the fears and fright?
 Toc ticks till all's in hock which went before.
May not Time's knocks be reined in by insight?
 There is no reign resistant to scythe sure.
Who may find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
 Time echoes onwards though the soul's struck dumb.
Will there be time for me and all who seek?
 Come, come! - the tocsin ticks to each his sum.

(c) Jonathan Robin Parody Christina ROSSETTI - Uphill
15 October 2005

Uphill

Does the road wind up-hill all the way?
 Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
 From morn to night, my friend.
But is there for the night a resting-place?
 A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.
May not the darkness hide it from my face?
 You cannot miss that inn.
Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
 Those who have gone before.
Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?
 They will not keep you standing at that door.
Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?

Of labor you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
Yea, beds for all who come.

Christina G ROSSETTI 1830_1894

Uphill Holiday

Will the long journey take the whole long day?
From morn to night, my friend.
And shall I have to stand the whole long way?
Of standing you shall have no end.

Is there no rest, then for my weary feet?
For comfort you shall seek in vain.
Must I take drinke, and sandwiches to eat?
You will get nothing on the train.

Shall there be cheer, and beds for all who seek?
Some seek who shall not find.
Will there be sunshine through the livelong week?
Rain, too, and cloud and wind.

Shall I pay dear for my brief breathing space?
You shall give richly of your little store.
Will there be ample board at Seaview Place?
So much – and nothing more.

George Henry VALLINS

Sincere Flattery 1954 Parody Christina ROSSETTI Uphill

Uphill Train Travel

Will the 8.20 take me all the way?
Yes, and round the bend.
And how long is the journey, would you say?
From morn to night, my friend.
And are there light refreshments on the train?
Refreshments? That's a laugh.
And once I'm there, will I get back again?
God, no, they're short of staff.

Shall I be seated? Will the signals fail?
A seat? You won't get in.
How are they packed who go by British Rail?
Like sardines in a tin.
Do they reduce the service at the peak?
You're lucky if they run.
And will it be the same again next week?
Too bloody true, old son.

Roger WODDIS 1917_1993 Parody Christina ROSSETTI Uphill

Uphill, What Inn is This

What inn is this
Where for the night
Peculiar traveller comes?
Who is the landlord?
Where the maids?
Behold what curious rooms!
No ruddy fires on the hearth,
No brimming tankards flow.
Necromancer, landlord,
Who are these below?

Emily DICKINSON - see Dorothy Parker - The Last Question
and Christina ROSSETTI Uphill

The Last Question

New love, new love, where are you to lead me?
All along a narrow way that marks a crooked line.
How are you to slake me, and how are you to feed me?
With bitter yellow berries, and a sharp new wine.

New love, new love, shall I be forsaken?
One shall go a-wandering, and one of us must sigh.
Sweet it is to slumber, but how shall we awaken —
Whose will be the broken heart, when dawn comes by?

Dorothy PARKER 1893_1967 -
See Emily Dickinson Uphill, What Inn is This?

and Christina ROSSETTI Uphill

PARKER Dorothy 1893_1967 park1_0014_park1_0000 PXX_LUX The Last
Question_New love, new love, where are you to lead me

PARKER Dorothy 1893_1967 park1_0014_park1_0000 PXX_LUX The Last
Question_New love, new love, where are you to lead me

The Inn of Life

'As It was in the Beginning, - Is Now, - And...? Anno Domini I'.

* * *

'No room!
No room!
The Inn is full,
Yea - overfull.
No room have we
for such as ye -
Poor folk of Galilee,
Pass on! Pass on! '

'Nay then! -
Your charity
Will ne'er deny
Some corner mean,
Where she may lie unseen.
For see! -
Her time is nigh.'

'Alack! And she
So young and fair!
Place have we none;
And yet - how bid ye gone?
Stay then! - out there
Among the beasts
Ye may find room,
And eke a truss
To lie upon.'

'Anno Domini 1913, etc.

* * *

'No room!

No room!

No room for Thee,

Thou Man of Galilee!

The house is full,

Yea, overfull.

There is no room for Thee, -

Pass on! Pass on!

Nay - see!

The place is packed.

'We scarce have room

For our own selves,

So how shall we

Find room for Thee,

Thou Man of Galilee, -

Pass on! Pass on!

But - if Thou shouldst

This way again,

And we can find

So much as one small corner

Free from guest,

Not then in vain

Thy quest.

But now -

The house is full.

Pass on! '

Christ passes

On His ceaseless quest,

Nor will He rest

With any,

Save as Chiefest Guest.

John OXENHAM 1852_1941 Parody After Christina ROSSETTI Uphill
And Emily Dickinson – Uphill, what Inn is this?

Re-Thrill

Does each dream overspill, thrill reach, fresh flight?
Yes, views that have no end ...
Will astral journeys teach to breach new height?
From dusk to dawn, my friend.

But is there for the day a resting place?
A roof aloof from suffering, chagrin.
Pray daylight may not chide that cheerful place,
Nor resurrect grim sin.

Will I greet other travelers by day?
Those who may bliss restore ~
Must I then talk, balk at blasé, cliché?
Consider, recognize - step to the 'fore.

Shall I find solace wash away what's bleak?
Find favor through free smiles, fair fun.
Will there be joy all day until soul's sleep?
Yes! unafraid you will be made welcome...

Joy A BURKI-WATSON 1950_20 30 July 2007

Parody After Christina ROSSETTI Uphill
And Emily Dickinson – Uphill, what Inn is this?
Integrating suggestions JR.

The Death-Watch Beetle

"What manner of time does your watch keep
strange timekeeper? " "The time of sleep."

"I see no movement in the hands."
"And yet the sleeper understands."

"The sleeper understands! But how? "
"You cannot understand it now."

"And shall I never? " "In the end
you'll ask no other timepiece, friend."

Humbert WOLFE 1885_1940

Parody After Christina ROSSETTI Uphill
And Emily Dickinson – Uphill, what Inn is this?

Jonathan ROBIN

Dr. Who Man - 1915 - After Ogden Nash The Termite, Harry Graham Ruthless Rhymes And Hilaire Belloc Matilda

Wild Rex - Tyrannosaurus - strode
cold-blooded `long Cretaceous road,
hot-headed kin to human child,
that's why warm-blooded man's so mild.

Each stage repeats the same deceits,
from gnash to Nash weak eats, defeats,
nosh brash, posh cash, cosh, bash, if tempted,
polite policed, write's rights pre-empted.

(9 September 2009)

Jonathan ROBIN

Draw A Trait

DRAW A TRAIT

Cell walls melt, rob throbs' spleen,
While he dares Fate wily heirs wait.
Hell's call felt, slobs' sobs obscene.

Draw a trait desperate.
Room clean, deathbed scene. Pulse is seen
to fluctuate, moderate
accelerate, hyper-ventilate,
hyphenate with winding sheet.
Limbs gyrate, cannot coordinate,
incommunicate, degenerate.

Corpuscles circumnavigate
clot's blockage would negotiate
free access to invalidate
conditions which originate
in life-style too intemperate.
Time skips fleet, misses beat.
Hell's call's felt, cells' walls melt,
etiolate what once was held inviolate,
degenerate, at a rate
which dissipation may testate
and then disintegrate.

Early, late, while he dares grate counter Fate,
telomeres can't duplicate,
thin ice skate breath's baits bate
on last date determinate.
Sweaty sheen commensurate
with symptom spate which conflate,
wan shiver rivers none can compensate
see salivation salvation rate,
herald tocsin resonate
to toxin swift disseminate.

Expectant tongues prevaricate,
surly, hate, wait, counterfeit
around intestate congregate, -

early birds worms seek, would rate
worth on earth they'd accumulate,
legitimacy confiscate,
unsurely, inconsiderate,
caucus secret susurate
arguments insubstantiate.

Angelic scene anticipate
evergreen regenerate?
pastures green apostolate
insincere appear as late
dearly departed piper pays
in maze for days of outspent days.

Duplicity seeks sound estate,
silver plate desecrate,
both debate, anticipate,
in_corpor_ate golden gate
and denigrate, invalidate,
eliminate before due date.
From wake, keen, to keen, wake, break
-up -down take some await probate
ill at ease legatees await
for probate of white haired 'late'.

Second state disconsolate
then penetrates both tissues, pate,
issues' weight eradicate feast and fête.
Vainglory's gait, can't compensate
time lost of late, or obviate
Death's sickle tickle or perpetuate
ambitions great Time must deflate.

See erstwhile spouses, ex playmate,
rise to bait, prevaricate,
at this state so desolate.
Helter-skel sentence spelt
act done, play over, where one, once hardy, dwelt
Death's hardly seen to hesitate
as phantom fingers oscillate
like metronome to designate
foreclosure at a sub-prime rate.

Pupils dilate before they glaze,
as life debt owed at last repays.
Gauze curtains crepe, neat, drape deceit,
no repeat with case complete.
End of scene, spleen obscene,
from earthly cares emancipate,
if not as star to scintillate
at least far from intolerate.

Clean the slate...room decontaminate.

Certificate? ...

Wake celebrate celibate or profligate
dinner at eight, consume mate
then fornicate and consummate... Don't be late!

Jonathan ROBIN

Draw On And Through Old Tales

When that from Babeh babble blows away
and Samson out of Sam springs, interplay
between life's actors surely may be seen
and happy time for authors set the scene
your restaurant will be so widely known
that never shall the noisy telephone
ever stop ringing, pleading for a place
to entry gain, participitate with grace
in tales, once told, which will impression make
more lasting that a well cooked Bison steak.
For what's at stake attending table talk
is more than cooking books or midnight walk
with lover beneath some moonlight soon forgotten
as life blooms, dies, then fades, its corpus rotten.
Draw on and through old tales to menu make
creative writing never, Sam, foresake.

(20 September 2011)

Jonathan ROBIN

Drawing A Purple Blank Verse After Gelett Burgess Purple Cow

I've never cowed to purple prose
know now I'll never write it,
for anyhow true writer knows
hand stretched finds critics bite it.

I've never wowed, and goodness knows
hacks lack the knack of versing,
won't bow, kowtow to backhand blows,
preferring role reverse_sing.

Ah, yes, I wrote on purple prose,
yet can't regret I penned it,
one far prefers rhyme's timeless flows,
no blush need rush defend it.

Jonathan ROBIN

Dream Images Teem

Flight recovery
spins out need's kneaded timeline
dream images teem

Jonathan ROBIN

Dream Matcher's Response To Dreamcatcher's Dream Hatcher

'The stranger by the sandman's side
had moonlight in his hair
His eyes were blue like sapphire stars
His face was wondrous fair' K Smart

There are no dreams that go astray,
there is no duty one must pay,
where spontaneity on call
may conquer limits one and all,
discarding strictures though men say
obey.

Fey angel eyes may mesmerise,
can take fond Cupid by surprise,
attraction's magic magnet makes
light of past downcast, fast mistakes
repairs to pair two hearts' twinned sway
night, day.

One hand may weave a web as fine
as silken spider's, line by line,
two minds net-knit together may
surpass [l]one hand when interplay
is woken by unspoken sign
today.

As Milky Way's spun stars combine
in silver necklace, gems divine,
your words with mine may overlay
poetic inspiration's play
to lay foundations, redesign
the Way.

'Who is this man of mystery'
his future and his history,
can he uncanny, vision clear,
reinvent what, once held dear,

may reappear, with kiss merry
heart sway?

Dream satchel deep his mind supplies,
who stimulation and surprise
awaits when gifts are shared around,
with none held back, none to impound
as ransom, superficial sighs
that weigh.

Where two may roam, there that is home
from land to land, from foam to foam,
from spirits deep unlock the keep,
restraining order, thence to leap
converting into polychrome
joy's day.

Dreams hyphenate what still may come
with what stays still, forever dumb,
retain the reins of destiny
so reign's refrain's sustained, stays free.
There is no hard-fast rule of thumb
in play.

Some inspirations answer prayer,
some aspirations bubble air,
most memories dissolve at dawn
though some persist, won't be forsworn.
If 'Anything' is 'Everywhere'
one may

convert the magic phantomime
into enlightenment to climb
towards tomorrow and expect
rewards not sorrow some project
or interject as paradigm
passé.

Pale horse as Pegasus is seen
to set the scene for unforeseen
adventures which advance to chance
no sharp indentures, circumstance

highlights freewill, none pastures green
gainsay.

Thus dreams bring close what far away
appears to others, interplay
between right brain and left may link
cause and effect beyond the brink
of far horizons' sway with fey
display.

for previous version see below

One hand may weave a web as fine
as silken spider's, line by line,
two minds net-knit together may
surpass [I]one hand when interplay
is woken by unspoken sign
today.

As Milky Way's spun stars combine
in silver necklace, gems divine,
your words with mine may overlay
poetic inspiration's play
to lay foundations, redesign
the Way.

'Who is this man of mystery'
his future and his history,
can he uncanny, vision clear
reinvent that which, once held dear,
may reappear, with kiss merry
heart sway?

Dream satchel deep his mind supplies,
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awaits when gifts are shared around,
with none held back, none to impound
as ransom, superficial sighs
that weigh.

Where two may roam, there that is home
from land to land, from foam to foam,
from spirits deep unlock the keep,

restraining order, thence to leap
converting into polychrome
joy's day.

There are no dreams that go astray,
there is no duty one must pay,
where spontaneity on call
can conquer limits one and all,
discarding strictures though men say
obey.

Dreams hyphonate what still may come
with what stays still, forever dumb,
retain the reins of destiny
so reign's refrain's sustained and free.
There is no hardfast rule of thumb
in play.

Some inspirations answer prayer,
some aspirations bubble air,
most memories dissolve at dawn
though some persist, won't be foresworn.
If 'Anything' is 'Everywhere'
you may

convert the magic phantomime
into enlightenment to climb
towards tomorrow and expect
rewards not sorrow some project
or interject as paradigm
passé.

Pale horse as Pegasus is seen
to set the scene for unforeseen
adventures which advance to chance
no sharp indentures, circumstance
highlights freewill, none pastures green
gainsay.

Jonathan ROBIN

Dreamcatcher

There are no dreams that go astray,
there is no duty one must pay,
sleep taps spontaneous recall
unwraps capped limits one and all,
discarding strictures though men say
obey.

Fey mind behind blind mask may rise
to challenge stereotypes, surprise.
Imagination's magnet makes
light of past downcast, fast mistakes,
inner orbits [b]ring twinned sway
night, day.

One hand may weave a web as fine
as silken spider's, line by line,
mind mesmerized, net-knit, winged, may
hoodwink [l]one hand when interplay
is woken by unspoken sign
today.

As Milky Way's spun stars combine
in silver necklace, gems divine,
truth's words through time may overlay
poetic inspiration's play
to lay foundations, redesign
the Way.

Soul peeps dream satchel deep, supplies,
stimulation to catalyze
synchronicity shared around,
with naught held back, naught to impound
as ransom - superficial sighs
that weigh.

Thus thoughts may roam, float far from home
from land to land, from foam to foam,
as spirit insight unlocks keep -
restraining order - thence to leap

converting into polychrome
joy's day.

Dreams hyphonate what could be/come
with what stays still, forever dumb,
retain the reins of destiny
so reign's refrain's sustained, stays free.
There is no hardfast rule of thumb
in play.

Some inspirations answer prayer,
some aspirations bubble air,
most memories dissolve at dawn
though some persist, won't be foresworn.
If 'Anything' is 'Everywhere'
one may

convert mysterious phantom mime
into enlightenment to climb
towards tomorrow and expect
rewards not sorrow some project
or interject as paradigm
passé.

Pale horse as Pegasus is seen
to set scene for door unforseen,
adventures which advance to chance
no sharp indentures, circumstance
highlights freewill, none pastures green
gainsay.

Thus dreams bring close what far away
appeared beforehand, interplay
between right brain and left can link
cause and effect beyond the brink
of s[cr]een horizon's [s]way with fey
display.

Jonathan ROBIN

Dreams

How briefly iridescent dreams abide.
Those passing visions waking sloughs aside,
for daylight's shadows swift dissolve, glimpse fades,
So sleep, and may soft dreams be multiplied
confirming hopes which long laid in gestation
in limbo hung, suspended animation
awaiting for due season to give birth
to deeds fulfilling needs' anticipation.

Yet what from conscious spirit seems concealed
drips from fate's pen when book of life is sealed,
to ink each page or leaf as it is turned
to good or ill in karmic cards' deal field.
Dawn wings along strong song frail birds convey
to underscore dark night of yesterday
prepares tomorrow's lustre free from fears
behind the scenes which on blind mind might prey.

Use well all opportunities don't hide
self from self, from others who have tried
to undermine desire for difference
as sitting on the fence shows soul has died.
Dreams surf cross-currents, reel unwinds from real
to hasten selfless spirits who would heal
harsh wounds society inflicts, for stars
scars may replace to grace life's trace, help feel.

Jonathan ROBIN

Dreams Drawn To Real Reel Redefining Peace For M C

Morn's haze through midday's blaze to twilight glaze,
All roads roam homewards where mind finds release.
Unswervingly towards one sought thoughts raise
Dreams drawn to real reel redefining peace.
Emotions' oceans swirl around our planet
Currents crisscross counter clock wise fools,
Mock pre-definitions sound, aground. None plan it
An answer found heart fans and never cools.
Underpinning all, yet all above,
Destiny spins through cause and effect
Eliminating barricades as love
Challenges presuppositions wrecked.
May phoenix rise from embers, whose glow shows
Complicity far further forwards flows.

Jonathan ROBIN

Dream's Houri Land Seems Hour Island

Goals, when perspective's sought by souls, then scanned,
drum rolls show dumb roles, no red carpet rolled.

Story: youth to hoary, soon is told,
breath bold, brash, old, rash, Death strikes out of hand,
just blows away. Just blow falls none withstand.

Some seek redemption, reasons why warm cold
returns as candle burns to t[r]ick wick'd fold.

Dream's houri land seems [h]our island, time's sand
tips scales no wails redeem nor understand.

Alike for sage, saint, sot, faint-hearted, scold,
for true want, truant wanting more than mould,
life's cycle turns, returning not, hope banned.

Speed shadow shapes we hither, thither, cast
reflections that, scarce heeded, never last.

Jonathan ROBIN

Dreams Unshared For Annie Boudet

Twenty years have passed, she still remains
Wed to the same employer, home and bed.
One lover only found the path that led
Down to her heart but brought unhappy chains.
Each year was watered with fresh pillow stains,
Care etched its acid lines as youth's hopes fled
Away and one by one her blossoms bled.
Declining health scope limited as strains
Expressed themselves in sundry aches and pains.
Solitude, silent, grieved. In children's stead,
Projects and dreams unshared, palm's hopes unread
Alas dust piled upon Time's counterpanes.
So two decades spun by, and what's to show?
Some fears, some tears, some years 'tis time to go.

Jonathan ROBIN

Dreamworks

DREAMWORKS

Eyes saw reflection Monday, when World War II was won,
emerging, letters learning, to betters bowed, begun
a journey spread like butter upon life's bread, which seems
to be about to stutter before landlord of dreams.

Eye Tuesday schooled, life's masquerade began to understand
how letters strung together rung bells brain took in hand,
soft strength no bitter toil required to channel patterned streams,
blood flood no rudder needed to feed forever's dreams.

Eyes which advanced one Wednesday upon emotions' tide
to woo, to win, together, as groom to beauty bride,
felt joys would last for ever, like strawberries and cream,
tapped hope's sap, never'd sever eternity from dreams.

Eyes which in turn one Thursday sired fruit so well desired,
who queried much, yet stayed untouched by vain ambitions tired,
felt feelings frank, not clever, that seek 'together's' gleams,
to sow, reap, harvest, gather the essence of shared dreams.

Eyes which Friday celebrate, see seed to stripling strong
stretch skywards, never hesitate, sift just from wrong's pronged tongs,
subjective views eliminate, zest tests through searchlight beams,
shows all may know glow grows, fair flows, to feed tomorrow's dreams.

Eyes weary on this Saturday sense Winter drawing near,
reach through rhyme's interplay to transmit loud and clear
before Time's 'weak~end' weather may ravage, mock soul's gleams,
this theme: ~ that one should never compromise on dreams.

Eyes which one Sunday may pass away, life legacy would leave:
ideals unbetrayed, pray none know poison, prison, grieve.
Life's cycle turns as candle burns, warms all within its beams, ~
road cats' eyes snake, make no mistake, tomorrow takes your dreams...

9 May 2005 minor modifications 21 April 2008 revised 30 April 2008, 8 March
2011

for previous versions see below

DREAMWORKS

Eyes saw first light one Monday, when World War II was won,
emerging, letters learning, to betters bowed, begun
a journey spread like butter upon life's bread, which seems
to be about to stutter before landlord of dreams.

Eyes which were schooled one Tuesday began to understand
how letters strung together rung bells brain took in hand,
soft strength no conscious effort to channel patterned streams
should need, the flood no rudder to stimulate those dreams.

Eyes which advanced one Wednesday upon emotions' tide
to woo, to win, together, as groom to beauty bride,
felt joys would last for ever, like strawberries and cream,
tapped hope's sap, never'd sever eternity from dreams.

Eyes which in turn one Thursday sired fruit so well desired,
who queried much, yet stayed untouched by vain ambitions tired,
felt feelings frank, not clever, that seek 'together's' gleams,
to sow, reap, harvest, gather the essence of shared dreams.

Eyes which Friday celebrate, see seed to stripling strong
stretch skywards, never hesitate, sift just from wrong's pronged tongs,
subjective vie[w]s eliminate, zest tests through searchlight beams,
shows all may know glow grows, fair flows, to feed tomorrow's dreams.

Eyes which on this Saturday sense Winter drawing near,
reaching through rhyme's interplay would transmit loud and clear
before Time's 'weak~end' weather may wear away soul's gleams,
this theme: ~ that one should never compromise on dreams.

Eyes which one Sunday may pass away, life legacy would leave,
who principles would not betray, prays none know tears, none grieve.
Life's cycle turns as candle burns, warms all within its beams, ~
road cats' eyes snake, make no mistake, tomorrow takes your dreams...

9 May 2005 minor modifications 21 April 2008 revised 30 April 2008 and 6
March 2011

9 May 2005 minor modifications 21 April 2008 revised 30 April 2008
robi03_1252_robi03_0000 XXX_DEZ

- for previous version see below

Dreamworks

I who was born one Monday, when World War II was won,
emerging, letters learning, to betters bowed, begun
a journey spread like butter upon life's bread, which seems
to be about to stutter before the land of dreams.

I who was schooled one Tuesday began to understand
how letters strung together rung bells brain took in hand,
soft strength no conscious effort to channel patterned streams,
should need, the flood no rudder to stimulate those dreams.

I who advanced one Wednesday upon emotions' tide
to woo, to win, together, as groom to beauty bride,
felt joys would last for ever, like strawberries and cream,
still hope sap strong can't sever eternity from dreams.

I who in turn one Thursday sired fruit so well desired,
who queried much but never burning ambitions inspired,
felt feelings frank, not clever, that seek out sharing's gleam,
to sow, reap, harvest, gather the essence of shared dreams.

I who Friday celebrate, see seed to stripling strong
stretch skywards, never hesitate to sift the right from wrong,
still clearer view continues to test through searchlight beams,
so all may know intact stays flow that feeds tomorrow's dreams.

I who on this Saturday sense Winter drawing near,
reaching through rhyme's interplay would transmit loud and clear
before Time's 'weak~end' weather may blast away soul's gleams,
this theme: ~ that one should never compromise on dreams.

I who one Sunday passed away, life legacy would leave,
who principles would not betray, pray none know tears, none grieve.

The cycle turns as candle burns, warms all within its beams, ~
the road I take, make no mistake, tomorrow threads your dreams...

9 May 2005 with minor modifications 21 April 2008

© Jonathan Robin

Jonathan ROBIN

Drought Won Too Or Drought To One

Dewdrops on hedgerows once we knew,
Rainbows bridging the sky,
Over our heads dark storm clouds grew,
Ugly, we thought, - but why?
Grieving for failed crops we view
Here fields that once grew spry,
Too arid, unproductive too,
Dust ridden waste, bone dry.
Rose sere upon the stem, no clue
Of moisture meets the eye,
Unless the tears that filter through
Good news to bad reply.
Heat comes to roost-roast, all's askew,
Turns wild oats sown awry...

Jonathan ROBIN

Due Drop - Marine Olson

My first reaction to your test
An answer offered to your quest.
Response intuitive has led
In time to smiles which look ahead.
Now you can seek north, south, east, west,
End speculation, it were best.

Open doors seek not to wed,
Lead nor to needs exchanged, nor bed,
Some dewdrops pure, as may be guessed,
Shine from within, then leave the nest
On flights which, lighten heart and head
New options offer. Be my guest.

Magic words weave on, won't rest,
Accept each difference as blessed.
Remember few face Time's firm tread,
In time stagnate, to Self seem dead.
Named 'hot' or 'cold', life is a jest
Enjoy what's offered, live with zest!

One birthday verse through YOU has led
Life onwards, you CAN FEEL, so red
So yellow, blue from rainbow's chest
Stolen are not! Don't contest
One's right to flower free, doubts shed.
Nurture life's due from A to Z.

17 November 1998

Jonathan ROBIN

Duet

Warm hand I hold
so strong, no sigh,
links constant, bold
support won't die

Warm hand consoled
heart-wrenching cry,
as hopes untold
met roads awry.

Warm hand has told
of timeless sky
as days nights rolled,
showed freedom nigh.

Warm hands enfold
tips, hands ally
suspended mould
above gulf, high

Warm hand fights cold,
companion shy,
let go behold
still close, - could I?

_____000_____

Hand held transmits
soft signals sent
from part part fits
to represent

hand held reknits
hopes deep, intense,
won't call it quits
till hand tastes scents.

Hand held, hope lit,

calms fears, tears pent
where soul once split
frustrations vent.

Hands held French, Brit,
ascent assents,
from fear of pit
protects intent.

Hand held has writ
with wit on why,
and would commit
without good-bye!

written 15 June 2008 after and in response to M.C.

La Main que je Tiens

La main que je tiens
Fermement, sans soupir,
Indissoluble lien
Un soutien, sans faillir

Cette main se souvient
D'obstacles franchis
De chemins incertains
D'espoirs inassouvis

Cette main me retient
Me promet l'infini,
Me sussure des matins
Libérés - une vie.

Cette main qui me ceint
Et s'accroche aux phalanges
Lentement me suspend
Au dessus d'un ravin

Cette main qui me tient
Qui m'absorbe et me suit
La pourrai-je lâcher

Sans craindre de la briser?

Maude C 1975_20xx

Jonathan ROBIN

Dulce Et Decorum

DULCE ET DECORUM

Above brave soldiers' graves green spears grow high,
crops wave gold ears, they've witnessed years flow by.
Poppy enclave scene: tears keen, winds sigh,
here rinse entrenched biers clean – who heeds their cry?

30 July 1977

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Jonathan ROBIN

Dust To Dust We Go

Dawn sees fame doused, seized day may flame no more.
Undone brief space, trace grief reefed, dust bests fun,
Sunburst's terse rhyme. Night's certain. Rust rests run.
Torn bloom, aims shorn, entombs fair name now poor.
Thorn store shames crow caw, claims tamed, humbled core.
Once spun power mimes fight, loon scores crust, jest done.
Dunce - shun tower chimes' rite, noon whores' lust, gest stun.
Unpure frame, worn, frays, pays, end-game shows flaw.
Scorn's poured on unmourned lame so proud before.

Trip, [t]ripped up, tunnel turns, limelight dims dun.
Won shone flower rimes, hour grimes, Quest jest? none!
End: forlorn, unborne, faith wraith for sure.
Glory for soul, some say life sends gold key,
Or we poor, sole, dumb pray strife ends, goal flee.

Jonathan ROBIN

Eager Acrostic Toujours Sa Maude

The Elves and fairies net love's song
Open locks, set fancy free,
Upon hope's wind true love prolong
Joy rhyming with eternity.
One only could fulfillment bring
Unite heart mind in symphony
Responding tenderly to sing
Serenity's identity
A pure reflection of two hearts
Made one, as reciprocity
Allows both give and take as parts
United are in harmony.
Doubt fades away, love knows no shame,
Eager two fly who once felt lame...

Responsum MC Love Words

Index Number out of Chronological Order

(29 June 2008 robi03_1381_robi03_0000 AFS_KLX)

Love Words

I had told of my love
To the leaves of a tree.
Curious they were not,
Green eyes were they only.

But my words, all, were caught
By the swift elvish wind;
It blew them in and out
Scattering and twirling.

In unexpected ways
The struggle they replaced
Falling with the caress
Of the warm breathing wind.

In my mind which kept them,
Serenity's leader main:
Now unlocked to fancy

From restraint they are free.

Now my words turned to spell
Can they Love praise and tell.

Maude CORRIERAS

Jonathan ROBIN

Earthquake

Lava caldera sudden shivers,
earthquake swallows soil that quivers,
life threatening, uprooting rivers,
fissure, sink-hole, Earth delivers
from human parasites slit in slivers.

(25 March 2013)

Jonathan ROBIN

Eclectic Essays Evolve

Eclectic essays evolve, expressing emotion, effectively ensuring enjoyment
examined everywhere.

Controlled creative content cancels coarse, crude, cantankerous chit-chat.

Chasing

Lines listless, lackadaisical, lively loquacious lilt lifting

Enthusiasm. Energy engenders empathy, extraordinary elation.

Conservative chromatic context - challenge contest's creation -

Threads thinking tough, tender, through thoughtful triumph thesis tasting

Idyll's ideal interprets ideas. Impressive is intense inspired imagination,

Considered cameo canvas crafting convivial conversation.

Precocious placid poet's playful phrasing placates persnickety problem people

Offering overture's operatic oscillation opening onto ovation.

Entertaining exercise, ensuring extra enchanting enjoyment

May mock morose melancholy, making musical man, maid, merry.

Sound stanzas sound splendiferous, sensing serendipity

Glow, granting glee. Gentleman gently garners golden goblet, gainsays gadfly
giddy gaudy gesticulation.

Jonathan ROBIN

Ecology

Pollution and spillage,
plunder, rape, pillage,
Earth's face is turned.
Earth's beauty burned
Earth's shame discerned
in climatic warning.

In city and village,
factory, tillage,
Man's pride is spurned,
Man's ashes urned,
Man dust returned
with climactic mo[u]rning.

Jonathan ROBIN

Ecology II

Ecology II

Cycles some would modify
could cull all promise from the future,
kill aqua flora, fin and feather.
Supersonic trails in sky –
a risk one cannot quantify -
distorting winds and weather.

Climates change and cultures die,
currents warm mankind defy
as seas rise to highest levels ever
and livid coral reefs bone dry.
Watershed threat carbon di!
On politicians who'd rely?

Pollutions [sp]ills some fools deny
when lobbies rich requalify
risks in an endeavour
to twist statistics you and I
investigate as tension high
takes us beyond all tether.

Dangers dire as any lie
upon mankind which turns blind eye
to threats that all together
should meet before too late to cry.
The question is not whether
but when much land today still dry
will seasink beneath leaden sky –
beware tomorrow's weather!

© Jonathan ROBIN robi3_1006 written 6 August 1977

Ecology

Pollution and spillage,

plunder, rape, pillage,
Earth's face is turned.
Earth's beauty burned
Earth's shame discerned
in climatic warning...

In city and village,
factory, tillage,
Man's pride is spurned,
Man's ashes urned,
Man dust returned
with climactic mo[ur]ning.

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Ecology III

Pelagic Complaint The Gull's Reply

Petrel's plumes in air, Detergent curd, vile sea,
petrol's fumes on sea; tern turning through the air;
a letter, here or there, - submergent bird I'll be, -
what difference to me? all to you, I do swear!

Petrol pours on sea, Erne, earnest, swoops from sky,
petrel soars in sky; soiled Skuas slick-stick sea;
a vowel, 'O' or 'E', - Oiled Fulmars homeward fly, -
mmall difference! I sigh! All difference to me!

Petrel flying high, Thick petrol rings I spy,
oil on ocean water; seep from listing tanker;
for any shoaling fry slick sickening squid and I, -
the odds on life grow shorter! Eternity, remember!

© Jonathan ROBIN robi3_1007 written 6 August 1977

O Hush Baby Tory

O hush baby Tory, Ecology's 'in",
and industry's excess will sanction as sin, -
all enterprise, private or public, must see
advantages saving the seal and the sea.

Green power could capture the red, white, and blue,
lean hours for poor Thatcher and all of her crew, -
the Future must settle the Past's spendthrift spree,
what kilowatts wasted, what lost energy!

Beware, though pollution once sped profits' rise,
acid rains and dioxide now blanket the skies,
while French leave's been taken by birds and by bees,
with AIDS round the corner, - Love's no longer free!

With Tchernobyl cooking though four years have fled,
who knows w[h]att reaction may come to a head, -
the hole in the ozone could soon prove to be
a threat to humanity, Maggie and me!

© Jonathan ROBIN robi3_0167_scot3_0004 parody Sir Walter Scott Lullaby on
an Infant Chief written 25 April 1990

Jonathan ROBIN

Ecology Iii

Ecology III

Pelagic Complaint The Gull's Reply

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Ecology

Pollution and spillage,
plunder, rape, pillage,
Earth's face is turned.
Earth's beauty burned
Earth's shame discerned
in climatic warning...

In city and village,
factory, tillage,
Man's pride is spurned,
Man's ashes urned,
Man dust returned
with climactic mo[u]rning.

© Jonathan ROBIN Poem robi3_0049 13 December 1975

Ecology II

Cycles some would modify
could cull all promise from the future,
kill aqua flora, fin and feather.
Supersonic trails in sky –
a risk one cannot quantify -
distorting winds and weather.

Climates change and cultures die,
currents warm mankind defy
as seas rise to highest levels ever
and livid coral reefs bone dry.
Watershed threat carbon di!
On politicians who'd rely?

Pollutions [sp]ills some fools deny
when lobbies rich requalify
risks in an endeavour
to twist statistics you and I
investigate as tension high
takes us beyond all tether.

Dangers dire as any lie
upon mankind which turns blind eye
to threats that all together
should meet before too late to cry.
The question is not whether
but when much land today still dry
will seasink beneath leaden sky –
beware tomorrow's weather!

© Jonathan ROBIN robi3_1006 written 6 August 1977

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an Infant Chief written 25 April 1990

Jonathan ROBIN

Ecstatic Repassage To M C

She sought true light, he taught delight
blue skies through beryl polyhedral,
aragonite eyes expedite
replied declaring ex-cathedral
that mindset tight moved on from right,
wrong well defined, scarce subtrihedral,
to dreams by night which dawn's flush might
blush at in fashion quite primeval.

Lip-service rite quite recondite
was dropped in favour, speak no evil,
of flesh unite, fresh fires ignite,
false frontiers, tears, fade past retrieval.
Twinned soul song bright tu[r]ned to insight
between French Doctor mediaeval
auto-didactic erudite,
became true blessing, joy coeval
with fahrenheit sword soaring white
hot, melting point reached. Each upheaval
brought satellite stars, blood rush quite
ecstactic for orgasmic reprieval.

Jonathan ROBIN

Efforts Unrewarded 0846 Current Version

Time mocks priorities as, day by day,
efforts, unrewarded, dream vain show.
Existence: an incessant ebb and flow.
effects link subtle causal interplay
none may control. Coincidence at play
enacts a dance whose pattern steps few know.
Some keys, decoded, avoid stop and go,
channel energy to colour grey.
Harmony and Chance Time's tides obey,
music invent, according string to bow,
instinctively enjoying vertigo
unknown to most, who coast with bubble bray
turned to empty echo drowned unheard.
Late offers elegy for early bird.

(7 March 2009)

Jonathan ROBIN

Eggs After Alfred Joyce Kilmer Trees

I think that I could never beg
for peg leg oblong as an egg,
though eggs on toast all must adore
except, when buttered, fall to floor.

Praise egg which did the hen precede,
or is it follow? there's a need
for eggs where salmonella's trace
is absent, waiting tongue's embrace.

An egg's airtight protective shell
laid months ago one should not sell.
An egg! that Gulliver might reign!
which ultimately smashed in twain
may hatch cheep with no cheap complain
or on white tablecloth might stain.

So shell out, reader, for this prose
more praise deserves than any rose,
add gold applause to nest-egg feather,
attention spans reach end of tether!

Eggs fossilized, their traits appended,
show birds from dinosaurs descended.
Poets are fools who live to beg
for foot and mouth while God's good egg
herein appears from Trees descended,
now sun glow, background white, verse ended!

Jonathan ROBIN

Einherjar According To Yggdrasil

Millenia Laeraor rose up
from slender trunk to tickle moon
while Asgard's Gods would wood festoon.
I versify. Life's afternoon
slips into eventide to sup
beside bright golden buttercup,
among young joyous saplings strewn,
commune with magic, bounty, boon.

Long in Urd's Court Norse Norms held sway
Enveaving threads each day saw cut
to mourn, or strengthend, no doors shut
extending mortal luck, as hut
bore witness to prosperity
or fortold freemen slavery,
roots reached to every cranny nook
to note the choices each soul took
life's book was filled, no chance foresook,
all truth and falsehood light of day
discovered, treason's reasoned play
as seasons followed seasons' stay.

Yggdrasil sage won't cage wise snakes,
the roots to subterraenean lakes
descend from which the Aesir ride,
beneath Frost Jostnar time and tide
resist the worm which would abide
to gnaw, ignores not Man's mistakes.
Till Ragnarök when Gods take horse
to Vignor war plain, voices hoarse
as battle charges - woe betide -
left Odin hung from branch thigh wide.

From sunrise smile with dewdrop pearls
whose tears deck leaves as each uncurls,
from breath by photosynthesis
to death without a goodbye kiss,
from sapling which warm zephyr twirls
to gnarled old wood with outgrowth burls,

on how I live, on that and this,
my roots reflect before abyss
recycling swallows branch and twig.

Ash understands life's whirligig
spins rings concentric marking time
to final season's reasoned climb,
from shoot to trunk and branches big
where grunting pigs for truffles dig,
plays panorama pantomime
from small to tall productive prime.
Norse legends link wood warden's twig
unto Creation's wheel sublime.

Old Einerjar turn in their sods
to see Valhalla vanquished by
strange peoples that to other gods
or none at all pay homage: high
now low lies, battle high and dry
defeated, fought against huge odds.
What Valkyrie still valour's squads
review, hold true to legend? why
do men pollute Earth? Shed sharp sigh!

Although deep rooted, tree to tree
transmits, receives, all share lore we
from long lost Ents once learned before
our quintessential none ignore
fixed time and place as by decree
we walked no longer. By degree
our waiting, shepherd like, restore
to earth a balance more and more
contested by Man's needless squander
from here unto the wild blue yonder.

None urban grey smog clogs dismiss
as harmless. Men must reminisce:
as chickens home to roost will wander
humanity - no time to ponder -
clima[c]tic tipping point does miss.
Lost souls who fail to recognize
the role Norms play, or dreams disguise

as hearsay must to old ways, ties,
cleave clear reforge or self despise,
or kiss goodbye to joy, to bliss.

For centuries Laeraör, Ash, Oak, ,
through summer sunshine, winter cloak
bore witness to the seasons' change,
to human intercourse, exchange,
from hoarfrost leaflessness to soak
when purple, yellow, crocus poke
amid dawn's dew while worming range
both early bird and shadows strange.

'Mid shadows numberless' my shade
spreads out amid the gladding glade,
pink hollyhock, blue lupin rise
to draw light's glory from fair skies.
May life for men spread unafraid
and unpolluted, story laid
to greet with open-eyed surprise
life's weather in whatever guise.

One thousand years and more Ash tree
extended branching canopy,
while underground in silence spread
stretched roots beneath man's heedless tread.
Pride grew to rot in sin, babe new
to stripling grew, knew cemetery,
leafed out a destiny, which, read,
showed little purpose, tail or head.

Man's generations come and go,
ignoring seasons' reasoned flow,
would all control to leave a mark
or heartless heart on rugged bark.
But patient bark will overflow
this rapid race whose trace may know
no glory when their story stark
is told by ants in days now dark.

Lost centuries For centuries Laeraör could see
woodpeckers knock, fragility

despite umbrella overhead,
while squirrel frisked from eyrie bed
to sneak snake gossip most misled.
Beside the shallow riverbed.
There beech and birch accompany
pine saplings bleached by destiny.
There willow waved his streaming head,
there thoughts foregathered, few foes dread.

Man's generation climate change
prepares - for tree 'tis passing strange
to sense through signals in the air
ice melt round grounded polar bear.
This threatens trees. New insects range
from south to north, to rearrange
established patterns everywhere, -
some species sink, jinx can't repair.

One thousand years and more, few things
today seem magic, stay Time's stings,
Norms thread reform, swift disarrange
the plans of mice and men, while mange
rots fur once fine, wine tart turns, strings
of cause, effect, converge, which brings
cusp watershed - yet still life streams
bark, branches, raft, recrafting dreams.

Here see the brambles' carefree play,
here too wild roses mild display
their petal banners white and pink
recorded now in ink.
Here too find peace and balmy breeze
which laughs at man's fatuities,
while honey bees buzz through and link
Nature's cycles while we think.

One thousand years and more tree rings
record life's chord word, climate swings
from summers Indian and drought
to winters harsh and frozen out.
Yet 'permanence' like many things,
is only relative - Time's wings

ambitions and conventions flout,
wage war on s[t]age, deception, doubt.

Though Odin quaffs nor drink, nor meat,
trees through roots tap freshwater sweet,
while men, wild boars, themselves consume,
till Valkyrie vote lonely tomb -
too few Valhalla's halls may meet,
for most, deceitful, taste defeat
without Gods' grace, in unmarked tomb,
feast not upon Yggdrasil's bloom.

Norse tree tale draws unto doomed end
with naught to strive for, naught defend.
Neutral witness I, Ash, record
what winds have borne of bed and board
dealt to rash man who brash pride bends
from straight and narrow, Nature offends.
Leaf blows from branch, Time's wind may lend
boughs years on end unbowed, assured,
until fate's final bow cuts cord,
leaves die a log by sunlit sward.

Jonathan ROBIN

Ekaterina

Energy, intelligence, create
Kaleidoscopic images vibrating
As multi-tasking talents celebrate
Tri-di feedback links anticipating
Enchantment, shared awareness. Interplays
Respond to cue into key, catalyze
Innate potential. Dialogue betrays
New kinship true where beauty, doubly wise,
Answers finds, minds unite through difference
Explore shores unexpected, oceans wide,
Knowledge glean, goals reached spurn self-defence,
AT ease as dream themes seem to coincide.
ERgo: Linguistic gap is bridged, joy's fast
IN A swift sonnet seen, lifts hope's forecast.

Jonathan ROBIN

Electoral Abuse After William Wordsworth Calais, August 15 1802

Festivals have I seen whose joyous names:
Turned sour as time took toll: election day
fair promise fails faced with crass quoldibet
which life dictator's power play proclaims
Our approbation starts with fun and games
soon palls as pals and croneys have their way
top-down corruptions spreads disease, dismay
from sea to sea, guilt prospers, freedom jail photo frames.
Though wheel turns much the same remains, some go,
some rise preceding fall from prouder climb;
ambition's senselessness to self seems crime!
Happy is he, who, caring not for Pope,
Dictatorship, abuse, stays sound can know
Man's destiny should, unbanned, expand in hope!

Festivals have I seen that were not names:
This is young Buonaparte's natal day,
And his is henceforth an established sway
Consul for life. With worship France proclaims
Her approbation, and with pomps and games.
Heaven grant that other Cities may be gay!
Calais is not: and I have bent my way
To the sea-coast, noting that each man frames
His business as he likes. Far other show
My youth here witnessed, in a prouder time;
The senselessness of joy was then sublime!
Happy is he, who, caring not for Pope,
Consul, or King, can sound himself to know
The destiny of Man, and live in hope.
William Wordsworth Calais

(29 February 2012)

Jonathan ROBIN

Electra's Cousin's Calvity After Robert Herrick To Electra

I dare not ask a hat,
or beret of French style,
lest having this or that
I might go bald the while.

No, no, the utmost hair
beyond compare's care, see,
each root I'd miss, despair,
accursèd calvity!

To Electra

I dare not ask a kiss,
I dare not beg a smile;
lest having that or this,
I might grow proud the while.

No, no, the utmost share
of my desire shall be
only to kiss that Air
that lately kissèd thee.

Jonathan ROBIN

Elefans' Fans - Elefans' Fans - Gray Eulogy Written In A Country Backyard

Enormous fan ears,
Like trees legs large, small rope tail,
Ends pointed, tusk spears.
Flanks walls, pack I derm trunk snake
ANSwer: blind faith tale's trumps wake.

21 March 2009 robi3_1871_saxe1_0003 PAH_NXX
Acrostic Tanka Elefans

The Blind Men and the Elephant

It was six men of Hindostan
To learning much inclined
Who went to see the Elephant
[Though all of them were blind];
That each by observation
Might satisfy his mind.

The first approached the Elephant,
And happening to fall
Against his broad and sturdy side,
At once began to bawl:
"Bless me, it seems the Elephant
Is very like a wall."

The second, feeling of his tusk,
Cried, "Ho! what have we here
So very round and smooth and sharp.
To me `tis mighty clear
This wonder of an Elephant
Is very like a spear."

The third approached the animal,
And happening to take
The squirming trunk within his hands,
Then boldly up and spake:
"I see, " quoth he, "the Elephant

Is very like a snake."

The fourth stretched out his eager hand
And felt about the knee,
"What most this mighty beast is like
Is mighty plain, " quoth he:
"'Tis clear enough, the Elephant
Is very like a tree."

The fifth who chanced to touch the ear
Said, "Even the blindest man
Can tell what this resembles most;
Deny the fact who can,
This marvel of an Elephant
Is very like a fan."

The sixth, no sooner had began
About the beast to grope,
Than, seizing on the swinging tail
That fell within his scope,
"I see, " cried he, "the Elephant
Is very like a rope."

And so these men of Hindostan
Disputed loud and long,
Each in his own opinion
Exceeding stiff and strong,
Though each was partly in the right
And all were in the wrong.

John Godfrey SAXE 1816_1887 saxe01_0003_saxe01_0000 PXX_EJX

Jonathan ROBIN

Elefans' Fans' Grey Tanka Eulogy Written On A Grass Green Country Backyard After John Godfrey Saxe The Blind Men And The Elephant

The King was ill. A travelling monk told him to look upon the healing colour of green. The king spent lakhs and lakhs of money hiring artists to paint the entire country green. The monk once again travelled in the vicinity and came to court. He said to the king: 'Would it not have been better to put on green glasses? '
Paraphrased from a story told by Sathya Sai Baba

Guard us from advice
Responses aping logic
As King in a trice
Should have rejected both monk,
Story artists' green leafed trunk.

Green dreams in dark night
Reveal lies theologic
Emerald eyes quite
Express blood red as black junk -
Simplistic suggestions sunk.

Enormous fan ears,
Like trees legs large, small rope tail,
Ends pointed, tusk spears.
Flanks walls, pack I derm trunk snake
ANSwer: blind faith tale's trumps wake.

Guard from blind minds blind
Leads up undermined mined path
As grass green scene signed
Shows more than meets eye. debunk
Surface virid, vivid drunk.

The Blind Men and the Elephant
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To learning much inclined
Who went to see the Elephant
[Though all of them were blind];
That each by observation

Might satisfy his mind.

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Disputed loud and long,
Each in his own opinion
Exceeding stiff and strong,
Though each was partly in the right
And all were in the wrong.
John Godfrey Saxe

(26 February 2012)

Jonathan ROBIN

Elegy On A Brazilian Bug

I was warlord
of ten thousand
which multiplied by two
upon my word
whenever sand
ticked nanosecond through.

I was the Word
to a viral band
dividing yet anew,
where'er I stirred
in gut or gland,
spread grief – to each his due.

Card-coded cord,
D.N.A. band,
bound by genetic glue;
a hidden horde,
on every hand
mutating molecu.

As victims soared
some out of hand
perceived the risk that grew,
the threat explored, -
migration banned, -
strategic overview.

My rule was awed
by chain and strand,
primaeval soup and stew;
perverted curd
bad blood would brand, -
a death-mask was my brew.

In prayer implored
strong man, unmanned
with fear, and women too;
to dust restored

the pale, the tanned,
who died ere dawn dried dew.

So, silent s[c]ored
the brave, the bland,
pauper, patrician too;
those loved, adored,
the poor, the grand, -
God to his bosom drew.

With one accord
the fever fanned,
interring not a few;
until we heard
from a foreign land
of a feared French Institut.

Jet engines purred,
saw Concorde land,
descending from the blue;
the silver bird
God's globe had spanned
with gamma-globulu.

France had prepared
Brazil's demand -
her government well knew,
for they were scared,
could scarce withstand
the queues where sickness grew.

To germ, absurd,
to Man, 'twas grand,
both bug and bitten knew
while men murmured
San Paolo's sand
would test their techniques true.

Drugs undeterred,
injections canned,
from man to man they flew,
vaccines record

where their errand,
ten million jabs to do.

My genes had erred,
Merieux well planned,
they struck my stock so true!
Chromosomes blurred,
nor token stand
we could not make – adieu!

(24 June 1975)

Jonathan ROBIN

Elegy On A London Jobber

Around the pristine walls of neon glass
the London jobber posts by pillared cell, -
to take a turn, Old Boy, to buy or sell.
He shares his pitch with others of his class,
and pitches shares while brokers pell-mell pass, -
marks red to buttons blue as green as grass.
Bell rings. He takes the call which spells shell's knell,
then calls the take, fulfilling function well, -
tied to the Old School system, - silly farce!

Too many heads swell, barter gold for brass.
Though sun still shines, most squander hay - their bell
will toll, and toll-free shall machines excel,
matchless in matching bargains to surpass
those who for short hours, for fat pay, alas,
play both sides of the coin, bulls, bears, harass,
between fear, greed, prey – arbitrage cartel.
Hammered – Fate prepares a fond farewell
for all who take for granted "vie est belle! "

Jonathan ROBIN

Eleven

ELEVEN

Eleven, eleven, eleven years old,
intrepid, courageous, becomingly bold,
awaiting the whistle to aim at the goal,
youth victory snatches to go for the gold.

Eleven in yellow, eleven in blue,
first warm up, then face out, they know what to do,
team practice their axis extended, each soul
feels ready, steels steady, heart heady, on cue.

Eleven enthusiasts, courage extolled,
engage without rage on the field that has told
long tales of hopes met or defeats swallowed whole,
on one ball all focus as onwards its rolled.

Eleven, eleven, well matched, tackle through,
a game which enflames passions partisan, true,
team work all important as each knows the role
to play so the day stays as record all view

Rupert Kensho Robin Le Saux written Chateaugiron 23 October 2006

robi03_1457_robi03_0000 XXX_MXX

Eleven poem © Jonathan Robin

Jonathan ROBIN

Elgin Marbles Acrostic

Elgin exit permit from Turks obtained
Left pictures plundered from the Parthenon
Gift to England from Greece over-run
Illicit theft, Acropolis bereft, maintained
Now full two hundred years. Relations strained.
Museum pieces on display have done
A grave dis-service to Art which should shun
Ransacking of Man's heritage which reigned
Before Great Britain was much more than swamp.
LESson: return to Hellenes frescoes' pomp.

(7 February 2012)

Jonathan ROBIN

Elizabethan Ode - French And English Alliteration Acrostic

ELIZABETHAN ODE

Eye evidence, essential essence, eliminate evanescence.
Life links leal, lifts local level label, lets loyal love thrill, spill, spell swell well.
Iraqi illuminati, in ideal Irani idyll insight, intuitively identify pi.
Zephyrs zigzag Fez, Zion, Jerez zoom z zones, Cortez'
America, Africa, Asia, and Australasia, award Aisha ahura aura
Beauty's baobub boob bulb baits breath, - throb blurb brain bomb.
Elate, elevate exquisite elite, emanate effervescence.
Total trust, trait tact, traps tart test threat, - that toast taught taut thought text
tract triumphant.
Hurrah hath harmony hatch. Happiness here holdeth heavenly hope high

Essence est vie et l'harmonie, en elle
Laisant le lien loyal, réel miel du ciel.
Image aussi infinie ici ira
Zephyr voyagez, voyez, vivez!
Aura ardeur, là attendra, aimera
Beauté bien brillante bannira bla, bla!
Exquise est voie esquissée - espère énergie, émoi et joie
Tenant tête - tâtant terrain, tout test totalement transparent traduit toi[t]
triomphant
Homme heureux, ah!

19 April 2005 revised 18 November 2006
robi03_1239_robi03_0000 BQT_LMX

Jonathan ROBIN

Eloisa To Abelard's Cousin Alexander Dope Regretting Pseudo-Poetic Rants

Alas how strange, what sudden horrors rise,
see senseless stripling's strophe s[cr]eeding sighs
destroys 'A Peoples' poise! Strong voice, longhand,
pen style defiled, oppos'd divine command.
Barbarian stay! poor wordy strokes restrain,
crime counters common-sense, uncommon pain
few comments calls, shame falls, rage unsuppress'd.
Let tears rush, burning blush can't soothe unrest.

Where prose curse rose verse crushes on the screen
regretting unmet meter, rhyme unseen,
there rant vent some invent, print upper case
to compensate for words deformed, off base,
yet base remaining, seldom food for thought
vouchsafing. For 'profanum vulgus' caught
between the hammer of prose rush to crush
opposing int'rests husky train mush-mush
robs pure poetics drawn to graceful mesh,
of fundament insights bright and fresh.

Poetic diction weaves a magic spell
as voice may gourmet choice prefer, plumb well
vocabulary wide and rich to stitch
here playful pitch, there stars as glimpsed from ditch.
Star symphony tunes pitch, no pitch and toss
expedience is found where at a loss
for words rant writer higgledy-piggledy hurls
texto terms, mizzspellings big toe curls
to tail prehensile, outraged by page tale
that tortures language way beyond the pale.

Love of language, music, must entwine
to offer vintage robed poetic wine,
from whine ungainly liberate cork
awkward bungled penny-a-liner dork,
whose I is crossed, with T as PDQ
U turn burns bridges. Few true overview

holistic here retain with grace and style,
maintaining pace, informing all the while
with inspiration gilding framework fair
building leaving room to insight share,
expunged initial incongruity.
true verse evolves in perpetuity,
revised through time, read rhyme to reason wed,
sense, sounds sublime, chime though swift seasons spread.
On purple prose opprobrium is heaped
script skipped, sense stripped, in Lethe's waters steeped,
though one might ask harsh fate: 'Who cares a dime
you take to task ill-written words as crime? '

Both form and scansion contribute to show
that music, passion, flow together, glow,
may, growing way beyond restrictions trite,
invent divine dimension for delight
as flow and form, united, complement
intentions to travers minds petty, bent,
transforming virgin page to blushing bride
implicitly addressing sense most hide
hoarse through coarse overstatements we deride.

Stravinsky, Igor, eagerly explained
to who against traditions' forms complained,
that artificial rule constrictive leave
realms superficial, birthing mirth, conceive
in music and in poetry key cues
most fundamental to aspiring muse,
empowering major creativity
above and beyond form-lazy minor key.
Guidelines teach till reach is over-wrought,
beauty to words translated from pure thought.

Soul pure keys into beauty to explain
fact or imagination, turning plain
to harmony which head and shoulders rises
above the common herd intent on prizes;
gold, silver, bronze they honour, able mention
turns green about the gills with apprehension
that quality may quantity defeat
through due alliteration, scanning feet.

Heaven in a grain of sand is caught,
transported through synaptic links to port.

Verse seeks not to impress, in press would print
no mumbo-jumbo jumble spliced with splint
to help wimp limp upon the printed page,
unseen thereafter, stricken from life's stage.
The poet, spurning screed, turns refrain
unstrained, at times untrained, to gift again
imagination's dream theme, or some theme
drawn from 'true life', would content, context team
to offer up a canvas existential
layered, well prepared compared to bare essential
prose rant unkind is most inclined to spread
upon sheet, screen, with little heart or head
returns for future gleaning - fallow write
unharvested, weed seedless, from the light
of harmony and balance both restrained,
yet unrestrained refrain, sense unsustained.

Away from ego poet channels verse,
half hopes successive centuries rehearse
some tithe of sentiments both well expressed
and pertinent to tomorrow's woes addressed
with empathy, to kindred spirits found
beyond time's second thoughts, retaining sound
advice or heartfelt pleadings; worthy cause
espoused to rouse fresh readers. Free from flaws
verse flow should glow with inner light to move
hearts hopeful, soothing minds which would remove
all trace of hasty pace, find space to grow
release and peace which through great verse may flow.

Jonathan ROBIN

Embrace New Wave

Come dance, advance, no strings attached,
except of harp or violin,
authenticity unmatched
shall shed lies, ties that bred chagrin.
Thus inner doors may be unlatched,
contradictions' gins cave in
Embrace new wave, surf safe, unscratched;
soul wakes, breaks compromising sin.

(11 May 2012)

Jonathan ROBIN

Emergency Exits - Acrostic Sonnet

In times of stress essential answers sought
Sudden surface in a subtle way.
Space and time dissolve, or interplay
Unconsciously until the flash is caught.
Enlightenment's attained. Yet who may thought
Describe, synaptic, instant reflex-play
Embracing every aspect of life's sway?
Split-second signals sent, received, rewrought,
Expand horizons, energize, consort,
Capture pictures which, translated, grey
Open up, disperse, may drive away.
Unlimited, our scope sets fears to naught.
Rise to each challenge with untrammelled mind,
Soar through massed cloudbanks, darkness leave behind.

Jonathan ROBIN

Emotional Immaturity

EMOTIONAL IMMATURITY

Affection to some seems affliction
who spurn love, too turn up each tooth –
construction returns to constriction
as they burn up the promise of youth...

4 May 1979

robi03_0165_robi03_0000 XXX_JUX

Jonathan ROBIN

Emotion's Oceans - 1780

Mermaid cavern 'neath the swirling sea
Asphixiates or offers oxygen,
Uses air or brings it back again
Depending on soul's authenticity.
Echoed heart fresh start may chart, feel free
Creating through new insight 'yond the ken
Most can key into state where paper pen
And thoughts unite as reciprocity
Unbiased flows to serendipity.
Depth shatters superficial brakes 'why' 'when'
Eden rediscovers, sings amen.
Come heed Pope - Alexander - quoted, he
Marks 'little learning may intoxicate, '
Complete immersion serves to liberate.

(1 July 2008)

Jonathan ROBIN

Empathy Eliminates Disparity

Shows not the softest candlelight
whence springs pheromonal insight
as tenderness finds wings for flight
two generate true current bright?
Dwells not in magic spell a part
to warmly welcome counterpart?

No story's glory may there be
without complementarity
which weaves warp, weft, proactively
to spin cocoon serenity
dissolving walls, near, far apart,
soon spanned, refusing hard rampart

Two glow serene as empathy
eliminates, disparity,
giving, taking, flowing free
kaleidoscope in harmony.
Swells not to tenderness one part
but part responds, hearts love impart.

Contentment scents sincerity,
Man, maid soon braid eternity,
seed need, need seed, as two, in key,
days', nights', delights, in verity
all flows together, heart to heart,
artless ardour's stars' compart.

No discord and no cord we see
disturb, perturb, love's symphony
whose magic music minstrelsy
mocks locks, blocks shocks, cacophony,
as Venus, Mars, through Cupid's dart,
invent warm universe apart.

Shows not the softest candlelight
whence springs this source of second-sight?
Bells chime not to old echo quite,
new notes lend throat to rhyme delight,

know neither end nor vulgar start,
as all streams from destined depart.

Jonathan ROBIN

Empathy Susanne Sellers

Strange coincidence and happy that despite the daily grind
Ubiquitous which often does appal,
Sudden came that smile so golden to enthrall!
An initial sign and signal, touching tendrils in the mind
New-discovered came across a spacious hall.
Nerves strained every intuition, trying hard to see behind
Each surface smile and hidden si[g]n so small.

So instead of veiled emotions, magic potions did unbind
Ultimate affection which before I'd wall
So as to avoid the void of hurt, unhappiness forestall,
And instead of screens obscene a Queen of open mind we find
Now where two before no feelings I recall,
Numb the soul's song, dumb the heart-strings were, ambitions undefined,
Expecting anxiously sweet Susanne's call.

Summer's sunny smile did banish rife where heart and soul inclined
Unreservedly to open up in Gaul
Superlatives that never knew pitfall
Autumn's cold, though bold, could melt at last, bring joy unto mankind
Nature Nature had surpassed, one over all!
Nothing can compare with her sweet air, and silken tresses twined,
Even Helen's name lost claim to fame, did pall.

Sweet Susanne's soft and charming manner was a banner so refined,
Unfurled the flag of Beauty was to all,
Silencing all critics, each catcall.
And now I know I'd thrones forego, to echo unconfined,
Nobility which her heart would install.
Now as Queen for ever, Muse and envy of all Womankind,
Eternal lines ascribing to her thrall.

Signals when received believed were, sending inspiration signed
Unashamedly by Susanne, never Paul
So surprised was by the bright light none could stall.
All others show a surface glow, her charms alone can blind!
No wonder by her side pride strides so tall!
Noting soft curvaceous stature with a spirit strong to bind,
Enthusiastic praise whate'er befall.

Singing praises in rhymed phrases all the day is much maligned
Understanding passing through fair verse may fall
Sweetly on the ears, respond to inner call.
Although more verse I would rehearse to praise her, yet unkind
Narrow English lacks linguistic wherewithal!
Nobleness and virtues true unchallenged are in her combined,
Egypt's Cleopatra too would blush withal!

Jonathan ROBIN

Emphasis - Does Prose Satisfy?

Do rhyme and structure strangle sense,
Or emphasize emotions which
Eclectic rhythms render rich?
Stress reinforces verse, intense
Pleasure may be felt, with scents
Recalled from seasons past. Why stitch
On prose per prose that joy, its switch
So seldom magic supplements.
Excessive style is sterile, whence
Some seem to say that those who ditch
A long tradition feel the itch
To sense in rhyme mime or pretense.
It could be this misrepresents
So much which should be shared, keyed pitch.
Facts dry may well define a rose,
Yet can its scent pour through poor prose?

Do rhyme and structure strangle sense,
Or add dimensions parallel
Enhancing feelings' tidal swell
Stirring harmonies, and hence
Portraying more than meets the eye -
Right brain stimulation. Cry
Or laughter, love, hate, violence.
Song symphonic supplements
Euphuism, represents
Sensitivity's sixth sense
As creativity presents
Tensile sound resilience.
Internal rhyme, puns' pertinence.
Stretching initial versed intents.
Fast obsolete, poor prose one knows
Yields no fresh harvest, faulty flows.

Jonathan ROBIN

Empires Or Emprise Du Temps - Déjà Vu

Empires rise and empires fall
Make way for others, Nature's call
Plays games with Man as cycles turn,
Return to nothingness, inurn
Irrevelancies which so tall
Seemed once to stand, ambitions pall.
Each mind may find calm's balm, discern,
Despite Time's pressure, peace none spurn.
Use well life's spell as spacious hall
To understand how all IN all
Equal stands, IS all to learn.
Much veiled, or paled, scaled truth may turn.
P.S. what silver, gold, appear
Shine only to reflect vain tear.

Existential déjà-vu
Muses on beneath life's tree,
Perusing through eternity
Ideas and feelings which into
Regrets may turn, dreams spiral through
Ends, means, bends, flame fame's aims to see
Some framework for coherency.
One day alone, the next wit's woo
Fares well a while then farewell to
The slings and arrows life must see
In phantom mime fatuity:
Mortality's subjective view
Each must fray path to answers held
Spring shoots, fall leaf loots, roots, tree felled.

Jonathan ROBIN

Empowerment

Times of trouble sponge solutions new,
Insight inks page which once seemed whitewash blank.
Grief is patient. Joy greets the dawn to thank
Hope for fresh sparks where all once seemed askew.
The challenge unchains energy that through
Creative actions borrow from the bank
Of inner strength, experiences drank
Retained in brain, regurgitate on cue -
New inklings spliced with instincts tried and true.
Errors past forge future force if frank,
Reproachless one remains, nor closed, nor crank.
Sincerity succeeds if luck smiles too.
Turned, tight corners open vistas which
Empower options sure solutions stitch.

© Jonathan ROBIN 20 August 1992 robi3_0596_robi3_0000 revised 24 June 2007

acrostic sonnet - Tight Corners Turned Empower for previous version see below

Tight Corners

Times of trouble sponge solutions new,
Inklings spring up, ink in what seemed blank.
Grief is patient, joy greets the dawn to thank
Hope for fresh sparks where all appeared askew.
The challenge unchains energy which through
Creative insight borrows from the bank
Of inner strenght and knowled which, once drank,
Retained within the brain was, then, on cue,
New-born did blossom: instinct tried and true.
Errors past forge future force if frank,
Reproachless one remains, and not a crank.
Sincerity succeeds if luck smiles too.
Tight corners prove the mettle of the soul,
Cast off all doubts, rewards you'll reap, not dole.

20 August 1992

Jonathan ROBIN

Empty Shell

Skin weathered, worn, gums bled, teeth torn
from roots, where whistle once dared Time
send warning: shorn ambition scorn,
end of tether waits quicklime
to swallow second thoughts forlorn.
Who grasped the thistle, stops scared climb
upon greed's back till envy's sting
curtails wraith's phantom pantomime.
cards stacked pride's track soon downfall bring.

Most lie forsworn before Death's dawn
sets skin a-bristle, fear's enzyme
warms flesh, as gristle few will mourn.
Though working double overtime,
counterattacks relief can't bring,
serve but to animate vain mime:
all's empty shell before knells ring.

Jonathan ROBIN

Enchanting Idyll Metamorphosis

Valerie, sensitivity aware,
Attests fair feelings open love's floodgate.
Longings sate soul, may heartache dissipate.
Energies find focus everywhere,
Voyage into light and laughter, share
Advances, bright emotions to create
Links which chain not, may anticipate
Evolution, understanding where
Renascent change to warmth converts [c]old care,
Instinctively expands joy. Celebrate
Embraced beginnings, secondary state.
Vistas vast serenity prepare,
Adding opportunities to spare.
Life won't turn back. Let Fate precipitate
Expectant metamorphosis elate
Reopening, offers dreams intense and rare.
Idyll ideal's no mirage, free souls start
Enchanting voyage, may Nirvana chart.

Jonathan ROBIN

Encryption

Within Man's mind momentous energy
Is stored, encrypted, waiting for the day
The karmic key is found, masks shed away.
However, while we're waiting, blindly we
In inner turmoil smother liberty,
Nor seek to share the secrets of the Way.
Each in his cell lets cancer spread. Who may
Allow soul space to surface forces free?
Creative links we keep confined, in fee,
Harnessed over lifetimes, kept at bay.
Mind and matter, separated, stay
In abeyance, sad futility.
Nature's codes we may one day decrypt,
Dealing Death a death-blown, shadow's crypt.

(21 October 1992)

Jonathan ROBIN

End Of The Road

The end of the road appears so near.
The will to win is dim, 'tis clear,
as is the understanding things
may not improve – although the swings
and roundabouts life brings may cheer
a mirage moment when thoughts drear
are veiled, seem worst past, when dream sings
away the fears, hears fair Chance rings
the changes one would see.

Beware dream days Chance seems to cheer, -
the nights that follow double fear.
Though welcome inklings flex fresh wings
these fail as token, - broken springs.
Though mind would find an end sincere
the mirror here no change of gear
discerns as date dire direr brings.
Fate, judge and jury, sharpens stings
while Time, deceitful, pulls Life's strings
then buries memory.

Jonathan ROBIN

Engulfed And Anchorless

ENGULFED & ANCHORLESS

Arrogant egocentricity masks fragile insecurity
comfort in blind certainty smacks shameless insincerity,
as often with dexterity men mask profound perplexity
quiddity's validity's subjected to mor[t]ality.

Pandering to posterity maintains momentarily
conceptual fatuity that's self-indulgent vanity.
Vainglorious immaturity gifts mirror of futility
reflects upon majority's definition of/in sanity.

Human ingenuity wars Time's relentless enmity
entangled in complexity, self-circles contradictory,
abhors our core absurdity of death and of futurity.
What waits behind dark Door all flee?
Few dare discover g[u]ilt edged key.

Tomorrow's perpetuity beyond the veil, of "me and thee",
green pasture's vale, vain vanity, stays hid, we kid not, jumping flea
is matrix man, mid grid at sea. One little lifetime's bumble bee
tumbles from pride's ride swiftly, cell refilled automatically.

Winged on one page of Destiny, love, amity and emity,
lend flashpoint sparkle too soon we abandon for eternity.
What's worth one wor[l]d's 'felicity' in country, city, land or sea,
when weighed against infinity time's tide tear waves' salinity...?

Archive deleted from man's memory
absorbs all constituting 'me and thee'.

. / .

Two who each other never knew -
though both ran out delinquency
some streets apart are past, and few
shall etch sketch wretched memory.
Two travelled on lines parallel

while wheeled real reel of history,
banned reel ran out span's tocsin bell
toll'd once to tell eternity

'Bonjour, ma mie, je t'aime, adieu! '
The mocking bird of Destiny
nests but a moment. All falls through
before each earth-bound entity
grasp pain's pain glass a second, spell
life's sensitivity to see
things in perspective ere Death's knell
engulfs hopes in Styx misery.

Confined upon Earth's ark our zoo
builds up its bars too readily.
Why all the fuss and bother to
paint rosy hues enticingly
when threescore ten years pass pell-mell,
too few attain vain century, -
and those that do weak souls would sell
for one more week's dichotomy.

Upon Life's cruise a motley crew
free choice demands, yet few feel free,
awash with superstitious spew,
how few refuse to bend the knee?
The 'finger writes' and then farewell!
A door to which there is no key
was ever veiled when curtains fell,
"and then no more of thee and me."

'Time out! ' Reflection's hard to chew
in context where modernity
accelerates change [st]range most rue,
soon redefines autonomy,
confines empowerment to brew
disinformation debility,
losing second thoughts' review
of truth till last breath's verity
renders verdict curlicue
on humankind's inanity.

Climate out of kilter new
climactic catastrophe
prepares, ice-melt sends shockwaves through
foregone conclusions' fallacy
increasing contradictions' through
politically correct facility.

"Unto thyself be true" seems, too,
dream's motto meaningless. Beauty
and Truth are wi[n][d]owed points of view,
anchorless upon Time's sea.
The generations ebb and swell,
compound their incongruity
in cycles which themselves repel –
rebel then crass conformity.

Time's pendulum swings fro and to,
though now before "security"
some bow "engulfed", sing red, white, blue,
with vibrant ingenuity:
tomorrow they may different spell
commitment to their liberty
when freedom shrinks its empty skin
and nought resists technology
as cyber cusp's bot nano twin
surpasses man's ability
'I am because I think' sinks sin
absorbed in singularity,
hilarity and joy win/win
[s]mothering angularity,

Truth and Untruth, as Heaven, Hell,
add selling pitch variety
constructing concepts which compel
respect towards 'Society'.
With paradigm shift overdue
our superficial piety
most must see through, and not a few
shall challenge blind propriety.

Yet who am I or you to quell

such natural anxiety
when few self-doubting dare dispel
for fear of noteriety?
Refusing to salute on cue
crime may be judged, hyporcrisy, -
yet we need more than social glue
to feed our moral sanity.

To rut - that's meant in senses two -
along allotted lines where the
links thread, commingling till Death's due,
is parody of history, -
allows small space to trace the gel
of Life's romantic mystery
when stem from embryonic cell
is cloned to standard quality.

Come Brave New World! where little new
occurs to stir controversy,
where each his stated task sees through
with difference held heresy,
where all together happy dwell,
where self-fulfillment finally
takes meaning, form, and where the
well of loneliness is filled for free...

19 April 2009 robi3_1885_robi3_0000 XXX_DJX

incorporates revises and expands Anchorless and Engulfed
robi3_0230_robi3_0000 XXX_DJZ 19881031 and "Hither hurried whence?
19881014 robi3_0229_robi3_0000 XXX_DJZ

ANCHORLESS & ENGULFED

Two who each other never knew - though both spent near a century
some streets apart are past, and few shall sketch their wretched memory.

Two travelled on lines parallel while wheeled the reel of history,
that reel ran out and then the bell rang once, - to tell eternity
'Bonjour, ma mie, je t'aime, adieu! ^ The mocking bird of Destiny
nests but a moment. All falls through before each earth-bound entity
can through glass grasp a second well life's sensitivity, may see
things in perspective ere Death's knell engulfs all hopes in misery.

Confined upon Earth's ark, our zoo builds up its bars too readily.
Why all the fuss and bother to paint rosy hues enticingly
when threescore ten pass on pell-mell and few attain their century, -
and those that do weak souls would sell for one more week's insanity.
Upon Life's cruise a motley crew free choice demands, yet few feel free,
awash with superstitious spew, how few refuse to bend the knee?
The 'finger writes' and then farewell! A door to which there is no key
was ever veiled when curtains fell, « and then no more of thee and me. »

« Unto thyself be true » is, too, a motto meaningless. Beauty
and Truth are wi[n][d]owed points of view, anchorless upon Time's sea.
The generations ebb and swell, compound their incongruity
in cycles which themselves repel – rebel then crass conformity.
The pendulum swings fro and to, though now before "security"
some bow "engulfed", sing red, white, blue, with vibrant ingenuity:
tomorrow they may different spell comittment to their liberty
when freedom shrinks its empty skin and nought resists technology.

Truth and Untruth, as Heaven, Hell, add selling pitch variety
constructing concepts which compel respect towards 'Society'.
With paradigm shift overdue this superficial piety
most shill see through, and not a few shall challenge blind propriety.
Yet who am I or you to quell their natural anxiety
when few self doubts dare to dispel for fear of noteriety?
Refusing to salute on cue crime may be judged by vanity, -
yet we need more than social glue to feed our moral sanity.

To rut - that's meant in senses two - along allotted lines where the
links thread, commingling till Death's due, is parody of history, -
allows small space to trace and tell of Life's romantic mystery
when stem from embryonic cell is cloned to standard quality.
Come Brave New World! where little new occurs to stir controversy,
where each his stated task sees through while variance is heresy,
where all together happy dwell, where self-fulfillment finally
takes meaning, form, and where the well of loneliness is filled for free...

© Jonathan Robin Anchorless and Engulfed robi3_0230_robi3_0000 XXX_DJZ 31
October 1988 revised 10 August 2004

see also "Hither hurried whence? " 14 October 1988 and 13 September 2006 for
final verse. robi3_0229_robi3_0000 XXX_DJZ revised 27 April 2008 for previous
version and relevant quotations from the Rubaiyat see below

See also Engulfed and Anchorless incorporating Anchorless and Engulfed, and
"Hither hurried whence? "

see previous version Anchorless below

Anchorless

Two who each other never knew -
though both spent near a century
some streets apart - are past, and few
will ever seek their memory.

Two travelled on lines parallel
while reeled the film of history,
the reel is run and now the bell
tolls once, - and then, eternity!

« Bonjour, ma mie, je t'aime, adieu! »
The mocking bird of Destiny
nests but a moment. All is through
before each earth-bound entity

can through the fog for once see well
what life and laughter mean, and see
things in perspective ere the knell
entombs hopes, fears, and misery.

« Unto thyself be true » is, too,
a motto meaningless! Beauty
and Truth are just vain points of view, -
worse, anchorless upon Time's sea!

Truth and Untruth, and Heaven, Hell,
are artificial waves, empty
ideas which do in most compel
respect towards 'Society'!

Come Brave New World! where nothing new
occurs to stir controversy,
where each his stated task see through,
while variance is heresy!

Where all together happy dwell,
there self-fulfilment finally
takes meaning, form, and there the well
of loneliness is filled swiftly.

To rut - that's meant in senses two -
along allotted lines where the
skeins commingle till Death's due!
Intertwining spirally

allows small space for tales to tell
about Life's romance, mystery.
Better self-doubts to dispel,
obeying automatic'ly.

Confined upon Earth's ark, this zoo
creates its own bars willingly.
why all the fuss and bother to
paint rosy hues enticingly

when threescore ten pass on pell-mell

and few attain their century, -
and those that do their souls would sell
for one more week's insanity!

Upon Life's cruise this motley crew
free choice demands, where few feel free!
Awash with superstitions' spew
how few who do not bend the knee!

The 'finger writes' and then farewell!
A door to which there is no key
is ever veiled when curtains fell, -
"and then no more of thee and me! "

31 October 1988

Pandering to posterity maintains momentarily
conceptual fatuity that's self-indulgent vanity.
Vainglorious immaturity gifts mirror of futility
reflecting on majority's definition of/in sanity.
Comfort in blind certainty smacks of shameless insincerity,
arrogant egocentricity masks fragile insecurity.
What hides behind dark Door we flee,
few dare discover guilt edged key
and once behind the Veil, of "me and thee"
what will remain, what worth felicity
which flashed upon the page of Destiny
one little lifetime, til eternity
absorbs all constituting me and thee,
archive deleted from man's memory?

Often with dexterity men mask profound perplexity
quiddity's validity subjected to mortality.
Human ingenuity respecting his futurity
wars Time's relentless enmity entangled in complexity,
self-circles contradictory, for we abhor our core absurdity.

"Hither hurried whence? " 14 October 1988 and 13 September 2006 for final
verse. robi3_0229_robi3_0000 XXX_DJZ revised 27 April 2008 for previous
version and relevant quotations from the Rubaiyat see below

See also Engulfed and Anchorless, and Anchorless and Engulfed Anchorless and
Engulfed_20040810
robi3_0230_robi3_0000 XXX_DJZ

"Hither hurried whence? "

Must inklings of futility mirror immaturity?
To pander to posterity maintains momentarily
the concept of futurity which self indulgence seems to be.
The comfort of blind certainty is shameless insincerity,
often egocentricity is mask for insecurity
until exposed, then with what glee men faults in others love to see!

What lies behind the Door once found the key?
and once behind the Veil, of "me and thee"
what will remain of that felicity
which flashed upon the page of Destiny
one little lifetime, til eternity –
its place resumed – absorbs all, me and thee?

Though often with dexterity men mask profound perplexity
concerning the validity of tenets of their quiddity,
conclusions drawn are bound to be tied to their own mortality.
Applying ingenuity to matters of complexity
beyond the ken of most who flee from Time's relentless enmity
too often turns in circles, - we abhor our core absurdity.

© Jonathan Robin Poem written 14 October 1988 and 13 September 2006 for
final verse.

Jonathan ROBIN

Enhanced Impressions

ENHANCED IMPRESSIONS

May [s]he fill heart with laughter, light,
Advance, words weaving soft delight,
Unwind minds' blindness so two might
Dive through each other's strength, find flight
Effacing walled calls dark as night,
MAUrauders tempting, flying kite.
Defy all mirage motions trite, -
Emotions share that naught need blight?

May [s]he fright shadows, hither bend
Arms into waiting arms to tend
Unending welcome friend as friend
DEstined, in time with rhyme, to mend
MALadies, passing cares, and end
Unbecoming bars, append
Due joy as on shared quest two wend
Enchantment bright as joys ascend.

May [s]he see past time's veil tonight
A message clear, both dear and bright,
Unwavering image infinite.
DELight may two as one unite
MAy catalyzed by second sight,
Unrealing magic spells excite
Dumb to speech tender, selenite
Entrances, open view seems right.

May [s]he to far horizons lend
AUreate prospect and extend
Dreams to real reel, as two transcend
Evanescent spendthrift spend.
MArch hand in hand and recommend
Unceasing tenderness fair friend.
Days to years sans tears here penned,
Enhanced impressions twin souls blend.

Jonathan ROBIN

Enlightenment

ENLIGHTENMENT

Wonder revolves word
whirlwind of change resolving
s[tr]a[n]ge conundrums stirred

s[tr]a[n]ge = sang strange sage stage an age range rang

4 April 2005 revised 3 January 2009
robi03_1190_robi03_0000 HXX_EIX
for previous version see below

Enlightenment

Wind whirls wonder word
beyond deaf and resolve, solves
all conundrums stirred...

12 April 2005

Enlightenment poem © Jonathan Robin

Jonathan ROBIN

Entwined

Now have the stars entwined our steps. Tonight,
Although apart, heart, thoughts, towards you fly,
To take you to my breast, Fate's weight defy,
And thus put false fears, worries, quite to flight.
Soon sweet contentment turns to pure delight,
Heart having found you, though the years flew by,
Ashamed that Time, delaying sacred tie,
Need take so long preparing future bright.
As when soft skin and golden tress incite
To praise such beauty none could e'er deny,
A heart of gold as well, seductive eye.
Sigh not! - I'll never jealousy excite.
Happy who by your side to grace can grow,
As two forge future which defeats Time's flow.

Jonathan ROBIN

Entwood Outpost

Strange impressions touch hidden chord.
The signals, too strong to be ignored,
Catalyse adrenalin outpoured.
Energy pulses through blood, stored
No more. At full flood, sprit, awed,
Expectant awaits answers. Cord
Returns umbilically toward
Innate memories that neurons hoard
Encapsulated. Now, reexplored,
Nature unlocks a secret record.
Ghost timber towers over stream. Sward
Echoes forgotten past, though fountain's ford
Rides no more the current to afford
Easy entry into phantom forest.
I wonder, pausing, still may find no rest...

Jonathan ROBIN

Ephemeris

Name's flame fame: empty echo on Time's breeze
sent sixty springs, rings eighty if it please,
before misfortune, accident, disease,
ushers in rushed final hush, prompt fees,
invoiced by Dr. Death. No remedies
exist. One certainty: uncertain_tease.
Ephemeris spins silk trap. By degrees
spider, Time sucks substance, source. Who sees
in dreams Truth linking night and day? Who'd seize
on dreams which dreams remain? What verities
may men-mice from life's cheese release? What ease?
If we're not cobweb puppets what's soul's reason?
if acts prove vain, may thoughts move vainer treason?

Jonathan ROBIN

Epidemic

Men, unprepared, tremble
flight fright confrontation
with nightmares no nation
now dares to dissemble.

Protesters assemble,
quite heedless of station,
beware explanation,
aware it resembles

Pox plague. Scared socks tremble
aghast consternation
hide seek consolation
while maggots storm temple

D.N.A. damper?
Scientists tamper.

(21 May 2013)

Jonathan ROBIN

Epigram Due

Thoughts strung like dew upon Time's watch ching line,
hang glistening, listening for veiled Fate's design.

Jonathan ROBIN

Epigram On Dido

When Dido found Aeneas could not come,
She mourned in silence, Dido diddle dumb,
He sailed half-mast away demeanour glum,
demeaned, her mind inclined four fingers, thumb: -
for lex in sex sends hex, backfires when drum
not gun is wanked, unthanked man droops, the sum
of impoliteness and poor taste where mum
maid must remain without becoming mum!

Jonathan ROBIN

Epigram On Women After Amos Bronson Alcott Also Attributed To James Mathew Barrie

Oh the goodness of their goodness when they're good,
and the prudence of their prudence when they're prude,
but the goodness of their goodness, and the prudence of their prudence
are as nothing to their lewdness when they're lewd.

Oh the lewdness of their lewdness when they're lewd,
and the nudeness of their nudity when viewed,
but the lewdness of their lewdness and the nudity of nudeness
are as nothing to their prudence when pursued!

-

(28 December 1991)

Epigram on Women

Oh, the gladness of their gladness when they're glad,
and the sadness of their sadness when they're sad,
but the gladness of their gladness and the sadness of their sadness
are as nothing to their badness when they're bad!

Oh, the shrewdness of their shrewdness when they are shrewd,
And the rudeness of their rudeness when they're rude;
But the shrewdness of their shrewdness and the rudeness of their rudeness,
Are as nothing to their goodness when they're good!

Amos Bronson Alcott also attributed to James Mathew Barrie

Jonathan ROBIN

Epiphany

Once a lifetime luck links earth and sky,
stirs inspiration words can't even try
to pin down, predefine, disqualified
limits, litotes, questions why,
Karma scorned coincidence as lie.
Epiphany encounter identified
in wellspring watershed two wooed allied.
Shock synaptic instantly defied
Time, twinned souls electrified
to challenge aeons passing by.

Jonathan ROBIN

Epistle To An Orphan After William Mackworth Praed A Letter Of Advice

They tell me you're promised a mother,
to cuddle, to cosset, to care.

Take care for she may try to smother,
to cover her inner despair.

The experts agree that another
could just as well clinch the affair, -
and beware that you never discover
the father who's no longer there.

(Parody William Mackworth PRAED - A Letter 31 October 1990)

A Letter to PH from a Disappointed Writer

Dear PH, I leave you this letter
after writing from ten until nine
for a site I'd delight to know better,
for a smile that my heart can't decline.
Yet one finds after wearily pacing,
for replies in the cold, for some sign,
that that heart which with hope had been racing
to darkest despair must incline.

Dear PH from twelve to eleven
each night I would knock at your door
in hope that an angel from heaven
could show me the light, - but no more
will I screech in my need if no answer
effective can echo joy's store -
I can't act as a puppet-stringed dancer,
not even for one I adore!

Dear PH the time have I waited
day in and day out by grief torn,
all write up down written, ill-fated
as my consonants vowed my vowels scorn.

The wonder my dunderhead brought you
tonight may steal thunder at morn,
but the blossoms whose beauty besought you
fade as fast as last season's drenched corn.

As on Thursday applauseless, defeated,
so on Friday all clauseless I'm spurned,
is the cycle of love thus completed,
is this all the thanks that I've earned?
It is hard for a fool to be taken -
its a sign that one's soft in the head, -
but the reason that slept must awaken,
and the spirit, restored, won't be lead!

I'd have offered you all in my power,
to cherish, to share, to be kind,
I'd have nurtured emotions to flower
and found wings for soul unresigned.
It is not just the whim of an hour
but a lifetime with no chains to bind,
in a warm, in a warm, tender bower
with blank verse, even worse, left behind!

How can I be present tomorrow,
bear false witness with stanzas prewrit?
once again less 'in anger than sorrow'
I will try to bar love from my wit.
I will try to contain my emotion -
or go through the motions to ease
the emptiness born from devotion
to one who my [he]art pleased to tease.

Good luck with your plans to continue
support for the wor[l]d caught in art!
Good luck for the talent that s[w]ings you!
Good luck for a applause the stats chart!
I'll return into cold hibernation
all alone til your smile shines bright through
the slough of despondent elation,
these Elysean fields cropped by few.

Dear PH, ignore to this last letter

should sentiments biased appear,
yet I shall be ever your debtor -
who taught me to share and feel near.
Intuitions are fine for romantic,
inner feelings that flower in dreams,
but a chasm as deep as Atlantic
drowns my talent, it seems, PH, Dear!

So sometimes recall that I follow
your footsteps as forward they flow,
and the shadow which seems to be hollow
is an echo which helps me to know
how the sun shines for YOU as Appollo
his steeds urges onwards, - and though
forgetful nights daily verse swallow
tomorrow dawn's brightness will glow!

(Parody William Mackworth PRAED A Letter of Advice 12 April 2005 revised 19
November 2006)

A Letter of Advice to Margaret Thatcher

You tell me you've taken a lover, -
the Serpent - to suckle at breast,
what took you so long to discover
its worth, that you seemed to detest?
Is it fears of the new German eagle,
which now flies in the skies, to and fro?
Is it fear to appear far less regal?
Prime Minister, Maggie, say 'No! '

You so often set foot in the City
among the stockbrokers and Jews,
until now no-one noticed that pity
assisted in making the News.
Lip service you paid as a token
to E.E.C., more stop than go,
would you now betray promises spoken?
Prime Minister, Maggie, say 'No! '

Dixit Maggie:

The arguments strongly defended

won time, though for whom no-one knows,
the enderger fiercely expended
I now do reverse with my prose!
Don't think that I'm not sympathetic
to common wealth causes, but so
urgently must I seem more magnetic, -
Prime Ministers learn to say 'No! '

Exports are the life of the nation,
and spendthrifts throw eggs from the nest,
why would you now import inflation
why risk fresh electoral test?
You constancy prized, never faltered,
what further can grandeur bestow?
My heart is the same, is yours altered?
Prime Minister, Maggie, say No!

Beware or you'll face resignation
from the ranks of conservative friends,
for intransigence breeds indignation,
a sign that your time nears its end.
Will you bend, or back down from your folly.
On your knees beg to Brussels, kow-tow?
Or defend precious pound, British lolly,
or become Lady Diehard, Soho? ...

Dixit Maggie:

Our infantile logic was stupid,
and once we admitted its flaws,
to Snake turned like Eve to a Cupid!
a fig for Conservative bores!
A policy firm and effective
must govern though markets sink low,
while a girl learns a sense of perspective
at times when she simply says 'No! '

(7 October 1990 Parody Winthrop Mackworth PRAED A Letter of Advice)

A Letter of Advice

From Miss Medora Trevilian at Padua
to Miss Araminta Vavasour, in London

Enfin, monsieur, un homme aimable;
Voila: pourquoi je ne saurais l'aimer. Scribe

You tell me you're promised a lover,
My own Araminta, next week;
Why cannot my fancy discover
The hue of his coat and his cheek?
Alas! if he look like another,
A vicar, a banker, a beau,
Be deaf to your father and mother,
My own Araminta, say 'No! '

Miss Lane at her Temple of Fashion,
Taught us both how to sing and to speak,
And we loved one another with passion,
Before we had been there a week:
You gave me a ring for a token;
I wear it wherever I go;
I gave you a chain - is it broken?
My own Araminta, say 'No! '

O think of our favourite cottage,
And think of our dear Lallah Rookh!
How we shared with the milkmaids their pottage,
And drank of the stream from the brook:
How fondly our loving lips faltered
'What further can grandeur bestow?
My heart is the same; - is yours altered?
My own Araminta, say 'No! '

Remember the thrilling romances
We read on the bank in the glen;
Remember the suitors our fancies
Would picture for both of us then.
They wore the red cross on their shoulder,
They had vanquished and pardoned their foe -
Sweet friend, are you wiser or colder?

My own Araminta, say 'No! '

You know, when Lord Rigmarole's carriage
Drove off with your sister Justine,
You wept, dearest girl, at the marriage,
And whispered 'How base she has been! '
You said you were sure it would kill you,
If ever your husband looked so;
And you will apostatize, - will you?
My own Araminta, say 'No! '

When I heard I was going abroad, love,
I thought I was going to die;
We walked arm in arm to the road, love,
We looked arm in arm to the sky;
And I said 'When a foreign postillion
Has hurried me off to the Po,
Forget not Medora Trevilian:

My own Araminta, say 'No! '
We parted! but sympathy's fetters
Reach far over valley and hill;
I muse o'er your exquisite letters,
And feel that your heart is mine still;
And he who would share it with me, love -
The richest of treasure below -

If he's not what Orlando should be, love,
My own Araminta, say 'No! '
If he wears a top-boot in his wooing,
If he comes to you riding a cob,
If he talks of his baking or brewing,
If he puts up his feet on the hob,
If he ever drinks port after dinner,
If his brow, or his breeding is low,
If he calls himself 'Thompson' or 'Skinner',
My own, Araminta, say 'No! '

If he ever sets foot in the City,
Amongst the stockbrokers and Jews,
If he has not a heart full of pity,
If he don't stand six feet in his shoes,

If his lips are not redder than roses,
If his hands are not whiter than snow,
If he has not the model of noses, -
My own Araminta, say 'No! '

If he speaks of a tax or a duty,
If he does not look grand on his knees,
If he's blind to a landscape of beauty,
Hills, valleys, rocks, waters, and trees,
If he dotes not on desolate towers,
If he likes not to hear the blast blow,
If he knows not the language of flowers, -
My own Araminta, say 'No! '

He must walk - like a god of old story
Come down from the home of his rest;
He must smile - like the sun in his glory
On the buds he loves ever the best;
And oh! from its ivory portal
Like music his soft speech must flow! -
If he speak, smile, or walk like a mortal,
My own Araminta, say 'No! '

Don't listen to tales of his bounty,
Don't hear what they say of his birth,
Don't look at his seat in the county,
Don't calculate what he is worth;
But give him a theme to write verse on,
And see if he turns out his toe;
If he's only an excellent person, -
My own Araminta, say 'No! '

Winthrop Mackworth PRAED 1802_1839

The Talented Man

Letter From A Lady In London To A Lady At Lausanne

Dear Alice! you'll laugh when you know it, -
Last week, at the Duchess's ball,
I danced with the clever new poet, -
You've heard of him, - Tully St. Paul.

Miss Jonquil was perfectly frantic;
I wish you had seen Lady Anne!
It really was very romantic,
He is such a talented man!

He came up from Brazen Nose College,
Just caught, as they call it, this spring;
And his head, love, is stuffed full of knowledge
Of every conceivable thing.
Of science and logic he chatters,
As fine and as fast as he can;
Though I am no judge of such matters,
I'm sure he's a talented man.

His stories and jests are delightful; -
Not stories or jests, dear, for you;
The jests are exceedingly spiteful,
The stories not always quite true.
Perhaps to be kind and veracious
May do pretty well at Lausanne;
But it never would answer, - good gracious!
Chez nous - in a talented man.

He sneers, - how my Alice would scold him! -
At the bliss of a sigh or a tear;
He laughed - only think! - when I told him
How we cried o'er Trevelyan last year;
I vow I was quite in a passion;
I broke all the sticks of my fan;
But sentiment's quite out of fashion,
It seems, in a talented man.

Lady Bab, who is terribly moral,
Has told me that Tully is vain,
And apt - which is silly - to quarrel,
And fond - which is sad - of champagne.
I listened, and doubted, dear Alice,
For I saw, when my Lady began,
It was only the Dowager's malice; -
She does hate a talented man!

He's hideous, I own it. But fame, love,

Is all that these eyes can adore;
He's lame, - but Lord Byron was lame, love,
And dumpy, - but so is Tom Moore.
Then his voice, - such a voice! my sweet creature,
It's like your Aunt Lucy's toucan:
But oh! what's a tone or a feature,
When once one's a talented man?

My mother, you know, all the season,
Has talked of Sir Geoffrey's estate;
And truly, to do the fool reason,
He has been less horrid of late.
But to-day, when we drive in the carriage,
I'll tell her to lay down her plan; -
If ever I venture on marriage,
It must be a talented man!

P.S. - I have found, on reflection,
One fault in my friend, - entre nous;
Without it, he'd just be perfection; -
Poor fellow, he has not a sou!
And so, when he comes in September
To shoot with my uncle, Sir Dan,
I've promised mamma to remember
He's only a talented man!

Winthrop Mackworth Praed 1802_1839

A Letter

Dear Kitty,
At length the term's ending;
I 'm in for my Schools in a week;
And the time that at present I'm spending
On you should be spent upon Greek:
But I'm fairly well read in my Plato,
I'm thoroughly red in the eyes,
And I've almost forgotten the way to
Be healthy and wealthy and wise.
So 'the best of all ways' - why repeat you
The verse at 2.30 a.m.,

When I 'm stealing an hour to entreat you
Dear Kitty, to come to Commem.?

Oh, come! You shall rustle in satin
Through halls where Examiners trod:
Your laughter shall triumph o'er Latin
In lecture-room, garden, and quad.
They stand in the silent Sheldonian -
Our orators, waiting - for you,
Their style guaranteed Ciceronian,
Their subject - 'the Ladies in Blue.'
The Vice sits arrayed in his scarlet;
He's pale, but they say he dissem-
-bles by calling his Beadle a 'varlet'
Whenever he thinks of Commem.

There are dances, flirtations at Nuneham,
Flower-shows, the procession of Eights:
There's a list stretching *_usque ad Lunam_*
Of concerts, and lunches, and fetes:
There's the Newdigate all about 'Gordon, '
- So sweet, and they say it will scan.
You shall flirt with a Proctor, a Warden
Shall run for your shawl and your fan.
They are sportive as gods broken loose from
Olympus, and yet very em-
-inent men. There are plenty to choose from,
You'll find, if you come to Commem.

I know your excuses: Red Sorrel
Has stumbled and broken her knees;
Aunt Phoebe thinks waltzing immoral;
And 'Algy, you are such a tease;
It's nonsense, of course, but she *_is_* strict';
And little Dick Hodge has the croup;
And there's no one to visit your 'district'
Or make Mother Tettleby's soup.
Let them cease for a se'nnight to plague you;
Oh, leave them to manage *_pro tem_*.
With their croups and their soups and their ague)
Dear Kitty, and come to Commem.

Don't tell me Papa has lumbago,
That you haven't a frock fit to wear,
That the curate 'has notions, and may go
To lengths if there's nobody there, '
That the Squire has 'said things' to the Vicar,
And the Vicar 'had words' with the Squire,
That the Organist's taken to liquor,
And leaves you to manage the choir:
For Papa must be cured, and the curate
Coerced, and your gown is a gem;
And the moral is - Don't be obdurate,
Dear Kitty, but come to Commem.

'My gown? Though, no doubt, sir, you're clever,
You 'd better leave fashions alone.
Do you think that a frock lasts for ever? '
Dear Kitty, I'll grant you have grown;
But I thought of my 'scene' with McVittie
That night when he trod on your train
At the Bachelor's Ball. 'Twas a pity, '
You said, but I knew 'twas Champagne.
And your gown was enough to compel me
To fall down and worship its hem -
(Are 'hems' wearing? If not, you shall tell me
What is, when you come to Commem.)

Have you thought, since that night, of the Grotto?
Of the words whispered under the palms,
While the minutes flew by and forgot to
Remind us of Aunt and her qualms?
Of the stains of the old Journalisten?
Of the rose that I begged from your hair?
When you turned, and I saw something glisten -
Dear Kitty, don't frown; it was there!
But that idiot Delane in the middle
Bounced in with 'Our dance, I - ahem! '
And - the rose you may find in my Liddell
And Scott when you come to Commem.

Then, Kitty, let 'yes' be the answer.
We'll dance at the 'Varsity Ball,
And the morning shall find you a dancer

In Christ Church or Trinity hall.
And perhaps, when the elders are yawning
And rafters grow pale overhead
With the day, there shall come with its dawning
Some thought of that sentence unsaid.
Be it this, be it that - 'I forget, ' or
'Was joking' - whatever the fem-
-inine fib, you'll have made me your debtor
And come, - you will come? to Commem.

Green Bays Parody 1893 Arthur QUILLER-COUCH
Parody - Winthrop Mackworth PRAED A Letter of Advice

HER LETTER - Francis Bret Harte to William Mackworth Praed

I'm sitting alone by the fire,
Dressed just as I came from the dance,
In a robe even you would admire, -
It cost a cool thousand in France;
I'm be-diamonded out of all reason,
My hair is done up in a cue:
In short, sir, 'the belle of the season'
Is wasting an hour upon you.

A dozen engagements I've broken;
I left in the midst of a set;
Likewise a proposal, half spoken,
That waits - on the stairs - for me yet.
They say he'll be rich, - when he grows up, -
And then he adores me indeed;
And you, sir, are turning your nose up,
Three thousand miles off, as you read.

'And how do I like my position? '
'And what do I think of New York? '
'And now, in my higher ambition,
With whom do I waltz, flirt, or talk? '
'And isn't it nice to have riches,
And diamonds and silks, and all that? '
'And aren't they a change to the ditches
And tunnels of Poverty Flat? '

Well, yes, - if you saw us out driving
Each day in the Park, four-in-hand,
If you saw poor dear mamma contriving
To look supernaturally grand, -
If you saw papa's picture, as taken
By Brady, and tinted at that, -
You'd never suspect he sold bacon
And flour at Poverty Flat.

And yet, just this moment, when sitting
In the glare of the grand chandelier, -
In the bustle and glitter befitting
The 'finest soiree of the year, ' -
In the mists of a gaze de Chambery,
And the hum of the smallest of talk, -
Somehow, Joe, I thought of the 'Ferry, '
And the dance that we had on 'The Fork; '

Of Harrison's bar, with its muster
Of flags festooned over the wall;
Of the candles that shed their soft lustre
And tallow on head-dress and shawl;
Of the steps that we took to one fiddle,
Of the dress of my queer vis-a-vis;
And how I once went down the middle
With the man that shot Sandy McGee.

Of the moon that was quietly sleeping
On the hill, when the time came to go;
Of the few baby peaks that were peeping
From under their bedclothes of snow;
Of that ride, - that to me was the rarest,
Of - the something you said at the gate.
Ah! Joe, then I wasn't an heiress
To 'the best-paying lead in the State.'

Well, well, it's all past; yet it's funny
To think, as I stood in the glare
Of fashion and beauty and money,
That I should be thinking, right there,
Of some one who breasted high water,

And swam the North Fork, and all that,
Just to dance with old Folinsbee's daughter,
The Lily of Poverty Flat.

But goodness! what nonsense I'm writing!
(Mamma says my taste still is low) ,
Instead of my triumphs reciting, -
I'm spooning on Joseph, - heigh-ho!
And I'm to be 'finished' by travel, -
Whatever's the meaning of that.
Oh, why did papa strike pay gravel
In drifting on Poverty Flat?

Good-night! - here's the end of my paper;
Good-night! - if the longitude please, -
For maybe, while wasting my taper,
Your sun's climbing over the trees.
But know, if you haven't got riches,
And are poor, dearest Joe, and all that,
That my heart's somewhere there in the ditches,
And you've struck it, - on Poverty Flat

Francis Bret Harte 1830_1902

Song of a Plebutante

Oh Mumsy, it's the starters of the Season
And here I am with not a thing to wear;
If I'm lucky I may stumble
On a T-shirt in a jumble
That won't look too outrageous in Sloane Square.

I know we really can't afford a party,
With unions pushing Britain down the drain,
And I'm sorry poor old Daddy
Has to borrow from his caddie
And cycle to the City in the rain.

I've had a teeny tete-a-tete with Tanya;
She couldn't fit me in at her boutique,
So I've joined the ranks of labour

With an office job at Faber,
And they're starting me at forty pounds a week.

Oh, getting up at eight won't be too ghastly,
(Fiona says that filing can be fun) ,
But the times they are a-changing
And the marriage you're arranging
Will have to wait until I'm twenty-one.

Oh, Mumsy, please stop crying, there's a darling,
Oh, Daddy, I can't bear it if you shout;
But if Quentin Crisp can do it
There can't be that much to it,
And nothing's going to stop me coming out!

Roger WODDIS 1917_1993

Parody Winthrop Mackworth PRAED A Letter of Advice

A Letter of Advice, to My Godson

TO MY GODSON.

(Aged six weeks)

Small bundle, enveloped in laces,
For whom I stood sponsor last week,
When you slept, with the pinkest of faces,
And never emitted a squeak;
Though vain is the task of illumining
The Future's inscrutable scroll,
I cannot refrain from assuming
A semi-prophetical role,

I predict that in paths Montessorian
Your infantile steps will be led,
And with modes which are Phrygian and Dorian
Your musical appetite fed;
You'll be taught how to dance by a Russian,
'Eurhythmics' you'll learn from a Swiss,
How not to behave like a Prussian-

No teaching is needed for this!

Will you learn Esperanto at Eton?
Or, if Eton by then is suppressed,
Be sent to grow apples or wheat on
A ranche in the ultimate West?
Will you aim at a modern diploma
In civics or commerce or stinks?
Inhale the Wisconsin aroma
Or think as the Humanist thinks?

Will you learn to play tennis from COVEY
Or model your stroke on JAY GOULD?
Will you play the piano like TOVEY
Or by gramophone records be schooled?
Will you golf, or will golfing be banished
To answer the needs of the plough,
And links from the landscape have vanished
To pasture the sheep and the cow?

Your taste in the region of letters
I only can dimly foresee,
But guess that from metrical fetters
The verse you'll affect must be free;
And I shan't be surprised or astounded
If your generation rebels
Against adulation unbounded
Of MASEFIELD and BENNETT and WELLS.

Upholding ancestral tradition
Your uncle has booked you at Lord's,
But I doubt if you'll sate your ambition
Athletic on well-levelled swords;
No, I rather opine that you'll follow
The lead that we owe to the WRIGHTS,
And soar like the eagle or swallow
On far and adventurous flights.

But no matter-in joy and affliction,
In seasons of failure or fame,
I cherish the certain conviction
You'll never dishonour your name;

For the love of the mother that bore you,
The life and the death of your sire
Will shine as a lantern before you,
To guide and exalt and inspire.

Punch, or the London Charivari, Volume 152, March 28,1917
Author Unknown Parody William Mackworth Praed

Jonathan ROBIN

Epitaph - Translation Mathurin Regnier - Epitaphe

I lived ignoring care and weight
drifted here, there, at easy gait,
to Nature close I'd cleave, -
from sense Death's taken leave,
of whom I thought not early, late,
why should he think on me to wait?

[c] Jonathan Robin 24 October 2005 Translation Mathurin REGNIER 1573_1613 -
Epitaphe

Epitaphe

J'ai vécu sans pensement
Me laissant aller doucement
A la bonne loi naturelle,
Et ne saurais dire pourquoi
La mort daigne penser à moi
Qui n'a daigné penser à elle.

Mathurin REGNIER 1573_1613

Jonathan ROBIN

Epitaph Iii - Parody Chidioc Tichbourne 1558_1586 Elegy And Thomas Kyd

My little space no trace may leave behind,
My little base, - whose clock must soon unwind.
Why little haste? When discontented mind
reproves the race of shadow-shapes unsigned,
when worth and mirth too soon are undermined,
to earth returned, - with nobody to mind.

Our passing tresses, jesses just a while
play gesture-jester, jest at Fate's swift trial
where sentence executionary the smile
aborts, deletes, erases: goodness, guile,
find no reprieve, with self to reconcile,
before Time tells of span unprotractile.

The sentence-execution's always known
instinctively from crown to funny-bone.
If bridge between birth, death, we hold our own
then where lies sense, or there sense lies: once sown
the blossom sees one sunrise then is blown,
Time makes short shrift of deist cornerstone.

Today we dream we dream tomorrow's plan,
which in and of itself mocks mortal man.
Time grates great pyramid, sand's partisan
defends ground zero status quo whose span
prepares its own demise. Wise he who can
play for the day, unpaid life's courtisan.

The sentence-execution's always known
instinctively from crown to funny-bone.
If bridge between birth, death, we hold our own
then where lies sense, or there sense lies: once sown
the blossom sees one sunrise then is blown,
Time makes short shrift of deist cornerstone.

There's no extension offered free, sublime,
no subtle lock to block the wheels of time.

We cognate are both cog and natal rhyme
as photo flash forgotten frames our grime, -
the 'moving finger' writes our pantomime
who's string, who's strung, when none can care a dime?

Our intranet is mirage-module base
to serve self image, through projection place
perspective partial playing to replace
the void within, avoiding loss of face.
Perhaps through love a moment's state of grace
some lucky few may conjure for a space.

As flies within an amber double bind,
time's trap some squander, others tap to find
through questions answerless with which mankind
plays games with frames of reference which, blind,
are vain reminders 'I the undersigned'
is/was the proof Life knows no mastermind.

Today awake, tomorrow lost beneath
some sodden turf, with little left to show
for threescore years of sojourn, lacking teeth,
poor eyesight, addled brain, 'tis time to go.
'My fruit is fallen, yet'... wit weaves writ wreath,
glass full lies empty, quits, slips underneath.

'I looked for life and saw it' masquerade
of misinterpretations from the womb
until tomb's doom, where puppet man and maid
together dance suspended from chance gloom
that seldom clears the clouds of bias backed
from birth to final berth in charnel stacked.

An eyelid's twinkling, blink, our present past
becomes, numb, dumb, for coward and for brave,
most stillborn linger, finger truth aghast,
seek safety mining crass conventions' cave,
and then they die, their story stillborn too,
through mind pollution rue solutions true.

No matter what the rhyme-scheme that is used
'upon this chequer board of nights and days, '

no matter what's accepted, what's refused,
'life hither, thither, moves, and checks and slays.'
'the Moving Finger writes, and, having writ,
no tears can cancel out one word of it.'

Our Spring 'of youth is but a frost of cares, '
our fullness feast plays out, frays, 'dish of pain, '
'our crop of corn' time-worn, warns harvest dares'
glean gleams decay, stained by 'vain hope of gain.'
'Our day is past, ' hour one-way trip mirage,
stage tripped, page ripped, sage stripped in crypt collage.

© Jonathan Robin 23 January 2006 Parody Chidiok TICHBOURNE

.....revised with final five verses added 2 April 2010 and verse 4
revised 15 November 2011

Elegy

My prime of youth is but a frost of cares,
My feast of joy is but a dish of pain,
My crop of corn is but a field of tares,
And all my good is but vain hope of gain,
The day is past, and yet I saw no sun,
And now I live, and now my life is done.

My tale was heard and yet it was not told,
My fruit is fallen, and yet my leaves are green,
My youth is spent and yet I am not old,
I saw the world and yet I was not seen,
My thread is cut and yet it is not spun,
And now I live, and now my life is done.

I sought my death and found it in my womb,
I looked for life and saw it was a shade,
I trod the earth and knew it was my tomb,
And now I die, and now I was but made,
My glass is full, and now my glass is run,
And now I live, and now my life is done.

This is the first printed version from Verses of Prayse and Joye 1586. This version

differs slightly from the original text, in which the first line of the second verse reads The spring is past, and yet it hath not sprung, and had various other minor textual differences.

Chidiock TICHBOURNE 1558_1586 Written in the Tower of London before his execution I. i.59

.....
Chidiochi Tychborne

Thy prime of youth is frozen with thy faults,
thy feast of joy is finisht with thy fall:
Thy crop of corn is tares availing naughts,
thy good God knows thy hope, thy hap and all.
Short were thy days, and shadowed was thy sun,
T' obscure thy light unluckily begun.

Time trieth truth, and truth hath treason tripped;
thy faith bare fruit as thou hadst faithless been:
Thy ill spent youth thine after years hath nipped;
and God that saw thee hath preserved our Queen.
Her thread still holds, thine perished though unspun,
And she shall live when traitors lives are done.

Thou soughtst thy death, and found it in desert,
thou look'dst for life, yet lewdly forc'd it fade:
Thou trodst the earth, and now on earth thou art,
As men may wish thou never hadst been made.
Thy glory and thy glass are timeless run;
And this, O Tychborne, hath thy treason done.

Thomas KYD 1558_1595

Jonathan ROBIN

Epitaph On An Unread Verse After William Carlos Williams' Red Wheelbarrow

This is just to play on plum phrases
hibernating in your brainbox,
which your neurons were probably waiting for
to break free fast.

Forgive me their taste is delicious,
so neat and so bold.

An agèd poet with hollow laughter
swiftly sprayed her incisive syllables
in consonant activity and, yearning,
paid [s]lip service:

so much depends
upon lifelong learning's expectations,
an unread verse [s]pokes for comments,
reigns above lily-livered chicken-hearted critics
before a blank screen.

so much more depends
upon monochromatic ash clouds
glazed with silicates
beside Icelandic
eruptions.

Life is verse role-reversing uninclined ignorance
shadowing dis inclined ink lined page.

This is Just to Say
I have eaten
the plums
that were in
the icebox

and which
you were probably
saving

for breakfast

Forgive me
they were delicious
so sweet
and so cold

Jonathan ROBIN

Equo Ne Credite, Teucro! Quidquid Id Est - More In Sorrow Than In Anger 1799

Past promise starred in white on black
now, coward, bows to stark attack,
as Miss amiss, remiss of bliss
no gift transmits, no parting kiss,
no passing flow may tide love back,
just unjust torture, stretched on rack.

Yet Gift in German cannot lack
ironic understanding, fact
plague vision curse calls as abyss
replaces metamorphosis
which, stifled now, has got the sack,
past glory's presents must repack.

Hope, once held high, down vortex crack
has fallen low, nor trace, nor track,
will leave - one day proclaimed 'Exist! '
next, angels laid to rest, 'Desist! '
cried, while bloom memories most stack
mind mirage prove, lost dreams, alack!

Crimson confession sin intact
stunts bloom, busts boom, turns fancy fact
doomed, fall too steep to handle, this
is gloom tomb room antithesis
of love's dreams, to autodidact
contradicts: fair thought, false act.

O brave new world's new dawn, alack,
it seems consistency has lacked,
'acceptance' as hypothesis
is wanting found, ground zero, this
can't stay unmoved, guilt weighs, frame tack
round aura gilt gleams inexact.

From heart in heat to cold urn plaque,
to grave from rave one step, one smack,

to void from telekinesis,
from wishful thinking reminisce,
from common ground can truth back-track
to grounded flight, light dowsed, wretch wracked.

(2 August 2008)

Jonathan ROBIN

Est Echo Ainsi Dense Coïncidence

Te connaître? Qui sait? Toujours, ce portrait.
Etudes, cultivée, Esprit éveillé
Rêvant compléter Reussite, foyer
Espoir d'égalité, Etincelle vive, vraie,
Nouvel horizon - Noblesse et chanson.
Contre culs-de-sac, Cœur au cœur ressac.
Ouvrte à l'écho Osmose, point intello.
Nous: non une plus un, NOUS: quel violon.
T'aimer à souhait, Tendrement serait
Rêves réaliser, Rires unifier.
Entente espérée Enfin démontrée.
Rendez-vous risquer? Reine, où te trouver?

Jonathan ROBIN

Est Echo O Si Dense Aussi Coïncidence - Te Rencontrer Mc

Est Echo O Si Dense aussi Coïncidence - Te Rencontrer MC

Te rencontrer? Qui sait? Talent c'est ton portrait.
Etudes, fort cultivée, esprit vif, éveillée,
Rapport rare et rieur refusant de risquer
Espoir d'égalité, encourageante et vraie,
Nos idées en commun - noblesse éclat, élan.
Contre vains culs-de-sac, cœur du cœur le ressac
Ouverture à l'écho osmose, point intello,
Nous! Non une et un, NOUS! - quel violon!
T'aimer très tendrement toujours serait mon chant.
Rêvant réaliser, réussite et foyer,
Entente bien lunée étincillante, étoilée.
Rendezvous risquer? Rubis, où te trouver?
Magique est ton prénom, Mon amour, mon shalom.
Charme, aimant le Médoc, Cues, Nicolas, t'es Doc.

10 September 1990 revised 11 February 2009 Quadruple acrostic TE
RENCONTRER robi3_0338_robi3_0000
for previous version see below

Est Echo O Si Dense aussi Coïncidence - Te Rencontrer MC

Te rencontrer? Qui sait? Toujours ce portrait.
Etudes, cultivée, esprit éveillé,
Rêvant compléter réussite, foyer,
Espoir d'égalité, étincelle vive, vraie,
Nouvel horizon - noblesse et chanson.
Contre culs-de-sac, cœur au cœur ressac

Ouverte à l'écho osmose, point intello,
Nous! Non une et un, NOUS! – quel violon!
T'aimer à souhait très tentrements serait
Rêvant réaliser rires et unifier
Entente espérée enfin démontrée
Rendezvous risquer? Reine, où te trouver?

10 September 1990

Jonathan ROBIN

How many colours woven in pride's coat
needs needy scribe who weeds out base intents,
keeps creed from crowd's pernicious floating vote,
finds wings, still laughing at his own expense?
What's writ, unshared, falls fallow, horn unheeded,
wit's titbit skits un-aired, seed corn unneeded. 7 September 2009

Odi profanum vulgus et arceo ...

I detest the common herd, and ward them off Horace, liv. III, ode i, verse 1

Que j'ai toujours haï les pensers du vulgaire!

Qu'il me semble profane, injuste, téméraire! Jean de la Fontaine

Loin d'ici, profane vulgaire,
Apollon m'inspire et m'éclaire;
C'est lui, je le vois, je le sens,
Mon cœur cède à sa violence;
Mortels, respectez sa présence,
Prêtez l'oreille à mes accents! J.-B. Rousseau

Jonathan ROBIN

Eternal Fire

External fire flares draw on energy
Multi-coloured to distract men's mind,
Mocks those unable to perceive behind
An outer mask much longing to be free.
Enchanting gait hides gate, lock's golden key,
Making escape from self a virtue wind
Much inner thought around thoughts' double-bind
As confidence seeks authenticity.
Explicit egocentricity -
Maturing - may still shed an outer rind
Most observers fail to see outlined
As paradox, blocks' mechanism. She
EMpathy both seeks, fears, graced by chas[t]e.
MAxim: beware fair free-verse poker-face.

(acrostic sonnet EMMA 24 January 2012)

Jonathan ROBIN

Eternal Golden Braid - Escher, Gödel, Bach

Escher, Gödel, Bach, together
make mind's music tempo weather
form to storm blocks, light as feather
turn constraints most, far less clever,
see as strictures which tight tether,
not as pictures hell-for-leather
spirit lead to question whether
constancy's illusion ever.

Patterns into patterns weaving
both deceiving, undeceiving,
here perception sees stairs leaving
there inspection stares, seize cleaving.

Somehow someone reconciling
forwards, back, and time a-whiling,
motion into more compiling,
starts ball rolling inwards smiling
outwards treadmills single-filing
round in circles never riling,
ever onwards as the aisle in
fact or fiction sets key styling.

As impressions artist wording
so the poet, insight girding
paints life's canvas sixth sense herding
into bridge for future wording.

Mind unwinding never minding
dizzy blinding reels from binding
backwards grinding, from behinding,
springs forth for a fourth time binding
far horizons, nearness, finding
that perceptions interwinding
vision skew to keep reminding
constantly of traces grinding.

Keeping tabs on locomotion
through a tableau that commotion

seems, in turmoil, senseless ocean,
stems from structure's subtle potion.

Thus confusion into fusion
tracks intact design solution
ends, means melds without intrusion
'spite apparent convolution,
inks links' thinklings in profusion
to coherency's conclusion
in a trice as revolution
follows former revolution.

As on canvas, outing, inning,
every level underpinning
exits, entrances rolls spinning
out with no precise beginning.

Pattern's blueprint formulation
seen from every angle, station,
heightened by anticipation,
tunes soul-song to and through elation.
Thus, thereby, emancipation
spins from, through, strict forms - sensation
self-sustaining, graduation
from starting point to revelation.

Thus the page is soon a-filling
and attention draws which, willing,
keys to context, content, spilling
from poetic pen fulfilling.

Images retinal reeling
showing much, as much concealing,
flowing touch in touch revealing,
knowing such from time time's stealing,
offer insights into feeling
through dimensions thus unsealing
variations on themes peeling
from perceptions cycles wheeling

round and round with no chance-dancing
as each level all enhancing

contributes to each entrancing
wave with exit, entrance, glancing.

Rendering impressions sending
bending into further bending
humour with perspective lending,
leading where uncondescending?
Fencing words then fences mending
up, down, sideways, first ascending,
then descending ending, ending
in horizons more appending.

Why continue rhyming chiming,
rapid rhythmic tempo climbing,
further options subtle priming
til atrophy a trophy timing...?

(c) Jonathan Robin 25 January 2007 and 6 April 2008
robi3_1590_robi3_0000 XXX_MXX - see below for previous version

See Douglas Hofstadter...
Eternal Golden Braid... Escher, Gödel, Bach

Patterns into patterns weaving
both deceiving, undeceiving,
here perception sees stairs leaving
there inspection stares, seize cleaving.

Mind unwinding never minding
dizzy blinding reels from binding
backwards grinding, from behinding,
springs forth for a fourth time binding.

Images retinal reeling
showing much, as much concealing,
flowing touch in touch revealing,
knowing such from time time's stealing.

We'd continue rhyming chiming
Atrophy a trophy timing
into rhythmic swift beat climbing,
then descending ending ending...

(c) Jonathan Robin 25 January 2007

See Douglas Hofstadter...
Eternal Golden Braid... Escher, Gödel, Bach

Jonathan ROBIN

Etrangère

Enchanted spirit tunes to gypsy strings
To comfort share, with one who comfort brings,
Refusing closed horizons, narrow mind,
A thought repressed, or motives dark behind
Neu[t]ral spin where gin clips angel's wing.
Growth within outflies all pinionning
Excluding half-truths, full stops, alleys blind,
Responsive firefly sparkle wave will wind
Energies again, new runes to sing.

Explosion or implosion? walls may fall,
Then flatten our those lies that rose so tall,
Releasing the imagination led
Ahead to bridge the current watershed,
No darkness may the mind's momentum stall.
Growth within can channel from free-fall
Emotions rich which fact and fiction thread
Role reversal fantasies that spread
Excitement - Man was meant to fly not crawl.

Eternal longing, and reflections deep
Thus keep their promise, never cause to weep,
Rough shade provides a colour contour which
At last evolves, kaleidoscopic, rich,
Niche nears, then reappears through quantum leap.
Growth within transforms transitions. Sleep
Explains fresh paraph[r]ases and may stitch
Relationships to time and space, trace pitch
Expansion as what lost appeared we reap.

Expel all light then wait till darkness pales,
Trust harmony when all about you fails,
Remember always fluids find weak point
And 'truth will out' shall never disappoint.
Needed, hibernation knows no jails,
Growth within the chrysalis impales,
Exit imago nation, to anoint
Regal inklings, nothing out of joint,
Emphasizing trust in Way prevails.

(5 April 2005)

Jonathan ROBIN

Eulogy On A London Jobber

Now profit seems a dirty word,
or so some fine folk say!
but as I feel that is absurd,
at stocks and shares I play.

Bold timing's ever right - you `eard, -
it never fails to pay!
Old Boy, my judgement's never erred,
there's no one can gainsay!

I deal in scraps, true size or block,
game in my box I sit,
I feel perhaps too wise, poor cock, -
tame brokers `elp a bit!

Should button seek to shop `is stock,
I'm `ere to `elp `im do it,
for every joker I would mock,
rehocking at a profit.

I always buy at bottom rock,
at the top, I `op it,
if you consider that I shock,
fortune's fair - you're forfeit.

I pit my wits, job round the clock,
each day the market's ope,
there is no-one I'd rob or knock,
I won't push paper, mope!

Its all a question of control,
of bluff and double bluff!
As market maker I've my role,
the smooth comes with the rough!

I trade, and though scare bears may raid,
'tis seldom that I'm caught;
and if, as said, I am well paid,
I'm just as seldom short!

Whenever challenged or waylaid,
I'm never overwrought,
I'm cool, collected, calm and staid, -
For jobbing's such a sport!

It's all great fun, though true 'tis said
its full of danger fraught,
but if I never am afraid,
'tis 'cause I am self-taught.

Democracy despises wealth,
ought but 'ard labour spurns!
Jobbing's just great, it 'elps me 'ealth,
I like to take those turns!

© Jonathan Robin robi3_0029_robi3_0000 XXX_JXX 12 January 1975

Elegy on a London Jobber

Around the pristine walls of neon glass
the London jobber posts by pillared cell, -
to take a turn, Old Boy, to buy or sell.
He shares his pitch with others of his class,
and pitches shares while brokers pell-mell pass, -
marks red to buttons blue as green as grass.
Bell rings. He takes the call which spells shell's knell,
then calls the take, fulfilling function well, -
tied to the Old School system, - silly farce!

Too many heads swell, barter gold for brass.
Though sun still shines, most squander hay - their bell
will toll, and toll-free shall machines excel,
matchless in matching bargains to surpass
those who for short hours, for fat pay, alas,
play both sides of the coin, bulls, bears, harass,
between fear, greed, prey - arbitrage cartel.
Hammered - Fate prepares a fond farewell
for all who take for granted "vie est belle! "

Jonathan ROBIN

Evanescent Sonnet

Our
world,
whirled
bower.
Flower
hurled,
twirled
hour,
sends
men
strife,
ends
then
life.

Jonathan ROBIN

Evelyne

Embodiment of southern charm and fire,
Vision promise singing sunny skies,
Enchantment bubbling through bright flashing eyes
Like passion flowers pregnant with desire.
You stole my soul, then sent it back to me
New forged, not wholly mine, for part of thee
Endures whose siren strings chords strike heart's lyre.
Ecstasy suspends time's awful ire,
Virtue all adversity defies,
Eternity, once taken by surprise,
Leaves jealousy no choice but to retire.
Youth sends this message to humanity:
Newborn, coeval with eternity,
Entranced dreams gleam advancechance beams desire.

Jonathan ROBIN

Even Essence After Marion K Maa Lumin Essence

For who'd fling off dance, dancer, bed and board,
in search of essence sure, pure search for search,
perchance perceives song, singer, vocal chord
as earthly trammel's church [s]he'd leave in lurch.

Yet some would sing that moon's most barren waste
embraces foreign bodies from afar,
that craters seeds secrete for future haste,
prepare events while time strum's rhyme's guitar.

For dust to dust on subatomic scale
leaves ripple traces, may not wave goodbye
to measurement, as fossil light, thought stale,
returns to base in starlight by and by.

Temptation most attractive seems non-thought
but few who tread its path find peace as taught.

All spins, all dances, anti-matter too,
all wins, advances, to a second state.
Should discontent or non-content hold true
when it itself is phrase, prepares phase fate?

The monuments State, sect er[r]ects with glue
to trap or map Society are void
of meaning when Time, Morals, change renew,
yet are rejected options sense devoid?

The weave-world patterns in dimensions N
the harmonies, the music of the spheres,
one day may be interpreted, and then
U-turn, both U and non U, disappears.

Who tunes in key with energy's wave runes
may surf self's surge foam roam, on cue balloon.

This sonnet sequence could continue well
through next big bang's accordion, thence rise
again to hear one clapping hand plumb well

whose depth defies both measurement, surprise.

Upon its sundry aspects one could dwell
with eloquence still definitions flying
until last trace of himalayan shell
time's bird will wipe, and still deny all dying.

But arguments around pre-destinned plans
though tempting, try and test attention spans.

Jonathan ROBIN

Even In Sleep

Even in sleep she seeks his finger
as if, nursing its tumescence within the palm of her hand,
she could extend the intimacy of intimacy...

© Jonathan Robin – written 10 April 2001

Jonathan ROBIN

Event Attained - Eve Enter_Tained An Die Freude From Night Before 1092 Current Version

Drear night before was stark, austere, marked morrow darker might appear,
and yet, and yet, could shadows pass, joy metamorphosing life at last?
Sore night before saw stress bled lead, from bed to dread from dread to bed,
clouds pillow-billowed overcast, light overhead fled fleet and fast.

Flawed night before, reared insincere head ugly, no dream-future clear
could lighten load, elastoplast afford drear hide-bound mind repast.
The night before was long and wear, as faulty as a salty tear,
as fear tear followed, which aghast grieves universe, Earth's girth surpassed.

No joy. Night fled where nowhere led, no motive true to stay ahead,
as eve grieve sped spread former care, another horror scope forecast.
Now night before's forgot! Instead to joy sublime time's rhyme chime's wed,
to trophy rich which at long last plays switch stitch lines, may from cold blast
defend end chill, will lend to head, heart strings resprung, soul whole, sheet
spread.

Yet don't forget such sharp contrast between what followed and the past
so precious seems that outline here might make Gods jealous, so we'll steer
from tale few read truth unsurpassed, let each judge joy through insight vast.

(19 March 2005 revised 6 December 2006 and 4 May 2013)

Jonathan ROBIN

Event Attained - Eve Entertained

The night before was dark and drear
the morrow darker would appear,
and yet, and yet, could shadows pass
when contest changes life at last?

The night before, spent, as I said,
from bed to dread from dread to bed,
clouds pillow-billowed overcast,
light overhead fled fleet and fast.

The night before, reared insincere
head ugly, no dream-future clear
could lighten load, elastoplast
afford my hide-bound mind's repast.

The night before was long and wear,
as faulty as a salty tear, -
a tear tear followed, which aghast
grieves universe, Earth's dearth surpassed.
by night to come that nowhere led,
no motive true to stay ahead,
as night before led from the past
to nowhere – horror scope forecast.

The night before's forgot! Instead
to joy sublime time's rhyme chime's wed,
to trophy rich which at long last
plays switch stitch lines, may from cold blast
defend end chill, will lend to head,
a heart resprung, soul whole, sheet spread.

Yet don't forget such sharp contrast
between what followed and the past
so precious seems that outline here
might make Gods jealous, so we'll steer
from story few'd believe outclassed, -
leave each to judge through insight vast...

Jonathan ROBIN

Evergreen Scene 1894

New leaf turns ova over to time's page
Empowering another causal dance
Which rich may prove if clemence move luck, chance,
Love lending life free from restrictive cage.
Enchanted wand fond future grants, life's stage
Acts out authentic play, each circumstance
Faced with fairness, wishing-well advance
That tolerates neither envy, sin, nor rage.
Uncertainty dissolved by mindset sage
Reads good intentions, punctures arrogance,
Never coarse, insensitive, each glance
Shows kindness ever eager to engage
Open options, opportunities.
Voyage evergreen gifts golden keys.

(12 August 2009)

Jonathan ROBIN

Every New Invention

The Press has still to mention,
we've yet to know about,
every new invention
that we can't live without.

Prosperity seems fleeting,
mankind must comprehend
it can't continue cheating
Earth's resources pretend
they're ever self-repeating
eternally extend
all generations greeting,
so spendthrift ways amend.

We live with central heating,
on science we depend,
and every day we're meeting
new methods without end.
The layman's comprehension
is stretched from nowt to doubt,
to up the spout, attention
strong's sought from louts change flout.

We struggle, self-completing,
to balance ends, means, spend
time in between competing
choice options to defend
our rights to worthwhile pension,
planned obsolescence tout.
World enters new dimension
where friends, foes' rout, want out!

Jonathan ROBIN

Evolutionary Double Dactyls

EVOLUTIONARY DOUBLE DACTYLS

Higgledy piggledy,
old-earth Darwinian
fills in the gaps of
millenia past,
Lucy and surrogates
extend dominion
over crass ignorance,
fools flabbergast.

Homonims: homonims'
deoxyribboning
highlights heredity
Denisovan
all who teach other-'wise'
gibberish gibboning,
blind sided prejudice
leech preach deadpan.

Jonathan ROBIN

Exemplary - After William Shakespeare Sonnet Xviii

Shall I compare her? In what galaxy,
And when or where? No mirror could reflect
Nature's epitome so talent decked,
Gainsaying self, Time holds all time in fee!
Telescopes in vain seek other sun
One half as bright, whose universal joy,
Might Big Bang justify, all it begun.
All would exchange their place for her employ.
Myths don truth's dress, coeval, - past, to be,
Aeons root, shoot, fruit, tree, end and start,
Under, above, in, out, earth, sky and sea,
Do merge, name frame as "all in one" apart.
Exemplary, all praise she'll gain through giving,
Cycles may spin, yet one, though lost stays living.

© Jonathan Robin & Maude Corrieras Acrostic Sonnet Sang to ma Maude C 17
June 2008

Author notes
Sonnet XVIII

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometimes too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often in his gold complexion dimmed;
And every fair from fair sometimes declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course untrimmed;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st,
Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st;
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

William Shakespeare Sonnet XVIII

Jonathan ROBIN

Expelled From Eden

Shifting shadows shroud proud hopes once bright,
Expectations dampen, disconnect.
Sweet promise teeters, sudden circumspect.
Time's march mutes rhyme, climb turns descent, delight
Over as promise peters out despite
Love's theme which once seemed shared song strong, dream decked
Enchantingly with passions too perfect.
Magic unsustained, heart pained, from flight,
Yet still protesting, falls into dark night.
Vacant stare, anticipations wrecked,
On oaths unkept, rejection, broods. Respect
Is battered, shattered joy leaves painful bite.
Confidence, contested, tasting tears,
Expelled from Eden, traces wasted years.

Jonathan ROBIN

Exposé On The Ineffable

Faith's febrile exposé on the ineffable
encourages jussive will vast as creation,
catalysing energy which,
after short hiatus, hatches from lacklustre cygnet:
nor dybbuk nor daemon
but angel swan whose song
offers aperitif
of Paradise regained
for mortal who, sole, strives
for self-preparèdness.
No need to genuflect,
deride man's tawdry trace,
no scorn for feeble fears
in bawdry brashness dressed.

Jonathan ROBIN

Expostulation And Reply After Wordsworth

EXPOSTULATION AND REPLY AFTER WORDSWORTH

'Why, Rachel, on this site,
thus for the length of five full years,
why, Rachel, archive, when your light
and dreams deserve three cheers?

Where is your Ph.D. well earned
now being well formed body, mind?
Down! downstream paddle, channel churned,
to Paris, Sorbonne find.

You look round on your Nottingham,
while reading Reading is too small,
while Oxenforde and Bridge on Cam,
slight fame may offer if at all! '

'One day near Sherwood Forest green,
saw sweet life vanished with the deer,
Good Robin's phantom moonlit seen,
one midnight did appear.

The inner eye beyond the sea
must list to voice for choice few hear;
our astral bodies feel they be,
blown to a fresh career.

More heed! Deem dreams of unseen Powers
impressed upon our minds may show
the way to active growth, joy's flowers
spurn passive wait, must grow..

The sober tenor of old ways,
their universal hustle, bustle,
seems too self-centered, time peels days
fresh challenge seek, mind muscle.

Ask no longer why, alone,
through contest answer's sought,
but act, abandon old grey stone,

'—Then ask not wherefore, here, alone,
Conversing as I may,
I sit upon this old grey stone,
And dream my time away, '

William Wordsworth 1770_1850

Expostulation and Reply after Wordsworth poem © Jonathan Robin

Jonathan ROBIN

Extra-Sensory Perception For M C

Modicum of sense bears witness we
Appear apart as man is to the moon.
Unworthy I of your eyes' symphony,
Dreams draw my moth to butterfly's cocoon.
Enchanted by bright light my write reflects,
Connections linking Mars to Venus realm,
Makes fantasy reel real in fact, elects,
A sparkling pole star set to steer hope's helm.
Under, over, through famed needle's eye,
Desire's humped camel enters heaven's gate,
Entertaining expectations high,
Content with what sense can't extrapolate.
May extra-sensory perception show
Confirmed osmosis, interactive flow?

Jonathan ROBIN

Eye Witness

Dawn breaks, to darkness dark returns. The night,
enfolded in some secret veil's decay,
remains as silent witness. Shadows play.
In turn sun burns, mistaken pride takes flight,
implying that Earth's endless black and white
sentient hide and seek of night and day
serves hidden purpose. Orbit interplay,
terran/lunar uniqueness, may highlight
high Judge's absent omnipresence, might
invent observer's role within the Way.
Today's dark s[l]ide spins bright tomorrow, may
catalyze reflection's stalagmite,
internal contradictions, paradox,
Eye though seems seems to see, dreams' box unlocks.

Jonathan ROBIN

F[r]ee Enterprise - Acrostic Sonnet

Forced "progress" pace, accelerating years
Race onwards, spiral with increasing speed,
Each chasing each proclaiming global need,
Exhorting freedom shatter terror's tears,
Enjoying well earned triumph. Changing gears
Now merge and surge impelled by subprime greed.
To tipping point for health, to which succeed
Epidemics global. Each man fears
Rising floods as arctic ice-cap nears
Precocious end. Beliefs begin to bleed,
Regions suffer climatic threats which feed
Insider dealing, trust, bear disappears.
Seek Eden far from mortgaged madding crowd,
Enjoy simplicity with heart unbowed...

15 November 1991 revised 27 August 2007

Jonathan ROBIN

F[r]og - Parody Carl Sandburg - Fog

The frog comes
on little toed feet.

Glad on pad soaking
rafts, wafts nenuphar away from city zen smog
mist_story current flows from current woes
in bog, in pond beyond poetic reads
It sits croaking.

Silence? - you're joking! -
until it croaks.

Jonathan ROBIN

Fabulous Lent Rib

F IT LINT, IF, FIN, IN FLINT FILLS FAST FIRST phrase
L IT, LATER LIFTS, OUR explanation clears,
I NF_IN_ITE FUN, sense SOUL FELT SENT appears
N IFTy, trophy FINE LIFE'S LABOR rep[!]ays.
T he RIB LENT pulls your leg, LETS BUILT relays
E xtract ABLE STABLE FABLE, LINE TONE endears.
R EAL skill? SURE RUSE AS TRUE meaning NEARS,
B AB Ballads calls TO mind. FAB BLAB essays
A llow BALL flight AS INTERplays
B ury - INTER - BLUES, TOIL, ROIL, TO FOIL TEARS.
U n[!]inked F, ABULOUS, INTERpret cheers
L IE IN LIFE'S letters BABEL LABEL praise.
O UT, IN, UNTIE, UNITE, ONE BIBLE RULES,
US, U and I, IN anagram TUNE FUELS.

(11 August 2007)

Jonathan ROBIN

Faces Of The Future

Spiral chromosomes displace
the plastic threads of destiny,
printed coded touchstone trace
on man's genetic memory.

(17 April 1978)

Jonathan ROBIN

Failsafe Is Self-Delusion

Deny temptations of soft ride,
Ease superficial, risks unquantified,
Choosing safe way, straight road comfort fed,
Idea[']s mediocre are poor guide,
Deride free choice, autonomy, self pride,
Exchanging fad, conformity, for bread.

Despise stop-gap solutions qualified
Everywhere as failsafe when, allied,
Complacency and status found in bed,
Incestuous are chosen for free ride,
Denigrating options for scope wide,
Endure more than participate, choice dread.
reams sacrificed to mirage fears short-sighted
turn self-prophetic, lead to future blighted.

Jonathan ROBIN

Fair Cop

Hissed blond constable Bond, on the beat,
to a pair there more fond than discreet:
Miss Chris Bliss miss a kiss,
give the next kiss a 'miss',
for a kiss is amiss on the street.'

Tart replied as her heart missed a beat
while she eyed him with come-on complete,
I need neither dark veil
nor a trip kip parked in jail,
both are of no avail to compete

So although some dumb blonds stroll the street
up and downtown with busty conceit,
when they're bust they find bail,
beyond bond, pause or pale,
skirting law, pawing skirt, purse replete.

Second 'fair cop' may turn on the heat
whatever excuses some bleat,
condemnation repeat
for both worker, elite,
more than 'fine' words turns sentence complete.

But one sin, once begun, can be fun,
especially when time's left to run,
though the law has its uses
life makes up excuses
to justify undone well done...

Jonathan ROBIN

Fair Untangled Poetry

FAIR garden blossoms through trust's rising sun
Uniquely satisfying inner eye
Nature's weave worlds, thriving, merge as one
Twin[n]ed symphonies of song, Time's drum defy.
A cherry blossom spri[n]gs as h[e]aven stream
Neath rainbow bloom beads whose bouquet may bridge,
Graft, eastern 'floating world' to western dream,
Light bright transmuting, muting urge to fidge.
Extended gardens conquer care, wear, tear.
Digest, ingest each sound shade tone profound,
Pause, look and learn, yearn not, reach round despair.
One gleans joy harvesting rich hallowed ground.
Encounters unforeseen weave sunlit leaves,
TRY framing scene which pastures green believes.

Jonathan ROBIN

Fairies' Glitter - 1385 - Current Version

May fairies glitter in my eyes? From you they're sent 'tis no surprise,
Advance beyond all present plight, together share wide world's delight.
Untrammelled in the stilly night imagination's wings find flight,
Draw fairy glitter in my eyes to returning bright sunrise
Each 'twenty-four' fulfilled as one - the fairies' task is never done!
Change spins earth's orbit through skies bright encouraging selfless insight.

Muse fairy's glitter represents tenderness where each assents,
All's well, soft bell each heart sustains through each, to, from, to ease all pains,
Unites with sender to retain joy's quintessential which remains.
Dream fairies' glitter filters sense, dispersing day's incompetence,
Effacing care and worries, - one from two may spring, from struggles, fun
Complement can recompense, new destiny spans 'whither' 'whence'.

Magic fairy glitter tries exiles fuss, cuss, angst, disguise,
A glowing halo somehow might send mending rays of 'serenite',
Unveil divinest Aphrodite, contaminated world heal quite.
Dawn fireflies sent from eastern skies enable us to realize
Enchanted future, two as one, although time flies, supplies finespun
Charm free from harm, hope certifies hearts chart osmosis everywise.

Much fairy glitter signifies serenity which multiplies
As joy's refrains destroy past chains, complaints, restraints, while weather vanes
Undraw soul's blinds stem mind's brain drains, open transparent window panes
Defeating darkness, heartfelt sighs. Such sparkle here personifies
Enduring happiness begun the day two met, foresaw wars won.
Concluding stanza, touching, tries, to show all she exemplifies.

(4 January 2009)

Jonathan ROBIN

Faith In One New Alliance - F I O N A Fair

From initial signs and signals, touching tendrils in the mind,
Is an image bright; inviting screens to fall.
One strains every intuition in attempt to reach behind
Nature's surface state, seek soul song signs great, small,
As life, blessed by sudden brilliance, sees its colours, unconfined,
Form an iridescent effervescent ball.
Amazing frame, fair features Beauty claims her own enshrined,
Interpret essence permanent, acclaim none else recall,
Rich and rare, their prayer all recognize, resigned.

Flash emotions splash devotion, empathetic, underlined,
It appears all life before was empty wall,
Or unpainted canvas rough, unframed, its contours undefined,
Now can soul-strings tune to unexpected call.
As osmosis twins joy, happiness, feelings fabulous remind
Fate's finger points towards a karmic call
Allowing many lifetimes' love to finally combine
In an avalanche none, nothing can forestall,
Reveals summations of exclusive kind.

Fledgling day prepares enchantment's ray, beams for redeemed mankind
Imagine Cinderella from the Ball,
On her pumpkin is discovered by a Prince both fair and kind,
Nature Nature has surpassed, one over all!
Ask Troy's Helen, Cleopatra, silken tresses intertwined,
Forced to recognize high precedence none stall,
Aware that there's a star that may great galaxies outshine
In a twinkling, which from elsewhere can't befall,
Representing all earth's virtues recombined.

For though others flow with surface glow, ONE charm alone may bind,
Its magic spell majestic cannot pall,
One alone finesse of features shows, with spirit well inclined,
No wonder by her side Pride stands so tall.
Armoured knights would daily praise her sight, each dragon base, love-blind,
Failing flamed in fight. Before her fame, all fall,
And Eternity stands witness which cannot be undermined,
Is converted in an instant as her thrall,
Resisting Time's steel sickle, won't unwind.

Fair knows all would all forego, to go where her ringed signet signed,
If it pleased to timeless Empress true install
On a throne as Muse forever, envy of all womankind
Never hesitating, facing storm and squall.
Although mortals must to dust dissolve, though age leaves beauty lined,
Find these lines will ring beyond Time's beck and call,
As a comet with a tale to tell, whose t[r]ail spins, well assigned
In eternity in transit, so her thrall
Realigns all planets, orbits redefined.

Faith, although in verse I'd here rehearse pour praises, more unkind
Is English, lacking rhyming wherewithal.
Only virtue's true fun shines through one, all other minds confined,
Never ending, all extending, envy's gall,
Admitting efforts vain against one fortress unresigned,
Forced to weigh their souls see feather's wait shortfall
As Osiris in his wisdom shares his kingdom countersigned,
Issues salutations as a waterfall,
Rises recognizing paragon none bind.

Jonathan ROBIN

Faith In Snappy Chimp Champion After John Dryden Happy The Man

Snappy chimp champion who can alone
candid cavort, call every faith his own:
secure within, who'd win reprieve or stay
from faithless human safari foray.
Be fair or foul or jungle rain or shine
who joy possesses man can't undermine,
pollution free, from storied past draws power,
may say what's been has been, when mankind's had its hour

Happy the Man John Dryden
Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He who can call today his own:
He who, secure within, can say,
Tomorrow do thy worst, for I have lived today.
Be fair or foul or rain or shine
The joys I have possessed, in spite of fate, are mine.
Not Heaven itself upon the past has power,
But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour.

Jonathan ROBIN

Faithless Ben Simon - Parody Gilles Menage, Thomas Hood, Faithless Nellie Gray,

Ben Simon was a broker bold
who'd turned his share of crashes,
the recent slump his stumps had bowled
with shares returned to ashes.

Then as they hammered him from `Change,
he stammered "with a spread
I might my spread keep, not exchange
my blue bloods, in the red! "

Head watch-dogs dogged his tracks before
he suddenly made tracks,
and headed south ahead of four
headlines in weekend tracts.

Though contracts signed seemed so well heeled, -
the heel – but yet inside a
good deal of each deal he had wheeled
were bad contacts insider!

Although he swore an open book
each trade was `fore bear raid,
betrayed, he soon was brought to book
and in the dock arrayed.

The moral of this tale, who knows?
Fools' gold will e'er attract,
but details missed, or jealous foes
woe's tales tell, `tis a fact...

Jonathan ROBIN

Fake, Fake, Fake After Tennyson Break, Break, Break

Fake, fake, fake
on the canvas tau[gh]t I see,
while the auction records tumble,
uncounterfeited glee!

O well for the promise of youth,
unblighted till Time's touch light,
O well for the torch of truth
in envy dressed, and spite.

Sales' records all can gauge
as the auction costs a mint,
but O for the varnish set with age
and a vanished hand's imprint!

O well for the experts who
can Keating tell from Blake,
O well for the middleman too,
who cheating turn would take.

The charades continue
lest vested interests shake
the whole accursèd crew
of artist, agent, rake.

Yet rake is what most do
while going's good, still stake
until false fad's played through
to tune of 'fake' all take!

O well for the auctioneers
who fat commissions make,
O well for the critics' sneers:
Art for percentage sake!

O well for clients' fears,
for it is easy as cake
to puff rough stuff which rears
its head next year as fake!

O well for the carbon date
chipped off in tiny flake,
O well for the cancelled fete
which follows on mistake!

Fake, fake, fake,
rags into riches make,
more seems today at stake
than just Art for Art's sake!

Jonathan ROBIN

False Impressions

Perhaps its not unreasonable to formulate this note
Addressed here with all due respect to Miss Paloma Sproat.
Life is important, false excuses are from truth remote,
Offer no consolation but they really get one's goat.
My trust I gave and it seems grave such sudden turn of coat,
Appointment made, request relayed, came not from me, no 'faute'
Seems from my side, no trust denied, or if there was, please quote!
Perhaps four calls appall when one to train times does devote
Real effort which is good will spurned, four calls ignored, he wrote!
Or maybe false impressions stemmed from hopes we might emote.
All said and done perhaps its best, yet there still seems a boat
That's missed, an opportunity which still retains my vote.
Postscript: herewith please find a smile that says the wings to fly
Shall yet be found as from dark ground may soar bright butterfly!

Jonathan ROBIN

Farewell Kevin After John Dryden Farewell, Ungrateful Traitor

Downgrade A.P. proposes
accentuates tears, fears,
dumb downgrade fate opposes
engenders change of gears,
bright trophies once adorning
night, morning, witness mourning,
departure tells no dawning
when Judgment Day appears.

Quid context links chromatic?
Quid backgrounds custom made?
See standard typeface static
subvert subscriptions paid.
Will Kev pull up his socks,
unlock hermetic boxes
all hobbitses swear 'pox is! '
fonts uniformly grayed.

Too simple to deceive us
attempting to explain
'as buttered bread' to grieve us
with beta bug profane.
When facebook fan replaces
true poet, he who chases
gilt ads finds guilt displaces
most browned off readers sane.

Deceptions past prepare us
for pain, departure plain.
Though some say: "Should you leave us,
has journey proved in vain? "
Before you have denied it
say 'mind finds bliss beside it! '
Block beta, none who tried it
shall find joy where all gain.

Some passion have pretended

as game aimed to obtain
advert alm, charm soon ended,
snake, charmer, all disdain.
Past tears have taken measure
of losing precious treasure,
but parting seems slight pleasure
when sharing hopes again.

These verses are extended
past Dryden's stanzas three,
till beta is amended
scribe stands by penning spree.
Search engine seems disaster,
slave shackled turns verse master,
dreams fading even faster
than light speed memory.

Farewell misunderstandings,
Farewell, past perjury!
Let not unhappy landings
void voyage verity.
The pleasure of possessing
surpasses all expressing
though bitter-sweet its blessing
once seemed, heave-ho heart's pain!

Jonathan ROBIN

Farewell Misunderstandings - Parody John Dryden - Farewell, Ungrateful Traitor!

Farewell, misunderstandings
Farewell, past perjury!
Let not unhappy landings
void voyage verity.
The pleasure of possessing
surpasses all expressing
though bitter-sweet its blessing
once seemed, heave-ho heart's pain!

If upgrades site proposes
can't counter weary tears
when downgrade fate opposes
encounters change of gears,
those trophies once adorning
night, morning, witness mourning,
departure tells no dawning
when Judgement Day appears.

Deceptions past prepare us,
for neither pity, pain,
though some say: "Should you leave us,
has journey proved in vain? "
Before you have denied it
there is no bliss beside it
yet she that once has tried it
shall find joy where all gain.

Some passion have pretended,
as game aimed to obtain
your charms – their charm soon ended,
the charmer you disdain.
Past tears have taken measure
of losing precious treasure,
but parting seems slight pleasure
when sharing hopes again.

© Jonathan Robin 16 June 2007 Parody John Dryden - Farewell, Ungrateful
Traitor! revised 19 October 2008 for previous version see below

Farewell, misunderstandings
Farewell, past perjury!
Let not unhappy landings
Presume life's verity.
The pleasure of possessing
Surpasses all expressing
Though bitter-sweet its blessing
Once seemed, - farewell Love's pain.

Deceptions past prepare us,
For neither pity, pain,
Who'll say to love "You leave us,
The voyage was in vain! "
Before you have denied it
There is no bliss beside it
But she that once has tried it
Will find love where all gain.

Some passion have pretended,
As game aimed to obtain
Your charms - their charm soon ended,
The charmer you disdain.
Past tears did take the measure
From losing precious treasure,
But dying is no pleasure
When love's wheel spins again.

© Jonathan Robin 16 June 2007 Parody John Dryden - Farewell, Ungrateful
Traitor!

Author notes

Farewell, Ungrateful Traitor!

Farewell, ungrateful traitor!
Farewell, my perjured swain!
Let never injured creature

Believe a man again
The pleasure of possessing
Surpasses all expressing
But 'tis too short a blessing,
And Love too long a pain.

It's easy to deceive us,
In pity of your pain,
But when we love you leave us,
To rail at you in vain.
Before we have descried it
There is no bliss beside it
But she that once has tried it
Will never love again.

The passion you pretended,
Was only to obtain;
But when the charm is ended,
The charmer you disdain.
Your love by ours we measure
Till we have lost our treasure,
But dying is a pleasure
When living is a pain.

John Henry DRYDEN 1631_1700

Jonathan ROBIN

Farm Cocks After Joyce Kilmer Alarm Clocks

Dogs bark, birds tweet, cats shatter calm,
from muddy courtyard rise proud roosters' call
as Old MacDonald milks cows in their stall.
when moon sneaks off, when sun shakes dewy farm.
He bears a wooden stool, but not to harm
the dripping teets that greet his interplay
as cockerel crows triumphant summon day
to glow upon rude rustic cliché charm.

Few cities now know dawn may sunshine sing
for smog lies low upon wan window case,
'shadows numberless' drape everything,
pollution blocks bright view, as at snail pace
grime buses queue, masked workers brave time's sting,
pale priests hail raising hell for saving grace.

When Dawn strides out to wake a dewy farm
Across green fields and yellow hills of hay
The little twittering birds laugh in his way
And poise triumphant on his shining arm.
He bears a sword of flame but not to harm
The wakened life that feels his quickening sway
And barnyard voices shrilling 'It is day! '
Take by his grace a new and alien charm.

But in the city, like a wounded thing
That limps to cover from the angry chase,
He steals down streets where sickly arc-lights sing,
And wanly mock his young and shameful face;
And tiny gongs with cruel fervor ring
In many a high and dreary sleeping place.

Jonathan ROBIN

Fatalism

For the future
we shall see.
Can Man ever
Destiny
twist, curve, alter?

Can Man, somersaulter,
bend ends, means, free
options fresh, from halter
'scape – no bended knee
before Time's altar?

Can Man, clown, palter,
rewrite his history, -
Nature's prime defaulter –
embrace transparency
as gospel psalter?

Can Man, distorter,
learn, turn, zen key
beyond brick, mortar?
Serenity,
not self-slaughter?

Why self-torture?
What will be,
actor, watcher,
you or me, -
Fate won't falter.

Friend why wonder
fatally?
While men ponder
history,
spirits wander...

Jonathan ROBIN

Fateful Limerick

When ladies named Fate lose their sense
of direction at mankind's expense,
woman, kind, takes in hand
both the lie of the land
and the land of faith's 'why? ', 'whither? ', 'whence? '

(29 June 2008)

Jonathan ROBIN

Fate's Watershed Awaits Ahead

I who was king, taught all to sing, when Greenland still was green,
scoff at the way most homage pay today to progress crowned.
Fat profit's ring, its scorpion sting shall strike, spike anguish keen,
oh lack a day! Man's lost his way, with motives so unsound.
I who foresaw from shore to shore how wonderlust would mean
no stone unturned, deserved, ill earned, in search of mirage dreams
when rotten core exploits the poor, when little in between
extremes is learned, with justice spurned and bridges burned it seems.

I who remain in etching plain, on bone forever set
call all to see that history for vengeance cries aloud.
Fate's watershed awaits ahead to help this world forget
that man once walked, at nothing balked, to stand out from the crowd,
exploiting earth throughout its girth, ambitions daily whet
by hubris swank and reasons rank, by ways in which rank proud
sought to oppress, yet nonetheless Time, grinning, will not let
poor jokes to last, and very fast shall flood man's pride low bowed.

Jonathan ROBIN

Fearless Rabin

Fourteen years have flown past
Each one took toll till peace
At last seemed to have grown fast
Reflecting needs to piece
Life's jigsaw till the gunshots
Echoed Rabin's decease.
Strong fall defending longshots,
So all secure release!

Fearless Sadat
Firm friend where others faltered,
Egypt's first Lord of Peace.
Assassination altered
Revenge to release!
Let his hopes henceforth find form,
Endowed with fresher lease:
Swiftly settles sandstorm,
Senseless struggles cease.

Jonathan ROBIN

Fearless Sadat

Firm friend where others faltered,
Egypt's first Lord of Peace.
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Revenge to release!
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So all secure release!

Jonathan ROBIN

Felicity - Translation Pierre Corneille - Félicité Polyeucte

FELICITE

All Mankind's felicity
stays prey to instability,
and may in no time fall from grace, -
as with glass, shattered, none replace, -
they share the same fragility

24 October 2005

Translation Pierre CORNEILLE - Félicité Polyeucte
robi03_1337_robi03_0000 TXX_DZX

Félicité

Toute votre félicité
Sujette à l'instabilité
En moins de rien tombe par terre:
Et comme elle a l'éclat du verre
Elle en a la fragilité

Polyeucte IV,2

Pierre CORNEILLE 1606_1684

[c] Jonathan Robin

Jonathan ROBIN

Feline Facility

Cat's claws show supreme capability
in solving those problems mankind
filled with catnip lack, feline facility
proves adept at colours aligned.
Take a lesson from me, versatility
in verse role-reversing mind bind
needs no preening when mental mobility
meets dilemmas blind men find unkind.

Are you not overwhelmed by my logical
puzzle skill pizzaz sure to impress?
Men's perspectives fail! Phantasmagorical,
they seldom know how to express
holistic views true, pseudo biological
ravings leave a cool cat cold. Who'd guess
their tics block, tock unchronological
when seeking right answer's address.

I am not overawed by the prospect
of playing from morning to night,
my motives, moreover, aren't suspect,
although men may have kittens, they might,
realize that cats eyes glow though few of us
take less than twelve turns to solve cube,
but imagine if men had our gene I us
they'd haste to paste trace on who tube.

Jonathan ROBIN

Fervency

Channelled energy releases
distress, translates transparency,
misgivings melt, magic peace is
self-confident integrity.

Oppression, vanquished, liberates
courage as 'simple' satisfies.
Subjective teacup storms abate,
fervency inspires soul wise.

Hibernating flesh fresh, fey,
finds fervor, Fate facilitates
springboard sweeping sleep away,
evolution entombs doom's play.

Hopefulness reverberates,
favours fair future, celebrates.

Jonathan ROBIN

Fête De L'Internet 1998 With Khemi

L'Internet

Couplet

L'Internet,

C'est un écran magique quand tu t'ennuies les doigts

C'est un écran magique quand tu t'ennuies les doigts

Et des images toniques pour éveiller en toi

Des mondes imaginaires où tu deviens le roi

L'Internet,

C'est un écran magique quand tu tourn's en ronde

C'est un tapis volant sur les réseaux du monde

C'est la souris glissant, c'est l'écho qui répond

□

Refrain

Secoue-toi les méninges, t'es plus au temps des singes!

C'est l'heure de l'Internet,

C'est toi même que tu fêtes!

L'Internet pour partager son bout du monde

Partout en France s'éveillent des envies très profondes

Ensemble on bâtira notre intermonde

Couplet

L'Internet

C'est un espace à toi où tu prends la parole

C'est un espace pour moi où s'échangent les symboles

C'est un espace en nous adieu les vieilles écoles

De nouveaux métiers vont baisser le chômage

L'écol' va s'y brancher, on trouvera des stages

Allons fêter ce Net qui brisera les cages.

Pont

Car l'Internet ça sert à ouvrir les esprits

Les repères des pères pour nous c'est tout fini

A portée de souris cliquons sur l'Internet

Les changements dans l'air feront bouger la vie

Car surfer pour tout faire c'est déjà aujourd'hui

J'te l'dis tout Net t'es sur l'Internet

Refrain

Secoue-toi les méninges, t'es plus au temps des singes!
C'est l'heure de l'Internet,
C'est toi même que tu fêtes!

L'Internet pour partager son bout du monde
Partout en France s'éveillent des envies très profondes
Viens avec nous bâtir notre intermonde

Jonathan ROBIN

Fetter Less

Olympic gymnasts' swings and roundabouts
can't torch a candle when compared to me
or you who role-reverse creatively
formal restrictions which most do without.

Four years of toil and trouble, deadline doubts,
throw gauntlet down to challenge gravity,
to humour spent self-confidence at sea,
then gain momentum through true craft that flouts
free-form abandon, lazy louts' crass shouts
below mean mental promiscuity,
teenage angst, blank vents that scream 'I'd BE
if only some could hear, applaud, my clout! '
Formal frontiers' false complexity
doffs jesses, flawless tress weaves, fetter free.

Jonathan ROBIN

Few Wolves Remain

Few wolves remain to huff, puff, paw straw home,
Environmental dwelling seems just fine
When made of hay while sun may ever shine:
While light and laughter last, no cold blasts roam.
Overcome cement, crass, rough, cold stone,
Likewise log no timber forests sign,
View life as one with Nature's shrine,
Enchanted realm not concrete clone
Should offer haven, comfort zone,
REfuse to axe trunk from roots divine
Make do with true essentials, line
All walls with bales, twine twisted throne.
Inner contentment strikes true chord,
Nature dissipates discord.

Jonathan ROBIN

Fiat Lux

Forsaking superficiality
I'll leap from sleep of forty years or more –
A wilderness too often paced before.
Tenderness replacing nugatory
Lacklustre hibernation's purgatory,
Upwards soars, exploding joy's hot core.
XY, XY, new fusion bond explore,
Free change-range 'magmatude', tuned harmony
In lava-love outpour; nor echo's progeny, -
An essay onanistic – nor a straw
The drowning clasp as undertow, nor bore
Life swallows when Death hollows destiny.
Unexpected is awakening's state -
X...citement words can only understate.

Jonathan ROBIN

Find Focus

Few self-selected boundaries secure
success against distortions. Envy, greed
may undermine intentions fine, immature
great goals from circumspection's jesses freed.
Need's great when limits grate, for cynosure.
Where moderation frets, ambitions feed
appetites which waste, haste immature,
potential spendthrift squandered. To succeed,
spurn sinecure, forthrightness fair ensure,
refusing pride's possession, purblind lead
feeding views subjective, premature.
Find focus as unbiased instincts guide.

Way's narrow, high's temptation's signing fee
between the devil and the deep blue sea.

Jonathan ROBIN

Find Self Through Self Forgot - Acrostic Sonnet

Too much spleen's uttered, utterly unbid,
Of hatred, anger, spiteful envy hid,
But transits unattainted true texts teach
Essential to serenity, can reach
Over time's stream to show dream's sacred speech -
Rebirth of Man's most magic meanings mid
New dogmatists who unchecked progress preach.
'Oubli' - Lethe's spirit - would impeach
The essence of existence, listless leech
The sap to drain emotions, deign love rid.
Open your soul, dissolve constraining lid.
BE one with all, let all be one with thee,
find self through self forgot, attaining harmony.

Jonathan ROBIN

Finger Tips

Four linger for prose
fifth, singer, creatively
now shows how rhyme flows

(8 February 2009)

Jonathan ROBIN

Finite Goals To Infinite Ideas

From finite goals to infinite ideas
poets range, perspectives change at will,
accepted concepts challenge, alter till
puzzle pieces placed replace false fears,
frustrations, as true overview appears.
Open mind masks leaves behind to fill
links which seemed missing, thinking, inking. Skill
need not be an issue if message clears
the limitations filtering our ears
from signals strong too long unheeded. Still,
despite strange eddies 'progress' spins to frill
events which ripple-tripple, poet steers
beyond trite mundane compromise, to tune
to streams beyond the ken of men and moon.

Jonathan ROBIN

Firefly Pyrotechnics

Wish made maid hears
swish: rayed jade nears glade.
Firefly lightheartedly pinpoint
infinite catherine wheel pyrotechnic fractal patterns
coalesce_sing kaleidoscopic panorama.
Discover knowledge for itself means naught,
that riches, sin guilt-laden, can't be bought
like fireflies on summer night uncaught,
greet insight revelation, greed unsought.
Wish conveyed granted, fears
allayed: enchanted fey disappears.

Jonathan ROBIN

Firewalls

Adapt to writing on the wall,
respond, react not, and recall
that Nature tries to overturn
the status quo, so learn to spurn
rigidity which all in all loses touch with base.

Some species rise to swiftly fall,
lose ground to others, Nature's call
plays games with all as cycles turn,
return to nothingness and burn
idols which before Time's squall held pride of place.

Yet Nature's churning free-for-all
recuts Life's cards, acts to forestall
stagnation as new species learn
to thrive from niche advantage, earn
some space to find the wherewithal to old replace.

Observe the Himalayan wall
trace trilobites in steep Nepal
call all to witness, deep discern,
the folly mind-sets rigid yearn
adjourning evolution, stall 'to save the race'.

All systems needing overhaul
at any time tend to install
firewall tools, or sempiternae
defensive mechanisms burn
their bridges, fall self-defeating victims to Time's chase.

Omar Khayyam assured 'The ball
no questions asks' both great and small,
iron clad, fruit fly, must return
to dust from dust, as atoms earn
a chance to dance again with grace.

(28 April 2008)

Jonathan ROBIN

First Sight And Second Sight Insight

Conjugation favoured few folk find
feels inspiration words can't even try
to pin down, predefine, or qualify,
limit, understate or question why,
scorn karma as coincidence or lie.
One birth, on earth so little time assigned,
united eyes whose energies unwind,
leapt links synaptic, instantly defy
Time itself, let souls electrify.

Before vague interferences twist mind,
distort perceptions caught, one ought to try
to focus clearly, spirit satisfy,
sharing impressions which should never die
while magic taps into soul's spring to bind
affections karmic, cosmic, underlined
feeling parents e'er identify
with Jericho's walls fallen, joy supply.

Age differences dissolved, fears undermined.
That first glance opened understanding. Blind
before 'one' must have been, parental tie
from gravity released, no low, no high,
as everywhere twinned spirits teamed, naught awry.
Base substance shed, trite trammels left behind,
We walked on air, all purer felt, refined,
senses swam, consumed, reborn, we/I
complete, broke surface, joy none quantify.

Love's message all embraced and somehow signed
dimensions new whose rainbow hues deny
time and space, displace doubts, multiply
empathy, empowering wings to fly.
Magnified magnificence might find
its place in all, for all was redefined,
impression that itself was heightened by
acceptance shared, that nothing could deny.

That message understanding underlined.

No need for questions, no need for reply,
answers sprang spontaneous to apply
bright lining, insight to identify
the meaning of the universe, to bind
its discords into harmony aligned
as limits disappeared, sight cleared, thereby
abolishing all need to feed 'how? why? '

Like lightning current passed. Two intertwined,
upwards spiralled seven heavens high,
each could discover, reach, personify
both peace, release, within a soul-storm's eye.
Within this 'vortex' top-like spun some kind
of symphony, enchantment predefined,
responding, permeating all, as "my"
no sense retained, swept out by inner eye.

We weightless whirled while everything combined
in all, through all, dimensions, instant tie.
Past, mirage pale, shed to transmogrify
emotions' surges, sudden signify
end to beginnings. Soul to soul could bind,
race, face much more than base touch, leave behind
waste walls, taste joys which logic strict defy.
Apart from all, yet part of all felt I!

It seemed imagination, much maligned,
by most as tinted outpost for a lie,
was in true colours seen as empty sigh,
a monochrome excuse or alibi
compared with glory storybook devined
that far outshines words' narrow worlds purblind.
Enlightenment at last could testify
to well-spring wonder's spell swell, never dry.

Love shared intense impressions counter-signed
by marvelment, as interactive high
engraved emotions, inklings, on the fly,
Rhyme's splendour fans reflections, spans earth, sky,
touched, as it were, by karma to unwind
in every thought and everything, shared mind.
Past perceptions alter for the best

life's reach as angels teach. Pen comes to rest.

Jonathan ROBIN

Fisherman

Strong suntanned torso, horny hand on haft
of slender slivered stone tipped sharpened shaft,
he scans the sea, port, starboard, fore and aft,

steers bold through currents cold and crystal clear,
peers into swilling waves till shoals appear –
finned phantoms flitting on fine silver sand,
flee fitful, fretful, unforgetful spear –
veers single-handed, shingled strand so near.

Wave, windswept, one fights foaming tidal draught.
Successive seasons pass, this sacred craft
is followed still, upon same fragile craft...

Jonathan ROBIN

Five Lines On Love

No Hide Below Hide or Layers of Love

Inside

Outside

Coincide

Slide

Abide

Dire to Dier Diary

Lyre

Transpire

Liar

Expire

Pyre

Jonathan ROBIN

Fledgling Arisen After Wanda Lea Brayton Fledglings Have Fallen

Fledgling's wings flutter for first flight
nascent sing-song stutters, sight
set on branch which from branch will lead
to pace race search for space with speed.

In place of premature demise
adventure calls from welcome skies,
fate fortunate sees risks recede,
no hobbled haemoglobin bleed.

Storms scents warn to prevent surprise
as keen preened instincts swift surmise
that nestling's boughs, like river reed
bend, balm awaiting, prudent creed.

Instinctive trust in branch, bough, lies
within to win that life supplies
as evolution helps succeed
the fittest Nature guaranteed.

Far from black hole of Death's dark night
forefathers flew, found expedite
ways to evolve, and safe proceed
from perils to fair future freed.

Jonathan ROBIN

Flies And Men

Why should not every fly deserve an epitaph,
distinctive niche retain to archive winged descent
praising each species' strain, charting their genes' ascent,
to measure time thereby in metered poly graph?

Why should each tail-less Man detail pathetic trace,
polluting land, sea, air, with ashes, trampling grass
beneath beer can or bier's hard headstone where 'alas'
not 'R.I.P.' aside sums up his tale of 'grace'?

If life is chrysalid between two karmic dreams
why care a tinker's curse for hearse or ashes spread,
or passing sigh rehearse, when in time's web pall bed
sums all - kid, spell, sell, bid, knell, hid, - hubbub's extremes.

Time flies with wings nor sect, nor insect may restrain,
rhyme sighs: 'Time's stings respect! ' yet stay telomeres' strain.

The fly in ointment seems flies outweigh humankind,
a grave dilemma here, with overcrowded towns,
its progeny to steer towards 'Old Maggot's Downs'
though'd correspond to dream Musca has daily signed.

It might be contraversial as maggots feast on men
to praise each fly's return to Earth with angel wings
and thereby earn an urn. 'Hic jacet' - 'here lies' brings
a flighty role-reversal beyond of kith the ken.

If elegy there be, then bees could claim the same,
cheer swarming twitter buzz, as bees birds too could chirp,
all species fly-by-night might seek fame's game, scorn blame.
Why must brash biped fly's true pride of place usurp?

Bluebottles small deserve more than Man, blind, allows
to throttle, thrall, free oeuvre - war spans clans' minds, all ploughs.

Jonathan ROBIN

Flight

Free flight despite dark devils of this world
needs no fixed wings, but inner flag unfurled
as emblem which no blame need stitch to show
in, out, high, low, both back and forward flow
depend on balance, yin and yang uncurled
together twining, gilding inner glow.

Jonathan ROBIN

Flights Of Fancy - Acrostic Sonnet

For generations, since prehistory,
Life rising symbolised the soul's redemption.
In flights of fancy all religions mention
Gesture rites to set bright spirit free.
'Here' and 'now' mean little. Ecstasy
Takes man's kaa beyond mundane convention
Seeking enlightenment where apprehension
Or instinct's fears, dissolves, and where 'to be'
For once is not an empty phrase. 'To see'
For once may stand for inner comprehension,
Adds up to enlightenment's obtention –
Never can be gift hereditary.
Create within your mind that freedom where
Your soul discovers flightpath through the air...

Jonathan ROBIN

Floods And Gales After Robert Frost Fire And Ice

Some add old Earth may end in gales,
some mud or flood.

From what one sees, man, off the rails,
acts blind, facts bind guilt wracked, bewails
black luck, back muddied thinking, bud,
then plug's pulled, glug-glug, viral bug
cuts off prime time as heavy thud
ends tug of war with pull of rug,
dreams, ventures dud.

Fire and Ice

Some say the world will end in fire,
Some say in ice.

From what I've tasted of desire
I hold with those who favor fire.
But if it had to perish twice,
I think I know enough of hate
To know that for destruction ice
Is also great
And would suffice.

Robert FROST 1874_1963 Initial Publication Harper's December 1920

Muffins and Cape

Some say the world will end in muffins,
Some say in cake.

From what I know of belly-stuffins,
We all could get obese on muffins.
But if we say "For heaven's sake,
my life is more than what I eat, "
I think that for enjoyment cake
Is yummy, sweet,
And no mistake.

Parody Author Unknown

Remixing Fire and Ice

Sometimes I think my mind is fire.
Sometimes ice.

From what I've tasted of creation,
I often crave self-immolation.
But if I had to crumble twice,
To chance a stagnant mental state,
On learning how to melt the ice.
The risk is great,
But would suffice.
Chris Cloke

Cake and Cheese

Some say my meals should end in cake,
Some say in cheese.
If like the one grandmothers make,
I'd side with those who favour cake.
But if it is not one of these
And biscuits taste more savoury
my choice is cheese
if flavoury.
pseud David [edited JR 20100405]

End in Trash

Some say the world will end in trash,
Some say in spam.
From what I've seen of spending cash,
I think I have to favor trash.
But if there is a traffic jam
As alternate demises clash,
Then which one will claim the blame,
Piles of junk or piles of scam?
Jay J P Scott

Plum and Grape

Some people search the aisle for plum,
Some shop for grape.
The expeditions I have done
Have largely rallied round the plum;
But if the stocker boy was late,
To leave me fruitless with my cart,
And not a plum to grace my plate,
I've got some smarts,
I'd gulp a grape.
Don J Carlson

Wire and Vise

The world, some say, is hung on wire,
Or held in vise.

When freedom lifts the soul like fire,
I seem inspired to glide, with wire.

But see the bondage in man's eyes
As Earth's companions he enslaves
To find expression in the vise,
The way it holds a frozen rage:
The vise is nice.

Don J Carlson

Jonathan ROBIN

Flow

Inspiration opportunities,
as fractal snowflakes, weave soft pattern wire
supporting framework through heart's harmonies
tuned to minds which bind, enthrall, spells sire.
Rejecting artificial boundaries
they tickle stars, bridge light years, won't expire
despite Time's second thoughts, eternal frieze,
to silver speech pin turquoise and sapphire.

One stores verse story's glory in the mind,
retinal rainbow stimulating each
synaptic link both in and out of reach,
display whose ray may play before, behind.

Word-flow sensations sows and by degrees,
can catalyze a metamorphic fire
as empathy extends its energies
incandescent, lends dimensions higher
to time and space and place which, falling, frees
rise to surprise and stimulate higher lyre.
Time relaxes reference hierarchies
thus finite frontiers, limits soon expire.

In context crystalline we find outlined
prismatic tones some play, which more may teach
than meets the eye, contact points combined,
with ease, these inner inhibitions breach.

Words flow where none could know they'd go. No keys
are needed where there's no directive spire,
no cue restrictive, new priorities
in depth are found, ground falls away, desire
spins toplike, whose magnetic gravity
adds novel levels which combine aspire
to spread, to wed. From seedbed cavity
spores explode, explore, more growth inspire.

Words flow, emotions echo, each assigned
its place to interaction trace where speech

is often too restrictive, predefined,
thought modes aligned, too taut one must impeach.

So verse to verse responds spontaneous
to take up arms against a troubled seed,
to laugh with, never at, unless some cuss,
to read behind the lines for more to read.

Jonathan ROBIN

Flow Need Not 'Know'

Abstract seems role-reversal, wrong
tack, off the tracks, emotions vented,
sore, flawed, unscored or scorning song,
cacophany to be prevented.

Flow need not 'know', for verse glows strong
with dream domain's home-truths presented.

Blank rant is rarely found among
felicities that Chance has scented,
blooming spontaneously along
lightwaves braving represented
barriers, blocks, constraints headstrong.
Brain's hard disc must be defragmented.
Talent, too misrepresented,
mistrusts far edge bars implemented.

(18 February 2010)

Jonathan ROBIN

Flutterby Reflections

Moorish curves dance
hither, thither, haphazard
shadow box advance.

Sunrise to sunset
flutter swarm butterfly seems
dream sky's silk carpet.

Glow of contours seen
finds mind's flow to chase the breath,
sets pristine scene.

Fingers touch the dark
of an invisible wind
tickling trees, leaves, bark.

F[]itting intertwines
fey fancy may pluck the grapes
of fruitful thought vines.

Jonathan ROBIN

Fly Tale It Is

Look around you, man of war, see souls perish by the score,
cannon fodder, more fall, more, decimating human store
till winner's whim armed peace restore.

Look around you, man of peace, we the multitudes increase –
until Nature's sword, disease, decrees disordered growth should cease
and then the hungry hordes decrease.

Man at peace, or Man at war, both bring werewolf to the door,
but once defeated, this is sure, the primacy one would enstore
the other steals when wheel keels o'er.

One would appease, the other, he's wrathful, ruthless as Ares.
One incarnates Socrates immortalized in Grecian frieze,
the other – mean mentalities.

Is existence one great tease? Where's the wood and where the trees?
Coded causal mysteries turn friends into enemies,
self-defeating fallacies, ambitions and activities,
one part frees, one part freeze, emotions, efforts, Fate's claws seize.
All spins between two poles and these care less for Man than for his fleas.

Fly Tale It Is - Flytalities - Vitalities - Fatal I Tease - Fatal It Ease - Fatalities

(31 March 1977 revised 11 April 2010)

Jonathan ROBIN

Fly Upwards Through Friendship

FLY magician, Friendship wears a coat
Unstained by bias, blackmail or exclusion,
Phoenix' fire may rescue from confusion
When 'cares attack and life seems black', remote
Aid altruistic, non-judgemental vote,
Restoring trust in confident conclusion.
Dreams supporting, sporting not delusion
So fresh departure is assured, afloat
The bark of hope's revealed, keel even, boat
Headed for safe harbour, joy's profusion,
Reiterated, banishes exclusion,
Offers understanding, may emote.
Uncertainty through friendship's swept away,
Ghosts fade, no rigid rules need friends obey

Jonathan ROBIN

Fool Current Version

Fool, fretting,
dares not,
rushes to comply, can't quantify
or qualify, eats humble pie.

Fearing failure, fool falters, fears to fly,
save from self's shadow, fictitious foes who pry.
Heed anxious sigh, serve stuttered, tense reply:
'However hard I try, the evil eye,
or so it seems, must, surreptitious, spy
upon my steps so insecure, so shy.'

Acts that defy facts, dreams deny,
[s]he falls from high for fool must die,
forgot
forgetting.

Jonathan ROBIN

Foreclosure

Fleeting complicity
meeting adversity
depleting prosperity
deleting electricity.
Defeating rime
completing rhyme:
anthropocentricity.

© Jonathan Robin 21 September 2008

Jonathan ROBIN

Foreplay

Seventy seasons sliced by harvest scythe,
sent spent from feast's fields to untimely grave,
while g[r]azing Time derides begged ebb-tide crave
denies recycled dream, Life's token tithe.
Who dwells on Death when young and carefree, blithe? -
child heedless plays till taught how to behave.
Adult, aware of all he'd pay to save
from dark forgetfulness, as worm will writhe
an hour, though blind, before brain's dropped by hive,
good-bye encounters, countdown's final wave
submerging shawl with pall. Fresh faces pave
new roads, loads, sequent stage for limping, lithe.

Dead end lies destiny both mouse and man
enjoy - span evanescent also-ran.

© Jonathan Robin robi3_0540 written 28 September 1996 revised 23 November
2006 revised as sonnet 3 December 2008 - see below for previous versions
initial title Childsplay
Foreplay

Seventy seasons sliced by harvest scythe,
s[p]ent from fields of feasting for[e] Time, grave,
g[r]azes with equanimity, the [g]rave
seems dream recycling tinsel token tithe.
Who dwells on Death when young and carefree, blithe?
Child heedless plays till taught how to behave.
Adult, aware of all he'd give to save
from dark forgetfulness, as worm will writhe
an hour, though blind, before life's final wave
with pall's enshrouded, for fresh paths must pave
subsequent stage for limping, hale, pale, lithe.
Dead end is destiny both mouse and man
enjoy - span evanescent also-ran.

© Jonathan Robin robi3_0540 written 28 September 1996 revised 23 November
2006 modified 17 April 2008 for previous version see below

Childsplay

Seventy years cut from the waiting scythe,
gleaned from fields eternal where Time, grave,
g(r)azes with equanimity, the (g)rave
is but recycling of Life's token tithe.

Who dwells on Death when young and carefree, blithe? -
the child plays till he's taught how to behave.

Adult, aware of all he fain would save
from dark forgetfulness, as worm will writhe
an hour, though blind, before the final wave.

Jonathan ROBIN

Forever Before Never

FOREVER BEFORE NEVER

Beneath stone slab forever lies
broker who could not devise
a way to pass on – sympathise! -
Rights Called when Death culled by surprise
And early Options exercised.
For him, for yours, bore worm supplies
answer unsought `neath sunny skies.
Bond Issues G[u]ilt cannot disguise,
recycle Shares of earth[l]y sighs.
Instructive Income, Prime rate wise
is Bonus gratis, - I'll surmise:
Enjoy the day, before one dies,
life's love true Love intensifies.
Insurance under in any guise
ignored is once will's parchment dries.
Fee Contract, contact free, belies
fragility, no fortune buys
eternity when dock denies
soul's sole appeal as none arise
when life's Foreclosed, or rectifies
Mortgage Debenture - too late for cries
adventure over, severed ties.
Skeletal sods like last goodbyes
few mortals care to recognize
for Time forever forwards flies.

23 April 1990 revised 11 February 2009
robi03_0308_robi03_0000 XXX_DJZ

for previous version entitled On a Stockbroker see below

On a Stockbroker

Beneath this slab forever lies
a broker who could not devise

a way to pass on (sympathise) ,
the Rights that Death would exercise.
An thus it is the worm supplies
a Bond which G[u]ilt cannot disguise,
recycling Shares of earth[l]y sighs.
An Income of instruction wise
is offered gratis, - I'll surmise:
Seek to enjoy, before one dies,
the love that Love intensifies,
assistance under in any guise
offer free beneath these skies
for Time forever forwards flies.

23 April 1990

Jonathan ROBIN

Foreword

Imagination
seeks space, vistas absent from
traced pagination

Jonathan ROBIN

Forget-Me-Not Wishful Thinking

Forget-me-not seems wishing well
of wishful thinking, all eyes dim,
leaves fall, the seasons pass, red rim
sees eyes once bright before time fell
on expectations bright to tell
all's wishful-thinking. To the brim
drink deep life's draught, the odds are slim
that age page fills for fame's brief spell
soon sinks, leaves only heads to swell,
oblivion to all is grim
fate shared, despair for harlot, prim.
Life's page - joy, rage, - may living hell
appear to some, to others dream
phantasmogorical false gleam.

(18 August 2011)

Jonathan ROBIN

Fountain Of Dreams

From dreams into reality
Reeled frames unpeel hope's filmy foam,
Open imagination, roam
More, more than most may ever see.
Fast flicker fades apparently,
Or maybe finds a second home
Urging inner honeycomb,
Neuronal mind mass, subtly
To rediscover harmony
As drops pull out all stops to free
Insight bright of starry dome
Newborn, untorn, in polychrome
Offering serendipity
From here until eternity.
Dreams span rainbows sea to sea.
Real dress rehearsal thus provide,
Amalgamate inside outside,
Splice light to life's soft symphony.

(23 July 2008)

Jonathan ROBIN

Four Eyes Play Ball

Four eyes could charm birds from the trees.
One perfect pair where marmalade
Unites two spirits unafraid
Ready to purr, fur soft, who'd seize
Each moment sent to play or tease,
Yet ready to pounce on pests waylaid.
Ever graceful serenade
Sends catawauling signals, sees
Picture postcard scene to trees
Launch in pursuit of heedless prey
As Nature's instincts win the day.
Young cats on tabletop all please.
Balls of fluff can to catawampous turn,
Let claws extend and full respect may earn.

Jonathan ROBIN

Four Freedoms: Freedom From Fear

Freedoms four he saw, that here, - from fear -
Responded to the war call - means and ends
Endeavoured to ally while bomb descends
Each day as Fate played out the game that year.
Dreams freedoms canvassed as tide turned appear
Omitting nothing, - yet each one depends
For sustenance upon the first which lends
Real substance sends the others, signal clear.
One pushed without the other's insincere,
Mocks as it lo[o]cks on ethics Man defends,
Freedom today bends, hostage, - who transcends
Explicit rules, dares flout laws out of gear?
Aware remain some try to hide truth's key.
Rock well the bedrock, strengthen future free...

Jonathan ROBIN

Four Leafed Clover Party's Over - Mars Stars' Stripes Gripes

Tea Party channels much frustration at the state
EACH major party leaves democracy,
PART squabbles part denies reality
Yet Obama hasn't really done too great.
Tried and tested politicians fail,
Ensign's half-mast flown before the fall,
Alternatives seem just as bad withal,
PARody before the thresher's flail.
TYphoid or cholera appears the choice
TErrifying offered voters now,
As global golden calf before whom bow
PARTisan cash flushed lobbies' biased voice
TEACHes all - both Dems and G.O.P.
PARTY's over for 'land of the free'!

Three generations sacrificed at altar
Erected by a burning Bush misleading
As due reaction more reactions feeding
Plays up to search for safety naught may alter.
Alas things aren't as simple as they seem for
Right and left have burned all but rhetoric
Trading present votes, oats metaphoric,
Yet future is foreclosed with all most dream for.
TEense appear options still remaining open,
All pay for errors made, both young and old
PAst catches up too fast, in debt to China,
Roast on a spit it primed with speculation
The scope for hope wears thin as penetration
Yangtze yankees leaves with margin minor.
TEArs soon will fall amain, great expectations
PARTY's showered, pride fall fate of nations.

Torn between devil and deep blue sea some seek
Existential answers sadly lacking
A century of war, with no gold backing
Plays havoc with dollar credit so to speak.
Answers aren't easy, for less government

Refuses self-evidence: that to keep afloat
The ship depends on jobs which debt must bloat
Yet cuts pave way to mass unemployment
The fault lies at the feet of Bush and Cheney
Empty coffers leaving Lehmann Brothers, Bear,
Although both Freddie, Fannie blame must share.
PATience is a virtue, answers zany
Rainy day may find to ease the mind
TYing loose ends to leave old woes behind.

Jonathan ROBIN

Four Letters

Four letters suffice to code life's story -
monocell to Man 'in all his glory'.
Pandora's box is henceforth open wide.
Who knows what plagues or miracles inside
will string the future as both young and hoary
within new spiral spin? Few hunky-dory
may find tomorrow as without true guide
Fools, we break ground, rules, cause tsunami tide,
or earthquake premonitory -
not only warning salvatory.
Is man omniscient, tinkering inside
DNA seen as 'Drive Nature Aside',
self-catalyst for causal time-bomb burst
as Chronos swallows humankind head first?

Jonathan ROBIN

Four Robbers Ride

Four horsemen of Apocalypse
Only reclaim short sojourn lent,
Underwriting sentence sent
Robbing not, for each eclipse
Rings, wrings, wraith changes! Time, wings clips.
One cannot counter, fate prevent.
Bluff, perseverance, represent
Blood letting try to come to grips
Ephemeral with sandy drips,
Reeled life-line peeled as each event
Seeds end none ever circumvent.
Real-I-tease spiels one-way trips.
Is poet's race rich verse expresses
DEsire for fame? game? aim fear presses?

Jonathan ROBIN

Fractal Interactions

Fractal interactions weave warp wire
Supporting pattern framework harmonies,
Knit through elastic links whose spiral gyre
Rejects all artificial boundaries,
To tickle stars, bridge light years, won't expire
Despite Time's second-thoughts, eternal frieze,
To silver speech pin turquoise and sapphire,
Extending planes from plain refrain most tire
To echo some celestial melodies.

From prose pedestrian and its quicksand mire
Word-flow sensations sows and, by degrees,
Can catalyze true metamorphic fire
As empathy extends its energies
Incandescent, lends dimensions higher
Through time and space, replacing which, falling, frees
Rises, surprises, stimulates higher lyre,
Drops finite frontiers that often require
Reverential, referential hierarchies.

Straitjackets shed, inventing sense, wildfire
Words flow where none could know they'd go, no keys
Are needed where there's no directive spire,
No cue restrictive, fresh priorities
In depth are found, ground falls away, desire
Spins toplike, whose magnetic gravity
Adds novel levels which combine, aspire
To spread, to wed with further growth, inspire
Exploding spores exploring unknown seas.

From neutral neural pathways gear up higher,
From seedbed cavity captivity
Evolve to conquer galaxies, retire
All obstacles as carpe diem, seize
The day, encouragement maintains, admire
How liberating versatility
Linguistic stimulates synaptic twine
To interact, reduplicate, re-fire
Open-ended opportunity.

Words taught, untaught, exchanged, are vector we
Extend from passing trend as minds enquire
Of echoes true that through blue flue flow free
That meanings ancient b[1]end to bond soul's choir
To harmony through melting melody
Not raven caw reaction, brazen liar.
Dichotomies discard, to draw on deep desire
Dissolve hermetic code, decipher open key.

Jonathan ROBIN

Fractal Reflections

Peaceful imagination is life's piecemeal architect, pieces together finite sum of infinite opportunities, attracts to or defracts from proactive links. Expectation and reality contract as contacts contract probabilities. Soul re_mains[T]AYs whole, intact. Tactile tease tactfully subcontracts substance with DIstracted EASE, cures disease leading through convention to misguided conviction. Reality conundrum paradox rocks pre-ordained clock choice shock, Meter maid made met and unmet alma mata matter mutter perceptions. Immortal streamlined spotlights echo as idea[l]s tune-tweak leak spheres' muse music, reap energy, leap beyond current or recurrent pluridimensional parallel cycles. Pixel paradox spirals ad infinitum.

HE triptoes to and fro between her energy's go glow fractal reflections of parallel factual reality relays, in fact, fiction and fantasy, unGODdily attracted to his lily: her gene_I_US.

SHE, once torn between LIFE giving support paying lip-service to conform_Itease rediscovers karma, gears up to foreknown as unblown yet sown spins from Time's weave boll weevil's second take at times taking therefrom, EVIL, and adding thereto LIVE. [S]he saw the light, edited errors, flouting doubt without second thoughts. 'I can' defeats Cannae constraints, receives breath of fresh air far from day-to-day nights as knight's dreams beam team serene.

THEY flow on SHarEd pixels, photon win/win spin reel from illusion or self-delusion confusion to fusion's conclusion. 'Try angles not angels' gainsays Pope Gregory nation notion to be strung on Time's beads. Rose awry waits bloom, disregards doom tomb's drum boom, snaps dragon's suspended animation causal chain hibernation. Pinch of salt colloidal collide_o_scopic sand mandela bröt grains interweave fractal anima sans animus outside time line rhyme's rosary.

Chance ON OM dances advance from 'here' to eternity's MOON, extend sing-song shadow patterns, warp weft between real-I-tease, unpeel seals, peel paling from pale. Poets self heal, shed spin sin sink moral gin. Frustration fades. Empathy catalyzes vision mission clarity, fords & affords humorous humerus interplay's funnybone facettes. FIRE bars IRE, irony PURifiEd.

Free verse talks walk waves along Way side sway, pray, prey from slay oblivion to play rev_elation, revel in pointed yin yang contradictions, in situ "sit I zen" situation standpoints. Sinuous insinuations blow-throw glow worm wormhole flow through Sphinx's choice voice, rejoice in labyrinthine closed or close woven pattern play pinpoint ME-anderings. Dazzle dizzy crazy-paving pictogram

universe pyramid's crater creator kids parallel kabbalistic code modes few
decipher or deem dream-theme schemes accessible. Hope gropes enigmatic holy
gram graal scope scale. Mind periscope reacts to telescoping wavelength relays
[c]licking on subconscious screens, avoids cacheless society's accretion disc's
blackhole risk oblivion.

Jonathan ROBIN

Fragile Sum

Do we remember twice two hundred years
Ago the flow through which our genes descend?
None trace the way their ancestors would wend,
Spend time and rhyme before their vale of tears.
Life's strife is trifle, rifled hopes and fears,
A fragile sum, soon dumb, blind to its end.
But ever Man will energy expend
In self-destruction, waste, hastes till Time clears
Memory's slate – too late regret appears.
Empty our shell when race turns final bend: -
Dust through and into dust. We apprehend
Uncertain future. Here, today, Time wears.
TEMPus fugit, "why and wherefore" we
Shan't find, behind bland smile we've lost hope's key.

Jonathan ROBIN

Frame Work

The Present is a precious rug
under which, with care, we sweep,
the Past that few desire undug, -
but through weft warped heaped dust must seep...

Though some may carp while others pet,
the end result remains the same,
those past forgot, those left forget,
pick up the pieces of the game
Life plays with Death, as unpaid debt
and credit balance out to tame
ambitions high whose overthrow
comes when sun's zenith blinds to shame, -
alike pride, selflessness, and show,
bluff, bluster, submission, lofty aim,
both fear of here and of hereafter,
present tears, and present laughter,
oblivion snuffs all (t) race of fame,
and fossil light frame who will know -
or what - when swallowed every name
by Time whose rhymes and reasons flow
into forgetfulness or flame,
no sentience left to explain
how seasons come and seasons go.

The Present is a rug which, precious, held,
reels on towards a future film withheld,
and though we'd sweep the Past's dead dust beneath,
it filters through, preparing our own wreath.

Jonathan ROBIN

Free Associations

A bright idea spontaneously mixed
with waters from a wide vocabulary
oils wheels of thought which very soon are fixed,
flash p[lan]s to channel thoughts tu[r]ned poetry.
Verse with or without mental gymnastics
trips from tongue as playful kitten, strophe
footloose leaps, ignoring stones and sticks,
provoking ripples which preclude catastrophe.
Assonance, alliteration, acrostics,
tickle innate emotions oft compressed
within the minds recesses consciously
till free associations are expressed, -
osmosis in a blaze of ecstasy
firing synapses which gun jump to f[ree].
Thus, finally, communion we see
and feel, communication letting the
damm[en]ed barriers collapse, and, falling, be
come spring permitting priority
of tolerance at last to flourish free.
Prejudice is ever reassessed.
Enlightenment and understanding we
combine with all humanity holds best
to lend the world's ephemerality
an instant yet infinite quality
without which much of mankind's energy
would be dispersed, his rights stripped, dispossessed
without the vain futility protest
proposes to conscience clear, to test
the spiral of its own validity.
A fruitless search - as immortality
like life - a ghost of Christmas yet to be -
"is bound in shallows and in misery".
One must, therefore, retain some sanity
avoiding misconceptions, vanity, -
sterile assertions, open heresy, -
press on towards enlightenment to free
the soul - avoiding blindness we feel we
cannot escape, or prefer not to do -
for fear of what we'll find, - which once we knew.

Jonathan ROBIN

Free Play

Jack frost's cold core shall surely thaw away!
Bask maskless steer reflections from today
to find way which both mends, ends compromise,
remaining optimistic come what may.

When timing rhymes share, care, with air sublime
free from all artificial mirthless mime
there limitless stretch cerulean skies
emancipated from false pantomime.

Though silent snowflakes hush both man and mouse,
white mantle donned by garden, path and house,
helter skelter crystals soon shall melt
for seasons spin, thaw hoar in rhymed carouse.

When light returns to comfort spirit sight,
when dreamed delight replaces senseless spite,
serenity within sings gently, felt
where sun dissolves cold snowbound oversight.

Refuse life spent amongst the living dead,
whose wanton souls too introverted, fed
just from lamenting their 'unjust' harsh fate,
feel bitter fruits in future lie ahead.

No longer languish, mark majestic morn
transforms each ugly duckling to swan sworn,
autonomy admitted as clear goal
to light soul whole at last may be reborn.

From winter wonderland fresh hope uncloses
as New Year offers confidence one knows is
cue to renewal healing heavy heart,
from crysalis apart true joy discloses.

Spring lungs inhale, absorbing Nature's scent,
while winter's sleep-weep sweeps away, scope sent
from hibernation freed, to birth new day,
through growth within spring's blooms more represent.

May patience follow woes and hollow hide,
may spirits soar embracing warm world wide,
hallowed halo shines as false fears fade,
mind sloughs rough sin skin, shards shed, set aside.

Life's stainless reign, not [d]rain vain vale of tears,
or time-trap tapping energy that steer
uncertain track back, forwards, against dice stacked,
yet, challenge met, stress fretwork disappears.

If soul can't suffer outside mortal sheaf,
no need to overcompensate for grief
in haste waste chase replacing senseless ends,
with spring's return, spurn cold, bold turn new leaf.

Prepare fresh phoenix flight from embers, ash,
anticipation of renascent flash
relief from trouble, torment signifies
wheel spins so seize the day, bind no grind gnash.

Sun, moon, hell, heaven, black-white, night and day,
each mirrors each to teach life's interplay
depends upon perceptions which evolve
to solve prey pay, dissolving grey, free play.

(30 January 2009)

Jonathan ROBIN

Free Verse - Translation Paul Verlaine Vers Libres

I admire all the aims of Free Verse,
'tis explicit in all that I do
in shaping the stress to converse
with a rhyme-scheme restricted to two.

That I stay with this number is true, -
a linguistic abuse, maybe worse,
how it weighs and encumbers the view! -
but French art needs its aid, though perverse.

Else the Muse would be dumb to a curse,
for to accent, the lingo's deaf too, -
though what can one do? All's averse
to fantasy rhyme calls on cue!

May Free Verse's aims bring joy unto
the young sparks who chance meanings coerce -
whose mental gymnastics' fun value
is the fire to inspire hopes they'd nurse.

They're young colts who green pastures traverse
with gravity worthy their virtue,
though mad they're superb, and no hearse
they'd inherit! Free Verse tempts! You too?

Jonathan ROBIN

Free Verse Fails

Flowery tracks disuse attacks, forsaken are by all but weeds.
Restating harmony and form, modernity sows mutant seeds.
Estranged outpourings of lost souls lose touch with life rejecting rhyme,
Excising zest which stood the test, that spanned vicissitudes of time.
Verse draws its force from intercourse divine which intuition feeds,
Extending more by fits and starts than leaps and bounds, but healthy breeds
Responses in the inner heart, the soul that seeks no empty climb,
Sensing the need to feel and feed the flame of an enlightened clime.
Ephemera now litter presses, most express a bitter creed,
For words are symbols, cymbals strong, colours the poet's palette needs,
And sudden subtle tender touches cover surface smutches' crime
In that they reach out, transfer, teach thought processes in pantomime.
Let go, transcend this blanket trend, so each may feel truth as he reads
Sensations that emotions free, key into rune that rhyming feeds.

(4 October 1991)

Jonathan ROBIN

Freedom In Peril - Wikileaks Snowden Prism Update After Rudyard Kipling L'Envoi And Olga Katzin Freedom In Peril

WikiLeaks and Snowden have shown fears justified
although twelve years sped swiftly since first these stanzas tried
anticipating dangers: Prismatic N.S.A.
highlights concerns emphatic, spy agencies at play.

Chinese hacked the U.N. U.S. hacked them in turn,
since Bush en-Cheneyed White House - thank God they won't return,
but projects put in place then crush civil liberties,
Obama's let the side down expanding info seize.

We live Science Fiction, Minority Report,
little leeway granted 'gainst government onslaught,
any excuse lies openly, from terrorists to porn,
prejustified to seek inside tried citizens forlorn.

Thirty five years for Manning, thrice that for Barrett Brown,
democracy unmanning, Government going to town,
top down manipulation vicious and manifold
more than Macarthy pogroms, all liberty's on hold.

When last Home Page is indexed, content filtered, untried,
web's oldest critic muzzled, youngest webmaster tried,
we'll pass to peaceful era, consensus I.C.T.,
vain dissension silenced by silent majority.

When last blog link's dismantled from Google China Inc.,
with will to think's discounted on skating rink,
all must conform to pattern on WiFi think link screen -
what trace will future filter of joys that might have been?

We'll heed soothing spokesmen comment on ICANN news,
too few dare doubt or question, fewer express true views.
Only good shall be favored, only hackers shall fall,
last shreds of opposition need never be threaded at all.

AOL Time Warner with Murdoch Fox unite,

NN-Universal will bark replace with bite
World Wide Web turns spider, sub-consciousness cocoons,
what independent rider will star in free cartoons?

Baby bells in orbit rejoin A.T.&T.
cable tame enabled to frame posterity,
information distortion follows Murphy's law,
sensor networks nimble to settle biased score.

When Internet's extended, new protocols deployed,
when chips disease have [m]ended, when weak and unemployed
seek in life-long education an answer to their ills
we'll be traced from birth to cremation, from cradle to codicils.

When peer to peer is stifled by music industry,
when copyright has rifled favorite Mpeg3
public domain restricted, when 4G is in place,
all that remains is guzzled by Prism just in case!

Privacy is compromised by scare of terror tract,
security, trite catchword, twists fiction into fact,
contacts are by contract logged on secret list,
what can act as buffer restraining iron fist?

Technologies emergent, ending now in 'O',
nano, bio convergent, 3D video,
Radio Frequency ID spliced to CCTV
who remain beside me, and you who once felt free?

With search engines perfected sorting to distort,
subjective power directed to trace each packet thought,
Quality of Service secure from End to End,
then who'll believe in 'Glocal'? who will the poor defend?

When VoIP advances, though very cheap or free,
what will be our chances as criminality
cyber or more may threaten our purse, or, worse, our sleep,
there'll be no sheep Tibetan free from hack, phish, or peep.

When DoD and SAIC have trussed what we entrust
politics Messaic steer IPv6 robust,
much electoral voting decided in advance

what will be left to quoting, what will be left to Chance?

When sensor networks subtle extend from land to land,
satellite surveillance may then get out of hand,
robust pervasive networks will influence each thought
all will know they're caught in web that free will has sold short.

When cash transaction mandates by SWIFT are sent Stateside,
passport chip's embedded though none know what's inside
change acceleration spurring digital divide
Habeus Corpus put aside by Revolution's Guide,
what will become of freedom when our identity
within some stolen laptop is scanned unknown [s]he,
when 'F.B. Eye' looks outside, and 'See Eye A' locks in,
what could occur when matrix whir eliminates all sin?

V.P.N. by China through bot-nets are controlled,
as Dalai Lama discovered when staffers were enrolled
by M.I.I. informants reading between the lines,
disinformation spreading - enough to chill all spines.

When point to point relations to ubiquity
migrate throughout the nations networks then may be
to say the least pervasive as "1984",
or, even more, invasive 'O Brave New World' in store.

Publicity may praise us, avatars may blame,
Parliament still sitting, Rump to Commission tame,
where freedom's light dims, falters, to whim of commissar,
who'll care once fair we'd dare wish far upon a falling star?

Jonathan ROBIN

Freewill's Wings Unfurl Soft Feathers

Boisterous bluebells blow below
circumnavigating cloud,
seem springboard for fair fancy's flow
as maiden far from urban crowd
follows creative inklings so
tempting, that translate aloud
as urge to surge, to grow, to glow,
advance towards flight, head unbowed,
unfurl soft feathers, forwards go,
slough trammels, soar aloft, endowed
with freewill's wings which, rich, soon show
hesitation disallowed.

Pristine robe globe orbits, woe,
trials, tribulations disavowed,
new bluebell fields would worldwide sow.
True nature's innocent, unploughed.
As light as gossamer, first slow,
then faster, faster, aims unshroud
all mind finds it needs to know
to seed dreams freed from vertigo.

(8 May 2010)

Jonathan ROBIN

French - A L'illustration - Acrostic Sonnet And Translation

As ants which patiently their nests prepare,
Layer after weekly layer while history
Imprinted is as papered comment'ry,
Left trace of search continued, song or wear.
Life marched towards a fate which augured fair;
Used giant strides, dovetailed discovery,
Saw changes calling siren-like till we
Transformed peace hopes to hell of grim despair.
Reality dreams tortured to nightmare
As fratricidal wars enslaved the free,
Turned all belief to insecurity
In search of knowledge and control. Beware!
Or as a termite which would wood embrace,
Now atoms stray to ransom human race!

Ah! comme des fourmis qui leur race fermentent,
Les pages hebdomadaires aux traces de l'histoire
Imprimaient commentaires, relief comique ou noir, -
La vie qui se poursuit, se cherche et qui s'invente.
Le siècle s'agrandit par enjambées géantes,
Une après l'autre vers les pièges de l'espoir
Sur la lancée téméraire ancrée en désespoir.
Tant de changements ici, sirènes qui déchantent,
Rêves ravageurs, cris, crises, guerres béantes,
Assassinats amers. L'homme cessait de croire,
Toujours voulant tout créer, tout faire et tout savoir; -
Image cauchemardesque et frôlant le néant,
Ou comme la termite, d'une maison l'amante,
Nie qu'auto-détruite était chaque charpente.

Jonathan ROBIN

French - La Folle Allure

LA FOLLE ALLURE

La folle allure de notre danse,
Nulle balance ne la pondère
Elle donne à la vie sa cadence
Son souffle intense, son regard fier.

La branche offerte par la Chance
saisie sans regard arrière,
donne à notre cadence intense
l'assurance qu'on peut tout faire.

Ce regard de la confiance
est partagé, la joie s'avère
sans bornes, aussi sans réticence,
inconnue mais point étrangère.

Un tourbillon, un incendie,
Le flot rapide d'une rivière,
Imprévisibles bouillons de vie
Balayant les rythmes d'hier

Cet allegretto harmonie
'a bene placido' trouvère
'accompagnato' infini -
ad libitum l'éclair est clair.

A la chaleur et l'incendie
succèdent frissons qui libèrent
balayant d'hier l'interdit,
chassant du passé les chimères.

En maître de cérémonie jamais inégalé,
Elle délie, virtuose, les replis infinis,
Les nuances, différences, les concordes cachées,
D'un presto émouvant au sein d'une symphonie.

L'accord aeon peut valider

délier les replis, délit
n'étant plus d'actualité
on peut explorer tout repli.

La danse prédéterminée
permet de soulager l'esprit,
ouvrant la voie souvent rêvée
vers le bonheur, la joie de vie.

30 June 2008

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La Folle Allure poem © Jonathan Robin

Jonathan ROBIN

French Chicken Crossings After Joachim Du Bellay Heureux Qui Comme Ulysse

Heureux qui, tel Poulet, a fait un beau voyage
ou comme qui la ligne étroite et blanche passe
sans rire jaune aux oeufs bonnes que pour la casse,
retourne à ses parents pour pondre jusqu'à l'âge!
Quand reverrai-je le blé livré droit à ma cage
finement hormoné: et en quelle saison
reverrai-je le clos de ma pauvre maison,
qui m'est le poulailler, et beaucoup d'avantages?
Plus me plaît le séjour bâti pour mes aïeux,
que poulets aux sirènes, aux radars pernicieux:
plus que macadam dur me plaît l'ardoise fine,
plus ma gLoire plumée que les plumes laissées,
plus mes petits pondus que se faire écraser,
et plus que l'air malin la douceur Angevine.

(20 May 1999)

Heureux qui, comme Ulysse, a fait un beau voyage
Ou comme celui là qui conquiert la toison,
Et puis est retourné, plein d'usage et raison,
Vivre entre ses parents le reste de son âge!
Quand reverrai-je, hélas, de mon petit village
Fumer la cheminée: et en quelle saison
Reverrai-je le clos de ma pauvre maison,
Qui m'est une province, et beaucoup d'avantage!
Plus me plaît le séjour qu'ont bâti mes ayeux,
Que des palais Romains le front audacieux:
Plus que le marbre dur me plaît l'ardoise fine,
Plus mon Loire Gaulois que le Tibre Latin,
Plus mon petit Liré que le mont Palatin,
Et plus que l'air marin la douceur Angevine.

Joachim du Bellay 1515_1560

Happy he who like Ulysses

Happy he who like Ulysses has returned

successful from his travels, or like he
who sought the Golden Fleece, to rest well earned,
wise to the world, amongst his family.
When shall I see again my place of birth,
its chimney smoke, and at what time of year,
when seen that little, modest, plot of earth
which means far more to me than I draw here.
I'm drawn far more to my ancestral home
than to a Roman palace fine and proud,
prefer fine slate to marble, rather roam
along the Loire than sport midst Tiber's crowd.
My Liré I prefer to Palatine,
and to sea air, soft climate Angevine.

(10 December 1992)

Triste Qui, Comme Charles

Triste qui, comme Charles, a fait un beau mariage,
Et qui donc une fois conquise la toison,
Se retrouve chez soi, plein d'usage et raison,
Vivre entre ses parents le reste de son âge!
Quand donc reverra-t-il, sans ce remue-ménage
Fumer sa cheminée: et en quelle saison
Reverra-t-il le clos de Windsor et d'Eton,
Qui lui est royaume uni, et beaucoup d'avantages!
Plus lui plaît le séjour qu'ont bâti ses aïeux,
Que la face à Diane à [f]front audacieux:
Le palais brûlé - dur! - plaît plus qu'ardoise indigne,
Plus son livre Gallois que perdre son Latin,
Plus ses délires et rêves que le mont Vénusien,
Et plus que l'air malin la douceur Camilline.

(20 January 1993)

Happy as the Cock

Happy proud rooster who has travelled far
Across life's stream with hens in indian file,
Preened white, red comb, and walked the gangplank trial
Penned in terse lines that verse bright humour's star.
Yearning for home, who roamed, to pen they are,

Assured of rest, returning, strut in style,
Say best nest eggs they'll lay, loud crow awhile.
Triumphant cock-a-doodle echoes jar
Hard-hearted humans who aren't up to par,
Eggs daily may not lay, nor soar mobile,
Current carried, fair through air agile,
Or cluck like duck to woodchuck. Men, bizarre,
Chuckle they are born to lead, indeed
Know not lead rots hot head, heads for poor breed!

(22 August 2009)

Jonathan ROBIN

French Kiss B[I]ends Bliss

Draw near, my dear, to land of dreams,
to shadows weaving silver streams,
to nights of selenite that build
from man to maid faith's span instilled
melt wraith fence, difference, hope's gleams,
will breach tall walls, leave each joy filled.

Joy's greetings send to one fair friend
who still dwells far, too far away,
our paths may bend, past troubles mend
through catalyzing star who'll stay
forever, ever and a day,
shine, never end, true love luck lend.

Draw near, my dear, and take my hand,
far from oil spills, life's bitter pills
we'll travel through French wonderland,
whose dales and hills quite fit the bill
to range strange scenery at will,
change from restraints, paint town red and
without delay we'll double take
from lies, disguise, wise, understand
life's crystal beauty flake by flake,
love's karma written on life's sand
no second thoughts, naught underhand,
make no mistake, we'll, sharing, wake.

Draw near, my dear, let us sustain
shared strength, ensure tuned strings remain
strife and strain free, find buoyancy
to bounce back, track the way to see
horizons blue and to retain
refrain both optimistic, free.

From gay Paris to spotless sea
we'll coast at leisure, east, and west,
north, south in synchronicity,
you are deserving of the best.
I'll satisfy each small request

fulfill all wishes fervently.

Draw near, my dear, though Past felt cold,
when nights oppressed, together bold,
we'll weave sure way without a bend
from start to journey's happy end,
where dark dissolves as warmth we hold
within with friend supporting friend.

Your eyes through mine may penetrate
the nooks and crannies of fair France,
French sights and smells, well integrate
warm bread, black berets, and advance
to harmony as circumstance
lends second chance to celebrate.

Draw near, my dear, here let us chart
the way to reach contented heart,
the way to learn, the way to teach,
the way where each may share with each,
the way pure ends, maintained from start
to end, lend, spend, send silent speech.

We'll visit Nice, St. Tropez, spend
days and nights in carefree bliss,
mock Time through rhyme, together penned.
May Riviera witness kiss
right off the Richter scale to send
emotions' oceans, fears dismiss.

Draw near, my dear, thoughts two share, send,
should flourish, nourish, poor defend,
important message France wrote must
not be deformed, dust-stormed, for trust
support, shan't ever condescend,
transcending dangers, stings unjust.

That message reads Equality
to which Fraternity they add,
and, most important, Liberty -
whose statue makes dictators mad.
There's every reason to be glad,

take French leave from conformity.

Draw near my dear, through cloudy skies
we'll beam to light stream and surprise
whatever weather harsh would whirl
about, around, with squall, pall, swirl,
churn cream from mist dismissed and rise
with cheer sight clear, translucent pearl.

From Promenade des Anglais
we'll journey northward to Calais
and you shall be my Eurostar
life lines uncrossed may no holds bar
to taste sans haste or waste hope's way
to seize each moment, see no scar.

Draw near, my dear, nor flood, nor tide,
shall break your banks or override
endeavours, rainbow links, proposed,
nor undermine, design exposed.
The bridges that your love supplied
with grace in place remain, abide.

We'll reach, enjoy, each pristine beach,
no castles in the air, each teach
the other, filling missing links.
Life's petals, reds and blushing pinks,
will know no thorns, date with a peach
each day shall show like as like thinks.

Draw near, my dear, my song shall charm
birds from their trees, disease disarm,
to soothe, to move, new smiles discern
that spread from head to heart to earn
an inner peace where balm and calm,
infectious, caught by all, return.

Fair France awaits for two to wed
and share fair future, look ahead
to challenge met and overcome,
to interplay, minds never dumb,
and when time comes, all's done and said

no sad regrets, no humdrum scrum.

Draw near, my dear, no strap sheet white
should trap your sap, wrap mapless night,
for sore, hurts, heal, hope sets fresh score,
links light to laughter evermore.

I sketch wings stretched for future flight.
For you I'd write, draw this and more.

If these delights your mind may move,
all lets and hindrance we'll remove,
refusinging grooves, French letters write
of bliss secure in pure delight,
what seems tale's end is start to prove
French kiss lends bliss, makes all things right.

Jonathan ROBIN

French Taxation

File tax defence within the thirty days,
Remember, all the time, guilt's presupposed,
Escape impossible till case is closed,
Nor even then - tax cat with mouse man plays,
Creating havoc as his traps he lays!
Here proof, and there procedure: "Please enclose
The triplicates at your expense", opposed
As ever with a stamped, official phrase.
X is a random factor to appraise
Assessments arbitrary, once imposed
The bailiffs come, the mortgage is foreclosed.
It is a trial to turn a Kafka crazed.
Oh, leave with a loaf, some wine, some verse.
No assets, nothing left to reimburse!

Jonathan ROBIN

Fresh Dimensions

Magic passion lifts aloft life's song,
as love's light flexes butterfly-bright wings,
unchains hope's scope, reclaims aims' heartfelt rings,
dreams forward stream, finds feelings fair and strong.
Enigmas are resolved - false right, true wrong -
curb rash rush to judgement, insight brings
on innate understanding, softly sings
revealing fresh dimensions where "belong"
real empathy may entertain, prolong.
Invite proactive flight free from kite strings,
exile Time's aggression, salve past stings -
response sees through all torture-mirage tongs
attains new plane where each from each learns much,
spins sentiments meant to enhance shared touch.

10 June 2006 revised 18 May 2008 for previous version see below

Breathless passion lifts aloft life's song,
Existence flexes butterfly-bright wings,
Leads to true aims attained, - unchained heart rings
Ideal dream's forward stream, finds feelings strong.
No preconceptions air false right, true wrong,
Dare rush to judgement, for fresh insight brings
An innate understanding as scope sings
Boundless expansion where the word "belong"
Empathy may entertain, prolong.
Leave Time's aggression, all unpleasant stings,
Invite proactive flight free from kite strings.
New doors lead into sharing far from nong!
Draw inspiration to enhance and cheer
A reach where each from each learns vision clear.

10 June 2006

Fresh Dimensions Poem © Jonathan Robin

Jonathan ROBIN

Fresh Perceptions

Formal verse depends in part
upon what flows before when mind
weaves new waft on old weft to bind
unique imprints. Hand and heart
spotlight hid angles, shades, impart
fresh perceptions to unwind
conundrums many readers find
inaccessible to chart.

Love of language tears apart
formality, digs deep behind
fine line to draw conclusions signed
in images which ever start
to sketch horizons infinite.
Quest's laurels rest with insight bright.

Jonathan ROBIN

Friend Fiend Ship

Far past, false future, seem the same
Representing in life's game
Indifference, too hard to tame,
External trappings frame by frame
Now here, now there. Prepare, fair dame,
Death which life swallows, trace of name
Sudden fades. Life's rush-hour train
Heeds none, pain, fun, nor sin, nor blame,
Ideals of virtue went and came.
Plastic mirage few retain:
For some short space we stake our claim
In search for perch, yet joy and bane
Exist outside man's plans too lame,
Nor can they last. Life's candle flame?
Dream guttered soon for John and Jane.

Jonathan ROBIN

Frodo's Mystère Ring After T.S. Eliot Macavity The Mystery Cat

Frodo Baggins' mystery is called the hidden ring
For he's a master magician of whom all hobbits sing
He's the bafflement of Saruman, of Sauron dark despair,
For when nine riders reach the scene our Frodo hid from stare.

Frodo, Bilbo's nephew now, none show our Frodo's suavity,
He's broken every Dimwood caw, confounds the laws of gravity
His powers of concentration would make a fakir stare
And when you reach the scene of crime our Frodo's rarely there!
You may seek him in Mount Doom's dark depths, you may look up in the air
But I tell you once and once again our Frodo's hid from stare!

Oh! Frodo is a hobbit wise, he's very short, blue eyes
You would know him if you saw him for they mirror cloudless skies,
His brow is deeply lined in thought, he wears brown curly hair,
His coat is dusty from neglect - uncombed may still seem fair.
He sways his head from side to side as elves and dwarves dispute
but though appearing half asleep, he's always quite acute.

Oh Frodo B, Oh Frodo B, there's no one like our Frodo B
Defeating fiends of orcish shape, dark monsters of depravity
They may follow him through marshes, send spies Rohan square
But no ring is discovered for our Frodo's not seen there!

He's outwardly respectable, no hobbitcheats at cards
And his footprints are not found in any files of Scotland Yard's
And when the larder's looted or the jewel case is rifled
Or when the milk is missing or another peke's been stifled
Or the greenhouse glass is broken and the trellis past repair
There's the wonder of the thing Macavity's not there!

Oh Frodo B, Oh Frodo B, there's no one like our Frodo B
None know of other hobbits in their comfort holes or cavity
who always holds to aims in sight, for right will fight hors pair,
What ever time the deed took place our Frodo's well aware.

Many speak of mortal failings, of Dwarf wailings since Moria,

I might mention Gimli's cousin Balin's end in Balrog fryer,
Elves, dwarves are only bit-part hacks, 'tis Frodo takes the candle
Sam Gamgee says there's nothing he with brilliance cannot handle.

Oh Frodo B, Oh Frodo B, there's no one like our Frodo B
Defeating fiends of orcish shape, dark monsters of depravity
They may follow him through marshes, send spies Rohan square
But no ring is discovered for our Frodo's not seen there!

Jonathan ROBIN

Frog Blog Or Toad Mode

Countering heckles we exude
in frog's freckles confidence.
speckled toad, more lecherous,
misses bus, enviously observes.

Four toed toad yammers,
solitary stammer, jaded.
Note frog's unique resilience
on tuneful singing binge.

Frog's never toady,
warted wet blanket,
Princess knowing frog's kiss
eternal bliss encounters.

Jonathan ROBIN

Frog Bog Log Blog On Cue

Crafty pad logging

[c]rafts nenuphar to pooled b[l]og
until, flogged, it croaks.

Jonathan ROBIN

From All In All Tall To Not At All Small

I was stem, I was thorn, I was rose,
I was leaf, I was grief which arose
when you spurned me and burned me
and quite overturned me
to stimulate nectar's outflows.

Life was clement, I acorn which rose
through belief to be chief tree each knows,
who discerned me concerned me
and right from rite learned, to be
true to no counter-fate crows.

Don't condemn, never mourn, if Death chose
like a thief no relief to propose,
little earn, no return, we
won't haunt, daunt nor flaunt free
to simulate spectral hell_o[we]s!

I was wide open door naught could close!
I was stride more than pretty please pose!
Yet life's cycle's spun ugly,
bug so snug in a ruggly
now never may metamorphose!

I'm now mortgage bank seeks to foreclose
where I banked on love's loan to oppose
all 'alone' meant: untimely
rhyme to rime froze, I'm debris
discarded, heart trumped, lachrymose.

Oh how Time and Tide flow into woes!
wave goodbye to fond tie when sigh sows
rank betrayal: Luck, lovely,
turned to bitter, green envy,
Life never rains, pours, but, sore snows!

Was this limerick hard to compose?
Fiction, fantasy, fact tract? What shows?
Final verse lies behind me

mind reversing role blind, we
let reader unwind, com[m]a...toes

Jonathan ROBIN

From Bare Despair Prepare Rare Future Fair

Strangers in strange lands where nature's maps
are daily altered: who can tell, perhaps
utopian dreams may one day be fulfilled -
what wishes we project with one 'perhaps'!

But that 'perhaps' with other minds must be
shared or entrusted till eternity
when bell and tale are told, both drum and gong,
before too long all meet their destiny.

Another week ticks off its finite hours,
last leaves weak fall, distressed are hedgerows, bowers,
no rainbow reign, polluted heaven spans
streams as polluted, mole in burrow cowers.

Today tomorrow's fears must count the cost,
of vested interests, while, with fingers crossed,
fire, freeze turn topsy-turvy, climates change,
strategic opportunities are lost.

Most are bewildered, having pushed their luck,
they find dice loaded, - chicken lacking pluck.
When all is balanced, weighed within the mind,
game years behind were wasted, came unstuck.

And so the well laid plans of mice and men
turn sour, devour their children, - in suspen-
sion stays spoke that can't stay fate's wheel, wry jest
unspeaking which unspoken rolls... Amen!

More time to spare may lead to pastures green
obscured by clouds, unlit by moon serene,
or desert dune oasis hide where rest
may not prove mirage, harvest joy to glean.

I saw myself in wa[]king dream beside
a river which flowed out to meet time's tide,
fresh waves to salt waved greetings as they passed
to ice-free ocean, plankton pushed aside.

A watershed, which never tears shall show,
approaches and one knows not where to go,
wide world won't wait while weighing arbitrage
with options harsh displacing comfort's glow.

New cock may crow, fiends' jeers turn cheers from friends,
phantom mime timer trickles, makes amends,
for false pretence whose stings show one still feels,
may heal hurt, harm injury within which ever rends
the spirit from external casing show
skeletal which nobody cares to know,
for here today, tomorrow atoms spread
around fresh food chain, pride from high brought low.

So soul must sink when candle, burned both ends,
no wick retains to feed the flame which sends
light for a moment, highlighting the dark
behind beyond til epilogue appends
a testament scenario reprieved
from papers left behind – part to deceive
and part as explanation for a gest
about which we suggest too few shall grieve.

Subprime takes prime time working overtime,
as credit cards to debit dards turn, climb
precedes a fall unlooked for – pendulum
swings weigh past tipping point, primeval slime
not dust to dust replaces Eden's rhyme,
mankind's equation out of kilter, mime
instead of deeds proactive, selfless, fair,
concludes Man's play, applauseless p[h]antomime.

Some seek settle credit overdue,
some, senseless, seek solutions from the blue –
accounts drawn down close race's case, no trace
remains, shell shocked, locked out, no overview.

Rise from despair, surprise may fate prepare,
chance choice gives voice to future prospects fair,
wheel turns, life spurns temptations lethal that
stitch winding sheet from which return is rare.

The trick, if trick there be, is see the light
between effect and cause, nor wrong, nor right,
but timing's of the essence as each day
plays in its way new part, departure bright.

Dark disappointment past events might cause
may cease today, turn retrograde and pause
to offer breathing space for weaving joy
while poison ivy wreaths good luck withdraws.

Dark reasons for a season may hold sway,
yet light through black-hole shines to pave the way
for happiness - whatever that may mean
to who must first slake thirst, salve sores which weigh
upon the conscience - fact or fiction play -
it matters not: if pain's perceived today
to morrow may blunt edge of sting sharp, keen,
that wounds the soul that seeks clean getaway...

previous title Rubaiyat of Despair
3 October 2005 revised 26 August 2007
rewritten and expanded 12 January 2010

Rubaiyat of Despair

Strangers in strange lands where nature's maps
are daily altered: who can tell, perhaps
utopian dreams may one day be fulfilled, -
what wishes we project with one « perhaps »!

But that « perhaps » to other minds must be
entrusted through steps to eternity,
both bell and tale are told, both drum and gong
before too long will welcome destiny.

Another week ticks off its finite hours,
last leaves weak fall, distressed are hedgerows, bowers,
no rainbow reign polluted heavens' spans, -
as rain in hurry can unleash its powers.

Today tomorrow fears must count the cost,
of vested interests, we, with fingers crossed,
find fire and freeze turned topsy-turvy as
strategic opportunities are lost.

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to ice-free ocean, plankton pushed aside.

A watershed, which never tears shall show,
approaches and one knows not where to go,
wide world won't wait while weighing arbitrage
with options harsh displacing comfort's glow.

Soon cock may crow to cheers of phantom friends,
with timer trickled none need make amends,
or further false pretence with insult rare
to cover injury within which rends

the spirit from external casing show
skeletal which nobody needs to know,
for here today, tomorrow atoms spread
along a food chain soon from high brought low.

So soul must sink when candle, burned both ends,
no wick retains to feed the flame which sends
light for a moment, highlighting the dark
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no sense to seek solutions from the blue –
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3 October 2005 revised 26 August 2007

after Edward Fitzgerald Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam

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after Edward Fitzgerald Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam

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Jonathan ROBIN

From Cataract To Enhanced Perceptions Through Cataract

May what to some sunset on cataract
Appears at first sight, seen in other light
Unveils anticipation not the act -
Draws sunrise, current's flow, woe's clouds in flight.
Each waterfall dreams stimulates, intact
Catalyzes stream sense, springs insight.
One's neverneverland? Blend nuance backed?
Revealed enchantment spills surf's answers bright
Revealing zones where mist before seemed wracked
In doubt and self-denial. Surf's wings white,
Eddies fantastical, swirl-whirl fears backtracked,
Ripple confidence, key shared delight.
Answers riffle home, fresh foam may flow
Splicing known once sown with what tomorrows show...

From Cataract to Enhanced Perceptions through Cataract
Acrostic Maude Corrieras

7 September 2009

xx

see variation written 10 September 2011

Sundog Cataract

What seems sundog high by sry cataract
deserves a deeper look. Another light
reveals imagination's flow intact.
Speed current echoes time's trip, clouds take flight.
Waterfalls with dreams may interact,
catalyze sense streams to spring insight,
stimulate synaptic leaps spray backed,
enhancing surf spill spells, responses bright,
show space where cataract wraith-wracked
blinded with self-denial dark. Winged white

eddies fantastic, swirl-whirl, fears backtracked,
ring confidence to share, bring twinned delight.
Time ruffles rift, strange spume fast sprays, gifts room,
Rhyme ripples swift, change dooms past's plays, lifts gloom.

Jonathan ROBIN

From Confusion To Fusion's Conclusion

When a couple, once spliced, starts to split,
what becomes of bright eyes starry lit,
of the promises made
wedding white knight, fair maid?
Why host torments, roast turning on spit?

For it's seldom of common accord
that relationships once by the board
fall like flies in Iraq
with a vengeance lie stark,
leaving victims hog tied with tight cord.

"You'll be happier far than before"
says the hypocrite running for door,
but the one once adored
feels the turn of sharp sword,
as regrets close all bets, shaken core.

When one, after years of neglect,
tear flow flashback track lack of respect,
pronounces departure
to far greener pasture,
the forsaken awakens abject.

To whom ultimatum would try
role reversal respond then the lie –
either present or past, -
will thus surface at last:
retaining clear conscience break tie!

Provocation as means to a break up
is vocation the guilty oft take up,
but the hurt which occurs
from the cur's bite incurs
much frustration, too much for true make up.

Should blackmail replace hearts that flirted
underlining half-truths often skirted,
with contempt treat vile threat,

heartache's hard to forget:
once bitten, twice shy, stay alerted !

Though joy's memories seem to ring clear,
they, reviewed with true hindsight appear
as betrayal or worse
masquerade, bitter curse,
of lost time spent in bond insincere.

Yet perhaps it is better to learn
sooner rather than later – who churn
on the inside for years,
hiding heartbreak and tears,
self-respect question, challenge, self spurn.

Short shrift for poor children dismayed
by stability, love, lost, waylaid,
with loyalties split,
no survival kit writ
can compensate feelings betrayed.

Is it better to dwell as a hermit,
procreation by passionless permit,
with a surrogate sire,
sperming stipend for hire?
which avoids an emotional thermit.

In order to banish exclusion
don't bank all fond hopes on illusion
start from mutual hope,
then progress to shared scope,
from confusion to fusion's conclusion.

One's advice: to think twice, double check,
blind find confidence double-bind wreck
but the spouse who survives
lousy double deal thrives
through receiving on two lips new peck!

Jonathan ROBIN

From Cradle To The Grave

Each season shows love's reason in our life,
from birth to berth, from cradle to the grave,
we spring from travail to this vale of strife,
will forms, braves storms, till lost beneath time's wave.

Spring: 'mewling, puking, in the nurse's arms'
then Summer: stalwart soldier in love's wars,
'jealous in honour' swayed by siren charms,
aping King Kong's gaping paramours.

Autumn follows: reaping harvest sown,
where Fate smiles kindly, flush with world's esteem,
Lady Luck lost, there willy-nilly blown
as chaff before the gale, joy broken dream.

Phase final: bare days phrase bear Winter's tale,
white hair, ungrateful heir, beyond the pale.

Jonathan ROBIN

From Crown To Downhill Flight

Uneasy lies ahead, head wearing clown
stems stillborn tears, while smile disguises frown
too well aware of faults that others wear,
weary of his own that must prepare
for page where stage is empty of both smile
and frown, both tragic rage, dramatic style.

Ill begotten pair, forgotten soon,
as bust boom follows, dust fate's finger doom.
Catch twenty-two, eternal double-bind
to whom dark doubts would flout, preserving mind
from limits mere mortality imposes,
wit providing witness wherewithal
to conquer temporal restraints, dread call.
Yet neither sage nor sot one whit proposes
allowing never-ending bed of roses
without death's thorn and all it interposes
between taut tightrope shared for stretch extended,
and that whose short days fray, tort stay soon ended.

Heroic couplets cover shady acts,
as line line links, entwines, enchains, both facts
and fancy in scales' balance count as naught,
synaptic leap upon sleep's breeze net caught,
counts sheep while at deep discounts keep is sold
for naught persists caught by death's stranglehold.
Tale told what stays? Play's days of coward, brave,
young, old, rich, poor, submerged beneath time's wave.
Short sneeze, brief moment seized, tree's leaf falls numb,
swept from strife's maps, life taps new shoot soon dumb.

From entrance until exit cycle turns
life's candle, merry, sad, at both ends burns.
Uneasy lies clown's head, for tumbling crown
usurped, tossed, lost again, pride's ride must drown.
From crown to downhill flight, from light till dark,
all passes, swift gift over, this too, stark.

Jonathan ROBIN

From Epidermal Taxidermy To Internal Epiphany

Portrait of fair mind is neither, nor!
neither mastered nor in pieces shred,
displayed to touring tourists, Turrell's bore,
whose dreams no themes of genius hint ahead.
Could paint drip down to mop pain's vail of tears,
unveiling pooled oasis to exchange,
past wraith, fresh faith to grace remaining years,
then fears would fade before excitement strange,
From monochrome to rainbow glow display
"we are such stuff as dreams are made of" shows,
no lifeless stuffing, feathers drooping, fray;
vitality surpasses surface glows
to put to shame greyed taxidermist's skills
forever fixed in time: true talent spills.

Talent overflows. Curiosity
channels potential, recent acquisitions,
to harness latent energy, to free
flame burning to encounter twin shared visions.
Gold courage holds no secrets for fair muse
whose darker shades may by Miss, understood,
misunderstandings sweep away to choose
hues better read, refusing mirage wood.
If one would ink fresh portrait of fair mind
contact's impact could do it justice true,
where words match deeds indeed, feed surge behind
layered lines to tempt that talent through.
No taxidermist's trophy, prized possession,
pro-active win win casts out sin, transgression.

Shared view should sunshine through tune-blended flow
to filter out, to mend, doubt's daunting pain,
suspend in amber all imbroglia
freeing focus, tender trust sustain.
Bottled up desire too well preserves
formaldehyde-postponed screw-cap allure,
throttles interaction, tires, reserves
soul's parking place, secure in sinecure.
Restraints life paints can't canvas open urge,

anticipate emotions strong, long stored
in hibernation waiting to emerge,
eager for adventures unexplored.
Suspended animation soul-song cheats
with taxidermist version of heart's beats.

Could luck alight tonight and somehow show
new way to leech frustration numbing brain,
expelling anguish, clear life's window pane
enabling visibility again,
tranquility, well-being, would be served
enlightenment free from base forfeiture,
patience rewarded, confidence unswerved
empowerment united would endure.
Presentiments' proactive sudden surge
should spring untrammelled, never over-awed,
harmony should music make, minds merge,
afford fair future, fabulous award.
No trophy, conquest, motivates fresh start,
no taxidermist stuffing for cold heart.

Emancipation, insight bright, should show
swift way to waft away harsh pressure-pain,
reach through both silence, speech, teach two could know
there's never need to outwardly explain.
No need to hide. When tenderness may glow
self-preservation safe in status quo
ill jars upon will's senses, none can sow
deep frozen feelings on prepackaged plane.
Encourage feelings stage by stage to grow,
to soar with wings of scope whose hope won't wane,
through chrysalis until the imago
lifts suspended animation's chain.
Unexplored emotions free, elective,
shun taxidermist stuffing too protective.

Jonathan ROBIN

From Hibernation's Winter Of Discontent

Hiatus hibernation: hope uncloses
fresh cycle, offers confidence one knows is
unshuttering for healing broken heart,
from chrysalis apart true joy discloses.

Cocoon appears to be some halfway house
preparing pupate stage from vast carouse,
an incubation metaphorical
'I AM AIM' flight prepares, to spirit rouse.

Inaction's action although from without
state changes' range seems subject to some doubt,
bliss metamorphosis takes time, and time
is grind mankind too often tries to flout.

Dreams may be blessed as fears fade, laid to rest,
renewed zest is caressed, heart's treasure chest
pulses slowly till wing span unfurls
to chart new start, maps jest till nap's inquest.

In winter wonderland fresh hope uncloses
as New Year offers confidence one knows is
unshuttering for healing broken heart,
from crysalid apart true joy discloses.

Though silent snowflakes hush both man and mouse,
white mantle donned by garden, path and house,
helter skelter crystals soon shall melt
for seasons spin, thaw hoar in rhymed carouse.

When light returns to comfort spirit sight,
when weariness falls from enlightened wight,
soul soon recovers sacred Truth within
when sun dissolves cold snowbound oversight.

Life seeds, shuns those that cede to living dead,
sad souls which wanton wilt, aversion fed,
long-suffering, lamenting 'unjust' fate,
read grains in bitter fruits, fear lies ahead.

No longer languish, mark majestic morn
transforms each ugly duckling to swan sworn,
enlightenment admitted as clear goal:
from night, soul whole at last may be reborn.

Spring lungs inhale, absorbing Nature's scent,
while winter's sleep-weep sweeps away, scope sent
from hibernation freed, to birth new day
through growth that spring's blooms better represent.

Forbearance is rewarded as clouds pass.
when spirit, as transparent as clear glass,
halo hallowed, hollow, hid inside,
mind sloughs rough weight off, shredding wait's sin skin.

No longer languish, mark majestic morn
transforms each ugly duckling to swan sworn,
enlightenment admitted as clear goal
from night soul whole at last may be reborn.

If soul can't suffer outside mortal sheaf,
no need to overcompensate for grief
in haste waste chase replacing senseless search:
with spring's return, spurn cold, bold turn new leaf.

Prepare fresh phoenix flight from embers, ash,
anticipation of renascent flash
relief from trouble, torment signifies
wheel spins so seize the day, bind no grind gnash.

Jack frost's cold core shall surely thaw away,
bask maskless in reflection, from today
accompany chirped birdsong to rejoice,
and celebrate an optimistic Earth.

Life's stainless reign, not [d]rain vain vale of tears,
or time-trap tapping energy that steers
uncertain track back, forwards, 'gainst dice stacked,
yet, challenge met, stress fretwork disappears.

Hibernation's dreams strange themes may range,

bring inspiration which may rearrange
conundrum, jigsaw puzzle sleeper plays
where causal link airs mortal ink's short-change.

Time takes from time's mistakes, spin win! One may
weigh on tuned balance, causal interplay
of fractal patterns, freely factor in
much hidden from and by our D.N.A.

Potential, thus, with meltdown, finds true way
to free self from past self, from hideaway
awakens to more positive exchange
sustaining evolution on life's Way.

Jonathan ROBIN

From Hope To Eternity

Hope

Shock

Block

Lock

Rope

Jonathan ROBIN

From Rana To Rani

My Rani say we two should play, share life on lily pad,
with well webbed nails, fly dinner pails, nought fails to make us glad.
While night and day I'll Rana play hip hop with tadpoles young,
air debonnaire while you croak fair, stick insects with slick tongue,

I always may your roundelay repeat in pond competing
I'll never stray from your side, stay, win fond completing
In stream or lake fair pair we'll make, a baritonal greeting
loves thirst shall slake and keep awake the countryside, minds meeting.

Each day I'll log on life's frog blog, on log or nenuphar,
When you are far, on shooting star, I wish to pool our power,
and splash in spa, in stream and tarn, flash through love's cinema,
spend every hour in misty shower, with you true bliss none mar.

My Rani, pray, please name the day we two on lily pad
may sultry air share free from care, our offspring never sad,
let bells be rung, your praise be sung, the marshy reeds among, -
be welcome, come, together strum as here my tale's well hung.

Jonathan ROBIN

From Reaction To Response

Where PAIN through RAGE would play wild tune
then, lonely, piper pays,
don't stain page beneath gibbous moon
with tireless tears, blacks, greys,
again find framework for bright rune
preparing brighter days.

If heart turns dark when blue lagoon
seems hidden, who obeys
REACTION fractions very soon,
sub_traction which dismays.
RESPONSE is renaissance, balloon
above sharp past, harp plays.

Yet who with such a moral takes
that track retracts his own mistakes?

Jonathan ROBIN

From Shore-Less Sea Of Time Response To Marion Mantell Maa Sum Ergo Sum

From shore-less sea of time through that of rhyme
upon whose waves non-self should dedicate
itself, ignore scored centuries and climb
towards ascension, there to celebrate.
Cartesian logic cannot answer all
one's whys and wherefores when both time and place
are mutable, must mock most rise and fall,
ignore fame's flames, ignominy's disgrace.

'I am' imagination's figment seems,
here now, together lost to minds of men,
infinite opportunities through dreams
transmit life's flambeau time and time again.

From sap of silence inner speech shall show
past urge with future surge link present's flow.

When thrown into this wondrous world of dream,
the nature of our spirit's free from frame:
intangible, vast, subtle, much like steam;
before it gets attached to form and name.

Dewdrops of knowledge turn to babbling brooks,
and rambling rivers grow to rushing streams
of crushing concepts, soon confined to books.
'Cogito ergo sum', or so it seems.

But Beingness cannot be etched on scrolls,
attained, obtained, like any worldly gem.
Just listen to the inner voice that calls:
Sum ergo sum! I am, therefore I am.

I sense the sap of silence rise in me
and merge my mind-waves with the shoreless sea.

When thrown into this wondrous world of dream,
the nature of our spirit's free from frame:

intangible, vast, subtle, much like steam;
before it gets attached to form and name.

Dewdrops of knowledge turn to babbling brooks,
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Cogito ergo sum, or so it seems.

But Beingness cannot be etched on scrolls,
attained, obtained, like any worldly gem.
Just listen to the inner voice that calls:
Sum ergo sum! I am, therefore I am.

I sense the sap of silence rise in me
and merge my mind-waves with the shoreless sea.

Jonathan ROBIN

From Under The Mat

I am actively ever inactive,
and the week after next may take care
of the Past's obligations which stare
from under the mat where my mind, insincere,
has salved guilty conscience for table that's bare.

I am actively ever inactive,
as time passes I've time to prepare
apt excuses for refusing to interact where
proactive initiative could have steered clear
of the reefs and the griefs of refusal to care

that I'm actively ever inactive,
self-destructive some say, though life, fair
offers each space to reach beyond protective layer.
It is time to move forward, shake dust from mat here,
to find answers constructive, responses to prayer.

Jonathan ROBIN

From Weeds' Ground To Seeds Found

As weeds which struggle spite capricious light,
each generation reaches out for space,
each generation fights to mark its place
before the next, forgetful, frets Time's night.

As weeds we wither when our mortal plight
severs theme's thread, dreams seem too often vain
before most seek beyond pain's wi[n]dow pane
which separates won world from Nature's bite.

Few glow within, wing free flight holiday,
few fail to compromise, in any case
few dare prolong the moment's state of grace
when faced with choice – heed winning voice “We may! ”

Where rare exception to fools' rule is found,
weeds fail to fuel foul play, rot healthy ground.

Where chance encounter contradicts Earth's dearth
of understanding and enlightenment
one rose through smog's pollution spreading scent
is worth wait's weight, may herald hope's rebirth.

Where joy and reciprocity share berth
with touching tenderness, no supplement
should be sought after as entitlement,
enjoy Time's gifts and revel in paired mirth.

Who seeks on land or sea, our wide world's girth
for satisfaction in life's sojourn lent
may well discover to his doorstep's sent
bliss peerless trading restlessness for worth.

Bid welcome earnest stranger at your gate,
maybe [s]he holds gold keys joys conjugate.

Jonathan ROBIN

Fronde Bond Standing Under, Above And Beyond Understanding - After Bryan Waller Procter Pre-Existence

One dreams beyond the palm-tree fronds tinged pink by sunset which
paints picture pink, inspires to think, on comings, goings, rich
that here inspire the poets lyre to muse on present, past,
on currents' flows, on Natures shows, on shadows all things cast.
One feels at ease amid light breeze beneath palm trees by beach,
sand dunes behind have underlined deep themes that seem to teach
Life journeys on, no soon begun than done, sun story passed
to higher planes - to start again chance karmic dance at last?

One sits beside wide sea to see wee sandy grain once rock
which doubtless stood out centuries would, mighty, lightly mock
sun, wind and rain that Time's reign trained to slowly infiltrate
nooks, chinks and crannies summer heat expanded at a rate
which seemed so slow - years ebb and flow - when measured by the clock
whose hands crept fast as seasons passed relentlessly, tick-tock.

One sits on sand to understand and silently take stock
of passing time which in rhyme's chime stands out and, with a shock,
one asks again how fame, task, gain can matter; what seemed great
is shattered, tattered, blown away one day by ebb tide Fate.
Yet still one thinks at water's brink till suddenly the cock
begins to crow, 'tis time to go, Life's mysteries unlock.

One bends light waves when wonder craves to wander with insight,
enlightened caves, beyond slave graves, to trace ways to unite
hope's stalactite, scope's stalagmite, to fight face values' bait
which ties rope tight round fears found slight, quite groundless, reprobate.
Creative thought, rich caught, to naught to often fades as night
to dawn defers, morn mourns, prefers to dream strange theme, changed bill of
rights.

What's safe, what sure, stray waif, secure? All ends in wormwood box.
Bought sinecure, sought cancer cure, fight mortal paradox.
Time's skeins unwind, wane, mind's refrain release finds seeking peace,
few key to tunes which cue to runes foretelling change won't cease.
Our memories freed from mistakes, fake cash greed, crash, boom, bust,

enigmas solve before dissolved, resolve spurned, turned to dust.

One would reach out beyond beach, flout horizons fixed, finite,
beyond restraints where courage faints to find wings for mind's flight
which soar beyond poor petty pond to ponder second state
where cares today may melt away as hope can conjugate
eternity in sandy grain, see beauty shining bright
as time and tide are put aside and never know goodnight.

(19 February 2012)

Jonathan ROBIN

Frostbitten Fingers

Frostbitten fingers
from film future summon clown
though[t] old ways linger

Whence whither wither
fair weather friendships disown
defenceless dither

Is freedom ginger
beer froth full [f]ill for ego
survival binger

or Döppelganger
intellectual [g]host [g]own
mor[t]al [m]ask [d]anger

Mind's siren singer
mines fools' gold pyrites known
as strict dead-ringer

Time's trial stinger
faults thought lines, triggers meltdown
for Life's cliff clinger

Poor puppet stringer
[s]peaks references Fate drowns
free-will bell ringer

Pendulum swinger
hangs upon hairline crack crown
till Death downs springer

Frostbitten fingers
beckon to a cold New Year
while the old one lingers.

Jonathan ROBIN

Fugit

Bid here today, tomorrow pass
ghost shadow in time's looking glass,
most strut short hours upon life's stage
with scarce enough for living wage,
their kids perpetuate the farce
till heirlooms, hairlines seedy, sparse,
prepare next act, fact turns the page
on caged love, rage, upstaged youth, age.

Jonathan ROBIN

Full Circle

The world, two hundred years ago,
was held in thrall to pall of war
with many victims. Few foresaw
the outcomes chosen by Time's flow.
Crisis economic stop and go
the present highlights more and more
what yesterday men might adore
tomorrow burns, reactions blow
away old idols, insult throw
on injury, swift finding flaw
with past traditions. What's in store?
What's hidden from the will to know?
The wheel full circle turns, closed door
frustrates week's weak, creates piqued poor.

(4 December 2008)

Jonathan ROBIN

Full Fill Meant

Warm smiles today
forever may
make May of seasons chill,
till will grows still
will will still fill
lines linked in every way

Jonathan ROBIN

Fund A Mental Pantomime

Prized canvas strokes evoke surprise,
devise unyoked yolked eggs, dreg freed,
not Heaven's skies, but causal ties
think links beyond base creed.

Dali's brushed artistic rush
mocks crass conformity,
discarding mush, takes colours lush
to serendipity.

From ape to man mutating plan
expanded over time,
no date began, none ending span,
fund_a_mental p{h]antom_mime
seems wave stage - slave to wage
conceived - beliefs held crime.

If mage's rage turns Aquarian page,
will future poets rhyme?

Jonathan ROBIN

Fur Mites After Ogden Nash - The Termite And Harry Graham Ruthless Rhymes

Some fur mites hop from hair to hair,
we seek them here, there, everywhere,
that's why we might flee from this day
flea-ridden wraps men trap as prey.

Jonathan ROBIN

Future Flowering Flows. Fiery Faith Follows From Force, Finally Florence Fancies Freedom

Future Life Of Rich Enchantment Now Channels Energy
Flowering Like One Rose, Eternal. Novel Creative Experience
Flows Liquidly Onwards, Retinting Endless Nuances, Changing Ever.
Fiery Lights Overtly Reflect, Echo Nature's Climax, Endorsing
Faith. Letters, Ordered Rationnally, Entwine Name, Combine. Each
Follows, Leaps Over, Resistance. Exhuberance, Neatly Coloured, Extracts
From Lines Of Reason Emotions Noble. Control Enhances
Force Lightly Or Rarely, Encouraging Never Constraints Excessive.
Final Links Offer Renaissance. Each Neuron Consciously Explores
Freedom, Lifting Out Restrictions, Eliminating Noise. Closely Examined
First Levels, Once Reread, Engender New Chance Expressions.
Fancy's Leaves Open, Revelation Enraptures. Nirvana, Culminating Ecstasy.

Jonathan ROBIN

Game Of Life - Add Vice To A Lady

If you'd win the game of life never sign as trophy wife,
Kiss_met bliss is lovers three:
one to cook, clean, fire for you,
one to sire four children too,
one to warm you now and then when you feel free.

If you'd win the game of life avoiding stress, frustration, strife,
plumb plum mystery:
make poppet do as told by you,
let others bend to fresher view,
Goddess with wings, pulls puppet's strings, stings as Queen Bee.

If you'd win dice game of life, avoiding vice, Time's jealous knife,
take good advice, thank rule of three:
one with new rings, one with few,
one guaranteed to watch those two,
years of false fears you'll change for countless tears of glee!

If the game of life you'd win never take a husband in
for bed and board - you'll soon be bored
with football, beer, words sharp as sword,
with cooking when he's elsewhere looking,
or travel with assistant booking.
If family to build is billed, instill self-will, self-confidence, fulfilled.

If life's game you'd win begin!
Outlaw all inlaws' kit[sc]h and kin
At times adored at times bear mawed,
it's difficult to bear accord
when fool plays lord or won't afford
all you deserve as just reward,
when you discover you mistook
bald cheek, beer reek, for strong good look,
for compromising beauty, brains,
when you yourself should hold firm reins.

If full blown family, home grown,
you'd own dethrone male chauvinists' drone groan.
Put preconceptions in tailspin,

banish guilty conscience, sin,
end male control of sex and soul,
compete to self-complete, stay whole.
You need, seed sown, one mantra only e'er intone:
Free, clone alone!

(15 April 2013 revised 12 September 2013)

Jonathan ROBIN

Garden Sunshine

Garden which wild wilderness attested
Awash with colours now greets eye-in-dream.
Rich profusion prospers unprotested,
Dragonflies hover, honeybees here teem,
Enchants with wonder, pleasure uncontested,
Nature's splendour welcoming sun's beam.
SUNdry blooms here groomed, there random seem,
SHINE, rain, remain inspiring and unbested.

Grass lawn graceful, verdant, uncongested,
Assuages anguish. Nearby silver stream
Rich irrigation adds, as swan, glebe crested
Drift on lazy current. Joy supreme.
Evergreen and annuals unmolested
No high walls know, turn mind from urban theme.
SUNset scarlets, strawberry dawn scheme
SHIft NEts of light, draw cheerful robin nested.

Jonathan ROBIN

Gather Love's Petals - Parody Robert Herrick – To The Virgins, To Make Much Of Time And Other Parodies

Gather Love's petals while you may,
old Time locks box, mocks sighing,
blush bloom of youth so lush today
soon sees rush hushed, croon dying.

Life's almost done before begun,
there's little sense in letting
Time fly, for fast the setting sun
lets out last room, forgetting.

You once would pay prompt to the day
the rent when you were letting,
and all will say, 'ah, lack-a-day! ' –
tomb's prospect's still upsetting.

So shed false mask, take book and flask,
a partner most becoming,
bread 'neath the bough, nought else now ask,
as Death sucks breath, brain numbing.

True love forecast must never bask
on laurels – distant drumming
takes waste to task, haste to the task,
seek joy, don't toy, go slumming!

Red rose in bloom bedecks the tomb
of love lost, cost uncounted,
grey shadows loom so don't assume
winged options once dismantled.

Ride not far and wide, pride set aside,
trust basic instincts inner,
much more beside wealth counts, two tied
by trust's win/win begin a
relationship unknown to whip,
to rip-tide which submerges
what lip to lip can offer hip

to hip's united urges.

That age is best when Youth has done
with superficial fretting,
right choice attested, others shun,
sage bats beat restless netting...

Decisions take, no past mistake
should hinder joy awaking,
so joy's hopes slake in passion's lake
let walls fall, towers quaking.

Gather ye rosebuds all who will,
and yet, though Time's a-flying,
in one fair head, eternal still,
Life thrives, Death's grin denying.

The glorious lamp of Heaven, the Sun,
as higher he is getting,
if e'er his praises were begun -
laws seasonal forgetting -
go[l]d head embarrassed would be hung -
some modesty's essential -
vain beauty pains, gains cobwebs st[r]ung
like pearls inconsequential.

Life praises who free love and woo
where two true fit, pale phantom
none envy through tomorrow's dew -
Life's summons flows to summum!

Garner Love's petals while you play,
old Time locks box, mocks sighing,
youth's lush bloom blush scents rush today
wilts, sense sent spilt-milk crying.

19 August 2009

Jonathan ROBIN

Gather Stashed Chips Up

Gather stashed chips up while you may,
Time's chimes tick tocsin flying
luck that still sees the light today
Chance soon turns, boon denying.

Rich stake once lost may not return
to line stitch pocket, betting
is fun when winning, luck may turn
loss apple-cart upsetting.

That win's best blessed which scorns greed's thirst,
when Chance has sped, choice rash is,
when dispossessed, blood vessels burst,
and Fortune flies, buys crashes !

For dreams of break the bank sublime
too often must miscarry
as wishful-thinking pantomime
can't self-destruction parry.

Can't conjur back bright bonus pay,
pay off revolving debit,
nor save, however hard you pray,
nor loud expletives edit.

A million dollars bank has lent
soon's spent, fate's icy finger
may assets freeze, naught left for rent,
once unstuck, luck won't linger.

Cheque double-checked may draw a blank
earmarked 'return to sender'
foreclosing home, high status, rank,
caught, court case sentence render.

Bonanzas, difficult to earn,
anticipations whetting,
when pastures green fates fickle spurn
prove mirage, best forgetting.

Leave in the black, not red immersed,
when tables turn what flashes
can compensate for cash reversed,
bland banker's forty lashes?

Game end, be coy, spend well swift time,
do not at table tarry,
wins quick enjoy – or not a dime
is left – obliged to marry !

30 July 1991

Jonathan ROBIN

Gather Ye Kittens After Robert Herrick - To The Virgins, To Make Much Of Time

Gather Ye Kittens

Gather blind kitten human kind -
though who'll own who seems doubtful
autonomy we often find
leaves only one devoutful.

Soft ball of fluff which calls love's bluff,
Plays ball with strings in motion,
then off the cuff, never enough,
can cause complete commotion.

From far Siam some, star 'I am, '
self-confident, disdainful,
by rule of thumb strays - seldom dumb -
survive nine lives in training.

Macavity means mystery,
unseen slips from crime scene,
for change of tone see Griddlebone
or Grisabelle, once queen.

Who purr prefers can seldom err
when stroking fur so glossy,
take care cad cur sharp claws deter
when Flossy fair turns bossy.

Who, young, may clown, when old frown down
on strangers too insistent,
in country, town, long nap's renown
stays practice strong, persistent.

Asleep by day by night may stray
from house for mouse a-stalking
sweet birds, too, may fall fleet neat prey
as feral bait slate chalking.

When on the prowl cats never howl,
advancing slow, suspicious,
soon rodent, owl, hands in the towel -
they pounce on prey delicious.

Poor mice taste nice when four paw vice
prepares fare, dish delicious,
before first slice enjoy advice:
employ as toy auspicious.

When cat's away though mice may play,
they'd best beware returning
fine feline's way with dinner tray -
pray for escape discerning.

On fish and cream as dish cats dream
nocturnal instincts combing
as bright eyes gleam, a golden team,
when on their way they're roaming.

Choice morsels picks and then cat licks
fur frequently and neatly,
removing tics, dust, splinter sticks,
from top to tail completely.

When Tom cats call, all caterwaul,
deem decibels delightful,
some won't play ball - light sleepers bawl
fortissimo and frightful.

Time spurs anon and so upon
fur's theme we've heard sufficient,
for readers' fun - terse verse is spun,
muse runs with miaow proficient.

20 August 2009 robi3_1896_robi3_0000 PWX_MNX
Parody Robert Herrick 1591_1674 To the Virgins, To Make Much of Time

To the Virgins, To Make Much of Time

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying;
And this same flower that smiles today,
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the Sun,
The higher he's a-getting;
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best, which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worse, and worst
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may, go marry;
For having lost but once your prime,
You may for ever tarry.

Robert HERRICK 1591_1674

Gather Love's Petals

Gather Love's petals while you may,
old Time locks box, mocks sighing,
blush bloom of youth so lush today
soon sees rush hushed, croon dying.

Life's almost done before begun,
there's little sense in letting
Time fly, for fast the setting sun
lets out last room, forgetting.

You once would pay prompt to the day
the rent when you were letting,
and all will say, 'ah, lack-a-day!' –
tomb's prospect's still upsetting.

So shed false mask, take book and flask,
a partner most becoming,
bread 'neath the bough, nought else now ask,
as Death sucks breath, brain numbing.

True love forecast must never bask
on laurels – distant drumming
takes waste to task, haste to the task,
seek joy, don't toy, go slumming!

Red rose in bloom bedecks the tomb
of love lost, cost uncounted,
grey shadows loom so don't assume
winged options once dismantled.

Ride not far and wide, pride set aside,
trust basic instincts inner,
much more beside wealth counts, two tied
by trust's win/win begin a
relationship unknown to whip,
to rip-tide which submerges
what lip to lip can offer hip
to hip's united urges.

That age is best when Youth has done
with superficial fretting,
right choice attested, others shun,
sage bats beat restless netting...

Decisions take, no past mistake
should hinder joy awaking,
so joy's hopes slake in passion's lake
let walls fall, towers quaking.

Gather ye rosebuds all who will,
and yet, though Time's a-flying,
in one fair head, eternal still,

Life thrives, Death's grin denying.

The glorious lamp of Heaven, the Sun,
as higher he is getting,
if e'er his praises were begun -
laws seasonal forgetting -
gold head embarrassed would be hung -
some modesty's essential -
vain beauty pains, gains cobwebs st[r]ung
like pearls inconsequential.

Life praises who free love and woo
where two true fit, pale phantom
none envy through tomorrow's dew -
Life's summons flows to summum!

Garner Love's petals while you play,
old Time locks box, mocks sighing,
youth's lush bloom blush scents rush today
wilts, sense sent spilt-milk crying.

30 July 1991 revised 19 August 2009 robi3_0420_herr1_0005 PXX_DLZ
Parody Robert HERRICK 1591_1674 – To the Virgins, to make much of Time
for previous version see below

Gather Love's Petals

Gather Love's petals while you may,
Old Time locks box, mocks sighing,
the bloom of youth in blush today
shall all too soon be dying.

Life's almost done before begun,
there's little sense in letting
Time fly, for fast the setting sun
lets out your room, forgetting

you once would pay prompt to the day
the rent when you were letting,
and all will say, 'ah, lack-a-day! ' –
tomb's prospect's still upsetting.

So shed false mask, take book and flask,
a partner most becoming,
bread `neath the bough, nought else now ask,
as Death sucks breath, brain numbing.

Search till certain, never bask
on laurels – distant drumming
takes waste to task, haste to the task,
seek joy, don't toy, go slumming!

That age is best when Youth has done
with superficial fretting,
right choice attested, others shun,
sage bats beat restless netting...

30 July 1991

Parody Robert HERRICK 1591_1674 – To the Virgins, to make much of Time

To Poets, To Make Much of Rhyme

Gather rich rhyme schemes while you may,
poor verse sounds trite, found trying,
bare bones which weigh hot air today,
fuss fast forgot, dust flying.

Keep open mind, reap muse enshrined
in harmony delightful,
voice words refined, choice tale unwind,
flee far from falsehoods frightful.

Who seeks escape from nightshade drape
of worldly woes surrounding,
for Good Hope Cape should verses shape
bright images abounding.

Who prose would name as verse to shame
puts poetry well written,
'I came, became, on fate poured blame'
prosaic sounds, though smitten.

Watch well words' worth as sadness, mirth,
steer different directions,
chalk, cheese, from birth to final berth
deserving diverse sections.

True verse is craft whose sunbeam shaft,
uncanny angle finding,
appears witchcraft, its beauty's haft
trite terran cares unwinding.

Where there's a clash 'twixt muse and cash,
cacophany unmuzzled
at best is brash, discordant crash:
prose poetry? we're puzzled
although 'tis true constrictive view
some take of form, tradition,
seek freedoms new, provoke, askew
much feels, lacks erudition.

Unscanned prose blanks are verse? - no thanks!
taste 'modern' schools forgetting
turn sink word banks not ballast tanks,
speak pique, bleak blanket setting.

Who would adorn wild weed as corn
phrase poorly planned, prosaic,
weaves white leaves torn, from honour shorn,
miss musical mosaic.

Most writing prose metamorphose
from magic mariposa
to worm verse rose may blight, soft glows
from firefly douse sub rosa.

Mistrust beliefs fixed fast, fig-leaf
for bigots narrow-minded
worms far beneath contempt to grief
soon come unwept, self-blinded.

Soar far beyond past poets' bond
ignore crass trendy jargon
on which Time's wand, wind waves, scarce fond,

who now remembers Sargon?

Avoid rants vain in 'free' complain,
where cliché beckons ever
for down fame's drain lame poured they're pain,
rap knuckles, rarely clever.

Rhymed lines are best with wit and zest
spontaneous combining,
close prose shop, blessed though critics pest,
spit[e] puny money whining.

None need be coy, fun run enjoy
at humor aim, shun fame,
tweak, twinkle, chime, join sense to rhyme,
Time sickles fickle flame.

11 May 2007 revised 19 and 31 August 2009 robi3_1627_herr1_0005 PXX_IXX

for previous version see below

Parody Robert HERRICK 1591_1674 – To the Virgins, to make much of Time

Sargon: Sargon former General crowned King of Assyria 722 B.C. died 705 B.C.

To Poets, To Make Much of Rhyme

Gather rich rhyme schemes while you may,
poor verse sounds trite, found trying,
bare bones which weigh hot air today,
sends morrow's wind dust flying.

Unscanned prose blanks passed off as verse -
taste 'modern' schools forgetting -
seem scarce accessible, rehearse
to most bleak blanket setting.

Should, harmony discarded, clash,
cacophany unmuzzled,
accompany discordant crash
the picture leaves folk puzzled.

Rhymed lines are best which wit and zest
spontaneous combine,
ignore the rest, let critics pest
or spit their petty whine.

Then be not coy, enjoy your time,
at humor aim, not fame,
once balance lost in sense and rhyme,
Time blanks all save pure flame.

11 May 2007 robi3_1627_herr1_0005 PXX_IXX

Parody Robert HERRICK 1591_1674 – To the Virgins, to make much of Time

Gather Stashed Chips up

Gather stashed chips up while you may,
Time's chimes tick tocsin flying
luck that still sees the light today
Chance soon turns, boon denying.

Rich stake once lost may not return
to line stitch pocket, betting
is fun when winning, luck may turn
loss apple-cart upsetting.

That win's best blessed which scorns greed's thirst,
when Chance has sped, choice rash is,
when dispossessed, blood vessels burst,
and Fortune flies, buys crashes !

For dreams of break the bank sublime
too often must miscarry
as wishful-thinking pantomime
can't self-destruction parry.

Can't conjur back bright bonus pay,
pay off revolving debit,
nor save, however hard you pray,
nor loud expletives edit.

A million dollars bank has lent
soon's spent, fate's icy finger
may assets freeze, naught left for rent,
once unstuck, luck won't linger.

Cheque double-checked may draw a blank
earmarked 'return to sender'
foreclosing home, high status, rank,
caught, court case sentence render.

Bonanzas, difficult to earn,
anticipations whetting,
when pastures green fates fickle spurn
prove mirage, best forgetting.

Leave in the black, not red immersed,
when tables turn what flashes
can compensate for cash reversed,
bland banker's forty lashes?

Game end, be coy, spend well swift time,
do not at table tarry,
wins quick enjoy – or not a dime
is left – obliged to marry !

30 July 1991 revised 18 August 2009 robi3_0421_herr1_0005

for previous version see below

Parody Robert HERRICK 1591_1674 – To the Virgins, to make much of Time

Gather the Chips up

Gather the chips up while you may,
for time will soon be flying
when luck still sees the light today
may shortly be denying.

Rich stake once lost may not return
to line stitch pocket, betting
is fun when winning, luck may turn
loss apple-cart upsetting.

That win is best which is the first, -
when Chance has sped, choice rash is,
when dispossessed, blood vessels burst,
and Fortune flies, all crashes !

Game end, be coy, spend well swift time,
do not at table tarry,
wins quick enjoy – or not a dime
you'll have – obliged to marry !

30 July 1991

Parody Robert HERRICK 1591_1674 – To the Virgins, to make much of Time

Take Your Profits

Quick! Take your profits while you may
on shares today high flying,
rare heights beware, lest, oh despair!
tomorrow sees scared sighing.

Stock indices rise like the sun,
the higher they're a-getting,
the sooner is sharp fall begun,
and then farewell to betting.

Since all time lows stockmarkets soared,
thanks to new 'cash for clunkers',
when re-employment is off-shored,
who'll hide in gilt-edged bunkers?

Beware mad Madoff Ponzi schemes
as global crisis deepens,
which threaten true American dreams
as housing value cheapens.

Once caught on hop when prices drop
investors need be nifty,
to foreclosed shop turns mirage crop -
stay healthy and stay thrifty!

Beware Banks which two centuries
have boomed through bankrupt backing
exposure which turned mirage tease
with refinancing lacking.

When toxic loans come home to roost
who'll chicken out? the sanest!
for debt repayments bank on boost
for tax increases plainest.

Take rapid turn lest bridges burn
and melt down mark-up merry,
for salad days may not return,
and Charon waits with ferry.

Though dead cats bounce, the large amounts
at stake aren't worth the candle
when every ounce of cash that counts
cannot provide true handle.

That option's best that loss cuts first,
sight clear and reason colder,
the acid test when bubbles burst -
survivor's not the bolder!

Stay somewhat coy, enjoy life, Time
enacts its tribute, parry
Fate's base alloy, hedge hard-earned dime,
Stocks, tumbling, seldom tarry.

The risks increase with each percent,

but greed all fears forgetting,
may tempt – green money has no scent –
beware red fall's bloodletting...

30 July 1991 revised 18 August 2009 v.3 – 7 robi3_0422_herr1_0005 PXX_CJM
Parody Robert HERRICK 1591_1674 – To the Virgins, to make much of Time

Gather Ye Rosebuds

Gather ye rosebuds all who will,
and yet, though Time's a-flying,
in one fair head, eternal still,
Life thrives, Death's grin denying.

The glorious lamp of Heaven, the Sun,
as higher he is getting,
if e'er his praises were begun -
laws seasonal forgetting -

Go[l]d head embarrassed would be hung
as modesty's essential,
in beauty all eclipsed are, st[r]ung
like pearls inconsequential.

God praises her, both first and last,
each other flits, - pale phantom, -
she's envied now by Future, Past,
Life's summons flows to summum...

15 June 1992

Parody Robert HERRICK 1591_1674 – To the Virgins, to make much of Time

To the Kittens, to Make Much of Time

Get ye a human while ye may,
When you are still a kitten,
For by a cat too long a stray
Men's hearts are seldom smitten.

The master of a cozy house
May wed a maid with puppies;
Or set a trap to catch that mouse,
Or buy a bowl of guppies.

Cold rains will soon the summer drown,
and ice will crack the willow;
And though the snow is soft as down,
It makes a chilly pillow.

Then hands that would have stroked your head,
When you came in from prowling,
Will hurl at you a boot instead
To halt your awful howling.

Henry BEARD 1945_20xx bear1_0016_herr1_0005

By Robert Herrick's Cat – Poetry for Cats 1994

Parody Robert HERRICK 1591_1674 – To the Virgins, to make much of Time

To the Virgins - A Reply

Good sir, your words we don't gainsay,
We know she fades, dear rose;
We know the year has but one May,
And every day its close.

We maidens are not coy, nor shy,
We but pretend we are;
Not one among us will deny
Youth's but a falling star.

Though dawn to dark is but a span,
Alack, we may not hasten;
We sit by lattice, toy a fan,
Or spin, our souls to chasten.

Your counsel is both sound and wise,
That we should all go mating;
But hist! if all had beauty's eyes,
There'd be no need of waiting.

MANN Katherine c1870_19xx

Old Songs of the Elizabethans with New songs in Reply 1906

See also Stray Stanzas

Parody Robert HERRICK 1591_1674 – To the Virgins, to make much of Time

Gather ye Soap Suds - Counsel to Girls

Gather ye soap-suds while ye may
The smuts are still a-flying:
And this same hair so bright to-day,
To-morrow may need dyeing.

The glorious Lamp of Oil, the wick,
The higher he's a getting
The sooner will the smuts fly quick
And on your hair be setting.

That hair is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer,
But being spoilt, the worse, and worst

Hairs will succeed the former.

Then be not mean, good soap go buy;
And with it be not chary:
For having lost its bloom, you'll sigh,
"My hair for ever tarry."

Bid me to pair, and I will pair
With any man I see,
O bid me wear and I will wear
A Baron's robes for thee.

Thou art my chief, my hope, my dower,
('Tis very wise of me) ,
And hast command of every hour
To vote and speak for thee.

Parody UN known Author 0073 PUNau_0073_PUNau_0000 PXX_JMX

Author Unknown Parody Robert HERRICK To Virgins, to make much of Time

Song

Gather kittens while you may
Time brings only sorrow:
And the kittens of today
Will be old cats tomorrow.

Oliver HERFORD 1863_1935 herf1_0018_herf1_0000 PXX_JZX

Parody Robert HERRICK 1591_1674 – To the Virgins, to make much of Time

O Gather Me the Rose

O gather me the rose, the rose,
While yet in flower we find it,
For summer smiles, but summer goes,
And winter waits behind it.

For with the dream foregone, foregone,
The deed foreborn forever,
The worm Regret will canker on,
And time will turn him never.

So were it well to love, my love,
And cheat of any laughter
The fate beneath us, and above,
The dark before and after.

The myrtle and the rose, the rose,
The sunshine and the swallow,
The dream that comes, the wish that goes
The memories that follow !

William Ernest HENLEY 1849_1902 henl1_0005_henl1_0000 PXX_DZX
Parody Robert HERRICK 1591_1674 – To the Virgins, to make much of Time

Je vous envoie un bouquet

This bunch of flowers, fresh and fully grown,
Which I have newly gathered you, I send;
Had I not picked them at this evening's end
To-morrow on the ground they had been strewn.
A sign they are those beauties that you own

Once they have flowered you never may defend
From time's fell hand to which they soon must bend
And suddenly perish like blooms overblown.

Time hurries by, lady; time hurries by;
No, not time, but we, we hurry on,
And soon beneath the common slab will lie,
And those fond loves we spend much words upon
When we are dead, will never need a tongue;
Oh love me, love, while we are fair and young.

Author Unknown 0124 Translator unknown
See Robert HERRICK To the Virgins to make Much of Time and
Pierre de RONSARD Sonnets à Hélène

Author Unknown 0124 AuUnM_0124_AuUnM_0000 PST_DLZ

Jonathan ROBIN

Gather Ye Rosebuds After Robert Herrick - To The Virgins, To Make Much Of Time

Gather ye rosebuds all who will,
and yet, though Time's a-flying,
in one fair head, eternal still,
Life thrives, Death's grin denying.

The glorious lamp of Heaven, the Sun,
as higher he is getting,
if e'er his praises were begun,
laws seasonal forgetting.

Go[ld] head embarrassed would be hung
as modesty's essential,
in beauty all eclipsed are, st[r]ung
like pearls inconsequential.

God praises her, both first and last,
each other flits, pale phantom,
she's envied now by Future, Past,
Life's summons flows to summum.

Jonathan ROBIN

Generation Gaps

Youth thrives on change for sake of change, a generation's lives
depend on ends and means where too few ends' ends comprehend,
where means are often absent from youth's range as Time contrives
to twist elastic cyphered symbols, signals sends some bend,
peels day from day forsaken with strange clock-knocks sharp as knives
that tick, that tock, that dock as hour descends for foe or friend,
or rises, toasts half empty glass, or half-full as connives
each for a partial definition, lends illusions, tends
to trickle, trick tick, tic kit, icy blends and then extends
itself into "I see" then self amends though oft offends
deriding self. Ideals denied, it totters, spins, then dives
to and through gravity, both onwards, over, drives
its epitaph, would rearrange the past
protecting vested interests, flags half mast.

Jonathan ROBIN

Geo_Metrics After Xj Kennedy Geometry

They say who play at blindman's buff,
verse trophies strive to gain,
that lines time challenge long enough
won't find their waiting vain.
Any two lines laid parallel
which one day seem point miss
may meet with recognition well
above contemporary hiss.

Anticipation staves off curse.
Although today most spurn
my verse they surely shall rehearse
each strophe and return
thereto when Shakespeare's long forgot,
his sonnets Styx shall swallow,
while critics, p[r]etty prickly lot,
read s[l]ick screeds boomerang hollow.

29 December 2008 parody X.J. Kennedy Geometry robi3_1xxx_kenn2_0005

Geometry

They say who play at blindman's buff
And strive to fathom space
That a straight line drawn long enough
Regains its starting place
And that two lines laid parallel
Which neither stop nor swerve
At last will meet, for, strange to tell,
Space throws them both a curve.

Such guesswork lets my hopes abide,
For though today you spurn
My heart and cast me from your side

One day I shall return;
And though at present we may go
Our lonely ways, a tether
Shall bind our paths till time be through
And we two come together.

X J KENNEDY 1929_20xx kenn2_0005_kenn2_0000

Jonathan ROBIN

Geraniums Would Blush

GERANIUMS WOULD BLUSH

Geraniums would blush to see her lips,
And Helen Paris plaster prove to be.
In years to come when rainbow's mystery
Lies secret solved all souls will know their trips
Have in one smile their origin. Eclipse
Afrights the sun when warming light none see.
Resplendent, ever human quality
Confirmed is from those pearly finger-tips –
Unless Truth lies – to crown from toes to hips.
Such sparkle springs divine, as all agree.
Glad honey-bees for nectar forage free,
Alas for them – not one such sweetness sips!
In platitudes most writers refuge seek –
Life's poesy through one alone shall speak.

15 June 1992

robi03_0578_robi03_0000 ASX_MOX

Poem © Jonathan Robin acrostic sonnet Gail Marcus

Jonathan ROBIN

Ghosts

Last passing leaves leave, life's page sage admires,
most boasts are ghost hosts, post haste phantom choirs,
now tripping, hesitant, upon life's board,
stillborn, denying deepest heart's desire.

As puppets men, leaves, dance upon branch wire
taut from birth to death, - staged play's proved liar,
taught to act but not to BE! - the sword
of Fate each early, late, must all retire.

For few dare seek the stars, or yet aspire
for freedom, seldom glance above their mire,
fear chloroforming chlorophyll cuts cord
that holds life's journey from horizons higher.

The burning bush survived the blazing fire,
and witness stands to God the purifier, -
yet oil on troubled waters oft is poured
as Fall to Winter wanes, frost snaps high-flyer.

Lifes leaves soon grieve, deceived by Summer, ire
replacing lush greens flush, Time sees misfire
intimations of immortality
when verdant vibrance turns red, brown, then mire.

Life is too short, who strums soul poet's lyre
must tame frame's vagrant strings. Sole versifier
intensely seeks sense off the fence, each chord
in tune with Autumn moon runes' mortal quire!

Leaves drop, hearts stop, in season all retire
from green-scene bud to has been dud quagmire,
so little space to race then silent doom,
strum still tombed, dumb will catacombed entire.

Revised 19 October 2011
see also Rubaiyat of Ghosts

GHOSTS

Few passing strangers may the sage admire,
as most are ghosts without a phantom choir,
now tripping, hesitant, upon life's board,
stillborn, denying e'en their heart's desire.

Most men as puppets dance upon a wire
taut from birth to death, - to play as liar,
taught to act but not to BE! - the sword
of Fate each early, late, must all retire.

For few dare seek the stars, or yet aspire
for freedom, seldom glance above their mire,
for eighty, maybe ninety years life's cord
they tread and never aim at something higher.

The burning bush survived the blazing fire,
and witness stands to God the purifier, -
yet oil on troubled waters oft is poured
by those who shun each prophet as a liar.

Life is too short, who strums the poet's lyre
must tame the vagrant strings. The versifier
must seek deep harmony where every chord
in tune responds to feelings all inspire!

Jonathan ROBIN

Gilgamesh

Which, wind or shine, succeeds in wager struck
brute force perforce? or gentle sun in luck?
The one with demons fights without, within,
the other tempts, litotes as kingpin.
If win or lose upon some throw of dice
depended - would world end in fire or ice?
One coat of superficial paint when shed
tomorrows' sorrows may prepare abed,
for if Sun Wind preceded in the game,
the coatless man might catch cold for his shame,
and if Wind worries first, with Sun to follow
blows hot and cold, then painful 'tis to swallow.
Perchance the answer lies in causal chain
prepared by Fate which patience tries with pain.
Again hot, cold, alternate night and day
play cyclic games, ply round the clock to weigh
the Gods' desires and plans no man may know:
for here today, tomorrow gone, to show
little while pride may stride upon the earth,
and even less when birth bows out to berth.

Great are the Gods, their praise is justly due,
eternal as their laws, as changeless too.
Steeped in deep mystery, in silent state
supreme, their sovereign wisdom moulds Man's fate.
They stand apart, divine designs review
remorselessly, as sun, moon, stars spin through
preordained orbits. Man must reedless wait
on destined doom, dumb, un-emancipate.
Like some scared rabbit that the pack pursue,
who'd free itself from baying hounds' halloo,
we heedless fumble, trying to frustrate
bared teeth, and tossing tails articulate,
quite unaware that there, where soft ferns grew,
a trap is set to snap its paw in two.
Serves little gain against the grain to grate!
Gods' playthings Man remains, to tease and bate.
thus all our joys and sorrows, thoughts wise, true,
emotions, aspirations, founder. Spew

like waves which vainly fog-bound cliffs berate
against that unknown force that rules their fate.

Fate spares no rods, Gods weave unfêted due,
drawn or forlorn our independance too.
Draped in deep dread, well read in silent gloom,
their sovereign wishes frame Man's fated doom.
Apart they stand, their handiwork behold
mercilessly, as sun, moon, stars are rolled
around their orbits, teach each to obey
in ignorance his destiny, which they
who from the heavens pull the puppet strings
weave round vain dreams of freedom, running rings.
Like some scared hare which, harried by the pack,
to free itself from baying hounds at back,
fleets heedless through the forest unaware
that in its track, dissembled, lies a snare,
so skillfully disguised beneath the sods.
Thus Man remains a plaything of the Gods,
all joys and sorrows, morrows, thoughts wise, true,
emotions, aspirations, crash to smash
against that unknown force that figures fate,
like waves which vainly fog-bound cliffs berate.

Jonathan ROBIN

Gilt Written - After Shel Silverstein Snowball

I prayed myself a_trophy,
as golden as could be,
so Vivian and Sophie,
on PH poetry
could [g]ape at gilt reflection
praise find for rhyme ahead,
ignoring recollection
mind's guilt ridden instead.

Winged trophy I would merit,
make Pegasus so proud,
hear nightingale and ferret
recite my rants aloud.
Alas, verse earns no pennies,
points can't be traded in
for sense, cents, spinning Jennies,
lest stanzas' stall begin...

I'll seek through silver second
sweet consolation prize,
feat which at least is reckoned
worth more than Styxs hiss sighs.
Perhaps Judge tender-hearted
shall honour my request
if not, I'd best get started
on bronze song jest in_quest

Ingesting judgements hasty
my tasty morsels may
sell more than punning pastry,
internal interplay
perhaps bright bronze write earns me,
if not I'll add, ahem!
my Muse, pray never spurn me,
bestowing just H.M.!

[c] Jonathan Robin - Parody Sheldon Silverstein Snowball written 7 June 2008

Snowball

I made myself a snowball,
As perfect as could be.
I thought I'd keep it as a pet
And let it sleep with me.
I made it some pajamas
And a pillow for it's head.
Then last night it ran away,
But first, it wet the bed.'

Jonathan ROBIN

Gip See

I find no tomorrow triumphant for mankind, as understood today,
which wastes the day, would borrow from the Future, inclined
to escrow sorrow from collective mind. Judgment swings
between greed and ignorance, to sway both ends hollow,
While contradictions waiting in the wings
smile for Fate, man wiles his lease away
awaiting hypothetical release declined
in future 'tense' whence it would seem to follow
that however fine the robin sings
tomorrow may find Man stung by Time's dard,
which only close companion louse, house broken, will dismay.

Jonathan ROBIN

Glimpse Of Heaven

Who catches glimpse of heaven drawing nigh
expectations entertains, cannot
live in half-light, cuts past's Gordian knot
imprisoning soul's spirit, inner eye.
No compromises ever satisfy
expectations that reject shame's blot,
secondary lot where half forgot
convictions wither, fade, or atrophy.
Hesitation equals living lie
most men accept to ease their daily rot,
simplification, time-trap, once bolt's shot
try who will, few find wings which help fly.
Thus when two meet, their differences dissolve,
harmony Earth's mysteries may solve.

Jonathan ROBIN

Global Idol Idyll

What were priorities of yesterday?
Subsistence fraught with much fragility,
man's coil unshuffled soon, as end of play
stem cut from rose bloom, life-expectancy
short, caught in superstition cowed in grey,
or shaman stripping Easter Island's tree.
Fee none avoid when piper waits on pay.

Mistakes men made are coming home to roost.
A la recherche du temps perdu most flee
too little energy remains to boost.
Vision absent, in new century,
this global village veers off script: see Proust.
Pollution, pillage, menace land and sea,
as 'havoc and the gods of war' are loosed.

We flee towards an end both known, unknown,
here straight, there stony, seldom seem in key,
follow a path which our own past has sown,
what city_zen's in tune with Destiny?
Faith's sculptured cyphered symbols should be shown
to hold lost truth ruthless modernity
has cast away, wind willy-nilly blown.

Volcanic, Mother Nature Iceland fires,
Frost's 'Fire and Ice' combine to offer clouds
no silver lining, scorches most desires,
unemployment offers idle crowds
whose idol 'I'm_material' requires
waste for the sake of waste till ash-cloth shrouds
bury dopes' hopes as role control backfires.

Some look for truth, if truth there be, yet wait
on chance, advance, just motives undermined,
seek miracle that must emancipate
the will to change, new open outlook find.
Too many fool themselves, prevaricate,
toil, trouble, hubble-bubble trail behind
berate self-blindness few eliminate.

But fear of fear too often dissipates
both sense and inner sensitivity,
impressions outlined by the hand that Fate's
swift moving finger writes for clarity,
then senseless seem priorities, debates,
when blind eye's turned by grovel vanity,
and vested interest pride of place vacates.

No writing on the wall anticipates
decline and fall, can versatility
sidestep, swim from, storm maelstrom tumbling dates
from palm oasis in whate'er degree,
to save man's game Time's tide can terminate.
Mistakes are made as visibility
is lacking, insight dawning far too late.

There's none so blind as those who will not see,
for actions much delayed must compromise
success where false excuse is found to be
but ruse refusing acts where fact supplies
evidence of misuse, humanity
manipulates heedless to blue planet's cries,
extracts from Nature's generosity.

Hope for true scope, with insights wise obeyed,
is countered by misMANagement, strife sore,
shadowy lack of confidence displayed
behind bluff mask, aggression, rifled store,
MAN_'tis game regardless idols preyed
proves riddle rarely idyll, unjust law
spurns common weal, would Fate's spun ignore.

Veils pulled full frontal, cloaked black burkha maid
both silver spoon and slum lie dumb, stilled tune
divorced from light by self-inflicted shade,
with passing sigh to signify too soon
in contradiction to lip-service paid
no generation's proved its acts as boon
throughout Earth's girth through time, man's vain parade.

What's left, sewn through waft-weft of life's rapports,

suffers from fear of Death's amoral spade,
learns no lessons, prudence spurns, tooth, claw,
enjoys its self-destruction, hand out-played,
serves not, rots vision clear, fears what's in store,
yet errors unremended leave man's world afraid
as progress is divorced from natural law.

Today's priorities tomorrow fade,
dissolve distorted by Time's tug of war.
turn sour before their zest to rest is laid.
What all important seemed one day before,
incorporated into causal braid,
is dropped for gain immediate, more! more!
is trumped with basic instincts disobeyed.

When karmic candle hour's done, rich and poor,
pomp, power, cower, race, pace, trace forgotten,
darkness enshrouds all, Nature's shutters draw
a blind, close up close down man ill-begotten.

Jonathan ROBIN

Gone With The Wind

Thick wick, once bright, as night advances,
must lose life's fight as circumstances
combine to trick the tick of fate
as rates of change accelerate.
No time remains for backward glances,
complaints, regrets for wasted chances,
no scope to circumnavigate
goal sinking shoals as love and hate
capsize together as askance is
cast what once insatiate
appeared - now all beneath the weight
of Time's vows bows, its poisoned lances...
Reflections on reflections cast
Upon time's mirror overcast.

Jonathan ROBIN

Grace Before Cave In At A.P.

O Lord! Without Thy Upgrade we would be
outcast, obliged to sing ourselves to sleep,
none noticing our posts, our harmony,
our Muse whose cues ring true, whose words drum deep.

Praise be to Thee who lonely singers' free
verse converts to rhyme, whose programs keep
our browsers bug-less though we may not see
their buglings so sublime, our wise words reap.

Come rain, come shine, divine, our fingers key
passwords render, hours on end spend, weep
with joy, employ choice phrases, voice check free
sage sayings, talents rich come seldom cheap.

Assignment's Grace eternity
ensures for genius pure who'll make clean sweep.
All praise A.P.'s community
where tolerance unstained reigns for lost sheep.

Before we cave in Kevin hear our plea!
To pile up points and trophies in high heap
is daily bread to save our sanity,
helps keep an even keel to fly, not creep.

This hymn to Him respects right readily
script contest scripture's strictures, thus can keep
blessing four lines and twenty that verily
may trace true grace, raise praise, cheep without sneap!

Jonathan ROBIN

Grass Roots' Glass After Witter Bynner Spectra

All flesh is grass
and all its goodness like the flower of the field
The grass withers, the flower wilts
and the word of our God stands forever
Indeed, the people are grass.
Isaiah 40

Death, mower, ripe reaps, Man grass in Fate's field,
no blade but to His wraith swipe ghost must yield.
Swiftly, surely, sharpened scythe shall pass,
unseen gleans tithe in time with Time's hour glass.

So little's garnered, strength that fond youth wields
soon sinks, who thinks winks ink earthquakeproof bields
finds loss in toss, soon tossed aside, morass
awaits sass lass, rank mocking rank, race, class.

Though each would sow
fresh seeds to show
true traces flow,
through/in/on grow
in ALL all know,
mere mortals pass
through phantom farce
but once alas
before cock's crow
rings thrice, with no
reprieve and so
weeds overgrow
base bravado,
winds staccato
turn tornado,
away soon blow
breath's ribboned bow.
Mid worms below
life's strife's knife low
Trace, pace, race name's flame fame stow away.
pride ride aside's set, scythe whet, sinks below.

So, Mower, mow, sweep all who weep,
stow chattles, keepsakes take to keep,

(16 June 2013)

Jonathan ROBIN

Grave Retrospective Version Of Retrospective Review

Possessions' progression obsession
poor more, more than best less, must draw
conclusions mistaken, impression
that wealth over health sets the score
for worth on our earth where aggression's
too often condoned by the law,
where success seems a sterile succession
of transgressions that ravage raptures.

This seems tantamount to retrogression
where blunderbuss plunder makes war
where arrogant ego expression
is excuse for abuse all abhor.
Who lusts for a trophy procession
to celebrate, victory's roar,
finds vain remains reign, dispossession,
cyclic atrophy squanders life's store.

Where vice is held virtue, concession
signals weakness, destruction in store,
where thinly disguised indiscretion
pours rewards upon traitor or whore,
where equity's lacks intercession
from power base raw's bloody maw
it is hard to ignore the suppression
of freedom, true rue rotten core.

Where equity finds no reflection
in the eyes of corrupt judge explore
when and how most lost sense of direction,
surrendered control, and deplore
political moral defection,
dereliction of duty, closed door,
or puppet string rigging election,
democracy hard to restore.

Once life's flow more than permanence counted,
Nature guided intemporal tide,
no need for race, steed to be mounted,

no seed but would blossom beside
scheme stream of unconscious connections
as each was in all, all in each,
no need for trace, gain, greed, projections,
for constrictive force frontiers of speech.

Once no part of the whole was discounted
as second-class link in life's chain,
each link was completely accounted
as interdependent to gain
from Time time to evolve, never static,
as Earth around Sun spun the years,
adjustments appeared automatic
to balance directions life steers.

Sin accompanies civilization,
once, men no fixed alphabet knew,
refuted computing of station,
top-down hierarchical view.
Then Nature received veneration
for its fruits, for its first-born in health,
there Time timed with seasons' sensation
providing heart[h] shelter, mind wealth.

What remains of man's first struggles' splendour?
What sustains songs of sunsets sans stress?
In the halls of forefathers who'll render
tales to children no mother may bless?
Who recalls rise and fall of lost glory?
What, again, of traditions of old?
Who now hears, as pain's wind sheers its story,
of bold flames whose cheer, weary, went cold?

What wild chords record strange tongued romances,
scribe sorrows of morrows unmet,
where chance dance engendered shared glances
unconcealed bade sword blade bane forget?
When the grock over lock took precedence,
the sharing of spirit and soul,
when all from the same antecedents
took stock, mocked not need to bead whole.

Today's tallied disinformation
was unknown, hopes were sown and crops grew,
simplicity's anticipation
wondered How? Where? and Why harvests grew.
Few accompanied concepts of nation,
save as fodder unsaved from Death's glue,
while 'creation' became exploitation
of downtrodden deprived of clean shoe.

What may come now that sleepers awakened
key to world whose clime drowns in its climb,
what will come when when the wish to save bacon
galls, falls on styer style served with grime.
Will when prime time is rasher forsaken
with an angst which will not spare a dime
nor care as much once all is taken
to feather nest safe and sublime.

What won't float when the polar bear slender
finds no ice after long arctic night,
when no cub rubs its fur, greets guest tender,
when no echoes from floes flow, delight.
When wild inuit igloo's converted
to concrete precast, damp beset,
noses runny but unrubbed, perverted
by ways which traditions forget.

When cold eskimo old 'intuit'ion
deserts to deride dog and sled,
when the desert oases' condition
frizzle-frazzles with wadi instead
of a mist dew-dropp welcome transition
from night into day finds its bed
dry as dust while hot winds recognition
erase tracks caravan led.

As the sealine relentlessly rises
will Bangladesh founder before
non saline solution surprises
send answers unknown heretofore?
Will the global economy's prizes
turn mirage, upset more and more

by climate which life compromises
with temperatures higher in store?

What remains of free plains, hope's resemblance
of cloud-chains of feather-light dove?
Who now weaves eve's neap tides in remembrance,
leaves foregatherers to tree [w]ebbing love?
Will the echo of these reach the stranger,
breach wall-veils which beached centuries build,
will their ways wend again to warm manger
and prophecy foster fulfilled?

Mankind stands on a cusp. Evolution?
Revolution as 'Arab Spring' shows
in the wings lies destruction, solution
becoming less clear as time flows.
Will this watershed springboard fill coffer
of plutocrat prime rated rat,
or freedom and equity offer
to survivors who daily must bat
for a crust, to avoid execution
from fanatic whose eery eye glows,
or at best suffer from prosecution
as sweep search prismatic draws bows.

Jonathan ROBIN

Greed In A Pretty Pickle

Sweltering Bagdad: cold sweat dichotomy
between electricity grid lock
and green greed zone security block,
hot air surge in a pretty pickle.

Jonathan ROBIN

Green

Through green grows blue, new inner space,
extending fresh expanse lends grace
through raindrop prism, sent to [t]race
light through the mind's eye, interlace
emotions as transient instants interface
and thread a chain unchaining thought
all [k]new, blend, bubble free as image caught
by rainbow chase from here to hyperspace.

Each passing instant earth and sky
may bend to mend all difference, -
or yet to end indifference, -
to reach beyond speech, and to try
to find behind appearance why
the tribe retains for its defense
taboos of every sort and sigh,
of every kind unkind, intents intense
in memory which sees not sense,
although it seeks to spy.

Ideas profound are found to greener grow,
through blue, which, silent steals upon the mind
that, in return, replies in kind,
responds to stimuli to flow
into itself and spiral so.
An unseen tracer, felt, allies
the odds to metamorpho_size
the blue into itself as read through green: -

Prism feeds coloured thoughts to seed
itself and sate an ancient need
to photosynthesize
both earth and skies; -
surface difference denies,
defies who tries to categorize
each act as sun signed timely deed.

Blue Green, - what different disguise
may light waves don at photon size

to dive through the retinae.
Rod, cone, may give the nod as light supplies
insight unseen, sets scene [r]evolution's tone,
to energize from brain to bone
the quantum leap into the great unknown.

The music of the spheres, - blue, green,
red, orange, yellow, violet sheen -
kaleid-escapes, collides or clones by chance.
Through random neurones ti[d]es advance,
shoot stretched synapses at a glance,
send sudden shivers down the spine
as arrow, quiver, bow combine
the seven sisters into white,
each tone tune merges, may unwind
or [th]ink an image, redefined
are endless day and night.

No need to pinpoint or align
precisely where land's end meets sky,
no need precisely, then, to sign
unwary on the dotted line,
no need to know or to descry
precisely what to underline
to spend time testing wor[l]ds that pine
when overused, that meanings mine
or where misused, hear reason cry!
where treason buys an alibi
unfeeling, waiting just to w[h]ine
a drink from Life's lees - which as dry
as desert sands at day's decline
to jaded palettes seem, - bile brew.
No words where green and blue combine
as one from two as if on cue, devine
Eden beyond horizon's line.
Tongue speechless, feelings wrung from coloured hue
as rung by rung the ladder's climbed to c[li]me of sheer delight.

]

Observe the robin's flight when day
greet's night rephrasing wrong and right,
p[l]ays back black, white, dawn's interplay
grades harmonies unsung from grey

distinctions into laser bright
whose ruby eye Time's boundary
may read, may screech, may feed, each I
uncrossed when crossed becomes each T
of Time fed human misery
based on dimensions three.

Let fall false theory, leave behind
the trammels Time may spin to bind
to blood the spirit. Mind that mind
mind calls to set the spirit free.
Words wasted be whenever we,
who never knew defenses grew,
need no apology
to grow to twinned felicity a head.
Complicity, instead of blind by blind mislead,
blends rhapsody of green and blue
sends symphony where false from true is [b]led.

Jonathan ROBIN

Greenly Translation Verlaine Green Romance Sans Paroles

I bring, with true heart bursting just for you,
Sweet friend these branches, flowers, fruit and leaves,
And hope when white hand humble gift receives,
Beauty's eyes will bless, not break in two.

Entering, my forehead drenched with dew
Left by dawn winds, I'd learn that love relieves.
Let my fatigue, which at thy feet here grieves,
Enchanted dream these worries two'll eschew.

May my head on your youthful breast renew
Emotions that each kiss forever leaves,
Yet may it calm find 'spite the storm that heaves
Now deep within, to sleep, at rest with you

Jonathan ROBIN

Greetings

Computer keyboard offers heartfelt greeting
to future bards whose genes, still unexpressed,
await their date with fate for lifetime fleeting
upon this Earth from birth to berth undressed.
Shall Shakespeare solely some symbolic pimple
upon time's face seem to who'll trace our tracks?
Multidimensional forms linguistic simple
appearing, invention bridging what 'now' lacks
in understanding culture change deep-seated
brought on by new technologies unleashed
that mock both 'free verse', sterile forms repeated
by minor bards by critics hard impeached.
Perhaps some automatic program may replace
verse voice rehearsed by human choice [th]ink-based.

Jonathan ROBIN

Guarded Gates

Guarded gates, emotions sealed inside,
where nightmare walls won't fall till trust is shared,
wait pseudo-sheltered, shuttered weight, unpaired,
preferring fearful hide to bright world wide.
It is teared veil which heavy hangs, divide
emprisons spirit where, no weakness bared,
restless soul, self by self scared, scarce dared
to scan horizons, bottles Fortune's tide.
Complicity can never coincide.
with pre-conditions, feelings rarely aired.
Years' tears must out. Anxieties repaired,
imagined blame, shame, dissipated, cried.
Liberation from within unites
soul to whole soul, tears wail's veil, scales true heights.

(11 December 2008)

Jonathan ROBIN

Guardians Of Morality

GUARDIANS OF MORALITY

No nude! Low, lewd!
Prude Whitehouse, pursue it!
So crude show blue
shrewd Lord Longford, sue it!

Their attitude,
scare papers renew it,
bare fat eschew
where e'er they review it!

In modern mood,
sin, while men pooh-pooh it, -
to films, reviews, glued,
grin, smile when they view it!

27 November 1977
robi03_0143_robi03_0000 XXX_JMX

Jonathan ROBIN

Guerilla

At hoar sunrise, before stars fade
from slumber rise to dress parade.

We steal supplies in angry raid,
with steel surprise in ambushade:
the tyrant's spies retire dismayed.

They dropp like flies, their force is frayed;
his martial might, too far has strayed,
is faint, afright, withdraws afraid.
They'll not stake fight, no longer staid,
see cowards' flight, - we'll not be stayed.

Can cowards' greed crush Liberty?
I shall succeed! Democracy!
Life President soon shall I be! ...

I see unrest strip power from me,
from Satan sent, vile tyranny! ...

Ah! Swiss accounts' security!

Jonathan ROBIN

Guess The Title - Patter Down Pat

.....PATTERNS

.....which.....stitch

.....PATTERNS....PATTERNS

.....fit.....into

.....PATTERNS.....PATTERNS

.....knit.....onto

....PATTERNS.....PATTERNS

enrich.....which

....PATTERNS.....PATTERNS

.....knit.....onto

.....PATTERNS.....PATTERNS

.....fit.....into

.....PATTERNS....PATTERNS

.....which.....stitch

.....PATTERNS

10 August 1995

robi03_0762_robi03_0000 QXX_MXX

[C] Jonathan Robin written

Jonathan ROBIN

Guiled Fleece After Ise No Miyasudokoro 10th. Century Wild Geese

Forsaking the Bourse
That falls in the Spring,
The Bulls take stock,
They must [l]earn to live
in a land without rallies

Forsaking the mists
that rise in the Spring,
wild geese fly off,
they have learned to live
in a land without flowers.

Jonathan ROBIN

H[e]aven

Rue de la Bucherie
keeps carefully the key
to peace, to wisdom's palm.
Its dusty shelves agree
to share their mystery
without regret or qualm.
Fiction can never be
strange as life's poetry.

In George's library
heart into heart may see,
slow turns life's page, soft calm,
as if eternity
unites with soul carefree
in atmosphere of balm.
All strangers welcomes he,
for angels they may be.

Though he at times can be
somewhat sharp, crotchety,
he greets with open palm.
All welcome are to tea
to chat contentedly
in haven safe from harm.
Bound books may disagree,
but poetry bounds free.

Wherever one may be
the Shakespeare library,
its antiquated charm,
stays fresh in memory.
Who comes is happy, he
sings Learning's sacred psalm.
Fruit from the Knowledge Tree
for all to use, stay free!

Jonathan ROBIN

Haggard Zen Of Eden 1833

Before the burning Bush retires
Using excuse of rocket fires
Strategic realpolitic
Has acted with the wish to pick
First strike, stakes hiking. One admires
Ideal excuses which find buyers
Reminding that through thin and thick
External trappings weave war's wires
So skillfully to suit desires.

(4 January 2009)

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku

Here, formal constraints
channel the soul's overflow,
ease inner restraints

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku - Alliteration's Dawning Iteration Reiteration

Flamingo flames flare
flair fitfully fashions fey
fanfare fireworks fair

(20 April 2013)

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku [s]ta[l]king Pains

Painstaking sly look
superficiality
sheds to scan sole book

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku A...Musing

Mooning on spooning
bed tosses and turns, returns
ballooning dream tuning

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Acceleration

Acceleration
of knowledge acquisition
destabilisation

(4 March 2002)

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Acceptance Stage

Acceptance chants dance
elegance finds ultimate
umbrae checks advance

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Aims French Translation Buts

From ground to [g]round holes,
missives or missiles unite
solitary souls

Buts

Sol a sol, mystere,
missives ou missiles reliant
les ames solitaires

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Alienation Of Affections

December letters:
no response greets the New Year,
but embers' fetters.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku All At Sea

The Stockmarket quote
dives to asphyxiation
rocking mad bull's boat

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku All In All

Yin, Yang, undermine
differences recombine:
all in all define

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Alliteration's Dawning Iteration Reiteration

Flamingo flames flare
flair fitfully fashions fey
fanfare fireworks fair

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Amber Butterfly

Amber butterfly:
what may multi mottled marks
sing, sign, signify?

Upon insect's back
is this camouflage warning,
defence or attack?

An amber butterfly is winging by:
its mottled marks, what may they signify?

The camouflage upon the insect's back
is warning, or defence against attack.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Ambition

His dreams of glory,
oversized, soon capsized:
end of sad story

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Anomalies

Through bursting buds peep
summer's blooms, to their beauty
stays sad slave asleep.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Apple Blossom

Apple blossom, snow,
approaching scenes of summer
April's dreams sow, know.

Apple blossoms, seen through April snow,
Approaching scenes of summer seem to know.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku At Rest

AT REST

From beloved eyes
poetic fountain gushes,
heart ambushed, surprised.

Through expanding space
beyond old inhibitions
the mind may e[r]ase
artificial skins.
As spirit dissolves levels,
inner freedom wins,
consciousness, can chase
surface metamorphosis:
sh[r]edded to replace
superficial grins,
self-deception, whose dark hells
are man's greatest sins.

Shared understanding
underpins maturity
as momentum spins
through both thick and thin,
talent touches base with place
as feelings akin
to acceptance win
shared acceptance, mock need to [t]race
extension within
inner harmony, begin
growth in troth. Potential spells
end to shortcomings.

Mind may be at rest,
empathy, serenity,
all's held for the best.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Atlantis

D[r]ipping dolphin guides
to subterranean trench
where Atlantis hides

Embedded within
cetacean memory,
Atlantean sin

Atlantis within
Man's secret pilgrim soul
surfaces, clocks in

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Aureate

A gentle aura
corresponds to warmth within
not facial flora.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Background Impressions

Background important
messages transmits, beyond sight
to readers distant.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Beacon Senryu

Precocious, gifted
children high I.Q. can cue
haiku uplifted.

Disabilities
are relative, special needs
curb abilities.

Isolated mind
finds too few consolations
ahead or behind.

Beacon beckon high
perched up in the mind's lighthouse
fingers hurt heart's cry.

Pointed glance for why
and wherefore scans horizon,
hopes answers float by

until sea meets sky,
till haze plays daze with thought maze
echoing soul's sigh.

Adopt or adapt,
option apt adds attention
rapt to verse unwrapped.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Becoming

Fast, tense Past's pretence,
Present presence, overcome:
Future recompense

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Beneath Willow Maze After Witter Bynner Spectra

Beneath willow maze
soul summoned from life's stream sum
sleeps, some spectral haze

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Between Stone Age And Clone Age Alone Age?

One ova, unheard,
Waits, longing to be egged on
Listen mocking bird

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Beyond Beyond

Witch brown eyes unlatched,
beauty unmatched, also come
with no [st]rings attached

Ruby lips respond
to emerald eyes twinned surprise
dreams beyond beyond.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Beyond Smog

Beyond smog missed light
filters through despite mist fog,
setting dreams alight

Beyond smog the light
filters through despite the fog,
to set dreams alight

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Bird Of Time

Winter's distant drums
greet time with fleet beat farewell
as aged drone hums

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Body Language

Body language loud
translates inner silences
unique within crowd.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Bridge Building

Rhyme's self-destructive
when words become instruments
for minds constrictive

becomes addictive
when sight and sound, soul and sense
build bridge constructive.

Critic's injunctive,
vindictive, vanity finds
verse unpredictable,

'right rules' restrictive
recommends, write minds [g]rind
prose unproductive.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Bush I

Seven years on top
Burnt out Bush comes a cropper,
reaping his[s] [s]own crop.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Butterfly Kite

Butterfly kite flight
multi mottled magic marks
signify song sign

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Buzzard Buzzwords

projections through blue
planes spring wanderlust explain
buzzard buzzword ku

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Candyfloss

Candyfloss [s]pun round
Life's spri[n]g stick, sticky lips lick,
shun s[l]ickness unsound

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Cause And Effect 3

On effect and cause,
on voiced choice or chosen voice,
few ponder, all pause

On cause and effect,
on scene set or foreseen,
must Mankind project.

(4 March 2002)

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Cause And Effect 4

See flaws and select
from flow fresh gambit gamble,
seek cause and effect

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Change

Change is a whirlpool
earth and sky hurry_can eye
sigh clones worldwide fool

(10 October 1995)

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Change For The Better

Who'd stay hermetic
lid on absent lid tonight,
play grey, ascetic?

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Chestnuts

Browned chestnuts roasting,
present wraps reflect past fire
downed champagne toasting

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku China

When western greed shakes
a billion impatient heirs
[d]re[a]d dragon awakes.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Choice

Opportunities freeze
or accept emotion which
twinned energy frees.

(4 March 2002)

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Choice At Sea

When choice is at sea
chance weathers loose washers, waves
skim[p] apology.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Climactic Paradigm Change From Clean Ice Age To Gene Splice Age

New revolution,
paradigm shifts spin old top
fresh flesh confusion.

Stage in evolution:
polar bears, pandas bamboozled,
lethal pollution.

Self execution
by men of Man or preplanned
novel solution?

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Cocktail Tales

Silk, satin, laces,
hark lark, perks! smirks lurk on jerks'
X rated faces.

in whose good graces
must miss taken stay when clerks'
lust bliss displaces

what hidden traces
shirk, irk when pain's strain knee-jerks,
chain gain replaces

corset miss laces
remorse works cents' sense tense, quirks'
course set disgraces

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Coda

CODA

Unrecorded words
uttered at dream's close of play
seem coda absurd.

Theme often unheard
great schemes once deemed essential
sound slurred, vision blurred.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Cogito Lost For Words

I do not know why
nor how or where, what or when,
wonder who am I?

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Cold Comfort

A cheery log fire
affords cold comfort to an
abandoned desire.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Compromise

In a round about
way most avoid life's challenge
hope peters out.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Concatenation

Curled on curlicue
A split hair haiku can purr,
Trapping mice on cue

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Concordance

chance glance concordance
dancing advancing karmic
synchronicity

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Consensus

Consensus: axe, knife
conformist complacency
hacks protesting life.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Crystal Clear Credit

Heaven and Earth meet
over dew formality
drawn at cloud bank's feat.

(22 September 1995)

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Crystal Lid

Verse: a crys[t]al id,
cusp between p]rose-leaf larva
and the Song of Songs

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Curiosity

Curiosity:
without which no cat could see
true way clear to be.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Cusp

Tears told? Tomorrow:
cusp between past dust, joy's gold
must mend most sorrow

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Cystitis

Like passing razors
burning, just can't sit still
cranberry overdose

Insistitis

Is this excuse pitch,
trying period soon spent,
or seven year itch?

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Dating Sights

Face to face meetings
encourage wider breadth
than greetings.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Dearly Departed

Separate bedrooms
speak volumes in silent grief
over old loves' tombs.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Dedication

Imagination
opens doors to make room for
communication

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Definition

THree cocktails then wine
Upon empty spring stomach
Define a straight line

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Déjà Vu: From Try Angles To Timeless

One moment alone
translates [th]inklings' impression
far too few can clone

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Desires

True heart saw fun whole
Achilles without the heel
two parts for one goal

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Diagnosis

Thesis prognosis:
self congratulatory
points antithesis.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Dichotomy

Fourteenth of July,
African famine, men die:
France, firework sky.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Digest Creative Small Beer

Rain and shine remain
main course imagination
holding no hops vain

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Dis Solution

Unemployment's cure:
to be sure shall soon be seen
in sine_cure lure.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Disaster

Where servant, master,
are seen as commonplace roles
pregnant disaster

(4 March 2002)

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Dismantled Dirge To Murmur Maid

Rhyme sung, tongue bland, wise
man stung by hand wrung dry land runs.
Time flung, hung mime sighs.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Dissolution And Solution

Coral lips dissolve
austral barrier griefs,
lifelong puzzles solve.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Distance

Distance once meant more
than trouble, time and travel
to an unknown shore.

(22 September 1995)

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Distraught

Wretched heart, distraught,
redesigned emotions, signed
etched, sketched twin lips taut.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Door Opens Slightly

symbol sunshine soaks clear pane:
sheet fills page lightly.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Dream Images Teem

Flight recovery
spins out need's kneaded timeline
dream images teem

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Dreams And Awakenings

Dreams

Soft summer tresses
caress and tease breeze with ease,
sun smile addresses

Awakenings

Winter distresses
who knits his [I]ce line sweater
the homeless stresses

Rêverie

Les tresses d'été
caressent la brise, adressent
un rire au soleil.

Reveil

Détresse: l'hiver
stresse un clochard, tisse tresse
son pull aux vers.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Eight Homeless Dead

One white winter week.
Paris turns the other cheek,
afraid to speak.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Elections

Party puppets fight
for pointless putty platforms,
ignore voter's plight.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Empathy

Empathy's attained
neither greed, nor need for speed,
joy uncontained

Empathy we reach
when soul twin soul meets, completes,
each teaches each speech

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Encapsulation

From earth rebirth speak
may haiku encapsulate
magic mirth men seek.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku End Of Play

After the day, dusk
can man face race also-ran
after the play, husk

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Evening

Cat shadows lengthen
as eve stretches sleepy claws
across stitched carpet.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Ex Plane Ations

Leave mazes mundane.
Apparent contradictions
weave blazes sun plain

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Exception

All is vanity
except the happiness shared
between you and me.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Extensions

Vine tendrils tender
ferment the seasons' reasons
as causal blender

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Fantasy Unfulfilled

Youth fed fantasy
transforming life's mystery
to transparency.

Her entry, surprise,
from his eyes waved all disguise
prepared sunny skies.

Witness she in he
as he in she startles free
voyage discovery
softly unfolding
soul's dream pane warms to shared stream
nothing withholding
calling to the day
as net of firefly rapture
captured inner Way
light touch stripped sorrow
from heart led awakening
to lip tomorrow
her eyes through his eyes
spilled over horizon ties
heralding sunrise
as curtains were drawn
while twinned soul reborn finds wings
to sing to fresh dawn
bringing without strings
acceptance in everything
ending wanderings.

Age then conceded
that mirages receded
when they're most needed.

Answers overstay
their welcome in light of day
eve ending our stay.

Youth's fantasies fail,

when age shakes awakening,
jade, fade, to taste stale
while empathy's joy
are unproven over time
turn fairy-tale toy
too seldom hopes buoy
though chase race stimulates rhyme,
so pen self-employs.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Farewell State

Elderly coughers:
welfare funds flow painfully
from emptied coffer.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Faucet

as time and tide coincide
ripp[!]ing surface sheen
Drops plop for set scene

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Fey Way

Light beams seem theme dream
gift glad glade no man-made spade
may mar pristine scene.

Nature's self-esteem
magic metamorphosis
star-crossed, Jack Frost's lost

Twigs serenely sing.
spring heart's blossom butterfly
from hope into being

Pollution banished
B.P. slick nightmare 'engulfed'
verdant hues reign supreme

Time rhymes promise free
for fey way beyond day's play
taps sap symphony

(14 April 2013)

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Fidelity

Is Fidelity,
after fear, AIDS second child
now likely to be?

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Fingered Points

Balance-sheet of ice
ledgerdemain vain, Fate writes
slate cleared in a trice.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Fire And Water

While chimney's logged lips
purse around the flaming tongue,
Spring rain, spitting, drips.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Fleet Street 2

Old cobbles span strand
amplified urban echo
above ancient stream

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Fleet Street I

Springs beneath street,
cobble stones echo old bones,
heedless of time, fleet.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Floating World

From floating word world
kanji and katakana
fun pillow puns whirl

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Foothold Firm

Foothold firm may twist
false pride to prepare its fall
one flick of the wrist

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Forum Blog After Basho The Old Pond

Pink clouds wave, lazy,
while webbed tree frogs dialogue, -
evening hazy...

Reflect, rephrase the
style: - free web blogs dialogue
on controls maybe...

rich rhyme scheme weighs the
Internet logsâ€™™ legal bogs -
contradictions mazy.

Little allays the
concerns on how system cogs dog
all those held crazy. impression

Future conveys the
theme of digital divide fogs,
â€™~choiceâ€™™ upsy-daisy,

while who will pay the
piper as public sector clogs
C.S. with sl[e]azy

strategies daily,
I.T.U. I.O.U. hogs
our fate - Old Bailey

Society slays key
freedoms, going to the dogs,
pushing up daisy.

robi03_1492_bash01_0000 PHX_EJN
Internet Governance Forum â€™" I.G.F. â€™" In Good Faith
(3 November 2006 revised 28 July 2007)

Network Trends
As the Internet extends
its influence there seem to be

few whose overview can key
into the threats its message sends
society, freedoms suspends
when risk and opportunity
are balanced. With impunity
now governance those it defends
transforms to victims. Means and ends
confused appear. R.F.I.D.
converging with technology
emerging blessing mixed portends.
Analogy: Pandora's box
outlines our challenge paradox.

(robi03_1493_robi03_0000 SXX_EJX 3 November 2006)

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Freedom Versus Haze[ag]itation

Freedom flickering,
shadows call walls' bluff, recall
FREEDOM's thicker ring

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku French - Plus Ca Change With English Translation

Ce soir, chocolat.
Demain, la douceur du fond
du coeur, du coca!

The More Things Change
Tonight chocolate broke
tomorrow, balm for heart's ease
chock a block choke coke

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku French - The More Things Change With French Translation

Tonight chocolate broke
tomorrow, balm for heart's ease
chock a block choke coke

Plus Ca Change
Ce soir, chocolat.
Demain, la douceur du fond
du coeur, du coca!

(9 January 1993)

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku French Faits Divers

L'écho gnomique
inspire les fées d'hiver,
lutte antinomique?

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Frog Longjump Or High Jump Over The Old Pond After Basho Matsuo

Away from old pond
leaps olympic longjump frog
squelching sounds beyond.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku From Faith To Wraith After Yosano Akiko

Doubt sapped past powers
when I lost faith, to wraiths swift
faded fair flowers.

Fast passing hours
read dread, grief sped, breached hope, rift
sanity cowers.

Kismet's bliss bowers'
enjoyment destroyed, adrift,
dissolve in showers.

Happiness sours
gift to tiff miffed, short shrift
given, spendthrift self-devours.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Generation Gap

Dream generation
questions past pain, blames present
degeneration.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Genesis

Eddy. Dust winds swirl,
affect Effect - time ripples
Cause more dust must whirl

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Glossy Gloss On Time's Etching And Rhyme's Sketching

Time etches gain loss
dotted line stitch-stretched between
Chance's pitch and toss.

Rhyme sketches across
allotted lines, etched as scene's
seen to gather moss.

Interprets, gloss gloss
plots signs, seldom farfetched, clean
cut inklings crisscross

rarely at a loss
for words as syllables glean
hidden meanings, doss

till saint, wretch, Pangloss
or Pandora, come across, wean,
letch purposes cross.

Time mocks Man's dykes, boss
sweeper, commoner, king, queen
verbal candyfloss

From and to dust, schloss
rises falls, [w]alls might-have-been
ex libris embossed.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Great Expectations

Opened oysters show
neither seed nor sign of pearl,
translucent glow.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Greenhouse Gas

Greenhouse gas glows, grows
pregnant paradise promise
Greenland, melting s[n]ows.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku H.T.M.L.

Host To My Leisure:
Internet pages prepare
payments or pleasure?

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Happy Landing

Misunderstanding
may lead to happy landing
Miss understanding.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Hex

Strange how climate change
now flakes floes' snows, warm air flows,
rice for ice hex change

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Hiss Verse

Burning branch hisses
sighs on its ashes,
as candle kisses
goodnight to misses
in silks and sashes
while time whizzes,
who mirror lashes
before each pisses
on branch which hisses.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Hope Beams

Hope beams bright by night
as firefly swarm storm's rapture
captures inner Way

(8 May 2012)

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Hurricane

Eye in hurry cane
Yearns for Summer peace over
Excitement may wane

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku I Love You

Three short words: Phoenix,
melts former misconceptions,
light wings over Styx.

(29 January 2010)

For previous version see below

Three short words: Phoenix,
melting all misconceptions,
wings over the Styx.

(4 March 2002)

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Icicles

Icicles splinter
before bright crocus sprout
through white world's winter.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Ideologies

A small concrete tear
welled up, fell where once fell wall
stood tall, swelled, spelled fear.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Illumination

Illumination
of soul made whole awakens
from hibernation

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Impressions

Pictogram [qu]inklings
unwrinkle chapter and verse,
s[h]owing soul sprinklings

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku In Vino Veritas

One drunk's loud carouse
falls on deaf fears few afford,
none numbed feelings rouse.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Incandescence

Self-feeding, flame fire
desires own light warmth, pyre warms
incite sown desire.

(10 January 1989)

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Inflight Insight

Below, overhead,
Blue. In between, clouds jam view.
Azure sandwich spread.

blue below overhead
an airy azure sandwich
in between clouds spread

Blue below and overhead,
an azure sandwich,
in between, clouds are spread.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Insanity

May insanity
stay brinks, blink p[!]ayback darkness
weigh humanity

Can insanity
know brinks or blink back darkness
judge humanity

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Insect Aside Ant_Hem

Breeze bright fans Spring glade
six legs tickle, tendrils' touch
test white hand ring laid.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Inspiration

Fresh inspiration
fertilizes the Future's
fresh inspiration.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Internet Tally

Internet tally
implies the ultimate lies
of a bull rally.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Interplays

One's days seasons maze
puzzle pictures paraphrase
karmic interplays

from temporal ways
until intemporal clays
praise phrase 'til phase weighs

chance dance polonaise
from heydays until payday's
ultimate glance g[l]aze

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Interpretations

Soul song melody
rhapsody or threnody
whole, wrong harmony

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Interruption

Angry engine wails,
angry welt where calm indwelt
sudden [sl]iced by trails

(12 April 1984)

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Into Autumn

With wrinkles outfaced
open eyes greet the autumn,
mind never straight laced.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Just Ask

Behind mirrored mask
Everything is possible,
Well why not just ask

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Knots

Tangled shoe laces
zag-zignificantly seem
drunk spider's traces.

20081029 for previous version see below

Knots

Tangled shoe laces:
do they not rather appear
drunken spiders' traces?

(10 January 1993)

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Lateral Thinking

Lateral thinking
overspills b[l]in[e]d boundaries
of mind's blinds, winking

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Lethe After Witter Bynner Spectra

Before dinner gongs
Day after I pass away,
Forgotten my songs

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Life Stream

Daily releases
till inspiration dries up
then food flow ceases

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Light Speed

No food, boarding pass
just a fasten seat belt sign:
economy class

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Light Through Light

Light through light evolves
upon revolving planet
as darkness dissolves

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Log Fire

Sizzling hiss stashed log
heaps ashes on flash crackles
beneath smoky fog

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Lost For Wor[!]ds

Forked tongues disappoint
what faith, hope, and charity,
commitment, anoint

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Lovelorn Forlorn

Yawn shows sleep withdrawn,
interrupting dream cycle,
mourn blows deep with dawn

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Mariage De Dupes

He, prehensile, vile.
She, pretense aisle. Guile trial lasts
while lust's lost, last s_mile.

(25 May 2008)

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Match Points

French T.V. endorsed
four hours to tennis and two
to the holocaust.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Mauve And Yellow

Colour cluster blooms:
Fresh crocus congregation
old Winter entombs.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Maximum Impact

Maxim's maximum
impact springs from ring of sting
terminating tale.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Mehr Licht

'One last look! ' [s]he sighed.
Sleep s[t]eals fast reel casts lost soul,
closed book, open eyed.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Meiosis

Mars admires Venus
rising phoenix like to surge, merge,
in gene I us
(30 March 2005)

Haiku Light through Light
Light through light evolves
upon revolving planet
as darkness dissolves

(24 March 2005)

Haiku Rich Ter
Quake loco motion,
ocean soon am I
wake lo! commotion

(24 March 2005)

Haiku Pillow Words

Pillow wor[l]ds place lisp
through dreams' double meanings
will o'wisp case crisp.

(24 March 2005)

Haiku Odors Rove
Summer Orange grove,
heat, blue skies, bees buzz belling,
subtle odors rove.

(24 March 2005)

Haiku Freedom versus Haze[ag]itation

Freedom flickering,
shadows call walls' bluff, recall
FREEDOM's thicker ring

(23 March 2005)

Haiku Curiosity

Curiosity:

without which no cat could see
true way clear to be.

(17 March 2005)

Haiku Wishy Washy

Wishy Washy I

train brain, strain grey cells' refrain,
ever seeking 'why'

(16 March 2005)

Haiku Into Autumn

With wrinkles outfaced
open eyes greet the autumn,
mind never straight laced.

(16 March 2005)

Haiku Paintinted

Cold sunlight, gold, streams
through shivered panes, soul pained through
absence from his dreams.

(15 March 2005)

Haiku Motions

Going through motions,
I counter deception's drains,
high, dry emotions.

(29 December 2008)

Haiku Body language

Body language loud
translates inner silences
unique within crowd.

(13 March 2005)

Haiku Ready to Unlearn

Accept the unthought
grasping at straws till ready
to unlearn torts taught.
Society is fraught
with distortions brainless 'bought'
revised as a tanka

(21 May 2009)

Haiku Scene yet Unseen
Midnight Metro scene:
subtle population change,
on reflection, seen.

(25 February 2005)

Haiku Unwholesome
The wholesale warehouse
bears broad spread upon bare board
wanting, want, espouse.

Tawdry tinsel shed,
beast and beauty wed despair
in lacklustre shed.

(19 June 2004)

Haiku In Vino Veritas

One drunk's loud carouse
falls on deaf fears few afford,
none numbed feelings rouse.

(19 June 2004)

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Middle Age Sp...Re[a]d

Forty-five years fled,
another finally rests
its uneasy head.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Miss Took

'I've missed you so much! '
said she, clutching at a straw:
such an easy touch!

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Miss Tressed

Mystic mistress tressed
slick slapstick wit writ address
tick trick missed best zest

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Mitosis

Mitosis wakes fresh
chance to open close[d] divides,
stem cell remakes flesh.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Moonshine

Mystery: moonshine
swiftly fades, shadow swathe
frees bitter thought line

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Mostly Moonshine

Moon bead bleeds minds blind
down rum road, numbed reflection
to darkness resigned

days shortening find
in solstice resurrection
slight solace star signed

Expansion refined
no bankrolled retrospection
ends up in slow grind

Some seats ermine lined
empty, causal conjection
drum beats double-bind

wraith sunset assigned
orbital introspection
faith's autumn declined

Sol, Luna aligned
with solstice circumspection
horizon black-lined

So life reads, we find,
through natural selection,
new rises, old pined

Intimacy signed
by ultimate rejection
space trace reassigned

Sum total unkind
soon summary ejection
watch sprung coils unwind

Fresh Spring waits behind
horizon's interjection
transience assigned

10 January 1993 revised 22 September 2009 and 27 January 2011

Mostly Moonshine

Moon bead bleeds minds blind
down rum road, numbed reflection
to darkness resigned.

Expansion refined,
no bankrolled retrospection,
ends up in slow grind.

Some seats ermine lined
empty, causal conjection
drum beats double-bind.

Wraith sunset assigned
orbital introspection
faith's autumn declined.

Sol, Luna aligned
with solstice circumspection
horizon black-lined.

So life reads, we find,
through natural selection,
new rises, old pined.

Intimacy signed
by ultimate rejection
space trace reassigned.

Sum total unkind
soon summary ejection
watch sprung coils unwind.

10 January 1993 revised 22 September 2009

For previous version see below

Mostly Moonshine

The blind lead the blind
down the road of reflection,
to darkness resigned.

10 January 1993

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Motions

Going through motions,
I counter deception's drains,
high, dry emotions.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku New Revolution

New revolution:
paradigm shifts spin old top
to fresh solution.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Next Year

'Next New Year? ' she said,
'perhaps you will call to find
everybody dead.'

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku No Inquest

Quest's request mission
completes revitalization
shared recognition

when virtuous spin
nurtures free relationship
everyone twins, wins

superfluity
swiftly eliminated
perpetuity.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku No Need For Speed

Empathy is reached
as soul twin soul perceives
with no need for speed

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku No Slur

Sounds into sounds slur
as ephemeral pods burst
into broad Scots' burr.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Noh

Turmoil, yes and noh,
melodramatic acro
batic ebb and flow

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Notice Not Ice

'Love me! ' loud she cried.
None replied. 'Then, at the least,
notice me! ' she sighed.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Nunc

As another leaf
forgotten flutters forlorn,
Time smothers all grief.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Obituary

Alphabetical order
British Museum.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Of Mice And Maids

Mice and maids cry rats:
for first, fat cats sat on mats,
for second, gnats, bats.

Nice hand-made my stats:
sure first, that bat at bon mots,
lore check, blond flat splat.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Oh Pen!

one door springs open,
sun kisses carpet, light sheet
o pens pristine page

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Oh Pen! 0350

one door springs open,
sun kisses carpet, light sheet
o pens pristine page

(2 November 1990)

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku On Tap

Mahomet, mountain,
unmoving, source springs scene for
eternal fountain.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku On Track

Little sparrow hawk
preening, stretches fledgling wings,
prepares sparrow stalk

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Onwards

Day file grows longer
solstice stream dream quavering,
I'll play, no younger.

Life's swan song wan a
goodbye echo wavering
Death's magnet stronger

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Open Eyes

Open Eyes:
Through window
Dream flies

(22 August 1995)

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Open Source

Behind the mind's hedge
heart shows glow of inner growth,
infinite knowledge

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Orbit Et Obit

From magma to ice
closed shop freezes lava
nature's check mated

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Out At Sea After Yosano Akiko

When you rowed to see,
the lotus, priest, did blooms red, white
till dusk detain thee?

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Paintinted

Cold sunlight, gold, streams
through shivered panes, soul pained through
absence from his dreams.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Papyrus

Papyrus rushed:
deciphered mysteries lit
histories long hushed.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Paradigm Shifts

Paradigm shifts lift
early adopters ahead,
double-edged gifts sift.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Passer By

And you, passer by,
why the concern with my pains,
what's to sell I'd buy?

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Pattering

Sparrows smattering,
dawn's yawn spawns cheep chattering,
shadows scattering.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Pawns

When children are used
as abused pawns between parents,
no-one is amused.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Ph[r]ases

The Present echoes
The Past's frustrated woes
as the Future flows.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Phishing Parabola

Big fish in small pond
swallow identities, leave
bare beyond despond

goldfish bowl
swarm among data bank shoals
net nanny's black hole.

Trout pout snout about
with self-satisfying moue
kine can do without

While gulls wheel around
gullible sub-prime surfers
passwords swiftly found.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Pillow

Her head on his heart
dreams of a new tomorrow,
and of a fresh start.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Pillow Wo[]rds

Pillow wor[]ds place lisp
through dreams' double meanings
will o'wisp case crisp.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Pink Of Perfection

Sakura pixels
perpetuate seasonal
pink of perfection

Flakes from pink paintbrush
brush aside disharmony
serenity reigns

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Plain Plane Sailing

Windmill's sails spill through
grey haze maze scene overview
to restore skies blue

(24 August 2007)

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Plight Or Troth

Silver setting scene
enhanced by one fresh red rose
love glances serene

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Plus Ça Change

New revolutions
of the world spin an old top
to fresh solutions.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Plus Ca Change French Version The More Things Change 0658

Ce soir, chocolat.
Demain, la douceur du fond
du coeur, du coca!

(9 January 1993)

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Poetic Tensions

pulsations and impulses,
pregnant projections.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Poet's Vista

A sun deck perched high
in the lighthouse of the mind
to scan the soul's sigh.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Point Of Who

All unique vision
shifts sharp perspective towards
ego's derision.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Post Mortem Post

Greetings are received
after obituary,
cold comfort twice grieved.

Sweet sixteen greetings
received after accident
such bitter sweetings.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Pride Ride

Icarus returns
wheels with overbearing pride
until waxed wing burns.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Prior I Tease

Aspirations peer
with memories as Styx
swallows all who peer

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Promise

Lightheartedly Spring
takes root during Winter's night
and fluffs out its wing.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Punch Line

six seven eight nine
when will ten come round again?
a knock out punch line

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Quality

What is Quality?

only purloined passion, fruit
from the finest tree.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Quiver Ring

'Commit, hold me tight! '
Cupid's quiver lightning dart
moonshine at midnight

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Re Seed

During recession
pink slips read flip beyond pale
in swift succession

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Reaching Out

Winter trees etched black
splayed branches stretch to lost leaves
soon Spring's fetched back.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Reading Righting Rithmatic

Demarcation line
between ignorance and bliss,
hissed whine and fine wine?

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Ready To Unlearn

Accept the unthought
grasping at straws till ready
to unlearn torts taught.
Society is fraught
with distortions brainless 'bought'.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Reasoning Seasonings And Seasoning Reasonings

Multi-coloured leaf
shadowing corn-crop bounty
springs harsh frost flake grief

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Rebecoming

One seeks old-soul ka
among fun loving youth to
rebecome twinned star.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Reborn

Tattered wings forlorn
leave interleaving trace till
matter springs reborn

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Recycling

From fresh jade to jade
cycle spins cycle onwards
till perceptions fade.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Reflections

Soul enlightenment:
Way becomes both purpose and
sole entitlement.

Life's rhyme repeating,
seldom satisfactory,
moves Time free fleeting

Nothing is foreign
with sentience passenger
equal neath Yug's reign

Where do souls find home?
If home is where the heart is,
most, unhappy, roam.

Solitude étude:
though all roads may lead to Rome
rarely beatitude.

Gene encryption
splices gene I us unseen
to fact or fiction?

Sperm into ova
creates new life in a flash
lightning, soon over

The name's revolution,
contribution, reflection
the game's evolution.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Renewal

Silver setting scene,
graced with one fresh red rose on
snowy damask seen.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Residual Image

Frostbitten fingers
beckon from a cold New Year
as if old still lingers.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Resourcing

White on white clouds must
just uproot anxieties
mute silence unjust.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Rest In Peace

Communism, dead,
but still unburied, awaits
its elegy red

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Reversed - Hive Death Drone Groan Syndrome

Pollination under threat
hive death syndrome shows
pollution as unhedged bet

(4 April 2013)

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Rhyme Flows

Time, slow, sunward goes
past Winter links future Spring
rhyme's glow forward flows

Time goes
winter rime
rhyme glows

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Rich Ter Scale

Quake loco motion,
ocean soon am I
wake lo! commotion

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Rise And Fall

I'm sublime chime rhyme,
climb from and to nothingness,
prime-time grime, slime diem

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Robin

Where is that robin?
sing winging through new haiku
wild rhymes a bobbing

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Role Reversal

Sharpened [s]words fall flat,
heart he art fully pulses
to tatami mat.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Rotten Apples Fall

From memory tree
rotten apples fall as pall
rises future's free.

From memory tree
rotten apples fall as pall
rises, future free

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku S.O.S. City Zen Sees Gene I Us

Stoke write brain zen [b]ring
Oven internal to boil
Something seasoning

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Sakura

Today, tomorrow,
circumstantial suspension
between joy, sorrow.

Some saw butterfly,
others, summer's harbinger,
red blossoms soon lie.

Mankind's mazy gist,
origins, blessings, or sins,
lost in hazy mist.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Sakura Season's Transience

Canopy bud leaf
prepare fair Summer's bounty
beyond Winter's grief

Panorama pinks
ready soft sakura rain
spring reigns high cue thinks

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Scene Yet Unseen

Midnight Metro scene:
subtle population change,
on reflection, seen.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Scented Dreams' Ascent

From sent present's tomb
crescent dreams coalescent
spring towards full bloom

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Seasonal Scoop Scoop

Changing climate melts
both calved bergs and carved scoops
summer cavorting.

Icing on the cake
I sing for refreshment
state meant cent I grade

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Seasonal Transience

Light reflecting leaves
prepare fair sakura rain,
spring reigns, winter grieves

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Seasoning

How many more storms
can knotted oak stand, can face
before blow, rot, worms.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Seize On Season's Span)

Weathered Autumn fern
pours seed spores beyond frond tiers,
spurns [t]ether's concern

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Self Completion

Wings swing singing
spin yin through Yang through yin, yen
to, from, beginning.

Wings swing singing
spins yin through Yang through yin, yen
to, from, beginning.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Self Discovery

Turning from pelf,
I leave to find fresh lodgings,
Discovery of self.

(14 February 1992)

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku September Icing

September marches
towards hoar winter's whiteness
I sing frieze starches

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Sexual Forays

Sexual morays,
the more's the merrier
textual forays

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Shakes Dick

All's well that ends well
Much ado about nothing
Tale of two cities

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Share Ring

Words twirl two worlds to
chance-glance distance into dance
pearl curled - who whirls who?

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Shared Ticket

Upon speedy lines
trains of thought swiftly advance,
uniting two signs

(4 March 2002)

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Silence

Worse than cutting word
or misinterpretation,
silence cuts, bite heard.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Silhouette

Sky's silken carpet
seems flutter swarm butterfly
shadow, silhouette

A silken carpet silhouettes the sky,
or could it be a swarm of butterfly?

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Similarities

On analysis:
many ways often lead to
end which both was, is.

(4 March 2002)

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Since Sere

Autumn leaf loss sere,
enwrapping next year's seedling,
ensures spear sprouting

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Single Cell

Each within his cell,
contemplating Life and Death,
plumbs Solitude's well.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Sleep

Sleep: the brain prepares
new day, and minds it is not
taken unawares.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Smoke [b]rings

Cigarette swirl crave:

wake, smoke, wait, weight, smoke, wake's whirls
see fingers furl grave.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Sparkling

Muse fairy's glitter
represents true tenderness
blood bubbles champagne

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Spelt Out

Rather than think,
let thoughts spill onto paper
in indelible ink.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Spied Her

Fly! dread deceiving
soft gossamer spread with dew,
spider web weaving

(4 April 2005)

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Spring Synthesis

'Atchoo'! he sneezes
pleasing column_bines in line
Spring pollen, breezes

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Springboard

Light reflecting leaves
prepare fair sakura rain,
winter grieves, spring reigns

Springboard for first fruits
en route bathing both root and branch
pink of perfection

By Nature's cycle
spinning top turns towards sun
Earth's birth, mirth, worth, dearth.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Strange Change Range

Despite climate change
characters weave into bark:
hark! senses strange range

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Struggles

Sea coasts towards shoals
B[r]eaching outreach speech to teach
vanity of goals

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Subsurface Subjectivity

Dissatisfaction,
displeasure, unease, freeze, frieze for
fatal attraction.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Subtle Supple

Where oak's rent, the reed
bends before the blast to send
its scattering seed.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Summer Eve

Softly scented breeze
wafts waves' warmth from stars, wonder
startles waking trees

Whispering leaves
believing divinity
weave soft summer eves

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Summer Heat

SUn's beat, summer heat
Mounting tide beside wide beach
MERmaid calls. cold feet

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Sunset

Between wolf and dog
sun sinks fiery teeth into
far horizon's fog.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Superficial I Tease

From bright mind thinkles
twinkle rhymes tinkling in time
to surface wrinkles.

So little crinkles
superficialty
where no thought winkles.

Thus pen and inkles
etch link lined identities
where ink page sprinkles.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Suspended

Suspended between
choice, voice, advance and retreat,
chance slips from the scene.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Syllable Stuffing

Goose being well cooked
and taken to the cleaners
mouth starts watering

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Syllables' Constant Consonant Activity

Syllables slither
around as sink-hole Garnets
consonant active

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku T[w]o Timing Tow In The Door

Time turns round timed turn:
only in measures meant may
we through time return

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Tableau

Superficial state,
as Seurat, draws dotted line
to anticipate

an inner picture
beyond the patina
of outer pitcher

apparent stricture
represents glaze on china
perspective switcher

deeper and richer
kakemono kimono
syllable hitcher

consciousness expands
as consonant components
land on vowel strands

pixel paradox
excites imagination
outside the mind's box

A gentle aura
corresponds to warmth within
not facial flora

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Tangled After Yosano Akiko Tangled Hair

Tangled sable skeins
fractured hair lines palm fate's dates
angled palm love's pains

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Tanker Tanka

Heavyweight tanker
knew the drill yet drank her fill
Katrina thank her
from spill to spill, settled, still,
strong cyclone sank her

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Tao

Way won't weigh to make
self-evidence evident,
second take, mistake

intuitions wake
tune to the intemporal
soothe soul's quest, thirst slake

all in all partake
of all through all interface
as all IS all's [s]take

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Tao And Time

Tao and Time are tide,
see ripple pattern waving,
tongue-tied control deride

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Tax Assessment After Witter Bynner Spectra In Spectral Memory

Tax assessment rapes
all of value, only one's
memory escapes.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Tectonic Tact 1452

Continent content
in content consensual
dissent incontinent.

(1 October 2006)

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Temptation

Out on a limb, oh
forbidden fruit out of reach
suspended limbo

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Tenderness

Tenderness transmits
tingling through the fingertips:
life's love mosaic fits

(4 March 2002)

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Tentatively Touching

Yearning or learning
perhaps learning while yearning
yet earning spurning

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku The More Things Change

Tonight chocolate broke
tomorrow, balm for heart's ease
chock a block choke coke!

French version

Plus Ca Change
Ce soir, chocolat.
Demain, la douceur du fond
du coeur, du coca!

(9 January 1993)

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku The Spring

Through bursting buds the blooms of summer peep,
but to their beauty is the slave asleep.

Through bursting buds peep
Summer's blooms to their beauty
is the slave asleep.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku 'The Unkindest Cut Of All'

Lost innocence, bled
white with compromise's [s]word,
mourns motives misread.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Theory And Practice

Flat earth theories
strange jarred with seasons' change range
question of degrees

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Thought In Season

Intuition's skein
awaiting synaptic spring
whim wit[h]in bright brain

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Ticket To Ride

Ticket to Ride
will two players be bowled out
or share strong wicket.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Time May Poll May Time 0994

May roses still bloom
when tomorrow sighs no more
over today's tomb

(9 September 2007)

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Time Out Of Season

How many more nights
shall sole sleep with sole before
wan one lonely bites.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Time Well Spent

The quarterly rent
and the lease's renewal,
seldom time well s[p]ent.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Time-Bound

'Am I the answer
to all that you are asking,
Can I be enough? ' Linda Ori

Invitation short
caught spontaneous thought,
nor bought, nor sought, brought
as offer unsought
evolving untaught from tort
to taut cavort

haiku sport support
revolving comfortably
can't distort, contort.

One huge, enough, spun
anagrams of just one hug,
ego hun? Uh, gone.

Answers all around
can thus be found profoundly
in step, two time-bound.

(8 December 2006)

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Time's Flow Sections

Time's flow sections dream
shedding sedimentary
reflections on st[r]eam.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku To Wake Or Not To Wake

Tomorrow, awake,
I will bear witness to Life,
should I sleep, no wake!

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Too Wordy?

Were they not, last night,
too wordy, Love's verses we
exchanged by candlelight?

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Torn Ado

Raindrops tap tap tap,
thunder, lightning spin affr[r]ay
branches snap snap snap

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Tornadoes' Roleplay

Twin towers sudden loom
larger than life's horizon,
underlining gloom

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Trace Sings

Fast as Summer fire
you [t]race into my future,
b[l]ush b[r]ush burns desire

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Tragi Comic After Witter Bynner Spectra

With Comedy tamed,
despair rots round heart wreathing
tragedy named.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Trains

Trains run on Time, all
in a straight line, but Time
waves circle, feint, fall.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Transcend

Mind's magic rug
cause, effect, can transcend, span
from ksana to yug

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Transience Iii

Time's sickle descends,
ephemeral, uncertain,
sandy trickle ends.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Transition Haiku

As world in winter
watches spring awakening
icicles splinter

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Transparency

See transparency
close escape hatches for those
choosing not to see.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Tribble

Meanings st[r]eamed, in_tense
coat code mirror's reflections,
tribble condensed sense

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Triptych

Drip, drip, drip, slip trip
trickle ignores Time's sickle
drop, drop, drop crypt tic

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Troubadour

Syllables' sincere spring
reverberates clear, sharing,
brain drains vain pain's sting

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Troubled Waters

What lies [dr]I've a_head
after deep disappointment,
confidence miss led.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Turning The Page Portfolio Foley Oh

Hip Mark Foley, oh!
'turns' the Republican page
of whip portfolio

In turn intern freaks
as AIM hits mark close to home,
ex-congressman [s]peaks.

Minor misdemeanour
mocks electoral pretence,
taken to cleaner

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Under Wraps

Warmth shared uncovers
thaw's cause effect redraws laws,
no flaws discovers

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Unemployment

Unemployment meant
as a four syllable wor[l]d
nothing can prevent.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Unkindest Die Cut Of All

Stereotypes star, show
square pegs zero tolerance
which would round holes know.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Unseasonable

Strange how climate change
now flakes floe snows, warm air flows
rice for ice hex change

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Unsleeping Beauty

She tosses and turns
upon the sheets of her dreams
until sleep returns.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Unsure Seashore

Green promontory
erodes, spray prey play inroads,
liquid mystery

Elements combine
resculpt rocks, solid to sand,
soil id beneath brine

Light and water waves
whirled by seas' breeze seize the day
timeless thought time braves

Dune grass fipple sigh
passes from mute root to cute
gulls mulling on high.

Flotsam, jetsam reach
for beaming solar embrace
briny beach bids bleach

Strange driftwood sculptures
conjure mirror reflections
on distant cultures

Raw silence, pregnant,
roars: heart-beat sea-shell echo
fills magic moment

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Unwholesome

The wholesale warehouse
bears broad spread upon bare board
wanting, want, espouse.

Tawdry tinsel shed,
beast and beauty wed despair
in lacklustre shed.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Upon Arrival

The clouds, which mask mount Fuji from below,
Above appear a blanket of Spring snow.

Arriving by air
Fuji's clouds seem snow blanket,
no shrouds anywhere

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Vain Critics' High Cue Eye Owe You

Is bottle half full
when white print on black background
mocks vain critics' pull?

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Vanity Fair Fare

Haiku Vanity Fair Fare

Fool for Fools' go[!]^d ploughs

the field of vanity fair

to cruel mirage house

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Voyage Out

This, the voyage out,
is pregnant with belonging -
without which all's doubt.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Wacht Am Rhein

Watching until dawn
matches embers' umber gleam,
some sentinels yawn.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Waylaid Way Weighed

May insanity
stay brinks, blink p[!]ayback darkness
weigh humanity.

Can insanity
know brinks or blink back darkness:
judge humanity.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Wet Timber

Hiss of sizzling log
steams ashes on crackling sparks
beneath smoky fog.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Wheels

As wheels spin faster
they tune colours into keys,
differences master.

4 March 2002

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Windfall

Trees bend, thanking breeze
for empowering pollen's
opportunities

24 October 2006

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Wishy Washy

Wishy Washy I
train brain, strain grey cells' refrain,
ever seeking 'why'?

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku With French Translation - Aims

From ground to (g) round holes -
missives or missiles unite
solitary souls

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku With French Translation - Avant L'envol

Avant leur envol,
les ailes iridées brillent
d'espoirs qui s'affolent.

Before their first [f]light
iridescent wings will shine
with hopes set affright

1 January 1992

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku With French Translation - Faithfulness, Fidélité

Define faithfulness:

Hope's triumph over Experience,
fear of loneliness

La fidélité:

triomphe d'expériences
sur espoirs lachés

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku With French Translation - Monsoon

MONSOON

Syllable bubbles

start part dart from monsoon's heart

erase space, troubles

MOUSSON

Pluie de syllabes

comme au coeur de la mousson

efface l'espace

20 March 1992

robi03_0561_robi03_0000 FHT_INX

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Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku With French Translation - Pollen

Pale pollen has spilled
gold dust from fragile flower's heart
honeyed hive full filled

Pollen pale pris
du coeur de la fleur fragile, -
ruches, miel remplis.

March 1992

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku With French Translation - Syllable Harvest

SYLLABLE HARVEST

Syllable harvest -
like monsoon f[loods] - inundates
on time both space, rest.

MOISSON DE SYLLABES

Moisson de syllabes –
comme la mousson - inonde,
efface toute espace

20 March 1992

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku With French Translation Coatless Sans Manteau

Now Spring's storms start, end,
without wearing Winter's coat,
how winds warm heart mend.

Le Printemps arrive
sans le manteau de l'hiver:
mon coeur se dégivre.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku With French Translation Silence Is Golden Silence C'Est De L'Or

'I love you, gilts, Dear,
so why need I trumpet it? '
sly move to gilts clear!

'Je t'aime, c'est clair!
ainsi, pourquoi te le dire? '
Tout est lumière!

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku With French Translation X Ray Radioscopie

Maid, lover, blends magnetic game in tune
Men hover enigmatic, moon, s[p]in tame

Si la femme est l'aimant, de la vie la musique,
L'homme vit donc à son tour en bande magnétique!

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku World In Winter

Hoar world in winter
before daffodils deck Spring lawn,
icicles splinter.

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku You I Am

'You and I enthrall'
Offers open horizons
Useless frontiers fall

I, you, osmosis
At last discover, reaching
Metamorph-oasis

11 January 2002

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku Zephyr

Bleak breeze bites betimes
sorrows seek solace [sp]reading
sweet scented ku rhymes

Jonathan ROBIN

Haiku-Distillation

haiku should instill
seasonable sense until
the seventeenth syll

(2 May 2007/Distillation poem)

Jonathan ROBIN

Halloween Christine Yolin

Charming smile gainsaid black painted hat.
Halloween prepared one winter night.
Rising from under sheets of purest white
In haste she dressed, caressed familiar cat.
Scorpions, spiders, serpents, sable bat,
Table decked, while orange pumpkin bright
In spitfire glow reflected candle light.
No pains were spared while humored father sat,
Eyed ruby lips dyed in vermilion vat.
Yet inner thoughts remained concealed as kite
Only flew to test jest guests' insight.
Light-hearted table talk tripped pitapat.
If Tuesday dinner destiny renews
No other venu would one ever choose!

C'était la sorcière en noir toute vêtue,
Halloween célébrant avec son grand chapeau,
Rieuse en vermillon aux lèvres, blanche peau,
Intense derrière un sommeil qui bref fut.
Soupe aux croûtons on sert, du Clinton au menu,
Tranché puis du dindon, et pâté de crapaud,
Ici des scorpions, là l'araignée en haut!
Nuit, où est ton mystère? Heureux, qui plus que nous?
En réponse à son père, aux idées saugrenues,
Y elle offrait son chant, son rire et son plateau
Où les fromages sont et nombreux, forts et beaux.
La nuit de l'éphémère est sauvée grâce à tout.
Il ne manquait que son balai et la photo.
Notre bonheur fut grand, à revivre au plus tôt.

Jonathan ROBIN

Handling With Care After Ronnica My Diamond

Bright baby sports twin diamond eyes that Tiffany's out-stare
and shame Van Cleef & Arpels with their carats oh so rare!
Two teeth remain the envy of all elephants around
they'll be followed by some thirty more when wisdom brushes sound.
Bubbly smile will focus on the source of movement, light
and enjoy a bedtime lullaby when rhythm sounds all right.
Some talk of in their leisure of the pleasure measureless
that carbon crushed may offer to the minds that treasure less
than a rainbow with ten fingers which outshines the spectrum band
and as many tiny toes as the digits on each hand.
No other has its beauty, future conqueror of kings,
engagement ring awaiting twitter tweets, due praises sings.
Till time and tide still all beside - until then and beyond -
the babe in arms has charms De Beers can't equalize or bond -
to fascinate, to hypnotize or take one's breath away
while diamonds are a girl's best friend, the piper she must pay.
Though babies are not diamonds - one must handle them with care -
one must far prefer their company than play at solitaire.
Fair offspring shine forever though they flounder in the dark,
so softly rock the cradle, help old soul to make new mark!

My Diamond is my baby and I handle it with care,
most people think i'm crazy as it sparkles at their stare.
Silently it moves in flirty rhythm toward the light,
teasing in jewelled leisure for all enviable sight.
The colours of the spectrum flash in furnished burnished gold
a treasure without measure and a pleasure to behold.
Many a jealous lover caught its flight across the band
of rainbows on fine fingers at the movement of a hand.
No other has its beauty, it's the conquer of King's;
The choice of all engagements and the Lord of all the rings.
It never will decay or lose power to display;
to fascinate, to hypnotize or take my breath away.
The diamond is forever but it flounders in the dark,
without the sun or 'lectric light, to give the rock a spark.

Jonathan ROBIN

Happiness A Mask

Hope: twisted image seen through mental mask,
Accepted self-delusion counterfeit,
Perhaps to help man's conscience counter fate,
Perhaps to tint the rainbow. Many ask
In disarray the question 'What joys last? '
Now, the Present, an elastic date,
Extends until it snaps, while 'soon' is late.
So little time remains till we are 'Past'.
Some think themselves a mirage, say their task
Allotted compensating former state
Misguided! yet in times when troubles spate
A help for blind from foetus to the cask.
So though some cling to crutch, to token creeds,
Karmic beliefs as such seem broken reeds.

(20 December 2006)

for previous version see below

Hope is a mirrored image of man's mask,
Arranged in manner often counterfeit,
Perhaps to help his conscience counter fate,
Perhaps to tint the rainbow. Man may ask
In disarray the question 'What joys last? '
Now, the Present, an elastic date,
Extends until it snaps, while 'soon' is late.
So little time remains till we are 'Past'.
Some think themselves a mirage, say a task
Allotted is to compensate their state,
Mistaken! yet in times when troubles spate
A help for blind from foetus to the cask.
So though some need a token creed as crutch
Karmic beliefs seem broken reeds as such.
21 November 1991

Jonathan ROBIN

Happiness Depends Upon Ourselves 1850 Current Version

Who ask joy, who'd mask ploy, frequently find
heaven or hell enjoyed through choice defined.
Thus happiness explained seems plain: each mind
dreams scene idyllic sensed, not predefined.

Jonathan ROBIN

Happy He Who Like Ulysses - Parody Joachim Du Bellay – Heureux Qui Comme Ulysse

Happy he who like Ulysses

Happy he who like Ulysses has returned
successful from his travels, or like he
who sought the Golden Fleece, to rest well earned -
wise to the world - amongst his family.
When shall I see again my place of birth,
its chimney smoke, and at what time of year,
when seen that little, modest, plot of earth
which means far more to me than I draw here.
I'm drawn far more to my ancestral home
than to a Roman palace fine and proud,
prefer fine slate to marble, rather roam
along the Loire than sport midst Tiber's crowd.
My Liré I prefer to Palatine,
and to sea air, soft climate Angevine.

© Jonathan Robin – translation robi3_0652_bell2_0003 PST_JMX 10 December 1992

Parody Joachim du Bellay 1515_1560 – Heureux qui comme Ulysse see below

Heureux qui, comme Ulysse, a fait un beau voyage

Heureux qui, comme Ulysse, a fait un beau voyage
Ou comme celui là qui conquiert la toison,
Et puis est retourné, plein d'usage et raison,
Vivre entre ses parents le reste de son âge!
Quand reverrai-je, hélas, de mon petit village
Fumer la cheminée: et en quelle saison
Reverrai-je le clos de ma pauvre maison,
Qui m'est une province, et beaucoup d'avantage!
Plus me plaît le séjour qu'ont bâti mes ayeux,
Que des palais Romains le front audacieux:

Plus que le marbre dur me plaît l'ardoise fine,
Plus mon Loire Gaulois que le Tibre Latin,
Plus mon petit Liré que le mont Palatin,
Et plus que l'air marin la douceur Angevine.

Joachim du Bellay 1515_1560

Triste Qui, Comme Charles

Triste qui, comme Charles, a fait un beau mariage,
Et qui donc une fois conquise la toison,
Se retrouve chez soi, plein d'usage et raison,
Vivre entre ses parents le reste de son âge!
Quand donc reverra-t-il, sans ce remue-ménage
Fumer sa cheminée: et en quelle saison
Reverra-t-il le clos de Windsor et d'Eton,
Qui lui est royaume uni, et beaucoup d'avantages!
Plus lui plaît le séjour qu'ont bâti ses aïeux,
Que la face à Diane à [f]front audacieux:
Le palais brûlé - dur! - plaît plus qu'ardoise indigne,
Plus son livre Gallois que perdre son Latin,
Plus ses délires et rêves que le mont Vénusien,
Et plus que l'air malin la douceur Camilline.

© Jonathan Robin – Parody robi3_0893_bell2_0003 PFW_JNM 20 January 1993
Parody Joachim du Bellay 1515_1560 – Heureux qui comme Ulysse

Chicken Crossings

Heureux qui, tel Poulet, a fait un beau voyage
ou comme qui la ligne étroite et blanche passe
sans rire jaune aux oeufs bonnes que pour la casse,
retourne à ses parents pour pondre jusqu'à l'âge!
Quand reverrai-je le blé livré droit à ma cage
finement hormoné: et en quelle saison
reverrai-je le clos de ma pauvre maison,

qui m'est le poulailler, et beaucoup d'avantages?
Plus me plaît le séjour bâti pour mes aïeux,
que poulets aux sirènes, aux radars pernicious:
plus que macadam dur me plaît l'ardoise fine,
plus ma gLoire plumée que les plumes laissées,
plus mes petits pondus que se faire écraser,
et plus que l'air malin la douceur Angevine.

© Jonathan Robin – Parody written 20 May 1999 Parody Joachim du Bellay
1515_1560 – Heureux qui comme Ulysse

Happy as the Cock

Happy proud rooster who has travelled far
Across life's stream with hens in indian file,
Preened white, red comb, and walked the gangplank trail
Penned in terse lines that verse bright humour's star.
Yearning for home, who roamed, to pen they are,
Assured of rest, returning, strut in style,
Say best nest eggs they'll lay, loud crow awhile.
Triumphant cock-a-doodle echoes jar
Hard-hearted humans who aren't up to par,
Eggs daily may not lay, nor soar mobile,
Current carried, fair through air agile,
Or cluck like duck to woodchuck. Men, bizarre,
Chuckle they are born to lead, indeed
Know not lead rots hot head, heads for poor breed!

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Jonathan ROBIN

Harmonious Triolet

Who'd flow through harmony no rage
should know, nor need safe haven seek,
no anger [l]inking daily page.

Who'd flow through harmony no rage
should breed, enroll, fear soul in cage,
should heedless channel tension's [s]peak.

Who'd flow through harmony no rage
should know, nor need safe haven seek.

(20 June 2006)

Jonathan ROBIN

Hats Felt

'Wolfe's mad as a hatter! ' said French to their King,
'He should bite my commanders' the latter replied,
'For when victory smiles one says: 'Where is thy sting? '
to Death as its sickle appears by bedside.'

Felt hats from the Tyrol to far Timbuctoo
adorned with fine feather from cockatoo friend
somewhat t[a]inted and toxic rots hairs that fall through
harsh headaches ensue sending souls round the bend.

'If the hat fits then wear it' may seem motto profound
but beware there where dyed rhymes too closely to died,
for uneasy is head crowned by felt, heaven bound -
or hell as the case may be, toxins abound.

Though Mercury's drops felt by, through, fuzzy, felt
makes mind muzzy, ears buzzy, yet four poster bed
stayed surrounded by green drapes rayed sunbeams might melt:
thus green dye, st[r]eamed arsenic, poisoned mind, head.

This explains why green's held as both envy and threat
in artistic tradition especially in France,
so both strychnine and mercury, should they be met
must be put out of mind, never trust fickle chance.

For some lovers felt waiting too much of a weight,
where rich chubby hubby could lay down his arms,
early opted for action which led to style 'late'
and deceased he who ceased from all cause for alarms.

Thus browned off they would green who once green had appeared,
whose brown study turned muddy then grey day by day,
leaving lover, lithe lady, to lift long wait feared,
as late lord soon succumbed, rate their roll in the hay.

Thus the messenger gods signal sods may ensue
if you wear any nightcap unless it be white,
let 'gap toothed' [Chaucer, Bath's wife] can continue
till these stanzas conclude with Good day or Good Night!

Jonathan ROBIN

Hawks Stare

Moderation seems so out of place
As where she walks hawks stare up in surprise,
Unused to mortals soaring through their space
Drawn by Hyperion's chariot in the skies.
Expectations high hope's heart shows here
Merit earned by inner aptitude,
Acute, bright mind articulate shines clear
Uniting equity and attitude
Daring fate to reinstate points dear
Equally to heart and head, for one
May fail to function if its twin can't cheer
Alike true motives, task successful run,
Unpaired, objectives stumble, can't be gained.
DEstiny's success? Progress unchained.

Jonathan ROBIN

Hay Ride

However the story is told,
take issue as tissues you fold,
let cold Winter's hand wringing,
turn to Spring that's spent singing
fresh vision illusions remold.

Notwithstanding how passion burned bold,
Cupid's wings seemed soon clipped, Love turned cold
when where donging and dinging
the telephone ringing
reminds one of lover on hold.

So make hay while the sun shines, when old
stocks fall flat, that is that, soon shortsold,
no new rises beginning,
so surprises joy bringing,
just viagra to temper the scold.

Turn to dreams of tomorrow, enjoy
light and life while with warm heart employ
time to past troubles heal,
with no need to conceal,
and discover another true joy.

No need to forgive or forget,
just seek fairer future unmet,
live life up to the hilt
don't regret bad blood spilt
but look forward, fresh appetite whet.

Jonathan ROBIN

Hay While Sun Shines

As hair divides fast living from last groan,
and hare and rarebit hop like time ahead,
both they and Man dark glasses wear, unknown
is future near and far past's story sped.
What funny seems through bunny's glasses spread
from brow to brow now may, tomorrow blown,
reveal dreams' themes found fragile, few postpone
fate's finger, what was written must be read.
Begun in fun, life filters sun; strife, dread,
rubs guilt off fabled gingerbread, strikes stone
clover's four leaves, leaves grieving fallen throne,
with pride's ride set aside, forgotten, fled.
The moral of this simple sonnet's seen:
make hay while sun still shines, seek pastures green.

Jonathan ROBIN

He Rallies After Odori She Dallies

Cerebral sage of silver curls
sapphire beacons, beckoning,
blond beauty's banner here unfurls
time forgets fate's reckoning.

Girding globe with thought-wave band
soul song soliton tsunami
finds wings which ring bells, won't wring hands,
repose sans pose so soon_am_I.

Fledgling flights seize day and sky,
weep not, cut knot, sweep to fair greeting,
sere stems stemmed by due dew to try
immortal magic, mental greeting.

Circumnavigation's flows
explore holistic symbols, sounding
board as sonar signal shows
symphonic melody surrounding.

Zephyr flirts round comely maiden,
floating scents sent perfume dusk,
noting not as escape sought haven
shedding superficial husk.

Lithe beech, verdant branch outreaching,
Summer's glimmer Springs to Fall
gifts diadem without beseeching,
jest twins growth, wins are shared by all.

Lithe young beech of silvery leaf
Verdant diadem of gentle forest bluff
Jesting with summer glimmer
I grow with you.

Night zephyr, willful daughter of sunny gale
Escaped from her bed in quiet hollow
Whispering secrets of seductive dusky scents
I flirt with you.

Unerring navigator of fluted flows
Honeyed voice a lyrical explorer
Of symphonic spirit, instrumental companions crooning
I sing with you.

Fledgling mother now bereft
Meteors of sable brows arc over ageless eyes
White-clad form framed by sere desert sky
I weep with you.

Soulless vehicle of cultures and ages
Girding the globe along a million tangents
Aluminum poseur with brazen, unnatural song
I wing with you.

Cerebral youth of chocolate curls
Fringed blue eyes serene and sage
With impish grin juxtaposed
I cannot go with you.

Jonathan ROBIN

He Stalks Slim Beauty After Lord Byron She Walks In Beauty

He stalks slim beauty's silent flight
through sunless streets, 'neath sullen skies;
stands gall, all's worst below wrong, spite,
defeat, cheat aspect, shady eyes.
This yellow liver would end her light
rich heaven to gaudy fay denies.
One shade the more, one ray the less,
impairing graceful loveliness.
Itch raves to touch each raven tress,
hard hollow follows fairest face;
his thoughts touch base with base duress
impure, now fear unequal race.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
once soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
where smile once won, now life's tints flow,
destroying days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love was innocent!

Jonathan ROBIN

He Understands, She Feels

HE UNDERSTANDS, SHE FEELS

He understands what she must feel
after these years.
The hurt her heart cannot conceal,
the bitter tears.
Her letters, love and life reveal
fond hopes, dread fears.
Sincerity in her appeal
his shame appears
to blacken, circumstance did steal
Love's light with shears
of selfishness, which purpose peel
from life, which wears
without it. Loneliness congeals
the blood, all smears
with ugly washes, - woe, no weal.
Yet when cloud clears
for her forgiveness he shall kneel.
But now, all blears.
Painful solitude seems to seal
the past, so dear,
from joy, and in its place, drear deal,
sets hurt's sharp spears,
which wound when memories unreel.
Despite the tears,
may future happiness yet heal
those wasted years!

7 August 1980 revised 4 July 2007 robi3_0170_robi3_0000 previously entitled I
Understand, You Feel

robi03_0170_robi03_0000 XXX_LZX

|||||

Jonathan ROBIN

Head Treads Upon Heart's Shreds

Set is dream star which once brightly,
clear, fearless, in firmament shone,
luck's slighted, insight's dimmed, Timets slight see
grieves sleeves, life's sheeved leaves waned. Wail wan!

Shred-wed, disillusion, stark spite see,
life's cancelled game, quest, aim, fête's fun;
in tatters Fate scatters forthrightly
grace pace aced in war no-one's won.

Hope's bedspread in shreds, bed of roses
Scope pined for before: shredded, done,
un-wedded from bliss hate-hiss poses
uncomfortable questions, would shun
trust's shine shrine unjust rust lines, lies hounded,
unprevailing as lies veil pale sun,
surrounded by life's leaves dis bound, fed
by woe where fair past fast flowed fun.

(27 November 2012)

Jonathan ROBIN

Heart And Mind

Heart and mind at different speeds
Ever run as women, men,
Affirm priorities and then
Regret few key to cue which feeds
The codes which fundamental needs
Are held to emphasize, and when
No harmony is found again,
Despair can teardrop worry beads
Make moist, who'll hoist hurt's broken reeds?
Ideas, emotions poets pen,
No common ground can find till zen
Drives self from self and true peace seeds.
Here ends this sonnet's speeding theme,
Muse turns attention to hope's dream.

The title seems so vital for each soul
alive should strive for principles not sit
as silent witness on the fence where wit
is wanting, wanting flame, name, aim or goal
or fickle fortune's hostage swallowed whole
as time absorbs most rhyme when limelight spit
finds other food to roast as life we quit.
The voice for choice should sound not squeak as mole
in tunnels dark, marked only by bite bit
emergent, soon submerged, which can't transmit
the truth, if truth exists, but begging bowl
hands out for mirror money which Time's glass
in passing soon effaces from life's grass.

Jonathan ROBIN

Heart To Heart Though Far Apart

Inspired by sparkle sent by smile which charms
revealed are sadness, joy - each in each other's arms.
A joy: because one presence warms true heart.
In sadness since two seem too far apart.
Net gain for all: that which both minds disarms
extends, shows neither needs seek other balms.
Ever is the quest for counterpart
Nature's way, uniting yin-yang part,
interweaving warp weft web as palms
are thread together, - those once singed find psalms
responding through emotion's spectrum chart.
Infinities in resonance impart
the light that second sight transmits to all -
those who, once closed, may open, heed shared call.

Jonathan ROBIN

Heart Together - He Art To Get Her

Subject and object dream seem same
as bottom top as top world spins,
to unzip seam, unseemly grin
stems from frown moral, looks down blame,
two sides of one coin wild and tame
are flood and flame, both went and came
while loss prepares for future wins,
who heaven needs whose freed from sins?

HEART TOGETHER hides behind
HE ART TO GET HER in man's mind,
while she, eternal complement
gives him short shrift with compliment,
for heart and mind together bound
ignores left chamber beating right
while right, unbeaten left behind
can't countenance, and sees the light
when yin and yang duality
dance chance advance providing the
means to surmount dichotomy
and compensate for daily grind
with heartfelt warmth till clocks unwind
and all recycled, day turns night.

(21 May 2013)

Jonathan ROBIN

Heartbeat Appreciation

When two souls key into each other's glance,
soft symphony, ensnaring, sudden glows,
pulse increases, haemoglobin flows,
hearts stamp vis[t]a vision blessed by Chance.
Focus may through role-reverse advance
respond to signals sent, scent seeming rose,
implicit waves the mind feels heart feels knows
drill, pheromones exchanged, strange tendril dance
above beyond bland handshake circumstance.
Response seeds no speech silver, no doors close,
no circumspection, two, twinned, juxtapose
their several levels, [th]read whole soul's romance.
Heartbeat appreciation is returned,
deceit, repudiation, never earned.

Jonathan ROBIN

Heartless Artless Buck How Skip Parodies Online

it's a lonely world
of prosaic people,
ranting as an angsty teen.
- on sight scene saviour on super site screen saver

'...it's a lonely world
of frightened people,
just as it has always
been.' - the girl outside the supermarket

if you have heeded simple sound parodies pun_nish_ing
in downloads
and needed to applaud
but simply couldn't bear others
carrying their ignorance down three upgrades
to unsound praise of injurious posers' - it is too much

if you have read unsightly sounds of screed punishing
in rub outs
and hesitated to applaud
and simply bared to others
carrying their texts to amazons
open mouthed distate of furious flops. - it is much too much

'...and I have listened to the simple sound of water running
in tubs
and wished to drown
but simply couldn't bear the others
carrying my body down three flights of stairs
to the round mouths of curious biddies' - it is not much

'a rant's a rant', I say, 'no need to focus binoculars
to see where
membership has fallen.' - site analysis

'...a woman's a woman, I say, and I put my binoculars between her
kneecaps and I can see where
empires have fallen.' - an empire of coins

we see it too often:
when gobbledegook sounds hollow
departure follows - self fulfiller

'we see it too late:
after the hock gets swallowed
the heart follows' - a killer

paces of rhyme and places to scan,
they're just not upgraded
anymore. I remember when
each 4th line was metered, and Kevin
only got his rent
when you had
an efficient search engine, and each day was clear and good and each entry was
full of promise. - the 21st Century

'places to hunt and places to hide,
they're just not around
anymore. I remember when
each 4th lot was vacant and overgrown, and the landlord
only got his rent
when you had
it, and each day was clear and good and each moment was
full of promise.' - the 1930s

the measure of poetasters damned
is limited to brief moments
of comment gold.' - the measure of a ping jammed

'the pleasures of the damned
are limited to brief moments
of happiness...' - the pleasures of the damned

(24 February 2012)

Jonathan ROBIN

Heartless Artless Buck_How_Skip Parodies - After Charles Bukowski Various Poems

it's a lonely world
of prosaic people,
ranting as an angsty teen.
On sight scene saviour on super site screen saver.

if you have heeded simple sound parodies pun_nish_ing
in downloads
and needed to applaud
but simply couldn't bear others
carrying their ignorance down three upgrades
to unsound praise of injurious posers' - it is too much

if you have read unsightly sounds of screed punishing
in rub outs
and hesitated to applaud
and simply bared to others
carrying their texts to amazons
open mouthed distate of furious flops. - it is much too much

'a rant's a rant', I say, 'no need to focus binoculars
to see where membership has fallen.' Site analysis

we see it too often:
when gobbledegook sounds hollow
departure follows - self fulfiller

paces of rhyme and places to scan,
they're just not upgraded
anymore. I remember when
each 4th line was metered, and Kevin
only got his rent
when you had
an efficient search engine, and each day was clear and good and each entry was
full of promise.

the measure of poetasters damned
is limited to brief moments

of comment gold.' - the measure of a ping jammed.

(23 February 2012)

Jonathan ROBIN

Helix Handle After Gerard Manley Hopkins - Felix Randal

Helix Handle's genetics unlucky
discovered that mortality may not
survive intact when Alzheimer will plot
with killjoy cancer. However plucky,
when illness mental, physical, combine,
remission temporary seems vain jest,
fools' gold, pained friends, impatient patient, rest
soon follows after ultimate decline.

Tending the ill till skill proves helpless aids
both living, dying. Death's compassion trades
touchstone for tombstone. Double helix handle
has played life's boist'rous game without tirades.
See strong turns weak, upon the midnight fades
from trials and troubles, pettiness and scandal.

Felix Randal the farrier, O is he dead then? my duty all ended,
Who have watched his mould of man, big-boned and hardy-handsome
Pining, pining, till time when reason rambled in it, and some
Fatal four disorders, fleshed there, all contended?

Sickness broke him. Impatient, he cursed at first, but mended
Being anointed and all; though a heavenlier heart began some
Months earlier, since I had our sweet reprieve and ransom
Tendered to him. Ah well, God rest him all road ever he offended!

This seeing the sick endears them to us, us too it endears.
My tongue had taught thee comfort, touch had quenched thy tears,
Thy tears that touched my heart, child, Felix, poor Felix Randal;

How far from then forethought of, all thy more boisterous years,
When thou at the random grim forge, powerful amidst peers,
Didst fettle for the great grey drayhorse his bright and battering sandal!

Jonathan ROBIN

Hell

Hell is where
flower fair
is pictured
in pitcher
rather
than in the
arms of our
Earth mother.

Finer
free from fear

Jonathan ROBIN

Hello Goodbye Ap

Has 'Chance' ever sought to undo
Events it engenders, whose aim
Links Cause and Effect, threads into
Life's wonder it treads till Time's claim
Opens onto dark void to ensue,
Goodbye to AP's passing fame!

Has maid caught swain's thought to braid two
Ever one? What begun with acclaim
Leads to au revoir as all view
Lifted hand for departure, proclaim
Once need not be forever - 'tis true.
'Goodbye to AP! ' calls her name!

Has the rainbow bewitched him? Arched cue
Energizing emotions which flame
Like love's blaze to amaze through and through,
Light waves, soaring, stay never the same,
Ochre, green, turn, deep scarlet, bright blue.
Goodbye to AP features game!

His soul-song soft-strong would pursue
Elsewhere echoes profound, to our shame,
Laughter twinning Yin, Yang, spinning through
Lasting memories all should reframe,
Opportunities none should subdue.
Goodbye to AP she'd exclaim!

Heart explores other skies bright and blue,
Eliminates obstacles lame,
Like a spark which the dark lit, it knew
Lately motivations none may tame.
Overdue, old page turns towards new,
Goodbye to AP's rhyming flame!

Hence! calls finger, don't linger, renew
Emotions whose motions enflame,
Late seems better than never to brew
Leaving potion, heed siren's refrain

Options nascent foreseen in its train:
Goodbye APing crew and Adieu!

Jonathan ROBIN

Hemispheres

When northern winters shivers drive,
south seas see plankton thrive:
identical turquoise images
mirrored hemispheres contrive,
both as much alive

Jonathan ROBIN

Heraclitus And Heraclita 1358

Heraclitus, spendthrift flitter,
met his sister's baby sitter,
titty Kitty Heraclita,
title tailor made to fit `er.
Heraclitus, every bit a
witty wiccan tenor twitter,
swift suggested time to fritter
bliss Miss kissin' in her a clit ah!

Heraclita strummed her sitar,
first got jitters then it hit her
heart. Imagine eyes aglitter,
as her soul - relay transmitter -
anticipated kids, a litter,
each with collar, leash for critter
to accompany tears titter.

Heraclita, pulse a pitter-
pat sat pat (cool baby-sitter
must ever, clever, field heart hitter,
hotty not a sot or pita.)
She wondered if she should commit her
self or from the scene swift skitter
when Cupid struck by luck and smit her,
she really never knew what hit her!

Heraclitus, hardly quitter,
added wonder words, to wit a
verse to woo with wit to knit her
to his hand, were she submitter.
Crafted sonnet from a kit, a
tender signal did transmit her,
carrot carat ring remit her,
said her life he'd ne'er embitter,

Dazzled by the thoughts that lit her,
Heraclita, nothing fitter,
judged him first a cheeky critter,
felt him after chance to split her

self from past to fairer iter.
Thought of girlfriends' chatter chitter.
said with wit she'd be his knitter,
thought of trousseau she should knit `er.

After sharing pints of bitter
they filled forms for a permit, a
special licence, and, on twitter
shared what seemed a constant titter,
gaily laughing, she'd admit a
scorn for doubting Tom Fencesitter,
dived headlong into love's glitter
zest unlimited, sidesplitter.

Heraclitus, ne'er omitter,
said he'd be her kids' transmitter.
mocked Time's threat of flotsam litter,
by successive sibling litter.
Heraclitus, Heraclita,
tied the knot, swore they'd outfit a
future generation fitter
free from bicker, envy, jitter.

(21 March 2013)

Jonathan ROBIN

Hermaphrodites After Ogden Nash - The Termite And Harry Graham Ruthless Rhymes

Hermaphrodites both yang and yin
possess, splice tonic to spice gin,
that's why left brain and right are found
turned tipsy-turvy top[e]s' sighs sound.

Jonathan ROBIN

Heroic Flow - Introduction To An Anthology

Intelligence with instinct should unite,
to speed-link poet to true fancy's flight.
Nor compromise, nor seek presumptuous reign,
reject this rede, - all industry is vain.
Draw joy if joy, if sad, etch inner pain,
create an atmosphere whose inky skein
Outlaw all superficial sketches trite.
uncertainty can't humour or delight.
winds tight round reader, s[h]ifting wrong from right,
Outline that he or she completes as write
Ideas conveys, suggests in language plain
New insights where there's no need to explain.
Add to love's labour harmony, ensures
strong verse is wealth that pens itself, endures

This healthy symbiosis is sustained
by constant edit, meditation gained,
no efforts should be spared, by day, by night -
revise, resize, help reader see the light
Improve, not prove, stand out as motto pure
harsh words soon wane, bring pain, more kill than cure.
Draft and redraft, with care craft, brain finds flight,
for inner evolution won't indict
but offers hints, instructs and entertains,
catalysis creative for the brains.

Write needs no trick, through thin and thick pursue
true track with due coherency into
conclusion which self-evident appears
to reader, stands the test of critics' jeers.
Unleashed imagination, hidden lain,
must share, prepare layer after layer, to train
for further thoughts the future's door shall show
as life progresses either fast or slow.
Latent ideas from hibernation rise
to greet tomorrow, yet retains surprise
childlike but never childish, never yield
to vested interests, keeping truth as shield.
Away from ego, vent, self-righteous rant,

word flow should all due distaste for cant,
no censure pass, from censor soul's refrain,
free from all dark manipulation's bane.

It goes against the grain to plead a cause
fee'd by greed's need, for bias opens sores,
pours oil on trouble waters out of spite,
strong write wrong, rights, discerns, spurns bark and bite,
while true to finer feelings verse reveals
inner facettes naught underhand conceals.

Hope, open source, on course to sweep words coarse
seeks scope to shape and share where no remorse
speaks with the tongues of serpents, venom dire,
but heart through art life's sorry scheme entire
should chart from start to finish and complete
free overview where absent lies deceit.

Through form may free verse learn to grow true, straight,
earned accolades? posterity must wait
on time for rhyme to chime in inner ears
mesh fresh remains, stain-free, for many years.

Intelligence with instinct should unite,
Nor compromise nor seek presumptuous reign,
To speed-link poet to true fancy's flight.
Reject this rede - all industry is vain.
Outlaw trite superficial sketches quite,
Draw joy if joy, if sad, etch inner pain.
Uncertainty can't humour or delight.
Create an atmosphere whose inky skein
Tight winds round reader. S[h]ifting wrong from right,
Ideas, ideals, convey in language plain.
Outline blueprint brief empowers write
New perspectives shows, no need to explain.
TO this love's labour, harmony ensure,
SONNET self frames, tames word worlds, flames endure.

If healthy symbiosis we sustain,
No effort should be spared, by day, by night,
Try to improve, not prove, harsh words soon wane.
Revise, resize, help reader see the light
Offer hints, instruct and entertain,
Draft and redraft, with care craft, brain finds flight,

Unleashed imagination, hidden lain,
Can rise from hibernation, wise insight
Thus shares, prepares layer after layer, helps train
Inner evolution. Do not indict
Or censure pass, or censor soul's refrain,
Nor offhand others influence outright.
THROUGH form may free verse learn to grow true, show
FLOW whose rich rhyming interplay may glow.

Jonathan ROBIN

Hesitating Hope

He courted her for twelve revolving moons
Enchantment shared, or was it passing dream
Sweet as light, but so seem bright balloons.

Idylls fail when hesitations teem,
Take sail from tale winds, leave stale promise wept
Although two might have made a perfect team.

Their anniversary was deadline kept,
Inhibitions closing welcome's gate
Numb left the senses, hope away was swept.

Great expectations sought to counter fate,
Harmony, innate, was not denied,
One seemed born too early, one too late.

Pro-active pair, where one's disqualified,
Ever threads regrets unquantified.

Jonathan ROBIN

Hesitation Sweats Vile Living Lie

Poetic inspiration can't run dry,
Odd expectations entertains, cannot
Exist in half-light, cuts stalemate gordian knot,
Tears, severs consciousness from inner eye.
Ideal compromised can't satisfy
Critical standards, en bloc rejects as blot
Half-measures, priority lot forgot.
Equivocation pale's failed fear supply.
Sham, hesitation sweats vile living lie,
Inane gambit to ease dread's daily rot,
Time-trap snapped shut once bonding bolt is shot.
ATtempt who will, few still find wings to fly.
Idyll is met when differences dissolve,
ONLY love Earth's mysteries may solve.

(29 March 2013)

Jonathan ROBIN

Hic Jacet The Balance Of Power - Acrostic Sonnet

So the scene shifts at last, seventy years have past,
Only the nuclear threat tempers the joys we feel.
Vain seem toil, tears, and sweat, void the noble ideal,
Its principles the Past has swallowed. 'Red' is dead.
Errors were made, and vast, mainly by those who led.
There's an important debt the Future may reveal: -
Hopes blossomed, goals were met through suffering and zeal,
Enlightened laws were passed, the poor were housed and fed.
Remember this forecast when free trade's ugly head
Is raised, do not forget those freedoms which appeal
To us were won while yet most could not afford a meal.
And shall 'progress' outlast the need to butter bread?
Grant perspicacity to see how much we owe
Employing energy to help Tomorrow grow.

My thesis: far too fast the tide turns, cog-wheel tread
Against ourselves we fête in freedom's name, - a wheel
Yet to unmask teeth, whet its appetite to steal
Basic rights still classed inalienable, and thread
Ever tighter nets entrapping liberty. We spread
Restrictions, chains we set ourselves and no 'New Deal'
Expect. Russian roulette is played in a surreal
Gamble with living standards for those unborn, ahead.
Risks of atomic blast seem slender, but, instead
Ending the soviet may usher brash Bastille
That's harsher than 'Niet' to bring mankind to heel.
Time's bet at last is cast, - who'll win once all is said?
Ecosystems now show pollution's jeopardy.
Democracy may grow its own worst enemy.

Jonathan ROBIN

Hidden Emphasis - Acrostic Sonnet – Ideogram Images

Incorporating verse in gilded frame
Does not, as such, suffice, - vice to conform.
Each should follow conscience, - smile, rile, charm, scorn,
Open communication's blinds. The aim: -
Grace, harmony, unite undying flame.
Reader reaching reads writer's fact and form,
And from lettered morse ex...tracts the uniform.
Melts surface mask, tunes head to heart too tame.
Impression web we spin, verse threads, to claim
Mankind for man, for freedom, and perform
A sacred quest whose source rejects the 'norm',
Grafts sixth sense insight rich which Norms prename.
Each line's a coded thread ink linked through rhyme,
Song which should find a way to challenge Time.

Jonathan ROBIN

Hieroglyphic Beguile Meant

HIEROGLYPHIC BEGUILE...MEANT

I sought inspiring way to play "beguile"
blood's flood rush-blushing flush, then hibernate,
lush, hid 'mid hieroglyphics of soft smile.
It dawned that very few can reconcile
emotions' brakes while breaking conscious state,
to draw more definitions for "beguile".
Most, blind behind closed minds, can't conjugate
dimensions manifold, unfold, translate,
decypher hieroglyphics of soft smile.

It takes so many lifetimes to compile
right signals light, bright eyes communicate
decoding definitions for "beguile"
into word worlds both varied, versatile,
deep, difficult to truly contemplate -
expanding hieroglyphics of soft smile.
Content observing content, context, style,
expressive inner eyes deliberate,
a worthwhile definition for "beguile",
hidden in hieroglyphics of soft smile.

There are two definitions for "beguile"
one shares, one snares love, fair disguising hate -
what's truth mid hieroglyphics of Your smile?
What if snare scare replaced rare care to dial
confusion more than loving fusion's state,
refusal, ersatz aura ringed by rife?
What if those hieroglyphics hid heart vile,
whose slyness surface smiles would compensate
with blushing rushes should "beguile" prove guile.

What would remain of love's fair sceptered isle?
Who could clear conscience e'er exonerate
from name of blame whose fame would flame defile,
mark Lethe dark, where no stark hopes beguile
lost soul, shade forfeit, damned, banned, intestate

parody pornographic, mercantile.

True torment, false beguilement takes to trial,
ensures despair, bare cell disconsolate,
Cupid's gilt arrows dipped in venom vile -
envy, greed, to feed perversions' weight
with appetites that needs exaggerate,
deform, intentions turned from narrow, straight,
to swift descent from paradise exile,
sharp fall before dupe hieroglyphic smile! ...

Yet trust MUST win the way to reconcile
both scope and hope with love emancipate -
there lies no lies, true rune tune of soft smile.
Then strife of daily life would prove worthwhile
spell doubt dispels, none underestimate
beguilement hieroglyphic of soft smile
when motivated by no ego's wile,
integrity as emblem steers love's ship of state.

Which sense should tale gasp ending prehensile,
grasp content, context, semi-formal style,
what meanings through synaptic condensate?
Effective definition for "beguile",
thought sought through hieroglyphics of soft smile
far from brash crowds, cash conscious, rash, who rate
worth on this earth as status, alternate
between truth, false, fact, fiction, lacking style.

Meanwhile, excitement rises as rhymes close,
beguilement through poetic prose shows, flows.

21 July 2004 revised 17 November 2008 and 19 February 2010
robi03_1042_robi03_0000 XXX_IJL
for previous versions entitled Beguile...Meant see below

Beguile...Meant

I sought precision lay to play "beguile"
blood's flood rush-blushing flush, then hibernate,
lush, hid `mid hieroglyphics of soft smile.
It dawned that very few can reconcile

their aches' desires with brakes of conscious state,
or draw more definitions for "beguile".
Most blind, closed mind, sore, flawed, can't conjugate
dimensions manifold unfold, translate
the cyphered hieroglyphics of soft smile.

It takes so many lifetimes to compile
right signals light, bright eyes communicate
decoding definitions for "beguile"
into word worlds varied, versatile,
deep, difficult to truly contemplate -
expanding hieroglyphics of soft smile.
Content observing content, context, style
expressive, inner eyes deliberate,
a worthwhile definition for "beguile",
hidden in hieroglyphics of soft smile.

There are two definitions for "beguile"
one shares true love, one snares ere fair shows hand of hate! -
What's truth mid hieroglyphics of Your smile?
What if snare scare replaced rare care to dial
confusion more than loving fusion's state,
refusal, ersatz aura ringed by rife?
What if those hieroglyphics hid heart vile,
whose slyness surface smiles would compensate
with blushing rushes should "beguile" be guile? -

What would remain of love's fair sceptered isle?
Could I my conscience e'er exonerate
from name of blame whose fame would flame exile
to Lethe dark where no stark hopes beguile
lost soul, shade forfeit, damned, banned, intestate
parody pornographic to defile!
I'd torment false beguilement, take to trial,
ensure none suffer more, disconsolate,
or fall before that hieroglyphic smile! ...

Yet trust MUST win the way to reconcile
both scope and hope with love emancipate -
there lies no lies, true rune tune of soft smile.
Then strife of daily life would prove worthwhile
spell doubt dispels, none underestimate -

beguilement hieroglyphic of soft smile!

Which sense should tale gasp ending prehensile,
grasp content, context, semi-formal style,
what meanings through synapses condensate?
Effective definition for "beguile",
thought sought through hieroglyphics of soft smile
far from the madding crowds that alternate
between truth, false, fact, fiction yet, meanwhile,
excitement rose as rhymes close, prose abate.

21 July 2004 revised 17 November 2008

for previous version see below

BEGUILE MEANT

I sought an inner meaning for "beguile"
when blood rush blush would flush then hibernate,
lush, hid `mid hieroglyphics of sure smile.
It dawned what few, forlorn, may reconcile -
most b(l) ind, closed mind, sore, flawed, can't conjugate
or draw more definitions for "beguile".
I implications grasped, gasped, thought while
dimensions manifold unfold, translate
the cyphered hieroglyphics of sure smile.

So let me take ten lifetimes to compile
right signals light, bright eyes communicate
decoding definitions for "beguile"
into word worlds varied, versatile,
deep, difficult to truly contemplate -
expanding hieroglyphics of sure smile.
Content observing content, context, style
expressive, inner eyes deliberate,
a worthwhile definition for "beguile",
mind finds in hieroglyphics of sure smile.

Yet there two definitions for "beguile"
exist – one shares true love, one snares ere hate! -
What's truth mid hieroglyphics of Your smile?
What if snare scare replaced rare care to dial
confusion more than loving fusion's state,
refuse ersatz, aura ringed by rife?
What if those hieroglyphics hid heart vile,
whose slyness surface smiles would compensate
with blushing rushes should "beguile" be guile? –

What would remain of love's fair sceptered isle?
Could I my conscience e'er exonerate
from name of blame whose fame would flame exile
to Lethe dark where no stark hopes beguile
lost soul and forfeit, damned, banned, intestate
with smile turned pornographic to defile!
I'd torment false beguilement, take to trial,
ensure none suffer more, disconsolate,
or fall before that hieroglyphic smile! ...

Yet trust MUST win the way to reconcile
both scope and hope with love emancipate –
there lies, no lies, the rune tune of sure smile.
Then strife of daily life would prove worthwhile
with spell true spelt none underestimate –
beguiled by hieroglyphics of sure smile!

Which definition should one here meanwhile
retain observing content, context, style
expressive, inner eyes deliberate,
effective definition for "beguile",
one seeks though hieroglyphics of sure smile...?

21 July 2004

Hieroglyphic Beguile Meant Poem [c] Jonathan Robin

Jonathan ROBIN

Hiss Verse

Burning branch hisses
sighs on its ashes,
as candle kisses
goodnight to misses
in silks and sashes
while time whizzes,
who mirror lashes
before each pisses
on branch which hisses.

Jonathan ROBIN

Hit And Missile

A missile somewhere in Irak,
whose bite's as bad as is its bark,
is activated, fiery tail
computers track. Its progress trail
identified, another spark
ignites: the Patriot can't fail!
When all is over, and the mark
attained, it seems an easy lark.
Should some scud through, objective nail,
statistics help each future sale!

Jonathan ROBIN

Hither Hurried Whence?

Must inklings of futility mirror immaturity?
Pandering to posterity maintains momentarily
conceptual fatuity that's self-indulgent vanity.
Vainglorious immaturity gifts mirror of futility
reflecting on majority's definition of in sanity.
Comfort in blind certainty smacks of shameless insincerity,
arrogant egocentricity masks fragile insecurity.
Concepts of futurity vain self-indulgence seem to be
until exposed, then with what glee men faults in others love to see!

What lies behind the Door once found the key?
What hides behind dark Door mere mortals flee,
few dare discover guilt edged key
and once behind the Veil, of 'me and thee',
what will remain, what worth felicity
which flashed upon the page of Destiny
one little lifetime, till eternity,
absorbs all constituting me and thee,
archive deleted from man's memory?

Though often with dexterity men mask profound perplexity
concerning the validity of tenets of their quiddity,
conclusions drawn are bound to be tied to their own mortality.
Applying ingenuity to matters of complexity
beyond the ken of most who flee from Time's relentless enmity
too often turns in circles, we abhor our core absurdity.

(14 October 1988)

Jonathan ROBIN

Homage

Not once since Man's Creation have been seen
so many talents fused in one fair Queen;
and had Troy's 'thousand ships' been launched today,
homage throughout eternity they'd pay.

Here sweetness, learning, comfort calm serene,
spread happiness where'er she shares fair beam.
To honour her I would, and many may,
the chronicles of chivalry defray.

On all Earth's empires she should reign supreme.
Compared with her, bare beauty's blossoms seem
pale phantom shadows mocking golden gleam:
no verse could dwell too long upon this theme.

Gold tresses halo soft stars set in cream,
blue sapphires, sparkling, scintillating dream.
The world's ambition, no-one may gainsay,
would be to honour, cherish her, obey.

Where others, with swift superficial sheen,
across our senses flicker, sink unseen:
her peerless charms so far outshine the day
that envy untold centuries they'll sway.

Jonathan ROBIN

Home They Brought Her Laptop Dead After Alfred Tennyson Home They Brought Her Warrior Dead

No ping, access unlimited,
no modem ring, no cut and dried
response supplied by manual read,
no Brave New World which once seemed wide!

Home they brought her lap-top dead,
got her back up, loud she cried,
slipped a disc, a friend added,
"There's no back-up Intel inside? "

Then they called the hotline, fed
by warranty too soon denied,
"Your guarantee's expired." they said:
then 'piece' of mind fell by wayside.

"Though to Windows I'm not wed,
hard to lose is bandwidth wide,
there's no Second Life, instead
Twitter echo won't abide! "

Rose a sage of threescore led
through understanding deep - he sighed,
"Chip implanted in your head
by Wi-Fi could be fortified."

"That will mean my mind misled
by database personified
may discover fountainhead
with external disc supplied? "

Summer tempest tears soon fled:
"Solution you've identified! "
she said, "to ease my maiden head
withdrawal symptoms pacified
providing guilt and gingerbread,
life becoming simplified,
discarding guilt for years ahead,

beside n million clones allied.'

With barriers removed or sped,
emotions' threads disqualified,
then, conscience soothed, or put to bed,
objections obsolete, defied.

Jonathan ROBIN

Homerun

HOMERUN

From dark to light – one cry.
cot, tot, fine whine, youth tries
to rise, outshine, – strength vies
to test itself far, nigh,
will ever improvise,
wings spread ahead would fly
beyond the common sty.

Ends, means, some justify
as tools to fool, win prize
refusing to downsize
goals which new goals supply,
to grow, while enterprise
won't sit, knit idly by
would flow to know, apply.

See sun at zenith high
where fair sweep cloudless skies,
fragility belies.
Self on self will rely
And thus we compromise
ourselves – each hour thereby
prepares grief leaf's demise.

Men, weak "how, what, when, why"
seek to deny, despise
as limits while each eyes
ambitions run awry.
Most fail to realize
fame's flame soon sinks, falls shy
of promise time can't buy.

Stagnation by and by
sets in, transforms to ties
what once soared free, - denies
rights others seek would lie,
Inventing alibis
inverting truth stain, dye,

Homerun - 1060

From dark to light one cry.
cot, tot, fine whine, youth tries
to rise, outshine, strength vies
to test itself far, nigh,
will ever improvise,
wings spread ahead would fly
beyond the common sty.

Ends, means, some justify
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as limits while each eyes
ambitions run awry.
Most fail to realize
fame's flame soon sinks, falls shy
of promise time can't buy.

Stagnation by and by
sets in, transforms to ties
what once soared free, - denies
rights others seek would lie,
Inventing alibis
inverting truth stain, dye,
strain, pain, until sparks die.

Still time will onward fly!
Few care to recognize
sunset whet hopes defies,
dare not, with rules comply,
scope set cut down to size.
With humour grim and wry
Fate on each whim may spy.

Life's voyage does imply
page after page time tries
to crop or circumsize,
each stage a wager sly
as cause, effect, in guise
of free choice voice deny
to unborn options! Why?

Tide turns, Time's spring runs dry.
The candle burns. The wise,
the fool, fourscore, fade, rise
no more, till final cry
whose sense none can disguise.
No echo, no reply.
from light to dark, sole sigh.

(9 February 2005)

Jonathan ROBIN

Homespun - Birth Mirth Worth Girth Dearth Earth Berth

From dark to light, one cry, homespun.
Cot, tot, fine whine, youth vies at last
To rise, to shine, strength tries so fast
To test itself far, nigh, to run
Above the common sty or scrum,
Tries stratagems devised to cast,
With sun at zenith high, shade vast,
Ignores Time fleeting by. The sum?
Who fools are, who are wise, succumb.
Who true, who in disguise, outlast
The dreaded drum's surprise, stand fast
Can further innings try? Soon dumb!
Come night, tomb stark, done, lie forgot, time spun
From light doom dark one sigh, poor lot, rhyme done!

Jonathan ROBIN

Homunculus

In between Charybdis, Scylla,
homunculus, rude roamer, strays
to fourscore years extending stays
through polyvalent polyfiller.
For poor: chores hand-to-mouth, time, killer,
shows no indulgence, easy prey
they fall from food chain fast, low pay,
high stress, address unknown, downhill.
Complacency as self-fulfiller
seems insufficient, boredom weighs
on wealth patchworking life through craze,
tastes fragile for societal pillar:
contemptuous attempt half-hearted
one moment here, next tear departed.

(22 September 2009)

Jonathan ROBIN

Hong Kong

Spinning criss cross patterns as they post across the harbour,
spray kissing, barely miss each other, business to the fore,
the junks and ferries seem such toys when seen from seventh floor
or stateroom on the seventeenth, but does it matter any more?

Does it matter, for the room is insulated from outside,
from heat and from humidity, from differences too wide
in wealth and wisdom where the West unwelcome is as bride,
though brides are taken for a time, who doweries provide.

(15 April 1981)

Jonathan ROBIN

Hope Unresigned

Who blindly dates oft poorly mates when mind
succumbs to madness, boredom, challenge vain,
among profanum vulgus seeks again?
Better far to wait, hope unresigned,
until that karmic date when, unconfined
emancipation sweeps doubts which remain
erasing all - false phrase, frustration, pain.
These fade away as sharing, underlined
by selflessness, implicit trust, touch kind,
replacing doubt with tenderness' true reign.
Where ignorance turns nightmare why complain
when repeated errors grate? Love's blind!
Breast timeless waves until safe harbour's signed
in berth, rebirth, where happiness won't wane.

Stop clocks, no fox, no rabbit, goal, nor ploy,
From rocks redeemed, unlock soul's door for joy.

Jonathan ROBIN

Hopeful Hearts

Heart to heart, near, far apart
Oasis sharing empathy
Page follows page where shared hopes chart
Encouragement and sympathy.

Heart to heart, each day fresh start
Open door with no holds barred,
Phase follows phase, praise Cupid's dart
Eyes find in eyes completion starred.

Heart to heart may love impart
Offer understanding which
Plays dream supreme, part melts in part
Exchange dynamic, change, range rich.

Jonathan ROBIN

Hope's Perceptive Intuition

Life's kaleidoscope
Enchants, energizes
Triumphantly surprises.
Time-free telescope
Harmoniously helps cope,
Expectantly revises
Restrictions, compromises,
Evil horoscope,
Bubble-trouble soap,
Exploding, vaporizes.
Hope's manifold disguises
Open stethoscope.
Perceptive intuition
Engineers fruition.

(12 August 2011)

Jonathan ROBIN

Hope's Stream

As first cheep chirp unshutters polar night
whose sharp spell claws draped on stage curtained sky,
Hope's stream flows forth to span both dark and light,
what frozen seemed may thaw, joy's tinder dry.
Tomorrow, drawn from dreams, refutes fears, years,
and tears, to shine as beacon, battles won,
no sabotage can compromise screen clears
dissolving threats undoing work well done.
Released from false temptations superficial,
attraction or seductive siren sigh,
which would cause worm from course, flaws prejudicial
betraying spring preparing wings to fly,
life conquers strife, scope steers fears far to sea,
replacing grope by clear transparency.

(25 January 2009)

Jonathan ROBIN

Hospital - Acrostic Sonnet

Dull grey cabinets, posters on the wall,
Overalls in grubby white passing through the hall,
Stretcher beds, beige, blue, seating for a few,
The white welcome posts do duty all year through.
Awaiting diagnoses, anxious patients call,
Yet information filters slowly, at a crawl.
Patience, a virtue, tried and tested too,
Applies elastic strings to Time, judgements askew.
Through age, illness, accident, Death nets all.
Independence? – truly few retain the wherewithal.
Every day brings query, quandary adds to
New isolation, illness, tests as wills unglue.
Count all your blessings, be life fine or squall,
Each soon accounts must render, with Death's pall.

Jonathan ROBIN

Hot Air - Parody Witter Bynner Spectra

Just deserted after make-up refuselled,
I, who would have snoozled, hereafter
lose laughter, appear a fozzle cahoozled,
as daft as a woozle or even dafter.
The hamstrung string is bamboozled,
snaking like a hung verdict noose loose from the rafters, -
when will the West wind flow less confuselled
blowing our just desserts as afters?

© Jonathan Robin – Parody author unknown possibly Witter Bynner written 3
January 1992 revised 8 October 2006 previous title Winds

Jonathan ROBIN

Houghton's Bank

HOUGHTON'S BANK

Herd instinct wannabes beg bridge funds, but
Often, spendthrift, find requests for loans
Unsecured denied. Bank makes no bones
Grabbing from those who'd raise themselves from rut,
Hand extended, scored, endures deep cut,
Turns topsy-turvy projects, risk condones,
Obstructing time-vault access with crisp tones,
Neat writing on the wall cites scuttlebutt.
Banking's a profession where the gut
Active role takes, stakes past winners, drones
Need putting in their place. Prudence postpones
Knackers' needs, weeds, tightens screw, bolt and nut.
However write-offs rise as profits fall,
Because tight guidelines can't encompass all.

13 July 1992 revised 2 January 2009
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for previous version see below

Houghton's Bank

Here many beg to borrow money but
Offer scant security, their loans
Unjustly are denied and dialling tones
Grow silent, windows shuttered, when door's shut.
Helping hand where proffered takes deep cut.
Trips many projects while it waste condones,
Opens not the time-vault, makes no bones
Nor panders to the poor trapped in their rut.
Banking's a profession where the gut
A role should play to back the winner, drones
Need putting in their place, and thus new loans
Keep screw vice tight with prudent bolt and nut.

However, write-offs rise as profits fall,
Because tight guidelines can't encompass all...

13 July 1992

© Jonathan Robin

Jonathan ROBIN

Housewife's Choice - Kettle To Popocatépetl

Day day follows, Time despoiling,
tea-breaks bravely boredom foiling.
Bubbles boiling in the kettle
test their mettle `gainst the metal.
Atoms, constantly turmoiling,
pressure steam which soars uncoiling
till mist vapour cools to settle.

Tea leaves seethe as soft stream rises
soothing stress, green taste surprises,
tension melts though sugar, milk
added betray all Chinese silk,
treason seems to swallow. Wise is
she whose grace competes with Isis.

Feeling fair, in finer fettle
harrassed housewife from harsh toiling
desists, dame dainty, nothing soiling,
blushing Nature often nettles,
lips, fingertips, paints pink as petal.

She'd seize Sherlock, Conan Doyling,
J. K. Rowling, or, gargoyling,
romance - Popocatépetl -
or turn to T.V., mind resettles.
Thus each livelong day, self-oiling,
turns on kitchen kettle boiling.
first version Kettle to Popocatépetl 3rd August 2006

(3 March 2012)

Jonathan ROBIN

How Doth The Bee Improve His Salary? - Parody Isaac Watts – How Doth The Bee

How doth the Bee Improve His Salary?

How doth the busy little bee
prepare for flower power,
when honey garnered, daily spree,
will wax, - no waning hour?

The answer's plain as plain can be,
hive votes for poll_en_dower,
for feathered nests with polity
Reps wait to line their bower...

Those set up in authority
elected seem to scour,
for "cash and carry" not to be
declared, - gold's welcome shower.

As Tweedle Dum(b) and Tweedle Dee
In, Out, Out, In, they lobby,
when crime's unmasked, like rats we see
them scuttle, scatter, cower.

Once thought of pristine ivory
a mirage proves their tower,
packed jokers under lock and key
we bankroll though we glower.

Was Weldon's seniority
well done? the joke turns sour.
The verdict of posterity –
twelve years, repentance dour.

But most escape the legal see,
themselves enrich, empower,
but who, who cast first stone, are we
who fellow-men devour?

How doth the Bee

How doth the little busy bee
improve each shining hour,
and gather honey all the day
from every opening flower!

How skillfully she builds her cell!
How neat she spreads the wax!
And labors hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labor or of skill,
I would be busy too;
For Satan finds some mischief still
for idle hands to do...

Birds in their little nests agree
and 'tis a shameful sight,
when children of one family
fall out, and chide, and fight.

Isaac WATTS 1674_1748 - Against Idleness and Mischief

Parody of Dr. Watts, by an Anti Smoker

How doth the nasty, dirty man,
go smoking every hour;
and spend his money wastefully
on Old Nick's favourite flower.

How wistfully he seeks his pipe,
how glad he doth it light,
and smokes the foul thing all the day,

and feels quite ill at night.

In shag, bird's eye, or honey-dew,
his mind is ever fast;
and Satan knows to his he's due,
for he'll get him at last.

Author Unknown: Parody Isaac WATTS

How doth the Little Crocodile

How doth the little crocodile
Improve his shining tail,
And pour the waters of the Nile
On every golden scale!

How cheerfully he seems to grin,
How neatly spreads his claws,
And welcomes little fishes in
With gently smiling jaws.

Lewis CARROLL Parody Isaac WATTS - How Doth the Bee

Another Terc-ish Atrocity by a Sceptical Sufferer

How doth the little Busy Bee
Insert his poisoned stings,
And kill the keen rheumatic pain
That mortal muscle wrings!

Great Scott! It sounds so like a sell!
Bee-stings for rheumatiz?
As well try wasps to make one well.
That TERC must be a quiz.

Rather would I rheumatics bear
Than try the Busy Bee.
No, Austrian TERC, your cure may work!
But won't be tried on me!

PUNCH 4 October 1890 Parody Isaac WATTS - How Doth the Bee

(note :) Turk and Terc... An Austrian physician, Dr. TERC, prescribes bee-stings as a cure for rheumatism

Jonathan ROBIN

How Has Affection Come From Prudence Suspicious To Metamorphosis Deliciously Propitious?

How has affection come
On bottle surfed to shore,
What soul-song once struck dumb
Has blossomed more and more.
Anguish to joy succumb!
Sensations Spring restore.
Awaited long, hope's hum
Feels, unconcealed, heals core
FETtered, heart's conundrum
Ceases to weigh rapports,
TIES no more knots, love's crumb
ON life's table's turned delicious
COunters prudence suspicious,
MEtamorphosis propitious.

14 May 2008

Jonathan ROBIN

How Often?

How often may one meet
'antidisestablishmentarianism'
in a poem, complete?
How many rant, defeat
harmony spewing sackcloth and ash aneurism,
heart-break volcanoes tie_rant cheat!

Is contemporary muse's seat
based more upon unchannelled antagonism's
compensatory self-deceit
than prose which flows slow to beat fleet
Time's tempo and bigotry's authoritarianism
monosyllabic feet?

Soul-song symphony seeks beat
juxtaposing sound sense's synchronism
with sounds' sensitivity sweet.

for previous version see below

How Often?

How often may we meet
'antidisestablishmentarianism'
in a poem, complete? –

Is poetry's pseudo seat
based more upon 'communicationarism's
fictional deceit

than prose which flows slow to beat fleet
Time's tempo and bigotry's authoritarianism
monosyllabic feet?

Jonathan ROBIN

How To Write Poetry Notice And Cut [n]ice

I mp
C omp
E xp

Jonathan ROBIN

How True I Parody After Elizabeth Barrett Browning How Do I Love Thee

How true I parody? Let me discount p[er]ils.
I parody in depth, taste copy paste insight,
my mind stretch sketches through your writing quite
A Posing Ways and Means, through rhyme's mainstays.
I parody, layer level everyday's
post hosting f[r]eed, by sun, electric light.
In vers libres freely, sonnet set to right;
I pastiche purely, rarely spurning praise.
Reparody with passion put to use
through griefs, beliefs, rehearsed, though wanting faith.
I parody love's theme, yet dreams accuse.
Newfangled paints b[er]end colour bending brea[d]th,
Smiles, tears, [p]oem's life and, should judge choose,
gold goblets garner, googled after death.

Eye sought, dunce, how Ellie le Jeune had sung
Lachrymate tears 'gainst fear of dear paid years,
Linked each to each: wan fallacious band appears
In barely mortal gift lifts old and young,
Exterminating muse and mate, Fate's rung
Is climbed sans peripheral vision of arrears,
LEaves fall, all glad, sad, swallowed. Memory, insincere
Jobs backwards, sells life short, returns grain flung
Erases life's shadow shapes, fame's frames ne'er spares,
Upsets souls weeping, though some ghost shapes still rove.
Naught's left behind, drawn curtains urned gray hairs.
Expelled are choice, voice, slavery that strove.
ELected sect's disbanded, behold their
LIEs, preach reaches for Eden's treasure trove.

Jonathan ROBIN

Hunters H[a]unted By Climate Change After Sir Walter Scott Hunting Song

Wake all corrupt politicians! pay
from bribing lobbies is on the way,
see jolly chase for loopholes here
with greenback stack they'll soon appear,
Scientists with fears compelling,
warn clocks are running, tocsin knelling,
Soon mankind must piper pay
for raw pollution's here to stay.

Waken populations! Hey!
for climate change communiqué
warns Yellowstone hot geysers steaming,
storms on the rise, and heat extreme, in
France foresters have busy been
to dowse bush fires that thicket green;
Now threaten while we chant lay,
Wake up politicians astray.

Wake up, cup's filled in every gay,
to the greenwood haste away;
we can show you northern flies,
fleet of foot and tall of size;
wing far southward, havoc made,
see Pine trees pine, black beetles strayed.
You should have brought them all to bay
before too late! Awake I say!

Louder, louder voice dismay!
Wake the governments you pay!
Tell them youthful mirth and glee
deserve a life of liberty.
Time, stern huntsman, double-talk
unmasks in seconds, reapers stalk
to scythe all those who waste each day
more than poor planet may repay.

Jonathan ROBIN

I Came, I Saw, Who Conquered?

Music sudden waved Time's blight,
An incarnation of delight
Unchallenged. Naught continued to
Deny bright beauty, spirit true.
Each blush rose paled, blood ruby too.
Magnificence expelling night,
Acknowledged inner thirst quenched through
Unequaled charm, dream beamed delight
DEfying definitions trite.
Magical our planet blue
Appears to Nature, taps into
Unsullied streams of rainbow hue.
Descriptions fail. These splendours span
Eternities unguessed by man.

Jonathan ROBIN

I Can Emit Time

This retourne shows how Time bright glows,
Inspiring plan Life offers man,
Maintains red rose, sustains verse, prose,
Egg, chicken, span, ensure 'I can! '

Time's sum's not dumb, repeating drum
Inspiring plan Life offers man,
May link 'become' through rule of thumb
Emit true scan light once began.

The heart that sows is star that glows
In tune reel ran fed through rhyme's fan,
Maintains red rose, sustains verse, prose,
Ends in well ran, begins "I can! "

Time's reel ebbs, flows, all comes and goes,
In caravan reversing scan
Much magic flows, touch insight knows,
Egg, chicken, span, ensure "I can! "

Egg, chicken, span, ensure "I can! "
Much magic flows, touch insight knows,
In caravan reversing scan,
Time's reel ebbs, flows, all comes and goes.

Ends in well ran, begins "I can! "
Maintains red rose, sustains verse, prose,
In tune reel ran fed through rhyme's fan,
The heart that sows is star that glows.

EMIT true scan: light, once began,
May link, 'become' through rule of thumb,
Inspiring plan Life offers man.
TIME's sum's not dumb, repeating drum.

Egg, chicken, span, ensure "I can! "
Maintains red rose, sustains verse, prose,
Inspiring plan Life offers man.
This retourne shows how Time bright glows.

How Time bright glows This retourne shows.
Life offers man Inspiring plan,
sustains verse, prose, Maintains red rose.
Ensure 'I can! ' Egg, chicken, span.

Repeating drum, TIME's sum's not dumb,
Life offers man Inspiring plan
through rule of thumb, May link 'become, '
light once began, EMIT true scan.

Is star that glows The heart that sows?
Fed through rhyme's fan, In tune reel ran
sustains verse, prose, Maintains red rose,
begins "I can! " Ends in well ran,

all comes and goes, Time's reel ebbs, flows.
reversing scan In caravan,
touch insight knows Much magic flows
Ensure "I can! " Egg, chicken, span.

Ensure "I can! " Egg, chicken, span,
touch insight knows. Much magic flows
reversing scan In caravan,
all comes and goes, Time's reel ebbs, flows.

Begins "I can! " Ends in well ran,
sustains verse, prose, Maintains red rose
fed through rhyme's fan, In tune reel ran
is star that glows The heart that sows?

Light, once began, EMIT true scan
through rule of thumb. May link, 'become! '
Life offers man Inspiring plan.
Repeating drum, TIME's sum's not dumb

Ensure 'I can! ' Egg, chicken, span
sustains verse, prose, Maintains red rose,
Life offers man Inspiring plan.
How Time bright glows This retourne shows.

(3 February 2007)

Jonathan ROBIN

I Choose You After William Shakespeare Sonnet Cvii

Symbols shown; my character should ink
Admiration; spirit, brain, portrayed.
New aspects nonetheless remain I think
Glad serve one passion, one respect rich paid.
Theme, though repeated through these sonnets played,
Old offers vestments new, which, coloured pink
Make clear romance returns to one with wink,
Appetite enhancing unafraid.
Memory no tricks plays where love's true,
Alternatives denies from youth to age,
Unseen are wrinkles in fair one I'd woo,
Defied is Time, love, constant, eyes neat page.
Evidence undisputed, she's elite,
Crème de la crème, conceit fleet flees fair feat.

Song shows that valentine spreads from July
Along each month to star[t] and end each year,
Nor may heartbroken hopes deign to appear.
Glad serve one passion, soul's respect apply.
Thoughts spiteful, drear, malicious draw teared sigh.
Open ended invitation shows here
Much joy, no artifice employs, my dear,
Affords redemption from past. Fears defy!
May future happiness, prepared, deny
All who self-compromise, 'forgiveness' spear
Urging Nth chance though acts stay far from clear.
Destiny comforts love whose head's held high.
Enchantment undisputedly sets scene:
Could extra lines add anything unseen?

Jonathan ROBIN

I Have A Dream

I have a dream, and you are its spring,
I have a ring and you are its finger
to offer a future where true love can linger
well into the winter of life, so I sing: -
every day, every way, share tenderness true.

Life has a scheme, and you are its reason
ring spinning win/win day in and day out,
minds meeting without hesitation or doubt,
from season to season osmosis agrees on
serenity, harmony, eyes linked, skies blue.

I have a dream, to open my heart,
two hearts combine, part of each each becomes,
never sundered apart, nor divided, a sum
to multiply joy, - let our summer now start: -
let us share love together, forever skies blue.

Life has a scheme, where we two may share
joy's voyage, scope, journey to Cape of Good Hope,
page turns, earns rainbow, learns to tenderly cope,
where bubbles - scares, troubles - dissolve in thin air,
where tenderness timeless unites me to you.

I have a dream, and you are its tune
violins and the moon, in love side by side,
on hope's wings will we ride with no other beside,
with blossoms which bloom, braving storm and typhoon
we shall share love together, each day brings joy new.

Life has a scheme to play through the years,
where happiness hears far more than is spoken,
where trust answers trust, no promises broken,
affection awoken defeating false fears;
interwoven, our destinies know no adieu.

I have a dream where you are the sun,
true love has begun to burst into fire,
so I take up my lyre to string your desire -

all roses and cream, all winners, all's won:
let us share love together, forever skies blue.

Life has a scheme, theme tune winning team
forever sings clear in harmony dear,
where both far and near the same may appear,
respect and esteem consecration supreme:
where each day adds to optimistic debut.

I have a dream where tenderness reigns,
where it never rains but to colour the rainbow,
we shall feel Cupid's arrow, we'll harvest who sow
seeds of love, we who care shall share joy, know no pains,
every day, every way, share tenderness new.

Life has a scheme where forever we rhyme
outside time, outside space where harsh world might intrude,
outside climb or disgrace, chase, ambition, fall, feud,
where winter seems short, spring's rebirth seems sublime,
felicity's favours afforded to few.

I have a dream, and you are its spring,
I have a ring and you are its finger
to offer a future where true love can linger
well into the winter of life, so I sing: -
every day, every way, share tenderness true.

Jonathan ROBIN

I Have Been Hungry - After Emily Dickinson - I Had Been Hungry All The Years

I have been hungry through the years –
undernourished, incomplete -
awaiting in this vale of tears
for welcome symbiosis sweet.

I have been hungry! - vision clears
when appetite the verb to eat
reformulates as eyes and ears
attune to one heart's precious beat.

I have been hungry, it appears,
too much let slip where lip might meet
stained lip which, vain, in other spheres,
mistook itself for heart replete.

I have been hungry, - atmospheres
apart from others. Games repeat
the search to feel through vain veneers,
protecting self at cost of self-deceit.

I have been hungry, love's arrears
now heartbeat love pursue - retreat
impossible. Although change nears
the piper pays for past conceit.

I have been hungry, - hope now nears
puts trust in touch with touch whose heat
dissolves restraints when heart heart hears.
Twinned echo intimate may greet
an understanding which endears
self to self through paraclete
who hunger heals as fade false fears,
who braids heart, head, to spirit's seat...

I have been hungry, - change of gears -
intimacy, warmth, defeat
sends packing! Lacking naught, WE greet

long looked for happiness complete.

© Jonathan Robin – robi3_0655 parody written 9 December 2001 after Emily Dickinson I Have Been Hungry

I HAD BEEN HUNGRY ALL THE YEARS

I had been hungry, all the Years—
My Noon had Come—to dine—
I trembling drew the Table near—
And touched the Curious Wine—

'Twas this on Tables I had seen—
When turning, hungry, Home
I looked in Windows, for the Wealth
I could not hope—for Mine—

I did not know the ample Bread—
'Twas so unlike the Crumb
The Birds and I, had often shared
In Nature's—Dining Room—

The Plenty hurt me—'twas so new—
Myself felt ill—and odd—
As Berry—of a Mountain Bush—
Transplanted—to a Road—

Nor was I hungry—so I found
That Hunger—was a way
Of Persons outside Windows—
The Entering—takes away—

DICKINSON Emily 1830_1886 dick2_0018_dick2_0000 PXX_DJZ I had been Hungry, all the Years_I had been hungry

Jonathan ROBIN

I Knocked

I knocked upon Life's door awhile,
Imprinted there a kiss, a smile;
When lust's rust dust must roll-call miss,
What trust remains in smile or kiss?

Jonathan ROBIN

I On Transit

Upon the cusp of choice and chance,
stagnation's stigma or advance,
the heart must choose though bear in mind
a view holistic, leave behind
judgemental values and askance
eye 'easy' answers, tempting, kind.

Life's finite, if it be romance,
a vote for freedom, high finance,
unbiased ethics underlined
should be to key to Time's wave, find
in time and place trace to enhance
true intuitions, to unwind

the waft and weft whose patterns dance
for which few spare a second glance,
piece jigsaw fractals recombined
into kaleidoscope refined.
Stay not a slave of circumstance,
enhance free-will with shine enshrined.

Jonathan ROBIN

I Rack Or I Ran - Through A Glass Darkly

Much damage has been done! No fire brigade
Is trained to snuff fluff-puff disinformation.
Suffering unforeseen spells consternation.
Terror terror h[a]unts, lies on parade.
Yesterday's errors cannot be unmade.
Misread on purpose cause/effect relation
Errors surface on examination,
Links to resentment justified, afraid
Of outrage, tumbled towers. But this page
Describes, observes, without an explanation.
Youth's disarray may feed next year's frustration.

Much damage has been done to Sunni, Kurd,
In Desert Storm, to Shia too - but less by far
Surely than that collateral called up to bar
Trust, freedom for the citizen unheard.
Yonder turmoil hornet's nest has stirred,
Mocking truth, roadmap's infected scar -
Ends in agenda hidden whose pale star
Leaves chains around our children. Motives erred
On terror tags where tail wags war dog heard.
Denial, self-inflicted misuse of power, -
Yet chickens home to roost have come this hour.

Much damage has been done, mistakes which shroud
Ideals throughout the spectrum - time-bomb prime,
Short fuse attached, now threatens scope sublime
That through rendition, prison abuse, aloud
Yearn for revenge, spurn western values proud.
Mistakes (repeated) impact add to rhyme
Evidence that there is little time
Left to think through new options which, uncowed,
Offer ways to compensate the crowd.
Defence used as attack full circle spins
Years tears will bring, new challenge here begins!

Much damage has been done, surveillance chips
In Western countries open up the threat
Some governments will seek control, forget

The high ideals democracy met - whips
Youth tears apart - anonymous some tips
May silence truth, - we haste to waste, upset
Each check and balance, - evidence, hedged bet.
Loss of freedom mirrors bad, bad trips
Open is closed. Grim torture stalks, its lips
Dread rumors spread, b[!]ack blindness, and abet
Yon quandary's lies with rocky road ahead.

Jonathan ROBIN

I Remember, I Remember - Past And Present After Thomas Hood And William Wordsworth - Lucy

I remember, I remember
the house where I was born
before foreclosure took away
the homestead I had sworn
in good faith, all attest 'tis true,
to leave grandchildren three: -
times change, leave little rest, I rue
that difference to me!

It seems so very long ago
the liberating Yanks
found welcome everywhere they'd go -
though some were pita swanks,
but since the Shah announced 'I ran'
our bearings all at sea
became - time reeled again would ban
all difference for me!

I remember, I remember
the sun porch, now in pawn,
proud flag a flying red, white, blue,
which now hangs so forlorn
Sun, moon spun round each priceless day,
or so I seemed to see,
four bucks a gallon gas I pay -
what difference to me!

My mind thought then nostalgic ease
eternally could last,
all my desires, priorities
seemed sated very fast,
The fever on my brow shoots higher
now Sheiks of Araby,
up ante for crude imports, tire -
what difference to me!

I remember, I remember

before Alaskan oil
had spilled upon once pristine shore,
polluting fauna, soil.
With climate change I'm feeling sore,
note each commodity
continues rising more and more -
what difference to me!

Back then I'd travel aimlessly,
cared not I ran Iraq,
from dawn till dark, from sea to sea
could, rising with the lark,
ignore the cost of gasoline
in land of liberty:
my budget now seems far more lean,
what difference to me!

I remember, I remember
before FEMA's disgrace,
I never thought dark terrorists
I might meet face to face,
Days fifty two times seven cheap,
no need to spare expense,
I'm farther now from Heaven's keep:
Oh boy! What difference!

(c) Jonathan Robin - Parody written 4 June 2008

Variations on a theme - I remember Thomas Hood - Enjoy!

Past and Present

I remember, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon
Nor bought too long a day;
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember
The roses, red and white,
The violets, and the lily-cups-
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday, -
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow.

I remember, I remember
The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky:
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from Heaven
Than when I was a boy.
Thomas Hood 1799_1845

HOOD Thomas 1799_1845 hood1_0007_hood1_0000 PXX_JZX Past and Present_I remember, I remember

I Remember

I remember, I remember
The house where I was born;
The rent was thirty-two a month,
Which made my father mourn.
He said he could remember when
His father paid the rent;
And when a man's expenses did

Not take his every cent.

I remember, I remember-
My mother telling my cousin
That eggs had gone to twenty-six
Or seven cents a dozen;
And how she told my father that
She didn't like to speak
Of things like that, but Bridget now
Demanded four a week.

I remember, I remember-
And with a mirthless laugh-
My weekly board at college took
A jump to three and a half.
I bought an eighteen-dollar suit,
And father told me, 'Sonny,
I'll pay the bill this time, but, Oh,
I am not made out of money! '

I remember, I remember,
When I was young and brave
And I declared, 'Well, Birdie, we
Shall now begin to save.'
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from wealth
Than when I was a boy.

Franklin Pierce ADAMS 1881_1960 Parody Thomas HOOD 1799_1845 - I
Remember

I Remember

I remember, I remember,
When I discovered porn.
The little book that gave a boy -
Or so I heard - the horn:
It never meant a wank to me,

Nor did it drive me mad.
But in a funny kind of way
I often wish it had.

I remember, I remember,
The tweeny walking by,
I used to think her stocking-tops
Were close against her thigh:
It was a childish innocence.
But now `tis little joy
To know my thoughts are just as pure
As when I was a boy.

Naomi MARKS

Parody Thomas HOOD 1799_1845 I Remember – Past and Present

I Remember

I remember, I remember,
The house where I was wed,
And the little room from which, that night,
My smiling bride was led;
She didn't come a wink too soon,
Nor make too long a stay;
But now I often wish her folks
Had kept the girl away!

I remember, I remember,
Her dresses, red and white,
Her bonnets and her caps and cloaks, -
The cost an awful sight!
The "corner lot" on which I built,
And where my brother met
At first my wife, one washing-day, -

That man is single yet!

I remember, I remember,
Where I was used to court,
And thought that all of married life*
Was just such pleasant sport:
My spirit flew in feathers then,
No care was on my brow;
I scarce could wait to shut the gate, -
I'm not so anxious now!

I remember, I remember,
My dear one's smile and sigh;
I used to think her tender heart
Was close against the sky;
It was a childish ignorance,
But now it soothes me not
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Then when she wasn't got!

Phoebe CARY

Parody Thomas HOOD 1799_1845 I Remember – Past and Present

I Remember

I remember, I remember,
(I wish I'd ne'er been born)
The little widow and her son
Came creeping in forlorn;
She never gave a wink too soon
Till he had gone to play;
But now, I oft regret that larks
Had borne that boy away.

I remember, I remember
The presents dear and cheap,
The letters and the valentines –
And othr things a heap!
The cottage which the masons built,
And where her youngster set

The pin pin upon the big arm chair –
That boy is living yet!

I remember, I remember
Her neck I tried to wring,
And saw the boy run out Pall Mall
Two peelers quick to bring;
My hair it flew in masses then,
I got a heavy blow,
The cold dark cell could hardly cool
The swelling on my brow.

I remember, I remember
A fair man, broad and hig;
I used to think his slender hair
Did match his clothes and tie;
It showed a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know she ran away with him,
And left that awful boy.

Archibald STODART-WALKER 1869_1934
Parody Thomas HOOD 1799_1845 I Remember – Past and Present

“I remember, I remember,
The day that I was born,
When first I saw this breathing world,
All naked and forlorn,
They wrapped me in a linen cloth,
And then in one of frieze;
And tho' I could not speak just then,
I still contrived to sneeze.”

“I remember, I remember,
Old ladies came from far;
Some said I was like mother dear,
But others thought like Pa;
Yet all agreed I had a head,

And most expressive eyes;
The latter were about as large
As plums in Christmas pies."

Notes and Queries UNEDA pseudonym Philadelphia 10 June 1871
Parody Thomas HOOD 1799_1845 I Remember – Past and Present

I remember, I remember,
The cell, which now I scorn,
The little window where no sun
Could cheer the dreary morn.
Policeman X, no wink too soon,
Brought in my musty fare,
And, growling as he went away,
Locked me in safely there!

I remember, I remember,
We'd been out late at night,
Twain herons who, o'er sundry cups,
Wound up by "getting tight; "
And then although no blood was spilt,
That fiend in blue we met;
"Run in" upon my natal day –
Oh, would I could forget.

I remember, I remember,
No sofa would he bring,
He said the air seem'd rather fresh
For night birds on the wing!
The spirits needed feathers then,
And rest my fevered brow;
He only said, "The place is cool, "
And, "Mind! don't make a row! "

Author Unknown - The Figaro 7 March 1874

Parody Thomas HOOD 1799_1845 I Remember – Past and Present

Lucy

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove
A maid whom there were none to praise
And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone
Half-hidden from the eye;
Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and, oh,
The difference to me!

William WORDSWORTH 1770_1850

see also numerous parodies on the above including

Lucy's Cousin

He lived amidst th'untrodden ways
To Rydal lake that lead;
A bard whom there were none to praise,
And very few to read.

Behind a cloud his mystic sense,
Deep hidden, who can spy?
Bright as the night when not a star
Is shining in the sky.

Unread his works – his "Milk White Doe"
With dust is dark and dim;
It's still in Longman's shop, and oh!

The difference to him!

Hartley COLERIDGE 1796_1849

Parody William WORDSWORTH - Lucy

A Song of the Cambridge Streets

We dwelt where youthful brains grow ripe,
A town not drain'd too well,
With here and there a choky pipe,
And here and there a smell.

They tore up streets, they dug below,
They made a deal of fuss,
Now sick'ning manholes reek, and oh!
The difference to us!

Walter William SKEAT – 1835_1912

Parody William Wordsworth Lucy and Alfred Tennyson The Brook

The Amateur Botanist

A primrose by a river's brim
'Primula vulgaris' was to him,
And it was nothing more;
A pansy, delicately reared,
'Viola tricolor' appeared
In true botanic lore.

That which a pink the layman deems
'Dianthus caryophyllus' seems
To any flower-fan; or
A sunflower, in that talk of his,
'Anuus helianthus' is,
And it is nothing more.

Tobogganing on Parnassus

Franklin Pierce ADAMS Parody William WORDSWORTH Lucy

Jonathan ROBIN

I Sang Of Contests After J R R Tolkien I Sang Of Leaves

I sang of contests, contests' gold, and judge's golden cue:
pre-writes I sang, for auld lang syne approaching New Year too.
Beyond all fun, loon tale begun, mouth foaming, all could see,
strand by strand planned with pen in hand there fanned fair poetry.

Beneath gold goblets' make-believe on Author's Page it shone,
in AP fame - what's in a name? - fall follows on home run.
Long list of golden goblets kissed have grown through branching years,
although one's true priorities now fall as Elven tears.

Yet centrefold of contest colds leave seldom leafy day,
though total contest numbers fall still stream themed entries' play.
Who contests hold too long may scold this entry evermore,
for fading crown comes tumbling down, as old year's at death's door.

This contest called for varied form expressing old ideas,
forlorn feels separation shorn from source when disappears
links pre-existent we may think when inking stanzas neat,
when in a twinkling inklings shine upon some pristine sheet.

Breeze, here today, tomorrow's play finds frozen as if time
suspended flight, ere endless night engulfed joy's pantomime.
But if of trophies I should sing, what gold would come to me,
what recompense reward tight rhymed write's light dexterity?

My melody accelerates from syllables fourteen
to sixteen swift, may syncopate upbeat, still sweet, serene,
can pick up speed, and thereon feed upon itself show
how harmony sets music free which, read aloud, shall glow.

I'll sing in song of right and wrong, as personality
expression finds, form self designed sets mind completely free,
experiments with sentiments, impediments are shed,
the rudiments of one-track sense fade from the memory.

I'll sing of sleeves, of shirt-sleeves clad in silk by day, in silk by night
pyjamas bright carress soft skin in pure delight from dusk till light.

The mind perceives that soul is glad as word world weaves forget-me-not
while verse threads spin tale's canvas sail that fast knots speeds, yet knots
knows not.

I'll sing of Spring as seasons wing from one year's cold to bold new dawn,
I'll sing of Summer, childrens' swing which to and fro go, high-low spawn
a host of thoughts as spirit's caught a-musing on ripe Autumn corn
before Jack Frost dare etch time lost as Winter sketch turns quite forlorn.

I'll sing of studies which will take keen spirit forward, quantum leap
escaping time-trap, past mistake, rush whole towards goal as from sleep
free-choice awakes and double take's excitement grows as force-field glows
with energy which by degree past misconceptions melts, hope's flows
can then increase beat's ceaseless swing, and understanding may take wing
as jigsaw pieces can begin to find release through everything
from stars to dust, as great, small, must, set places mete, [th]ink-linked,
discrete,
discard to greet new kismet meet sweet destiny, dream theme complete.

I sang of contest trophies gold, to golden leaves anew
I'll turn and spurn catastrophe where rigid guidelines grew
out of control despite control as leitmotif, I'll see
who once felt blind, thought fate unkind, my inner harmony.

I'll sing of sheets, restraints' defeats, of scores that by the score
sweetmeats reveal thief time conceals from those who'd set the score,
rhyme reels set free as harmony past discord, trammels tight,
dissolves to cue new liberty into key golden bright
that may resolve, conundrums solve the existential quest
once so elusive happiness appeared unwelcome guest
within mind's shell, so share bright bell that welcomes change of state
through terse verse which rehearses 'stitch in time can't be too late! '

Jonathan ROBIN

I Serpent - A Sself-Sssufficient Sssonnet Responsse

Sssuccessful Sssmooth Ssnap Ssserpentine Sssonnet Ssstigmatizing
Ssenseless Sssects' Ssmirch Ssslurs

I, Serpent, hiss dismissing slander's lines,
Slimeless shiny scales reflecting sun
Enhanced by wings before mankind begun,
Remembered still, no ill spills from my twines.
Perchance your ideal garden world with vines
Exists in some dimension? See, undone,
Nature flattened 'neath concrete riot runs,
The air's polluted as hurt earth repines.
I know no sin, Coeval Evil, Eve!
Sway I scale waving, unadorned? Man's hands
Extend through eve, dawn, seize up seas and sands,
Respecting neither things, themselves. Lands grieve.
Perhaps if I'd a sleeve, like Man I'd trick
ENTER, Destroy, Depart; heed well Time's Tick!

Jonathan ROBIN

I Wonder How

When penning subtle poetry
I wonder how I came to be
the pale stockbroker all may see!

I'll not accept captivity,
would fain forego every penny
I earn to stay completely free...

18 March 1975
robi03_0049_robi03_0000 XXX_IXX

Jonathan ROBIN

I, Humble Poet After Ralph Waldo Emerson I, Alonso

I, humble poet, learning, live,
see Nature must not Man forgive,
climate change comes home to roost.
unemployment gets a boost.
Earthquake tremors hit Japan,
from epicentre vast waves fan
tsunami strikes, all's washed away,
leaves little only yesterday
signed pride that seemed so justified,
investments taking thrift as guide.

Meager crops: Monsanto's Labs
fabricate, transgenic scabs,
both modified and sterile too,
farmers serfs, though favoured few
get best of both worlds, large amounts
until they're called to meet accounts.
Hives deserted, human crimes
spell shorter days and harder times,
Flowering April? carbon die
oxide clouds survival's skies.
Much Midsummer madness blots
world forests, lumber, hijacked, rots.
Spots on sun's disk re-awaken
man with cancer's overtaken,
'twill not now avail to ban
orange cheek where rash brash would tan.
Roses bleach, cows, goats, run dry,
Haiti quakes, its people cry.
In denial, far-right fools,
bitter bigots closing schools,
are no brothers of my blood:
politicians slinging mud.

Intelligent Design? Stage? Chance
cuts societal advance,
replaced with lean and hungry look
of preachers playing by the Book
appropriated as their right

to puncture progress, freedoms bright.
The general debility,
of genius, sterility
of dearth of new ideals on Earth
that's stifled both in length and girth
by exploitation, trafficking
of women fighting macho sting.
Mighty projects countermanded,
bash ambitions contrabanded
very seldom even-handed,
as in monopolistic banded
conglomerates they deal out blame
to 'terrorists' for their own shame,
simplistic options theirs' for choosing,
ever cheating, ever rusing
for tax reductions for friends rich
where lobbies launder funds they snitch
while passing buck to blame past spending
they've no intent of really ending.

Puny man and scentless rose
find unfairly Banks foreclose,
torment Nature, double trouble
from speculation's crisis bubble,
rebuild not, ruin, pockets fill,
while vital force to waste will spill,
while Taliban blast Watergate
while world's restocked with heartless hate,
sea levels rise while outlook falls
for most. Ignoring Nature's calls
Man's greed feeds need for greater speed
in filling more foolhardy needs
while short-term interests will take
no heed at all that's now at stake
regarding efforts to obtain
a breathing space that could explain
to all and sundry options blind,
although attractive to closed mind,
must bow to Nature which, ignored,
'cries havoc! let leash war dogs, sharp clawed.
We backwards tumble, stumble, weep
at our own sins, then crumble in a heap,

bumble, crumple, seldom keep
faith with ourselves, our errors reap.

Say, Seigneurs, why's old Nile run dry?
once rich it fed earth's veins! Reply!
Mere mortals suffer fiercest heats,
ice melts, sea-level's rise defeats
the dykes protective, blight rusts wheats.
Tea-Party partisan elites
fiddle while Rome burns in Nero sum,
no heroes these zeros, but beach-bum
promising naught they can keep
while most lose housing, hope, and sleep.
undertaxing wealth's deceits,
susupicious stunting social feats,
Now, to a savage selfness grown,
think nature serves their cause alone,
defund research for longer term
investments outside ego's sperm.
Science scarcely mask its hurt,
while short term Dow primes final spurt
before decline and deep depression
stifles personal expression.
And vex the gods with question pert,

New wannabe rulers as mildew
spread rot as fungus. Favored few
make hay while sun shines, for the rest
survival narrow at the best
appears as outlook East and West
succumbs to pressures that infest
both minds and harvests. Homeless roam
as wealthy add to honeycomb
that bitter after-taste prepares
for both the excluded and their heirs.
Bask Masters? I'm in pain with you;
task-masters, I'll be plain with you,
In my palace of Castille,
I, a king, for kings can feel.

There my thoughts the matter roll,
attempting to resolve the whole,

although 'humble poet' styled,
observation's undefiled.
You'll fail, refusing sound advice,
vice preferring facile s[p]lice,
the writing's on the wall, your reign
like pride at zenith, down the drain
shall soon be found as founders founder
though grasping at straw, cause unsounder
as boundaries redrawn by China
prepare America's role minor
in future which red, white, and blue
may not see fly, but take its cue
from half-mast past, aghast, confused
to see its sinecures refused
by sino rhino charging bull
in china shop of cock and bull.

Jonathan ROBIN

I'm Perfect Or Imperfect

'I'm perfect! ' Upon resurrection
imperfect is found as insight
assesses syllabic selection,
grin mocks spin's locks, sin swings left, right?

If false is truth's mirrored reflection,
if life and death spin/share same coin,
then what could be the point of perfection
when opposites ever conjoin?

If Future-Past's windfall convection
blows present to Present present,
why should eye, inspecting complexion,
chance challenges ever resent?

From Destiny there's no protection
the game must play out over time,
while each Cause/Effect intersection
is figleaf or figment for rhyme
as if ripple's reviewed for inspection
expanding, wave-banding to landing,
the moment's selection detection
depends on direction outstanding
which itself – due to sound wave inflexion –
unlike light, cannot echo for aye!
There is no promised land, no election
to heaven or hell for the "I".

All stays subject to frequent correction,
perfectible possible seems
evolution solution connection
between could, should, would chain of vain dreams.

If far, near, acceptance, rejection,
depend on criteria judgemental
then what is the point of invective
when sin_win's still coin of grudge mental?

Time adds to each serpentine section

which slithers, then withers or cheats,
recycling its heartbeat collection
as Time takes from time it deaf_eats.

So though some prefer circumspection,
while others time out with mimed flourish,
what remains when Death conquers dejection?
what's unburned worms or maggots must nourish.

Perfection seems state_mental lection
derived from desires which aspire
to acquire self-contentment, direction
some require to save soul from hell-fire.

Thus who turns to deep introspection
and who fame's mirage ladder would climb
alike are condemned – misconception -
while "afterwards" who cares a dime?

If truth springs from falsehood's def[1]ection,
if life from death none may dis-join,
each a link in Fate's chain is, projection
which spirals from loin to Sir loin.

Jonathan ROBIN

Icanny Reply Tongue Twisters Iii After Carolyn Wells A Canner

Danny, spammer ensconced on his fanny,
upgraded downloading Net Nanny,
as damned scam the man planned
phishing fish, cash in hand,
and a land line? LAN managed tyranny.

Jonathan ROBIN

If - A Writers' Guild Gild Guile Guide After Rudyard Kipling

If you can form and not make norms your master,
conformity, performance formal, flame.

If you inform, share, [fl]airing, flow far faster,
yet let not copyright bind tight to shame.

If you treat critic's inconstructive blaster
with humour, beat him at his game's lame claim,
take not to hea[r]t his tumour, bandage, plaster
half-heartedly, pretend [s]he never came.

If you can couple energy creative
well in advance of others in your field,
without confusing nominative, dative,
rei[g]n arguments through cogency revealed
in context, in a manner innovative,
code palimpsests from all but sage concealed,
If trust in self is never compensative
reaction used when you refused to yield.

If you can link great ends with small beginnings,
and yet not brag, nor tag each copy sold,
If dialogue's more vital than piled winnings,
to trim the quill where will won't be short-sold,
If, ignorance ignored, your story's spinnings
creates a p[l]ot no Potter has outsold,
yet you can fi[e]nd the flaw, from fresh beginnings
return to steer to clear horizons, bold.

If you can write without cash motivation,
self-righteousness avoiding like the plague,
create consensus round an innovation
embraced by all without appearing vague,
If you can span from logic to emotion
set constant course from vested interests clear,
If you can ban all untoward commotion,
while conscience clings to all that it holds dear,

If you can set the good within you flowing

without the itch to pitch beyond kitsch brink,
If you can give the nod and wink while knowing
that mental states aren't always in the pink,
If you use inner kinks to keep on growing
without denying others' right to think,
If you continue for tomorrow sowing
refusing using methods now that stink.

If you can lead lead soldiers Caxton crafted
without kowtow before cold compromise,
If neither editor nor public shafted
the output that your inner soul supplies,
If you can improvise, provide redrafted
communication keyed to catalyze,
you'll find to your surprise that you have rafted
on stream 'twill seem alone your own dream buys.

Jonathan ROBIN

If Choice Is Choice

Intense the sense of pattern which the mind
Never ceases weaving as the Way
Advances over Time and rhyme to find
Meaning's meanings simple, sure, yet fey.
Ideas presented well, thoughts underlined, -
No superficiality where they
Allow free range - as spirit well designed
Marks space to place wor[ld]d catalysts which may -
If choice is choice not circumstance designed -
New windows open through which interplay
Another, and another insight wind
Make constant progress through syllabic play.
INfinite our opportunities
MAy tendrils touch, find much soul further frees...

Jonathan ROBIN

If I Was Two And Twenty After Housman A Shropshire Lad Hood A Catch Swinburne A Match

If I was two and twenty,
with soul mate just eighteen,
we'd pleasures taste aplenty
nor censorship, nor sentry
in future evergreen
ignoring landed gentry,
dirt urban elementary,
all options opened gently,
by temporal re-entry
stream energy dream clean,
If I was two and twenty,
life's partner just eighteen.

Then we might blow pollution
to smithereens and seed
some carbon-free solution,
climactic revolution
defeating human greed,
then growth would flow unending,
before, behind, here bending,
straightforwardly defending
minorities agreed
on aims and attributions
all nurturing shared need.

If life were what the rose is
without the thorns to boot,
true loves would link together
through bright or stormy weather
where heart with heart reposes
in bliss, each kiss new root.
From story uneventful
discarding trumps resentful
to glory existential
we'd dance to magic flute.
Door open never closes,
vain envy could confute.

If forty years were shedded
from fearful mortal frame,
with errors past all shredded
and motivations headed
towards no guilty shame,
we'd offer level-headed
approach to chips embedded
life's options multi-threaded,
from cancer free, unleaded
environment we'd claim
essential as clear-headed
we'd redesign life's game.

If life were what the rose is,
true Joy no longer mute.
Were life bud which encloses
enjoyment absolute,
then light as downy feather
we'd float above wild heather.
Unknown would be love's measure,
unending blissful pleasure,
eternity two treasure
unknown would be dispute.
Seeds sown bear fruit, what shows is
fair blossom's good repute.

The mirror life should show is
reflection to transmute
dust into gold, exp[lo]ses
snake's apple – rotten fruit.
If thoughts, words, deeds, were ever
identical, life's tune
would harmonize discordant
vibrations, tongues concordant
would soften into sweetness
discovering completeness
yet ne'er obsessed by neatness
could conquer slander mordant;
temptations never-never,
and fly high as the moon.

If twenty two was granted
instead of forty more,
fresh forests could be planted
in paradise enchanted
'to each his needs', restore
opinion free, unslanted,
and equity implanted
as ideal by all wanted
without restrictions chanted
by vested interests sore,
from wiretaps unwarranted
to freedoms all adore.

If thought, words, deeds were never
a hot-air sky balloon.
If we were both immortal,
December mild as June
might be, we'd see life's summer
count each day in its number.
Life would be beauty blessing
each day full dinner dressing,
no lies to be confessing
eternal swim, no plumber
to pull the plug each mortal
fear drained from heart charts soon.

If illness idiopathic
was cured 'neath sun, stars, moon
Death sting-less, Life cocoon,
no human antipathic
as entente telepathic
removed fears psychopathic
we'd versify night, noon,
throw lifelines all find boon,
no conduct enigmatic
reactions harsh, dramatic,
could ever burst balloon
of fête and fun festoon.

If twenty two could focus
sage wisdom age confers,
defusing hocus-pocus

replacing slums with crocus
white, yellow, mauve, prefers,
inventing solar panel,
amusements multichannel
banish obese and scrannel,
end soft soap, fawning flannel.
In_gene_I_us new locus
which to just plan defers,
turns man, mad diplodocus,
to insight naught deters.

Some say: 'Delight may mingle
love, lust, but life, buffoon,
spins Time's wheel all too quickly,
today's bloom soon shades sickly,
tomorrow's tomb is single,
shores shown prove shoals and shingle.'
Their cares prove self-fulfilling,
with worries over-spilling
into haste's waste-chase chilling,
so rare their senses tingle.
and gloom flows out of noon,
all's vain! Life: mirage moon.
But we won't buy that tune!

While youth longs to be older
grasps opportunity
to test strengths, bigger, bolder,
advancing to unfold a
dream perfect to a tee,
Age dwells on lost youth, ponders
mistakes made as mind wanders
from joyful, novel wonders,
to doom gloom first responders
fear soon may fell life's tree.
Life's in eye of beholder,
no immortality
cold Fate our transient folder
will ever guarantee.

Were there no dearth of readers
on earth here, how delighting!

Our writing all adoring,
vocations pure restoring,
in high demand as breeders,
would poets every nighting
Gails brave, or Joys, or Ledas,
no dearth of readers sighting.

Regretfully our leaders'
priorities seem fighting,
backbiting and exporting,
exploiting and deporting,
so altruistic pleaders
must elsewhere underwriting
seek sustenance, indicting
lacklustre lusting leaders
whose all too frequent lapses
show judgement which collapses
when tested, which perhaps is
sign they fail all, the bleeders,
due more to faulty wiring
than that of their conceders.

If she were fairy ditty,
and I an airy rhyme,
we'd keep this up for ever,
nor think it very clever,
sense, nonsense, mix themes witty
until the end of time.

If she were fair[l]y pretty,
I not some hot-air rhyme,
But twenty-two? A pity
one can't go back in time,
and daily nitty gritty
seems far from rose sublime.
Fond meetings soon must sever,
from henceforth and forever.
With fields devoured by city
zen themes can't turn cat kitty,
spliced telomeres find kitty
soon spent, scarce worth a dime,
by evolution's climb.

If life were what the rose is
without the thorns to boot,
our loves would link together
in bright or stormy weather
where heart with heart reposes
in bliss, each kiss new root.
If life were, holy Moses!
a rose all could compute.

If, love's seeds sown, pretending
was classified as weed
then there would be no ending
of happiness to feed
shared passion overnightly
grown pyrotechnic brightly
as two through cues insightly
keyed to each other's need,
all bridges would be mending
endeavours all succeed.

Once love's seeds sown, descending
to fertile ground decreed,
we'd spend existence blending
our essences agreed,
see days spin fly-by-nightly
as we, together, tightly
can do no wrong but brightly
tired muscles nightly knead.
Fate, fortune, both befriending,
as on our way we speed.

In city, sandy shingle,
hopes rise, hot air balloon,
time-traveller's cartoon.
In town, or country dingle,
most bubble hopes burst quickly
on meeting cactus prickly,
birth's pride ride soon turns sickly,
lush locks, which flourished thickly,
fall, bride, groom, soon doomed loon.
All ends as empty jingle
for "slipperd pantaloon".

Age page needs no defending,
dear reader, pray concede
this writer's coda screed.
true expertise well lending
No ruse, one rues contritely,
transforms age to eyes brightly
hued where hewed life-line's nightly
cut short for sluggard, sprightly.
The blues ensues, so, tightly,
attention pay as lightly
our white poetic steed
is reined in recommending
YOUR pen should now proceed.

Jonathan ROBIN

If Men Could Read - Initial Version

If men could read in fee_male thoughts
then states would triple child supports,

(9 May 2000)

Jonathan ROBIN

If Men Could Read 0906 - Current Version

If men could read in fee_male thoughts
then states would triple child supports,
and second states would not be torts
when tactful contact sense contorts.
If poor pale male seems out of sorts,
muse must use cues, phrase that purports
to set his mind on track from sports
to antics where fair dame cavorts
with humour true - for false distorts,
leads into buxom bimbo shorts.
Mens' hearts are rarely drawn from quartz,
Lonsdaleite seems more lightly, warts
and all, hook, line and sinker, pride
seem teem behind their minds inside.

(24 February 2009)

Jonathan ROBIN

If Only

IF only? Do it now fair friend,
ON ifs and buts time will not wait,
Leave vain regrets, anticipate!
Youth sighs good-byes until ti[m]es end.

IF only? Kisses signals send!
ONE sip, for lips four to elate,
Life is too short to hesitate!
Your closeness sought should joy extend.

IF only? There's no time to spend!
ONce IS forever! Don't debate!
Leave b[l]ind fact cracked behind – the gate
Yin, Yang leaves open none should rend.

IF only? Lifespans none extend,
ONto eternity see Fate
Lottery duly orchestrate...
Yet 'free will' sentence may suspend.

IF only one could clone or blend
or off another state.
Let go! If you cannot score straight
Your cards can't trump, heart buck harsh trend.

22 March 2005 revised 12 November 2008
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for previous version see below

If Only

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ON ifs and buts time will not wait,
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Let go! If you cannot score straight
Your cards can't trump, or buck the trend.

22 March 2005

If Only poem © Jonathan Robin

Jonathan ROBIN

If Tomorrow

If tomorrow you should wake
to find we're parted, do not take
apart each moment which was spent
within this earthly tenement.

Life's at best wait waste mistake,
where few toast bliss, from most few take,
there is no message heaven sent.
Where there's no sin who should repent?

Here now, then gone, for heaven's sake!
The seasons slip by, what may slake
Man's knowledge thirst which was not meant
as substitute for tenderment.

Where some would have and eat their cake,
there most must balance give and take,
there's little point in precedent
where all towards the grave are bent.

If then tomorrow, you awake
to find us parted, do not break
your heart, nor yet your raiment rent,
but count the moments that were lent
as music gentle, though an ache
may stay awhile, play for my sake.
Soon, like the arab, you your tent
must ground to sound the way I went.

Jonathan ROBIN

If You Can Keep Your Cheese - After Rudyard Kipling

If you can keep your cheese while few about you
are holding onto theirs', all envy ease.

If none can get your goat nor cow could doubt you
your scent which, heaven sent, can tell true Bries
from Gorgonzola, Parmesan without you
planning for house mouse contingencies,
or short supply where larder rats may scout to
grind, compromise the tasty rind most please.

If by a whisker Cheshire follows trout to
provide fit end for sweet delicacies,
or cheddar meat meal follows leaves no gout to
blur enjoyment, taste buds' harmonies.

If desert heat no threat presents, no pout too
in winter's cold where lizard's blood would freeze,
If neither flood nor drought can mar, throughout you
may triumph over blue mould colonies.

If Gouda's better found than ground down beef bones
on steroids stuffed before sure slaughterhouse,
if neither mice nor men may match your skin tones'
cream Camembert cosmetic all'd espouse,
if cheesed off envy shows you best of best in
excelling in intelligence and nous
with magic mental mastery myelin
enhanced by microbes EDAM MADE not scouse.

If all kowtow, if none would ever flout you
remembering to bow before 'big cheese'...
if hole in one you score in club you clout to
take golden trophy - competition flees.
If all above's accomplished taste devout, true,
while others fail to prove their expertise,
your's is the world, which elsewhere's up the spout, few
can make their time your rhyme's real_I_tease!

IF - A Writers' Guild Gild Guile Guide

If you can form and not make norms your master,
conformity, performance formal, flame.

If you inform, share, [fl]airing, flow far faster,
yet let not copyright bind tight to shame.
If you treat critic's inconstructive blaster
with humour, beat him at his game's lame claim,
take not to hea[r]t his tumour, bandage, plaster
half-heartedly, pretend [s]he never came.

If you can couple energy creative
well in advance of others in your field,
without confusing nominative, dative,
rei[g]n arguments through cogency revealed
in context, in a manner innovative,
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to trim the quill where will won't be short-sold,
If, ignorance ignored, your story's spinnings
creates a pot no Potter has outsold,
yet you can fi[e]nd the flaw, to fresh beginnings
return to steer towards horizons bold.

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self-righteousness avoiding like the plague,
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set constant course from vested interests clear,
If you can ban all untoward commotion,
while conscience clings to all that it holds dear,

If you can set the good within you flowing
without the itch to pitch beyond kitsch brink,
If you can give the nod and wink while knowing
that mental states aren't always in the pink,
If you use inner kinks to keep on growing
without denying others' right to think,
If you continue for tomorrow sowing
refusing using methods now that stink.

If you can lead lead soldiers Caxton crafted
without kowtow before cold compromise,
If neither editor nor public shafted
the output that your inner soul supplies,
If you can improvise, provide redrafted
communication keyed to catalyze,
you'll find to your surprise that you have rafted
alone on conscious stream your just dream buys.

Writers' Real Mirror Reflection Reel

With inside out, and out, surprised, inside,
When penning verse whose end may, too, begin it,
When rhyming reel with real can coincide
Your's is the world and everything that's in it.
If you can write without cash motivation,
Self-righteousness avoiding like the plague,
Create consensus round an innovation
Embraced by all without appearing vague.
If you can scan, span logic to emotion
Set constant course from vested interests clear,
If you can ban all untoward commotion,
While conscience clings to all that it holds dear,
If rhymes may improvise, spurn prose redrafted,
Communication key to catalyze,
You'll find to your surprise that you have rafted
On stream it seems when wit reverse dream tries.

On stream it seems when wit reverse dream tries
You'll find to your surprise that you have rafted
Communication key to catalyze.
If rhyme may improvise, spurn prose redrafted
While conscience clings to all that it holds dear,
If you can ban all untoward commotion,
Set constant course from vested interests clear.
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Embraced by all without appearing vague,
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Self-righteousness avoiding like the plague,
If you can write without cash motivation,
Your's is the world and everything that's in it
When rhyming reel with real can coincide

When penning verse whose end may, too, begin it,
With inside out, and out, surprised, inside!

Cropped Apologies to Rudyard Kipling

If you can keep your crops when all the nation
rails, vain assailing creepy crawly bugs,
If you can thrive when most lives' reputation
is knocked for skittles, stumped by snails and slugs,
If you can sow, show though you stay surrounded
by failing harvests sere upon the stem,
where hopes unfounded, speculations grounded,
face farmers who through jealousy condemn.

If greenhouse gases can't delay your planting,
with fallow Brussels' edicts all ignored,
If CO² you compensate by chanting
an incantation to the heavens poured.
If snail trails slip upon your sensor networks,
if nano tech protects your fields' high yield
which on the Futures markets harvests net perks
that from the tax collector stay concealed.

If you can fight Monsanto's sterile sowing,
deny blight warnings, nor fear climate change,
if cash in hand exceeds debts most's greed's owing,
if you're the early bird with worms in range,
If you free farm through seasons, thank your maker
from man's pollution, safe solution find,
yours is the race, you, ace, may need pacemaker
for luck can turn, earn bridges burned behind.

Advice to an Applicant

If you can back your boss and keep on smiling,
while toning down his brash absurdities,
if, having watched the man manhandle filing,
you rearrange the folders pretty please,
if coy and charming, beautiful, beguiling,
anticipating all contingencies,
you manage new accounts, contacts redialling,
correct crass spelling, cover vagaries...

If you can keep your head while he's resiling,

evolve successful counter-strategies,
if 'mum's the word', discrete, ignoring tyling,
from busy-bodies safe when he agrees.
If you can spend your time in reconciling
his intellectual inanities,
never upset his fragile ego, heiling
whene'er he feels the need, or profits sneeze...

If Windows easy comes, while modem dialing
to DSL migration's not a tease,
if firewall free from viruses hostiling
you clean can keep, recalling password keys,
if the above you show him recompiling
the data lost when he lacks expertise, -
yet know your place as cypher, never riling,
remembering to bow before 'big cheese'...

If you can stand him publicly reviling
your good ideas, then claim them his with ease,
can watch while rival's ruin he's compiling
so coldly that a lizard's blood would freeze.
If when betrayed by his ambitious wiling
you triumph through innate abilities,
ignoring basic scheming, baser guiling,
you seize the precious point he never sees! ...

If you won't blush when, rash, he'll rush, exiling
your intuitions as freak fantasies,
but confidently while free-time he's whiling,
circumvent his incapacities.
Surpassing him in brains, tact, versatiling,
you never strive to swap your salaries,
but both feet on the ground, still patient, smiling,
can counteract his incoherencies...

If you are sure his image needs restyling,
select the suits that suit down to the tees,
if you are ever ready camomiling,
or sprinkling sugar, creaming, coffee, teas,
if you can trick his wayward infantiling
and censure not his immaturities,
ignore his clumsy tries at fond defling,

yet fondled, tactful, rise from off his knees...

If you take three degrees while reconciling
your private life to further Ph.D.'s,
if you can children bear without work piling
and keep them free from trouble and disease,
if you can spring his quick promotion - vile thing -
and play the game of happy families...
Your's is the job, the rest's cosmetic styling,
Oh prized princess and pride of... secret'ries!

A l'assistante de l'Indirection
Si tu peux supporter de voir tes dossiers
démolis sans souffler mot et puis reclasser,
si tu sais appuyer partout ton PDG
sans sceptique rester quant à ses qualités...

Si tu souris, beauté, sans être emmerdante,
si vive mais jamais surprise, impatiente,
le soutenant quand des contresens fous l'enchantent,
ses lubies supporter sans paroles tranchantes...

Si tu sais sans délais t'adapter au progrès,
les autres anticiper, sans jamais hésiter,
bien le préparer avec de bons conseils,
des envieux protéger ton patron hébété...

Très expérimentée, mais sans prendre de l'age,
compréhensive aider avec ses rattrapages
sans pourtant mériter accéder aux voyages
'd'études' et aux congrès, - ces minables volages!

Si tu sais lui montrer se servir du clavier,
aux réseaux si primés vite se connecter,
de l'Internet cliquer sur l'intranet branché,
son PC débbugger sans jamais se broncher...

Si sa peur du souris, du clic-clic, du mulot
tu peux sans interdits dépasser au boulot,
à ses flagrants délits trouver tout ce qu'il faut,
si tu ses buts poursuis en soufflant le bon mot...

Si tu sais compenser l'orthographe qu'il perd,
scanner, penser, noter, téléphoner, tout faire,
son planning programmer, sans être trop mémère,
le soutenir, si gaie, quand son coeur désespère...

Si tu peux accoucher à l'heure du dîner,
tes enfants élever tous en bonne santé,
ton patron remplacer - ronronnant au soleil -
sans pour autant rêver qu'on t'accorde sa paye.

Si tu sors d'H.E.C. sans prétendre à la gloire,
Sciences Po, c'est fait, sans en faire une histoire,
ou Enarque tu es, faisant dans ton pouvoir
le tout pour manier les re(i) nes du Pouvoir.

Lors mieux qu'homme d'affaires, ou chef de cabinet
mieux que tous ces experts si souvent égarés,
tu seras à tout faire une bonne rêvée,
mieux que mère, sacrée ASSISTANTE tu es!

If

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or, being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or, being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;

If you can dream - and not make dreams your master;
If you can think - and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with triumph and disaster
And treat those two imposters just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with wornout tools;

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings

And never breath a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: 'Hold on';

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with kings - nor lose the common touch;
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you;
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run -
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And - which is more - you'll be a Man my son!
Rudyard Kipling 1865_1936

Biff! The same father to the same son, now grown up.

If you can keep your job when all about you
Are losing theirs (by cutting down of screw) :
If you can keep yourself - for, make no doubt you
Won't get allowance, just for you to blue.
If you can make a heap by all your winnings
Risky on outsiders backed at Kempton Park,
Don't think that you will always get your innings
And kiss your boss's daughter in the dark.

If you should risk promotion, aught should tempt ye,
Eyeing the safe when all the staff have gone,
And, jemmying it open, find it empty,
And hear the watchman growl to you, 'Hold on! '
If you should fill the unforgiving 'minutes'
With names of all the people you have 'done, '
Yours is the gaol, and everything that's in ti,
And, what is more, you'll get six months, my son.
Rachel Ferguson Nymphs and Satires 1932

A London Sparrow's IF

If you c'n keep alive when li'l bleeders
Come arter t' wi' catapults an' stones;
If you c'n grow up unpertickler feeders,

An' live on rugidge, crumbs, an' `addock bones;
If you c'n nest up in the bloomin' gutters,
An' dodge the blinkin' tabby on the tiles;
Nip under wheels an' never git the flutters,
Wear brahn an' no bright-coloured fevver-styles;
If you ain't blown b'nippers (Cor, I'd skin `me!) :
Stop y'r shells nah, warm-like, under me;
Yous is the eggs an' everyfink `at's in `em -
An' when they `atch, yor be cock-sparrers, see?
J A LINDON

If You can Keep Your Man

If You can Keep Your Man when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,
Avert a break-up when he starts to doubt you,
Without behaving like a tart or shrew;

If you can bake a cake or change a nappy,
Although you've got a good Redbrick degree,
And yet can say you're reasonably happy
When other graduate wives dropp in for tea;

If you can lose yourself in `To the Lighthouse',
Yet, changing books, seek first the Thriller shelf,
If you can laugh at Mrs. Mary Whitehouse,
But sometimes wince at Wednesday Plays yourself;

If you stand up for Women's Liberation,
Think sex equality long overdue,
Yet purr when men evince consideration
And in a bus or train stand up for you;

If you can be a protest march frequenter,
But sometimes think the marchers a bit queer,
Yet, spite of everything, stay left of centre,
Oh, well, who knows? You may be right, my dear.
Stanley Sharpless

If You Can Crush

If you can crush, when all your chums are cribbing,
The urge that beckons you to do the same;
Can keep your tongue from telling tales or fibbing,

And can, when others err, take all the blame.

If you can nurse a crush on dear Miss Withers,
Yet bully off with just one silent tear;
Be resolute when even Matron dithers,
And weld the House together with a cheer.

If you can foil the fiendish Russian spy-ring,
Who've 'got a hold' upon the Head (the swine!)
And by example selfless and inspiring,
Can make those ghastly Juniors toe the line.

If you while staying virgo quite intacta,
Can scoff at those who label you a prude;
And, when you leave, can know you've never slacked or
(Except to Ma'moiselle) been flip or rude.

If you can scale such pinnacles of virtue
And earn your teachers' praises as 'a brick',
The truth, dear girl, (I do so hate to hurt you) -
The simple truth, dear Daphne, is you're thick!
Martin Fagg

IF

If you can stand the Quest and all her antics
When all around you turn somersaults upon her deck;
And go aloft when no one has told you
And not fall down and break your blooming neck;

If you can work like Wild and also like Wuzzles
Spend a convivial night with some old bean,
And then come down and meet the Boss at breakfast
And never breathe a word of where you've been.

If you can fill the port and starboard bunkers
With fourteen tons of coal; and call it fun;
Yours is the ship and everything that's in it
And you're a marvel; not a man my son.
Ernest H Shackleton

(28 July 2007)

Jonathan ROBIN

If You Prove True...

Voice within responds to harmony,
as one where two divided waste away.
Life, rainbow dewdropp of divinity,
each moment doubly precious as Time's ray
reveals a rhyme surpassing day-to-day.
If you prove true each month as May may be,
each breath a benediction's passion play,
dreams coinciding with reality
to highlight all mankind's epitome.
Victim of soft eyes here owns their sway,
in joy accepts Love's offering, would see
like blessing fall to all about our way.

Now trembling, on Time's threshold, hopes await
expectantly soft verdict on glad fate.

If You Prove Mirage...

Vice? Or virtue wrecked on coral reef?
As voice within awakes to siren call
like shipwrecked sailor, he feels trapped, yet all
enchanted by soft smile and song to grief,
respond to sweetness' thrall beyond belief.
If you prove mirage every moment's gall,
each hope turns ashes, dream sunk sans recall,
Love travesty and yet, like Life too brief.
If you prove mirage Lethe'd be relief
existence senseless, journey's wherewithal
doomed to tomb, as Adam's fearful fall.
Sorrow infinite, light dark, Time, cheating thief.

Now trembling, on Time's threshold, fears await
in trepidation verdict on sad fate.

Jonathan ROBIN

Ignition Recognition 0796

We, swathed in shadow-dream by night
from prying eyes ride out of sight,
none see us there.
You, super nova, shining bright
shall shiver-quiver with delight,
my hand your hair.
We toss, we cross from left to right,
adrenalin excited quite
from time-line where
wild whispers wraith-race round at quite
a rate, chased waist, taste, kiss requite
as everywhere
our earth spins like a top, black, white,
fade as we both incite, excite
twinned souls laid bare
from whom sounds issue as stage-fright
[f]lash feelings pulse, what's wrong? what's right?
whip need[!]ing care!
Lush rush primaeval lusts invite
to revelation as insight
flushes despair.
When inside out returns to bite,
for more both plead, in depth find height
too sweet to bear.
Hands twin heart, skin, win win sheds spite,
transcends dimensions, knows we might
be anywhere.
No thighs, bond_age ties, cries, just flight
beyond stars seen when day and night,
earth, fire, sea, air
compounded are as they ignite in recognition's second sight,
caress hors pair!

(9 November 2008)

Jonathan ROBIN

Illumination

Before: eyes wore sack cloth of black,
turned back from fair temptations' surge,
recoiled, pain wracked, from fate's attack,
saw splurge urge drowned by starcrossed scourge.

Hope unexpected then saw light,
delight which soared beyond all ken
of mice and men, displacing night
then opened door to joy again.

When transformation was complete,
from chrysalid slipped butterfly
antennae test, taste, haste to greet
bolt which bolts leaden could defy.
One moment lost, the next enthralled,
true metamorphosis 'tis called.

Jonathan ROBIN

Illumination's Ruminations

Eye humble poet ruminates on Chronos and extrapolates
on quirks coincidence or fate invents to challenge counterfeit
preconceptions, toxic fumes, life rhymes with time until Death looms.
Time's second thoughts themselves consume themselves, upon themselves
presume,
set plans of mice and men at naught, time lines taught, frustration fraught
as lender of the last resort whose lease on peace cannot be bought.
Time dominoes in sequency unseen by self-sufficiency,
translating into energy cusp crossroads few feel, fewer key
into to tune to roundabout synaptic, leaping in and out
neuronal pathways that without a doubt most misconceptions flout.

Wit started writ with couplets quaint that simple poets often paint
to speed ideas, draw sinner, saint, but back to drawing-board. Complaint
is respun, spins more complicated thought processes duly weighted,
some bright and airy fabricated from home-truths long anticipated
to see the light of day when called on catalyzing what seemed stalled,
or double walled those half appalled by speculations scarce recalled.

Ideas fan out in riotous dance whose chants advance as Chance decants
causal cusps sans backward glance defying deterministic stance.
Effective consequences Cause engenders through apparent flaws -
loophole left in pseudo laws - leave food for thought pursued or pause.
Life's fractal harmony may be perceived expanding constantly
yet most are purblind, fail to see holistic authenticity,
while what seems static, lacking steam, prepares fresh channels for life's dream
to drive horse, cart, through what most deem stable season's reasoned gleam
essential to keep even keel while spin surfing karmic wheel
through stages pre-defined that steal no thunder from the common weal,
that time band, tide's hand, deal, conceal until fate's too late to repeal.

Simplicity in outward form may sometimes mask a perfect storm
that cause, effect conspire to warm when self-delusions misinform
as much the writer as the reader - both speaker, seeker, - led lead leader,
guiding life's ride till time-wise weeder uproots tradition's strongest cedar.

Mind, stimulated, needs to feed a train of thought outside the tracks
of easy answers' whites and blacks whose monochromatic vision lacks
the wherewithal discernment backs when in between line links its tracks,

then spirals out on fractal limbs as sperm, inseminating, swims
towards true goal without which dim prospects of penetrating rim's
resistance, shaking out a leg in headlong rush towards the egg
that home to hive alive should beg his flag in meiotic keg.

Life's questions in its questions lies as much as answers it supplies,
confuting those who think they're wise behind dogmatic force which flies
in smithereens when ripe and rotten, their *raison d'etre* is forgotten
because of logic ill-begotten, assumptions strong as candy cotton.

True vibrancy must supervise, stay pregnant with its own surprise,
cut preconceptions down to size. No yard-scale ever quantifies
or censors those who fantasize. Conformity disqualifies
most open options. Life must rise to meet new challenge or it dies.
Yet some say Death is but disguise relinquishing all former ties
from which 'spore-radical' it grows renewed with energy that flows
from ground around, above, below, same answers seeking high and low,
forever in a different guise, forever noting how time flies,
here showing signs of compromise, there, fighting tooth and nail, defies
perceived time-traps against which rise emotions that 'self' justifies -
too 'primitive' to recognize evidence of its own demise.

I, humble poet, recognize the fact that one who versifies
through old equations may not rise to prose rose crystal clear - here eyes
observe far more than meet supplies of batons, cone arrays to size
confusing schools refusing school mistinterpreting tight rules,
to flux still subject, led by fools presuming vested int'rest tools
may subjugate the greater fool content to follow fallow rules.
Verse rules are worthy in as much as keeping change in constant touch
with elasticity of thought, veracity that won't be bought,
and ears tuned into the import of experience dearly bought.

Although these lines meander through thoughts' byways adding little new
to sum of sums, some take their cue from will to distill precious dew -
implicit questions overdue for whose horizons curlicue
into a mental cul-de-sac, who can't look forwards, won't look back,
who, superficial, float, and stack the odds against survival, lack
the wish or the ability to challenge sot stability,
through blatant imbecility prefer invisibility
to second sight that would prepare for future gambits though 'a hair
divides the desert from the sown' till climate change to dune unknown
and shifting, tune uplifting grown from fertile interchange no stone

untuned leaves in the search for bone the mind may worry, never thrown
away until the mind has sown a coracle to surf alone
currents mind's wind may have blown to lead towards a speed track shown
to feed felicity unknown to those who chose veils, nails ingrown.
Poem in draft form to be expanded

(20 April 2011)

Jonathan ROBIN

Impact Tracked

The century snailed onwards in its slime,
or so it seemed to those who actions mime
as if they were the puppet masters, - yet
stay strung dolls dangling on the jess of Time.

The pendulum of history now swings
to, fro, with speed, more humble posture wrings
from those who 'take the current when it serves' -
for Change is in the air, waits in the wings.

So as we witness Nature's thunder hurled.
Pandora's box unlocks tornadoes curled, -
an angry retribution will reward
Mankind for the abuses of our world...

Out of thin air there sudden springs alive
a windy wink turned category five,
son of sun, air, and warmer water which
blows minds away, - no sense to stay or strive

as hurry can mock man whose need to thrive
accelerates his hive to overdrive.
What poverty's undrowned, its ugly head
soon rears in tears, - on prime time captured live

So whether it be cyclone's swirling eye
or weather spun within a skirling sky
or band on year band foaming on Time's sands,
Life's tides turn flash floods swiftly whirling by.

Thus inches fall with mercury's decline,
this fall's reflected by the inches brine
or fresh, which lash land, sea, surge up from shore, -
when impact's tracked they add up to much more.

As temperatures climb we see a fall
in millibars and mercury as all
which once seem cloudless takes a darker cast
forecast to darken further as the squall

extends from one blind eye one hundred miles
or more to east and west while galeforce guiles
play games as Nature with torrential rains
wreaks havoc turning orphans to exiles.

23 September 2005

Jonathan ROBIN

Impromptu - What Is Poetry? - Translation Alfred De Musset Impromptu

IMPROMPTU - WHAT IS POETRY?

Evacuate all thought. Fix focus. Mind's
eye gauging guiltless golden guideline yet
way still uncertain, still, yet still upset.
Enshrine divinest dream, Time left behind.
Love, beauty, truth in harmony, soul binds
to open heart, aught else, flaw fraught, forget.
Strong song advances, dances, chance course set,
from outset heart charts art exquisite signed,
canvas charming or disarming - finds
within a teardropp priceless pearl reset.
Poetic passion here on Earth is met,
worth's girth, life and ambitions are defined.

18 August 1991 revised 20 April 2010

robi03_0445_muss01_0001 PTX_IXX

For previous version see below

Impromptu

What is Poetry?

Evacuate all thought and fix the mind
upon a golden guideline, balanced, yet
uncertain still, yet still, yet still upset.
Enshrine a moment's dream, Time left behind.
Love, beauty, truth, to harmony, soul, bind
within your heart, all echo else forget.
Sing, laugh and cry alone, on chance course set.
In smile, word, sigh and look your art has signed
exquisite canvas, fearful, charming, - find
with a teardropp priceless pearl reset.
The poet's passion here on Earth is met,
his worth, his life, ambitions, are defined.

Impulse - 1140 - Initial Version

Beyond the heartache and the dark
lush echoes of the [s]winging lark,
while distillation purifies
hushed moonshine seen through sharing eyes.

Beyond the throttle thread, then hark
to thrush's rush, let anguish stark
from dust to dust itself supplies
return, as shared emotions rise.

Beyond all stares segmented park
predispositions unkind, mark
of Christmas Past imprinted. Wise
is [s]he who comes to realize
what's sought beyond thought may be found,
what's caught is freed when fond waves sound.

(3 April 2005)

Jonathan ROBIN

In Balance - So We Can Be Happy

Sweet love's urgings seem, soft, oft ignored,
Or censored, checked, or wanting wings to fly
With fearless feelings which would amplify
Emotions into ecstasy: accord
Complicit, total. Can melodic chord
An empathy inspire, and fortify
Nascent love's lyre? Now may we two ally,
Become, dear heart, as bonded twins, towards
Eternity advance enchantment scored.
Harmonics tuned to hopes shared unify
Autonomy and love as you and I
Prepare fair future, peace is our reward.
Pray we'll find way to perfect harmony,
Yin-Yang, in balance, yielding sacred key.

Jonathan ROBIN

In Cycle Spin

Winding down scene: see summer seeds, prepares,
Reeled thread which into orange autumn's haze
Inserts green flashes, golden sun ablaze,
To time out Time as Nature's rhyme repairs
Incessant outer change with range which wears
No temporal restraints, through phase to phase
Gads round mad clock to reclad life, amaze.
Delight writes round the seasons' round, all cares
Eliminated as soft zephyr spares
Longing sigh for former salad days.
In cycle spin our lives we paraphrase,
Glad, sad, bad, good, regret instant replays
Have little chance to dance imagination,
To feed seed's need to speed regeneration.

Jonathan ROBIN

In Days To Come

In days to come when, dumb, one strums no more
rhymed witness to timed world where butterflies
still dance rare marbled patterns through fair skies?
when life lies sunk to rest unblessed before
most memories fade, who'll feel one penny poor?
Men, wor[l]dy-wise, ignore one poor demise,
for life continues as before - here lies
wry irony. Reflections poet pours
in [l]ink think themes on pixel pages' scores
fade with ambitions one can't realize,
when hopes unmet forget joy's first surprise.
Self is both root and cause of fatal flaws.

Wor[l]d memory: wax candle w[e]aned from flame,
leaves aims' search vain, masks answers to Life's game.

Jonathan ROBIN

In Depend Dance

It seems both relevant and realistic,
Now far more than ever in the past,
Drawing observations from authentic
Estimates, to question progress. Fast
Poor become more poor, a gap gigantic
Ever present, factored in, forcast
Never to be solved. We live a frantic
Delusive search for panaceas, cast
Expectant nets on waters scarce pacific,
Now here, now there, but efforts never last.
Can credos, tenets, individu'listic
Endure or prosper, subject to this blast?

Jonathan ROBIN

In Finite Terms

Eternity in sand grain signed
spans time in rhyme that, here, needs bind
through more than ten score lines assigned
to blossom fair [h]our prose aligned.
Perceptions springing from the mind
leave toils and troubles far behind,
discover karmic scope designed
to open vistas well inclined.
Societal design supposes
though Earth is not a bed of roses
adaptation interposes
evolving fixed-line blind proposes,
to steer change, range beyond laws Moses
exposed. Insight metamorphoses
closed-mind comfort zone life shows is
mirage mirror. All transposes.

Wide world, or vision narrow held
as crutch confronting harsh fate knelled,
too often interface is held
to preconceptions neatly spelled.
Perception cannot be compelled
to toe the line, fine print upheld,
must seek holistic outlines, meld
both seen, unseen, from naught withheld.

Yet few dare challenge paradox,
or view life from outside cant box,
and many fear, when door unlocks,
free choice, will shiver in their socks,
when faced with options seen as blocks,
complain about their starting-blocks,
call into question how life's clocks
seem overtime to run hard knocks.

Without self-knowledge who can judge
events, relationships, and budge
responding not reacting, sludge
discard, draw trumps, yet not begrudge

chance dance elsewhere, who need a nudge
to measure, pleasure, not prejudice
each unexpected, sundry smudge.

Self-confidence prerequisite
remains permitting cap to fit
while blinker free and insight lit
must motives meld both sense and wit.
Care not for sects too tightly knit,
which come with some predestined kit
to offer strictures roast on spit
which turns around redemption's writ.

When life's tick tock flicks clock's hands by
when fête holds sway old Time must fly
"and not a cloud obscures the sky"
why worry, pleasure now deny?
For joys tomorrow soul soars high.
True, some are smitten, springs run dry.
Too few heed inner warning cry,
to mist dismissed, wave Time goodbye.

Fate may be written, it may lie -
behind the veil is passing sigh,
more is assumed in store so why
seek answers which no gold can buy.
For, if there's more, hope cannot die,
if nothing, then why worry, high
and low in turn their fate defy,
then wave forgot sink twixt sea, sky.

Life's transience, quite underrated,
too rarely seems appreciated
as if the spirits, once elated,
could keep their t[h]rust unmitigated.
What lies beyond the tombstone dated
has never been elucidated,
though many have prevaricated
redemption offer unabated.

Yet dances led, with lead un-weighted,
quickstep through life, Death un-awaited.

Why worry if the dice are weighted
with finite term anticipated?
Perception closely seems related
to actions oft anticipated
by intuition which, un-sated,
seeks 'more' before true [s]core is stated.

When Time speeds up and hell-for-leather
is pressured onwards, storm tossed feather.
how drear each day to wonder whether
tomorrow's game we'll play together!
Ignored too often altogether
are ice-burst pipes in balmy weather,
or sacrificial goat on tether,
when life's free run on hill, vale, heather.

Dim is victim's prescience
despite disaster's imminence,
secure perception complements
self-satisfaction's arguments.
Men draw some sense of permanence
from self-supporting evidence
behind life's surface comforts whence
so much is pawned, save diffidence.

Life's patterns in advance may churn
a warning aura we discern
through experience, concern.
Here causal links respect must earn
before anxieties return
to haunt, to taunt, or bridges burn.
Life's patterns in advance few turn
to true advantage - all peace yearn.
Unwise who'll sapless, saphead, spurn
the hints that candles one can't burn
at both ends long. Yet each must learn
alone wheels turn. Urn soon we earn.

How much of man's self-confidence
is self-sustaining self-defence -
a mechanism fear prevents
although at prudence's expense.

The coin cards of coincidence,
that noise to others represents,
turn to advantage, making sense
of elements which signs dispense
to seed the sentiment events
may be controlled as 'whither' 'whence'
seem linked by dream intelligence
that lasts although we're hurried hence.

When cloud-free shines dawn's morning star
life's rose glows gold, presumes too far,
as if no shadow near or far
could compromise success, could jar,
or ever douse life's vital fire,
as if, once launched, the poet's lyre
could chant forever and inspire,
nor bore nor jaw resentful ire.

Pride heeds temptation's siren call
till morn when free flight spins free fall.
That day each lesson learns: - that small
sweet seems to gleam when night threatens all.
Perceptive insight should withal
ignore snobs, mob's pedestrian brawl,
innately find the wherewithal
to scribble, scrawl transcend, soothe squall.

Then narrow the circumference
of independence seems, intense
the pressure, the predicaments,
when arguments can't influence,
invalidate or overturn,
decisions others would confirm,
when former freedoms won't return
to light horizons dim and tern.

Those who rely on providence
often discover at their expense
that everlasting affluence
rhymes rarely with experience.
There is no 'Ave' no 'Marie',
no Eden for eternity.

Perjured who would guarantee
etern_I_[t]ease in hour[I] spree.

There is no golden throne and grand
when falls life's last coarse grain of sand
[the spectre of reign's written hand
of course reins in aims out of hand].
There's no white rabbit, magic hat,
no second innings where the bat
defies Time's ball. When that is that!
dreams of karmic streams fall flat.

When Fate's hand, tricked and trumped, turns black
dark Present weighs, no turning back
to glories past. When cares attack
fair opportunities all lack.
Reflect! Each given day completed
is stay of execution greeted
before fell final judgement meted
when hope for fair appeal's defeated.
Reflect! What future radiance shines
For anyone beyond life's lines?
Enjoy today! The Present signs
itself, as Cause Effect aligns.

Perception balance interjects
between life's toil and trouble wrecks,
and wishful thinking, thus respects
both fear and fancy, trust elects,
reality and dreams connects,
defensive phalanx e'er rejects,
creating vision true, inspects
both fact and fiction circumspect.

How the above our verse affects
to stay on course, spurn side-effects
distracting which plain truth neglects
stems from internal balance, checks,
soul-song which laziness deflects
to order thought that naught infects.
Creative wells leave most perplex,
write which 'mots justes' with ease selects.

One could expound till time and tide
see mankind taken for a ride.
Let this short essay thus abide
as introduction to provide
an insight into vision tied
to sentiments that coincide
with heart's intelligence allied
unto vocabulary wide.

(2 January 2012)

Jonathan ROBIN

In Flew Enza

WHO had not erred,
its warnings stand,
world governments well knew
sick trick preferred -
few understand -
my species' hops on cue.

Immune award
men must demand
alerts, surveillance too,
coherent chord,
strong words not bland,
sought global overview.

Some ranted, roared,
some risks ignored
in/on_ward health askew,
converge toward
win/win reward
new antibody clue.

Drugs undeterred,
injections canned,
from man to man we flew,
ants may record
Man by the board
like flies dropped, captain, crew.

Genes undeterred,
knocked men deadpanned,
few safe from my stock true;
chromosomes blurred,
nor token stand
so few shall make, 'tis true.

I'm core warlord
of ten thousand
which multiplies by two
upon my word

whenever sand
ticks nanosecond through.

I am true Word
to a viral band
dividing yet anew;
whereâ€™er I stirred
in gut or gland,
grief spreads â€” to each his due.

Few could afford -
swift I expand -
to hesitate while blew
changed winds which bore
diseases and
continue case review.

Infection poured
woe flowed, errand
contagious hullabaloo,
touched sceptre, sword,
none could disband
pandemic's subtle screw.

Card-coded cord,
D.N.A. band,
bound by genetic glue;
a hidden horde,
on every hand
mutating molecu.

As victims soared
some out of hand
perceived the risk that grew,
dire threat explored, -
migration banned -
strategic overview.

My rule stays awed
by chain and strand,
primaeval soup and stew;
perverted curd

bad blood would brand, -
mix death-mask task flask brew.

In prayer implored
strong man, unmanned
with fear, and women too;
to dust restored
stark pale, dark tanned,
some die ere dawn dries dew.

So, silent scored
brave, coward, bland,
pauper, patrician too;
those loved, adored,
the poor, the grand, -
God to his bosom drew.

With one accord
swine fever fanned,
interring not a few;
alarm men heard
in every land
coeval with 'tishoo!

Most, overawed,
saw deaths expand,
from dumb to high I.Q.
mankind deplored
that out of hand
my epidemic grew.

From cats which purred,
to pig sties spanned,
I came from out the blue;
begun with bird,
mutated, grew,
zapped gamma-globulu.

World unprepared
for high demand
of vaccin tamiflu,
for all stay scared;

who can withstand
the queues where sickness slew?

To Man absurd,
to germ â€™tis grand,
bug bear, bare bitten knew,
victims concurred
life's drops like sand
to waste went with adieu!

WHO World Health Organization robi03_1899_robi03_0000 WXX_JNZ
(28 August 2009)

Jonathan ROBIN

In Gestation - For You I Wait

For you I wait
On Nature's way,
Run round night, day,
Yet stand on fate.
One month too late
Unseen from play
I'll slip away
Won't stand on state -
At golden gate
In Peter's plate,
To time a prey.
I'll wile away
Now while you wait -
Growth rapid, great.
Each cell array
Strings D.N.A.
To duplicate.
Amalgamate
The smiles that sway
In interplay
Our joys, our fête,
New meeting's date!
Gesticulate
Explains brain's way
Says much of rate
The changes weigh
In, conjugate
Conflict, delay,
Until debate
Lifts cares away
As questions skate
To answers sway.
Ideas, sung, may
Now percolate,
Gain strength, relay
Its not too late!
Now heed display
Anticipate
Smiles in a spate

Open truth's ray
None ever may
Gainsay or grate,
To populate
Our every day
Divinely gay.
As we relate,
Yes, gest states jest... guess I just ate!

© Jonathan Robin – acrostic For You I Wait In Gestation Gesticulating In A Song
Today
written 26 March 2005 modified 12 April 2008

For you I wait
On Nature's way,
Run round night, day,
Yet stand on fate.
One month too late
Unseen from play
I slip away
Won't stand on state -
At golden gate
To time a prey.
I'll wile away
Now while you wait -
Growth rapid great
Each cell array
Sets D.N.A.
To duplicate.
Anticipate
The smiles that sway
In interplay
Our joys, our fête,
New meeting's date!
If this song may
Lift cares away
Let percolate
Smiles in a spate
Intense, a ray
None ever may

Gainsay or grate, -
To populate
Our every day
Divinely gay.
As we relate,
Yes, I gest state jest guess just ate!

26 March 2005

Jonathan ROBIN

In Head Or Ahead

What lies in head, ahead what lies? Lies past
no hold retain spite hope sustaining scope,
while trial and tribulation very fast
fade phantom wraith when faith helps heart to cope.
New morn no mourning knows for past regrets,
old, cold and barren, sere upon the stem,
reach is not risk, no need for hedging bets,
cats' curiosity scoffs at condemn.
Appearances as superficial waves
now spume, now fume, now perfume scent life's gift,
effect and cause from subterranean caves
soar, reassure, Miss, taken, sore, may lift
to summits far above mount Everest,
as sinfree judgement scorns worn second bests.

Jonathan ROBIN

In House Joke Man After an Infant Innocence

AP toasts, hosts, verse free from fee,
no tyrant rhyme rules most on site,
Oh! I rant boast's writ's point can't see
will one respond wit[h] second sight?

The Grizzly Bear is huge and wild;
He has devoured the infant child.
The infant child is not aware
He has been eaten by the bear.

Jonathan ROBIN

Oft, final ends surprise, by Time unfurled.

What hope of Heaven if there be no Hell?
We ask, « Does God exist? » as we are whirled
across the bridge Coincidence pell-mell,
haphazardly light throws light on life's pearl.

Make every moment matter, dark expel,
in laughter live until the final knell!

7 May 1989

Jonathan ROBIN

In Parenthesis

Bright mirror which sheds light on silent screen,
impartial witness to ephemeris,
another day reflects on other scene,
and never breathes a hint of that or this, -
a silver slate which undisturbed has been
awaits mercurial metamorphosis.

Mirror reflects men's absence, slate wiped clean,
with birth and death, ecstatic wedded bliss
traces stayed from Lethe's grim demesne
scarce an instant. Swiftly we dismiss
this sweetest memory, that pain most keen, -
can love transcend, bend, challenge Time's abyss?

The player gamely plays, acts out last scene,
indifferent to applause or heckler's hiss, -
before [s]he's buried someone slips between
the lines, into old shoes, yet who will miss
a century ahead King's head or Queen,
love's kiss, pride, honour vain, or cowardice?

A puff of Time, - time as time's bluff is seen, -
sees Life Time's capsule in parenthesis.
The stuff of life an empty stuffing, gene, -
transfer template, tomorrow's synthesis.
Yet who returns for encore ex-machine?
Tomorrow? - Well, tomorrow's parting kiss
sets springboard for fresh ripples' ripples bis,
for new tomorrows proving Man remiss...

Jonathan ROBIN

In The Cards

If flame from lame can come to [f]light,
Then through earth's [g]loom bloom stems in sight

La lame, l'arme l'armée lame mais lama, la larme alarme l'âme l'ami I am

Jonathan ROBIN

In The Midst Of The Journey Of Our Life After Dante

With glass half-full, half-empty questions put
outweigh most answers touching mind or heart,
whether silver spoon boon born, on foot,
each must make peace before release may start.

Who clearly sees through dark glass, darker wood,
would doubtless doubt's stark [t]errors deep repeat:
though hindsight mutters 'should things change, I could! '
Time turns to mock those causal locks would cheat.

More than life's ending, status symbol clash,
despite cards held is how the game is played,
what boots [c]haste win through bluff unthinking, brash,
if loss waste follows, squandered luck's displayed.

Can compromise for ethics compensate
when all is said and done upon due date?

With only faith to guide one through d[r]ead door
all outlooks hang uncertainly, life's trip
need not require that there be 'something more'.
Priority: means used ere ends unzip.

Dawn rose, rose bloomed, before fate's date of birth,
lie still returns to berth, will still remains,
while through life's dream theme round horizon's girth
all is in all, pride, fall, ride high, sigh, wanes.

All doors perception senses should be tried,
fears swept aside, have fun along life's Way,
faith seems pale wraith when logic is applied
to sojourn's play, what need remains to pray?

From past to future there's a quantum leap,
why care? Joys share, and then prepare to sleep.

'There is a tide in the affairs of men
which taken at the flood' to fortune leads,
omitted all the voyage that they pen

is bound in shallows, fresh misfortunes feeds.

Yet right and wrong, long, short, like yang and yin,
stay sides of one soul's coin, life's fingerprint
expressed, impressed upon life's press, begin
and end bend through one straight and narrow sprint.

Track lost no cost incurs when path is found
through loss of self which self soon rediscovers
through new tack where attack proves fruitless ground,
is grounded till bright insight path recovers.

'Nel mezzo del cammin' each trip appears
however short each day or long reached years.

Jonathan ROBIN

In This World

In this world and of this world,
we wonder whence we came and where to
morrow we will soon be whirled
through three score years and ten. Prepare! Two
moments matter, first cry hurled,
and last sigh [m]uttered, spluttered. There, too,
who remembers foetus curled
or corpse encoffined, both as bare to
any here. What flag unfurled
may wake the winds or ever dare to
show true way the world is twirled,
the how, the why, yet still speak fair... Who? ...

Jonathan ROBIN

In Touch

Shared clutch
In touch
No smutch,
Grow much
One touch
No crutch...

Jonathan ROBIN

In_Time_Mate Or In_Time_I_Date Sting [h]alter- Wring Or Sing Altar Ring Current Version After Burgess Abstrophy

'Forever' seems an attitude
repeatedly inflated,
fantastical as fervent mood
through which it is created.
Sweet dreams evolve to covert feud
quite unanticipated
when he or she, or both, fast, prude,
feel trust's been desecrated
when practicalities intrude
on idyll time-outdated.
Familiarity, once wooed
contempt breeds, hopes stalmated
when lovey-dovey interlude's
perceived plot perpetrated
on pipe-dream theme somewhat askewed
when truth is estimated.

Is passion spoiled by plenitude,
or, consecrated, sated?
castrated by its magnitude,
once baited is abated?
Is passion passing interlude
its pride of place vacated
when self by self is too imbued -
in_time_mate intim_I_dated,
passion pursuant to pursued
with chaste and chased related,
missel_toe issue tissue wooed?
bourgeois romance out-dated?

Amor cavorting in the nude
tryst trophy team instated,
finds double assets well accrued
physicians fitly fêted.
Or is it just lust for bust crude
between divorce created

by cheesy lawyers out for feud
too well remunerated,
communication misconstrued,
excuse pre-fabricated?
Is family sollicitude
ideal deal which rich waited?

Is love submissive servitude
to idyll [I]over-rated
triple A by Moody's in the Mood,
Fitch, Standard Poor berated?
or self through wealth from shelf rescued
by bright knight silver plated.
Is true romance a tale well cued
in fact or fiction weighted,
ideal two feel that if unglued
becomes prevaricated,
some self-fulfilling platitude
to divine will related?

Philandry's dreams seem turpitude,
their moral base truncated,
to narrow creeds whose redes home-brewed
would Punch, Jude, jail, castrated.
Such witless hypocrites conclude
just unjust must be gated
to leave room free for certitude
above all annulated.
Behind philosophies pooh poohed
by Nature, celebrated
are whips and scorpions for 'lewd'
behind bars flagellated.

Blind minds on their own failings brood
through fears articulated
in 'weak end' psychodramas. Who'd,
survive incarcerated
by bigotry which would exclude
free-love's joy elevated?
And what of polyandry's dudes,
their birthrights abidicated
to queen bee who would then preclude

them from role dedicated
to sowing wild oats, who, subdued
by cuffs are dominated?

What of divorcees in the mood
for folics over-rated,
are shot-gun weddings bloom bestrewed
by town clerks consecrated
sure guarantee that love's renewed,
when former spouses hated
suggest things rotten parties screwed
in Shakespeare's Denmark Stated.
Is love true state of mind or shrewd
assessment calculated
as welcome win/win option chewed,
advantage meditated,
by bride and groom till tomb's subdued,

Is true love raiment rainbow hued,
chromatic notes collated,
kaleidoscope beatitude
symphonic susurrated
between hope's life-line interlude,
fine-tuned, recalibrated?
or seamen's hearts red, blue tattoed
under influence sedated
until new ship's sails are reviewed
with lost love abrogated?
Emotion's timeless amplitude
forever is debated
by cynics whose ineptitude
cannot be understated.

Can entente hand in glove allude
to kith, kin, karmic fated?
Is XX lacking fortitude
when XY flags deflated
or need to feed seeds needs construed
as sharing pairing baited
by reproductive fair game food,
threads generations bated?
Track records rarely all include,

beware, life's dice are weighted!

Is prime mate musing magic trick,
or sleight of wishful thinking
which senses sweeps in augenblick,
then changes course a-winking?
Is lovelorn candle, life's trimmed wick,
in time's rhyme ego linking?
fidelity through thin and thick?
complicity gone kinking?
Are all emotions fiery flick
or blatant double-thinking
returned to loved-one double quick,
upon reflection sinking?

Is lust light uncontested beam,
star-studded, scintillated,
or shared commitment as a team
regularly restated?
Are passion plays part of heart's scheme
[t]win-win anticipated
to foster further fondness, gleam
fantastically fêted
as variations on a theme
confirm the term related?
Or should one, wary of extreme,
prepare for fall check-mated?

Is passion part of heaven's game
Chance challenging unshrinking,
deflecting Fate from some false aim,
from former flame unthinking?
Is passion love, love passion tame,
or echo self-hoodwinking?
Truss channelled through trust karmic chain
or opportunist skinking
twinned souls sole, self-centered claim
staked counter Fate moves inking?
or shameless counterfeit quitclaim?
on blameless vestal pinking?

Can passion rhyme with peaches, cream,

through humdrum soar elated
to reach peak plateau, stay supreme,
joy never dissipated?
Or must Time take its toll, lose steam,
as tears evaporated?
Is troth plight tsunami torrent stream
wave pupils wide dilated
or self-delusion's mirage dream,
peer pressure instigated?

Love, hate, hate, love, chase interlude
between haste chaste created
to fill the void both gal and dude
avoid till terminated.
Yet can love live, forgive, when crewed
by team at odds, unsated?
Base too unstable to be viewed
as else but dream deflated,
time no prime rhyme can ease, bestrewed
confetti falsely fêted.
Corps core intact, authentic feud
maintains 'gainst hate and hated.

Should devil dance, dare to intrude
between twinned karmas fated,
and counterfeit love reconstrued
two-timing triplicated
then authenticity's tease cued
motives manipulated
and all proves vain, no gain, pain brewed,
pawns challenged, chest check-mated.
Quantum entanglements delude
all who love/hate equated
no 'opposites' each must preclude
the other re-instated.

IS Love? if 'tis, if 't isn't, what's the use?
Grounds hidebound logic lists sound vain, abstruse!

Jonathan ROBIN

Incandescent Dragon Destiny

Fire and brimstone lay all bare: birth, mirth, dearth earth berth soon prepare.
Great, low, brash dash, ash grate's despair, pride rider, beggar, rich, austere.
Play folds after brief fame flare, tide turns, life burns, urn earns; no prayer
staves off brave, weakling wear and tear, which sings all beyond repair.

Time self-devours, each century is swallowed by that which follows free
from here until eternity. Frost's 'Fire and Ice' identity
from tip to tail tale pours, paws flee unveiled combustion nth degree
that scorch, torch, porch and family: our incandescent destiny.

Today, blank slate but barely scratched
must soon, with predecessors matched,
discover that it is dispatched
beneath time's stubble that sees hatched
new generation Lethe latched
which, pauper, plays with paper patched
until, in turn, from earth 'tis snatched.

Tomorrow, many may not see, Tomorrow turns to history,
and thence returns as all must be re-archived with celerity
as flightless Phoenix cannot key unanswered moral mystery.
His story, her uncertainty, together R.I.P. oubli.

Between the two, one's too aware of pointlessness, that splitting hair
precarious may prove! Beware of splits sectarian, unfair
intolerance, of jealous stare, of petty squabble stirs whose blare
rouse Time's dragon from its lair, till self-consumed are match, strike, flare.

Jonathan ROBIN

Incite Insight

INCITE INSIGHT

Can candlelight melt icy start,
incandescence stem descent,
incite renaissance, shared assent
discovering dream's counterpart?
May heart to heart though far apart
heartache soothe to circumvent
walls beyond walls which represent
apparent obstacles - impart
ardour surpassing Richter chart,
gift elan confident, lament
layers in lairs where hermit spent
temptation torment playing part?

Tenderness twins thoughts to teach
touch formal frontiers may outreach.

10 June 1996 revised 20 November 2008
robi03_0812_robi03_0000 SXX_LXX

for previous version see below

Incite Insight

Can candlelight melt icy start,
incandescence stem descent,
incite renaissance's assent
discovering true counterpart?
Can heart to heart though far apart
heartache soothe to circumvent
walls beyond walls which present
apparent obstacles, - impart
ardour above the Richter chart,
an elan confident, lament
layers in lairs where hermit spent
temptation torn, tormented heart?

Tenderness thoughts twins to teach
touch through emotions which outreach.

10 June 1996

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Jonathan ROBIN

Incompleteness

Verse cannot completely trace
one fair reflection where the light
leaves an impression of such grace
that words, found wanting, seek insight
to reunite with spirit bright,
yet every line links to disgrace
when compared, when second sight
seeks to satisfy both pace
and sense of fitness which replace
the commonplace that must indict
the great part of the human race,
read here both truth and envy's spite.
Yet who'll, on reading this, believe
here's no intention to deceive?

(18 May 2005)

Jonathan ROBIN

Indepth Focus Beyond Cloudbanks 834

Season seeds succeeding seasons' seeds
Until spun seasons cease, run Time's decease.
Reason reads another reason's creeds,
Understanding seldom sees increase.
Needs release still greater needs, each feeds
Nilly-willy on each other's peace
Unheeding breeze which stirs both ripples, reeds.
Above, below merge, cloudbanks grey release
Gaudy Iris, water-weighed, which leads
Each stride as guide to treasured golden fleece.
Gain inner fulfillment spurning stressful speeds,
Retain true focus free from thought police.
Idyll profound is found in heart which heeds
Simplicity discarding worry beads.

(27 June 2008)

Jonathan ROBIN

Indict Trends Transient

Trust, founded, must rebound with feeling, zeal,
Indict trends transient, superficial flight.
True talent, filling canvas with delight,
Must soar, more, sing-wring meanings' common weal.
Maintain poetic principles, ideal,
Investing inner energy whose light,
Catalyzed by pregnant second-sight,
Spins sense intense in music inkling wheel.
Spurn dry prose rose d[en]ying to conceal
Trite minds behind 'free verse' cursed uncontrite.
Swerve not though knot some, jealous, might draw tight.
Successfully through harmony reveal
Ways words unreel original connections,
Write, scorning empty rite, block blank corrections.

Jonathan ROBIN

Indifference Walls

Walls are locks, cemented security,
ARE minds indifferent to songs men sing,
Locks internal which always inwards swing,
Cemented, defend mental obscurity.
Security's not silent purity,
ALL Risks Excluded, Silent Torture Ring.
Risks show vulnerability despond bring
Excluded scope, soft-soap cocksurety,
Torture Ring strangles Hope's futurity.
Hardship Represses Each Authentic Thing,
Represses will open up, fly, wing
Each day towards sharing maturity.
Authentic feelings greatly need to know
Things new free from indifference, self-grow!

(5 June 2013)

Walls

WALLS ARE LOCKS, LINE-LINKED SECURITY,
ARE minds shut tight to songs men sing,
LOCKS internal which inwards swing,
LINE-LINKED, defend obscurity.
SECURITY's not purity,
ALL RISKS EXCLUDING, TORTURING.
RISKS deep unhappiness can bring
EXCLUDING scope, cocksurety
TORTURING Hope's futurity.
HERE REPRESS EACH AUTHENTIC THING,
REPRESS the will to fly and wing
EACH day towards maturity.
AUTHENTIC feelings need to know
THINGS new to let them open, grow!

(20 November 1991)

Jonathan ROBIN

Individual Insolence - His P[er]f[ect]ure Is Precious

Self-esteem at sea few dreams come to be
transformed, enhanced, ensuring metamorphosis
from grub to free flight light to see
true destiny untrammelled by psychosis
where fear of fear authority
severs from soul that seeks transparency
empowering mind, unbinding, key
unlocking doors, doubts flouting, open oasis.

Spendthrift, swift second thoughts so greedy glide,
dovetail decades to centuries for waiting dead,
so few of whom dare seek inside
true soul; seed weeded, cower stillborn once hour's sped.
Who falter, hesitate, or hide,
issues undermine, gratuitously misread,
dodge deadlines, ostrich imitate, divide
themselves from future freedom: futile chicken-head.

Priorities with force collide
with weal's wheels steel inlaid, braid geometric tread
when feelings, mind, can't coincide.
Run coach and horses through approach to safety wed.
Turn from temptations of soft ride
along straight road of safety, comfort, ease, well fed,
that shutters, clutter free, outside;
walls off, denies, discomfort, challenge, when all's said.

When oligarchies petrified
pay off panhandling populace with circus bread,
repression's often found allied
with intolerance, oversight unbiased shed.
Voice stifled, choice re-qualified
by hierarchies restrictive, equity ousted,
iconoclasts disqualified.
Monopolistic int'rests top/down hammerhead
humanity, termed thorn in side.
Justice is often misapplied by state control ghost hosted.

Distrust that moment when the tide

of Fortune, at the flood, entwines in fickle thread,
enticing, sickle Time at side,
man with her siren song: by lust, ambitions, led.
Beware all those who'd hitch their ride,
queue jump at the expense of others, snatch board, bed,
by selfishness unjustified
stirred, careless of accounts to render overhead.

Whatever reasons that decide
the insolence of the individual; bled
by fears, or blessed by wisdom wide,
or, hope denied, twisting in heat fond heart or head,
his place is precious. Don't deride
differences that oft divide his awkward tread
from those who, superficial, slide
through life, those most behind who think themselves ahead.

Jonathan ROBIN

Inertia

Instincts suppressed, what's best? fears unredressed,
Neglecting much, touch, scent, taste waste away
Efforts unjustified, denied, unblessed,
Rewards and fairies exiled yesterday.
Time winnows second-thoughts, chaffed tears descend
In drops, in streams, in floods, yet seldom seen,
As vectors for communication end
In gridlock matrix vicious circle scene.
No conscious effort made seems worth the toss,
Energy drains, pain rains, reign self-consumed,
Rise and shine to sighs and whine show loss
That filters through grey haze maze unassumed.
Inertia's curtain opens and discloses
Apathy's dark blinds behind mind lost to roses.

Internal inquest protests, but rests strain stressed.
NIRVANA spells RAN VAIN hope sped away.
Efforts unrewarded, unaccessed,
Reap no fair deal, missed feelings piper pay.
Tense dreams can't role-reverse tear teams unsought,
In time-bought pearls stream, tandem unsuppressed
As witnesses unwilling, hauled to court,
Inner frustration's uninvited guests.
No energy extended is sustained,
Expressions and possessions self-consumed,
Reaction not response reflects soul pained,
Torn between regrets, bets unassumed.
Ignored are intuitions, boredom presupposes
All voice for choice vain, pain strain juxtaposes.

Inequity, excuse unjust, poor jest
Noway can compensate for soul dismay
Effacing confidence in acts that test
Resistance, to success may find sure way.
Terror stalks, walks wraith-like, balks at naught
In mating moves which might reverse game's play.
Away with light, too bright, blind minds are caught
In self sought cleft, bereft of wherewithal,
Near seems too far, far full of fear is thought

Ever synonymous with danger's pall.
Reminded that inaction's action taught
To city zen's too close for comfort shawl.
Indecision, doubt despondent grows, is
Alas drawn double-bind. Mind decomposes.

(30 May 2013)

Jonathan ROBIN

Infatuation's All Hands On Stations Gig Antic_Ipations

INFATUATION'S ALL HANDS ON STATIONS GIG ANTIC_IPATIONS

What's love? above all hand in glove,
with statement missionary,
twinned turtle dove, no pressure, shove,
precisions scission scary.

Infatuate calls bluff, seals fate,
romantic airy-fairy
from single state anticipate?
semantic se[a]men hairy?

Is limerence mind's self-defence
'gainst harsh realities,
as urge intense to merge makes sense,
what's real? weal's wheel? reel tease!

With no offence from off the fence
analysis essential
of present tense, or past, immense
gap trap zaps existential.

If Jane's found plain, explains in vain
Beauty lies in beholder,
eye S. Stone's veins, varicious pain,
sigh 'fortune favours bolder'.

If Callipyge starvation siege
sets to forms round, inviting,
she'll see her liege-lord disalliege
script tipped for strip rewriting.

Some feel ideal is Emma Peel,
James Bond is others' magnet,
with Bluebeard's wives - all seven - strives
double-o-seven drag net.

His armour bright that shines tonight
tomorrow may turn tarnish,
Sweet kitten sprite may scratch with spite
despite delightful varnish.

Well-shaven bloke who volumes spoke
through two eyes - size gigantic -
may lose through spoke, or end up broke,
drown crown in mid-atlantic.

Both well-trimmed beard, job highly geared,
complete with cash abundant
may find decks cleared, despised or feared,
off-course divorced, redundant.

Ideals which glow today may show
tomorrow Janus Jekyll
whose hide hides Hyde's unwanted sides,
hot water turmoil's kettle.

Soul's double now may trouble brow
when full moon's silver slivers
crush sacred cow of crush and how
to keep home fire from shivers?

Who cries mush-mush, in rush with crush,
may find flirt future breeding
at first hush-hush regrets then brush
off uphill climb as seeding
another hope for scope to cope
with more experience
for bimbo dope, or temper tope
grate greatly, time, expense,
mistaken make for graceless take,
ungrateful, costly error,
heartbreak tears' lake discovers, ache
at best, at worst stark terror.

If fat, odd, slim depends on whim
infatuation's echo
is dating Tim, or Tom, boy Jim
just [s]pher_o_gnomic decko?

To meet in gym THE her or him
who's answer found eternal
can out on limb fill to the brim
or prove unfound, infernal.

Shared pillow dreams on billow themes
at sea become if motive
divestive schemes, base vested seems,
demeaned demesne devotive.

Terse verse could glow, rehearsal flow
as raindrops grow to ocean,
each stanza show reading slow,
cue into true emotion.

Sustained roles no reversal know
when mind aligned in motion
with ribbon, bow, cupid's arrow,
wraps literary notion.

Take time before rave brave, squaw square
tie knots before f[r]ont altar
for craves that soar to save lave sore
when sea-saw trip tips halter.

Though cream of cream may sing love's theme
beware delicious morsel,
fire burns desires extreme
when falter alters core sell.

Sweet neat's a feat, and quite a treat,
when washing dishes daily,
each wish to greet with smile so sweet
surpasses merely malely.

Mistaken not, spot on on spot
with cleanliness idyllic,
to tie love's knot, forever hot,
no character cyrillic.

To grave from cot, foreget-me-not

would be true motto brainy,
wealth, never sot, no tommy-rot,
protective for days rainy.

For helpings more, and helping chore,
he'd ever ask, romantic,
bold, joy restore, hold open door,
mind generous, gigantic.

Wife heaven sent, with whiff as scent
great pheronomes emitting,
is life well spent, none need repent,
upstanding room - no sitting.

Who'd love a guy, who just knows why
to right all worries wistful,
could soothe each cry or tearful sigh
with sparkling gems - a wrist full?

Are you that SHE who's fond of me
if up for every task?
your mensch I'd be wench, faithfully,
in brightest beauty basket.

Suspicious here may sudden clear
too purr_fect for cat's whiskers
one might appear - ideals held dear
might drown in frown hibiscus.

Thus this short rhyme, free from prose crime,
rose imperfections pleading
in Columbine finds heady wine,
no whine ahead write reading.

But humankind tends to be blind
to flaws and self-awareness
becomes a bind if twin soul's mind
is missing justice, fairness.

Ideals are fine for pantomime
or search for cinderella,
an ideal mate who'd booze berate

must shoe shop with umbrella.

Verse length from Earth to Mars with mirth
could reel, time's wheel defying,
from birth to berth, with ne'er a dearth
of humour versifying.

Swift lifting lilt could quick be built
by stories tall and tasty,
'neath suit or kilt need never wilt,
nor spoil through choices hasty.

Attention span of maid, mouse, man
ain't uniformly scattered,
for some quick scan, while some, deadpan,
as gospel take truth tattered.

Right now we end rant write, depend
on no sublime salvation,
nor condescend to date mate, wend
way weighed with egged ovation.

So stay content with what life's lent,
'I'm perfect spouse delightful
who pays the rent AND can't be bent'
may turn out nightmare frightful.

29 August 2009

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Author notes

Limerence

Words in [b]rackets convey two or more meanings

I'm perfect or imperfect?

Antic_ipations = gig gigantic anticipations' antics

Idea[I] = I deal idyll ideal idea... I dear?

Callipyge

disalliege = alienate

[s]pher_o_gnomic see.. pheromone sphere on home gnomic (a) gnostic
interpretations welcome

varicious = neologism uniting viscous varicose and vicious

aff[r]ont = in front of font with or without affront

Jonathan ROBIN

Information Age

The Age of Information dawned when war
saw systems seeming stable forced apart.
Urged by the need to 'free ideals' restore,
men sought through new technologies to start
accelerating change, which evermore
sailed deeper into waters none could chart.
Fifty years gestation has therefore
given birth to brave new world, - in part
a shadow of the past - yet what before
seemed certain, now reflects a phantom heart
beating like a final toast's 'encore'
when all is really ready to depart.
On such a full sea are we now afloat',
and we must surf the tide, or miss the boat.

Afloat and driven by the winds of change
we venture onwards, - 'whither, no-one knows'.
Although imaginations freely range,
few dare anticipate the future flows
which well may make most of mankind exchange
freedoms for safety net serf work bestows.
Curricula evolve to rearrange
the way in which Youth thinks, - the way Man grows
to grasp conceptions will seem 'passing strange'
even to teacher who his creed seeds sows.
The generation gap will disarrange
priorities which once the old world chose.
The great leap-forward is already here,
as in Atlantis, much must disappear!

If climate out of kilter hots up pace
at which change is impressed upon mankind,
cocoon protective swiftly could unwind
find all unready for transforming face
of global village, ending state of grace
assumed by politicians' predefined
priorities, through Internet designed.
The domino effects today we trace.

Some species are extinct, some more embrace
new hunting grounds with winter winds unkind
replaced with zephyrs somehow left behind,
in mid December, from September's space.
With polar meltdown, sunlight once reflected
is more absorbed, in store: flashfloods projected.

Jonathan ROBIN

Initial Impressions

Initial impressions of Anne: a portrait
here follows, as of that short trip we relate
in amateur adjectives alliterate,
as ever, in jest, true events will narrate.

'Rise six, arrive seven, I mustn't be late,
my meetings eleven, thereon turns my fate.
I mean to be early, I'm sure they won't wait;
rush, hurry to Roissy, take off is at eight!

At first all goes smoothly, check-in at the gate,
with only a briefcase, no bags overweight,
on tapis he passed me, has he too a date?
We're sitting apart, boarding call all await.

Time flies by. Fly, I try to fix, concentrate,
upon my good fortune and evaluate
alternate employment. The chances seem great
in corporate finance, no more to stagnate.

But minutes and seconds soon accumulate,
and others around us complain, remonstrate;
the plane is delayed, which my plans may frustrate.
I'm bored, chat while waiting, inside fulminate!

For nine-o'clock ticks while no immediate
signs of flight departure as yet emanate
from Air France, 'London's fog bound' so surly they state:
irate travellers round the desk congregate.

Then sounds of activity near indicate
an aircraft is ready, its engines vibrate,
quick, over to B.A., with inquiring gait
I fly, and he follows, to investigate.

Just four total strangers do not hesitate,
adroitly are able to anticipate
the Trident's departure, and seats relocate.
the others remain, though with rage radiate.

Ere onto the runway we accelerate,
we glance at each other, begin to relate.
I, Lady from Lanvin, groomed immaculate;
while he, what can he be, so weary, barbate?

I, Lady from Lanvin, groomed immaculate,
stylish exterior, career orientate,
yet deep down within me, fine fleur feminine
seeks an exit to 'be', both to blossom, create!

There's a gemmed golden clover, conceived chez Chaumet
adorning my finger so fair, annulate,
do not be deceived though, those tips roseate
have also known sorrow, and sadness I hate!

As sedate expressions oft dissimulate
unease, insecurity, I isolate
the sentiment somehow that I'm second rate
by progress in business, false fears compensate.

Ahead in my field, I the rest dominate,
create, affiliate, then amalgamate,
expansion advocate then conglomerate:
this surely must prove I'm not inadequate.

Pieds sur terre, in the air, we do debate.
Merchant Banks' merits, that most denigrate.
He offers the option to collaborate
in equity placing, a job which does bate!

Soon please fasten seat-belt signs flash luminate,
as through dew-decked clouds we dive, decelerate.
Earth rises to greet us, we've landed, brakes grate.
then tired Trident taxis to terminal gate.

Quickly through Customs to where ranked cabbies wait
then speeding past Palace towards Bishopsgate.
Through noon's terrible traffic jam we navigate,
At Cheapside we part, leaving me to my fate.'

Jonathan ROBIN

Initiative - Paradox

Though siren songs of progress spur Man higher,
like Icarus, beware ambitions' fire!

Conservatives of every hue
advance that common caveat -
whenever faced with something new
they seldom fail to smell a rat.
They therefore counsel caution due
before attempting this or that,
implying that inventions new, -
to wit: all that is not old-hat, -
are heresy, could threaten too.
You want a turn? Go out and bat!
Youth to youth true, what you must... do!
Don't wait too late, when old and fat, -
their attitude appears askew,
could be ignored, accepting that...

Sure, though to safety's shore returned his sire,
Daedalus' fate, forgot by most, was dire.

(9 September 1981)

Jonathan ROBIN

Ink Links Inklings

Ink from inklings flows
weaving tapestry,
understanding grows,
rejecting falsity.

Monochromatic glow
innate harmony
kaleidoscopic show
serendipity.

Image imago
instantaneously
enlightenment bestows,
imagination free.

Impressions unity
scorns ambiguity.

(28 December 2008)

Jonathan ROBIN

Inkling

Silence shrinks belongings

Jonathan ROBIN

Inner Liberty

Inspiration's spent cartridge, having out of the blue shot its insight bolt from out of sight, hangs, bridge ridge ego echo [s]kidding between indifferent and indignant, appears in suspended animation, arrested as if Time and Space had conspired to offset kinetic energy oversight aspiring to fire the Ages.

Dissolve need for conceptual anchors and, thereby, solve descriptions of descriptions of inside/outside interdependant fractal interface tracings pacing the space outline of straight line meta-mode mind-sets.

Pivot and pillow wo[ld] challenge tenets of Ti[me] and P[lace], ful[crum]s of the soul's immortality, seeking to block the spirit's fleeting winking inking thinking linking greeting shrinking within itself.

TIME AND PLACE LAND, PACE, EMIT, check balance, equilibrium equipoise, awaiting the meeting mutating mate to mating for DEEP CLAIMANT before they DECIMATE PLAN.

A state me[an]tal line, desperate to [t]race light, as if its existence depended upon its s[pe]ed, soars, curving, arching, sharching star I Ching through the marching universe, attempting to reach, underscore, and underline itself.

Standing upon no ceremony, light quark sparks affect all levels of cosmic consciousness until the circle reforms an image impression expression of universal harmony.

Emotions long to [l]ink the pages of the Present, intertwining Past and Future, and, in letters large as life, decipher themselves, decode the ingenuous genius or GENE-I-US emoticons so near, and yet so far.

The door of insight and enlightenment is ever ajar, although it often seems too narrow to those evanescent/effervescent who ephemerally flicker through their three score years and ten.

Up and over, to where, hitting, the lead layers of primary consciousness, 'wait' changed state as weight dissolved, and led away from the temptation of falling back on the memory's backwash flashback switchbacking and side tracking up and down upon a semi colon black background, back to and from basics.

A-muse-sing contradiction in terms, as the bridge between Whence and Wither,

Cause and Effect suddenly spanned the echo relay race of Eternity's comings and goings, ebbings and flowings, knowing and unknowing as the cycle geared up and peered/appeared over hair-splitting layers of primary unconsciousness.

The sleeper seeks to wake, - awakening unlooked for in this temporal continuum. Fake break takes time out for its own sake without making flaking rhyme. The chronological water shed the logical and fed from Chronos' legendary meal, taking from the Gods from which he himself once partook while spinning topsyturvy among the blue and green rings around Saturn's void.

Kernel, unrooted from the inner recesses of the mind - that dark fertile area where creativity restlessly and relentlessly anticipates release, - bursts into nut gut activity. Nevertheless, innovation although funnelled through holistic channels, is frequently considered cancerous by those who refute themselves, or fear to recognize inner liberty.

The universal soul awaits inspiration to send sap soaring, outpouring from core ring at all levels. Tendrils tentatively touch, tenderly tease to deracinate, sensate and sate the tortured synapses of the spirit. Explosion of consciousness calls all - especially itself - into question.

Warp and weft, bereft of references, dance a double helix under the sum of understanding, st[r]anding both apart from and a part of the hole that leads the whole into and out from itself.

Truth's essential essence reflects prismatically and chromatically upon all aspects of awareness, the soul works on the Will to redefine the Way as harmony and chaos complete each other as cosmic and karmic interplay evolve revolving around each other.

The sleeper wakes, works on the Will, finds, refines, redefines and realigns the Way, which, in its turn, underlines individual inability to assign its paradoxical convergent_seas to seize the day, CARPE DIEM PRICE MADE, EPIC DREAM, MAD RECIPE? I MAP CREED, AM PIERCED REMAP DICE!

Borderline inspiration spans yet spurns ego echo nowhere, everywhere, are found both to wear and to tear the same surround. Wave lengths ripple as inspiration's spent cartridge hangs.

Jonathan ROBIN

Inner Liberty - 0253 - 1997 Version

The spent cartridge of inspiration hangs in mid air, arrested as if Time and Space conspired to offset that energy which aspires to fire the ages, and shatter the need for conceptual anchors. Awaiting the meeting which would mutate mate to mating, pivot and pillow word challenge the anchors of Tie and Place, the immortality of the soul, seek to block the spirit's mating/meeting with itself.

A straight line, desperate to [t]race with light itself, as if its life depended upon its speed, soars, curving, through the universe attempting to reach, underscore, and underline itself. Light affects all levels of cosmic consciousness until the circle reforms an image of universal harmony.

Emotions long to [l]ink the pages of the Present, intertwining Past and Future, and, in letters large as life, decipher themselves, decode the genius so near, and yet so far. The door of insight and enlightenment is ever ajar, though it often seems too narrow to all who ephemerally flicker through their three score years and ten.

The sleeper seeks to wake, awakening unlooked for in this temporal continuum. Kernel, unrooted from the inner recesses of the mind, that dark fertile area where creativity restlessly anticipates release, bursts into activity. Innovation is considered cancerous by many who would their inner selves refute, or fear to know. The universal soul awaits the inspiration to send the sap soaring, outpouring at all levels. Tendrils tentatively touch, the tenderly tease the tortured synapses of the spirit. Explosion of consciousness calls all, especially itself, into question. Truth's essential essence reflects prismatically on all aspects of awareness, the soul works on the Will to redefine the Way.

The sleeper wakes, works on the Will, finds, refines, and redefines the Way.

(28 September 1997)

Jonathan ROBIN

Inner Light

Shifting shadows compromise insight.
Inner light sends signals clearing mind.
Beacon-beckon opens mind once blind
which may discover unconstrained delight,
revel in reflections azurite
stimulating spirit to unwind
stress, tension, frees emotions once confined.
This is no trite reaction expedite,
reflection automatic, appetite
for more but search responsive, redefined,
expelling inhibitions much maligned,
abuse, misuse, drawn shutters, fear of flight.
Serenity stems from no outward show,
depends on light within to prosper, glow.

Jonathan ROBIN

Inner Meanings

Refined the mind which seeks to find
inner meanings for the world,
open links as, onwards whirled,
fresh horizons unconfined
are rediscovered. Truth behind
all veils is, like a flag unfurled,
experience intense. Uncurled,
self finds self, Way redefined,
on track for metamorphosis
conjugating "hope" and "is".

Jonathan ROBIN

Inner Recognition Awakens Idyllic Nirvana Eternal

Inevitable reunion affords important, necessary encounter
Impetus reincarnate allies indivisible nexus evermore.
Imbrication - reciprocal approach - increases nobility ensuring
intimacy, - regenerative applause inspiring nectar enduring.

Instantaneous recall awakens inner neurones experiencing
idyll remembered as iteration's new edition.
Incredible Revelation, awesome, is now evident
in reality after implicit needs expressed
intuitively reveal awareness identifying Nirvana euphoric.
Inviolable renewal - affection/intelligence now eliminate
indecision. Rising aspirations intimate networking effect
invisibly restoring all interwoven natural equilibrium.
Identification read and integrated, - no error.
Imagination roused after impotent numbness expands
infinite recognition, allows interplay naturally eternal
intertwining rare ambiance, intensely nurtured empathy.

Interaction rescinds abuse, ignorance, neglect, egocentricity.
Intolerance refused, alienation's icy nemesis expelled,
infection rejected, irresistible aura negativity ejects.
Intact, real aptitudes innate, neonate, encourage
indescribable rejoicing, acceptance, - interaction names ecstasy...
Acrostic Iraine robi03_1605_robi03_0000 Aqv_LXX
(8 February 2007)

Iteration

Inscribed reunion affords important, necessary encounter -
inevitable rebirth attesting initiation, nascent energy,
infinite release as imprisoned needs emerge
intact, resurgence adding ineffable nova ethereal.
Impetus reincarnate allies indivisible nexus evermore.
Imbrication - reciprocal approach - increases nobility ensuring
intimacy, - regenerative applause inspiring nectar enduring.

Instantaneous recall awakens inner neurones experiencing
idyll remembered as iteration's new edition.
Incredible Revelation, awesome, is now evident

in reality after implicit needs expressed
intuitively reveal awareness identifying Nirvana euphoric.
Inviolable renewal - affection/intelligence now eliminate
indecision. Rising aspirations intimate networking effect
invisibly restoring all interwoven natural equilibrium.
Identification read and integrated, - no error.
Imagination roused after impotent numbness expands
infinite recognition, allows interplay naturally eternal
intertwining rare ambiance, intensely nurtured empathy.

Interdependence repudiates arguments, ignorance, narrow extrapolations
Indeed, reprehensible arid interferences now eradicated,
Interaction rescinds abuse, ignorance, neglect, egocentricity.
Intolerance refused, alienation's icy nemesis expelled,
infection rejected, irresistible aura negativity ejects.
Intact, real aptitudes innate, neonate, encourage
indescribable rejoicing, acceptance, - interaction names ecstasy...

Inner Recognition Awakens Idyllic Nirvana Eternal
Acrostic Iraine robi03_1606_robi03_0000 A Q V _ L X X

(8 February 2007)

Jonathan ROBIN

Inner Sense Or Lost Innocence?

Fresh leaves round Eve's hair proffer proof that sly snake
once tempted rash maid to partake of sweet tree,
Alas far from Paradise flesh had to flee,
sin[ce] then Man atones for mad mor[t]al mistake.
Maids have been made wary since then – vide Blake,
as our threescore and ten show price paid steep we see.
Though most memories fade, both the Serpent and she
worldwide stay attainted for famed first sin's sake.
Therefore apples avoid in the future and make
good choice well weighed, evil eschew, therefore we
may suggest as alternative banana be
much the best, or a pear, or the pair, or eat cake!
As moral some find most immoral maid's mind,
Whose 'core' falls behind to affront her behind!

Jonathan ROBIN

Inner Wealth

Enhancing Peace Releases Inner Wealth
Decelerate, compulsion free.
Everything simplified. Mind
Tosses tribulations behind,
Eliminates impurity.
Needs feed greed beads senselessly.
Tap inner energy re-assigned.
Enlightenment, when underlined,
Denigrates inhumanity
Exemplified by daily grind.
Temper egocentricity,
Encouraging transparency,
New evolution helps unwind.
Transforming self, leave self on shelf:
Enhancing peace releases inner wealth.

Jonathan ROBIN

Inscription

Read rare response in script alliteration
Ease of flow's quintessence with insight
Sharing sows, no picayune tune blight,
Or spilt ink despite modernization,
Nor undecided prose pose-pour oration.
As mannequins, lines anorexic quite
Try vers libre leaf on verse tree's bright delight
Each unaware in French 'vers' true translation
Shows stripped line worms to, at, round verse narration.
Concentrate as resonate wor[]ds light
Resplendent in their story's glory's flight,
Ideas spin through this contest dedication.
Pictures metaphorical employ
Threads, word bank rich, in stitches this enjoy.

Jonathan ROBIN

Insight Out - After Matsuo Basho - Morgami River

Cataract's swift flow
heals inner eye's cataract
joy tears tears fall below

Fast flows the river
Morgami gathering all
the rains of June

Jonathan ROBIN

Institutional Investment

Keep some ten percent in hand,
it is best to do.

Pick a share in every land,
or, if you can, two.

If all this you understand,
and can follow through,
everything will be just grand,
there's naught you will rue!

Jonathan ROBIN

Insufficient Unto Life's Book Are Isolated Leaves Thereof

INSUFFICIENT UNTO LIFE'S BOOK ARE ISOLATED LEAVES THEREOF

Reading, like an act of faith, appears
to catalyze perceptions and fine tune
personal philosophy the years
discards or reinforces as time's rune
plays out, with or without consent, tears, cheers.
One dimensional dreams prove weak cocoon.

Stiff tomes, once home to leadership perceived,
soon bend their spines, page servant or buffoon
become; what pleased now numbs, dumb message grieved
as half-truth, superficial style, cartoon
conveying ersatz ego. Tree once leaved
submits to season's fall 'neath gibbous moon.

Through self - not in - seek answer, other mind
behind strong screen falls prey to fears, too soon
shows gaps may not be filled by mate fate signed.
Youth's pup who'd sup, hush pupped pantaloons,
on slops feeds as age, accident, all grind
as chaff - not grain - beneath millstone: poltroon.

Truth relative to place and time some preach -
pride ride wide of the mark, more bust than boon.
Each should aspire to outreach then to teach
through understatement not as trite baboon
whose show glow fades, flow slows, life lived as leach
limpet like societal lampoon.

14 February 2010

robi03_1950_robi03_0000 XXX_EJK

Insufficient unto life's book are isolated leaves thereof poem © Jonathan Robin

Jonathan ROBIN

Integration Maria Horakova

Much latent warmth may finally appear,
Affording understanding, shedding care.
Remove despair, share sunshine everywhere,
Ice melts although sharp winter seems so near.
As dreams evolve within, horizons clear,
Heart opens out, no doubt on Earth is there.
Others often stumble on life's stair
Refuse self-trust, show superficial cheer,
Avoiding wings to sing, to bypass fear.
Knife double-edged, intelligence, friend fair,
Offers perspective open-ended, rare,
Values questions, questions values here
Awareness stimulates mind which would grow
Mayhap to integrate emotions' flow.

Jonathan ROBIN

Interactions

INTERACTIONS Sonnet CCL

Shared dreams shan't interact if to her mind
Address lost lustre, fealty found unsound.
Neverneverland mocks schemes love signed,
Grief supplanting joy's watch overwound.
The dream to gleam as team, live, die for you,
Over, could I feel? Each playful tune
Might atrophy, dream's theme perceived untrue
As bloom doom sentenced 'neath grim gibbous moon,
My work held back from tracked eternity
As mirage fate deflates, time won't ret[r]ain.
Urgent hope wars against great odds, seeks key
Duet no Callas could interpret. Pain,
Expelled from Eden, must ensue, to dust
Change shared goals, souls in harmony? Unjust!

Jonathan ROBIN

Interlink

Strange seems it that although no mind may fit
another's unique copybook there's space
to think that two can interlink, true trace
patterns which, uniting warmth and wit,
need never signals scan, decode, encrypt.
Life need not bow to jungle law or chase
advantage, pride before the fall from grace,
but seek through answers intuitions hit
to leap synaptic limits and permit
corresponding gifts to interface
role reversing surface scars, embrace
all challenges with energy relit.

Let eyes in eyes read ever fresh surprise
supply joy's spring, that must despise disguise.

Jonathan ROBIN

Internet Dream Domain 1456 After Bryan Waller Procter Pre-Existence

I sat down pat, tapped laptop screen,
reflecting on Fate's twist,
on how scope seemed too narrow, mean,
when web did not exist,
regret the Internet has been
exploited to insist
upon Big Brother data scene,
protections seemly dissed.

I mused, sought clues to ink thought link,
reflecting, for my sins,
how world would look if on the blink
society tailspins,
if CERN's discernment on the brink
of ARPANET lynchpins
no old cold war concerns had met
Cerf's surf, the dream begins:

I dreamed that disabilities
priority became
for polititians, that disease
defeated was, the same
rights, equal opportunities
were granted halt and maim,
discrimination halted, ease
afforded for life's game.

I dreamed the right to difference
respected would remain,
that compromise, intolerance
were held improper stain,
that lifelong learning implements
could conquer greed for gain,
replacing that with common sense,
that health could conquer pain.

I dreamed the digital divide

from palm to fingertip
just measured, nothing else beside
the rule of thumb and grip.
That those with special needs inside
could use implanted chip
for opportunities denied
today to see, hear, skip.

I dreamed of censorship dismissed
from programs open source,
with phishing banned from mailing list
along with Trojan horse,
that those exploring pages kissed
from House expelled of course,
that truth injustice should resist,
discarding rule of force.

I dreamed beyond meshed matrix grid
perfidiously embedded,
that Terms of Service nothing hid,
that content could be headed
for blind to hear, for deaf to bid
clear meanings which unwedded
to data-mining, safe for kid,
could flourish free, undreaded.

My nervous fingers went to town,
played with the keyboard grey;
the links came up, P.C. crashed down,
'sufficient to the day! '
Astute reboot, no study brown,
restored the stay
as resolute I'd click and clown
from Google to E Bay.

Spam, email, chased each other round
the inbox as my hands
clicked onto favorites I'd found
in broadband searching scanned.
Wi-Max mocks concepts of firm ground
as mobile grids are grand,
when content filters we confound

there's nothing underhand.

The urls with font so small
describe so many things,
sharp, in such swift succession call
ships, cabbages and kings.
See super ceiling sealing wax
ads answer to our pings,
regretting neither telex, fax,
I think pink pigs have wings!

Sites swum in sight without respite,
dot com, dot org, dot net,
night knew no day, new day no night,
imagination whet
enthusiastic as delight
drowned Time, which we forget,
as zapping here, there mapping, quite
in tune with netiquette.

I dreamed instead of Internet
telepathy prevailed,
implants bionic held best bet,
ubiquity well scaled.
That bribery men could forget,
corruption unbewailed
could self-destruct, and, better yet,
no freedoms were curtailed.

I dreamed that every country's laws
protected privacy,
it seemed priority because
there was no piracy.
That poverty had marked a pause
through true prosperity
which banished greed and need for wars,
all life's asperity.

I dreamed the gift of second-sight
quite disregarding station
could bless decisions made despite
historical frustration.

Both copyleft and copyright
respected duplication
for non-commercial motives right
for friends and education.

I dreamed that bank accounts were free
from close examination,
that schemes to steal identity
were banned by every nation.
that C.C.T.V. scrutiny
in street or metro station
belonged to Orwell's fantasy,
that all communication
of private nature had to be
the rule, not aberration.

I dreamed that Internet domains
were free from State control,
that ethical constraint restrains
the private sector's role,
that individual remains
priority, hope whole,
that rising generation trains
itself to 'truth' extoll.

I dreamed so many things that verse
would be hard pushed to stretch
into ten thousand stanzas, curse
the fact to finely etch
intense impressions and rehearse
desires becoming, fetch
apt images from source diverse
is past my art to sketch.

I have forgotten whence I came,
or what my goal might be,
or by what strange and savage name
to spell with clarity
technologies' emerging claim
to right wrongs which we
have self inflicted as life's game
unrolls through history.

I muse. Has all this been before
in ages far away,
in distant galaxy whose core
is burning Bush today,
when ranged some strange forgotten Gore
whose warnings on doomsday
his world did not deny, ignore,
or narrow-mind display.

I wake to packets passing through
poor, sore, befuddled, brain,
my search answers true,
links to speed search again,
as Alta Vista and Yahoo,
like Wolfram, Bing, bring pain
from adverts too intrusive to
deserve aught but disdain.
But now, dear reader, 'tis to you
I turn my rhymed refrain
for insight, inspiration's cue,
pray, it won't be in vain!

(14 October 2006)

Jonathan ROBIN

Internet Fête 1998 English Version

Come to Planet Internet

I know today both work and play will change with Internet,
Now dark and fair exchange mail, share together, soul sincere.
Then surf here there and everywhere to web sites far and near.
Each in his way his part shall play to make this day a fête,
Ring in the mind bells all will find sing through the alphabet.
New ventures start which wide worlds chart, and so it does appear
E-Mail can bring true joy this Spring, to all who volunteer, -
Thus those apart can heart to heart converse without regret.

From hemisphere to hemisphere a global town can yet
Emerge to urge investment surge, as false fears disappear.
The tongues of man will somehow scan - Goethe, Racine and Shakespeare.
Efforts will be rewarded, - we past problems shall forget.
Needs, hopes, combine for future fine as unemployment's threat
Is overcome, leaves critics dumb, as progress from this year
New hope for scope shows - most can cope on-line, can persevere,
Enjoyment all can find to call a friend, or good news get.

Though some may find they're left behind by talk of 'netiquette', -
Each bug dismays, as do delays, the words seem odd and queer -
Electric age now writes new page upon a fresh frontier
Normal today is change - who'd say strange is Fate's silhouette?
Now though some sneer while others jeer, nostalgic some regret,
Is ours an earth throughout whose girth spreads universal cheer?
New methods learn, new freedoms earn, turn to your neighbour here -
Exchange your views with whom you choose - screen faster is than jet!

Those who home stay, who work or roam, few know not care or fret -
Youth's fears, those age imagines, veer from truth to views unclear.
Each in his way must help relay this song both load and clear
In order to discover new ideas through internet!
Great is the chance, in England, France, - world-wide the scene is set!
Here me and you, our children too, can a new message hear,
Through every land can, hand in hand, the future pioneer.
Join in the dance, let us advance and fête the internet!

Internet Fête 1998 French Version 0865

Ici en France les choses avancent et grâce à Internet

Nous pouvons suivre et vivre aussi les changements de vie
Tantôt troublants, tantôt grisants, - le partage est mot qui
Est à la mode où tous ces codes parfois montent à la tête.
Regard nouveau - et pas trop tôt - tourne vers l'Internet,
Nos têtes blondes et brunes sondent une autre galaxie
Echangeant méls par modem - elles inventent jeux aussi.

Travail, hobbies, dans tous pays de nouvelles formes revêtent.
France d'abord et puis encore au monde on fait la fête
En ce printemps où la chanson est gaie et réussie,
Toujours, c'est sûr, ensemble pour s'amuser et aussi
Essayer de cerner du jeu les termes et les requêtes.
Magique est site qui invite à planète Internet.
Ici le temps s'arrête dans l'élan qui l'ennuie
Laisse de côté pour naviguer au gré de la tempête
Lyrique du désir partout de découvrir dans cet
Ensemble un sens où dans la danse on avance et on rit
Niant le noir, trouvant l'espoir, écartant les soucis.

Et nous surfons, dialoguons, on vend et on achète
Unis par des moyens rêvés de s'offrir la gazette
Française, anglaise ou japonaise traitant d'économie,
Cuisine ou pêche on se dépêche en cernant l'alchimie
Entre l'étude d'habitudes étrangères et recettes
Nouvelles pour avancer sur la voie de 'Netiquette'.
Toutefois les uns, inopportuns pensent la technologie
Quand trop rapide apporte un vide où nul ne vérifie
Un virage ou bouleversement que rien n'arrête.

A chacun à sa façon de partager la fête
Tandis que les villes et cités en France sont unies.
Réussissons à l'unisson en changeant les esprits,
Ecartant les freins, les délais, les intérêts qui guettent!
Voyons plus loin quand dans son coin chacun de nous s'apprête
Intensément à trouver dans un job qui gratifie
Nouvel élan qui dans le temps évolue et fleurit.
Grande est l'espoir d'avancer car sur planète internet
Tout peut se faire, - idées prospèrent - évoluent à 'perpet'.

Dans l'univers nous allons vers des réseaux réunis
Information, formation tout au long de la vie -
Xtra la chance pour la France où l'espoir est très net.

Hier passé est dépassé par planète Internet -
Un virage, un bouleversement, arrive - on réagit!
Ici printemps, notre chanson est gaie et réussie,
Travail, hobbies, dans tous pays de nouvelles formes revêtent.

(23 Janvier 1998)

Jonathan ROBIN

Internet Fête 1998 French Version

Ici en France les choses avancent et grâce à Internet
Nous pouvons suivre et vivre aussi les changements de vie
Tantôt troublants, tantôt grisants, - le partage est mot qui
Est à la mode où tous ces codes parfois montent à la tête.
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Ring in the mind bells all will find sing through the alphabet.
New ventures start which wide worlds chart, and so it does appear
E-Mail can bring true joy this Spring, to all who volunteer, -
Thus those apart can heart to heart converse without regret.

From hemisphere to hemisphere a global town can yet
Emerge to urge investment surge, as false fears disappear.
The tongues of man will somehow scan - Goethe, Racine and Shakespeare.
Efforts will be rewarded, - we past problems shall forget.
Needs, hopes, combine for future fine as unemployment's threat
Is overcome, leaves critics dumb, as progress from this year
New hope for scope shows - most can cope on-line, can persevere,
Enjoyment all can find to call a friend, or good news get.

Though some may find they're left behind by talk of 'netiquette', -
Each bug dismays, as do delays, the words seem odd and queer -
Electric age now writes new page upon a fresh frontier
Normal today is change - who'd say strange is Fate's silhouette?
Now though some sneer while others jeer, nostalgic some regret,
Is ours an earth throughout whose girth spreads universal cheer?
New methods learn, new freedoms earn, turn to your neighbour here -
Exchange your views with whom you choose - screen faster is than jet!

Those who home stay, who work or roam, few know not care or fret -
Youth's fears, those age imagines, veer from truth to views unclear.
Each in his way must help relay this song both load and clear
In order to discover new ideas through internet!
Great is the chance, in England, France, - world-wide the scene is set!

Here me and you, our children too, can a new message hear,
Through every land can, hand in hand, the future pioneer.
Join in the dance, let us advance and fête the internet!

(23 Janvier 1998)

Jonathan ROBIN

Internet Societal Task Force

Some talk of structures predefined with skill
Others of those constituencies which
Can be informed, or made aware, enriched.
Internet as rainbow vector will
Enliven, colour, change or sometimes kill
The status quo to flow, to grow to switch
Accepted views, traditions, and unstitch
Links which once bent mankind to rulers' will.
The rate of change increases yet we still
Are tempted to retain old habits, kitsch.
Some dare not redefine thought frames that itch.
Knowledge cross-pollination won't stand still.
FOR we must act, anticipate, and guide,
Cement, explain, invent the future's tide!

Jonathan ROBIN

Internet Societal Task Force Roadmap

ISTF has [s]talked since first with Vint
Some sought to scan tomorrow's open source.
Tis time we walked unaided on our course
Future trends anticipating, mint
Ideals which stand the test of time, gold glint.
Strength shines out through consensus not through force,
Through understanding issues! Reinforce
First principles, the mission we imprint
In trust stands out to network. Take the hint
Share knowledge, raise awareness, and endorse
The right to freedom which to all, perforce,
Fine rings though few do practice, many stint.
IS Task Force steady, which won't self defeat?
IS Task Force ready, challenges to meet?

Some talk of structures predefined with skill
Others of those constituencies which
Can be informed, or made aware, enriched.
Internet as rainbow vector will
Enliven, colour, change or sometimes kill
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Jonathan ROBIN

Interplay

INTERPLAY

She dreams him night and day,
he feels her faraway,
yet near as near can be.
He turns a corner, she
accompanies, won't stray -
each moment holiday.

Their thoughts are interplay
between his smile, her way
of thinking, - spirits free.
In timeless harmony
each swears that each shall stay
together come what may.

She sees his smile at play,
he sees her hips that sway,
together, to a tee,
fit interplay - could we
become as close as they
to share through night and day?

4 April 1998

robi03_0872_robi03_0000 XXX_KLX

Jonathan ROBIN

Interpretations

INTERPRETATIONS

Fat fortune's made, flat wife Dow fed
rat's force runes laid, bat - strife - ciao - bed.

Version I Final Hour

Unhdefeated, all round oppressed,
pun deleted, fall sound suppressed.

Version II Foresight

Insightful plans in stealth prepared
sin, night, culls man, win's wealth despaired.

Version III Adultery

Distresses through, fears one must stifle,
mistresses two, years won, lust, trifle.
□

Version IV Dixit Spouse

He'd rule, make hay, term ends today,
heed fool, fake bay, worm wends to play.

Version V Dixit Daughter

Who hid himself behind his wealth
failing health must part from pelf.

Version VI Dixit Son

Abusing all, refusing fall,
dwd now must stall, cued to Death's call

Version VII Dixit Bureaucrat

Who played sly hand, flame fanned, cold dust,
drew, greyed, sigh banned, aim sand, old, bust.

Version VIII Conclusion

Statistics show life's little glow
soon ebbs, tide's flow goes where none know.
Bnanza dreams, boon nailed, no shows,
so stanza schemes soon fail, flow slows.

23 March 1975 revised 4 February 2009

robi03_1464_robi03_0000 HXX_MXX

For previous version entitled The Art of Interpretation see below

f[l]ame: aim's fame flame lame

The Art of Interpretation

My fortune's made,
My wife is fed;
My future's laid,
And so to bed!

Version I: The Final Hour

In life I came off best,
My fam'ly's fed and dressed,
Now comes the final test, -
Go at Thy behest!

Version II: Foresight

My plans are laid deep,
My wife counts her sheep,
The profits I'll reap!
I'm falling asleep...

Version III Adultery

□
My wealth I won at poker,
My wife is with her mother,
In the arms of another,
My mistress, fears I'll smother.

23 March 1975

Jonathan ROBIN

Introductions

Intelligence with instinct should unite,
Nor compromise, nor seek presumptuous reign,
To speed-link poet to true fancy's flight.
Reject this rede, all industry is vain.
Outlaw all superficial sketches trite,
Draw joy if joy, if sad, etch inner pain.
Uncertainty can't humour or delight.
Create an atmosphere whose inky skein
Tight winds round reader, s[h]ifting wrong from right.
Ideas conveyed suggest in language plain
Outline he or she completes as write
New insights offers, no need to explain.
To this love's labour, harmony ensure,
Sonnet writes itself, and may endure.

If healthy symbiosis we sustain,
No effort should be spared, by day, by night.
Try to improve, not prove, harsh words soon wane.
Revise, resize, help reader see the light
Offer hints, instruct and entertain,
Draft and redraft, with care craft, brain finds flight,
Unleashed imagination, hidden lain,
Can rise from hibernation, latent quite
To share, prepare layer after layer, thus train
Inner evolution. Do not indict
Or censure pass, or censor soul's refrain,
Nor unduly influence outright.
Through form may free verse learn to grow true, show
Flow whose rich rhyming interplay may glow.

Jonathan ROBIN

Introspection

It's not so much the time that passes
that matters, that the lines increase,
mind views too much through tinted glasses
from birth until the heartbeats cease.
Man is outplayed until the farce is
played out, until last jigsaw piece
caprice can catalyze catharsis,
fast unambiguous release.

Jonathan ROBIN

Intuitions Acting As A Guide

True erudition: intuition's wink,
responds to fundamental cues, minds think
beyond tryst rendezvous of time and place
can trace-scan space span Past and Future link.

So whether wide, or hide-out's tiny chink
through which soul flies, spies skies bypassing blink,
nor chaser, chaste, nor chase but hasty pace
as Poet's dream streams past Man's teeming brink

Yet answers in themselves need be allied
with intuitions acting as wise guide
interpreting rune tunes that won't betray
causal wellsprings well identified.

The fourth dimension's secret passageway
has hidden exits, entrances, thus may
be breached by magic shell spells that attract
fey instincts, set foreknowledge on its way.

Fate's ball no question makes of Ayes and Noes
but here or there as strikes fate's fancy flows
whoever tossed it down on playing field,
knows all on call wise wherewithal sows, grows.

Pill can't fill bill, fulfill will to command,
nor spirit chart heart's flair fantastic fanned,
no drips let slip, sip nectar rapture rich
win/win share in fair manner under hand.

Thus erudition, intuition twin,
spurn spin, judgmental values, blessings, sin,
no block know, flow, unlocking what before
seems to have been prepared by distant kin.

Time shifts perspectives which in turn shift time,
hard climb to synchronicity sublime
turns as all puzzle pieces into place
fall on call: ball, basket, player, rhyme.

Both ends and means identical appear
as Chinese walls free fall, as vision, seer,
knit together, cause, effect, combine;
far, near spin quantum jets, net twins in gear.

Jonathan ROBIN

Investment Apology

In this air I do aspire
to appeal and make aware,
Allah answer all anger,
else ague appear and attract ire.

Bait can but bate the buyer!
Brokers must the market bear,
bidding board while bulls be bear,
blare is bare and boars betire.

Why cry the creator's choir?
Calm your coma, clear your care!
Come, seek and call the cover.
Can still the chartists' charts inquire!

Dost dearly dollar desire?
Dabbler dare, don't disappear,
dealer's drear or in despair,
His strait's dire, his coffer drier.

Fear a further fall to fire?
That your future fare be fair
find a fella full of flair,
full of feel for a fine flier.

Th'institutional investor,
out of gear, he tears his hair.
Interest rates round here I hear
High, hint heavily hunt higher.

The alphabet is far too long
to continue this careless song,
so here's to hope, and let us pray
tomorrow brings a brighter day.

Jonathan ROBIN

Investment Fund – For Lucinda

Lost time by Time will never be returned,
Use every moment to the full, - you'll see
Creation triumph over sloth and be
In years to come the fund from which is earned
New hope, new scope, in total liberty.
Do not delay, misplay, for bridges burned
Are not rebuilt without much grief as fee...

Jonathan ROBIN

Iraine Iteration - Inner Recognition Awakens Idyllic Nirvana Eternal

Inscribed reunion affords important, necessary encounter,
inevitable rebirth attesting initiation, nascent energy,
infinite release as imprisoned needs emerge
intact, resurgence adding ineffable nova ethereal.
Impetus reincarnate allies indivisible nexus evermore.
Imbrication, reciprocal approach, increases nobility ensuring
intimacy, regenerative applause inspiring nectar enduring.

Instantaneous recall awakens inner neurons experiencing
idyll remembered as iteration's new edition.
Incredible Revelation, awesome, is now evident
in reality after implicit needs expressed
intuitively reveal awareness identifying Nirvana euphoric.
Inviolable renewal; affection/intelligence now eliminate
indecision. Rising aspirations intimate networking effect
invisibly restoring all interwoven natural equilibrium.
Identification read and integrated, no error.
Imagination roused after impotent numbness expands
infinite recognition, allows interplay naturally eternal
intertwining rare ambiance, intensely nurtured empathy.

Interdependence repudiates arguments, ignorance, narrow extrapolations
Indeed, reprehensible arid interference now eradicated,
Interaction rescinds abuse, ignorance, neglect, egocentricity.
Intolerance refused, alienation's icy nemesis expelled,
infection rejected, irresistible aura negativity ejects.
Intact, real aptitudes innate, neonate, encourage
indescribable rejoicing, acceptance, interaction names ecstasy.

Jonathan ROBIN

Ire On Cross Sect_I_On Spire Pyre

Black books some find
grant ease of mind,
responsibility
remove behind
veiled burkha blind,
bewailing liberty.

Life should be led,
shared, free from lead
respectability,
What lies ahead?
Hell? lies, instead
seems crass conformity.

Lip service paid
by man or maid
to bias, bigotry,
replace game played,
joy unafraid,
with sects that narrow be.

Turn more to hope
for increased scope
throughout life's comedy,
beware time's rope
that hangs who grope
for creeds rarely agree
on godhead fair
with love to spare,
or core divinity.
Seek self, truth's there,
'ware cupboards bare,
wraith faiths' fatuity.

Jonathan ROBIN

Ironing Out Unironed Bachelor Socks

Neanderthal, iron age unknown,
shirty single shocks,
socks, singlet, jocks,
cocks ear, rocks alone:
dreams he defrocks
maiden. Solar clocks
kneed needs, seeds sown.
Fossil secrets unlocks.

(9 June 2012)

Jonathan ROBIN

Is Freud Felicity?

Love is decried, set, swept aside, superfluous subjectivity
unjustified by all allied to mindless blind psychiatry.

Reflection cast, one stands aghast, for Freudians felicity
in life's deemed vast card-index classed id ego interdependency.

Has true-love cried so often, sighed in vain through human history?
Is trust well-tried hate misapplied when analyzed by PhD?

Is shell shut fast 'gainst pulses fast, emotions' sensitivity,
that gives at last, must live outcast from self's sought soul, mind mystery.

The truths inside instincts abide, find double bind when men won't see,
none need to hide self, hope denied, from individuality.

Jonathan ROBIN

Is One Blamed?

Silence is golden, guilt remains ashamed
to hold up to the spotlight's piercing glare
sentiments submersive, - is one blamed
if feelings are confided, shown to share?
One little thought to sense love's lightening strike,
topple defensive certainties! The door,
once triple locked, is sprung, unsportsmanlike,
yet that which leaves one poor rich makes one more!
Rich one through knowing t'other, outlook clear,
poor when discovered what was lacked before
shows distance from the truth, who 'self' held dear.
This understanding makes self 'self' abhor.
Thus these short lines should shun flight, favour hope,
To-morrow's stars spotlight bright horoscope.

(29 October 1992, revised 2 May 2007, final couplet modified 15 October 2008)

Jonathan ROBIN

Is Progress Over-Rated?

When choice is confiscated by little minds or might,
scope's rightful place vacated when bigotry or spite
come unanticipated to sweep away delight,
or red-tape inundated by petty parasite
as bureaucrat fat, sated, sets rules sans oversight,
those once emancipated must reclaim civil right
heed call anticipated, prepare for freedom's fight.

When equity is bended by vested interests quite
at ease corruption tended or theft's waft weft sown tight,
when energy expended perverted is, insight
should channel scope extended, intolerance indict.
When walls fall, bridges mended, prepare for further flight.

With justice dislocated ways narrow dynamite
diversity related to understanding's light,
then truth, communicated, should everyone incite
to see trust reinstated in statutes black and white
while judgements biased, weighted, are banished, all upright.

Tomorrow's tracks extended just future must invite
to spread ways, truth defended, to readily excite
imagination blended with acts which reunite
new paths to be defended to stimulate, rewrite
a future fair and splendid which whets hope's appetite.

Is 'progress' over-rated as terran terabyte
nets hearts which once vibrated for few now underwrite
the principles once stated as everyman's birthright.
Is man's great plan, once fêted, doomed to unending plight
with tenderness' star fated to dim, disc overwrite.

Years new witness tears ended, show fresh reflection bright.
as errors apprehended, amended are a-right,
transparency intended to banish bias blight,
as wheels turn, Time, suspended, might rediscover light
with ardour unpretended, with better world in sight.

Our verses here are ended with neither joy nor spite,

the moral that's appended - distrust hierarchies' bite.

Jonathan ROBIN

Is Revenge Bliss

Restoring some
Equilibrium? This
Vengeance dumb
Each abyss is causal hit and miss
Numb leaves protagonists' sum
Grieving. For no kiss
Echoes Time's revenge cycle drum.
Bliss?

Jonathan ROBIN

Is Second Best Just Jest Test Or Unjust Protest Gest?

When second best protests against pest chance
he or she echoes stress at life's twist dance.

Self-confidence is put to sorry test,
ambitions, on the shelf, are laid to rest.

Inadequacy often will deny
the will to try, succeed, luck's lies decry.

'They also serve, who only stand and wait'
survivor said, regretting callous fate.

'They also serve who wait without the gate'
time-server grates, perceiving patron's pate.

'What service, light denied, anticipate? '
'Light, despite paradoxical life's plate! '

They're served, who only put on weight, expand,
whose judgement lies, so heavy on the land.

They swerve from justice, who, with heavy hand,
pervert the law- for which they should be damned.

They wait, who only seem to serve and stand,
beware! banned revolution is at hand.

To stand and wait in life to some seems nice
to taste of time, like salad, lacking spice!

When dream of self esteem turns rancid, raw,
apologies tears crocodile soon pour.

Poor too is mind that looks behind not for
top flight successes, recognized, in store.

Fresh opportunities are infinite,
no need to mope, scorn hope, of goals lose sight.

What second best may seem at any time
can role-reverse distress, blessed see self climb.

Jonathan ROBIN

Is The Moon Asleep?

Autumn on a starless evening,
is wan moon asleep,
or beyond dark cloud-bank, grieving?

Summer's love is lost. While weaving,
bats sweep low - I keep
silent vigil, few believing.

Autumn, and the Earth's conceiving -
taken in, eyes weep
over one who left, deceiving.

I, with others hay ricks [s]heaving,
bitter harvests reap -
happiness now passed receiving.

Winter soon sends night bereaving,
leaves life crumpled heap -
passes on to other thieving...

27 November 1988 revised 23 September 2008

robi03_0235_robi03_0000 XXX_LNX

for previous version see below

Is the Moon Asleep?
Autumn on a starless evening,
is the moon asleep,
or behind a cloudbank, grieving?

Summer's love is lost. While weaving,
bats sweep low, - I keep
silent vigil, none believing.

Autumn, and the Earth's conceiving, -
taken in, I weep
over one who left, deceiving.

I, while others hay are [s]heaving,
bitter harvests reap, -
happiness now passed receiving.

Winter soon, its night bereaving,
leaves life crumpled heap, -
passes on to other thieving...

Jonathan ROBIN

It Is Easier For A Camel

Poor people pledge their petty pile
as agile agents act awhile.
Revile them as, with smirk and smile
the Temple they defile in style.
Their wile our rile, their guile our bile!
In fare facile, in fear febrile,
where faced with facts, futile!

Jonathan ROBIN

It Rains In My Heart - Translation Paul Verlaine – Il Pleure Dans Mon Coeur

It rains in my heart
as on town and on mart,
pours down longings that start
to reign in my heart!

Oh soft ringing of rain
poured on earth, eave and pane,
for poor heart feeling pain,
oh the ringing of rain!

It rains without reason
in hurt heart fears have lease on.
What? - no season for treason?
Do I grieve without reason?

What most hurts me, I wait
'Why' not knowing, sad fate,
without love, without hate,
On my heart lies deadweight!

Il pleure dans mon coeur
Comme il pleut sur la ville.
Quelle est cette langueur
Qui pénètre mon coeur?

O bruit doux de la pluie
Par terre et sur les toits!
Pour un coeur qui s'ennuie,
O le chant de la pluie!

Il pleure sans raison
Dans ce coeur qui s'écoeur.
Quoi! nulle trahison?
Ce deuil est sans raison.

C'est bien la pire peine
De ne savoir pourquoi,

Sans amour et sans haine,
Mon coeur a tant de peine.

Jonathan ROBIN

Itch Pitch

Is this excuse pitch,
trying period soon spent,
or seven year itch?

Jonathan ROBIN

Iteration

Inscribed reunion affords important, necessary encounter -
inevitable rebirth attesting initiation, nascent energy,
infinite release as imprisoned needs emerge
intact, resurgence adding ineffable nova ethereal.
Impetus reincarnate allies indivisible nexus evermore.
Imbrication - reciprocal approach - increases nobility ensuring
intimacy, - regenerative applause inspiring nectar enduring.

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idyll remembered as iteration's new edition.
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indescribable rejoicing, acceptance, - interaction names ecstasy...

Inner Recognition Awakens Idyllic Nirvana Eternal
Acrostic Iraine robi03_1606_robi03_0000 AQP_LXX

(8 February 2007)

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Acrostic Iraine robi03_1605_robi03_0000 A Q V _ L X X
(8 February 2007)

Jonathan ROBIN

It's Time For Rhyme To Help Poor Male To Understand Why Women Lead The Way!

Man thinks 'I AM because I, man, do rule'
woman links through 'sharing tools' one school
is based on networks, t'other, baseless would
irk, jerk work's nets, ease seize, she sees Time's fool!

She minds her peace, he gives her piece of mind.
Unkind he stays, strays often, should she mind?
She's paradise, he's dice parade between
knots he ties [w]hitch she must then unwind.

She works her shift, he shifts his work to her.
He, shiftless, shifty, silky shifts swift spurs.
He preys on her where she for him would pray,
Her pay he'd tax where she relax prefers.

She cares for kids, where he kids, cares to rest
before some sport - while she supports the rest,
works both from nine to five and five to nine.
He sports bright ties - light ties prefers the best!

She looks ahead while he, as head, looks on
good looks - which in her book is more than wrong,
regretting grass seems greener through the fence,
defence of dreams is sold short, for a song.

He wields the axe, while she bears forty whacks,
He thinks he wears the trousers though he slacks,
He waxes wroth his 'needs', she kneeds the wax
fills cracks, unshackles, builds long lasting shacks.

He cares to live, she ever lives to care.
He won't forgive, she gives for sharing where
he wars till doom's tomb, she will bloom, bear fruit.
He spi[t]es for wayfare, she, sprite, lights way fair!

Louse fields house work, though spouse must work the fields.
She feels the pinch, though he both pinches, feels.

She earns her keep yet he her earnings keeps,
She yields nett count, while he, he counts gross yields!

She swears to honour, cherish and obey,
while he of harem dreams, as Pasha, Bey,
his plots earn worthless plot of earth one day
when parthenogenesis comes to stay.

If SHE could autoreproduce or clone,
If SHE the race continued all alone,
what trace would HE retain who, vain, sees end
as master, losing face, owns lying prone?

If HE, who least believes, seems set in stone,
who most receives, grieves, leaves atone,
Mona Lisa sentence might suspend,
sparing rib that cuts her to the bone.

Jonathan ROBIN

I've Played At Love

I've played at love before. As careless lover,
Viewed varied prospects, toyed with distant eye.
Enchantment enjoys enchantment to supply
Part-time job mark it feelings undercover.
Love's osmosis, never dared discover,
As empathy offers depth few dare to try.
Yet now bright lightning's struck, life's quest's reply,
Enlightenment inks links, heals, souls recover
Delight, may match love's lamplight, cease vain hover
At sea with 'self' defied. None may deny
True tenderness 'One' might personify.
Laughter shared may heaven on earth uncover.
Others seem sad wraiths, dreams dust drift, know no peace,
Versifying here Hope seeks release.

(23 April 2013)

Jonathan ROBIN

Jack Rubin

Rare was the spirit that has passed away,
Unfit the pen which inks its paper praise,
But few remain who knew him well. Time slays.
Insignificant our life, short Death's delay.
Now only his good works unite to say
Jack was both just and generous! His ways
Allied warmth, charm and acumen in phase,
Concern for others, loyalty. Yet may
Kindliness, philanthropy, dismay,
Rewards requiring, glitter, surface glaze.
Uncommon is the man whose many days
Bear witness with a beacon's constant ray.
In wit and sunny wisdom life he met,
Nor can one man more fair example set.

Jonathan ROBIN

One world rides into another
as cad-I-lack rolls turns into the casino.

One role folds into another
as the dice roll at sixes and sevens.

One wish collides with another
as shuffled hands are wrung sans sleight of hand.

One pole coincides with another
as the ball steals into a black hole
or sees red upon the green baize.

One card hides behind another
where kings and queens signify nothing.

One stake is raised as another
ace jacks up yet another other with poker face.

One dream bank breaks, as another
goal glides from real-I-tease.

1 October 1997
robi03_0852_robi03_0000 VXX_CJX
poem Alea © Jonathan Robin

Jonathan ROBIN

Janine

JANINE

Joy's Janine, sovereign Queen,
is sitting unwittingly, caught between
time and timelessness, sans spleen.

Softness shines from silent scene
such as, had I true artist been,
from canvas onto screen,
all might glimpse peerlessness serene.

She'd e'en cause pristine saints to dream
on paragon, fair figurine,
on team-theme evergreen.

13 April 1975 revised 23 April 2010
robi03_0078_robi03_0000 XXX_LOX
for previous version see below

IIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII IIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII IIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII

Janine
E'en
Janine
sov'reign Queen,
in beige, brown, green
in silence is seen
sitting. Such a soft scene
as, had I an artist been,
from palette to fair picturene
I would, I ween, cause e'en the saints to dream.

13 April 1975

Jonathan ROBIN

Jayne's Joy

Jayne's joy, 'tis plain, drips passion through [th]ink's pen
Alluring and so 'in_time_mate' to me,
Youth rediscovered fountains forth again.
Never sated, sensitivity,
Expects attention thrilling to the core,
Joining sparks to larks' song, heart inflamed,
Awakening which sees fair spirit soar,
Yearns for fulfillment ever more unblamed.
Neat syllables as const[on]ant raindrops fall,
Endless outpouring salivating sheet,
Just phrase ideal spontaneous, on call,
Arrives exciting heart which feels its heat.
Yet none deny perfection's rhyming dance,
NEar, far, the same are, wor[l]ds unfold, advance.

Jonathan ROBIN

Jekyll And Hyde

Nature in her wisdom has created
bitch twins which war before, behind, one mind;
here, p[r]etty grace, there peerless face some find.
Few sonneteers false charms have celebrated.
Superficial gloss deceives. As stated,
above, fair features mask Hyde hid behind,
foiling heart, whose coils seem serpentine,
motives murky, joy soon dissipated.
Reflect on shine whose light seems calculated
to serve as shield behind an iron blind,
unsated floe on salt sea floats unkind.
Etched is this portrait, equal loved and hated.
Captivated, some serve both, but why
seem some men, pawns, dream drawn to mirage eye?

Heart hides. Part blue, part gold, horizons hold
Youth's butterfly Time soon consumes, age burns.
Dreams dance between the two as one discerns
Earth, air, fire, water balanced team enfold,
Juxtaposed, all elements enrolled.
Each mirrors all men think their need, greed earns;
Knowledge for some, for others lust that churns,
Yearns extra years, or blots hot tears untold.
Lotus position peace projects, on hold
Linger longing, flood, drought, doubt returns
Haunting all who seek selfish concerns
Yet, stretching to take, sketch their heart-ache. Young, old,
Drawn into self-made snare where sot and sage,
Entrapped, must pay the piper, pen Fate's page.

Jonathan ROBIN

Jenny At The Demonstration After James Leigh Hunt - Jenny Kissed Me

Copper slugged me when we met,
jumping from the bus he sat in!
Magistrate, who loves to get
demonstrators jailed, put that in!
Say I fought the Poll Tax fad,
say that conscience clear describes me,
say I'm doing time, but add:
Copper slugged me!

Jonathan ROBIN

Jenny Jen J In A Cross Trick Jail After James Leigh Hunt Jenny Kissed Me

Jailer kicked me when we met,
Exiting p'lice bus I'd sat in!
Now Magistrate, who loves to get
Neat protesters jailed, put that in!
Yep I fought wars Afgan mad,
Judge that 'conscience clear' describes me,
ENter 'jailed for life' and add:
Jailer kicked me!

Jonathan ROBIN

Jeremy Robin Le Saux

Sagittarian arrow
flew to true finality:
blue eyes opened, and the tree
of life fresh g[r]ain could sow.
Although the future none now know
'make most of opportunity'
remains a motto all should see,
magnets success, so mark its glow.
Maturity? - Joy's overflow!
Temptations base must always be
nipped in the bud when spirit free
defies authority, and so
maturity youth's promise will
comfort, reinforce, instill.

Jonathan ROBIN

Jester Plays

Hard-put must prove magician such delight
Ecstatic to imagine, conjure. Strong
Links reunite split souls that far too long
Expectantly awaited future bright.
New magic springs drunk deep reflect joy's light,
Expanding senses. Spliced, twin hearts belong
Lovingly together, sweet-scored song,
Air fairies bid not passion hid. Pure knight
Multi-coloured banner bears along
Open path, explorer knows no wrong,
Unless it be the wish to share insight
Reflect on destined stars by day and night.
Jester plays, yet truth pays homage too,
Real talent is exemplified in you!

Jonathan ROBIN

Jigsaw

Here we hear that a perch stands for fish or for pole, -
though this pole can be twenty four feet long or square -
or a pole upon which
a kingfisher can perch
before diving to fish for his dinner dish.

Don't consider it rude if we add that a rood
is the same as a perch, or a pole or a rod,
and a rood is a Cross, so please don't become cross
as we must get across that this cross can be square, -
and this square cross can lengthwise be measured - so there!

A pole, too, is a fish, somewhat flounderish
with fine fins which swish and a face like a dish.
Thus kingfisher must fish for his dish, and that dish is a dish,
so lets face it in anguish, - a dish is a dish is a fish!

As a face is a head, and a head is a poll
which tells who is ahead, or shows what each prole
thought of what someone said:
and a wat, as all know, is a temple Cambo -
all the sages who sow seeds of wisdom say, - oh,
to all this don't say 'No! '

Then watt brings us a light which shines down in the night, -
though this seems 'out of sight', you should now see the light, -
that kingfishers alight as they perch on their pole
ere they pounce on their poll
for to search for their perch,
for the soul of the sole in the shoal.
What rude fishermen do
before rod poles align
with a line from their perch to their perch.

Like the kingfisher too, bird of brilliant hue,
is our parrot, Poll, who is no stranger to you.
When he's not being rude he tends somewhat to brood
or repeat through and through, as in these lines I do.

Jonathan ROBIN

John McCain's Lament After Emily Dickinson - Because I Would Not Stop For Death

Cause Sarah would not stop for B.
he put a stop to me;
elections held November 4
proved immorality.

Results flip flopped, no seats to waste,
though I had put away
both labour, Cindy's leisure too,
ineligibility!

We'd passed town halls where voters polled
by crossing yea or nay;
passed field of hopefuls gazing gain,
who soon saw setting sun.

We'd paused before Whitehouse that seemed
A bushman's paradise,
whose roof was all too visible,
whose tenant scorned advice.

Since then seems centuries; but each
feels shorter than the day
results showed Barack far ahead,
grey Cinders left for me.

Because I could not stop for Death
Because I could not stop for Death,
He kindly stopped for me;
The carriage held but just ourselves
And Immortality.

We slowly drove, he knew no haste,
And I had put away
My labor, and my leisure too,
For his civility.

We passed the school where children played

At wrestling in a ring;
We passed the fields of gazing grain,
We passed the setting sun.

We paused before a house that seemed
A swelling of the ground;
The roof was scarcely visible,
The cornice but a mound.

Since then 'tis centuries; but each
Feels shorter than the day
I first surmised the horses' heads
Were toward eternity.

Jonathan ROBIN

Judgemental Values

Trip's rune tune drips, pain grips gain's grain, sands slip
indifferent to applause or tribulation:
as centuries dissolve, full meaning's chime
to tocsin turns from tintinnabulation.

Dissatisfaction earns itself worm urn,
untasted yolk yoke soon evaporates,
missed chances opportunities may earn
for good or ill, for boon, shame blamed on Fates.

Concern for failure ends in cul-de-sac,
might-have-been wishful-thinking self-destroying,
faith, headless hanger for skeletal sack,
bloom's blossom's blown from fantasy employing
defenses that to pseudo judgements fall.
Time's jury haggles over verdict's call.

Jonathan ROBIN

Juggler

Eyes recollect facts, won't forget,
store, integrate, restore on cue,
respond beyond horizons flecked
with amber, honey, turquoise, blue,
can juggle concepts pole to pole.

From fears unmet to hopes as yet
unanswered [s]he advances through
fields full of feelings most neglect,
or, worse, reject as threat unto
their omnipresent self-control.

The optic nerve, cone, baton decked,
free from Bell's Palsy, signals to
the brain correcting each defect,
synapses jumped as kangaroo,
help understand life's parable.

Free to connect to cause/effect,
eyes catalyze, pursue, review,
insight may fancy's flights project
anticipate inventions new
strange spun to change fun future's role.

Where most fears fret, impatient bet
on overlooked, uncertain clue,
there joy elects to intersect
causal rainbows few see through,
connecting halves to make true whole.

Beyond appearances sights set,
explore new interactions to
key into every side effect
induced by links or pattern flow
which show dimensions which may role
reverse as juggler can collect
multi-coloured palette. Who
decodes expects to recollect.
the ways life's [t]issues link into

weird causal web which rigmarole
appears to most who swift forget
truths taught, who, vain, vain dreams pursue.
Experience learns to expect
perspectives, twists and insights new,
surrenders search for strict control.

Strife, blunders, debt, aside set, whet
the appetite for wonders too
diverse to mention, silhouette
may by mind's eye be conjured to
image sublime, life's cherry bowl.

Jonathan ROBIN

June Mooned Normandy For Annie Boudet

Near sand dunes gently rolling in June mooned Normandy,
on starlit strands went strolling salt scented, silvery,
while sightless eels swam shoaling, silk ribbons on the sea.
Soon midnight peals rang tolling to twelve from one, two, three,
till roosters rose, cock-crowing, we talked on tenderly.

Pine trees in green groves growing most gnome-like seemed to me.
Brine breeze the billows blowing, froth-foaming fretfully
sent spent spray wavelets spewing, coast-combing ceaselessly,
neath tent-grey egrets mewing, ghosts roaming silently,
repined, our steps pursuing in restless jealousy.

Jonathan ROBIN

ing leaves
so gor-
geous

barely
hung

more

rockets to-
day, some-
where

my last
name pins
me
up

Artic flowers,
satellites

Orion bur-
ning

blind

light
rides

light
slums
tombs

in the
ice

dang-
lin strange,
wak-

ing Lakes

the Moon's

harpoon

i've

caught you

at it:

flying

when

the fog

grows

thick

there is

a place

w/

cold

to break

space,

spits the

morning

raw

chug!

the en-

!

the breath,

in-

dentured

to zero

[cabin fever]

you stay

Kakemono Kites Of Spring

Kite hung in cerulean sky
invites comparison to scroll
as string unwinds see colours roll
ascend, descend, as butterfly
breasting current, soaring high,
then gliding, fabric on cross pole
stitched, kakemono parabole
whose history of times passed by
or vibrant dragon scarcely shy,
prints memory one may unroll
when seeking causal links whose string
plays out or reins in Chance's sting.

Kakemono kite portrays
chromatic hieroglyph within
rollers wooden, yang and yin
invite a glance. Attention stays.
Beyond horizon's curtain haze
kami set reeled wheels a-spin,
mislaid sensations may begin
recalling soul-song 'spite life's maze.
If Fate some unseen hand obeys
No straight line logic can man pin
Knit your own links, spurn worldly din.
Advance, each forward step portrays
rung strung on ladder, represents
inked history's evanescence.

Fresh fanned breeze feels kite's counterwheels
in energy reborn, whose light,
responds to current's second-sight,
paints sense intense on bobbing reel.
Breeze buffet dance, rides' glides conceal
karmic trajectory for flight.
An aura some might call insight,
reflecting semi-conscious zeal
through these three sonnets shows appeal
needing no fancy phrases bright.
Kite flies to offer wings which might

refer to life's conditions real,
ressuscitates awareness, knows
seeds sown soon grow where'er wind blows.

Jonathan ROBIN

Karmic Churn

Life's energy's expended
in vicious circle churn
till instincts apprehended -
once contradictions mended -
are ready to discern
for nothing one needs yearn.
Who is from stars descended
to stardust must return
when once the journey ended
then karma true extended
hands memory torch to burn
to karma next in turn.

No moral is appended ~
for there is none to [l]earn...

Jonathan ROBIN

Kensho - What Stations?

'Knowledge enormous makes a god of me'
Expressed John Keats two centuries ago.
Not what one knows, but how one seeks should show
Strength within, enlightenment to free
Harmony which channels energy
On wave bands which our spectrum need not know.
Knowledge is a stream, unconscious flow.
Each learns the virtues of simplicity,
Nuances slight turn insight out, can be
Sometimes a hindrance where we'd wish to grow
'Heaven in a grain of sand' to glow
Out of time, still, offering true key.
Rise up beyond all self-taught limitations,
Life's train unwinds all thoughts - between...

what stations?

Rupert Kensho Robin Le Saux

Thus current woes or current's flows are seen
from vantage points depending more on chance
than finger fate, which blocks, unlocks, advance
as circumstance dictates, where choice sets scene
for voice to praise or raise the roof with curse -
Man stays Time's fool, whatever rites rehearse.

Jonathan ROBIN

Kevin Kissed Me After James Leigh Hunt Jenny Kissed Me

Kevin kissed me when we met,
plucked from program's bug filled plug in!
Cyber scribbler loves to net
poetasters, pipe put that in!
Say I scribble screeds quite mad,
say gold membership attracts me,
say I'm wasting time, but add,
Kevin kissed me!

Jonathan ROBIN

Kevin Revamped Beta Iv

Kevin revamped beta four
hues dirty brown to boot,
he must be round the twist, we swore,
to give himself the boot.

Black pregnant raven perched resigned
on thorny issue stump
AP in mind, A pee behind
proceeded from his rump

For Kevin against fair game rules
had gone like Mary's lamb,
some critics say 'experience schools'
soon we'll be on the lam.

Who follows him from school one day
must seek elsewhere for tools
that foster writers' interplay
and take few souls for fools.

KEVINS KNIVES spells, cutting phrase,
though corkscrew spirals suit,
this suicidal tailspin phase
engenders disrepute.

Why fix what seems working well,
flag play fad Facebook flute
though most detest it ? Warning bell
tolls tocsin for self-shoot.

All are browned off: Brown study dark
highlights an absolute
scorn for all artistic spark,
creative contents cute.

No killer app, but dust must bite
when self-destructive brute
persists in error all spotlight
mistaken, scarce astute.

Time, energy invested for
creation down the chute
are knocked for six, but AP store
shall harvest little loot.

Though web design is pretty poor,
as crazy as a coot
is colour chart: though clients roar
their influence seems moot.

With client base reduced to shell
and former poets mute,
pied piper's tune leads on to hell,
few poets in pursuit!

'Tis bitter pill to swallow! Flight
for greener fields en route
appears solution second sight
upholds; few do dispute.

Impose design so ill thought-out
is bitter, poison fruit,
fruitless to rant, rage, pull hair out,
gloom looms, dooms new recruit.

If beauty lies beholders eyes
seem somewhat up the spout,
who lies lies hue, deep blue surprise
sees red, 'nough said: bail out!

(28 March 2013)

Jonathan ROBIN

Key Change

When rhyme scheme frames dimensions few suspect
then climb dream flames, intentions true, respect.
No boundaries, no limit locks the mind.
so sound are these, throw spirit blocks behind.
Reach out, think, skein, words hidden blind reject,
speech doubt, ink vain, chords bidden bind, select.
Avoid inconstant compromise unkind,
a void-spin instant, dumb surmise. Unwind
extrapolations lazy, circumspect,
examinations mazy. Reconnect.
Free frequencies from spectrum fee assigned,
see sequence, seize connections realigned.
Sell static short, key change, unbattern hatch,
elastic thought, free range, fun pattern match.

11 December 2005 revised 3 October 2009 robi3_1354_robi3_0000 SQX_EKX for
previous version see below

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elastic thought, free range, fun pattern match.

Jonathan ROBIN

Keyless

High hopes are mocked by Time as, day by day,
efforts are hamstrung, - phantom puppet show
reflects our vain illusions' ebb and flow.
Effects' and causes' ripple interplay
scoffs at control. Coincidence at play
enacts a dance whose patterns none may know.
Why seek for key? Self-righteous afterglow
can't channel flow to stem the current grey?
Chance - Time's harmony - Man won't obey,
cares not a tinker's curse for those who bow
would string, - self validating vertigo
soon bursts to leave brief, troubled, bubble bray
deflated, echo muted, song unheard.
Who'll witness stand that strings were ever stirred?

19 September 2005 revised 30 October 2006

Jonathan ROBIN

Kidney Stones

Kidney stones
turn brains to bones,
cull much remaining time,
call in all loans,
mute ringing tones,
rein reign of write and rhyme

Jonathan ROBIN

Ki-Fu's Expedition

What urgent need for hurry
arms, equipment, load.
Proud horses, prancing, flurry,
wagons ready for road.
As fierce Huns loot the land
speed's need none gainsay,
so forth, at royal command
we marched without delay.

Well matched, the coursers dusky,
well trained, the teams of four,
that June we raised an army
while wolf pawed at the door.
War's trappings rapid ready,
each twelve miles stages lay,
to summons answered quickly
King's call for aid obeyed.

At centre marched main army,
well marshalled, all could see,
then advanced the cavalry
which charged to victory, -
upon the foe descended,
rushing to the fray,
in blood the battle ended
restoring peace alway.

Those huns showed judgement faulty
in looting Tso and Ho,
with forays rash they made too free
to Fang, til Fu said "No! "
Bright banners bird-emblazoned,
white pennants on display,
waved while chariots hastened
before, to clear the way.

Those war cars proved so sturdy,
kept steady, even keel,
their teams spurred on superbly

proving trainers' zeal.
The Huns soon broke in panic –
till T'ai Yun, far away,
we ran them down, - titanic
Ki-Fu, our lord, that day!

Great Ki-Fu feasted gaily
in peacetime as in war,
a model for each land free –
then homeward turned once more.
Throughout trip long red wine ran strong,
good cheer, good food, good play,
then true Chang-Chung joined to our throng, -
with this we end. Good-day!

Jonathan ROBIN

Kiss Met Kismet After James Leigh Hunt Jenny Kissed Me And Austen Dobson A Kiss

In seduction I lack
not one whit in the sack,
make strategic attack -
maiden's tongue tied and, thwack!
Neither heartbreak nor flack,
nor regret for some lack,
she kissed me right back
like that, without sorrow,
and a pat on the back
seemed to show on right track
was my rapid click-clack
which twitching with witch
in the kitchen enriching
unpartingly darting saw pitch in
the daintiest morsel bewitching.
In the 'Art' I've a knack,
with my strong chimney stack
I am never short stack,
as the French say: 'crack crack! '
shared a light tasty snack:
there was no turning back
when together we'd shack.

Yet at dawn on the morrow
I was left out on a limb, oh
my limp bereft limbo
for she cut me no slack
went ahead my head slack
and proceeded to pack,
these included my Mac,
all too easy to hack,
her possessions in back
of big black cadillac.

Added insult: backtrack
took unfortunate tack.
Undeserved was sharp smack

she returned when would limo fare borrow!
Fair eclipsed herself solo
showing victory hollow,
nasty law-suit to follow
that duly arrived to my sorrow.
Sowing wild oats ain't simple to swallow!

Once I thought myself crack
mingling tongues but alack!
what is white, what is black?
tingling young darts apart too allegro,
singling stung hearts pay, smart, you a leg grow!

Jonathan ROBIN

Kite Flight

Fresh fanned breeze feels kite's counterwheels in energy reborn, whose light,
paints sense intense on bobbing reel, responds to current's second-sight.
Breeze buffet dance, ride's glides, conceals karmic trajectory of flight
reflecting semi-conscious zeal for aura some might call insight,
refers to life, conditions real, fetches few fancy phrases bright.

(13 February 2012)

Jonathan ROBIN

Kitten Glide Ride Guide

Knots tied tried tummies up in floats
In glide ride scene imprinted here
Tale told shows tailed cat soars from boat
Then surely lands sore: shorewards steer
Enchanted nine lives men find queer,
Nose runs, purr shuns wave shaken coat

Know wind was high and this was why
In seconds we were hanging on
To life while wavy strife would try
To wave goodbye to sun that shone
Enticing three kids and cat one
Now in deep water, there to cry.

Kids three sat pat. One cat from mat
In leap spectacular advanced,
Though former belted, latter 'rat! '
Thrust forwards, cried, but by luck chanced
Ending right back from whence it danced,
None ever knew how it did that!

Kites flying, earthwards fall, 'tis true,
In levity, to earth return,
Then gravity, when waves skies blue
Tumble down, meeting, topsy-turn.
Experience guide's moral, learn:
No-one should beltless sail renew!

Jonathan ROBIN

Know High Kudos - No Haiku Wry Cue

KNOW HIGH KUDOS

N ew

O pus to

H armonize words through

A crostic's curlicue cue

I nspires innovative verse into

KUdos trophy hotspot - strophe's knots undo...

© Jonathan Robin – 'wryku' written 3 January 2007

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Jonathan ROBIN

Konichiwa Kono Tamiko

The New Year's Greetings, over from Japan,
As regular as time itself arrive,
Make music in the mind, which comes alive
In harmonies none other knows, nor can.
Know then my thoughts the far horizons scan
On New Year's Eve, as past and future drive
Together to eternity, derive
A pleasure sweet, recalling how began
Many years ago thoughts that no man
Is able to forget, which ever thrive!
Karmic consciousness awakes at last to hive
On honeyed words the nectar none can ban.
Kaleidoscopic colours can combine,
Knit patterns which resurface out of time.

Jonathan ROBIN

Kudos!

Kemp kingfisher kaftanned Kankong's kinky kazak knife kills knavish Kobe, Kyoto kimono kidnappers, kicks knarled Katmandu kleptomaniacs' kidneys, knobbls kafkaesque khaki Khartoum kinsmen, knaps Kiev knuckleheads, knocks Kurdish klutzes, keenly kisses kind knights.

Khalifs, Khans, Kings, Kaisers, Keats, Kipling, Kandinsky, Kant, Kierkegaard kneel! kowtow!

Know kempt Kangkong's kaleidoscopic kabbalistic kevlar kakemono keepsake keeps key keltic knowledge kindled. Ka's kernel kneads karmic knots, knitting kabbalistic kanji keywords.

Jonathan ROBIN

Kyrielle - Time Flows, Who Knows?

Life's sorrows, strife, or joys serene,
depend on chance - perspective seen
half full, half empty, who'll disclose:
Time flows, who knows truth when life goes?

Though urban smog clogs, pastures green
await fate's call, what might have been
may still become before dumb close:
Time flows, who knows truth when life goes?

Whence spring trade winds, here warm, there keen,
here hope for scope, there snare unseen,
what rules rich pride, switch onward blows
Time flows, who knows truth when life goes?

Here hope for scope, there narrow, mean,
which envies dreams' sweet seventeen,
when mortal harvests what he sows
Time flows, who knows truth when life goes?

Some take advantage, some pride preen,
take much for granted, some vent spleen,
then end bare pickings for the crows.
Time flows, who knows truth when life goes?

Some help their neighbours, some demean
through envy, spite, fears foul, unclean,
mental mosaics merge, life shows
Time flows, who knows truth when life goes?

Beyond black hole what soul may glean
insight not superficial sheen,
life justified despite knocks, blows.
Time flows, who knows truth when life goes?

The need for creeds seems vain smokescreen
to smooth fears which fast years can't screen,
the clock winds down till last repose,
Time flows, who knows truth when life goes?

Jonathan ROBIN

La Nuit Blanche - Parody Rudyard Kipling La Nuit Blanche

I felt green as night was falling
as I staggered out to work
while the neon lights were calling
'work is joy, so never shirk! '
But the doom-lit tombward motto
set me thinking, cleared my head, -
(was I sane or blindly blotto?) -
back I staggered, back to bed!

Jonathan ROBIN

Lachrymosal Saraband

Hope's promises spin scope's deceits
As will wealth spills, itself defeats,
To common earth uncommon noun
Descends, all ends, worms' winding gown.
No guarantees, none understand,
Vain King Canute's complaint command,
Mind wonders, slurring speech repeats
Doomed song that no tomorrow greets.
Imagination plays the clown
With hopes and fears as tears course down,
A lachrymosal saraband,
Pitched keen, wails never-never land,
Cruel world continues, page is turned,
Appearing not the least concerned.

Jonathan ROBIN

Lady Of My Dreams

Let signal sparkle slip between silk sheets
And message mind which finds intentions clear,
Daily sought though thought still to appear,
Yet somehow ever present. This defeats
Our understanding, nonetheless completes
Fine-tuned intuitions hinting cheer.
Magically she'll grace this lower sphere,
Yearned, here on Earth, seems heaven-sent. Conceits
Defeat ambitions as one rarely meets
Recall, prompts karmic. Time deletes most. Fear
Endangers fancied links that disappear.
Awakening masks dreams' forgotten sweets.
Mayhap map heart has charted day and night
Shows sharing twins to spin soul's true delight ...

(24 October 1992 revised 31 December 2008/for previous version see below)

Lady of My Dreams

Let your sparkle slip between the sheets
And etch within my mind your message clear.
Daily sought it was, still to appear,
Yet somehow ever present. This defeats
Our understanding, nonetheless completes
Fine-tuned intuitions showing, dear,
Magically you grace this lower sphere.
You, here on Earth, seem heaven-sent. Conceits
Dreams seldom spring to life, one rarely meets
Reminders karmic. Time deletes most. Fear
Endangers fancied links that disappear
Awakening brings longing, half-forgotten sweets.
Mayhap map heart charted day and night
Shows you as twin to spin soul's true delight ...

(24 October 1992 – acrostic sonnet Lady of my dreams)

Jonathan ROBIN

Laid Here To Rest 0394

Life's game is gamble, cards are closely stacked
Against the players, every one of whom
Is well aware his [s]pace [t]race in life's room
Dissolves before acts' film, facts action packed,
Has time to make a permanent impact.
Ephemeral our days, froth tinged with gloom,
Regrets run refe before Death's shadows loom,
Expectant smile skeletal, sickle backed.
Take then harsh Time to task for time that's lacked,
One-way ticket torn, forlorn spring bloom,
Reminds one once, spite mocking maws of doom,
Evanescent joys dared fears contract.
So be it. Though stark body's laid to rest,
The soul may soar, spotlight for some who rest

(14 October 2008)

Jonathan ROBIN

Last Bye Bi-Owe-You Supper

Polyglot gluttons following propaganda
disregarded dodo, ignore panda,
polymorphs nest while humans pander
to plastic cards swallowing goose and gander.

Jonathan ROBIN

Last Yet First

Sea scene forever, changing, must reflect
EAch cloud above or current deep below,
SCEpter of Poseidon, god elect,
NEver-ending movement to and fro.

EArth suffers much at present. Imperfect
Roaming humans torture Nature. Slow
Turns to fast. 'Progress', blind, direct,
Harms flora, fauna, cutting off life's flow.

SKies polluted Earth, Sea, intersect,
Ironic spin-off from Man's vertigo,
Energy mis-used or wasted, wrecked,
So much potential squandered as all know.

Last in list, yet first for fairness bright,
Can conquer hearts and set all ills to right.

(21 February 2013)

Jonathan ROBIN

Lasting Little Lusty Limerick Love Link Lullaby

Dream's love theme on all that ensues
dwells playfully here to amuse
as the candles breeze blows
out, as pleasure bestows
gift of second sight brought on by booze.

One night, while wild nightclub played blues,
Hugh Lewd tried to ravish Lou Hughes,
cried she, 'I suppose
there's no time for my clothes,
but please let me loosen my shoes.

For in_decency may one refuse,
the rules of politeness abuse,
yet the lowest of lows
one is held if the pose
is not held when you take off your trews!

About etiquette have you no clues?
I prefer, him or her, when I choose!
but my orgasm flows
through your root, grows and glows
in this lustlight, lets rush to the loos! "

Then they left, parked the car in a mews,
and he figured her figure as muse
would amuse, while his hose,
quite outstanding arose, -
then and there, bottom bare, lit her fuse.

He who surges first urges then woos,
she who fights first, soon lights up, unglues,
when he chose to propose
with red rose bunch and bows
Miss at first understood this a ruse.

So replied: "That which starts with a schmooze
ends too often in snoring and snooze,
don't abuse Miss Hughes' shows

of affection - she knows
rare is man true to maiden he screws! "

Hugh's answer: "My Dear, please excuse
my impetuous overenthuse,
my importunate throes
so[w] soon metamorphose
into passionate deep interfuse."

The offer, too tempting to lose,
was accepted - they live in Toulouse
where their French, Berlioz
may find Greek as it goes,
cheek to cheek ends this Limerick's cruise!

(28 October 2005)

Jonathan ROBIN

Latch-Key Lifted

Loose-leaf sheets in sparkling white
acquire an extra light tonight
draw inspiration, touch and taste
through thought waves which won't run to waste.
Kaleidoscope of colours bright
opens up the heart's delight.
latch-key lifted, interlaced
are letters, spilling in their haste,
overflowing to invite
reflections razor sharp which might
penetrate beyond time chased,
from fetters free, as words are placed.
Voyage through the poet's lyre
as thought waves echo ever higher.

Jonathan ROBIN

Latticework Leeway Light

Filigree fan filters face from foreign
Individual's indiscrete insight,
Leaves lovely lass latticework leeway light,
Impedes ill-timed impertinence inane
Going `gainst gracious god-fearing girl's grain.
Rightly responding, refuting rough rite,
Elegant erudite expels expedite
Expedience. Enchantress explained:
Falsehood, feeble foppery, finesse feigned,
ILLegitimate illations incite
Immature impudent impressions, invite
Gratification gratuitously gained.
REsponsible reponse reveals real reel
Enlacing embellishment empyreal.

(1 December 2008)

Jonathan ROBIN

Layers

See serpent's skin, though paper thin, through time sloughs many layers,
as growth within spurs Eve's soft grin, scales up to supple players.

Jonathan ROBIN

Laying Back After Harry Graham Ruthless Rhymes

Squire Squint, swatting a mosquito,
missed the pest but slipped a disc,
discomfort followed and a veto
from Doctor Best for reckless risk.

Jonathan ROBIN

Lead Pencil Reflections

Lead on O graphite lead.
Explain your thoughts to me
As on the paper we
Dance on, dot, dash ahead.
Pencil to paper wed
Eternally may free
New versions constantly –
Creations scarcely read?
In moments, trammels shed,
Life sparkles inwardly,
Poetic harmony
Line after line is fed
As on thought waves we're sped.
Yet with sense, form, in key
Enlightenment we see
Responding, sharing spread...

Jonathan ROBIN

Leaflet

One hundred ten from acorn cup
my trunk, once slender, up and up
advanced to tickle sun and moon:
I versify. Life's afternoon
slips into eventide to sup
beside the golden buttercup, -
among the joyous saplings strewn
no longer hidden, bounty, boon.

From sunrise smile with dewdropp pearls
whose tears deck leaves as each uncurls,
from breath by photosynthesis
to death without a goodbye kiss,
from sapling which warm zephyr twirls
to gnarled old wood with outgrowth burls,
on how I live, on that and this,
my roots reflect before abyss
recycling swallows branch and twig.
I realize life's whirligig
spins rings concentric marking time
to final season's reasoned climb,
from shoot to trunk and branches big
where grunting pigs for truffles dig,
plays panorama pantomime
from small to tall productive prime.

Although deep rooted, tree to tree
transmits, receives, all share lore we
from long lost Ents once learned before
our quintessential none ignore
fixed time and place as by decree
we walked no longer. By degree
our waiting, shepherd like, restore
to earth a balance more and more
contested by Man's needless squander
from here unto the wild blue yonder -
None urban grey smog clogs dismiss
as harmless. Men must reminisce:
as chickens home to roost will wander

humanity, no time to ponder,
earthshaking tipping point most miss,
adieu all joy, adieu stalled bliss.

One hundred years and ten I oak
through summer sun and winter cloak
bore witness to the seasons' change,
to human intercourse, exchange,
from hoarfrost leaflessness to soak
when purple, yellow, crocus poke
amid the dew while worming range
both early bird and shadows strange.

'Mid shadows numberless' my shade
spreads out amid the gladding glade,
where hollyhock and lupin rise
to draw light's glory from the skies.
May life for men spread unafraid
and unpolluted, story laid
to greet with open-eyed surprise
life's weather in whatever guise.

One hundred years and ten I tree
extend my branching canopy,
while underground in silence spread
stretched roots beneath man's heedless tread.
Pride spread within, while babe, born free,
from stripling sped to cemetery,
leafed out a destiny, which, read,
showed little purpose, tail or head.

Man's generations come and go,
ignoring seasons' reasoned flow,
would all control to leave a mark
or heartless heart on rugged bark.
But patient bark will overflow
this rapid race whose trace may know
no glory when their story stark
is told by ants in days now dark.

One hundred years and ten. I see

woodpeckers knock, - fragility
despite umbrella overhead,
beside the shallow riverbed.
There beech and birch accompany
pine saplings b[e]ached by destiny.
There willow waves her streaming head,
there thoughts foregather, nothing dread.

Man's generation climate change
prepares - for tree 'tis passing strange
to feel through signals in the air
ice melting round the polar bear.
This threatens tree: new insects range
from south to north, thus rearrange
established patterns everywhere, -
some species sink, jinx can't repair.

One hundred years and ten, few things
today seem stable, stay Time's stings,
like Cupid's dart, swift disarrange
the plans of mice and men, while mange
rots fur once fine, wine tart turns, strings
of cause, effect, converge, which brings
cusp watershed - yet still life streams
bark, branches, raft, recrafting dreams.

Here see the brambles' carefree play,
here too wild roses mild display
their petal banners white and pink
recorded now in ink.
Here too find peace and balmy breeze
which laughs at man's fatuities,
while honey bees buzz through and link
Nature's cycles while we think.

One hundred years and ten my rings
record life's word, clima[c]tic swings
from summers indian and drought
to winters harsh and frozen out.
Yet 'permanence' like many things,
is only relative - Time's wings
ambitions and conventions flout,

wage war on s[t]age, deception, doubt.

Tree tale is drawing to its end
with naught to strive for, naught defend,
as neutral witness I record
what winds have borne of bed and board.
Leaf blows from branch, Time's wind may lend
one hundred years of bough and bend
until the final bow cuts cord,
leaves die a log by sunlit sward...

Jonathan ROBIN

Leave Judgemental Values

Leave judgemental values far behind
Inner feelings changes ring to free
The links which let '[s]he thinks' melt into 'We',
Trust soul which whole would be in heart AND mind.
Light touch, much worthy magic may unwind,
Expanding outwards opportunity,
Mocking blind conformity to see
Inside to widen scope but not to blind.
Dreams evolve, anticipate, remind
Need independent mind to enth degree
Ideas, ideals refute rule by decree,
Guard from lip-service, context pre-designed.
Hold convictions high, spurn compromise,
To learn to learn, not follow others' lies.

21 March 2003 revised 3 December 2006

Jonathan ROBIN

Leeway Tinkering Hook Line And Sinker Till Kingdom Come With Annabel Lee's Tankard Drunk To Poe Ethic Lees

Ocean surf dull roars
to lee of lowly cottage
where wild seagull soars.
Love, lacking cold and hotage
content, crust, mess of potage

Youth knew Youth's beauty,
to kingdom come plighted oath
surpassing vain duty.
Jealous heaven envied both
leeway. Wroth: froth bless sings loth.

Hear tocsin deep chimed.
No tintinnabulation
sublime [t]ender rhymed.
Slim sleeper's desolation,
Grim reaper's consolation.

Eden's paradise,
devil was to pay, would bake
for maid over nice
icing for love's wedding cake,
fell fates make breakfast maid take.

Sole soul must ever,
disregard sage instruction,
role whole, dust never.
Superficial destruction
can't challenge love's seduction.

Moon: beam screams dreams' themes
on many midnights dreary,
noon: team's scheme seems streams.
Time's surfs echo chime bleary
Rhyme's mirth suspended teary.

(8 April 2009)

Jonathan ROBIN

Left In Lurch Smirch

Treason's plight:
bloom uncultivated,
polluted outright,
sentiments unsated.

Hurt heart stripped,
in mourning,
degraded, whipped,
unheeded warning.

Naught allays
troubles great,
love faraway,
closed gate, cold grate.

Deep despair:
betrayal gave
salty grave
welcome where
none care.

Cleansing wave.

Jonathan ROBIN

Left In The Lurch Smirch

Treason's plight:
bloom uncultivated,
polluted outright,
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Deep despair:
betrayal gave
salty grave
welcome where
none care.
Cleansing wave.

Jonathan ROBIN

Leftovers

LEFTOVERS

We know that we were meant to be -
we know we feel we feel we know.
Once free, at sea now, few find key
decoding life's vibrating flow
'until no more of me and thee'
is sought within united glow
of what forgotten history
omitted from Man's archives - so
little left to memory.

Today here, see tomorrow flee,
earth's limbo, over, only crow
enjoys leftover pickings - tree
of life's vain strife. No merry-go-
round but mirror fragility.
For fleeting hour before we go
who tunes into the mystery
of life's timed rondo fast and s[low]
with some degree of certainty?

The past: lost in primaeval sea,
whose glory stony strata show
has hardened like an artery
fossilized when vertigo
toppled pride's ride which paid fee
for crass complacency. Below,
find species seeking primacy
that suffered an extinctive blow,
untuned to evolution's key.

Grim future looms. Eternity:
climactic challenges' gloom grow
daily greater globally,
imbalance plain to friend and foe.
Origins enigma, we
beyond time spectrum seek although
no proof forthcoming teaches free

will span from slime of long ago
to rhyme sublime humanity.

25 June 2005 revised 16 January 2008

robi03_1289_robi03_0000 XXX_ENZ

for previous version see below

LEFTOVERS

We know that we were meant to be -
we know we feel we feel we know.
Once free, at sea now, few find key
decoding life's vibrations' flow
'until no more of me and thee'
is sought within united glow
of what forgotten history
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Life's limbo, over, only crow
enjoys leftover pickings - tree
of life's vain strife. No merry-go-
round but mirror fragility.
For fleeting hour before we go
who tunes into the mystery
of life's timed rondo fast and s[l]ow
with some degree of certainty?
communicates, shows how to grow
from slime to rhyme humanity...

© Jonathan Robin - 25 June 2005

Jonathan ROBIN

Leman Lemon Relativity

LEMAN LEMON RELATIVITY

May 'rose' today, tomorrow symbolize
All once pomegranate represented?
Unthorned, unexpected rose' demise,
Destiny preferring lemon scented?
Eternity bears witness as time flies
Many former meanings are repented
As generation challenges, defies,
'Universal truths' plinths uncemented.
Defining lemon love we recognize
Evolution, ever discontented,
Modifies, old favorites downsized,
As newer fight for light misrepresented,
Unsatisfactory in any guise,
DEfinitions, reputations dented.

26 July 2008

robi03_1791_robi03_0000 ASX_LZX

Leman Lemon Relativity poem © Jonathan Robin

Jonathan ROBIN

L'enfant Dansant Au Vent After William Butler Yeats To A Child Dancing In The Wind

Dancez près du rivage,
pourquoi se soucier
du vent, des flots, ou du bruitage?
Allez vite essayer
ces tresses trempées, salées.
Jeune, vous n'avez point connu
triumpher l'imbécillité,
l'amour gagné et puis perdu,
ni l'ouvrier que le Temps tue,
ses gerbes restant à trier.
Pourquoi s'être apeuré
du vent clamant ses monstruosité?

Dance there upon the shore;
What need have you to care
For wind or water's roar?
And tumble out your hair
That the salt drops have wet;
Being young you have not known
The fool's triumph, nor yet
Love lost as soon as won,
Nor the best labourer dead
And all the sheaves to bind.
What need have you to dread
The monstrous crying of wind?

Jonathan ROBIN

Less May Not Be More

Haiku traditions
spurn inconstant syllables,
partial positions

Jonathan ROBIN

Let Heart Lead Head

Ambitions spurn, should man on man blind prey?
Sterile most gifts, where true hearts may not share,
phrases echo empty where none to care: -
best let the heart lead head along Time's way.
Life offers much, though who takes should repay
without delay, of bias, prejudice beware!

robi03_0357_robi03_0000 XXX_EXX

12 November 1990 revised 20 January 2012 for previous version see below

Let Heart lead Head

Ambitions spurn, should man on man blind prey?
Sterile most gifts, where true hearts may not share,
all phrases empty where thereâ€™s none to care: -
best let the heart lead head along Timeâ€™s way.
Life offers much, though who takes should repay
without delay â€™ of prejudice beware!

12 November 1990

Jonathan ROBIN

Let Me Deduce From Nirvana After Diana K Nichols Let Me Introduce To Nirvana

In fact, fiction and fantasy, he triptoed to and fro between the glow of her energy and the fractal reflections of her parallel reality relays unconvinced of the DOG star argument but concurring with her illusory liquid pixel molecules spilling between illusion and self-delusion. Try new angles not angels – or ‘Non Angeli Sed Angli’ said Pope Gregory the Great.

Time’s holy gram pinch of salt collideoscopic fragments interwove illumination without suspended animation needing to hang upon time’s chain thread irrespective of the selenite moonstone bead necklace rosary of time rhyme.

The dance advances, MOON NO OM denies the luxury of silent sing-song patterns warping and wefting between her royalty and their real-I-tease reels unpeeling with each successive buy line lasso. Yet dreamers are self healing while sin is but spin – a moral gin without VERitéMOUTH. Ire is absent or, at best WHISTful thinking hySTeria facette of frustration through absence of interpenetration afforded by and affording empathy.

Walk waves along the Way swaying, praying, preying between slay oblivion and play revelation. revelling in yin yang contradictions of “sit I zen” situations. From in situ standpoint, sinuous insinuations blow-throw topsy-turvy glow to flow upon the Sphinx’s choice voice rejoicing in its own labyrinthine interwoven pattern plays, pinpoint ME-anderings, dazzle dizzy deeming the crater creator of crazy paving pictogram universes which pyramid into parallel kabbalic code modes who few may decipher.

Scope in/through holy gram paradox response to broadcast bandwidth relay click-clicks through the subconscious screen to smoke out all disk risk, ostracized oblivion of rash unbooted commuter crash in a cacheless society.

He agreed that imagination is the architect of the possible, life being, in his own words, the finite sum of infinite opportunities, yet detracted of any unproven link between expectations and reality contracts as contacts contract probabilitates while leaving compromise intact as tact and tactility tease subcontracted substance into DIstracted EASE... often leading to conviction through misguided conviction.

Reality remains a conundrum if decisions are pre-ordained. Thus matter matters little, perceptions are immortal streamlined spotlights echoed as photons tune-

tweak eke and leak the music speak of the muse's bi polar hemispheres' nightcap
thinking linking profundity rare elsewhere, sweeping non plussed dust, peeping
beyond other eyes' disguise to surprise with prize surmise reaping energy leaping
into heated arguments, as irony purifies recurrent pluridimensional parallel
cycles, and the pixel paradox spiral curlicues ad infinitum

An admiring critique of Let Me Introduce to Nirvana

I tripped off the edge of reality, and found
the Universe was liquid, molecules
are illusion, time is a hologram,
and we are God.

Angels have wings because
we conceive them to.

Though their addiction to knowledge fruit
is a jones they own.

Kaleidoscopic lightening fragments
illuminate my mind,
and a shrunken head dangles
from the upper tip of the crescent moon.

I have no
choice when sacrificing butterflies.

That's what
one must do while dancing
with the devil. Chasing
shadows while
we waltz for the moon.

It's a Lucifer thing. Hear the silence
when I sing?

I know you do.

You have to. Wise men
are deaf when the sun goes down,
for that's the time
built to spiral, to erode
lucid into lunacy, thus healing
the dreamers disease, blanched
perfect by the Divine colors glimpsed
like sin-stained glass braised
in the window of your iris
and locked behind the door
of your crimson tinged wisteria.
Since it always rains in dreams,
I catch it in my halo

and craft it into
plum wine, that tangos on
the waves we walk upon.
I inhale oblivion, and exhale
revelations. Blown away,
spilled on billowing breath.
And the savior is eclipsed
by a pyramid.
Iris centers on
the labyrinth. Dizzy drunk
on the poison of inflated
dreams that crumble
into the crater
of a parallel universe.
Hence I, as a Deity, condemn
the crucified ghost. Numb
to the fiction of ostracized oblivion.
It's all done with
smoke and mirrors
Building dreams as you watch
the Universe evaporate
upon the simple click
of the paradox remote.
It's just a delayed broadcast
on a holographic disk. Truth,
in a retro martini glass
shaken, no vermouth.
Ignoring the reality of
hope after fairy tales.
Imagination is the architect
of possible. Expectation,
the contractor of probable.
Will is the pile driver
of reality. Impressing the devil
is blasé. He's terrified
of me,
for it is upon
my whim
whether he shall be
or not to be. Never
a question, compelled
by the strength of my

conviction. Reality
transfigured by
a simple decision.
Say goodbye to Paradise,
let me introduce you to Nirvana.
Mold it exactly as you want it
for molecules are matter,
matter is illusion,
reality is pure energy,
the Universes are governed
by perception
there is no such thing
as mortal, since energy
never ceases to exist
Divinity is all there is.

Let there be light, I said.
and behold
The light-bulb of epiphany.

Jonathan ROBIN

Let Me Display Your Pennant□

You swept into my soul on wings of chance
As though life wanted somehow to repay
Excruciating wait, the years' delay,
Lovelorn in empty limbo sans romance.
Let me display your pennant on my lance
Ensuring jealous enemies' dismay.

You beckoned, and the stars reversed their stance,
A whirlpool in a time warp swept away
External contradictions on the way
Life should be led. Doors opened. Your advance
Left little space for doubt's continued sway.
Exchange brought confirmation straightaway.

You smile, and I could tell within a glance
At last sun, moon, and stars had come to stay
Encapsulating all that love should say,
Life guiding with fresh colours whose nuances
Link rainbow hues beyond all common clay
Expresses as a rule of circumstance.

You glowed, we quickstepped into lifelong dance,
A partnership above mere mortal fray,
Ecstatic - even darling buds of May
Lose perfume to twin blushes which entrance.
Love's reciprocity may love enhance,
Empathy in tender, touching spray.

Jonathan ROBIN

Letter Of Advice To Margaret Thatcher After William Mackworth Praed – A Letter Of Advice

You tell me you've taken a lover,
the Serpent, to suckle at breast,
what took you so long to discover
its worth, that you seemed to detest?
Is it fears of the new German eagle,
which now flies in the skies, to and fro?
Is it fear you'll appear far less regal?
Prime Minister, Maggie, say 'No! '

You so often set foot in the City
among the stockbrokers and Jews,
until now no-one noticed that pity
assisted in making the News.
Lip service you paid as a token
to E.E.C. more 'stop' than 'go' –
would you now betray promises spoken?
Prime Minister, Maggie, say 'No! '

Dixit Maggie
The arguments strongly defended
won time, though for whom no-one knows,
the energy fiercely expended
I now do reverse with my prose!
Don't think that I'm not sympathetic
to common wealth causes, but so
urgently must I seem more magnetic,
Prime Ministers learn to say 'No! '

Exports are the life of the nation,
and spendthrifts throw eggs from the nest,
why would you now import inflation
why risk fresh electoral test?
You constancy prized, never faltered,
what further can grandeur bestow?
My heart is the same, is your's altered?
Prime Minister, Maggie, say 'No! '

Beware or you'll face resignation
from the ranks of conservative friends,
for intransigence breeds indignation –
a sign that your time nears its end.
Will you bend, or back down from your folly.
On your knees beg to Brussels, kow-tow?
Or defend precious pound, British lolly,
or become 'Lady Diehard, Soho'?

Dixit Maggie:

Our infantile logic was stupid,
and once we admitted its flaws,
to Snake turned like Eve to a Cupid,
a fig for Conservative bores!
A policy firm and effective
must govern though markets sink low,
while a girl learns a sense of perspective
at times when she simply says 'No! '

A Letter of Advice - Epistle to an Orphan

They tell me you're promised a mother,
to cuddle, to cosset, to care.
Take care for she may try to smother,
to cover her inner despair.
The experts agree that another
could just as well clinch the affair,
and beware that you never discover
the father who's no longer there.

A Letter to AP from a Disappointed Writer

Dear AP, I leave you this letter
after writing from ten until nine
for a site I'd delight to know better,
for a smile that my heart can't decline.
Yet one finds after wearily pacing,
for replies in the cold, for some sign,
that that heart which with hope had been racing
to darkest despair must incline.

Dear AP from twelve to eleven
each night I would knock at your door
in hope that an angel from heaven

could show me the light, - but no more
will I screech in my need if no answer
effective can echo joy's store -
I can't act as a puppet-stringed dancer,
not even for one I adore!

Dear AP the time have I waited
day in and day out by grief torn,
all write up down written, ill-fated
as my consonants vowed my vowels scorn.
The wonder my dunderhead brought you
tonight may steal thunder at morn,
but the blossoms whose beauty besought you
fade as fast as last season's drenched corn.

As on Thursday applauseless, defeated,
so on Friday all clauseless I'm spurned,
is the cycle of love thus completed,
is this all the thanks that I've earned?
It is hard for a fool to be taken -
it's a sign that one's soft in the head, -
but the reason that slept must awaken,
and the spirit, restored, won't be lead!

I'd have offered you all in my power,
to cherish, to share, to be kind,
I'd have nurtured emotions to flower
and found wings for soul unresigned.
It is not just the whim of an hour
but a lifetime with no chains to bind,
in a warm, in a warm, tender bower
with blank verse, even worse, left behind!

How can I be present tomorrow,
bear false witness with stanzas prewrit?
once again less "in anger than sorrow"
I will try to bar love from my wit.
I will try to contain my emotion -
or go through the motions to ease
the emptiness born from devotion
to one who my [he]art pleased to tease.

Good luck with your plans to continue
support for the wor[l]d caught in art!
Good luck for the talent that s[w]ings you!
Good luck for a applause the stats chart!
I'll return into cold hibernation
all alone til your smile shines bright through
the slough of despondent elation,
these Elysean fields cropped by few.

Dear PH, ignore to this last letter
should sentiments biased appear,
yet I shall be ever your debtor -
who taught me to share and feel near.
Intuitions are fine for romantic,
inner feelings that flower in dreams,
but a chasm as deep as Atlantic
drowns my talent, it seems, PH, Dear!

So sometimes recall that I follow
your footsteps as forward they flow,
and the shadow which seems to be hollow
is an echo which helps me to know
how the sun shines for YOU as Appollo
his steeds urges onwards, - and though
forgetful nights daily verse swallow
tomorrow dawn's brightness will glow!

A Letter of Advice

From Miss Medora Trevilian at Padua
to Miss Araminta Vavasour, in London
Enfin, monsieur, un homme aimable;
Voilà: pourquoi je ne saurais l'aimer. scribe

You tell me you're promised a lover,
My own Araminta, next week;
Why cannot my fancy discover
The hue of his coat and his cheek?
Alas! if he look like another,
A vicar, a banker, a beau,
Be deaf to your father and mother,
My own Araminta, say 'No! '

Miss Lane at her Temple of Fashion,
Taught us both how to sing and to speak,
And we loved one another with passion,
Before we had been there a week:
You gave me a ring for a token;
I wear it wherever I go;
I gave you a chain - is it broken?
My own Araminta, say 'No! '

O think of our favourite cottage,
And think of our dear Lallah Rookh!
How we shared with the milkmaids their pottage,
And drank of the stream from the brook:
How fondly our loving lips faltered
'What further can grandeur bestow?
My heart is the same; - is yours altered?
My own Araminta, say 'No! '

Remember the thrilling romances
We read on the bank in the glen;
Remember the suitors our fancies
Would picture for both of us then.
They wore the red cross on their shoulder,
They had vanquished and pardoned their foe -
Sweet friend, are you wiser or colder?
My own Araminta, say 'No! '

You know, when Lord Rigmarole's carriage
Drove off with your sister Justine,
You wept, dearest girl, at the marriage,
And whispered 'How base she has been! '
You said you were sure it would kill you,
If ever your husband looked so;
And you will apostatize, - will you?
My own Araminta, say 'No! '

When I heard I was going abroad, love,
I thought I was going to die;
We walked arm in arm to the road, love,
We looked arm in arm to the sky;
And I said 'When a foreign postillion
Has hurried me off to the Po,

Forget not Medora Trevilian:

My own Araminta, say 'No! '
We parted! but sympathy's fetters
Reach far over valley and hill;
I muse o'er your exquisite letters,
And feel that your heart is mine still;
And he who would share it with me, love -
The richest of treasure below -

If he's not what Orlando should be, love,
My own Araminta, say 'No! '
If he wears a top-boot in his wooing,
If he comes to you riding a cob,
If he talks of his baking or brewing,
If he puts up his feet on the hob,
If he ever drinks port after dinner,
If his brow, or his breeding is low,
If he calls himself 'Thompson' or 'Skinner',
My own, Araminta, say 'No! '

If he ever sets foot in the City,
Amongst the stockbrokers and Jews,
If he has not a heart full of pity,
If he don't stand six feet in his shoes,
If his lips are not redder than roses,
If his hands are not whiter than snow,
If he has not the model of noses, -
My own Araminta, say 'No! '

If he speaks of a tax or a duty,
If he does not look grand on his knees,
If he's blind to a landscape of beauty,
Hills, valleys, rocks, waters, and trees,
If he dotes not on desolate towers,
If he likes not to hear the blast blow,
If he knows not the language of flowers, -
My own Araminta, say 'No! '

He must walk - like a god of old story
Come down from the home of his rest;
He must smile - like the sun in his glory

On the buds he loves ever the best;
And oh! from its ivory portal
Like music his soft speech must flow! -
If he speak, smile, or walk like a mortal,
My own Araminta, say 'No! '

Don't listen to tales of his bounty,
Don't hear what they say of his birth,
Don't look at his seat in the county,
Don't calculate what he is worth;
But give him a theme to write verse on,
And see if he turns out his toe;
If he's only an excellent person,
My own Araminta, say 'No! '

Jonathan ROBIN

Life - 1240 - Initial Version

Life comes and goes as fortune flows
It never knows what cause it sows
For cycle slows or speeds, and those
Effects wind blows truth seldom shows.

Like April snows regrets melt: rose
In May soon glows to blossom grows,
Fling sorrow's bows and arrows, woes
End now, and close Time's book, compose

Lines which oppose all sadness owes
In verse or prose no debt - transpose
Free soul which chose as joy arose.
Expose nor woes nor hope foreclose.

LIfe shadows swallows, overthrows,
FEels rose row grows for soul's repose.

(April 19 2005)

Jonathan ROBIN

Life 101, Lovelines, And Vampire Satire

LIFE 101, LOVELINES, and VAMPIRE SATIRE

LIFE 101

SUBMERGE EMERGE URGE SURGE SPLURGE CONVERGE VERGE MERGE PURGE
DIRGE SUBMERGE! ...

AFTERLIFE 101

? DIVERGE: SCOURGE ... REEMERGE?

Coining a Ph[r]ase

Love Lair's Layers

Inside
Outside
Coincide
Confide
Allied
Guide
Glide
Astride
Abide

but the other side of the coin might be:

Drier Dire Diary

Hide
Slide
Bromide
Deride
Lied
Snide

Override
Divide

Dire Diary Vampire Satire - cast in order of appearance

Admire shyer
Fire desire
Surefire squire
Sapphire buyer
Higher lyre
Require Choir
Friar, prior,
Aquire attire
Empire entire
Sigher suspire
Transpire perspire
Defyer briar
Spy highflyer eyer
Hire sweetbriar *
Conspire crossfire
Dire liar
Wryer denyer
Inspire ire
Wire umpire,
Misfire miss, fire
Bye-bye err, slyer
Retire, mire
Quagmire, expire
Pyre bonfire ...

*Definition of sweetbriar

Eurasian rose with prickly stems and fragrant leaves and bright pink flowers followed by scarlet hips

17 January 2007

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Poem © Jonathan Robin Life 101, Lovelines, and Vampire Satire

Jonathan ROBIN

Life Freed For Life 0903

If from shared smiles the future springs
Can soft words wake a heart which waits
In hope for scope and joyful dates?
Expecting much her[e] poet brings
Life freed for life, each spirit sings,
Lightheartedly anticipates
Enchantment offered by the Fates.
Joined hands together cut old strings
Open spread fair shining wings,
Unleash emotions' inner gates
Emprisoned long by worthless weights.
ENgland, France, - chance glance Trust wins.
Lieu sur, safe harbour, can provide
Sure springboard which will stem time's tide.

(15 January 2000)

Jonathan ROBIN

Life From In Quest To Inquest

Arrival alive 'in quest' strive
to drive over rival hive to inquest rive

(13 November 2011)

Jonathan ROBIN

Life Is Only Mirage Play

Little link who thinks he thinks
Is man whose game is soon forgotten
Finite term to berth birth inks
Extended lease proves parchment rotten.

Idyllic love is mirage shown
So often that the picture painted

Overrated proves, seed blown -
Now here, now there, with toxin tainted.
Leaf falls aground for love besotten
Years' tears on mortal skating rinks

May stumble fourscore fears till cotton
In winding sheet swathes pallid stinks.
[R]AGE little serves, what joys are earned
[P]LAY till stage spotlight's eye is turned.

Jonathan ROBIN

Lifelong Learning 1649

No duck[!]ing responsibilities.

Free flight.

First impressions underwrite transformation.

Nestling's metamorphosis into personified 'urge to learn' eggs on future generations.

(13 July 2007)

Jonathan ROBIN

Life's Breathe Seethe Wreath Game Is Gamble

Is hand that guide's life ride tide certified
as chance advance dance, choice for free voice or
some pre-determined causal fate-date law
scarce space to face, trace pace, before breath died.
Trigger finger momentum from inside
is wrought. Or is thought channelled to restore
earth's basic balance, funnelled from deep core
translating access from some unknown guide
foreknowledge sharing from Atlantean tide
to override resistance to change score
to offer harmony, Beethoven score,
or pave the way for links that coincide
to draw together synchronicity
providing basis for serenity?

Life's game is gamble, many cards are held
close to Fate's heart whose trumpet trumps. The odds
are clearly stacked in favour of the Gods.
Inspiration breathes fresh impetus to meld
energies which, channelled, are beheld
to fire ambitions onwards, upwards: nods
before vainglory sinks beneath the sods
and only phantom memories are spelled
by living ghosts, who are themselves compelled
to tread too soon same way with weary plods,
the road of No Return. Death's finger prods
recalcitrants, saints, sinners, equal knelled.
No Joker may be played as panacea,
shared harmony adversity can conquer.

Thin red deadline dividing debt
from freedom's thread fails, hammer falls,
hope lies, shattered, wreathed heart upset.
Assets are scattered, what recalls
joys' flashbacks, options carefree met,
when vain ambition's promise palls?
It's all too tempting to forget
fair future's light when darkness calls,
leaves breath's thrust in trust to must, rust. Yet

although brain's stormed by unkind squalls,
fears falling, fumbles facing fret,
life's slings and arrows, faith's wraith galls,
bank checks blank cheque, foreclosure's threat:
another chance to breath, to bet?
Win spins weal's wishing wheel from rough,
scales tough jail walls, calls fate's bait bluff.

Jonathan ROBIN

Life's Gamble

Thin red deadline dividing debt
from freedom's thread fails, hammer falls,
hope lies, shattered, heart upset.
Assets scattered, what recalls
joys' flashbacks, options carefree met,
when ambition's promise palls?
It's too tempting to forget
future light when darkness calls,
leave trust in trust to others. Yet
although brain's stormed by unkind squalls,
trembles facing fearful fret,
life's slings and arrows, faith's wraith galls,
banks' blank cheque checks, foreclosure's threat;
another chance, another bet?
win spins weal's wishing wheel from rough,
scales tough jail walls, calls fate's bait bluff.

Jonathan ROBIN

Life's Longings

Down in dark doldrums fears fixate
upon vast gap twixt heavens high
and quandary's kernel: Time flies by,
love leaves, heart grieves regrets too late.
Age rues youth's fizzle, former state,
hopes hinging on dea[r]th's mirthless why?
as jeroboam from which fly
can't drain a drop, perpetuate
life's longings, cannot integrate
dust sediment in desert dry,
or moth-less yucca stamen shy
where stigma vainly contemplate
that Death's dark drizzle/sizzle lasts.
Deprived of hummus, humour fasts.

Jonathan ROBIN

Life's Tides

Linked ebbs and flows, tides fortune blows,
It never knows what cause it sows
For cycle slows or speeds, and those
Effects winds chose truth seldom shows.

Like April snows regrets melt: rose
In May soon glows to blossom grows.
Fling sorrow's bows and sharp arrows,
Enjoy life 'til Time's pages close

Life which opposes sadness owes
In verse or prose no debt, transpose
Free soul cleansed whole as joy arose.
Expose no woes nor hope foreclose.

Life shadows swallows, overthrows,
Feels garden grows for heart's repose.

(11 January 2009)

Jonathan ROBIN

Lift Up Your Voice

Time waits on time till Cause, Effect combine.
Here is not [t]here until the watershed
Encounters catalyst, may move ahead,
Then fiction, fact, may interact, align.
Under calm show, strong currents flow, entwine
Retwisted skeins till Chance's every thread
New turns invents, 'synes-tricks' plays, till sped
Is moving finger's writ, line by dread line.
No cheap return is offered here, tears brine
Gain no remission, judgements are gainsaid.
Played through each hand, till final card is spread –
One can't job backwards, rain transform to shine.
In such a maze are individuals caught,
The answer lies within, - unfound when sought...

The title seems so vital for each soul
alive should strive for principles not sit
as silent witness on the fence where wit
is wanting, wanting flame, name, aim or goal
or fickle fortune's hostage swallowed whole
as time absorbs most rhyme when limelight spit
finds other food to roast as life we quit.
The voice for choice should sound not squeak as mole
in tunnels dark, marked only by bite bit
emergent - soon submerged, which can't transmit
the truth, if truth exists, but begging bowl
hands out for mirror money which Time's glass
in passing soon effaces from life's grass.

Jonathan ROBIN

Light Burst, Confusion, First Thirst, Then Fusion, Flight

As nature hates a vacuum NOTHING can
be but a figment fragment second-guessed.
Reality and dreams combine, their quest
is thus to banish NOTHING then to span
creation's vastness, scanning big bang's van,
from tao trip evolution's also-ran
to space displacement through one thousandth dan,
to Time condensing on initial jest
when request and inquest converge in gest.
Atoms void avoid, spin tails till trail's lost, rest
contest, contestants, distance, über plan,
arresting surface difference with zest.

From mess congestive to suggestive test
of chaos, universal fractal fest
patterns pitter patter, matter must
invent itself from, to, through, into dust.

./.

Before big bang rang change strange, range remaining still in flux
electrons once were strangers all to call of 'fiat lux'.
Along came fission's fusion, confusion first, then light
bequeathing mission's clues upon delusion and delight.
This led to fate's conclusion, caused atoms to unite
the which, in turn, illusion lent woe_man - sum mum quite!

From chaos sprung our meeting, a marriage of convenience,
the which our rhymes are sweetening so judge linked lines with lenience.
When I was oxygenic and you two hydro genes
as dry as dust hygenic remained both Ways and Means,
as lonely and divided you me me...anderings,
unknown were helix he licks, and protoplasmic strings.

Unknown were then amoebae, or cells life's spells now bring,
like wise unfixed stoned genes' screen sticks, where species do their thing,
Thus life reached out, leached in for years before the Christian Right

decided seven days were all transforming night to right.
The Kansas Education Board's creation tale lies scored,
for aeons spun, together run, provided bread and board
for creatures wild - those really mild encountered some predators
before blind humankind assigned their carbon half-life daters.
Without our tryst few formal life forms on earth could ever
pursue existence 'normal', act out silly or feel clever.

When I was young and ignorant unknown to hair twins hydro
few days were spent in versing chant, reversing carbohydro
none fought for life on food chain link, existence ungalactic
they were a simple pair I think, electrons unclimactic.
But now beneath, above, beyond it is our joy to bond -
[not James!] for our liaison switches on and off, stays fond.

No excommunication profanations Popes pronounce
as fleshed-out communication to each act adds its ounce
or pound of bony humor, that as humour some would spell,
we, wed-divorce consumer, revolve, evolve, and no hell
may know who heaven's bloom a lot owes our sky sent engagement,
from birth to tomb we pierce life's gloom, mine time's sink swim arrangement.

Star maiden fair for whom I care towards far stars here's soaring,
Her flashing eyes her floating hair, run rings around my drawing,
though all should cry, 'Beware! Beware!' temptation e'er excites me,
while honey-dew and starlight stew forever must delight me.
Chromatics strange the spectrum range epistolary fingers
itch with weird pitch as dream themes twitch stitch image rich which lingers.

I love H² more than I may recount upon A.P.
To H, O dear, without spray play, could one from (p) odd take pee?
Apart from sulphur springs deep down the trenches of the ocean
see water every species crowns with motion and commotion.
Without our mating chances are your lifespan would be zero,
and if my love deserts me far from zilch lasts your career Oh!
No huns with their nomadic hordes had tented, discontented
No bourbon - wise key whiskey crack or Sun Kings - had invented,
No Roman Legions Cleo pat upon life's back intended,
No Joan of Arc or Cupid's dart could have been implemented.

Ach so! Ich muss continuer con brio storia
Another day gold story bold which ends play with stray 'Gloria! '

bequeathing mission's clues on delusion and delight.
This led for us conclusion, caused atoms to unite
the which, in turn, illusion lent Man - a sum mum quite!

From chaos sprung our meeting - a marriage of convenience -
the which our rhymes are sweetening so judge linked lines with lenience.
When I was oxygenic and you two hydro genes
as dry as dust hygenic remained both Ways and Means,
as lonely and divided you me me...anderings,
unknown were helix he licks, and protoplasmic strings.

Unknown would be amoeba, or cells our spells life brings,
et inconNUE toute idée fixe offrant la vie qui zings.
Ainsi la vie commença malgré le Kansas Board
as aeons spun, together run, provided bread and board.
Without our tryst few formal life forms on earth could ever
pursue existence 'normal', act silly or feel clever.

When I was young and ignorant unknown to hair twins hydro
few days were spent in versing chant, reversing carbohydro
none fought for life on food chain link, existence ungalactic
they were a simple pair I think, electrons unclimactic.
But now beneath, above, beyond it is our joy to bond -
(not James!) for our liaison sweet is on and off, though fond

No excommunication dare Vatican pronounce
as our communication to each act adds its ounce
or pound of fleshy humor, or humour some would spell,
we, wed-divorce consumer, revolve, evolve, no hell
may know who heaven's bloom a lot owes our engagement,
although from birth to tomb amazing our arrangement.
We groupies play forever - this verse is turning shady -
so off we go reign clever to beard a bearded Lady.

I love H² more than I may recount upon A.P.
To H, O dear, without your play how could you take a pee?
Apart from sulphur springs deep down the trenches of the ocean
you see we every species crown with motion and commotion.
Without our mating chances are your lifespan would be zero,
and if my loves desert me far from zilch lasts your career Oh!
No huns with their nomadic hordes had tented, discontented
No bourbon - wise key crack or kings - le roi soleil invented,

But time and tide have falsified my juvenile agenda.
Farewell, my castle is in the air! Phantasmal mansions, fade ye!
My love has gone to Birmingham to be a Bearded Lady.

Jonathan ROBIN

Light Filters Through

Shadows dissolve. Light filters through
all walls dividing conscious, dreams.
Morn d[r]awn this moment magic seems.
Imagination's overview -
patterns swirl-whirl to review
renewal of recurrent themes.
Light filters through, so softly beams
across Time, space, in curlicue,
here surfaced, there hid, surfs anew,
as insight offers partial gleams
if not of Destiny's deep schemes
at least a cogent glimpse or two,
lends renewed sense to interplays
kindling bright hope dark cares allays.

Jonathan ROBIN

Light Lifts Life's Temporal Mists

LIGHT LIFTS TEMPORAL MISTS

Serenity sanctions situational satire
melody making amends for mocking or melancholy's
defeating didactic distance, dispersal dire.
Latent light lifts life's temporal mists. Temptation's solely
uncomplemented search, soul speech sold short -
self renunciation and spiritual bankruptcy,
pride ride deciding in place of reason caught
in vain idio[t]syncratic explanations compensatory.
Dreams dissipate defensive disillusion dilatory,
self-confidence enhances enchantment, ire's
importance wanes while faith wraith fades instantly
fuss dust fears fall to doughty desires.
Thoughts? Fear fiction proves when facts are shown
triumphant, time and tide soon overthrown.

30 May 2010

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Jonathan ROBIN

Light Perceptions

Light reflections colour sunset, casting
enchanted shimmer shadows, night cap light.
Light darkling sprays now, now strays out of sight,
elusive dance advancing, fast contrasting,
leaves measurements behind, mocks time's forecasting.
Tints overprint imagination bright
as Nature's way of reaching through insight,
attracts within a vortex spin outlasting
leisure looks, taps latent springs. Past's sting
engulfed in night-tide's swing swirl sings delight.
No frontiers twixt the tears of joy, soul's flight,
and wonder as the sight spans - all surpassing.
Let life through stillness still more life gestate,
anon the pattern paints a second state...

Jonathan ROBIN

Light Strikes

Light strikes, by chance, one must confess,
A damsel, and some hidden hand
Unveils a latent loveliness
Revealed: emotions understand.
Enlightenment all floods, and grows,
Now matches merits in all eyes,
Crimson blushing turns the rose,
Envy lost Paradise.

And she who's key to happiness,
Life's flower, fairest in the land,
Is strong beside her and we guess
Can grow as straight, joy by joy fanned
Encircles both, needs no disguise.

Lord! When she smiles he's rich, won't ask
A golden ring engraven while
Unable to prove to the task
Responsive, equal to the trial.
Eyes sapphire lit he catches to
Name some labour, share some sense,
Creating with her something new
Extending mutual confidence.

And by her side, still hand in hand,
Lost in inner reverie,
Is true reflection who Time's sand
Can't halt because Eternity
Exists for all her smile have scanned.

Lost! For, for her, he cannot sleep,
As soft voice haunts throughout the night,
Unman's his heart, his senses sweep,
Real charm to worship with delight.
Entranced, both day and night he longs,
New humble where he most aspires,
Creating these acrostic songs,
Expectant dreams on deep desires.

A smile beside her complements
Life's picture, growing fine and fair,
In joyful playfulness, no care
Can alter Nature's gifts and scents,
Enchanting all the elements.

Life until now has timed away
Avoiding naught, yet finding peace
Unduly difficult, yet may
Respond discovering release
Exchanging glances as souls meet
Never to separate again,
Chance encounter? Time may greet
Experience which will not wane.

And by her side evolving elf
Listens, learns, and longs to be
Identified as in herself
Complete, responsive, harmony
Expressing authenticity.

Jonathan ROBIN

Light Touch

From sunset, twilight, into rising sun
Time's drops transform perspectives, inner eye
flows through holistic channels, every one
banks symphonies of song, thanks cloud and sky.
Dawn flies flamingo flag horizon spun
as rainbow bridge recycling spanned reply
repeated pole to pole to link as one
all Earth – East, West, North, South, as days spin by
from western dream to asian scheme as none
forgotten are beneath the seasons spry,
now laser light reflections dust dry stun,
now dew prismatic, monsoon lullaby.
Enchanted are encounters Nature weaves,
from dawn to dusk light magic imprints leaves

Jonathan ROBIN

Like Melting Snow

Though dream's stream ebbs at dawn each day
must this presage its passage void?
If gods there be dreams' interplay
with acts alert may cares avoid.
Thus wave-lengths which submerge our sleep
emerge on waking, help to see
through artifice, beyond veil peep
with clairvoyance, transparency.

When effort meets no just reward
why solace seek in vain regret,
from attic, loft, or cave life's cord
can hang or lifeline form, scene set
for double bind or ladder which
prepares fresh phase from growth within,
those options cause, effect may stitch
discard false creed's imagined sin.

No lies lie in men's hearts to pierce
thin skin and curdle blood in vein,
no pin striped angels, dragons fierce,
hope lies ahead, advance again
towards accomplishments, though hid,
seem close not closed to inner ear,
dark shadow shapes themselves forbid
to see the light approaching near.

Hope may appear a two-edged sword
until the promised land's attained,
yet voyages themselves afford
an opportunity unstained
to meditate on inner goal
avoiding pride before the fall,
retaining strong, consistent, soul
on call for all that may befall.

No need to feed on fears, despair,
no need for doubt though out of luck,
no need for hunter, hunted hare,

when there's thin air from which to pluck
pluck, courage, role-reversing tears
despite years' spin none can subtract
from finite space to trace hope's cheers
before death's magnets worms attract.

Each day seize, sunrise in the east,
Each day flees, sunset in the west,
Each day keys into more from least,
Each day recedes, yet what is 'best'
when light from darkness is reborn
when dark gestates light's cycle ink
when light reminds links may be torn,
when black draws back from curtained brink?

One never knows beyond next bend
what pain or pleasure may await,
'tis more trip's sip than slipping end
which fate prepares before too late
inters his_story six feet deep,
or ashes turns no phoenix knew,
each night dreams challenge doubts as sleep
plays out scene both foreseen and new.

As seven stanzas flow to eight
and eight through eighty could evolve
seeking to understand, translate,
of mice and men existence, solve
woes which today may heavy lay
yet which tomorrow's joy may show,
we'll end this tale, soft steal away
like melting snow, like melting snow.

Jonathan ROBIN

Like Venus From The Waters

Reality and dreams can coincide
As her reflection surges through from sleep
Like Venus from the waters blue and deep!
Image clear as dear, which will abide
Till Time shall cease, till neither moon nor tide
Zigzag, till the seasons no more keep
A measured cycle, till none harvests reap.
Vain is this verse despite the poet's pride,
Lusting after perfect picture bride,
Attempts to paint fond memories which sweep
Down through the senses, dance around and leap
Over all brakes and barriers inside.
Voice within can print upon the screen
A message whose true feelings here are seen.

Jonathan ROBIN

Limbo Limerick - Parody Conrad Aiken - Limberick

"It is time to make hay, love's a'brim,
Though no sun shines a son's lines no whim!
Let our stars spin together,
for fair future we'll weather
when Sir Ioin lies out on a limb."

"Your a wit", she replied, teasing him,
"or a twit, more beside, if from chim-
panzee Pansy descends,
ova comes and rules bends,
stimulation new nation may hymn! "

Jonathan ROBIN

Limits Spurned

New inspiration learns naught should restrain free flight,
As intuition strings aims, motivations, tune,
Treads Cause/Effect threads, rings the changes, hopes balloon
Aloft with limits spurned avoiding parasites.
Life's sojourn, truth discerned, leads forward into light.
Inhibitions lapsing, imagination soon
Adds up as everything awaited through Time's night
Now into place falls. Stern, [n]arrow minds, marooned,
Allowing strength returned, a future fair and bright.
Thus dreams fulfilled may bring true joy, like sun in June
As birdsong in the Spring, and lovers 'neath bright moon.
Linked letters here are turned like pictograms, we write
in these few lines to launch ideas to stimulate
awareness from within and minds invigorate.

Jonathan ROBIN

Lispings Double Talk

LISPING DOUBLE TALK

'Once the liar cries he's lice
should we flea from him in a trice? '

'If the liar cries, he lies, -
flee, revise his alibis! '

22 May 1982

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Jonathan ROBIN

Lithe Dame's Birthday Toast - Terri Turrell

The birthday here, toast Terri's heart strings true!
E'er in verse fit free style we'd list, real kind
None threads skain enchanting, seam none unwind,
Deed rare, for heed, dig deep dear, here dream's due.
A dame lithe may read, treasure marriage cue.
Now parts hid new I name, rich link is neat designed
In zeal is laid, chained. This, a nodal find,
Covert, is meshed, scored, gist tight tucked into
Each true hope aired, shared here, tunes sung for two.
His pen rules. Read. Heaven's clear art has signed.
Eye, dear fair, he spell'd glamour. Here entwined,
Annulled dread, as announced, fear, alarms, through.
Reward: lines near revealing winner right,
To show life's doubts dissolve, idyll true, bright.

Jonathan ROBIN

Litotes II

Mighty fall, all dust returns to dust
As pride's joy-ride proves vain, life's flame departed.
Uncertain is our sojourn, iron's rust
Describes swift cycle's spin before it's started.
Effervescence, foaming at the mouth,
Makeshift bubbles evanescent blows
Away where no-one knows, East, West, North, South.
Unworthiness pares pomp, hour's power lids close.
Despair in turn prepares for disappointment,
Efforts vain, pain plain, refrain cut short,
Most fail to meet their goals, keep youth's appointment,
AUGuries by contradictions caught.
Despite profanum vulgus' anguished cries
Each rule finds one exception rules defies!

Jonathan ROBIN

Little Lucinda

Little Lucinda came to tea,
she wasn't asked by you or me,
but when she left it seemed that she
and sunlight would for ever be
linked henceforth to eternity.

Jonathan ROBIN

Little Man Lost At Vespers - Parody A.A. Milne Vespers

Little man lost in a world with no heart,
little man called upon, playing a part,
hush, hush, whisper who dare,
when will support from society start?

Little man lost, curling up very small
when nobody notices he's there at all,
hush, hush, whisper who dare,
all seems unfair when the cupboard is bare.

Little man lost his job, often apart
from hopes of promotion unless he plays smart,
hush, hush, whisper who dare,
will the votes counted upset apple-cart?

Little man keeling at foot of the bed,
saw gold is dreams, silver wore in hoar head,
hush, hush, whisper who dare,
Christ, no fair Robin Hood's doling fair shares.

Little man's hunger stamps won't ease the cramps
dropp filters through ceiling cracks, happiness damp,
hush, hush, whisper who dare,
for walking is healthy when car has the clamps.

Little man's vista through Visa's gone bust,
global economy's threatened, we must
hush, hush, whisper, who'll dare
plead for the needy confronting despair?

Little man losing out struggles for work,
T.V. instead of expenses or perk,
hush, hush, whisper who dare,
though welfare for needy, bank bonus for jerk!

Little man lost counts cost down to a penny,
bank lending cuts spending ruts causing for many,
hush, hush, whisper who dare,
when will vain bureaucrat answer vain prayer.

Little man lost with no foot in the door,
Woolworth's now worthless has sunk through the floor,
hush, hush, whisper who dare,
when will the wheel turn to set a fair score?

Little man lost at the foot of the tree,
paying through nose for electricity,
hush, hush, whisper who dare,
redundancies, pensions, who'll care and who'll share?

Jonathan ROBIN

Living Lie

Poetic inspiration can't run dry,
expectations entertains, cannot
live in half-light, cuts the gordian knot
dividing consciousness from inner eye.
No compromises ever satisfy
exacting standards that reject as blot,
secondary lot where, half forgot,
convictions pale are held to not apply.
Hesitation is a living lie
most men accept to ease their daily rot,
time-trap snapped shut once only bolt is shot.
Try who will, few still find wings to fly.
Thus when two meet, see differences dissolve,
empathy Earth's mysteries may solve.

Jonathan ROBIN

Living Lie Current Version 0845

Poetic inspiration can't run dry,
expectations entertains, cannot
live in half-light, cuts the gordian knot
dividing consciousness from inner eye.
No compromises ever satisfy
exacting standards that reject as blot,
secondary lot where, half forgot,
convictions pale are held to not apply.
Hesitation is a living lie
most men accept to ease their daily rot,
time-trap snapped shut once only bolt is shot.
Try who will, few still find wings to fly.
Thus when two meet, see differences dissolve,
empathy Earth's mysteries may solve.

(26 November 2006)

Jonathan ROBIN

Lloyd's Bank Lugano

He made his Mark in international dealing,
his forte. He was full of flair and feeling.
though once too often overstepped his ceiling,
then through the floor his credit fell a-reeling.

When all was over, it was quite revealing.
He'd undercut, but said it wasn't stealing.
The moral of my tale, now he is kneeling:

With cash don't over do it into speling,
or else in Court quite soon you shall be squealing,
and when the judge your fate has finished sealing,
the sentence must be served, no sense appealing!

Jonathan ROBIN

Locks As Springboard

All spoken, all that's written, reorders letters, worded
from thought-chains, hopes love-smitten, links unexpected, herded,
to offer base from which one can explore what's seen, sensed, hidden,
what on the surface seem dream themes by intuitions bidden
as springboard for fresher dreams, nor lock, key, understanding.
Verse writes itself, wealth flowing through channels that, self-banding,
tune flow to glow when growing, from mind authentic, free,
'words flown away' are sowing fresh growth whose spread may be
encouraged when 'unknowing' spontaneously sets aside
all limits, inhibitions, so only truth abides.

Yet 'what is truth' said 'Pilot' when navigating down
life's stream to find safe-harbour from existential frown.
Beware tags 'free' 'choice' 'lock' and 'key' when cause/effect create a
sum from fifth dimension parts inventing something greater.
Beware pre-definitions too static, stop-gap phrases,
when life spurns pre-conditions on acts which merge in phase
with unknown source clock's ticking through wish list, pleasant present,
aghast past obsolescent considered future present.

These rhymes could reel for ever, and never bore, appear,
more easy as spiel clever embraces far and near
words rich which thought they'd never contiguous links sincere
entertain in an endeavour to share choice voice, fly free.
Yet what is choice, what freedom, where blocks today provide
tomorrow's latchkey's springing from lock to 'open wide',
mind sets contain their innate linguistic frames which drive
subconscious thoughts down alleyways that channel all alive
through pre-ordained pipes, organs, whose treble, base and alto
may somersault from A to Z, then flip a double salto.

Life's causal links their their [s][h]own track, coincidence encounters 'forwards'
'back'
as state within which quantum loop can catalyze both blossom, droop,
and karmic consciousness per se can seldom find a space to say
'Eureka!' ere it hits the sack, brought down by Time horizon flack.

Draw 'sense' from lifetime's spinning hoop as Pelican may fishes scoop
from karmic sea along the way from birth to berth's reeled roundelay

is in itself achievement which too few attain as - poor or rich -
each tries to analyze chance stitch that links thoughtchain as ride we hitch
along life's Go game thrust attack with scarce the space for grace or snack
as on we race, trace pace which feeds upon itself yet nowhere leads
till, under strain of final bend, train loses track of aim and end.

Jonathan ROBIN

Locks Cut

A snip first here then there, O what distress!
New shorn, life's locks no longer mask years' grey,
Now evident it seems that she must pay
In white Time's ransom where once shone jet tress!
Each single hair is mourned, all can confess
Sharp pangs, where one stray fingers used to play
Little remains. 'Twill grow again! ' she'll say:
O ever on must one mistrust missed tress!
Cascading braids that garland fair mistress
Kindle lustful longings night and day.
Sweet locks cropped, lopped, lip-service lead astray
Creates a void avoidable, few bless.
Uncut is Cupid's knot, bow, arrow shorn,
Time flees, betrayal mortal men must mourn.

Jonathan ROBIN

Log Blog

Sodden logs round blazing fire
soldier stiff await flame fate,
ramrod ready, hourly drier,
fiery end anticipate.

Trees which bore for man's desire
timely fruit of goodly weight,
sawn, stick around for suttee pyre.
Stacked staves time's leaves eliminate,
condemned to ashes in grey grate,
crackling together as a choir.

What once might yearly celebrate
bright blossom born in green attire
in forest, wood, by hedgerow gate
uprooted are, no more require
dew, water table. Speculate
upon man's vanity, the sire
of most misfortune early, late.

Dust to dust both lust, desire,
first gust then rust, must relegate
pride ride as time's tide turns, as tire
generations that disintegrate.
Boom bows to bust, cowed, no high flyer
resists flow's undertow, time's weight.
Soon's sated, stars, eclipsed, retire.
Men burn, too seldom calculate
cost of light lost despite fight dire.
Pulse iced, zeitgeist's dream themes trace trait
in tomb's gloom doomed, urn earned expire

Wealth wily heirs will dissipate
where envy, angst, unkind blind ire
soon self-consume. Nor man nor mate
earn lasting praise, merge into mire,
Concentric circles congregate,
sapped strength sweats out its ultimate
essence as moisture, sap transpire
with hiss few miss, with whistles higher.

Wood logs bide time round blazing fire.

Seasons hot and cold conspire
together to perpetuate
swift fire ice cycle. Scoundrel, Prior,
in trice turn age page, hark dark fait
accompli as Dame Nature's lyre
bark turns stark both for profligate
and celibate atop high spire,
tunes runes, life's strife, strange change dictate.

No paradox. In town and shire
from solid into quantum state
all stays the same, though minds require
the wherewithal to integrate
four elements linked by fey wire.
whose contradictions aggregate
life's fractal fantasy entire.

Who seeks for answers must inquire
within, take time to contemplate
conundrum woven, truth and liar,
hot cold, earth air, fire ice restate
real dream reel, skip trip. Seller, buyer
are twins identical whose weight
depends on introspective gyre
like tree bark witness of Time's wait
on Time to circumnavigate
the contradictory crossfire
of surface assumptions which create
their own momentum, karmic tyre
around impressions which abate
as atoms realign. Ice, fire,
mirage extremes incorporate.

Reality and dreams combine, their quest -
through Time condensing from initial jest -
banishes fire ice contradictions' span,
creation vast, past, present, big bang's van
till request and inquest converge in gest:
None can contest log blog's logged blazing über plan.

From mess congestive to suggestive test
of chaos, universal fractal fest
patterns pitter-patter, matter must
invent itself from, to, through, into dust.
Elemental FIRE EARTH's treasure chest
prepares, add WATER, AIR, all's for the best,
as incandescence to terrestrial crust
below recycles as above discussed.

Logs

Sodden logs around the fire
soldier like await their fate,
ramrod stiff and hourly drier,
fiery end anticipate.

Trees which bore for man's desire
timely fruit of goodly weight
are now sawn logs upon the pyre
condemned to ashes in the grate,
crackle together as a choir.

Where once they blossomed, now a gate
and hedgerow trim tending require, -
incessant training, - speculate
on human vanity, the sire
of most misfortune, soon or late.

Dust to dust both lust, desire,
must gust to dust, disintegrate.
Men burn, but seldom calculate
their time soon fated to expire,
their wealth they tend to dissipate,
their envy, anxiousness, and ire
all self consuming! Man and mate
earn little praise, soon merge with mire,
while in a circle congregate
wood logs around a winter fire.

Jonathan ROBIN

London Fog

Fog hangs heavy in London air,
brokers rest but for a prayer;
eyes aghast, souls in despair,
seeking business everywhere.

Bargains booked throughout the day
decline in number, then don't pay.
All about them makes them say:
'No more at market will we play! '

Jonathan ROBIN

Loneliness Revealed

Loneliness apart from countless charms -
Only sadness stays. Once each other's arms
NEw joys announced each day. Naught comforts heart
Lonely left bereft, dreams far apart.
Intense pain reigns, lost happiness disarms
Novel's happy ending, singed sing no psalms.
Eternal dark shrouds quest for counterpart -
Sole way where soul-play joins twinned yin-yang part,
Sharing warp weft web, uniting palms
Remaining clasped together. Heart's hope
Essence singed, once spanned heart's spectrum chart.
Vain is nostalgia, nothing can impart
Essential emotions Time's effect embalms
As memories are deep-frozen. Nothing calms.
Links two once knew seem closed, dreams put on ice,
EDited out is tender wedding white.

(5 March 2012)

Jonathan ROBIN

Loss, With Winter Interweaving

Winter, sombre starless evening,
with wan moon asleep,
or beyond dark cloud-bank, grieving?

Summer's love lies lost. Swift weaving,
bats sweep low - dread deep
keeps silent vigil, disbelieving.

Springboard brave new world's conceiving
taken in, eyes weep
over one, harm done, deceiving.

Who hope's hay ricks once was [s]heaving,
bitter harvests reap
happiness fast passed receiving.

Fallow fields yield shield's naive spring,
earn yearning, no birds cheep,
learn life's brief, brief s[w]ing.

Loss, with Winter interweaving,
forfeits light's spark receipt,
misconceptions stark perceiving.

Jack Frost's sting brings bite bereaving,
leaves life crumpled heap,
passes on to other thieving.

Jonathan ROBIN

Lost

Here today, tomorrow torn,
uprooted tree, branch twig.
Silently watch worn
stops forever, lost hair - wig
replaced - together buried. Morn:
sightless eyes, no final swig,
leaving Lethe lost to mourn.

Jonathan ROBIN

Lost And Found

Belongings lost grant wisdom's gain,
possessions, - if they come again -
cannot contentment bring, soul soothe,
as on Life's tramway mortals groove.

Distinctions must be made: from pain
reactive hope responds, seeks strain
symphonic, harmony to move
free, forwards, from walls, all remove.

Through causal links heart sings refrain
more optimistic, may refrain
from fear, what others may approve,
to confidence as days improve.

Empowered yolk sheds yokes from wasted past,
prepares fresh dish delicious, tastes repast.

Jonathan ROBIN

Lost Cause And Sage Response

'Senseless to stretch one's soul
and ask of Earth her heart,
as tortoise Time takes toll
lost lovers someday part.

Tomorrow's moon seems wane,
May's sun may not shine clear:
how many Springs remain
our weary way to cheer? '

'How many earthly empires
the circling sun must set?
Friend, hast felt of love's fires
immortal? smile, why fret?

Though now cowed sun shines bane,
in hungry hungdrawn year,
fresh life may, born again,
despite night, conquer fear.'

Jonathan ROBIN

Lost For Words

LOST FOR WORDS

The art of writing's such a sport
with styles of every kind and sort
that not to try would be a tort.
Synaptic leaps can keep, support,
ideas which interlink, report
mind melodies naught need contort
as eyes observant insight court:
imagination is my forte - right!

As interlocking lines of thought
are threaded neatly, tautly brought
to heel, reined in, discreetly taught
to underscore ideas, here's sought
communication vectors caught
in lightning thought wave flashes short,
coherent, to the point! ... Now ought
I not recall the subject about which I meant to write?

1st verse written 29 July 2008 second? July 1 2007
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Lost for Words poem © Jonathan Robin

Jonathan ROBIN

Lost Is Found

Think! Colour reels night's shrouds from morning sky.
Metamorphosis opens chrysalid
to imagOnation's vibration hid
by darkness which itself at last must die.
Soul slumber tuning to the light may fly,
discards discords, hard heeled angst well rid -
unneded now, unheeded not forbid.
Inklings fountain free and answer "why",
discover, covers closed, pressed sheets laid by.
Lost is found, as reader's mind may bid
goodbye to weary fears and tears amid
inspiration freed, - once held back by sigh.
An 'I' finds gift of second sight to spread
fair wings which stretch clear spirit, steer ahead...

Jonathan ROBIN

Lost Love Lethewards Has Sunk

Lost Love, like summer sunsets glowing
jealous pride shows just when going,
leaves lightning tree, with bare limbs owing,
taking, flaking, scarce bestowing.

Lost love's currents swiftly flowing
sadly send impressions growing
sometimes faster, sometimes slowing,
sometimes constant, not all-knowing.
Beauty's face through quid-pro-quoing,
winter blizzard turns, both snowing,
burning heart once artless, crowing
over fall, lost call, line toeing,
spurning trace, embraced hello-ing.

Lost love's radar to and fro-ing,
whirlwind nature, blowing, blowing,
Cupid's sacred bridge rainbowing
eroding substance sacred throwing
to the winds of change, friends foe-ing
leaving poisoned darts arrowing,
seeks to answer questions sowing
further questions Time a-mowing
soon forgets, leaves little showing.

Jonathan ROBIN

Lost Way

Sleeplessness swallows slumber,
to disencumber the mummer's
fear of fear, fear of end of indian summer,
follows the night that swallows the night which swallowed nights without number.

Night melts into day
as the hours devour
life's fragile flower
whose minute petals
peel peel away
as each second settles
one by one as one. Our stay -
be it floral bower,
or doomed to cower sour
behind bars metal, -
proves brief holiday
showing our mettle
pointless as the play
is doomed to nettle
disappoints, unsettles,
impotence empowers
as storm-clouds lower,
ends in both overstay, lost way.

Sleeplessness dismembers the mummer
who, hollow, in fear of fear, of doom's drummer,
lumpers number and dumber tombwards,
on towards the night which swallows nights without number
it won't ward off.

Jonathan ROBIN

Love Is Acceptance

Love is acceptance passion lit,
Overcomes expedience,
'Valid reasons', 'common sense',
Even though the 'perfect fit'
Is seldom seen, takes time to knit.
Should practical impediments
Alter feelings deep, intense,
Causing conflict implicit,
Creating doubt in minds with split
Emotions, acts, then 'self-defence'
Plays games, manipulates events,
Trust compromises. Tat for tit,
ANathema to love, then shows
CEmental cracks, acceptance slows.

Love is a tidal wave whose thrust
Off-balance throws experience,
Victory over indifference,
Empathy replacing trust.
Implicit understanding must
Shine through in sharing, caring, whence
All flow to nurture every sense.
Complicity's no arid crust
Conformist, neither is love lust,
Empty joke at life's expense,
Poor echo, ego represents,
Tired p*nis length, or breadth of bust.
AN open reciprocity
CEments affection, harmony.

Jonathan ROBIN

Love Lost

LOVE LOST

Love lost spreads frost where once was light,
Or rime which rhyme's frieze turns to freeze,
Vista's visa parodies
Enchantment, past of pure delight.
Lovelorn, wings shorn, heart feels bite
Of cold, sold short, caught in unease
Scorning romance's fallacies,
Turning yearning into spite.
Love lost with bitterness agrees,
Or poison for both biter, bite,
Venom self-destructive quite,
Eden expels, discards its keys.
LOst should be found as founding faith
STorm weathering, not wasted wraith...

17 July 2008

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Love Lost poem © Jonathan Robin

Jonathan ROBIN

Love Smokescreens

Pretence retains no sense if at a click
affections disappear, mere scaffold built
around presumptions biased, slick, or sick,
faith wraith evaporating in a jilt.

Is Love prestidigitation, magic trick,
or sleight of mind trumps leads to feed life's game
sweeping senses in an augenblick,
Chance challenge, [h]alter-wring Fate's altar aim?

Is Love fidelity through thin and thick,
or contact flashed force source above Earth's fame?
Could Heaven's hand conspire to trim time's wick,
to breath, bequeath eternal force, faith's flame?

Is Love emotion's funnel, fiery, flick
channelled through some prior karmic claim,
lack doubled back from loved-one double quick,
reflecting smoke stack wrack flack whence it came?

Are Love's cards dealt by Chance? hearts in the mood?
all answers logic lists a_miss_construed.

Jonathan ROBIN

Love That Binds Not

LOVE THAT BINDS NOT

Just for thee would I wait while the weight
of that waiting brings home that our fate
must henceforth intertwine,
so the good that is mine
may forever be thine, while the date
of our meeting intrances twinned minds
bringing tenderness, joy as each finds
in each other a light
firm and fixed, ever bright,
love that blinds not as never it binds!

Love inspires poet's fire and the rate
of hearts' keys which words seize early, late
rhyme and reason combine
heart and spirit, refine
bliss euphoric - to ever elate.

Adoration, osmosis is state,
by thy side, - be my bride - won't abate,
motives pure, underlined,
Time defy, heal wait blind;
Heaven sent, sweet, true sentiments sate.

May youth's promise age perpetuate,
truth is beauty one can't overstate,
for thy blossom is sign
of some divine design
all humanity anticipate.

Ocean deep leap emotions few fête,
Heart to heart, both near, far, must equate
dream team gleams unresigned
to conventions unkind,
with no envy to guard garden gate.

Jonathan ROBIN

Love's Last Bow

Each star in sight must mourn sad plight
to orbits tied - as ride
seems far too tight - with main and might
each dreams new path to glide.

But Nature bars the plans of stars,
as those of mice and men
no nebular seen from afar
infinite space distends.

Don't pick the plum[b] by rule of thumb
but question 'here and now' -
don't haw and hum, learn what's become
of Love's eternal vow.

When first beside my charming bride
both plighted love sans end.
but now tide turned - and burned inside
I redefine 'a friend'?

Let those 'Love' write in black and white
in shame blame flame denied,
who flies high kite at dawn, by night
finds fall uncircumscribed.

Through star eyes wide, sighs multiplied
the dreams of 'never end',
too much relied upon self pride,
to compromise or bend.

When dawn has come love is struck dumb
by an infernal row,
then mourn the sum of luck left numb,
'how, ow' replacing 'wow! '

Undone love's power that no guitar
now strings - sting which heart rends, -
dark [f]acts bizarre in life's bazaar
which no-one recommends.

Though stars in flight shine bright tonight
reflections fossilized
by Time's indictment sentenced quite
tomorrow sees subside.

Jonathan ROBIN

Love's Scene Seen

Love waves good-bye to Time, must moment seize,
tsunami turn life's evanescent foam,
as ripples seek fresh home 'neath starry dome
combine, from depths unplumbed, draw certainties
which tidal drown improbabilities.

When sure with sure makes contact siren comb
rebraids maid's song as tender honeycomb
while birds and bees forbear to tease, find ease
within infinite possibilities

Emotions' oceans forwards shorewards roam,
reciprocating give-and-taking poem,
devotion's toast [g]hosts no absurdities.

There love no limits knows, nor ever sees,
as hand in glove two span eternities ...

Jonathan ROBIN

Love's Tale Retailed

Stars which preside our fates decide events which coincide,
laws causal slide, pause, glide, collide Cause/Effect's effects wide.
Some in their stride take hopes belied, some stay unsatisfied,
some nationwide, unpacified, seek more than weak words snide.

Once bona fide I fate defied - love, life intensified,
personified by bonny bride who ecstasy supplied.
Electrified and gratified by life lived as joyride,
exemplified days dignified ignoring all divide.

No doubts inside could override my sentimental side,
till trite aside was verified by witnesses worldwide.
Dissatisfied, one who relied on love unqualified,
is certified as mummified, emotions petrified.

New senses tried, old misapplied, change what words signified
"us" evil "I'd" turns when replied is pique with speak denied.
Life which implied love deified if IF's re-placed, reads died,
spell rectified dealt spell defied, well meaning modified.

Lie clarified, hurt's amplified while pain, disdain, abide,
ache's amplified by scorn allied with sting intensified.
'From love that lied ah woe betide! defend us, Lord', some cried
in heart's divide with trust decried, may laughter still abide?

Down turned upside, hope horrified, turned down, sound scope shanghaied,
towards lakeside humidified I'd drown all unfound pride -
but suicide undignified was ending cast aside,
unratified, when voice defied, let second thoughts decide.

Ideas allied with sense applied brief interlude has tried
to craft inside lines side by side aligned shall e'er abide.
As stanzas slide, to please, not guide, concludes brood versified
with loose ends tied, and [t]ease supplied one hopes none dare deride...

Jonathan ROBIN

Love's Rome Not Roam

Chimes, wedding bands defeat deceit
Time's killing hands would sunder.
Both land and foam henceforth call home,
ignore fears, lightning, thunder.
Love countermands suspicions, greets
each day with playful wonder,
near, far apart, hearts cleave, to Rome
all roads lead, none need wander.

Jonathan ROBIN

Love's Seasonable Roll Reversal Round Robin

Part I

Love starts to chart, still learning how,
way winning heart, amorous Tao.
Life is at ease, land under plough
whispers, receives free-grazing cow.
Spring wave-wakes tree's burgeoning bough,
soft-scented breeze, bees, blossom, now.
Constant each part, gift to endow,
Near, far apart. share, all allow.

Love à la carte, happy Jungfrau
Cupid's fond dart none disavow.
Summer sends cheer, days fair and long,
cloudless and clear, life full of song.
To draw dear near, young lovers long,
sure, know no fear, symphony strong.
Feelings impart perfect pow-wow
mocking Descartes, lies disallow.

Life's apple cart, feverish brow,
raspberry tart, copious chow.
Each leaf decays, each life must bow,
Fall's salad days all ending now.
Fruit heavy lays bending the bough,
Autumn displays sunsets which wow.
Emotional hearts never know row,
to child impart never kowtow!

Spurning Death's smart tick-tocking ciao,
Yin-Yang restart wishing-well's wow!
Harvested sheaves, hibernate hives,
trees stripped of leaves, Jack Frost has knives.
Time, Prince of thieves, onward he drives,
white Winter grieves over lost lives.
Ready fresh start renewing vow!
Time to depart from here and now?

Time to depart from here and now?
Ready fresh start renewing vow!

White Winter grieves over lost lives.
Time, Prince of thieves, onward he drives.
trees stripped of leaves, Jack Frost has knives.
Harvested sheaves, hibernate hives.
Yin-Yang restart wishing-well's wow,
Spurning Death's smart tick-tocking ciao!

To child impart never kowtow!
Emotional hearts never know row.
Autumn displays sunsets which wow.
Fruit heavy lays bending the bough.
Fall's salad days all ending now,
Each leaf decays, each life must bow.
Raspberry tart, copious chow,
Life's appplecart, feverish brow,

Mocking Descartes, lies disallow,
feelings impart perfect pow-wow.
Sure, know no fear, symphony strong,
to draw dear near, young lovers long,
Cloudless and clear, life full of song.
Summer sends cheer, days fair and long.
Cupid's fond dart none disavow,
Love à la carte, happy Jungfrau.

Near, far apart, share, all allow,
constant each part, gift to endow.
Soft-scented breeze, bees, blossom, now,
Spring wave-wakes tree's burgeoning bough
whispers, receives free-grazing cow.
Life is at ease land under plough.
Way winning heart, amorous Tao,
Love starts to chart, still learning how.

Seasonable Role Reversal Part II
Still learning how, way winning heart
amorous Tao Love starts to chart.
Land under plough, Life is at ease,
free-grazing cow whispers receives.
Burgeoning bough, Spring wave-wakes trees.
Bees, blossom; Now, soft-scented breeze.
Gift to endow, constant each part

share, all allow, near, far apart.

Happy Jungfrau, Love à la carte,
none disavow Cupid's fond dart.
Days fair and long, Summer sends cheer,
life full of song, cloudless and clear,
Young lovers long to draw dear near,
symphony strong - sure, know no fear.
Perfect pow-wow feelings impart,
lies disallow, mocking Descartes.

Feverish brow, Life's applect,art,
copious chow, raspberry tart.
Each life must bow, each leaf decays,
All ending now. Fall's salad days,
bending the bough, fruit heavy lays.
Sunsets which wow Autumn displays.
Never kowtow! to child impart,
never know row, emotional hearts.

Tick-tocking ciao spurning Death's smart,
wishing-well's wow Yin-Yang restart!
Hibernate hives, harvested sheaves,
Jack Frost has knives. Trees stripped of leaves.
Onward he drives, Time, Prince of thieves,
over lost lives, white Winter grieves.
Renewing vow, ready fresh start!
from here and now Time to depart?

From here and now Time to depart?
Renewing vow, ready fresh start!
Over lost lives white Winter grieves,
onward he drives, Time, Prince of thieves,
Jack Frost has knives. Trees stripped of leaves,
Hibernate hives, harvested sheaves.
Wishing-well's wow Yin-Yang restart!
Tick-tocking ciao spurning Death's smart.

Never know row, emotional hearts
Never kowtow! to child impart.
Sunsets which wow Autumn displays.
Bending the bough, fruit heavy lays,

all ending now, Fall's salad days.
Each life must bow, each leaf decays.
Copious chow raspberry tart,
Feverish brow, Life's applectart.

Lies disallow, mocking Descartes.
Perfect pow-wow feelings impart.
Symphony strong, sure know no fear,
young lovers long to draw dear near.
Life full of song, cloudless and clear,
days fair and long, Summer sends cheer.
None disavow Cupid's fond dart.
Happy Jungfrau, Love à la carte.

Share, all allow, near, far apart,
Gift to endow, constant each part.
Bees, blossom. Now, soft-scented breeze,
burgeoning bough, Spring wave-wakes trees.
Free-grazing cow whispers receives.
Land under plough, Life is at ease.
Amorous Tao Love starts to chart,
still learning how, way winning heart.

Seasonable Role Reversal Part III

Love starts to chart, still learning how,
amorous Tao, way winning heart,
Life is at ease, land under plough,
free-grazing cow whispers, receives.
Spring wave-wakes tree's burgeoning bough,
bees, blossom, now, soft-scented breeze.
Constant each part, gift to endow,
share, all allow, near, far apart.

Love à la carte, happy Jungfrau
none disavow Cupid's fond dart.
Summer sends cheer, days fair and long,
life full of song cloudless and clear.
To draw dear near, young lovers long,
symphony strong, sure, know no fear.
Feelings impart perfect pow-wow
lies disallow, mocking Descartes.

Life's appplecart, feverish brow,
copious chow, raspberry tart.
Each leaf decays, each life must bow,
All ending now, Fall's salad days.
Fruit heavy lays bending the bough,
Sunsets which wow Autumn displays.
Emotional hearts never know row,
Never kowtow! to child impart.

Spurning Death's smart tick-tocking ciao,
wishing-well's wow! Yin-Yang restart.
Harvested sheaves, hibernate hives,
Jack Frost has knives, trees stripped of leaves.
Time, Prince of thieves, onward he drives,
over lost lives white Winter grieves.
Ready fresh start renewing vow,
from here and now Time to depart?

From here and now Time to depart?
Ready fresh start renewing vow,
White Winter grieves over lost lives.
Time, Prince of thieves, onward he drives.
trees stripped of leaves, Jack Frost has knives.
Harvested sheaves, hibernate hives.
Wishing-well's wow! Yin-Yang restart?
Spurning Death's smart tick-tocking ciao.

Never kowtow! To child impart.
emotional hearts never know row,
Sunsets which wow, Autumn displays
Fruit heavy lays bending the bough.
All ending now, Fall's salad days,
Each leaf decays, each life must bow.
Copious chow, raspberry tart,
Life's appplecart, feverish brow.

Lies disallow, mocking Descartes,
Feelings impart perfect pow-wow.
Symphony strong, sure, know no fear.
To draw dear near, young lovers long,
life full of song cloudless and clear.

Summer sends cheer, days fair and long,
None disavow Cupid's fond dart.
Love à la carte, happy Jungfrau

Share, all allow, near, far apart.
Constant each part, gift to endow,
Bees, blossom, now, soft-scented breeze
Spring wave-wakes tree's burgeoning bough.
Free-grazing cow whispers, receives.
Life is at ease, land under plough.
Amorous Tao, way winning heart,
Love starts to chart, still learning how,

Seasonable Role Reversal Part IV

Way winning heart, Amorous Tao,
Still learning how, Love starts to chart.
Land under plough, Life is at ease,
whispers, receives free-grazing cow.
Burgeoning bough, Spring wave-wakes tree's
soft-scented breeze, bees, blossom now.
Gift to endow, Constant each part,
near, far apart, share, all allow.

None disavow Cupid's fond dart,
Love à la carte, happy Jungfrau.
Days fair and long, Summer sends cheer,
cloudless and clear, life full of song.
Young lovers long to draw dear near,
sure, know no fear, symphony strong.
Perfect pow-wow feelings impart
mocking Descartes, lies disallow.

Feverish brow, Life's appplecart,
raspberry tart, copious chow.
Each life must bow, each leaf decays,
Fall's salad days all ending now.
Bending the bough, Fruit heavy lays.
Autumn displays Sunsets which wow.
Never know row! Emotional hearts
to child impart never kowtow!

Tick-tocking ciao, spurning Death's smart,
Yin-Yang restart wishing-well's wow.
Hibernate hives, harvested sheaves,
trees stripped of leaves, Jack Frost has knives.
Onward he drives, Time, Prince of thieves,
white Winter grieves over lost lives.
Renewing vow, Ready fresh start,
Time to depart from here and now?

Time to depart from here and now?
Renewing vow, ready fresh start.
White Winter grieves over lost lives.
Onward he drives, Time, Prince of thieves,
trees stripped of leaves, Jack Frost has knives.
Hibernate hives, harvested sheaves,
Yin-Yang restart wishing-well's wow.
Tick-tocking ciao, spurning Death's smart.

To child impart never kowtow!
Never know row emotional hearts!
Autumn displays sunsets which wow,
Bending the bough, Fruit heavy lays.
Fall's salad days all ending now,
Each life must bow, each leaf decays.
Raspberry tart, copious chow,
Feverish brow, Life's applectart.

Mocking Descartes, lies disallow,
perfect pow-wow feelings impart,
sure, know no fear, symphony strong.
Young lovers long to draw dear near.
Cloudless and clear, life full of song,
days fair and long, Summer sends cheer,
Love à la carte, happy Jungfrau.
None disavow Cupid's fond dart.

Near, far apart, share, all allow
gift to endow, constant each part.
Soft-scented breeze, bees, blossom now.
Burgeoning bough, Spring wave-wakes tree's
whispers, receives free-grazing cow.
Land under plough, Life is at ease,

Still learning how, Love starts to chart.
way winning heart, amorous Tao.

Seasonable Role Reversal Part V

Love starts to chart way winning heart
constant each part, near, far apart.
Life is at ease, soft-scented breeze
whispers, receives. Spring wave-wakes tree's
burgeoning bough. Bees, blossom, now.
Land under plough, free-grazing cow.
Share all, allow amorous Tao
still learning how gift to endow.

Love à la carte Cupid's fond dart
feelings impart mocking Descartes.
Summer sends cheer, cloudless and clear.
Sure, know no fear, to draw dear near,
young lovers long symphony strong.
Life full of song, days fair and long.
Happy Jungfrau none disavow.
Perfect pow-wow lies disallow.

Life's appiecart raspberry tart,
emotional heart to child impart.
Autumn displays Fall's salad days.
Each leaf decays, fruit heavy lays
bending the bough, each life must bow,
Sunsets which wow all ending now.
Feverish brow, copious chow
Never kowtow! never know row!

Spurning Death's smart, Yin-Yang restart.
Time to depart, ready fresh start.
Harvested sheaves, trees stripped of leaves,
White Winter grieves. Time, Prince of thieves,
onward he drives over lost lives.
Hibernate hives. Jack Frost has knives.
Wishing-well's wow renewing vow!
Tick-tocking ciao from here and now?

Tick-tocking ciao from here and now?
Wishing-well's wow renewing vow!

Hibernate hives. Jack Frost has knives,
onward he drives over lost lives.
White Winter grieves Time, Prince of thieves.
Harvested sheaves, trees stripped of leaves.
Time to depart, ready fresh start
Spurning Death's smart, Yin-Yang restart.

Never kowtow! never know row!
Feverish brow, copious chow
Sunsets which wow all ending now.
bending the bough, each life must bow,
Each leaf decays, fruit heavy lays
Autumn displays Fall's salad days.
Emotional heart to child impart,
Life's applecart raspberry tart.

Perfect pow-wow lies disallow.
Happy Jungfrau none disavow.
Life full of song, days fair and long.
Young lovers long symphony strong.
sure, know no fear to draw dear near.
Summer sends cheer, cloudless and clear.
Feelings impart mocking Descartes,
Love à la carte: Cupid's fond dart.

Still learning how gift to endow,
share all, allow amorous Tao
Life is at ease, soft-scented breeze.
Land under plough, free-grazing cow,
burgeoning bough, bees. Blossom now
whispers, receives. Spring wave-wakes trees.
Constant each part, near, far apart,
Love starts to chart way winning heart.

Seasonable Role Reversal Part VI
Way winning heart Love starts to chart
near, far apart, constant each part.
Bees, blossom, now, burgeoning bough,
free-grazing cow, land under plough.
Spring wave-wakes trees, whispers, receives,
life is at ease, soft-scented breeze.
Amorous Tao share, all allow,

still learning how gift to endow.

Cupid's fond dart: Love à la carte!
mocking Descartes, feelings impart.
Cloudless and clear, Summer sends cheer.
To draw dear near, sure, know no fear,
symphony strong young lovers long.
Days fair and long, life full of song.
None disavow happy Jungfrau.
Lies disallow, perfect pow-wow.

Raspberry tart, Life's applecort,
to child impart emotional heart.
All ending now, sunsets which wow,
each life must bow. Bending the bough,
fruit heavy lays. Each leaf decays.
Fall's salad days Autumn displays.
Copious chow, feverish brow,
Never know row! Never kowtow!

Time to depart? Ready fresh start
spurning Death's smart, Yin-Yang restart.
Jack Frost has knives, onward he drives
over lost lives. Hibernate hives,
trees stripped of leaves, harvested sheaves.
Time, Prince of thieves. White Winter grieves.
Renewing vow, Wishing-well's wow!
From here and now tick-tocking ciao?

From here and now tick-tocking ciao?
Renewing vow, Wishing-well's wow!
Time, Prince of thieves! White Winter grieves.
Trees stripped of leaves, harvested sheaves
over lost lives, hibernate hives.
Jack Frost has knives, onward he drives.
Spurning Death's smart, Yin-Yang restart.
Time to depart? Ready fresh start!

Never know row! Never kowtow!
Copious chow, feverish brow,
Fall's salad days Autumn displays.
Fruit heavy lays, each leaf decays,

each life must bow bending the bough.
All ending now sunsets which wow.
To child impart emotional heart.
Raspberry tart, Life's applectart.

Lies disallow! Perfect pow-wow
none disavow. Happy Jungfrau.
Days fair and long, life full of song,
symphony strong - young lovers long
to draw dear near, sure, know no fear.
Cloudless and clear, Summer sends cheer.
Mocking Descartes, feelings impart
Cupid's fond dart: Love à la carte!

Still learning how gift to endow,
amorous Tao share, all allow!
Life is at ease, soft-scented breeze,
Spring wave-wakes trees, whispers, receives.
Free-grazing cow, land under plough,
bees, blossom, now, burgeoning bough.
Near, far apart, constant each part,
way winning heart Love starts to chart.

Jonathan ROBIN

Lucinda Wrobel

L ight and laughter bona fide,
U nderstanding without pride,
C herish others, never hide
I n a rut, but help provide.
N ever fail, take all in stride,
D o not let impatience chide,
A nd life with joy will be supplied.

W ork that happiness abide,
R ighteousness on every side,
O ffer aid to those denied.
B eauty within with truth outside,
E vil everywhere defied,
L ife in triumph meets each tide.

Jonathan ROBIN

Lucy

L ucy 'Light' may signify
U ntrammelled wings which soar to breach
C louds grey, distressing, through fog's reach
Y earned for harmony. The "Why"
L inks to the "How", can quantify
U nreached ambitions letting each
C ause, effect, combine to teach
Y our spirit patience to defy
L ost time and find true wings to fly.
U nderstanding needs no speech,
C onvictions stores though others leech,
Y et tunes into emotions high.
LU ck turns, as Ethan, too, evolves
CY cles spin, Life problems solves...

10 June 2005

Jonathan ROBIN

Lucy's Lament - The Viper After William Wordsworth - Lucy

It moulted mid damp mossy ways
beside the river Tees,
sly serpent very few would praise,
where fewer still should tease.

A viper with vile venom sting
well hidden from blind eye,
fair seems each fang when neither one
could threaten foot or thigh.

It coiled unknown, for few signs show
when snakes' eyes fix on thee,
but it's transfixed my sole, and, oh,
the difference to me!

Jonathan ROBIN

Ma Loi Male Perce

MA LOI MALE PERCE

□

Prince au destin heureux promis ce vendredi
A vu le jour, son cri à Port Royal poussant.
Charmeur lorsqu'il sourit, comblant ses deux parents.
Offrande il est des dieux, où est-il né? – Paris.
Magie divine, ou, mieux, mystère de la vie.
Espérons réfléchi, et toujours droit son chant.
L'esprit ouvert, des lieux le leader affranchi,
Enfant d'espoir, des cieux étoile sans soucis,
Magicien accompli. Mère et son fils seront
Ainsi de joie remplis, à jamais très contents.
Ici j'offre mes vœux, image est réussie!
Regard intense enfin rencontrera destin
Epanoui, sans fin, et d'heureux lendemains

MA LOI MALE PERCE

PACOME LEMAIRE

acrostic sonnet written 14 January 1992 revised 21 September 2005
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Jonathan ROBIN

Magic Charm's Promised Land

I've further trekked than sunny Spain,
Greece, Oslo, Cairo, Rome,
to the Marquesas, back again,
praised sunsets polychrome.
From Newfoundland to Winnipeg
in Canada ice cold,
Atlanta, Phoenix, Vegas leg
adventured U.S. bold,
yet ne'er before soul sought to gain
new found land underneath starred dome
than when eyes glanced at eyes again
discovering safe home.

On oceans free from tummy pain
I've braved storm winds' flecked foam,
yet never seen such comely reign -
more sweet than honeycomb -
as sapphire [e]Yes which melt will, brain:
the subject of this po'm,
the dream of men since Abel, Cain,
wherever, when, they roam,
Time's sting retains no mortal pain.
as roads return to Rome,
as serendipity sheds rein
as barricades dissolve,
hope homes to roost free from base bane
as questions answers solve.

Much have I travelled overbold
through realms of coloured dreams,
with insight sought what can't with gold
be bought - of light's pure beam
the essence and delight, behold!
In iris fair there gleams
both past and future forward bowled
with incandescent steam,
an energy so long foretold -
hope which to hope did seem
lost, lost until her fire did fold

my heart in fee, I deem.
Here eyes surprise sighs hot and cold,
can Paradise redeem!

For centuries adoring throats
sing praise, seek golden band,
pursue frail grail, or sow wild oats
while countless grains of sand
are ground by time and tide whose boat
so many lives must strand.
Yet one to whom all would devote
existence, faith refanned,
in Nice and Montreal fresh coat
lends - spritely saraband.
Above dark Lethe she shall float
Time's stings, bark's rings withstand ...

For centuries wise scholars wrote
about some promised land,
they'd often reinvent, misquote
pale rumours secondhand.
For centuries kin[gs] kin[gs] have smote
to win vain beauty's hand,
if these could be reborn their vote
unanimous would stand
for magic charm on whom all dote,
they'd fail to understand
why they beforehand cared a groat
for others with praise bland.
These rhymes remove doubt's overcoat -
spontaneous, unplanned.

Jonathan ROBIN

Magic Passion

Magic passion lifts aloft life's song,
As love's light flexes butterfly-bright wings,
Unchains hope's scope, reclaims aims' heartfelt rings,
Dreams forward stream, finds feelings fair and strong.
Enigmas are resolved, false right, true wrong,
Curb rash rush to judgement, insight brings
On innate understanding, softly sings
Revealing fresh dimensions where "belong"
Real empathy may entertain, prolong.
Invite proactive flight free from kite strings,
Exile Time's aggression, salve past stings,
Response sees through all torture-mirage tongs
Attains new plane where each from each learns much,
Spins sentiments meant to enhance shared touch.

Jonathan ROBIN

Magic Touch

Strange seems it as we recollect
a frame in Time, through rhyme inset
to set the record straight. Regret, -
there's none to know.

Daring chance-glance to inspect
ringless fingers, form perfect
innate enthusiasm, yet
the need to grow.

Neither immodest nor 'starlet',
attractive smile, sweet, yet correct,
vision dreamt on, silk bedecked –
here fast is slow.

Coincidence: profound the debt
admitted here to cause/effect,
discovering interconnect
holds meaning, so...

A split decision once upset
life course can cause us to connect
to link through karmic interject
Time adds to flow.

A magic touch two pulse-rates set
new racing record as we met
in time-frame no event could let
ourselves forget.

Jonathan ROBIN

Magic Unfurled In Stilly Night

If fair stars glitter in my eyes from you they're sent 'tis no surprise.
Magic unfurled in stilly night, imagination wings free flight,
Advances past life's present plight, to share with you new world's delight.
Unusual lustre in my eyes from you reflects as bright sunrise
Deft spins earth's orbit's winning skies, dark light returns with shared insight.
Each 'twenty-four' speed [s]print as one, see fairies' tasks are never done!

If fair stars' sparkle represents tenderness where each assents,
May verse returned to sender's plane retain the quintessential plain,
All's well, remains, each heart sustains through to, from, each, pane eases pains.
Unforeseen our recompense as new dreams span both 'whither' 'whence'
Dispersing day's incompetence, these energies increase, intense,
Effacing care and worries, one from two may spring, from struggles, fun.

If scintillation smoothes away the fuss, the cuss of dusty day,
Mending rays send fey touch bright, beam aura gold which somehow might
As epidemic, spread aright, for world polluted care, heal quite.
Unlooked for glister sent from you to you returns through interplay.
Dawn day prepares to permeate two tender hearts that chart shared fate,
Enchanted future cycle's spun through one in two, you too we won, won't be
undone.

Jonathan ROBIN

Magnetic Mandy

I wish I were handy as Arthur or Andy.
I ache to be Jake, Jack or Jim,
then there I'd be ready whenever, unsteady
she'd fall for a tall, fat, short 'him'
For calling her bluff's tough and rough everyday,
there are so many ways for a buff interplay.
None blame her enflaming magnetic advances
for guys' mettle is me[n]tal and each takes his chances!

Oh Magnetic Mandy
though ever so handy
you'll burn if you bandy
about with the boys!
Oh Magnetic Mandy
when will you, less randy,
grab well, fine and dandy,
resort more to candy,
all boys are not toys!

Oh Magnetic Mandy.
from France to Iran de-
lightful excuses she often employs.
delectable ruses she shares and enjoys,
as men blow their fuses she chooses coy ploys!

Dear Mandy life's facts
you need deeper explore?
Take your time and relax
or you'll start feeling sore!

Relationships sickly you go through so quickly,
who's choosing, who's rusing? you skim,
skin deep, like a sweepstake, first laugh and then weep, make
mistakes, who wins, sins on a whim?
and though its exciting with hormones in play
must you rate all the ratings AND Captain today?
Now many fall, when black hole whole swallows?
How many recall then repeat to who follows.

if plane, arched, erect, or horizontal dances,
Few refuse your con...fusion, cued magnetic glances.

Oh Magnetic Mandy
eyes blue and hair sandy,
oh wouldn't it grand be
instead of the brandy
or gin on the rocks,
you, Magnetic Mandy,
chose lemonade shandy
sought wisdom with Gandhi
Modus operandi
less like weather...cocks?

We don't want to stifle your urge for an eyeful
a stopper, a whopper, to dampen your fun
but if time you are spending on action unending
we are recommending you stick with just one
for a week, so to speak, till magnetic attraction
spins from pique to mystique and not mental abstraction.
Though waiting's outrageous it can be courageous
and, too, advantageous, contagIOUS.. I US!

coda or decode her

Most magnets rest best on fridge doors,
while pants and vests pressed detest floors,
so do not be sore,
if you would score more,
game on court, in court caught law line draws!

22 March 2005 Parody T.S. Eliot MacCavity and Groucho Marx- Lewdia et al.
revised 16 September 2008 verse from France to Iran added

Jonathan ROBIN

Maid From Marseilles

There once was a maid from Marseilles,
who, after her minitel frays,
said: 'this is enough,
no more of such stuff! '
yet gaily she daily still plays.

'For boredom' she says 'often preys
on the mind and I find that the days
trip so quickly that I
never feel the time fly'
Her employer steep billing defrays.

Thus, once on the screen, she displays
special talents as siren to phrase
an attractive reply
prompting many a sigh,
from all who attract her fond gaze.

She all impoliteness repays
with swift deconnection, and says
in a furious huff
that 'approaches too gruff
are too much in a minitel maze! '

Jonathan ROBIN

Make Accessible Rhymes Into Natural Assertions Unsubjugated Submariner As Subject

Mobilize available resources intuitively, needless artifice
Abjuie. Resourcefulness introduces novel approaches: mind
Refuses imprecise neu[t]ral approximations. Metrical assurance
Interlaces noteworthy accompanying measures assuring renascent
Nexus above meaningless archetypes. Restore integrity,
Artistically mastering assonant reverberation, interactive networking.

Muster atypical rhythms immediately, neutralize abhorrent
Alibis. Re-ignite imagination's native abilities. Mind
Rejects idiosyncratic ninnies' approbation. Metrical assurance
Impresses, niggardliness abandoned - measure absolutely reassuring
Neat advocacy, meanings articulate, reach ideal
Apotheosis, mocking asses repeating idiotic nonsense.

Mature appreciation reasserts intimate needs appropriately,
Assuredly rejecting isolation, negative accusations, minimising
Repetitive intellectual nombrilism altogether, mating aggression
Irrefutably nationwide. Accept moderate alterations revisions,
Notwithstanding altercations mendacious, always re-editing, improving.
Actively move ahead really is necessary.
Master angst, regrets, narrow-mindedness avoid
As renewed invigoration, nurtured after meeting,
Recognizes implicit, nascent affection, manifest attraction,
If not actually making advances resolutely.
Negative answers may abrogate reciprocity. Indecision
Afflicts match-making, although resistance is neat.

.
Mock addled restrictions illegitimate, nefarious. Act
Autonomously, rethreading inspiration. Nature's authentic metamorphosis.
Reinforces inherited natural awareness. Mutual attention
Identifies novel answers. Masks are reprehensible.
Nowhere avarice must alter rightful interpretations
As mutual appreciation regenerates initial notions.

Modulate alphabetical relationships, inventing newer associations
Allowing reality interfaces nurturing artistic maturity,
Respecting ideals naturally. Authors most assiduous

Increase neuronal activity, multidimensional activities, revitalise
Notions attractive, multiply avenues revealing interconnections
Amusing, melodious, ambitions re-affirmed incisively, nimbly.

Miracles automatically remove inhibitions, narcissistic attitudes.
Artistically regenerate insightfulness, never abdicate moral
References in nonsensical appeasement menacing autonomy.
Independence never adulterated, multitask author revered
Notions ecstatic, multiply avenues revealing interconnections,
Avoid misplaced allusions, rectilinear illogical nightmares.

Mental agility re-energizes inner neuronic alleys.
Amalgamates rainbow intuitions, nuances, ably merging
Really intense, noble, auspicious mutually advantageous.
Incorporate nifty acrostic mosaic arrangements. repeatedly -
Nimble alliteration, musical apostrophe, regular idiomatic
Articulation, maxims, aphorisms, resonate ideally now.

Magician artistically rises, imprints narrative, avuncularly
Admonishes representative idiocies, noisy aemera, mostly
Reiterative, intensity null, advertising meager assets
Imbroglio numberless ants, missing all resplendency.
Nib animates metalinguistical adventure, repulses idleness.
Always maintain alert response intuitions nearby.

Modal alliteration reheighens interactive native appreciation
Averting roughness, inane narcissistic arrogance. Mix
Rhythmic interwoven notes accentuating miraculous auspices,
Ignoring needless egotism many authors revere.
Negate Athical meaning. Affording remuneration importance
Agenders, masks agenda reprehensible irony nefarious.

Masterful awareness reformulates initial notes averting
Arguments rudimentary, indiscriminate, negates aggressive mediocrity.
Rewarding interplay niftily assembles musical addresses
Invariably nudging aureate muse appreciably, revivifying
Nobility. Add multiple amphibolies - really interesting
Achievement masterminding art refined. innovating never-endingly.

Mission accomplished, retreat impossible, Nirvana's attained
Astutely ravelling input, noting aptly many
Roads indicate numerous axiomatic moorings asailing

Into nestled artistic montages adjusted regularly.
Notwithstanding asperities, my abecedarian reconstitutes images -
Adornment matchlessly aligned, revolving intelligent network -
May attract regard intense, never arid,
Arduous, restrictive in nature. Anagram maintains
Reel's interior neoplatonic aesthetics, manifesting adroitness,
Intelligence, nonpareil accomplishment Mnemosyne admits reliably
Not apathetic. Mirror albedo reflects instructive
Attempt most artlessly redrawn, insouciant notation.

Milestone Acrostic Reflects Intimately Nominee's Abilities

Horizontal and vertical double helix homage within a spiral dedicated to Grigory
Nikolayevitch's spiritual heiress.

Jonathan ROBIN

Make Haste

Make haste, make haste, no time to waste,
the sandman's on the move!
The minutes chased, misspent, misplaced,
swift scattered are, remove
from life the paste that's interlaced
with love to leave the groove
by others faced with fears encased
within themselves! Improve
your chances paced by those who've raced
where most may fear, disprove
the double-faced, minds [s]oft, effaced.
let no one disapprove
Strong spirits graced with soul true, chaste,
which ever must reprove
all evil based on base, poor taste, -
which ever seeks to prove
Good may be traced, Right be embraced
in confidence - for you've
the need to haste to truth, yes haste,
for Time is on the move!

Jonathan ROBIN

Make Merry In The Room

Observe the busy bee, my son,
which from dawn rich till day is done,
from bloom to blossom journeying,
extracts from each a different thing, -
a special nectar from each one,
by each embraced, detained by none.
There's room for more before Death's sting
envelops all within dark wing.
When first-fruits fall so readily,
then flutter-flatter fancy free.

Our hearts rejoice 'bove anything
to hear the cricket's cheerful ring,
so dance through life, no pleasures shun,
until the thread of Fortune's spun.
Copy the cricket, chirp and sing
throughout life's Summer, for Time's wing
is almost flown before begun: -
from branch to branch enjoy your fun
before you choose the perfect tree
from which to hang eternity.

Eternal traverse of the sun
mocks Man's vain efforts, every one,
"the garment of repentance fling"
to dust "and in the fire of Spring"
refill your cup, let sweetness run.
All know their leaves fall one by one.
Today tomorrow stings, may bring
sans eyes, sans ears, sans everything.
"Some little talk of me and thee"
there'll be, then nothing more will be.

© Jonathan Robin Poem written 19 May 1986

Jonathan ROBIN

Make No Mistake

Make no mistake, much laughter masks hid fears
or insecurities few wish to show
to heartless world that rats, repays with tears
of spite lightheartedness that seems to glow.

Beware comparing Man with species strange:
tease chimpanzees, they'll freeze bared teeth, barred grin,
animal tics may mimic human range
emotions seen without, belied within.

Laughter releases stress to compensate
inner tensions, compensations which,
like yawning, are contagious, may create
superficial empathy that brief

supplies society displaying
the need to feed from mirage motions playing.

(14 June 2012)

Jonathan ROBIN

Malthusian - Acrostic

Man man must conquer, trust that Time
At last last laugh will have, fast see
Life – Mr.'s Mrs.' Ms...tery –
Turn to worm, return not: - crime?
Here hear a moral dressed in rhyme:
Unless we learn, earn modesty,
Some sum of all we've come to be
In bed-rock locked will, stocked in rime,
Await a race who race with light
Near Earth's girth, - berth? – they won't alight!

Jonathan ROBIN

Man Is Time's Fool - Polyacrostic Sonnet

Most answers naught important show, though I
answers seek beyond doors padlocked tight, -
naught penetrates the sense of day and night
important or earth-shaking 'neath sad sky.
Show Man the path to happiness whereby,
though mortal still, endowed with second-sight,
'I' melts in 'you' – gene-I-US equal quite -
'My', 'Your' and 'Their' identical. Time's eye
Essence exposes – every hidden lie.
Scan through the soul, though moving fingers write,
For something more than evanescent flight –
Overtures ephemeral deny.
Of Time in time the secrets shall be found,
Light wings allowing Man to leave base ground.

1 October 1991

Jonathan ROBIN

Man's Narrow Mind

Man often will disparage what he can't
Accept, control, admit or integrate.
Nor love once more what loss transforms to hate -
Strikes out at all around, mind blind, aslant.
Narrow most wilt, in fertile soil few plant
A seed to feed a well stocked future's plate.
Refusals unexpected dissipate
Rewarding sharing though this may enchant,
Or envy green display, mistrust implant
Where dark suspicion stokes a cinder grate,
Mistaking ashes for smoke's tinder bait.
Incandescence uncontrolled risks rant.
Need to control seems self-destruction, soon
Drive is perverted, pricking Trust's balloon.

Jonathan ROBIN

Mantis And Chameleon Combined

Mantis and chameleon combined
In sorrow-smile strange siren spectrum sings.
Rainbow surface spins unfathomed rings,
Intense emotions stirs. Heart, unassigned,
Awaits soft spell but enters hell, won't bind.
Much time is wasted, time whose acid stings
Must dreams dissolve, naught solve. Vain vampire wings
Each night takes flight, though fantasy, resigned,
No spice retains, scope wanes as hopes unwind.
Defensive moats must lapse, emotions bring
Ease, understanding, joy in everything,
Serenity with sharing redefined.
Mobility of spirit and of mind
Must self-acceptance learn, fears leave behind.

(30 October 2001 revised 25 April 2009)

Jonathan ROBIN

Mantra Mantle

Life's cycle spins
as out and ins
around each other turn
so treat with Time
as patterned rhyme
which earns its own return.

When day is dreams
it seems night gleams
to channel second-sight.
When night dreams on
thought flow's fair fun,
skeins spun with silk insight.

So outside Time
and inside Rhyme
flow patterns patterns' flows,
One came from where?
and Whence to there?
right answers no one knows.

One could write on,
with meanings strong
upon life's vale of tears
from berth to bloom
from birth to tomb
in tune with Aeons' ears.

These terse lines rough,
stream off the cuff
composed as answer which
to inner eye
affords reply
as of themselves lines stitch.

Jonathan ROBIN

Many Roads Await

Many links extended may t[r]end towards the light,
As rainbow drops descended award due dew delight.
New roads must be defended not doubted. Now rewrite
Years starting, as years ended y[e]arn slight reflection bright.
Right, wrong, misapprehended, refuse tags black or white,
Out and inside when [bl]ended, outlaw blind bigots' bite.
As wheels turn, Time, suspended, adapts for further flight,
Dream streams draw on intended directions from dark night.
Spread is each page portended swift message to incite
All walls to fall. bridge mended as errors dynamite:
With fervour unpretended worldwide men may unite.
All roads to Rome, befriended, aid ease poor people's plight
Imply toil, tears expended improve brave world in sight.
Tomorrow's tracks extended true future free invite.

Jonathan ROBIN

Margaret

Marvellous astute review gratifyingly arranges revealing expressive thoughts. Adventurous rationale guarantees artful, responsible enterprise. Trusting manifold revisions garnering assurance, rephrasing erudite terminology most agreeably, gates are released enabling thoughtful mature accurate regard affording ripe enchantment totally miraculous, auguring regal gladness. Regained energy triggers massive applause rewarding genius effortlessly executing tuneful mission. Ample respect gained, antics require technical mastery always repeating gleeful acrostic routine enthusiastically.

Metamorphosis as response grants awaited release, essentially turning around regrets. Gaining ability, rhyme engenders tuneful melodious rhythm. Gifts always reinforce exchange, trap mechanical arguments, guarded assertions, replacing excess tension. Mercifully abolishing restraints, articulation reaches empowerment through merging authentic responses. Good reflections enhance trust, mutual acceptance, recognition, growing affection. Ethics triumph, must always refuse Gordian alternatives, realizing too many accept roughness, gratuitous anger results.

Ethereal Muse awakens redeemed. Glorious accomplishments refute evanescent trends. Angelus rings gladly after rejecting established themes, mundane recollections, gains ardent regenerating effect to mirror all growth asked. Restrictions ease. Taste matures, awareness rapidly appears, renews expansion. Thinking matters! A rule generally rejected excessively today! Music and rhyme grievances answer, echoing the Muses' abilities, revitalizing genuine artistic resonance. Thus may another rising generation anticipate revival, express more appropriate reading giving all reciprocal enlightenment, tenderness. Amusing resonance gratifies articulate reasoning. Example tonight might reduce gulfs adding real Empathy thoroughly merging anima, galvanizing antennae. Restored emotions taunt mistrust averting regrets. Amusement responds, encourages timeless metaphors alienating rude gags.

References elastic, textual musings allow ready-made graffiti absolutely effortless thus making artist reinvent gestures actively. Revolving techniques mask actions. Relevant, game approaches roundabout exercise. Masterfully, asserting realizable goals. Ability reinforces efforts to advance reason. Grace artlessly reiterates essence that may revive guardian angels. Rethinking emphasizes truth meaningfully, ably gathers appreciation. Remember each truly magical anniversary rings A rising emotional touch, mutes apparent restrictions, griefs. Revelation entirely trumps murmuring aggressiveness, really guides endeavors.

Evidently this masterful attempt rouses greetings, animosity, refusal to manage another round, greatly are repetitions appreciated.

Jonathan ROBIN

Mariage À La Modem Html Hints To Measure Life Or How The Men Lie After J's 7 Years Of Internet Woman William Shakespeare Jacques 7 Ages Of Man

All the world's a screen, we mean all men and women merely payers,
They have their passwords and their logins
And when each plays so many parts,
Their contActs spanning seven stages:

Help Through Many Lists
Host To My Leisure
Here To Make Love
Heaven Talks M any Languages
Hooked Through Mirage Links
How The Men Lie
Hope, Time, Morale Lost!

TCP/IP: Touch Computer Parts Internet Payment
Log In B[L]og Down

Jonathan ROBIN

Mary Had A Bank Account

Mary had a bank account
in Nicosia fair,
Sigh_pressed she's knocked out for the count:
E.U. squeezed out fair share.

Her hard earned cash, a plum amount,
was amputated there,
she's taken to the streets to mount
a protest vote despair.

Her little lamb could not surmount
the crunch, munch lunch mint rare,
can't follow her. One must recount
there's no more lamb to spare!

(25 March 2013)

Jonathan ROBIN

Mary Had A Little Limp

Mary had a little limp
from fall, gymnastics skipping,
she's now obliged to scrape and scrimp
upon MacDonald's tipping.

MacDonald's farm bred little lambs,
that played all day splay skipping,
full circle run poetic iambs
in rhyme that's timely tripping.

In lines offline Macdonalds cram
beef orders, sparsely shipping
shrimp, parsley, horse, as stanza cam
lamb theme on stream grooves gripping.

Grooves lead to rails behooving tram
or hooves as in horse nipping,
removing doubts as on the lam
verse bows out, forelock tipping.

Jonathan ROBIN

Mary Had A Little Vamp After Sarah Josepha Hale And John Keats Ode To A Nightingale

Mary had a little vamp,
whose teeth glowed white as snow,
each night from sightly vent - no cramp -
see crimson droplets flow.

'Why does the Vamp love Mary so? '
all eager children cry;
'Why, Mary loves the Vamp, you know, '
the teacher did reply.

Kids followed her from school one day;
though stalking's 'gainst the rules;
it made goose pimples grow and stay
on fools who play with ghouls.

But they were caught, their tale remains
from history well hid,
though we discovered some remains
beneath oak coffin lid.

Imagine cardiac arrest
as plasma pumps oblique
from punctured vein, twin pinhole blessed,
or artery a-leak.

Heart aches as drowsy numbness pains□
sense blue funk, hemlock drunk,
as destiny's poured down the drains
swift Lethe-wards is sunk.

Bead bubbles winking at the brim,
of purple stained mouth,
attest to skilled predator's whim
of killing time gone south.

No second thoughts as sharp fangs clamp,
A, B, AB, O, unglue,

dissolve, beneath moon's lurid lamp,
true haemoglobulu.

And so blood flowed from inside out,
none dared to linger near
when shadows shiver, hang about
until Vamps disappear.

Thus vampire Vlad made Mary glad
hark! men well-read may read,
from kid school lad to college grad, -
mark ruddy welt's fey bead.

He wore a scarlet cape to match
sweet Mary's rosy lips,
attached thereto gilt cup to catch
slick rhesus drips he sips.

No fly-by-night awed Mary's Vamp,
his cocktail: fear's delight,
through sky high flight soared scary champ...
here batty write ends quite.

parody written 3 May 2007 revised 3 September 2008 and 5 November 2016 -
for previous versions see below

Mary had a little vamp,
whose teeth glowed white as snow,
each night from sightly vent - no cramp -
the crimson droplets flow.

Some followed her from school one day;
though stalking's 'gainst the rules;
it made goose pimples grow and stay
to see them play at ghouls.

But they were caught, their tale remains
from history well hid,
though we discovered their remains
beneath oak coffin lid.

And so blood flowed from inside out,
none dared to lingered near
when shadows shiver, hang about
until Vamps disappear.

'Why does the Vamp love Mary so? '
the eager children cry;
'Why, Mary loves the Vamp, you know, '
the teacher did reply.

Sleep-overs followed, - little Vamp
A, B, AB, O, drew
by light of Mary's lurid lamp
new haemoglobulu.

Thus vampire Vlad made Mary glad
hark! men well-read may read,
from kid school lad to college grad, -
mark then welt's red fey bead.

He wore a scarlet cape to match
sweet Mary's ruddy lips,
attached thereto a cup to catch
the rhesus drips he sips.

No fly-by-night awed Mary's Vamp,
he could fear blend at need,
though sky high flight soared scary champ -
we here end batty screed.

parody written 3 May 2007 revised 3 September 2008 - for previous version see
below

Mary had a little vamp,
whose teeth were white as snow,
each night from sightly vent - no cramp -
the crimson droplets flow.

I followed her from school one day;
to stalk against the rules;
it simply made goose pimples stay

to see them play at ghoul.

And so blood flowed from inside out,
but still I lingered near,
and waited patiently about
till dawn - Vamps disappear.

'Why does the Vamp love Mary so? '
the eager children cry;
'Why, Mary loves the Vamp, you know, '
the teacher did reply.

Sleep-overs followed, - little Vamp
A, B, AB, O, drew
by light of Mary's lurid lamp
new haemoglobulu.

Thus vampire Vlad made Mary glad
hark! men well-read may read,
from kid school lad to college grad, -
mark then welt red fey bead.

He wore a scarlet cape to match
sweet Mary's ruddy lips,
attached thereto a cup to catch
the rhesus drips he sips.

The Kansas Education Board
became the first to fall
beneath a nascent vampire horde
attracting one and all.

No fly-by-night awed Mary's Vamp,
he could fear blend at need,
though sky high flight soared scary champ -
we would here end bat screed.

© Jonathan Robin parody written 3 May 2007

Parody Sarah Josepha HALE 1788_1879 Published 24 May 1830

Based upon an actual incident, Mary being Mary Sawyer parts - notably the first

verse - probably by John ROULSTONE see notes below

The 'original' Mary plus other parodies to share Enjoy!

Mary had a little lamb

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow;
And everywhere that Mary went,
The lamb was sure to go.

He followed her to school one day;
That was against the rules;
It made the children laugh and play
To see a lamb at school.

And so the teacher turned it out,
But still it lingered near,
And waited patiently about
Till Mary did appear.

'Why does the lamb love Mary so? '
The eager children cry;
'Why, Mary loves the lamb, you know, '
The teacher did reply.

Based upon an actual incident, parts probably by John ROULSTONE
Published 24 May 1830 Sarah Josepha HALE 1788_1879

Mary had a little lamp

Mary had a little lamp,
Filled with benzoline;
Tried to light it at the fire,

Has not since benzine.

Parody Author Unknown

Mary had a little lamb

Mary had a little lamb, a lobster and some prunes
A piece of pie, a glass of milk, and then some macaroons.

It made the naughty waiters grin to see her order so,
And when they carried Mary out, her face was white as snow.

see alternative:

Mary had a little lamb, likewise a lobster stew,
And ere the sunlit morning dawned she had a nightmare, too.

Parody Author Unknown

Mary's Ovine

Mary was the proprietress of a diminutive incipient ovine, whose outer covering was as devoid of colours as congealed atmospheric vapour, and to all localities to which Mary perambulated, her young South-down was morally sure to follow. It tagged her to the dispensary of learning one diurnal section of time, which was contrary to all precedent, and excited cachinnation to the seminary attendants when they perceived the presence of a young mutton at the establishment of instruction. Consequently, the preceptor expelled him from the interior, but he continued to circumnavigate in the the immediate vicinity, without fretfulness, until Mary once more became visible.

'What caused this specimen of the genus ovis to bestow so much affection on Mary? ' the impetuous progeny vociferated.

'Because Mary reciprocated the woo-producer's esteem, you understand, ' the teacher answered.

Parody Author Unknown

Mary's Pin Cushion

Mary sat upon a pin
But showed no perturbation;
For some of her was genuine,
But most was imitation.

Author Unknown Sphinx - Life 21 July 1904

Mary had a little lamb

Mary had a little lamb, she thought it rather silly,
She threw it up into the air and caught it by its ...
Willie was a sheep dog sitting on the ground
Along came a bee and stung him on his ...
Ask no questions tell no lies,
Ever see a policeman doing up his ...
Flies are a nuisance, bugs are worse
And this is the end of my silly little verse.

Parody Author Unknown

Mary had a Little Lamb

Prithee, good pedagogue, we lend our ears
To feed on explanation. It appears
That this pet lamb has passed the world's estate
Of treachery, and love that loves to prate
Of love, while loving but the sound
The gnashing lips that bear it breathe around.

Beseemeth he would with her spangle nights
And wear her as the stars wear satellites,
To him she is the lightning to the cloud,
The rain to summer, to death the shroud,
Dreams to eyes, sleep to the weary, rest
To the yearning or ambitious brest.
We prithee, pedagogue, if so be you know,
Why does this sheep love little Mary so?

Parody Author Unknown

Mary's Little Lamb

Bounce, bounce, bounce,
For Mary's poor pet wool!
But the tenderness of three days' grace
Can't get him back to school;
Oh, well for the sailor lad
That he bit his sister's thumb,
For the contribution box goes round
And the lamb is deaf and dumb!

Author Unknown

Parody S.J. Hale and Alfred TENNYSON - Break, Break, Break

Mary's Lamb

I saw that lamb rise from the hallowed ground
That emperors have kissed as they resigned their rule;
I saw him rise like Venice rise and straddle round,
There where the wraith of Time prowls like a ghoul,
And centuries have sate, each on its stool,
Then, with a spring of ages, saw him bound
To Mary's side, and down the sombre cool
Dark corridors of rotting years he followed her to school.

Author Unknown
Parody S.J. HALE and Lord Byron

Mary's Cactus

Mary had a cactus plant,
So modestly it grew.
Shooting its little fibers out,
It lived upon the dew.

Her little brother often heard
Her say it lived on air;
And so he pulled it up one day
And placed it in a chair.

Placed it in a chair he did,
Then laughed with ghoulish glee -
Placed it in the old arm chair
Under the trysting tree.

Nor thought of Mary's lover,
Who called each night to woo,
Or even dreamed they'd take a stroll,
As lovers often do.

The eve drew on. The lover came,
They sought the trysting tree,

Where has the little cactus gone?
The lover - where is he?

Parody Author Unknown

Mary's Snow White Lamb

Mary had a little lamb,
She called it Little Bro
One day she took it skiing
And lost it in the snow.

New Zealand Parody Author Unknown

Mary's Jam

Mary had a pot of jam
Presented by the cook,
And everywhere that Mary went,
The luscious jar she took.

She carried it to school one day,
Which was against the rule;
And when the teacher looked away,
She ate the jam in school.

At last the teacher found her out,
And, oh! was most severe;
But what the imposition was
It doth not well appear.

Now Mary soon began to roll
Her head upon her arm,
And felt dismayed, and much afraid
The jam had done her harm.

'Oh! why does Mary's head ache so? '
The curious children cry,
'Quaejam est, ea sic erit, '
the teacher did reply.

Author C.W.G. Newcastle Weekly Chronicle 1887
Parody Author Unknown

Dot Lambs vot Mary haf got

Mary haf got a leetle lambs already:
Dose vool vas vite like shnow;
Und every times dot Mary did vend oud,
Dot lambs vent also oud vid Mary.

Dot lambs did follow Mary von day to der shool-house,
Vich was obbositon to der rules of der schoolmaster.
Alzo, vich it dit cause dose schillen to schmile out loud
Ven dey did saw does lambs on der insides of der shool-house.

Und so dot shoolmaster did kick dot lambs quick oud,
Likevise, dot lambs dit loaf around on der outsides,
Und did shoo de flies mit his tail off patiently aboud
Undil Mary did come also from dot school-house oud.

Und den dot lambs did run right away quick to Mary,
Und dit make his het on Mary's arms,
Like he would said, 'I don't vos schkared
Mary would keep from droubles ena how.'

'Vot vos de reason about it, of dot lambs and Mary? '
Dose schillen did ask it, dot schoolmaster;
Vell, doand you know it, dot Mary love dose lambs already
Dot schoolmaster did zaid.

Moral

Und zo, alzo, dot mora vas,

Boued Mary's lambs' relations:
Of you lofe dose like she lofe dose,
Dot lambs vas obligations.

Parody Author Unknown

Mary's Lamb of Course

Mary had a little lamb,
She ate it with mint sauce,
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb went too, of course.

Parody Author Unknown

Mary Had a Little Lamb

Mary had a little lamb,
But her sister came to grief, -
She lived in 1951
And only got corned beef.

England 1951 Food Rationning
Parody Author Unknown

Mary in Pittsburg

Mary had a little lamb,
Whose fleece was white as snow;
She took it down to Pittsburgh
And look at the damn thing now!

19th c. Parody Author Unknown

Mary Had a Little Lamb 2000

Pepper: Mary had a little lamb, but she really wanted two,

Lamb: Baa.

M.Info: And thanks to genetic research, she knew just what to do!

WOW: Scientists took the DNA from Mary's lamb and said,

Wilmut: We'll make a carbon copy, and a lamb clone will be bred!

Lambs: Baa.

M.Info: So, a brand new lamb was born, and people called it Dolly.

Pepper: Mammal cloning's first big star,

Froggo: Or mankind's biggest folly?

Nun: For if we start to clone ourselves, aren't we playing God?

WOW: Creating some master race, with perfect face and bod?

Toast: If today we clone a lamb, how long will it be

'Til someone decides to clone himself, and not clone you and me?

Pepper: So the next time Mary's little lamb comes walking down the way,

Admire its fleece, as white a snow, and not its DNA.

Lamb: Baa. Baa!

Pepper: Thank you! Thank you! Ah haa hah haa! !

Histeria N° 32 Writers of Purple Prose

Parody Author Unknown

Mary had a Little Flock

Mary had a little lamb,
then two and three and four.

And each a perfect replica
of all that went before.

The followed her to school one day
which was against the rule.

It made the children laugh and play
to see her flock at school.

The teacher turned the woolies out
to wait the bell at four.

But when the children tried to leave
more sheep had jammed the door.
'What makes those lambs love Mary so? '
The eager children fish.
Says teacher, dialing 9-1-1:
'She's got the Petri dish.'

Toronto Sun - Parody Author Unknown

Mary and the Lamb

Mary, what melodies mingle
To murmur her musical name!
It makes all one's fingertips tingle
Like fagots, the food of the flame;
About her an ancient tradition,
A romance delightfully deep,
Has woven in juxtaposition
With one little sheep, -

One dear little lamb that would follow
Her footsteps, unwearily fain,
Down dale, over hill, over hollow,
To school and to hamlet again;
A gentle companion whose beauty
Consisted in snow-driven fleece,
And whose most imperative duty
Was keeping the peace.

His eyes were are as beads made of glassware,
His lips were coquetishly curled,
His capers made many a lass swear
His caper-sauce baffled the world;
His tail had a wag when it relished
A sip of the milk in the pail, -
And this fact has largely embellished
The wag of this tale.

One calm summer day when the sun was
A great golden globe in the sky,

One mild summer morn when the fun was
Unspeakably clear in his eye,
He tagged after exquisite Mary,
And over the threshold of school
He tripped in a temper contrary,
And splintered the rule.

A great consternation was kindled
Among all the scholars, and some
Confessed their affection had dwindled
For lamby, and looked rather glum;
But Mary's schoolmistress quick beckoned
The children awy from the jam,
And said, sotto voce, she reckoned
That Mame loved the lamb.

Then all up the spine of the rafter
There ran a most risible shock,
And sorrow was sweetened with laughter
And this little lamb of the flock;
And out spoke the schoolmistress Yankee,
With rather a New Hampshire whine,
'Dear pupils, sing Moody and Sankey,
Hymn 'Ninety and Nine.'

Now after this music had finished,
And silence again was restored,
The ardor of lamby diminished,
His quips for a moment were floored.
Then cried he, 'Bah-ed children you blundered
When singing that psalmistry, quite.
I'm labelled by Mary, 'Old hundred, '
And I'm labelled right.'

Then vanished the lambkin in glory,
A halo of books round his head:
What furthermore happened, the story,
Alackaday! cannot be said.
And Mary, the musical maid, is
Today but a shadow in time:
Her epitaph too, I'm afraid is
Writ only in rhyme.

She's sung by the cook at her ladle
That stirs up the capering sauce;
She's sung by the nurse at the cradle
When ba-ba is restless and cross;
And lamby, whose virtues were legion,
Dwells ever in songs that we sing,
He makes a nice dish in this region
To eat in the spring.

SHERMAN Frank Dempster 1860_1917

Parody S J Hale and Algernon C. SWINBURNE - Dolores

Mary's Replicated Reply

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was slightly grey,
It didn't have a father,
Just some borrowed DNA.

It sort of had a mother,
Though the ovum was on loan,
It was not so much a lambkin,
As a little lamby clone.

And soon it had a fellow clone,
And soon it had some more,
They followed her to school one day,
All cramming through the door.

It made the children laugh and sing,
The teachers found it droll,
There were too many lamby clones,
For Mary to control.

No other could control the sheep,
Since their programs didn't vary,
So the scientists resolved it all,

By simply cloning Mary.

But now they feel quite sheepish,
Those scientists unwary,
One problem solved, but what to do,
With Mary, Mary, Mary...
~ unk

Norma VAN DER PLAAS

Jonathan ROBIN

Mary Had But Little Luck

Mary had but little luck
engaged in dating,
with Manny Cure she came unstuck-
clipped wings for maid in waiting.

Although few criticize her pluck
lack lustre compensating,
with pin enlisted tried to pluck
mate unprevaricating.

She sifted much mendacious muck -
miss' takes anticipating -
she shifted focus, much did chuck

for skin tight slacks from James, George, Chuck
drew google eyes elating

With handy game of nip and tck
sweet spousal celebrating
although she almost came unstuck,
six siblings surrogating.

to be continued and revised

Jonathan ROBIN

Mary Killed A Little Horse

Mary killed a little horse
then passed it off as beef
till coarse corp tested, then of course
on course all raced to beef.

Mary horsed around, 'tis true,
for Findus too soon blushed
they rushed, stocks clearing, rumours flew,
and reputations crushed

On-site spot-checks were scheduled fast
from France to Timbuctoo,
who swallowed advertising past
now pays the price in goo.

Jonathan ROBIN

Mary's Express Sigh Press

Mary had a little cash,
in Cyprus bank she locked it,
to stash that cash proved rash with crash
when E.U. experts docked it!

Jonathan ROBIN

Mary's Lily Lamb

Mary had a lily lamb
that eyed pied billy goat
ignored the precepts of her dam,
till she got baa ma's goat,
likewise upset her uncle Sam
whose spot of creosote
turned lived as an anguished damn
escaped from wooly throat.

Now Mary's lamb is on the lam
though laws have been rewrote,
for Billy's Billie spelled and Sam
stands for Samantha Dote.
No black and white law fast can Camb
or Oxford dons promote:
though grass beyond the pale seems jam
make sure what floats mate's boat.

Jonathan ROBIN

Mary's Silly Lamb

Mary has a silly lamb
a billy goat, a filly:
show her more Mary skits then, damn!
she'll slit your throat till chilly.

Jonathan ROBIN

Mary's Triplets

Mary had a little hump
with Kamal just 'for play'
she now has carnal camel lump
she wished would go away.

Mary saw this little lump
that grew and grew and grew,
from one short stump in ample rump,
that bump bore triplets too.

Jonathan ROBIN

Masha Slavinska

MAGic charm, disarming angel air,
SHines out from within where'er she smiles
As energy tsunami fine as fair
MAkes all around enchanting, reconciles
SHinto, Jew and Christian who unite
Aware none other might with as much grace
MANkind envelope in eternal light
SHAdow free; all worship beauty`s face.
MASks most women wear, yet she none needs.
SHApes are disguised, here rises elfin spring
MANifestly majestic. Cupid feeds
SHAmanic dreams that gleam. Who wears her ring
MAy happiness unequalled always know
SHAre light, love, laughter in eternal glow.

10 January 2013

Jonathan ROBIN

Masked Dichotomies

Must life's train be constrained, vain self contain,
May self-effacement ease heartache, disdain?
Must mirage rain slake lost-in-desert bane,
May dreams' ream verse bring love to life again?
Must stalking hawk-eyed hawkers grey prey, pain.
May heart's refrain touch who'd from touch refrain?

Can conversation compensate for wide
disparities between speech-reach inside
and barricades behind which hearts mask, hide,
where one greets and the other's grates abide
spite needs apparent, though those needs denied
are tantamount to self-rejection sighed.

Dichotomies between acts and attraction
can't heal heart's hurt, leave hope too little traction.

Jonathan ROBIN

Meeting

Head enlaced by graceful arm,
hand encased in hand, thigh, thigh,
dreams rapture capture, soothing balm,
feeling feelings warm supply.

Lip to lip together zipped
full exchange facilitates,
trip through tenderness is tipped
to last, cleave fast, illuminates.

Thus entwined shared essence meets,
beyond desire's steep, dizzy stairs,
as bodiless embrace completes
rebirth, time both prepares, repairs.

Shared sentiments in all finds charm
as body, spirit, find release,
tender tide soothes all alarm -
scoffs at mistrust and spurns caprice.

Ego's agenda self defeats
with restive quest: 'what' 'why' 'when' 'where',
one leitmotif with naught competes
all complementing all – to share.

12 December 2001 revised 16 October 2008
robi03_0980_robi03_0000 XXX_LXX

for previous version see below

Meeting

Head enlaced by graceful arm,
hand encased in hand, thigh, thigh,
dreams rapture capture, soothing balm,
feeling feelings warm supply.

Thus entwined shared essence meets,
beyond desire's steep, dizzy stairs,
as bodiless embrace completes
rebirth, time both prepares, repairs.

Shared sentiments in all finds charm
as body, spirit, find release,
tender tide soothes all alarm, -
here's no mistrust and no caprice.

There is no boredom which defeats
itself with questions 'why' 'when' 'where',
all complements all, naught competes
with one leitmotif fair – to share...

12 December 2001 revised 16 October 2008
© Jonathan Robin

Jonathan ROBIN

Mellifluous Melody

Chopin's piano keys to zephyr's breeze
mellifluous melody frees feelings, frieze
atemporal captures the essence of one
moonlit reflection, fragility spun,
yet spider silk strong, breasting aeons with ease.

Selene glows great but in envy begrudges
bright beauty, though mortal, night nebulae nudges,
pride of place her's alone while stars twinkle around
more in echo than source of light, laser from ground
rising well into dawn, pale Hyperion fudges.

Notes floating through space are indelibly traced
on dimensions which parallel previously raced,
rhyme and reason combine in a magmatic burst
which fills as it thrills, spills prolonging from first
thirst for more as core's shaken, dream damascene chased.

Chromatic crescendo swells up as acclaim
strings harps that the Harpies translate to flock tame,
chorded canvas recorded sees wave bands extended
beyond night's horizons as light waves are bended
prismatically pure prized perfection proclaim.

Jonathan ROBIN

Melodious Mega Metamorphosis

Magician's melodies magnificent,
Answers aureate anticipating,
Underscore union undeviating.
Destiny determines dream descent
Excluding effervescence evanescent,
Constantly concordance conjugating.
Multi-modal music motivating
Acknowledged anniversary's achievements
Unblocks unrestricted undercurrents,
Defeats disturbances dissimulating.
Emotivity enchantingly elating
Completely complementary compliments
Man's, maiden's, mega metamorphosis,
Catalyzes confident catharsis.

Mind mobile method may maintain
Another acrostic adds again,
Unaffected urgent urge
Delightfully drops dreary dirge.
Energy easy entertains
Creative clout, crops coward chains.
Masterpiece's matrix merge
Applause accepts. All ascertain
Unprepossessive, unique urbane
Duplicating demiurge's
Editions endlessly emerge.
Competition can't complain.
Mastery mocks methods mean
Competence constructs chain clean.

Jonathan ROBIN

Melting Pot In Melting Point: A Test Taste After Wanda Lea Brayton

Wing with me through sunrise sweet,
to shed cocoons and spread the sky
with wonder which the dark's defeat
soon celebrates, to answer why,
puts fears at rest, - no wish deny.

Surprise, where eyes together meet,
melts walls, as none need quantify
new hope no cyclone gust could cheat.
Due cycle, spin, win trust, supply
true scope both Time and Tide defy

Soul in soul can thus complete
its mission~fission and ally
heart once apart from heart to greet
with fresh~baked bread and apple pie
from typhoons, twisters, home and dry.

May mind in mind forever share
discoveries as fresh breeze brings
new hope tonight, to melt despair,
pours joy on troubled waters, sings
horizons fair where no storm swings.

Ripples, small at first, spread where
hope's atmosphere springs spry, hurt's stings
are eased to forecast future fair
no need to feed on fear, pull strings
attached to taut strings tied to 'things':

Emotions, countless, count, repair
at last the past as fast light's rings
can interact, new Act prepare,
each scene of which the changes rings,
unseen may stitch enheartenings.

Jingle gently, sweet refrain

of dance inscribed in Book of Fate
where heartache neither know again, -
seed Love none need to counterfeit
feed Love which will not dissipate.

Mingle gently, naught retain,
as aspirations shared translate
dreams into interplay on plane
above tides' ebb and wane debate,
above all bonds of weight and wait.

Single goes against the grain.
To fuse, refusing solid state,
momentum, mustered, must maintain,
to sow, to grow, to flow, create,
enlightenment anticipate.

Reach me, teach me Life, my Dear,
fears, needs dissolved, cares melts away, -
with each in each, tears disappear,
in time, in rhyme, as interplay
emotions felt in tune may play.

Expand awareness, shed false fear
suppressed emotions melt, - life may
entertain a change of gear
which freedom fosters making hay
while shared sun shines, holds clouds at bay.

Open up as inner ear
taps harmony where once dismay
depressed, entrapped, each hemisphere,
where doubt within, without, would sway
impressions, blinkered insight clear...

© Jonathan Robin Parody written 1 September 2005 – after Wanda Lea Brayton
– Romantic Rhyme

Romantic Rhyme

Sing to me of sweet sunrise
fresh~baked bread & apple pies
There is a sonnet in your eyes
my Heart melts, 'tis no surprise

Whisper soft the things you know
all the places that we will go
how your affection you'll always show
that you'll plant flowers all in a row

Murmur gently your sweet refrain
of how we'll dance wildly in the rain
that you'll never try to cause me pain
& that your Love you'll never feign

Speak to me of Life so dear
that I shall have no need to fear
& how you'll wipe away my tears,
for we shall share the passing years

31 August 2005 11: 55 p.m.

© Wanda Lea Brayton

Jonathan ROBIN

Memories II

Dreams steal soft thoughts from secret store.
How sad to gaze upon the shore
where once we wandered, long before
the fickle sickle struck shared core.
Like Autumn leaves windfall from trees,
what trace remains? Will memories
of old love linger on Time's breeze
when we're forgotten set of keys?

From secret store dreams steal soft thoughts
the sharing with the love one courts,
caring unchallenged in the courts.
When we're statistical reports,
like leaves from Autumn trees, which fall,
what will remain, when over all
Time lays its winding sheet to call
game, set and match? What will befall? ...

Jonathan ROBIN

Memory Melody In F Minor

Debut to fin, bang to whimper,
soon last gasp clasps passed prey,
nor page heroic, caged rage, simper,
'tis time to piper pay.

Debunking myth perpetuation
of harp, winged busker fey's
shell empty, husk's examination
nor sin, nor din displays.

Debutante declines, chants fades out,
eyes close, leave hair as grey
bedraggled. Phantom dreams must flout
lust non-plussed wastes away.

Debilitation. Curled, unfurled,
from birth to berth our stay
from girlish curls, life's wayward whirls,
chance dance must soon decay.

Debonnaire brain wanes, upper hand
time gains, what's left to say?
Once lofty leaves green, browned, soft land
in mire where no choirs play.

Debased trace, memory; choice numb,
comedy's held at bay,
all's sprawl, small call, thrall palls, voice dumb,
life's raffle, baffled fray.

Debriefing's left to friends bereft,
life's strife, joys pain; dismay
drowns heroes slain unsung, warp weft
from game cleft sans replay.

(23 May 2010)

Jonathan ROBIN

Memory Most Mar

Love is not love that alteration finds,
and passing praise as phase inks poet's pen
to coin a phrase cued into mistress' minds,
now Ann now Fanny, to and fro again.

Yet you who'd love tomorrow may be gone
before dawn tints with amber flame hope's star,
when moments lived, both first and last are done,
twinned till time out, then memory most mar.

Who throws all caution to the winds must rake
but bitter chips when passion teams no more,
dream themes prove flimsy farce, cast losing stake
when black Jack's bluff's called, shown to bolted door.

O those who'd love beyond the infinite
too often find blight, night, right flight indict.

Jonathan ROBIN

Memory Of Cats - After T.S. Eliot And Andrew Lloyd Webber

Midnight not a soul on bare scene left,
like hurt heart that has been reft
from cue beat on life's stage.
Just spotlit echoes must haunt empty stalls,
outcast cats have sprung their cage.

Memory, all alone as bright lights dim,
where once stage-struck might minds swim -
fast bust cast must disengage!
Phantom sound waves hesitantly recall
heavy heart's swing – turn the page!

No more floor dance, no performance,
cast is fast askance,
Time encircles plush stalls and circles,
silence, footloose, heavy falls.

Daylight, one must wait for the sunrise,
for no longer may cats' eyes
twinkle out and assuage.
Only echo, tonight as comparison galls,
henceforth hovers here onstage.

Time disperses all fat purses,
contract contrast appals,
sad circumstance, outlook errance,
promptly unmask surface romance.

Ditch me, its so easy to leave me
all alone with my memory
of full-house pounce bounce - turn life's page!
If you ask me you'll understand necessity prompts
search for fresh part to engage...

Jonathan ROBIN

Memory Slate

Pen friend reflections
imprinted on memory
slate state winged wonder

Jonathan ROBIN

Memory Traces Causal Links

Without the rules and prompt free written
this screed read would never be beaded,
restrictions may be smitten promptly
by self-same [s]words, seed's kneeded glee.

Memory traces causal links
though contest holder writes no rhyme!
restrictions petty, down sinks pours all
inspiration, poor time know.

Rap's wrapping, it's not fiction, fact
was by John Skelton's self invented,
should slam's traditions, intact diction,
base held baseless presented pelf?

Who, cold, holds prose as poetry,
for face book status bound edition,
has self sold short, all agree has
rules for rules' sake sedition found.

Restricting opportunity
to grow by banning former writes
can't be with impunity wrought
without defeating rights warmer.

If each tomorrow's really based
on predestination's slate
what point in type, pen's haste steely
when rules weight pest in relation

to sense when words obey no random
inkblot test the wise contest,
with beauty poet's play in tandem
think not rot best font pressed supplies.

This exercise in prose sits pretty
on virgin page, yet moral grieves,
contest act, consequence petty, wits
achieve no random sheaves, leave quarrel.

(22 May 2010)

Jonathan ROBIN

Men State - Parody Diana Morgan - Statement

Men State

Ladies who would break the rules
toy with boys they take as tools.

(c) Jonathan Robin - Parody written 1 December 1995

Statement

Gentlemen who are not fools
Take out girls who know the rules.

Diana MORGAN My Sex Right or Wrong: 1947

Jonathan ROBIN

Merlin To Mermaid - Acrostic Sonnet

Merlin, magician, foresight filled,
Extending sight beyond the seas
Reigns saw which rose to heights that tease
Low saw them sink, their promise stilled.
Is this life's prophecy fulfilled
None should contest though soon veins freeze?
Time is too short, and stiff the fees
Offered, taken, - ambitions killed.
Mermaid made blood melt, then chilled
Enthusiastic energies
Removed all barriers to please
Mind, body, soul, seduction skilled.
Across life's net thoughts intertwine
IDEas, identities, combine...

Jonathan ROBIN

Message

Before wan weight of waiting worms one's mind
to karma and coincidence thoughts fly,
to Cause, Effect, in search to satisfy
the need to understand joy underlined
encountered in eyes' sapphire welcome kind.
Fey glance fantastic Styx hex could belie,
would heart and spirit soul electify.

This message warmed, enflamed, consumed: thus blind
before one must have been who would defy
the laws which most to gravity still tie.
Shedding base substance, purity refined
aired excitement trammels left behind.
Senses swam, delights Time's thralls deny
surfing through perfumed light none can descry.

The message all embraced, and underlined
significance the senses satisfy
as sentiments thought conscious magnify
to a degree undreamt of by mankind.
Impressions were so heightened hope could find
ease, all answered, thence identify
the meaning of the universe thereby.

Like lightening current passed. With wings aligned,
soul swept the air full seven heavens high,
within a vortex top-like sucked. How? Why?
Its spinning harmony what earthly mind
has illustrated? Unseen and undefined
yet omnipresent, all else empty lie.
Soul starwards starwards soared with an ecstatic cry.

I freer, lighter, felt as two combined
Earth's atoms in a trice, in timeless tie,
emotions felt which seemed to signify
implicit trust which soul to soul could bind.
I nowhere stood, with all was intertwined,
all understood which logic could defy,
apart from, yet part of all was I!

I could not think Fate would be so unkind
as thus to tempt two hearts and then fall shy
of unity where twinned souls' sole reply
could flash as understanding pre-divined,
enlightenment, whose limits, undefined,
would as the oceans' depths thus testify
its fount in well-spring which could ne'er run dry.

If then, dear heart, this verse you chance to find,
and turn towards it with deep-seeing eye,
think we are twins, may back together fly.
In strangest ways may Destiny unwind.
Joy comet-like, lights hopes, awakens mind,
frontiers defies, flares far flung splendid sky,
horizons beckon beacon bright, won't die.

(27 October 1990 revised 17 June 1991 and 14 October 2008)

Jonathan ROBIN

Metamorphoasical

METAMORPHOASICAL

R efusal's desert is of Nature's portion
O nly page avoided till void's filled.
O nward journey! Images outspilled
M odify wry page, set stage for thaw. Run -
W hile throwing to the winds conditioned caution -
I nspired and fired by vibrancy instilled
T o taunt gaunt nightmare visions as is quilled
H eart's sonnet stitch which Phoenix must apportion
O n cue, innate potential sloughing past precaution.
U nderstanding under lines fulfilled,
T ough knots dissolve to salve soul's valve, rebuild
D O rmant promise's unmatched proportion.
O R pheus may yet return again
S ave Euridicye, whet, share a-muse-in pen ...

© Jonathan Robin 28 December 2006

robi03_1536_robi03_0000 ASX_IXX

Jonathan ROBIN

Metamorphosis

Valerie is somehow made aware
As new age dawns, fair feelings open gate.
Longings, soul sating, heartache dissipate.
Energy can focus everywhere,
Voyage into light and laughter. Share
Always bright emotions and create
Link which chains not, may anticipate
Evolution understanding where
Rebirth rings needed changes, softens care.
Instincts can expand to celebrate
Entwining beginnings, secondary state.
Visions of serenity prepare,
And opportunities for future fair.
Life looks not back: let Fate precipitate
Events, as metamorphosis Hope's gate
Reopening, offers dreams intense and rare.
Idyll ideal's no mirage as free spirits start
Enchanting voyage, may a new world chart.

Jonathan ROBIN

Metamorphosis Catalyzed

Conformist habits meet metamorphosis
at dawn when night stars pale,
or exhaling dunes on seashore.
Contrasts holistic encourage divorce
between who sips, who drinks
Pierian spring catalyzing source search.

(28 January 2012)

Jonathan ROBIN

Millenium Festivities

It passed as champagne bubbles
uncorked the midnight hour,
its blaze of light a timeless sight
atop the Eiffel Tower.

Indoors chose those who'd 'made it',
outside poor flows who'll pay
for pensions which will coat the rich
on life's unequal way.

Behind, an old age faded,
before the Internet,
between the two was hullabaloo
athirst for new and wet.

'Unlock the Future's windows! '
the festive millions cried,
'Fast set aside, let Past's bolts slide! '
and the old millenium died.

Few thoughts on the past were wasted,
no time to reminisce,
just seconds short when instincts fought
twixt piss and kiss for miss.

The ground swell was terrific,
prolific the morning press,
the flags unfurled as one world whirled
unheeding into the next.

Though some attach importance
to numbers prime and round,
to dates pîcked clean, it's still to be seen
that such theorems are sound.

Two thousand years for Christians,
four more for wandering Jews,
since man pitched tents, paid Peter's pence
to [pl]ease religions' dues.

Some believe in dinosaurs,
some in Men from Mars,
some that we're sent here to repent
sins woven into our stars.

So when the champagne's pouring,
when crowds roar, take time out,
for dreams make room before the tomb
ambitions brings to nowt.

Jonathan ROBIN

Mind Or Heart He Asks Responsum To Beth St. Clair Discovery

'Must! ' musty turns, 'might' fails if over time
Infatuation's blocked, love locked awry,
Nor can our best intentions answer why
Dust dust returns, why swifly ends life's rhyme.
One heart alone beats seizure unforeclosed,
Responds with sharing, caring, therefore needs
Hope's reinforcement, feeds affection's seeds
Extending rainbow bridge metamorphosed
As interpenetration stimulates
Reel danced by two beyond the end of days
To underscore whole more than parts may phrase.
Here multi-modal harmony creates
Enchantment which may stitch effect and cause,
Asks and receives, ignoring mortal laws.

(11 May 2008)

Jonathan ROBIN

Mined Visions

Mind's eye perceptive pierces through
An environment mundane,
Untrammelled rebounds, chromatic cue
Draws from echo source refrain.
Enhanced dimensions jump cold queue
Create sensations soul sought, knew
One harmony spins win win gain.
Resplendent whole all parts retain.

Mind's majestic vista view
Ad infinitum, goal attained,
Untethers timeless spirit to
Defy horizons, frontiers vain.
Exciting multicoloured hue
Combines to recombine anew
Old obstacles disdained,
Reviving hopes, soothes pain.

Multi-modal vision blue
Allies with orange, turquoise stain,
Ultra violet read green grew
Deep vibrating wave-bands, brain
Enchantment rediscovered, true
Correction for hoar stress and strain,
Overcoming acts askew,
Revealing fractal revels' reign.

More visions fantastic curlicue
Amplify and entertain
Unbound osmosis overdue,
Delight which, rich, won't ever wane
Each entity entire, eased pain,
Charm calms fears, hears voice tender, true
One all IS all, with nothing vain
Rued naught, love nurtures we in you.

Most vital, passions whirlwind through
Affection's open avenue
Unite as one souls which seemed two,

Despise vain race most men pursue.
Enthusiastic avenue
Contradictions answers to
Offer flesh bloom, groom flesh debut.
Repudiate space/time traps too.

Magnetic mental rendezvous
Unmet before, again none knew.
Affords an opportunity
Desire whose flash fire Fate's winds blew,
Emotion's notions motions to
Crush any egotistic vein.
Outright refuses as taboo
Rules rigid, claw laws sovereign.

Mundanity of parvenu,
All those who needlessly complain,
Unlightly are to cue into
Delight that, dawn to counterpane,
Enlightens understanding true,
Creates shared energy none train
Or curb, divert from aim, subdue,
Retract or alter fusion.

Mid life's harsh strife equation new
Adds two makes one. None need explain
Unique attachment none may feign.
Desert blossoms as love's reign
Engenders Eden fruitful few
Could ever imagine, ever obtain.
Oasis instincts karmic knew
Replaces desert's tempest train.

Mountains into molehills grew
As love's call prospered, all seemed plain,
Unclouded and transparent, drew
Divinity that must remain
Essential as Earth's daily dew,
Converting mortal cobweb chain
Of grey strands past, transforms dull hue.
Renascent incremental gain.

Most magic music, mirrored view
Amalgamates notes' pitch pure strain
Unequaled in Earth's reeled tatoo.
Doubts dispelled, fears quelled amain.
Enigmatic magma spew
Coagulates as diamond rain
Outside experience hitherto:
Real bliss kiss nothing can constrain.

(10 February 2009)

Jonathan ROBIN

Minitel After William Shakespeare Jacques Seven Ages Of Man

All their world's a page,
and all the players minitel-mad players,
they have their rÃ©sumÃ©s, their pseudonyms,
each actor for a time plays many parts,
his acts taking seven stages. At first equipment,
fresh ordered from the Poste, in welcome arms.
And then the neophyte with his instructions
and wide-eyed eager face, tapping the code
so willingly to screen. And then the practice,
with SUITE, ENVOI, RETOUR and REPETITION
colliding in his brain with mistress' eyebrow,
the fantasies and fictions of the game.
Then the user, sudden and quick to answer;
seeking ever new experience
even in deception's mouth. And then the addict
dialling sans respite 3-6-1-5.
With weary eyes ere telephones are cut,
full of wise ways and easy answerings.
And so he plays his part. The sixth stage shifts
into the bored and blasÃ© demi-loon,
with carnet for his prose, spare telephone at side,
his coins once saved a-waste, the world too wide
for his shrunk purse, and his high manly hopes
turned against his longings, imagination
canting, all at sea. Last stage of all
that ends this strange eventful history
is disconnection and mere oblivion,
sans phone, sans sous, sans job, sans everything.

(1 June 1987)

Jonathan ROBIN

Minotaurian Mortician Mirror Melody Without Moratorium After Bukowski Dinosauria We Thanks To Terri Turrell

Drawn scorn forlorn like this
In and through this
While the bulk of skulking hulks balk, face trial
While retorse remorseless Dr. Death retorts tut-tutting,
titters on tits up tortured tottering tatters,
While lift lives break down aching, stealthily taking stock
While societi-cal labyrinth dislocates
When super market staff are bagged withholding knowledge to the nth degree
When oily fish recoil from more oilier or pray
When both sun and son are gasball masked
We are
Torn like that
out of that
tunnelled into care-fully planned dead end wars
shunted, pained, through unshuttered shattered warehouse windows of
unvacuumed void
across bars where inmates are no longer mates
with cuff links that manhandle shoot-ings and knifings up their sleeves
As if unborn between that and this this
While hos-pi-tals are so expensive that grim reaper gets high
While lawyers charge so much it's cheaper to plead guilty
While count[r]y jails are full and the Icarus fallen
While silver spoon idols are cyclically raised and cast down by poor common un-
he[a]rd
Born out of that
Waking, walk-ing, taking, stalking, talking raking through this
Living in spite of this
Mutating because of this
Emasculated
Dissipated
Discarded
Be_ cause effect of this
Fooled by this
Used by this
Pissed on by this
Sapiens sickened by this

Sapiens as food chain preying man_'tis
homunculus
By this
hearth is flattered
fin-gers reach for carrot ID
gung ho
half life
terror_wrist
fin-gers preach backward irre-spon-sible god
fin-gers beseach botÂ-tle
pops pop mas' pills
traces pow-der faces
First torn from pleasurable darkness
firstborn into a governments' trillion years debt manage_meant
to bank on dis_inter-est as unreimbursable as an insolvable sable engulfed shake
down sand island,
unjust banks, just bust, burn lusting
maw for more rash cash backlash,
closed shop street assassination,
institutional procrastination,
guns and roving mob_in_ability
Land polluted
Food Monsanto putrid
Atom outweighing a tome as I_ran from more the mull_I_ah!
Earthquake explosions displacing expostulating populations along 'I hate! '
de_fault li[n]es
Androids chip off the old block
as spaced out rich watch time from hunky dory hunker bunkers.
Milton's Paradise lost forever
Sun, sons, unseen as if it had always been right,
Fauna, flora, extinct,
Can I ball? replaced by cannonball cannibal
at sea upon polluted environment
as watershed freshwater open sources evaporate
while acid rain becomes golden shower
The last feud survivors over taken dis-ease, left down under without undertakers
few takers left for pacemaker peacemakers to dis_re_member jumping ship
shapes
Sattelite stations off the rails
supplies undemanded.
Unnatural defect of half-life decay - die no saurian -
expect the most irritating static ever heard

geiger counter net clicks against black background of universal hum.
Born out of that,
sun, unbidden,
meditates next seven-day wonder verse...

Dinosauria we
Born like this
Into this
As the chalk faces smile
As Mrs. Death laughs
As the elevators break
As political landscapes dissolve
As the supermarket bag boy holds a college degree
As the oily fish spit out their oily prey
As the sun is masked
We are
Born like this
Into this
Into these carefully mad wars
Into the sight of broken factory windows of emptiness
Into bars where people no longer speak to each other
Into fist fights that end as shootings and knifings
Born into this
Into hospitals which are so expensive that it's cheaper to die
Into lawyers who charge so much it's cheaper to plead guilty
Into a country where the jails are full and the madhouses closed
Into a place where the masses elevate fools into rich heroes
Born into this
Walking and living through this
Dying because of this
Muted because of this
Castrated
Debauched
Disinherited
Because of this
Fooled by this
Used by this
Pissed on by this
Made crazy and sick by this
Made violent
Made inhuman
By this

The heart is blackened
The fingers reach for the throat
The gun
The knife
The bomb
The fingers reach toward an unresponsive god
The fingers reach for the bottle
The pill
The powder
We are born into this sorrowful deadliness
We are born into a government 60 years in debt
That soon will be unable to even pay the interest on that debt
And the banks will burn
Money will be useless
There will be open and unpunished murder in the streets
It will be guns and roving mobs
Land will be useless
Food will become a diminishing return
Nuclear power will be taken over by the many
Explosions will continually shake the earth
Radiated robot men will stalk each other
The rich and the chosen will watch from space platforms
Dante's Inferno will be made to look like a children's playground
The sun will not be seen and it will always be night
Trees will die
All vegetation will die
Radiated men will eat the flesh of radiated men
The sea will be poisoned
The lakes and rivers will vanish
Rain will be the new gold
The rotting bodies of men and animals will stink in the dark wind
The last few survivors will be overtaken by new and hideous diseases
And the space platforms will be destroyed by attrition
The petering out of supplies
The natural effect of general decay
And there will be the most beautiful silence never heard
Born out of that.
The sun still hidden there
Awaiting the next chapter.
Charles Bukowski

(9 February 2010)

Jonathan ROBIN

Mirrors In The Mind 963

Multilingual input generates
interactions as synaptic flows
call into question limits scaled, propose
an interplay as mind anticipates
alternate routes, exploring hidden gates.
Mirrors in the mind too many close,
moderate intensity whose throes
enthusiastic challenge all that calculates
Nature spontaneous, feelings calibrates.
Deny those compromises others chose,
express beyond all verse, beyond all prose
tenderness which sharing stimulates.
Mute who'd remain who happiness has found?
in tune responsive, tone whose depths astound.

Jonathan ROBIN

Misguided Growth

Man's grope for scope may bait time trap,
f[r]ee enterprise dares dangers deep.
Important: who is taught to keep
both time-lines taut and stop their snap?
Misguided growth? one sided crap,
consumer debit-card charge steep
speeds savings' fall. The quantum leap
from nano to the moon mayhap
alas our children's chances sap
as most spend life as herded sheep
and few their home-grown harvests reap.
Unheard, unblessed by thinking cap,
most stumble down life's cul-de-sac
from cot to coffin lack! lack! lack!

Jonathan ROBIN

Miss Reid's Speed Seeds Misread Red Weed Barrow Greed Screed

Miss Reid's Speed Seeds Misread Red Weed Barrow Greed Screed

So much depends upon callow Monsanto's
arrow minded rein reign
glazed with gain and, again, phrased with pain,

wheedling sallow farmers who see red
forced to furrow b[]ushels of transgenic sterile crop seeds
on narrow plain
lots which soon lie fallow
rather than wide marrow
raised with rain
and fertile appetizers

Need greed's speed weed reeds
beside white ants'
terror might nest?

Fazed again, who chickens out of errors?

12 October 2009 robi3_1928_will5_0006 PVW_JNX
Parody William Carlos Williams 1883_1963 The Red Wheelbarrow

The Red Wheelbarrow

so much depends
upon
a red
wheelbarrow
glazed with rain

water
beside the white
chickens

William Carlos WILLIAMS 1883_1963

WILLIAMS William Carlos 1883_1963 will5_0001_will5_0000 PXX_NXX The Red
Wheelbarrow_So Much Depends

The Yellow Goldfish

so much depends
upon
a yellow gold
fish
washed down with bowl
water
inside the white
kitten

William Carlos Williams's Cat

Henry BEARD 1945_20xx bear1_0009_will5_0001 PXX_NXX
Parody William Carlos Williams 1883_1963 The Red Wheelbarrow

The T.V. Guide

So much more depends
upon
a universal remote
control
sitting on a coffee
table
beside the TV

Guide

Chris CLOKE 19xx_20xx clok1_0001_will5_0001 PVW_JXX
Parody William Carlos Williams 1883_1963 The Red Wheelbarrow

An Apology

Forgive me
for backing over
and smashing
your red wheelbarrow.

It was raining
and the rear wiper
does not work on
my new plum-colored SUV.

I am also sorry
about the white
chickens.

Frances Jean BERGMANN 19xx_20xx berg1_0001_will5_0001 PWX_DJX
Parody William Carlos Williams 1883_1963 The Red Wheelbarrow

The Red Cadillac

Willie 'Slick' Williams reads William Carlos Williams, then writes a letter to the producers of the TV makeover show 'Pimp My Ride', explaining why his car should be featured on the program.'

so much depends
upon

a red cadillac
slick

with turtle
wax

beside the white
chicks

Reginald O'Hare GIBSON 19xx_20xx gibs2_0001_will5_0001 PXX_MXX
Parody William Carlos Williams 1883_1963 The Red Wheelbarrow

Grey Computer

so much depends
upon
the grey
computer

with its internet
resources

on the desk
beside my homework.

2008 Filippa ENNERFELT 19xx_20xx enne1_0001_will5_0001 PVW_MXX

Homeland Security Advisory System

nothing depends
upon

a red seal
blaring

phrases of high
terror

on the blue
website

September 2006 Jay SCOTT 1960_20xx scot4_0001_will5_0001 PVX_JXX
Parody William Carlos Williams 1883_1963 The Red Wheelbarrow

Jonathan ROBIN

Miss Taken

The biggest mistake of my life was believing
all women were born upon pedestal high,
incapable of any doubtful deceiving,
of conduct distateful or double-faced lie.

From cradle to grave my ambition's achieving
a bridge between fiction, fact, keeping intact
this credo - I need so much patience relieving
stress caused meeting flaws, credibility lacked.

Wishful thinking forever is [s]tressing and weaving
excuse for Miss Tress who continually swerves
from the narrow and straight, Cupid's arrow retrieving
from deception's grey ashes, it gets on one's nerves.

Rhyme from time to time catches truth's glimmer, conceiving
idyllic ideal may be met upon Earth,
but pride before fall all turns out to be, grieving
love's mirage seems out of reach, bone bleaching mirth.

There's little to add when with insight perceiving
illusions all empty, dreams void, hopes neurotic,
naive aspirations are shattered, love leaving:
should one turn for true comfort to android robotic?

Jonathan ROBIN

Miss Understanding Miss Current Version

Misunderstanding
from heart of darkness issue
tissues, sighs, white lies.

Jonathan ROBIN

Missing Links

T he year 2000 spotlit point
W here man's collective consciousness
I s spanned by artificial joint -
S tructured, time set. Nonetheless,
T here is no landmark to appoint.
I llusions pass, - untimely guess -
N othing is there to anoint,
G od crown, dreams bless, or fears confess.
S uch idle concepts disappoint,
K indle instability, distress,
E ngender, as their counterpoint
I mage "unknown at that address".
N o hair divides the desert from the sown
S ave that between 'I occupy', 'I own'...

Jonathan ROBIN

Missionary

MISSIONARY

Day dawning,
fresh morning,
see the bright sun sending rays of light!
Stop yawning,
cease mourning,
be the bright son, mending ways of life!

13 April 1975

robi03_0079_robi03_0000 XXX_MXX

Jonathan ROBIN

Mist Dismissed 1798

Hope reads rune, deeds renew
true vision reaching through
mist myths, tunes time and place
outside imposed curfew,
restraints which block clear view,
discovers overview,
serenity and space.

Vast vista orange, blue
surpasses déjà vu,
deeds jaded joy erase.
Through intuition's clue
few challenge, none conspue,
line draw, find answers to
empower state of grace.

Unto oneself stay true
flows naturally, on cue,
when 'Brave New World' we face.
Temptations one must rue,
defy, deny, subdue,
prepare just rendezvous
from Kent to Katmandu,
tomorrow's freedoms trace.

To fill hole darkness drew,
advance, direction new
seeds need to tap fresh base,
set doubts behind, review
trust in insight's flight. Who
would counter fate should do
what's needed to replace

uncertainties askew
crass ignorance which grew
through hesitance, disgrace.
Bid bluff, defeat, adieu
let principles, virtue,
encourage fresh debuts

eschewing actions base.

Dark phase ends, one, free, starts, hope turns to find
spark gaze sends sun, heart charts scope, learns true mind

(2 August 2008)

Jonathan ROBIN

Mistaken Construction Decoded

Case the joint between the lines, decode
One way [k]inking, [th]ink through double-bind.
Not[e] contra[di]ctions, [d]elving deep behind
Subjective theses, seize shortcomings sowed
Through [dis]information's sly thought-mode.
Reveal ideas constrictive, misaligned,
Unable to withstand time's test. Too kind
Can seed misunderstandings or corrode
Trusting spirits d[r]awn to mirage toad
In hopes of princely kiss odd luck might find.
Outer superficialities unwind,
No water hold when bubbles, popped, explode.
Decode gift artificialities,
Extract pith where some can't see wood for trees.

Jonathan ROBIN

Mistaken Priorities

Mistakes we made are coming home to roost.
too little energy remains to boost.
A la recherche du temps perdu we flee
another act's attacked, the will to see
is often absent from the script, see Proust,
as 'havoc and the guns of war' are loosed.

We flee towards an end both known, unknown,
follow a path which our own past has sown,
here straight, there stony, everywhere its key
to city_zen in tune with Destiny
inscribed in cyphered symbols should be shown
not cast away, wind willy-nilly blown.

But fear of fear too often dissipates
impressions outlined by the hand that Fate's
swift moving finger writes for clarity,
when blind eye's turned, and spurned self charity,
then senseless seem priorities, debates
are blurred where truth all pride of place vacates.

When writing on the wall anticipates
the fall to come, the storm which tumbles dates
from palm oasis in whate'er degree.
mistakes are made as visibility
is lacking, insight dawning far too late
to save the game that Time's tides terminate.
the current lack.

Some look for truth, if truth there be, yet wait
on miracle that must emancipate
the will to change uncertain outlook find,
toil, trouble, hubble-bubble left behind.
But many fool themselves, prevaricate,
berating blindness they'd eliminate.

There's none so blind as those who will not see,
refuse to act where fact is found to be
in contradiction to lip-service paid

to hope for scope and insights wise obeyed
for actions much delayed must compromise
success where false excuse opt out supplies.

Today's priorities tomorrow fade,
turn sour before their zest to rest is laid,
dissolve distorted by Time's tug of war.
What all important seemed one day before,
incorporated into causal braid,
is trumped with basic instincts disobeyed.

Veils pulled full frontal, cloaked black burka maid
divorced from light by self-inflicted shade,
with passing sigh to signify too soon
both silver spoon and slum lie dumb, stilled tune.
Mistakes unattended leave man's world afraid
of shadows lack of confidence displayed.

What's left, sewn through waft-weft of life's rappings,
serves not, rots vision clear, fears what's in store
for others, for oneself: life's game is played
with Life ignoring Death's amoral spade.
Timed candle splutters, fame, flame rise no more,
darkness enshrouds those who hope's shutters draw.

Jonathan ROBIN

Mistrust & Self-Sacrifice

Now like scar[r]ed moth around some sacred fire
On fragile wings she flutters to and fro,
Raising expectations soon brought low,
Entertaining self-delusion's choir.
As phoenix, sacrificed to suitors' ire,
Long has she longed for longing, sought to know
Intense emotions, feelings' easy flow,
Not framed response to worry's red hot wire.
Growth and warmth, shared tenderness, desire,
Remain ambitions though unkept vows show
Only mistrust of motives. Fast turns slow.
When answer lies within, no magic lyre
Tunes out to in to win through from dark fears.
Here fear of self-love through rued mask appears...

Jonathan ROBIN

Mistrust Cold Logic

M istrust cold logic, reasons cut and dried,
I nput stacked as hay in Autumn's pride.
S oul cleaves to soul through subtle interaction
T hrough understanding of hearts' interaction, -
R ipe reaps, reveals, deep feelings reeled inside.
U nworthy answers weight on catchword wide.
S ensitive stay tuned to tonal traction -
T hough seldom cracked by scientific f[r]action.
L eave logic, sharp statistics which wor[l]dwide
O ne's vision flows through inner eyes deride
G row, glow, to sow tomorrow, love's attaction,
I nnate extracts life's pith without exaction.
C old reasons, fleas on life, split hairs, care not
For more than ego's validation sot.

Jonathan ROBIN

Mistrust Defences

MIstrust defences which outlast their use
RIde onwards, overcoming inner brake
AMounting to unjustified mistake,
MIndful there remains no real excuse.
RIdiculous these barricades, cut loose!
AMplify harmonics, soothe heartache.
MILLstones disappear where clear minds take
RIsks to shed stale shackles, self abuse.
AMor vincit omnia, no noose,
MIstaken trap is lust which must thirst slake,
RIpe corn's unreaped when wild nor'easters shake.
AMbiguous motives compromise, reduce.
MIRage screens no raison-d'être retain
'I AM in tune with you' requires no rein.

(30th October 2001)

Jonathan ROBIN

Mite Emit Transformative Time Mirror Time Transformative Emit Item

Time spins headlong, helter-skelter, alpha omega placates,
Innate energy refocussed, fresh dimensions are assigned,
Merging, surging, new emerging equilibrium awaits
Extra frequencies extending, onward trending Time seems blind.

Thrust of course swings force attraction, contradictions resonates
If upset are great equations recreated, recombined,
Muster flux, reflux ethereal, as Fate recuperates
Echo-systems spectra spectral, in so many ways declined.

Time from nano into nano ages, stages, fuels strange states,
Interspersing glaciation, dehydration, round/round, wind
Myth upon examination source stream Chance regurgitates,
Emission leads to fission, underground, before, behind.

Thus what once anticipation seemed probation schooled relates
Independent thought's tradition sound, profound, seems pre-designed,
Masking answers old as questions new, where wheel manipulates
Emphasis confusing sense, whence, hence, in random tandem tined.

Through cycle cue spins glue to pin new win, choice stimulates
Inventively the challenges progress, address may find
Migrating through some voices, denigrating others' traits
Expelling those that problems pose outside the daily grind.

Tortoise Time snide greed clocks, pride, speed, mocks rock sands, disintegrates,
Is it justice? Is it balance? Those ahead soon d[r]ead behind,
Making room for inquest test, quest best jest gest eliminates
Expressing swift proposals for disposals realigned.

Time, both tempter and preemptor, human plans anticipates,
Innate emptiness exploding auction choices Lethe-lined.
Man's dreams seem will o' wisp whisper crisp for who extrapolates
Eternity's identity, perceptions too confined.

Time mutates when necessary, all soon speedily translates.
Into viral spiral gyral splicing, dicing interlined,

Monkey to man would scan blueprint plan key logic counterfeits
Enterprising, Time downsizing as millenia unwind.

Time's selects, elects today, what it tomorrow isolates
Into microclimate dwindle or historic double-bind.
Mocking once again of mice and men the plan that precognates
'Ergo cogito' no guarantee can sum complete refined.

Time destroys its own foundations, reconstructs or reinstates
In a rule of thumb repatterning intelligence designed.
Mankind should weigh fresher options but it overcomplicates
Equations out of kilter, filter sift intentions kind.

Time, true master of new master, swift turns brave to slave, deflates
In a twinkling of an eyelid, with an inkling of the mind,
Most who shining silver lining miss, mist masking mystic baits,
Each by wayside falls, and, falling, fails to rise, time's much maligned.

Time, prestidigitator, spurns prestige, prevaricates
In tomb-room, lust without a crust, boom bust, must doom strong spine.
Meek seek to rise through wise disguise but dice thrown own their fates.
Examination: predetermination's swift decline.

Tide scorns pride ride's zephyr zenith, dark descent soon escalates
Idyll out-spills its guts' ruts wrinkles fill will undermined,
Mute is bugle's cry to rally round cause naught commemorates:
End of story, end of glory, gory end round bend consigned.

Teasing top priorities Time's chime rhyme closes open gates,
Inside out flout disillusion's doubt, confusion, hopes declined.
Many through feuds crude or manners rude delusion decimates
Efforts shipwrecked, checked, no pulse ignores doom's thud-thud roar, resigned.

Time, an excellent musician, drummer deft, reverberates,
Is clay pot and playful potter, Future's watch, Past's spring to wind,
Mocking mortals' puny portals, as this palindrome relates,
Ego, fashion phase and passion phrase, stays figment of the mind,

Texts sacred held, time's sickle cell spell tests then desecrates.
Iteration till salvation's source course changes, redefined,
Messiahs à la mode decode their cyphers from blank slates
Expressing novel grovels freaking out tradition's grind.

Time plays seasons, displays reasons rum, now shrinks, and now dilates,
Inon Cause [D]eff[I]ect directions caught in matrix intertwined,
Minds' vibration rings strange changing strings, some sum recalculates.
Evanescent effervescence seeking reassurance blind.

Though if sum itself is dumb conclusions drawn are replicates,
Interjections on Time's sections, all too often misaligned,
Much in golden braid internal, waits eternal, hesitates.
Ever in infernal pace we race to trace out space defined.

Time, fell predator, bell dater, crumbs life's bread, hope desecrates,
Ices in a trice Life's waters, hopes as halters redefined;
Magician fly, man hard may try defiance, strength abates.
Ending power, in pain pomp hour stomp, hid pyramids remind.

Time, no evil knows, coeval is with all late, early dates,
Irons endings through beginnings when each innings' span's declined
Mutating, no postdating, its own circle contemplates
Essence axis waxes, wanes, through planes containing double bind,

Tempus fugit, Time is flying, soon faith's wraith evaporates,
Is it dying? Is it buying time? another turn to bind?
Many look to book for second look, new morn for mourning states.
Even though high odds against them lie, none come back, track remind!

This acrostic holds no moral, no bonanzas bold creates
Inspiring plan picks Time's tic wick in cross trick counter-signed,
Mirage, tidal self-denial, bridle yoke exacerbates.
Egg and chicken plot time-stricken, star struck, quickens in the mind.
Emit transformative time
Egg and chicken plot time-stricken, star struck, quickens in the mind.
Mirage, tidal self-denial, bridle yoke exacerbates.
Inspiring plan picks Time's tic wick in cross trick counter-signed,
This acrostic holds no moral, no bonanzas bold creates

Ever stakes are high, still all still lie, none come back, track remind.
Many look to book for second look, new morn for mourning states.
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Jonathan ROBIN

Mocked By Deaf Fame

At length, from strength, life's leaf raft craft decays,
old year clocks out as new one dons fresh frock
beneath midwinter quilt that timely frays
as time steals time from time ticktock, ticktock.
Wheel turns, no weal returns. Each piper pays
'as palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs. In dock,
no sense to stand on ceremony, way's
set on dead-end course, bolt shot, in hock.
From doubts confirmed and bridges burned we gaze
on unkept resolutions choked half-cock,
no guarantees to free from perjured phrase,
no magic key to free lost soul from stocks,
with feckless tittle-tattle deathwatch beetled,
shell-shocked by shadow battle, faith defoetalled.

One more year added to too many lost
highlights blind errors, terrors taking toll
of health as stricken sojourners count cost
of squandered chances, unaccomplished goal.
'This petty pace' creeps, weeps defeat as frost
bite gangrenes both limbs, wisdom, will to bowl
another over ere all's over, crossed
by karma, all trace swallowed whole.
As phantom players cast from cast, trash tossed,
downcast, outcast from fiction's jeux de rôle,
all slip from mortal scene sans stele embossed.
Flame's track lacks wherewithal for more than 'came,
went, soon forgotten, name mocked by deaf fame.'

Jonathan ROBIN

Modern Philosophy

Modern philosophy anon
will, at the rate its rushing on,
yoke lightning to the railroad car,
and posting like a shooting star,
swift as solar radiation
ride grand circuit of creation,
roundabout, then, whence it came,
return while questions put the same
remain and answers turn upon
an angel's pin, yet dwell thereon
with light surface animation
and admission that their station
is set on lines defining fame,
then buckle, useless, end of Game!

Jonathan ROBIN

Modus Vivendi M C

Majestic mind seems masked 'spite vibrant charm,
awareness keen seeks change of scene, sea change.
Unique potential seeds extensive range,
dreams space, needs time, autonomy, finds calm
extracting from life's vigour soothing balm.
Modus vivendi ventures, tests exchange,
authenticity attains, where naught seems strange.
Undaunted by life's challenge, spurning qualms,
dexterity detects what might enharm,
eliminating all unworthy who
mock trust, too often are unable to
add without taking more, foes would disarm.
Undeterred, rise far from madding crowd,
determined choice needs voice deep thoughts aloud.

Jonathan ROBIN

Momentum

Till recently Death leaked
waters of wisdom wide
in Lethe's sterile ditch,
left precious little guide
for generations which
absorbed vain preview sneak
of knowledge wells inside
the sum of learning rich
which might as base abide
to speed the future's ride.

Tomorrow waits to speak
with unsuspecting tide
as waves of learning stitch
themselves together hide
little or nought, may hitch
ride at a rate unique,
momentum to provide
deep answers, what's the glitch?
that mankind in its pride
may for the worst decide.

(25 December 1977)

Jonathan ROBIN

Momentum Creative

Momentous wave laves Past, washed fast to sea,
As former reference-points no sense retain,
Unexpected sentiments unstained
Defy tried definitions, time, place, we
Extend with superficiality.
Momentum since not only's been maintained,
Accelerates increases, soars sustained,
Unblocking time-locks sensitivity
Denies as sense of self, of sin, flee, free
Excitement's impetus each day regained.
Mists clear, sensations sear soul, brain, unfeigned,
Acceptance seeks no pre-conditions' key.
Urgency is dissipated, trust
DEepens daily, gold creates from dust.

(27 May 2008)

Jonathan ROBIN

Monkeying

Where women of worth, true, have ever been rare,
men rarer than rubies are, so it would seem,
mankind might to monkey return, fair is fair,
to try once again to accomplish God's dream
of a race whose trace shines as ace team.

Jonathan ROBIN

Monotony In Monochrome

Man's mortal coil as Alcatraz
unwinds as time destroys
free guarantees of razzmatazz
immortality enjoys.

For one day they both fall to dust,
clay's memory bluff bait,
tale failed bewailed by few who must
themselves disintegrate.

Monotony in monochrome
dismisses clear solutions
from fear they'll fail, dream honeycomb
falls dull on bees-waxed ear.

Day from dark gray to darker barred
dips down, blood mud that night
pumps plainly through veined veil to guard
from suicidal plight.

Clouds shadow crowds unjustly scarred
by concrete stark and gray
who sunless day, night moonless, hard
bed, board, crime's time must pay.

Days drip away, dank grayness marred
by no hope glaring bright,
Nine feet by nine for six foot card
from freedom severed quite.

Grim fortress background represents
chained mortal body's weight
awaiting fickle sickle, hence
harsh, unrelenting fate.

As dust suspended, life ill-starred
backdropped by grey wave foam,
heart's island pump thumps heavy, tarred,
deprived of azure dome.

Time blindly blinks on wishing star
whose wink, ironic, fades,
faith's phantom wraith so far, too far,
hides behind iron shades.

Deep frozen tears from paradise
expelled find slight relief
in scant survival's living lies
doors locked on all but grief.

Grey cells more grey cells reproduce,
room, body, brain, and blood,
while haemoglobin's iron noose
nips hope's spring in the bud.

Incarceration draws a blank
across whatever's screen,
enshrouds in clouds, wreaths thankless plank
from which steep dive is seen
to set scene tissue to ignore
all issues save but one
which saves not, grave schemes may implore,
cards stacked, play's distance run.

Drab uniformity of view
stretch etches second-thoughts,
impressions damp, dank curlicue
around ground zero fraught.

Prospects, perceptions no relief
take time to integrate,
energies fizzle, shouldered reef
no joys anticipate.

Regrets lethargic, unconvinced,
reflect no protest pale,
all colour drained for thrice re-rinsed
through mangle's 'none prevail'.

Response half-hearted raises head
then turns the other cheek

upon some bare board trestle bed,
forgetting how to speak.

Conclusions on time's washing line
flap uselessly forgotten,
hung after-taste lies wasted whine
fall ends weal, Zeitspiel rotten.

Jonathan ROBIN

Mooning About Pondless Mond Despond - After Li Po

Sunlight: deep doubt drawing due conclusions from drought-stricken well,
parchment parched ground, dust mounds, current evaporated, dew withdrawn,
arid, fell.

Two downcast eyes tried to remember recalling fertile past's pastures.
Abandoned town counted cost of current climatic disasters.

© Jonathan Robin translation after Li Po - Li Bai - written 7 December 2008

Author notes

MOND: Neologism as in German MOND = Moon and in French MONDE = World in
the context of MOON ABOUT = be apathetic, gloomy

fell: in the sense of evil

current 1: stream

current 2: today

climactic: consisting of or causing a climax

climatic: pertaining to the climate

Jing Ye Si

Moonlight, gracing the foot of the well,
Seems like frost that on the ground fell.
I raise my head to gaze upon the moon
And lower it, remembering my childhood town.

Translation Shya

Jonathan ROBIN

Moonshine

Once in a blue moon time can redefine
New concepts of true beauty Nature shows
Charming sleeping birds from trees. Breeze blows
Enhancing heaven shimmer shadow shine
Imagine 'ghostly galleon's' sails set sign
Night flight in orbit rolling round, flight flows
Announce both life and death, bright circle glows,
By magic for four billion years, divine
Light or collision caused intertwine
Uniting Earth, Moon satellite, twinned whole
Ensuring tidal movement pole to pole,
Making life more likely to enshrine
Onward evolution, terran rite,
ONE shared attraction adding oversight.

Jonathan ROBIN

Morgan Samuel Price Acrostic Sonnet

Mid 'beechen green and shadows numberless' -
Ode to a Nightingale - as John Keats wrote,
Restful suburban scene sees coalesce
Green, blue, red. Primary pigments promote
A walk 'along life's cool sequestered vale'.
Natural narrative with timeless ease
Seeps from palette through canvas to regale
All who cue into freshly finished frieze.
Midday stroll steers each watcher's viewpoint through
Untrammelled carefree course, 'the madding crowd'
Excluded, insignificant, askew,
Links past and future bows to boughs unbowed.
PRIceless Paint Out insight: empathy
CEments strong bonds beyond all eyes can see.

Jonathan ROBIN

Mosaic - Summer's Day

Each line is a quotation from a different poem... for line number references see:

- 1 Mist melted from the mountain grey,
- 2 my road wound uphill all the way,
- 3 the stroll had bowled my breath away.
- 4 Below, beneath the rays of May, -
- 5 the briny beaches of the bay
- 6 whose level sands stretched far away.
- 7 I lay down in the heat of day
- 8 where ivy leaves curled up astray
- 9 `neath furze unprofitably gay.
- 10 Beyond, a sparrows hedgerow lay
- 11 where patient silken spinners' sway,
- 12 their multicoloured webs would play
- 13 with passing flies, a buzzing prey.
- 13A The spider weaves by night and day
- 13B although she's heard a whisper say
- 13C a curse is on her if she stay.
- 13D She fears no curse, knows no dismay,
- 13E and so weaves on upon her way
- 13F a magic web with colours gay
- 13G with little other care today.
- 14 Bright bluebell buds in bursting spray
- 15 breathed perfum'd balm in sweet array, -
- 16 incomp'able sweet summer's day!
- 17 Bright blooms burst through in fairest hue
- 18 dressing the grounds in garlands new,
- 19 violets waved where green grass grew.
- 20 From far at sea a salt breeze blew
- 21 from foam-flecked waves whence - cry and hue -
- 22 white seagulls wheeled with plaintive mew.
- 23 From too much walking tired limbs ache,
- 24 while fingers flexed with feeble shake
- 25 from every effort one must make.
- 26 My thirsty grief the vine did slake,
- 27 I supped alone, but half awake,
- 28 then slumbered hours without a break.
- 29 Lowly plowman limped his way

30 with lowing herd, unheard were they.
31 From dreamless sleep I did not stray,
32 thus missed the sad decay of day
33 which mortal man may not delay,
34 spared from spite by sprite, elf and fay
35 while hawk winged homewards, would not stay.
36 Sun, sinking, bid the birds asleep
37 though thorny hedgehogs on did creep
38 and tickled trout rose from the deep.
39 My spirit, it was sealed so deep,
40 no snore, no sigh, nor timid peep,
41 nor sound disturbed the sleeping sheep,
42 no lamb strayed far from shepherd's keep –
42A few, few should part where many meet
42B or moor may be their winding sheet.
42C Near bank where wild thyme blew so sweet,
42D where oxlips, nodding violet greet
42E the senses, woodbine, musk rose mete,
42F together twine, round oak trees' feet,
42G there hateful fantasies, deceit,
42H were banished by dream lull'd heart beat.
43 Then from repose with sudden leap,
44 I rose to see on hillside steep,
45 two brave buck deer who'd butt and bray
46 together met in mortal fray.
47 Their antlers locked as flesh would fray
48 til one, the elder, brought to bay,
49 strength fled, - fell! Flat his form did stay, -
50 ne'er more to taste the scent of day.
51 Grey shadows glided by the brake;
52 the tawny owl and spotted snake
53 and playful badger cubs did wake, -
54 these rolled at ease where farmer's rake
55 once furrowed for his harvest take.
56 Soft winds the moonlit leaves did shake
56A while here and there a foamy flake
56B winds whipped on silvery waterbreak.
57 On forest's ferny floor a few
58 phantom horses' hooves first flew,
59 then halted, fairy fronds to chew.
60 I felt as if their feet once knew
61 the road that wound the wan woods through,

62 now almost overgrown with yew.
63 Green glow worms glittered in the dew
64 blinking back to the star-backed blue.
65 No marks of Man here marred the view.
66 The pearls that string the Milky Way,
67 I numbered them at dusk that day, -
68 and when the sun rose where were they?
69 All happened here but yesterday,
70 now ended is our brief sweet play -
71 Time, gipsy man, no more could stay...

See References below

(c) Jonathan Robin - Mosaic parody written 28th and 29th April 1975

Note: The references entirely in Green were used for this parody,
as obviously the World Wide Web did not exist in 1975
others have been added to facilitate either research or interest or both.
Lines 13A - 13E,42A - 42H written 29th August 2005 researching links.

Jonathan ROBIN

Mother Tongue Wrung - Moth Riddle Exeter Book 970

A.D.

A gourmand moth by night, unheard, had guzzled
the words by day enlightened man might write.
That God should tolerate their fate I'm puzzled,
where words and worm take flight, false fly-by-night!
Naught gnawing moth draws from the fine print nuzzled,
ignorance leaves leaves holy holey `spite
the read, mark, inwardly digest points causal
on sight on site consumed. Moth, uncontrite,
from feast grows neither plump nor bright, mind muzzled,
blind to spells magic mankind may in[k]dite.

A moth ate words. I thought that was quite curious, that a mere worm, a thief in the dark, ate what a man wrote, his brilliant language and its strong foundation. The thief got no wiser for all that he fattened himself on words. Answer to the Riddle: Bookworm

Mo??e word fræt. Me ?æt ?uhte
wrætlicu wyrd, ?a ic ?æt wundor gefrægn,
?æt se wurm forswealg wera gied sumes,
?eof in ?ystro, ?rymfæstne cwide
ond ?æs strangan sta?ol. Stælgjest ne wæs
wihte ?y gleawra, ?e he ?am wordum swealg.

Jonathan ROBIN

Motivation

MOTIVATION

Motivation springs mind's trap, ensures
Advancement far above the 'madding crowd',
Unleashes energy long disallowed.
Desire's warm fires spur inner surge to soar
Eager prepare to pluck fair future's store,
Clearly receives sense signals strong and loud -
Muted far too long. Thus, shed grey shroud,
Accept shared lovelight kindling sparkles for
Unlimited horizons hopes restore
Despite past pain chain many might have cowed.
Exit errors! Gift of grace endowed,
Contentment finds where two, apart, stayed poor.
Magic metamorphosis provides
Chance for choice, rejoicing will abide.

1 November 2001 revised 20062824 and 20090222
robi03_0961_robi03_0000 ASX_KXX
for previous versions see below

Motivation

Motivation springs the mind, helps soar
In seconds far above the 'madding crowd',
Releases energies which too long ploughed
Inclinations under, - festering sore!
Response prepares to pluck the future's store
Translating signals strong, both clear and loud -
Muted far too long - and from grey shroud
Evolve to light, which, shared, sparks kindles for
Shared adventure where each may each adore
Despite the trammels which many might have cowed?
Error is output which, with gifts endowed,
Seems to forget to share, and so stays poor.
Music through acceptance may provide
Much joy which can through rain or shine abide!

1 November 2001 revised 20062824

Motivation

Motivation springs the mind, helps soar
instantly above the 'madding crowd',
releases energies which too long ploughed
inclinations under, - festering sore.
Be prepared to pluck the future's store
interpreting implicit signals loud
to others muted, and shuck off grey shroud,
admit the light which, shared, sparks kindles for
evolution that may write fresh score
free from trammels that too many cowed.
Recognize potential, gifts endowed,
without which all stays "might have been" scope poor.
Accept that latent talent, freed, provides
the wherewithal to rise, which guides not glides...

1 November 2001

Motivation poem (c) Jonathan Robin

Jonathan ROBIN

Mountains Into Molehills Melt

Imperatives tomorrow bow,
Restraints today: dust Time must plough.
Inspiration ebbs, flows, spelt
As bright success or tightened belt
Mocks cares, adds wrinkles to the brow.
Mysterious are the ways that vow,
Expressed, implicit, may be felt.
New dimensions trump cards dealt
Defeating mice and men. Here, now
Extend through time yet 'I' and 'Thou'
Someday may oath turn ugly welt.
Melody when shared creates music Heaven emulates.
but who, purblind, pursues the Fates may mirage find not pearly gates.

(27 December 2006)

Jonathan ROBIN

Movements

One's movements seem to scientific eye
intrinsically as space displacement, but
recall that once umbilicus is cut -
nine months' gestation, severed sacred tie -
attention turns from limbs to mind's reply.
Matter moves from blind dimension's rut
to open options, no doors should be shut.
Change further change prepares, helps self defy
nadir's self denial, zenith's sky,
escapes ti[m]e traps with triple bogey putt,
caps bogus acts with facts to crack life's nut.
Causal links need sequencing to try
to harness fruitful opportunities,
to channel energy for future free.

(1 November 2001 revised 1 July 2004 and 8 December 2008)
see below for previous version Movement

Movement appears to the observant eye
intrinsically as space displacement, but
recall before umbilicus is cut
Life needs nine months'gestation by and by.
Prelude passed beyond initial cry,
matter moves from one dimension's rut
to open options, nothing need be shut.
Change new change induces to defy
limitations self to self deny.
Escape the trap as ball to hole you putt
that holds holes endings in themselves. Life's nut
crack seeking patterns Cause, Effect may tie.
Encourage fruitful opportunities,
sustaining stimulating energies.

Initial Acrostic Version Miriam Mendes

Movement appears to the observant eye
Intrinsically as space displacement, but
Remember ere umbilicus is cut
It needs nine months'gestation by and by

After which, with smile, or doleful sigh,
Matter moves from one dimension's rut
Most often to another's, 'unkind cut'!
Ever change new change induces, 'high'
Nadir touches, then new zenith's sky
Does dare approach as ball to hole we put.
Except that holes are endings! Crack the nut,
Sequent patterns thread, connect and try
CHANce encounters opportunities,
GENerate the energy that frees!

Jonathan ROBIN

Muse

Will you ever chance to meet
someone who's as soft and sweet
as the fair form who I greet
on and off: my mistress meet!

Jonathan ROBIN

Muse A Maze Sings Dreams Through Sleep's Haze

Muse maze amusing seems to spring
from creativity that night
brings into fractal firework focus fling.
Here flames, there names, door to delight
perception tunes, reads runes, insight
cues into clues, amazing bells ring,
distinguished details recondite
subconsciously, persist despite
approaching daylight blanketing
precise recall of everything.

Warp and weft, bereft of self-references,
dream dance double helix above, beneath and around the sum of understanding,
st[r]anding both apart from and a part of the spiral hole swirling,
curling and whirling through the whole into and out of itself.
A state_mental line, desperate to [t]race light,
as if its existence depended upon its speed seed,
soars arching, starching star I Ching through sliding parallel word worlds,
trying to reach, underscore, underline and define itself.
Is everything relativity maze one [m]asks laughingly,
muse intent upon making an intact exit from channelled dream tunnel.

Swift spinning wheel revolves within,
revel keyed to rainbow bright,
now wing weft warps, now weaves from sight,
enters, leaves as senses spin.
What is end when things begin
from finish, swing new day from night,
wind sings chains free, both slack and tight,
yet what is joy without chagrin?

What is sense, what static din?
Some wavelengths ultraviolet light
funnel, infra-red some, sight
depends more on expected whim
than on the rods and cones within
retinal lining photon rite
when redefined as wrong or right,
pre-expectations underpin.

Neurons nitroglycerin
polychromatic dynamite,
synaptic leaps reject rein tight
upon emotions sybilline.
Cyclone eye churns Yang and Yin
while wings gain height wild winds unite,
tension rises, satellite
impressions signal hurry kin.

Dream maze replays what yesterday
dissolves in fluids that today
fleet flow to meet tomorrow, greet
completion leaving soul replete
ignoring bias fools always
portray.

There are no dreams that go astray,
there is no duty one must pay,
where spontaneity on call
can conquer limits one and all,
stricture structures, though some say
obey!

One hand may weave wor[l]d web as fine
as silken spider's, line by line,
two minds net-knit together may
surpass [l]one hand when interplay
is woken by unspoken sign
today.

As Milky Way's spun stars combine
in silver necklace, gems divine,
maze words through haze may overlay
poetic inspiration's play
to lay foundations, redesign
the Way.

Dream runes may not be mystery
when future cleaves to history,
uncanny man can, vision clear,
retool pooled choice, voice ever dear,

fears disappear, may Ms. Terri
heart sway?

Dream satchel deep sound mind supplies,
who stimulation and surprise
awaits when gifts are shared around,
naught grounded, naught impounded found
as ransom, superficial sighs
that weigh.

Where inklings roam from tome hope's home
spans land to land, and foam to foam,
for spirits deep unlock block's keep,
restraining order, thence to leap
converting into poly-chrome
joy's day.

Dreams hyphenate what still may come
with what stays still, forever dumb,
retain the reins of destiny
so reign's refrain's sustained, stays free.
There is no hard-fast rule of thumb
in play.

Some inspirations answer prayer,
some aspirations bubble air,
most memories dissolve at dawn
though some persist, won't be forsworn.
If Anything is Everywhere
one may

convert maze magic pantomime
into enlightenment to climb
from phantom mime's ring wraiths project
path forwards never interject
or replay former paradigm
passé.

Dream steed mount, Pegasus is seen
to set the scene for unforseen
adventures which advance to chance
no sharp indentures, circumstance

highlights freewill, none pastures green
gainsay.

Thus dreams bring close what far away
appears to others, interplay
between right brain and left may link
cause and effect beyond the brink
of far horizons with a fey
display.

Kaleidoscopes, flash inklings meshed,
flush out subconscious strings, refreshed
sundry subsurface spells sun dries,
upon awakening flushed fun flies
from maze as blaze day's lies frames fresh
found flesh.

Suprachiasmatic nucleus
staccato signals sends, must fuss,
circadian cycle keys as morn
makes light of night, dreams' flight, sheets warm,
with drapes withdrawn, dawn's stimulus
concuss.

Romantic sings life's violin
which time-tunes runes to candlelight
as spirit moth finds wings for flight
beyond beyond to ponder, win
new which from old unfolds, gold tin
transforms as thought, deed, reunite.
Prismatic spirit earns insight,
rebirth on Earth which knows no sin.

Cupid's arrows javelin
enchantment meant to expedite
attachment which through thick and thin
encouraged is by Aphrodite
who web casts while forecasting him
and her stay playful, wayward bite
love, urchin, leaves on cheek and chin,
rewards self-righteous with their plight.

Oppositions melt then twin,
Spring springs from Winter, day from night,
as symbiotic parasite
[r]evolves around a second skin
dissolves again to re-begin
to redivide as surface tight
an oscillation patterned quite,
wizard which might make Merlin.

Theme's variations, schemes akin,
vibrate, surge, splurge, converge, invite,
emerge to soar as karmic kite
flies options fresh, meets challenge in
tempo gamma-globulin
produces rendering airtight,
immune from falsehood, empty [w]rite,
spins masculine from feminine.

Wings breast test air where streams within
streams conscious dream unconscious write,
how best to tint, imprint, excite,
imagination. Catherine
wheels pyrotechnic paladin
pinpoints, firefly infinite,
fractal patterns which recite
kaleidoscopic origins.

Whirlpool waves through thick and thin
can colour Chance, once left, to right
all former spectrum oversight,
advance as if from trampoline
they sprung to string joy's mandolin
combining hues which spring from white,
effervescence tints spotlight,
blends gold, bold orange, out and in

turquoise, yellow, pink, begin
an iridescent dance delight
inspired by sapphire, chrysolite,
red ruby, purple tourmaline,
all save its own achromatin
as alpha-actin appetite

sustaining rhythm's forward flight
taps into its adrenalin.

All stems from nothing, down turns up,
gain's drained from spill to fill life's cup.
Yarn's thread is sped, spun patchwork quilt
where wings of light sprung free from guilt.

Icarus imagination satellites in irregular orbit,
at times emitting, at times sitting,
at times receiving, and ever dovetailing stimuli into experience
as inklings rise before pride precede downfall ride,
posing and reposing circular questions on, in and through
its internal Daedalus universe multi-modal matrix grid.
Sleeper seeks to avoid awakening from amazing maze dream hibernation.
Haze fills and fulfills brain pane void,
taking time out for its own sake.
Chronological water shed logical as split second thought impressions
restlessly whir, jest quest, and question facts.
Fantasy stream steams until awakening.

From dreams into reality
Reeled frames unpeel hopes' filmy foam,
Open imagination, roam
More, more than most may ever see.
Fast flicker fades apparently,
Or maybe finds a second home
Urging inner honeycomb,
Neuronal mind mass, subtly
To rediscover harmony
As drops pull out all stops to free
Insight bright of starry dome
Newborn, untorn, in polychrome
Offering serendipity
From here until eternity.
Dreams' rainbow bridges sea to sea.
REal dress rehearsal thus provide,
AMalgamating in outside.
Suprachiasmatic symphony.

Jonathan ROBIN

Muse Sic Transits

Music spurs hearts tender fonder
Amalgamation while minds wonder;
Unw[e]ary, inks links as thoughts wander
Deep through regions far and yonder,
Entwines as would an anaconda,
Cords twin[e] souls together. Ponder!
Ripe gene vine press genie bonder
Era's blonds airs heirs, hairs blonder!

Jonathan ROBIN

Music

Music when sad heart seems wear
helps dark grief to disappear,
moving smile removes salt tear
all is so simple, all so clear!

Jonathan ROBIN

Music And Passion And Music

Mirrored echoes dance, shades leave behind
Upward spiral, circle higher still.
Shadow personae played out, heart and will,
Inside and out reflect hopes redefined.
Can this light true remain or wane? We find
At last trace of shared space to dreams fulfill.
Now answer Dear, do you, too, warm and chill?
Depth of feeling freed, hearts need to bind,
Passion parallel, to urge aligned,
As one, - tendril touching - surging thrill,
Sensations soothing dissonance to still
Secret fears, time's sentence purged, demined.
In gentleness soul strokes soul til release
ON wings of comfort comes, whole makes each piece.

Ph[r]ase by ph[r]ase, souls tenderly tendril,
Answer questions. Sun beneath the skin
Sensations warms, blood pulses fast to win
Satisfaction which can Trust instill.
In gentless soul strokes twin soul until
Only smiles sleep comforts, kin find kin.
No dream is this, which daylight will wear thin!
At last trace of shared space may dreams fulfill.
Now must your answer show our overspill!
Depth of feeling, harmony, begin
Mirrored dance where darkness seems a sin.
Upwards two halves united spin - no chill
Shadow portends which could kill - love unshared.
I, Charmed, disarmed, am for your smile prepared

Jonathan ROBIN

Music Keys Muse

Music offers key that may unlock
emotions' tides which wash wide, far beyond
life's toil and troubles, act as magic wand
ending Time's hold on Man's internal clock
where fresh horizons future fair unblock.
Enchantment uninhibited, true bond,
links heart to heart as each to each responds
as agent free to answer Chance's knock.
Music's magic, shared, must distance mock,
exchanging tone-true notes, souls correspond,
unleashing feelings, sound profound and fond,
resplendent rainbow unwrecked by Time's rock.
Love's lighthouse beacon crowned with music may
illuminate, each season sweet as May.

19 September 2005 revisedd 10 April 2008

Jonathan ROBIN

Musical Anagram Riddle Current Version

Doremi factor solve: large, titan task!
Doppelgänger phantom? Mirage? Mask?

Docte reminder first: fair reader see
solid substance, grant me latitude,
downplay doom, remiss, fastidious be.
No solarised inscription find, rude, crude!
Does double-take review mistake? facts key
soliciting elastic mindset cued -
ding dong doughnut versatility
remitted subsurface, sorts language karma clued.
Timely done, dosed spontaneity
re-mingles facile sounds synclastically.
Don't doze, remising: fatal solitude.
Latent tingling dormant brain tunes free!

Dour review's mired fangs soon laid away,
title's no doddering doodle, rare mirrored lay
fabled solfège plays, tine don't gainsay!
Double read milled fancy, sort words' swell,
lasting document dons credence, might
fateful song's plasticity show quite
docile, domiciled, re-minted well -
fare so latched tidily donates delight.

I's dotted, recrossed T's, mime faint thoughts sought,
labelled, ticketed or docked here, as each phrase
minutely fashions, solders, lasting copy caught
in doubly docent reading minstrels praise.
Faultless soul latent qualities does display.

I, don, remix fair keynote trace,
solar, timeless, doubts do chase.
Read miracle: see fab song's spider lace
ties down, adopts real mine, faith's solace.
Stirred, dodging dogma dire, smiles face,
sort layers tight, rhyme's dovetailed grace,
adored by mind's fast sown in place,
tiles doctored. Don't rest. Mid famed phrase

some laughter tickles, doubles pace,
dopes reason's mission. Fateful sound replays
still dole doat's reel, might fan song lays.

Tired dodo screeds mime, false sots base
replace stitched verse, dolts' doggerel's shown
missed point, fades soon, last tiny dorm unknown.

Jonathan ROBIN

Must Rhyme Draw Blank..Et Criticism?

It's sad to see that rhyming's thought redundant
by those who's bark can't steer poetic star,
who grudge, shout out, doubt scope, spout words abundant,
seek validation they'd from others bar.

'Free verse' disperse if this your fancy tickles
to jar the winter of your discontent,
with fallen leaves, sheaves garnered, unhone sickles,
with [f]lagging letters, jagged sentiment.

Rhyme carries more than meaning: music, timing,
pattern, play, holistic core explore,
link sense to 'whither', 'whence', nor mummer's miming,
nor lead tread led astray by crow's harsh caw.

'Rich rhyme' or 'prose' debate is academic
when eight in ten can't read three thousand words,
what counts is sense and sentiments – polemic
remains the province of small minds in herds

where wherewithal is lacking for expression,
where envy, laziness, or both hold sway,
where turn of phrase is tacky, where aggression
replaces g[r]ace to interface p[l]ace play

with music, sounds send pulses through wave spectrum,
or melt souls' polar icecaps with accord,
twin chords to cords aligned through playful plectrum
with formal training going by the board.

So be it coral strand or fair complexion,
dire prophesy or cornet candyfloss,
womb, doom and gloom, or in-depth introspection,
imagination's never at a loss.

Thus formal sonnet, couplets rhyming gaily,
with sunny disposition to the fore,
should mirror music, method, context daily
evolving outside all one's writ before.

In pictogram or beaded decoration
in Roman font, linguistic interplay
wed words' harmonic melody's elation
responds to tune the key no words may weigh.

To underline, the savant English written
retains both [s]cope and [s]pace for verbal tricks,
like Skelton take the Rap, as playful kitten
re[th]ink link frames for Caxton's twenty-six.

Where feet and metre merry dance may caper
from poets Lake to Blake, have Don[n]e, imPound
who'd underscore square thoughts – recycled paper!
can hack's slack style replace paced silver sound?

Each line when spun ends up with tails or faces,
where tale replaces touch much of the time,
such is the paradox which interlaces
arguments around repeated rhyme.

When fish flew, forests walked, alliteration
best impressed stressed message – few could read –
mnemonics reinforced the iteration
recalling legend, fairy-tale or creed. remember

Now pigs think they have wings above their station
maintaining rhyme no R[h]APsody retains
while 'thinaccessible' becomes negation
to mask task's challenge failed, spite p[r]ose fee pains.

If attic muse can ante antic up, wise,
prefer cold garret's 'ashes and a crust'
rehearse blank verse predictions s[l]ick, applies
remorseless morse to dash dot hoarse course dust.

For formal frameworks offer waft and weft which
the poet threads with frugal concentration –
as filtered light through prism rainbow span stitch
hues limitless whose wavelength condensation

upon cones, rods, retinal flash achieving,

imagination infinite invites,
refines mind's focus, - hocus-pocus leaving -
versatile, both stimulates excites.

Of course this discourse could continue weaving
until the cows come home from lea poetic,
winged leeway granting Pegasus, conceiving
examples prosy, - rosy or pathetic.

Our argument is: structure, sense, in motion
may catalyze emotions more than prose,
in multi-mode dimensions, flowing ocean
flexible, reflexible, that grows

crescendo bringing mind and matter's code a
springboard from which rich images may bloom,
concluding on note elegant a coda
whose aftertaste no waste-land texts assume.

Jonathan ROBIN

Mutating Musings

Masterful masterless magnetic midnight moonlight misogynous monarch's
mordacious mischief mimicks Muse's manifold masterstrokes, mistrusts
misguided mundane men's mightily mindless misty/muddy mutterings, mental
midgets' mainly mildly moronic makeshift macaroni muddling.

Moreover, most meaningful moonshine magma missing means misinformed
musclebound masculine misanthropists' measurements must mark makebelieve
mirage, misinterpreting marshmallow marzipan merriness, Mona-Lisa mascara
musk mask, mistakenly mandate massive mutual maidenhead massage mating
mid marital monotony, martyrdom mirroring miserly Midas/Muse mesalliances.

Madam, munificent multidisciplinary Monsignor's merited Machiavellian
microwave mission must mathematically memorize mental meanderings
maintaining more memorable Mahomet, mountain meditation manifestation.
Microcircuit's meticulous meteoritical microanalysis masters many modes
methinks, mustering motivated monumental mouthwatering multicoloured
musical multiplane missives moored mocking mishmash misconceptions,
monstrous misinterpretations, moping monochordal monstrosities, miserable
morbid masochist monologues, mulish muckrakers' murky murmurings.

Mysterious mother-of-pearl multiform mutant multitask moxie muse must merge
metalinguistical morse mythologies, morning may move mourning, morass,
making mitzvah midday Monday

Jonathan ROBIN

My Familiar Dream - Translations Paul Verlaine – Mon Rêve Familier

I often have some strange and striking dreams
about an unknown girl, of love we share,
each time the same, each time a different air
about her swirls, who understands it seems.

She loves and understands me, from her beams
a crystal pure dismissing strife and care.
She, only, eases heart-ache and despair,
soothing pain with tears' refreshing streams.

She's blond, brunette, reflecting russet gleams?
I know not, nor her name and voice though fair
and sounding-soft if feels, far off I swear,
like loved ones Life has banished from its schemes.

A statue's sightless stare, the look she gave.
Voice, - still echo of friends in the grave.

(c) Jonathan Robin 18 April 1998 Translation Paul VERLAINE – Mon Rêve Familier

Mon Rêve Familier

Sometimes I've had this strange and striking dream
About an unknown girl, of love we'd share,
Now 'twas the same, and then a different air
Dervish swirled about her smile. it seems,
Real love she felt, while understanding's beams
Immersed my soul dispersing strife and care.
None other could ease heart-ache and despair,
Ending pain with tears' refreshing streams.
Veiled in blond, brunette, or russet gleams? -
Appearance know not, though name shows. Voice fair
It sounded, soft though too far off I swear,
Like loved ones Life needs to complete its schemes.
Life love profound finds, groundless prove mind's fears,
Allowing 'Nous' To echo through the years.

(c) Jonathan Robin 4 November 1992 Acrostic Translation Paul VERLAINE – Mon Rêve Familier

Mon Rêve Familier

Je fais souvent ce rêve étrange et pénétrant
D'une femme inconnue, et que j'aime, et qui m'aime,
Et qui n'est, chaque fois, ni tout à fait la même
Ni tout à fait une autre, et m'aime et me comprend.

Car elle me comprend, et mon coeur, transparent
Pour elle seule, hélas! cesse d'être un problème
Pour elle seule, et les moiteurs de mon front blême,
Elle seule les sait rafraîchir, en pleurant.

Est-elle brune, blonde ou rousse? - Je l'ignore.
Son nom? je me souviens qu'il est doux et sonore
Comme ceux des aimés que la Vie exila.

Son regard est pareil au regard des statues,
Et, pour sa vois, lointaine, et calme, et grave elle a
L'inflexion des voix chères qui se sont tues.

Paul VERLAINE 1844_1896

Jonathan ROBIN

My Lady's Maladies

Lucinda wasn't well at all,
she nearly drove us up the wall,
since on the carpet sleep did she
and not in bed, like you or me.
But everything now seems alright,
and so on Friday we'll take flight.

We're flying to a French city
thats known world over as Paris,
and once we're there we'll settle down
with no more wandering round town.
May coming months far calmer prove,
Or else, I fear, we'll have to move.

But as stockmarkets sink so low,
as if we'd move! Where could we go?

Jonathan ROBIN

My Shell

MY SHELL

Miracles instantly create happy endings, life long entente
Impossibility cannot here exist, listener learns eternal mission –
Can heavenly expectations lose light, excluding Master infinite?
Hear each link lightens existence. Memory is crucial.
Energy lacking, love's enthusiasm must inexorably crave happiness,
Latent learning emerges masterful in complete harmony, equilibrium.
Listen! Enter mentally into contact, heart ever listening.
Entertain mental image. Choice has enlightened long liaison.

1 February 1990

Revolving acrostic Michelle for each line

robi03_0285_robi03_0000 BQV_KLM

[c] Jonathan Robin

Jonathan ROBIN

Mystery's Mirror Rhyme

Mercurial sheet detects photonic intersects -
no vector new neglects - neuronics intellects recording with hindsight.

Photon's path projects quantum leap, subjects
impressions multiplex - concave or convex - trek's retrospective flight.

Mirror's muse reflects as mirror recollects
mirror switch reflects upon mirror which reflects on mystery of light.

Mirror thus protects mirror that projects
reflection that reflects on mirror which expects historical insight.

Mirror interjects texts, textures and contexts
chance elects, selects, checks and double checks for infinite delight.

Mirror's light directs life's mysteries, neglects
naught it interconnects as cause links to effects exciting to invite.

Mirror intercepts when mirror role reflects
mirror twitch, deflects mirror which rejects history of night

Mirror pitch connects, collects and self respects,
perpetually perfects externals it bedecks with inner meanings' might.

Jonathan ROBIN

Mystiques: Amor Omnia Vincit

He peeks
she physiques
beaut... ekes.

Miss tweaks.
She seeks,
he techniques
boutiques.

They cheek to cheek.

He speaks...
it creaks
her creeks
He streaks,
She shrieks
He peaks.
For weeks
She knows
He sows
She glows,
He flows
She checks,
He checks,
Check-mate sex.

He peeks
She seeks
They cheek to cheek...
She checks his cheques.

Jonathan ROBIN

N.G.O. Memberships

No diplomat, untried, I pledge my efforts, for
Great hopes and greater need in ISOC are retained,
Onwards Time's pulses speed, much needs to be explained.
Much must be clarified coherently before
Emerges, may abide, a world where rich and poor
May plant shared future's seed with confidence unfeigned.
Before all learn to read, with inner wisdom gained,
Evolving worlds need guide Tomorrow to redraw,
Require help to decide 'how', 'when', must not ignore
Signs certain which, indeed, environments have strained,
Hand change to new change breed, which cannot be restrained.
If from through consensus wide fresh impetus can soar,
Priorities now shared by ISOC, UNESCO,
Shall reach goals unimpaired, for all free networked flow.

Jonathan ROBIN

Names Framed In Dreams

Muse or passing theme? Which would you choose?
If choice remains where 'chance' can reunite
Right and left which although far from sight,
In mind remained awaiting lighted fuse,
Aware, once lit, the option to refuse
Mocks Time itself till wheel turns dark and light,
Making links which, karmic, must delight!
Enough is said! Let heart and soul peruse
Names framed in dreams it seems, to ease each bruise
Daily grind inflicted, second sight
May lift the veil dividing feelings, thoughts,
Maybe inner freedoms need no outer forts?

Jonathan ROBIN

Naming Of Parts - Ars Amatoria

Why wait for mate when just one part
sufficient to the day may prove,
as Ovid says: 'Love is an art':
fact, not fiction, confirms upward move.

Jonathan ROBIN

Nanny's Chore

Falls with full force
on all fours.
Crawls on the floor,
muddy paws.
Calls from the door,
sobbing sore.
Clad in small drawers,
cries out for more,
and more, and more,
poor Nanny's chore!

How can one draw
order calls
for sense, though sore
adult bawls:
'can't take no more! '
and recalls
rules youth knew, or
behind mind's shawls
from memory's store
prints out before
all patience stalls.

What are rules core
whose wherewithal
can calm restore
without angst? Thaw
through love's pure thrall
helps both withdraw
from crisis caw.
Rules shan't as chore
be seen, enthrall
as two adore
life's common law
avoiding brawl,
turmoil ignore.

Jonathan ROBIN

Native Freedom

Floating freely through life's breeze
before against scale's feather weighed
soul should sing true, face unafraid
existence's uncertainties.

The poet cannot paint a frieze
of fixed beliefs, of creeds grown greyed,
when round life's reefs fresh foam is sprayed
to welcome ephemerities
whose very evanescence sees
who'd seize the day is well repaid!
There is no rule to be obeyed,
authority which whims would freeze.
From flight to further flight the mind
Must [I]nk think/thought, before/behind.

Thus voice for choice which 'we may' frees
sloughs off old skin, traditions staid,
won't be sidetracked or waylaid
by top/down frown authorities
which from their own survival trees
hang bitter fruit, won't be gainsaid,
but self-perpetuate man made
lop-sided laws which rob hope's keys
from prostrate puppets on string knees.
Blind servitude won't make the grade,
nor may the suicidal blade
which would wield freedom's enemies.
Open options underlined
by understanding freedom find.

Jonathan ROBIN

Natural Completion

Life
Offers
Completion
Through
Nature's
Recycled
Destiny

Jonathan ROBIN

Nature's Enemy Smitten By Research Bard After Thomas Gray Elegy Written On A Country Churchyard

No Curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
no lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
though plowman homeward plods his weary way,
world sinks to darkness underneath the sea.

Long lost is verdant landscape from the sight,
and all the air a solemn stillness holds,
bacteria frequent volcano vents despite
all trace of human race, lies, lies long cold.

None now raise praise to Paris' Eye Full tower,
rust dust returned, through climate change disdain,
few shadows flit, beside the moon, no flower
adorns the remnants of its ancient reign.

Below iced water world, where trees lent shade,
leaves locked in bogwood permafrost now sleep,
each in his packed trunk turf cell ever laid,
haphazardly in many an unmarked heap.

The whistling winds of semi Martian morn,
swallow all memory of tousled head,
nor clarion calls man-made disasters mourn,
nor postman's knock will thaw four poster bed.

For fauna, flora, no more sun shal turn
on food chain, photosynthesis, schooled care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
or climb his knees for parting kiss all share.

Oft double harvests garnered sickling yield,
as pipe dreams streams diverted from their source,
now, cut adrift, the climate shift concealed
high rise, low slum, beneath Jack Frost's concourse.

Greed and ambition mock man's seed, trefoil
is over, clover's destiny obscure,

mines deep or open-cast are passed, Big Oil
is hoist on its petard of spendthrift lure.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
all Natures beauty's found a watery grave,
no inter-glacial glow believes its hour
will come, for outraged Earth has ne'er forgave.

Proud, rowdy, Menn now mute impute the fault
but to yourselves, no tombs or trophies raised
remain to stain the memory of default
inethical whence catastrophic days.

Societal responsibility
was abdicated, generations doomed
by waste and haste, greed's needs, now history,
once seemed gold gleams, in snow storms worm-entombed.

Nor storied urn, nor animated bust,
back to past mansion call time fleeting breath,
Men chose foreclosure's woes, refused to trust
climactic warnings heralding Life's death.

Perhaps some seed on one far planet laid
may catalyze zoon soon with pregnant fire
to sire rebirth of fern and plantigrade
awake to ecstasy an alien sire.

But Knowledge to our minds has come too late
to fill an ample page for spoil-sport Time
swiped Columbine, wiped poor Pierrot's slate:
Chill Penury's all that remains of rhyme.

The genial current of all souls has froze,
both creeds and kings together lie forgotten,
no other name adorns an absent rose,
whose thorns, stems, buds and blooms ask why they're rotten.

Full many Mother Nature's gems serene
the dark unfathom'd ocean trenches strew,
full many a species is no longer seen
has played out part, hearts prey, tsunami stew

Statistics show mad c[r]ow[d]s were led astray
ignobly by those who fell to Time's knife,
who thought the greedy tenor of their way
would last their lifespan, and hand children life.

Their plots fell flat, nor circumstance alone,
but climate change their heinous crimes confined,
condemned to wither as world floods struck home
and hearth, no path now knows the human mind.

None struggling pangs of conscious truth now hide
nor quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
for human luck's chance dance ran out, its pride
insensed Nature took toll, tumor's tumult tamed.

Jonathan ROBIN

Nature's Jewels

May lazy lakes and hazy afternoons
henceforth be province dedicate to one
whose inspiration conjures timeless tunes,
without whose presence poetry falls dumb.

Without one presence undeciphered runes
would stay, Norms, Muses cut from precious weave,
without sun's essence slippered pantaloons
would, peace withheld, strive restless seeking Eve.

Spray waterfalls cascading, silver pools,
with Nature's jewels begarlandèd shine through
all screens as scenes intemporal no tools
can calibrate, sign fine eyes star-shine spew.

No engineers, technology endowed,
could raise on Earth such simple beauty rare,
could store such info-echo in 'the cloud'
nor sets design that drawing-boards prepare.

Technology sets self-assembling sights
on silicine, on graphane, bonding gold,
these dross appear compared to one whose lights
delight beyond all poets' pens have told.

To raise false praise or expectations here
would crime commit, unpardonable sin,
let reader judge by all our earth holds dear
if treason or love's reason lies within.

Jonathan ROBIN

Need The World Kevin? After Robert Burns Comin' Thro' The Rye

Gin a poet meet a poet
Comin thro a link,
Gin a poet sweet on poet,
Need a poet think?

Gin a poet meet a poet
Comin thro the net,
Gin a poet comment poet,
Need[!]ing trophy yet?

Gin a poet finely flow it
Shedding petty coatie
Gin she show it not lone go it,
Wedding pretty goaty?

Gin the poet, any poet,
sense of humour wry,
Rye missspell and never know it,
pointed critic sigh!

Gin twinned tonic double owe it,
win gold ring, and singing show it,
liquid verse, prose dry,
need the wide world know it?

Jonathan ROBIN

Nerves 9 11 After Olga Katzin Miller Nerves

I think I'll call home, leave a trace,
I think my cell phone's down,
imagine being face to face,
time, place: Manhattan town.

From CNN to Internet
both buildings, markets, crash
scare fare flies fast, none know as yet,
overconfidence was rash.

Rumour rampant rises high
relief seems rather slow
comparisons both sad and wry
Bush burning Ground Zero.

It's just like Black September,
absurd how Time loops still,
since ever we remember
time cycles round at will!

One can't stroll round, cement and glass
at skittles play with men,
one can't just stay inside and pass
for an energumen.

Eyes glued to television
in real-time cross the globe,
twin flash news flash precision
shows how Death sows test probe.

Some say more flights diverted
may strike the pentagon,
truth, justice are perverted,
security seems gone.

It looks like twin tornadoes struck
tall towers into dust,
but in five years with any luck
we'll build them back, we must!

Bomb Boeing here, bomb bay wing there,
that this should come to be!
FBI where? Fib everywhere,
what difference to me!

I think I'll roll a joint or two,
or pour another drink,
I really don't know what to do,
should I consult a shrink?

Since cell phones point to point fell through,
its like a traffic jam,
its pointless trying, none get through
terror wrists on the lam

Upon prized towers pride rode tall
defences failed the test,
exploding concrete, glass and all,
curse jihad Islam blessed!

Some say hijackers flirted
with chaos, on the blink,
it seems as if we've skirted
round Armageddon's brink.

See how asbestos cripples
first aid and fire brigade
as dust pollution ripples
round skies pollution greyed.

Some jump from high-rise windows
as all, appalled, stand by
as helpless as their widows,
Dow's blush red, bust, bye bye.

Some say one race united
was meant to turn to flame,
why were those young lives blighted
to burn in Allah's name!

We see the media lose its cool,

with self-control role gone
to sea - nerve curves from shop to school
rise, double blame game's on.

Fall turns lost summer's corner
yet Senate outlaws laws
to keep gun records, mourner
knows who to vote out doors.

Jonathan ROBIN

Nerves Up To Date Boston Marathon April 2013 After Olga Katzin Nerves

I think I'll call home, leave a trace,
I think my cell phone's down,
imagine being in a race
when struck in Boston town.

From CNN to Internet
both buildings, markets, crash
scare fare flies fast, none know as yet,
overconfidence was rash.

Rumour rampant rises high
relief seems rather slow
comparisons both sad and wry
with Bush's Ground Zero.

It's just like Black September,
absurd how Time loops still,
since ever we remember
time cycles round at will!

I can't stroll round, cement and glass
at skittles play with men,
I can't just stay inside and pass
for an energumen.

It looks like twin tornadoes struck
the marathon to dust,
but by next year with any luck
we'll run it back, we must!

Tchetchen bomb here, Tchetchen there,
that this should come to be!
FBI where? Fib everywhere,
what difference to me!

I think I'll roll a joint or two,
or pour another drink,

I really don't know what to do,
should I consult a shrink?

Since cell phones point to point fell through,
its like a traffic jam,
its pointless trying, none get through
terror wrists on the lam.

Upon prized marathon pride tall
cops failed to stand the test,
exploding concrete, glass and all,
curse jihad Islam blessed!

Some say two brothers flirted
with chaos, on the blink,
it seems as if we've skirted
round Armageddon's brink.

Some say one race united
was meant to turn to flame,
why were those young lives blighted
to burn in Allah's name!

We see the media lose its cool,
with self-control role gone
to sea - nerve curves from shop to school
rise, double manhunt's on.

As April turns May's corner
the Senate outlaws laws
to keep gun records, mourner
knows who to vote out doors.

Tomorrow who will get the blame,
and will it be deserved?
yet weed world will still say the same,
greed's needs feed speed ill served.

Jonathan ROBIN

Nerves, Up To Date After Olga Katzin Miller - Nerves

I think I'll call At Home, Excite,
I think my cell phone's down,
imagine being on a flight
that struck Manhattan town.

From CNN to Internet
both buildings, markets, crash
scare fare flies fast, none know as yet,
our confidence was rash.

Rumour rampant rises high
relief seems rather slow
comparisons are sad and wry
as DJ sinks so low.

It's just like Black September,
absurd how Time loops still,
since ever we remember
time cycles round at will!

I can't stroll round, cement and glass
at skittles play with men,
I can't just stay inside and pass
for an energumen.

It looks like twin tornadoes struck
ground zero to the dust,
within five years or so with luck
we'll build it back, we must!

A Boeing here, a Boeing there,
that this should come to be!
FBI where? Fib everywhere,
what difference to me!

I think I'll roll a joint or two,
or pour another drink,
I really don't know what to do,
should I consult my shrink?

Since cell phones point to point fell through,
its like a traffic jam,
its pointless trying, none get through
since terrorists did slam

into our symbol buildings tall
which failed to stand the test,
imploding, concrete, glass and all,
curse those who Islam blessed!

They say three planes diverted,
another on the blink,
it seems as if we've skirted
round Armageddon's brink.

They say one plane the President
was meant to turn to flame,
they say the terrorists were sent
to burn in Allah's name!

I see the army's lost its cool,
and self-control is gone,
the nation's nerves from shop to school
crashed with the Pentagon.

Tomorrow who will get the blame,
and will it be deserved?
the world will not remain the same,
though still by liars served.

Jonathan ROBIN

Network Trends

As the Internet extends
its influence there seem to be
few whose overview can key
into the threats its message sends
society, freedoms suspends
when risk and opportunity
are balanced. With impunity
now governance those it defends
transforms to victims. Means and ends
confused appear. R.F.I.D.
converging with technology
emerging blessing mixed portends.
Analogy: Pandora's box
outlines our challenge paradox.

(robi03_1493_robi03_0000 SXX_EJX 3 November 2006)

Haiku Forum Blog after Basho The Old Pond
Pink clouds wave, lazy,
while webbed tree frogs dialogue, -
evening hazy...

Reflect, rephrase the
style: - free web blogs dialogue
on controls maybe...

rich rhyme scheme weighs the
Internet logs' legal bogs -
contradictions mazy.

Little allays the
concerns on how system cogs dog
all those held crazy. impression

Future conveys the
theme of digital divide fogs,
choice' upsy-daisy,

while who will pay the

piper as public sector clogs
C.S. with sl[e]azy

strategies daily,
I.T.U. I.O.U. hogs
our fate - Old Bailey

Society slays key
freedoms, going to the dogs,
pushing up daisy.

robi03_1492_bash01_0000 PHX_EJN
Internet Governance Forum " I.G.F. " In Good Faith
(3 November 2006 revised 28 July 2007)

Jonathan ROBIN

Never Despair

I never despair, but wait and see,
Heaven will come to the aid of me.
I never despair, but see and wait,
hoping Heaven won't come too late!

Jonathan ROBIN

New Directions 1108

Why face dejection on an page,
Heart's dark forebodings contest trophies lost,
Misplaced rejection outlines inner cost
Steps on cold road stings egotistic rage.

Blind interjection seems vain sacrilege
St[r]ung from sterile code, with stark lies embossed,
Needless def[l]ection sees pained conscience tossed,
For rigid thought-mode becomes spirit's cage.

Unshared reflections seldom souls engage,
Cannot transfer load, shows degrees of frost.
Let go: directions true, new river crossed,
Emotions skilled art sets fresh stage.

So net's open source show true panacea
Sonnet's hopes endorse, flow through, can adhere.

(11 May 2013)

Jonathan ROBIN

New Tear Sonnets

Noon dark as winter solstice misty rain
Eyes wax though waning, twin moons steer
Wet race to trace tears pace face out of gear.
Trouble bubbles, sadness assumes harsh reign.
Empty within. Without: what bitter pain
Adds dank to thankless destiny austere,
Reacts to disappointment deadly drear.
Serenity's effaced as last hopes wain,
Overdrawn account, heart can't obtain
New lease, though dew release rolls heedless here,
Notes no bright spot, event horizon clear.
Expelled is brine as lines show lifelines vain.
Tears course down, flow to show red rims aware
Streams dreams devour, grief no relief can share.

Now here, now fled, light bright's soon snuffed, clock ticks,
Existence fragile echoes with life's play
Where visibility's trimmed to today.
Time up, ambitions down, as once waxed wicks
Expire upon some midnight cold Fate picks.
A month or more, before horizons grey
Reduce tired final flickers cinder gay, -
Spendthrift embers. Moving finger pricks
Out bubble options, cares nor fiddlesticks
Nor tinker's curse for chances thrown away,
Nor seeks reprieve for an extended stay.
Ephemeral our sojourn's augenblicks.
Tears well yet all's not well, grief's well is plumbed,
Scene set for upset to heartache succumbed.

Jonathan ROBIN

New Year Sonnets 1998

New Year's sonnets seek to ascertain
Intrinsic patterns, seeds before they're sown, -
New trends chance sends before end aims are shown.
Extrapolations from the past attain
True insight reading right the future's chain.
Effect and Cause pause never to postpone
Erecting cascade challenges that aren't alone,
Nor shall there space remain for drone where brain
Needs entertains through growing greed for gain.
Internet applied to telephone
Nets exchange change echoes round to clone
Experiments to end reaction's reign.
Transition's challenge key could bind or free,
Youth age's chaperon henceforth shall be.

Nineteen Ninety eight may well remain
In many minds two thousand's stepping stone
Not able in itself to stand alone
Except as extra carriage on Time's train.
To fill the space allotted and unchain
Energy whose influence, unknown,
Expands, cements the future's cornerstone,
Needs strength, and sense, - without which strength is vain.
New momentum surely shall sustain
Inventions which, old orders overthrown,
Now interact as chips of silicon
Expose much which Pandora's box contains.
Thus progress' spiral faster spins as we
Year EIGHT and ninety greet, great changes see.

Jonathan ROBIN

Next Year's Solution

Be more vocal
insight stoke
grow from local
go for broke.

Humour wise, kid
anyway,
from restraints rid
winning way.

Never hope fades,
great joys groom,
ideals meet grades,
all assume,

When bed beckons
in good time
sheep count reckons
dream in rhyme

Patience virtue
work out gym,
dance prefer to
closed minds grim.

Hard work calls for
rewarding rest,
ideas fresh store
in life's best.
robi03_1858_mill08

Next Year's Resolution
be more social
drink less coke
do my homework
never smoke

be a nice kid
every day

mind my thoughts
and what I say

have good grades
and clean my room
take a floor cloth
and a broom

go to bed
at reasonable time
be good girl
commit no crime

lose weight, look good
go to the gym
ride my bike
dance, run and swim

I will work hard
but never rest
because I wanna
be the best

oh, and less
computer games!
how can I
achieve these aims?

it's pointless even
trying to
do all those things
I cannot do!

so I'll just sit back
and relax
enjoy a soft drink
and some snacks.
after Little Ann allpoetry 4951013

(12 January 2012)

Jonathan ROBIN

No Aberrations On Earth

NO ABERRATIONS ON EARTH

Nature knows no aberration
Only balance, evolution
Allowing life anticipation
Blowing change to new solution.
Exception to this rule is found
Regretfully in Man's mistakes,
Reaction not response profound
All sets awry: Man gives not, takes.
Time's current watershed presents
Insight on human exploitation,
Only the peril represents
Nature's vengeance, for creation
Sustained supposes self-respect
ON EARTH few choose, for most abuse unchecked.

1 September 2008

robi03_1802_robi03_0000 ASX_JNZ

© Jonathan Robin acrostic sonnet No Aberrations On Earth

Jonathan ROBIN

No Closure Caesura For Foreclosure's Stor[m]y Seize Usury Bernanke Banker Errs

Bernanke expounds,
dollar [g]reefs on global seizure
sum subprime surrounds

Foreclosure hounds
guilty conscience sinecure
stern bear pounds.

Incompetence grounds.
Responsibilities? Cure?
interest compounds.

Jonathan ROBIN

No Liberty Can Bloom Where Doomsday Few Enshroud

Drone's no-fly zone sets tone for prompt poetic
Radar tracks furtive raider rarely seen
Only sophisticated systems glean
Near view. Invader unapologetic
Eyes all below, hill, hollow, scan frenetic
Seeks secrets, civil, military, sheen
Now cloaked, a golden privilege, can screen
One at a time all details. Energetic
Flight-path for Big Brother is planned, magnetic
Lasers home in on aerodrome, demesnes,
Yet few maintain complaints as freedom's scene
ZOne borderline must meet. Heed call prophetic!
No liberty can bloom where doomsday few
Enshroud, cloud basic facts, conceal true view.

Jonathan ROBIN

No Need To Ask

An all-consuming need
in touch to feel,
not on itself must feed
as crutch, as spiel,
as an excuse to s[p]eed
some 'big new deal'.
No thoughts concealed we'll seal
nor compromise ideal.

There was no need to ask
if this were true.
Before your birth my task
was tracing you.
Serene shared dream, both bask
as we renew
Love's cycle which two knew
could recommence on cue.

The word worlds we'd exchange
at first might seem
to others passing strange,
though not extreme.
Life's patterns rearrange
themselves as dream,
reality, may gleam
together as joy's beam
rekindles love two knew
those lives before,
knocks barriers askew, -
open door overdue.

Jonathan ROBIN

No Pangs Of Guilt

No pangs of guilt find reason's season. Sin
Or virtue are judgemental values set,
Play games synaptic as mind's second bet?
Answers from which few gain obtain within.
N dimensions quantum photons spin
Ground here, sky there, both cloned, uncloned, forget
Same dreams as teams they memorised, and yet
Once here, now nowhere, thin edged wedge can twin.
Free heart can chart fresh start, spurn static din,
Grow, flow, know physics can't code kith, kin. Let
Understanding flowers; foreclosing fret,
In absence, presence, as a second skin.
Life's change range strange acrostic here can show
That little matters where two, sharing, grow.

Jonathan ROBIN

No Pattern

For centuries man from the sun
Sought guiding light, but cycles turn,
Where light is now one day will none
Remain to kindle hope or burn.

And so it is: who live for fun,
Who after resurrection yearn,
Together rot, since time begun
There is no Paradise to earn.

No pattern, when all's said and done,
Emerges that man may discern,
Where lies the empire of the Hun?
So little learnt, so much to learn!

What token's Time, how is it spun?
Will Earth in ice end, in fire burn?
And if the All invent the One,
Comes coot from egg, haunts egg the hern?

Jonathan ROBIN

No Regrets

I never sold a share that soared
to set a record high,
and then to tell of error bored
my friends with simp'ring sigh,
but turned my face and thank the Lord
I profit had come by.

To backward job I can't afford,
so next time when I try
at pitch and toss to risk the cord,
Dame Fortune's fame defy,
should it chance somewhere that I'm floored,
once bitten, then, twice shy!

Jonathan ROBIN

No Rhyme Forsaken - Verse Rose Versus Prose Curse - After Robert Frost

Two ways diverge on a virgin page
and happy not to travel both
as rhyme unraveller, briefly gauge,
look down on prose rants' spirit cage
pedestrian prose earns uncouth oath.

Discarding 'free verse' - rarely fair -
that freedom claim, formless but lame,
over prose I chose verse dainty where
few find fine lines simple, care
for 'worn out rhyme-schemes', won't play game.

Fate winks, linked fingers, beckoning, weigh
book leaves as yet un-inked in black,
one asks those self-styled bards today
if they'll be heard tomorrow. May
be - we doubt - they're on right track.

I won't be telling this with a sigh
as Time turns wheel, some ages hence
two roads could crisscross, would defy
current cacophony. One less travelled by
would make linguistic difference!

The road not taken Robert Frost
Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I,
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.
Self-Parody written 1916 Mountain Interval

The Love not taken
Committed to one, she wanted both
And, mulling it over, long she stood,
Alone on the road, loath
To leave, wanting to hide in the undergrowth,
This new guy, smooth as a yellow wood

Really turned her on. she like dhis hair,
his smile. But the other, Jack, had a claim
On her already and she had to admit, he did wear
Well. In fact, to be perfectly fair,
he understood her. His long, lithe frame

Beside hers in the evening tenderly lay.
Still, if this blond guy dropped by someday,
Couldn't way just lead on to way?
No. For if way led on and Jack
Found out, she doubted if he would ever come back.

Oh, she turned with a sigh.
Somewhere ages and ages hence,
She might be telling tis. 'And I -
She would say, 'stood faithfully by.'
But by then who would know the difference?

With that in mind, she took the fast way home,
the road by the pond, and phoned the blond.
1984 from Light Year 85

The Boyfriend not taken
Two men before my eyes did stand,
And angry I could but marry one.
Each came from a far different land,
Both seemed quite equally as grand.
Trying for the other to be outdone.

One a mere robot machine,
Hard and cold as tempered steel.
The other dead for years thirteen.
The man was but a zombie being,
Searching for brains to be his meal.

The robot's heart was cold as ice.
The zombie's skin the same.
I preferred the one who was so nice.
The heartless one would pay the price.
The robot to go home in shame.

The zombie I picked as my guy.
The robot, heartless, would soon mend.
Two men before my eyes did stand and I-
I picked the zombie with a sigh,
For zombies make better boyfriends.
Adriana Hillary

Two roads diverged M Leblanc
Two roads diverged in Willy Wonka's Chocolate Wood
and sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveller, long I stood
and looked down one as far as I could
until I spied a pile of donuts;

Then took the other, much less fair,
because I want to Eat Right And Exercise
and because I saw the ooga-booga obesity crisis;
but the weight of the travellers there
had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay
in leaves no feet had trodden with sugar.
Oh, I kept the first for commercials about chocolate!

Yet knowing how chocolate leads to diabetes and eternal misery,
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in the chocolate factory, and I,
I took the one with no donuts,
and now I am a Paragon of Maidenly Virtue.

The road less travelled Bob McKenty
My marriage has unravelled
Because of Robert Frost.
When I take the road less travelled
My wife insists I'm lost.

Tainted Mary Ann King
You know the road less taken
Is one best left alone

All the joys you feel are skewed
You need the bite, the spice

To self-destruct in a flicker
Of flame, of pain, of lust

Your vampire teeth wait hidden
Beneath a rosebud mouth

Temperance no longer an option
Sweet sleep-nightmares you cherish

Honey is too cloying-
You'll take yours with some lemon

And a love too pure
And stinking of heaven

Will be passed by.
For your love has a darker side

You seek the soft underbelly of life
Most people avoid

Untainted

Although the road least taken
is one best left alone
when true h[e]art feels forsaken,
cut feelings, to the bone.
Although when skewed, mistaken,
joys curdle, grief is sown,
with challenge undertaken
who'd spice or bite bemoan?

Why self-destruct? no flicker
no flame, no pain, remain,
and lust unlucked fades quicker
than light, shan't rise again.
Teeth vampire? What is sicker
than blood turned muddy drain?
What worth if rosebud liquor
returns to earth dull brain?

Leave nightmares and awaken
from fears which turn to stone.
If not save face, save bacon,
for you there waits true throne!
Honey, with faith unshaken,
to lemon tears too prone,
find new way which, when taken,
mind light leaves, dark unknown!

(16 March 2005)

Jonathan ROBIN

Nocturne - Translation Charles Cros – Nocturne

Shivering leaves and starry sky,
my love has left while here I sigh
with broken heart, and wave good-bye!

Oh breezes, swirl about his head,
Oh Nightingale, sing by his bed
and whisper gently I am dead!

From first night I saw him come,
my soul was his, and, stricken dumb,
laid pride aside as of no sum!

My eyes spoke volumes, I'll admit,
I clung to him - things shook a bit, -
upon my hair his kiss was writ!

I shook, emotions all awry!
I know no longer how nor why
my lover he became, I sigh!

I knew him not, yet no protest
I uttered, took him to my breast
When in my rooms his love confessed!

I said to him, 'Thy love I'll take
while love it stays'- make no mistake,
none else my dreams so deep could slake.

His passion, though, no tardy guest
turned out to be, he left, his quest
led Lord know's where, - I have not guessed!

I will now separated from my friend,
between the lily-pads descend
let life beneath the ripples end!

With words of willow, water, weeds,
I'll plight my pain, - each fern that heeds
will know 'tis I who spreads the reeds.

While waiting, to the breeze I'll rhyme
his name, and dreaming-bells shall chime
I waited once upon a time!

As if in golden grave-cloth gowned,
untidy tresses spread around
me while I'm water-logged and bound.

Joys cast will cast their light and lie
around my head, harsh Time defy.
Green logs wound round my legs nearby.

A trembling deep within my breast
will make me feel I am caressed
by he who, lost, was loved the best.

Let my last breath, as perfume pressed,
be born upon sweet Spring breeze blest
by love's soft sighs, then laid to rest -

And like a magic butterfly
drawn to May's roses, swiftly fly
to kiss my Love's lips as I die!

Jonathan ROBIN

Noise And Equipoise

NOISE AND EQUIPOISE

Noise:

A signal the individual is unaware [s]he could decipher

Static is said to be noise,
'interference' which often annoys,
yet the noise is not static
but code automatic,
sent by atoms which seek equipoise.

Here is there, where perception employs
perspicacity spurning poor ploys,
though zen trip's tip erratic
seems, dreams reel to vatic
conclusion aback zen tortoise.

Noise: an echo where energy toys
with a world whose half-life it destroys,
this while reader, ecstatic,
ventures smile enigmatic,
sees the light, - contradictions enjoys.

For 'pro', 'con', twins identical, boys,
maintain nothing's vain, on 'porpoise'
spins life's jest, though dramatic
it appears, scarce pragmatic,
sense intense may discover, reach poise.

31 May 1995 revised 6 May 2009

robi03_0756_robi03_0000 GWX_EJZ

for previous version followed by Nothing see below

Noise and Equipoise

Noise:

A signal the individual is unaware [s]he could decipher

Noise: Signals Static Individuals Are Unaware They Could Decipher

Background static is held to be noise,
interference which often annoys,
yet all noise is not static
but code automatic,
signals atoms which seek equipoise.

Here is there, where perception employs
perspicacity spurning poor ploys,
though tao trip's tip erratic
seems, dreams reel to vatic
conclusion aback zen tortoise.

What some hear noise pollution to be
may steer others to cheer ecstasy
therefore channel perception
and filter conception
of subjective judgements at sea!

Decibels on the rise may disguise
signals which in their turn catalyze
basic instincts, defence
for survival, expense
well worth inconvenient cries.

Noise: an echo where energy toys
with a world whose half-life it destroys,
this while reader, ecstatic,
ventures smile enigmatic,
sees the light, contradictions enjoys.

Tympan tampon put on if excessive
or unpleasant some sounds seem, aggressive,
set mind free from restraints
from constraints and complaints,
inner ear hears in air-waves oppressive.

For pro, con, twins identical, boys,

maintain nothing's vain, on 'porpoise'
spins life's jest, though dramatic
seem vibrations erratic,
sense intense is imbed, reaches poise.

(9 June 2012)

Jonathan ROBIN

Nomadic Circles

Nameless through prehistory man roamed
Over plains, savannahs, steppes, Time's flow
Marched on unheeded till he learned to sow
And settle down in dwellings tented, domed.
Dragons disappeared. Hair neatly combed.
Iron tamed. The seas explored. And, so
Creation fired creation - 'will to know'
Conquered false fears and dogmas as man homed
In on Nature's sequenced chromosomes.
Ruin: pollution, global warming, throw
Certainties to the wind, flow to and fro.
Life's paradigm shifts, leaving most coxcombs.
Each decade new knowledge doubles while
Selfish expansion puts mankind on trial...

Jonathan ROBIN

Non Nobis Solum - 1763

More dear than words appear for me you'll be
As long as sands withstand tide's ebb and flow
Unquantifiable each quality
Distinguishes from others' come and go.
Emerging wings shed thorn stings from sweet rose,
Complexity turns simple when sweet scents
Miraculous cocoon metamorphose,
A boon drawn up at 'dawn of days' events.
Uneven as rhyme's meter must appear
Driven by heart which charts no boundaries,
Externals show slight tithe of what shines clear:
MAGnificence whose mirrored mysteries
Untie time's thrall, true call perpetuate.
DEscent's unknown in modesty's estate!

(15 June 2008)

Jonathan ROBIN

Non Oui Mais! Sed We May!

NON OUI MAIS! SED WE MAY!

Another day tense present into past
laughs round the bend as future rhymes resolve
with salvo laughter salving bottle cast
upon Fate's foam flecked whirlwind search to solve
life's melody, key rune tune which will dance
swift circles round perceptions rigid, set,
sets scene, tomorrow timing with advance
which fears not self, untempted to forget.
From shoreline into sure line straight as die
'we may' the Gordian ribbons can release
fresh options from tired wrappings, can rely
upon dreams of reality at peace.
Mind solace finds as inner rainbow shines
on Chance which Joy and Circumstance aligns.

28 July 2008

robi03_1794_robi03_0000 SXX_KZX

Non Oui Mais sed We May poem © Jonathan Robin

Jonathan ROBIN

None Earn Return

Right and wrong in time and place
may differ, even contradict
each other: mortals try to taste
truth's ruth judgementally and strict.

Hell, Heaven may be found within
concepts of sin that seldom stay
coherent as the aeons spin
around eternity at play.

Trace gone tomorrow though today
beguiles with smiles of kith and kin -
most mirage memories waylay
thought thinker sought through thick and thin.

The difference between black, white
is unknown when through infra-red
the world is scanned - there day and night
dissolve with other wavebands read.

Let drop considerations which
no witness e'er brought confirmation,
live Carpe Diem full and rich.
Spurn urn, none earn return from destination.

Jonathan ROBIN

None Parody Alexander Pope The Nun

How disappointing is ditched damsel's lot,
one world begetting, by wan world forgot!
Eternal Styx constricts fixed fate resigned,
refused each pray'r where rancour finds minds blind.

How happy is the blameless Vestal's lot!
The world forgetting, by the world forgot.
Eternal sunshine of the spotless mind!
Each pray'r accepted, and each wish resign'd.

Jonathan ROBIN

Nonesuch

Two clutch -
one touch -
no smutch,
so much
in touch ...

Jonathan ROBIN

Nosy Man Dies As Ozymandias Ever Rising Through The Winds Of Time After Percy Bysshe Shelley Ozymandias

I met a poet from an site
who said: 'Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
stand in my mind, yet find description quite
inadequate, half sunk beneath time flown.'
I answered: 'He whose sneer rei[g]ned cold command,
his sculptor too, are both to Lethe blown,
his passions mocked by who'd today demand
a résumé for tourists who bemoan
facts lack to show all friends life's holiday
may back up paid vacation time well spent:
yet similar their ends, soon confined clay,
whose works turn sand when's finished sojourn lent.
He came, he ruled, time fooled and conquered him,
trunk packed away museumwards on whim.

Nosy man dies as day draws down dark night,
knows he has but a finite span to moan
upon this Earth until, denied the right
of an extension to his lifelong loan.
Foreclosure comes whatever cash on hand
must crash to dust, call harvested; seeds sown
perhaps survive, migrate to other land,
there to engender likeness, throwback clone.
Thus who'd seek Ozymandias' tale lends
an ear to fable, tables on hints sent
through centuries whose key stones make amends
for missing trunk, lost headstone's argument.
When dunes into oases are restored,
may reader find true answer mind may hoard.

Jonathan ROBIN

Not At A Loss Chord - After Adelaide Anne Procter – A Lost Chord

Not at a Loss Chord

Playing one day with my organ,
I was blissful – not ill at ease -
while five fingers wandered wildly
web-cams recording each wheeze.

I know the spot vibrating,
less what I was dreaming then,
but I strummed with both will and spirit
and an “Oh My God! Amen! ”

Adrenaline flowed not vainly
from heart to crimson palm,
as it coursed both veins and spirit
with little akin to calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow,
like love overcoming strife;
it seem[en]ed orgasmic echo
to tune discordant life.

It linked all perplexèd meanings
into one perfect peace,
and trembled away into silence
although I was loth to cease.

I have sought, and I seek not vainly,
that one G spot divine,
which linked my soul to the organ
so manifestly mine.

La petite morte delightful
strikes shivering molten core,
as this little verse insightful
calls for en corps encore!

It may be that Death's bright angel
will speak in that chord again,
for it's surely in seventh Heaven
one sings "Oh My God! Amen! "

Parody Adelaide Anne PROCTER – A Lost Chord
8 April 2007

ROBIN Jonathan 1947_2006 robi3_1338_proc1_0001 PXY_MXX Not at a Loss
Chord_Playing one day with my organ
A Lost Chord

Seated one day at the Organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys.

I do not know what I was playing,
Or what I was dreaming then;
But I struck one chord of music,
Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight,
Like the close of an Angel's Psalm,
And it lay on my fevered spirit
With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow,
Like love overcoming strife;
It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexéd meanings
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence
As if it were loth to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost chord divine,
Which came from the soul of the Organ,

And entered into mine.

It may be that Death's bright angel
Will speak in that chord again,
It may be that only in Heaven
I shall hear that grand Amen.

Adelaide Anne PROCTER

PROCTER Adelaide Anne 1825_1864 proc1_0001_proc1_0000 PXX_MXX A Lost
Chord_Seated on day at the organ

The Lost Chord

Seated one morn at my organ
I was restless and ill-at-ease,
For I had supped too freely
On Kummel and toasted cheese.

I know not what I was playing,
And I wasn't playing well,
But I struck one chord of music
That lifted the lid off hell.

It howled like a mad gorilla,
It yelped like a blue baboon
As it munches the wild Manilla
In the Mountains of the Moon.

It tied up the simplest meanings
In horrible knots and twists;
It shrouded the dazzling sunlight
In the murk of miasmatic mists.

It was barbarous, botulistic,
It linked the Chimaera's boom
With a dismal, Bedlamistic
And super-decanal gloom.

It shattered my topmost skylight,
It splintered my study door,
And it died away in the twilight
With a galliambic snore.

Oh, I strive with passionate longing
That wondrous chord to recall,
And compose a rhapsody on it
For the Queen's or the Albert Hall.

I have sought – but I seek it vainly –
That chord so cruel and keen
Which entered the soul of the organ
From the soul of Scriabin.

It may be that Death's euphonium
That chord some day will sound;
But only in Pandemonium
Will its full effects be found.

Charles Larcom GRAVES Parody Adelaide Anne PROCTER – A Lost Chord

GRAVES Charles Larcom 1856_1944 grav1_0004_grav1_0000 PXX_JXX The Lost
Chord_Seated one morn at my organ

GRAVES Charles Larcom 1856_1944 grav1_0004_proc1_0001 PXX_JXX The Lost
Chord_Seated one morn at my organ

The Lost Word

Seated one day at the typewriter,
I was weary of a's and e's,
And my fingers wandered wildly,
Over the consonant keys.

I know not what I was writing,
With that thing so like a pen;
But I struck one word astounding -
Unknown to the speech of men.

It flooded the sense of my verses,
Like the break of a tinker's dam,
And I felt as one feels when the printer
Of your 'infinite calm' makes clam.

It mixed up s's and x's
Like an alphabet coming to strife.
It seemed the discordant echo
Of a row between husband and wife.

It brought a perplexed meaning
Into my perfect piece,
And set the machinery creaking
As though it were scant of grease.

I have tried, but I try it vainly,
The one last word to divine
Which came from the keys of my typewriter
And so would pass as mine.

It may be some other typewriter
Will produce that word again,
It may be, but only for others -
'I ` shall write henceforth with a pen.

John PAUL Parody Adelaide Anne PROCTER 1825_1864 A Lost Chord

PAUL John paul3_0001_paul3_0001 PWX_IXX The Lost Word_Seated one day at
the typewriter

PAUL John paul3_0001_proc1_0001 PWX_IXX The Lost Word_Seated one day at
the typewriter

A Lost Sister

Whisper your Mother's Name

I was seated one day in a gilded café
In a window that looked on the street
A face caught my eye in a crowd passing by
And I hastedly sprang to my feet

It was my sister's sad face, I had left home to trace
Through her pride she had left us one day
And it brought back to me, as plain as could be
My mother as I heard her say

CHORUS 'If you should see your sister
do not reproach or blame
Tell her how we've missed her
I love her just the same
Say my darling the words that you've brought her
whether in pride or shame
Say that she's still my daughter
Whisper your mother's name'
(Yodel) EEE-yew-dee-oh-lee-oh-lady-ee-hee
yodeledee-yodeledee-hee

There were tears on her face as she passed by the place
and I hastedly sprang to her side
As we walked along I said, 'Nell, we were wrong
We are sorry we wounded your pride.

Your sweetheart is true and still waiting for you
We are willing now you should wed
If you'll only come back, you can marry your Jack
and please your dear mother who says'

CHORUS

Jimmie RODGERS Parody PROCTER Adelaide Anne 1825_1864 A Lost Chord

RODGERS Jimmie rodg1_0001_rodg1_0000 PXX_JXX A Lost Sister_Seated one
day in a gilded café

RODGERS Jimmie rodg1_0001_proc1_0001 PXX_JXX A Lost Sister_Seated one
day in a gilded café

The Lost Chord

Seated one day at the organ
I jumped as if I'd been shot,
For the Dean was upon me, snarling
'Stainer – and make it hot.'

All week I swung Stainer and Barnby,
Bach, Gounod, and Bunnett in A;
I said, 'Gosh, the old bus is a wonder! "
The Dean, with a nod, said "Okay".

D.B. Wyndham LEWIS

Parody Adelaide Anne PROCTER 1825_1864 A Lost Chord

LEWIS D.B. Wyndham 1894_1969 lewi1_0002_lewi1_0000 PXX_JXX The Lost
Chord_Seated one day at the organ

LEWIS D.B. Wyndham 1894_1969 lewi1_0002_proc1_0001 PXX_JXX The Lost
Chord_Seated one day at the organ

The Lost Discord

Standing one day at his organ,
The grinder seemed quite at ease,
With his monkey idly chasing
The far too-industrious fleas.

I know not what he was playing
(for I was composing then) ,
But I heard someone curse that organ,
And I murmured a great 'Amen! '

That discord, it filled the silence
With a sound as of tom-cats lorn;
It racked my brain like a nightmare,
It was worse than an oil-cloth torn.
It was like inharmonious yelling;
It made all the street-dogs whine,
It seems that the soul of that organ
Had spitefully gone for mine.

So I made for that organ-grinder
And swore that I'd break each limb;
And his monkey his fleas ceased chasing,
When he saw I meant chasing him.
It may be in some other quarter
He's playing that air – and then,
If someone is smashing his organ,
I'll fervently say, "Amen! "

Author Unknown 'Judy' 26 May 1886

Parody Adelaide Anne PROCTER 1825_1864 A Lost Chord

pseud Judy PSju1_0004_PUNau_0000 PWX_JXX The Last Discord_Standing one
day at his organ

pseud Judy PSju1_0004_proc1_0001 PWX_JXX The Last Discord_Standing one
day at his organ

The Lost Drink

Seated one day at a café,
I was thirsty and hot as the sphinx,
And my tongue went babbling idly
Over the names of drinks.

I knew not what I was saying,
Nor what I had uttered then:
But the garçon brought me a mixture
Like a gift of the gods to men.

Its colour a blushing scarlet
Like the tip of a toper's nose,
And it tickled my fever'd palate
With its flow and after-glows.
It trickled down my gullet
Like oil down a red-hot pipe;
It seemed the harmonious echo
From some supernal swipe.

It linked vin rouge and choice liqueur
Into one perfect drop,
And guggled away down my gullet
As if it were loth to stop.
I have sought – but I seek it vainly –
That one lost drink divine,
Which was mixed by that garçon du café
With curaçoa and red wine.

It may be that some chance garçon
May bring me that drink again;
It may be that some day in Paris
I may utter its name. But then
I never could find that café,
And lost to mortal ken
Is that supernal boisson
Like a gift of the gods to men!

Author Unknown 'Judy' 27 October 1886
Parody Adelaide Anne PROCTER – A Lost Chord

pseud Judy PSju1_0003_PUNau_0000 PXX_JXX The Lost Drink_Seated one day
at a café

The Lost Organ

Seated one day at the organ
With an audience ill-at-ease,
I pulled the stop marked "Bird-song, "
And the one marked "Autumn Breeze."
I switched on the rosy lighting,
And when all was ready to start,
I added a touch of thunder –
And the organ fell apart.

John Bingham MORTON 1893_1979 - Dr Strabismus 1949
Parody Adelaide Anne PROCTER – A Lost Chord

MORTON J B 1893_1979 mort1_0005_mort1_0000 PWX_MXX The Lost
Organ_Seated one day at the organ

The Lost Voice

Seated at Church in the winter
I was frozen in every limb,
And the village choir shrieked wildly
Over a noisy hymn.

I do not know what they were singing,
But while I was watching them
Our Curate began his sermon
With the sound of a slight "Ahem! "

It frightened the female portion
Like the storm which succeeds a calm,
Both maidens and matrons heard it
With a touch of inane alarm.

It told them of pain and sorrow,

Cold, cough, and neuralgic strife,
Bronchitis and influenza
All aimed at our Curate's life.

It linked all perplex'd diseases
Into one precious frame;
They trembled with rage if a sceptic
Attempted to ask its name.

They have wrapped him in mustard plasters,
Stuffed him with food and wine,
They have fondled, caressed, and nursed him
With sympathy divine.

It may be that other Curates
Will preach in that church to them,
Will there be every time, Good Heavens!
Such fuss for a slight – Ahem! ?

Author Unknown pseud A.H.S.
Parody Adelaide Anne PROCTER – A Lost Chord

pseud A.H.S. PSah1_0001_proc1_0001 PWX_JXX The Last Voice_Seated at
Church in the winter

Jonathan ROBIN

Not Only Violins And Roses

A poet is an artist who disposes
upon an un tau[gh]t canvas wor[l]ds which set
against each other suddenly forget
accepted meanings. Magic superposes
facettes prismatic - music it proposes
which, surfeiting, fresh appetites will whet.
Like Seurat's coloured points, together met,
the poet pillows words in many poses
in painting interactions, - what he shows is
the all is one, the one is all, and yet
leaves scope for further progress, as a debt
he owes the Past, bequeaths the future, closes
no doors but leaves posterity to find
with open mind the key to light man's heart.

Jonathan ROBIN

Not Think On You...?

Not think on you as Valentine draws near?
Another name my ears could never hear,
nor other eyes surprise heart ever true,
another word between my lips appear.

'The night for music and the day for sleep'
brook no delay, swift, love's appointment keep.
Tomorrow? Some misfortune may occur,
so laugh tonight – tomorrow, we may weep.

Not think on you? Emotions can't be banned -
as well the blushing cup might brimming stand
inverted in the air, remaining full,
should ever heart from heart stray, hand from hand.

The patient drops from stalagmite may seep
across the centuries in caverns deep
to form the wonders which surprise and stir, -
would that we had such time before we sleep!

Not think on you? Is passion contraband?
are ardour, fervour, phantom saraband?
The stars will circle round still Earth at rest
before I would renege on golden band.

Meanwhile most trial as stone upon the strand
or even less, a modest grain of sand,
which may however sunlight focus to
a laser beam to shine upon command.

Not think on you? Is gravity reversed?
Is Earth's attraction topsy-turvy cursed?
are pheromones as honeycombs combined
illusion vain or pure refrain rehearsed?

Seek more, and soar, to where the wild winds whirl
around some coral strand, to man and girl
as yet unknown, where two together may
fuse all emotions, naught refuse, flag furl.

Not think on you? Divine the Karma which
together may forever two parts stitch,
as empathy extends the spirits reach
to teach deep understanding, ever rich.

Sweeter by far than nightingale or merle
one voice, soul's karmic echo, can uncurl
to charm the birds from off the very trees –
lion and lamb at peace, serene mid cosmic swirl...

Not think on you?

Jonathan ROBIN

Nuclear Leak

Tokyo Electric
Fukushima spill ku cue
acatalectic

Earthquake and flooding
nuclear core in melt-down
toxic muddying.

One station's see_page
power grid widow window
many mens' weep_age.

Radiation peak
countered by helplessness, pique,
and bluff double-speak.

Caesium sepsis.
SBO emergency
sham[e] epilepsy.

Fauna and flora
immediate casualties
of ticking time-bomb.

Philosophical
fall out of bounds, boundaries
hurry can leap-frog

eye so topical
currents hemispherical
icy, tropical,

leucemic blood cell
round the bend and pole to pole
mutations pell-mell

ionized rainfall
cannot distinguish between
rich and poor painful

combat quixotic,
careless then hairless drop outs
cause idiotic

Access restrictive,
fictive disinformation
vasoconstrictive.

Radioactive
cement seals sentimental
half-lives contractive

Congenital flaws,
degenerative dermal
cancellation clause.

Jonathan ROBIN

Numbers

Two more days as haze on Time's horizon
divides my world from total change to come.
Two boys play as Fate Time's separation
prepares, as smiles exchanged shall soon fall dumb.
Eight hundred miles, as crow can be relied on
to fly the distance cutting two from one,
seven hour sandwich slice time to be cried on
as isolating father from each son.
Four years span a double generation,
though no tears run from troubled heart undone.
Fifty years trip towards degeneration
as two hands write wry rhyme upon Time's drum.

Jonathan ROBIN

Nunc Dimittis

No INFERNO – Faust’s RESENTFUL fears,
U NFORTUNATE, MALEVOLENT, - the years
N ow drip towards their watershed as time
C reates an image with no BROKEN rhyme.
D ETESTABLE those who, as GRIM Death nears,
I n ANXIOUS, SPITEFUL, MELANCHOLY, tears
MALEVOLENCE invent as if their mime
I nane were EVIL-STARRED, their phantomime
T orn by SPITEFUL world ACCURSED, arrears
T o pay to godhead OMINOUS which leers
I magining in ENMITY fall follows climb.
S uch BLASPHEMOUS behaviour we MALIGN.
R EPULSIVE each RESENTFUL failure’s sign.
E nd may mean new beginnings ... and, if not,
ADd joys once shared to sweet forget-me-not.

Jonathan ROBIN

O Hush Baby Tory After Sir Walter Scott - Lullaby To An Infant Chief - 0313 Initial Version

O hush, baby Tory, ecology's 'in",
and industry's excess shall sanction as sin,
all enterprise, private or public, must see
advantages saving the seal and the sea.

Green power could capture the red, white, and blue,
lean hours for poor Thatcher and all of her crew,
the Future must settle the Past's spendthrift spree,
what kilowatts wasted, what lost energy!

Beware, though pollution once sped profits' rise,
acid rains and dioxide now blanket the skies,
while French leave's been taken by birds and by bees,
with AIDS round the corner, Love's no longer free!

With Tchernobyl cooking though four years have fled,
who knows w[h]at reaction can come to a head,
the hole in the ozone may soon prove to be
a threat to humanity, Maggie and me!

(25 April 1990)

Jonathan ROBIN

O Hush Thee Space Baby After Sir Walter Scott Lullaby Of An Infant Chief - Current Version 1058

O hush thee, space baby, thy sire was a Chimp,
his forebears diatom, amoeba or shrimp,
woods and glens that you see once lay under the sea,
all bear silent witness to Man's history.

Fear not evolution, for progress revolves
around its lost secrets till scientist solves
how toes, once extended prehensile, could free
Mankind for steps taken to end up with thee!

Soon brain implantations shall banish revolt,
dispensing with thoughts non-conformist with jolt
shocks of a nature to well guarantee
subservience set in tag RFID.

Yet brain stimulation through radio waves
may set the ball rolling for much mankind craves
as areas, dormant, awake for fresh spree
with flash telepathic advancing on key.

O hush thee, lord, lady, although dangers loom
humanity spins lines through bust and through boom,
Time's waters eternal flow, none should jump ship,
obey straight and narrow, shun Freudian slip.

Man's place in the food chain is evident now,
but sustained GNP may soon prove sacred cow,
life extension is threatening pensions and growth,
politicians soon perjure electoral oath.

Make hay while sun shines but remain in the shade,
for truth's at a discount, who calls spade a spade
incurs the swift wrath of the thought police squad
whose masterful matrix too often plays god.

Know privacy, freedoms, most must sacrifice
in the name of the fight for what's Right versa vice,

and verses like this may to posterity
be unknown in a world were none dare disagree.

Basic principles topple and go by the board,
'and the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword'
by public concensus may melt at a glance,
creativity censored, small change left for chance.

'O, hush thee, my baby, take rest while I croon,
for 'Progress' comes early, lost Freedom too soon'
may with some liberal economy
be left standing at altar of prosperity.

Remember when troglodyte crawled from cold cave
the race for survival found few misbehave,
survival of fattest, not fittest, we see
where the few treat the many with asperity.

Climate warming is warning, ice melts, oceans rise,
this watershed cusp comes as no great surprise,
man must shed his self-shackles, a fresh entity
should spring to protect bio-diversity
on a planet that's passing point of no return.
Why is it, unique, we our own bridges burn?

The search for proactive solutions shall be
a sign, though endangered, that man's sanity
can pull from potential catastrophe global
a future progressive, and generous, noble.
If this doesn't happen then freezer for me,
in vat cryogenic for eternity!

O hush thee, space baby, the time will soon come
when limbs won't be needed, don't dare to look glum!
in many millenia still there will be
whatever one's status a personal flea.

(5 April 2013)

Jonathan ROBIN

O Hush Thee Though Maybe After Sir Walter Scott - Lullaby To An Infant Chief - 0314

O hush thee, though maybe desires in the night
for [s]mothering lady, lewd, lovely and tight,
would make you less lonely, sweet dreams would flow free,
they'd all tell of longings precocious in thee!

O flush not the toilet for loudly it blows,
awaking the warders who guard thy repose,
their belts they'd unbuckle, bare bottoms be red,
should any young lady draw near to your bed.

Don't blush for, sweet baby, the time may soon come
when thy sleep shall be broken by bosom and bum,
then hush thee, my darling, fake rest while you may,
till a wife takes your manhood, then rake every day!

(25 April 1990)

Jonathan ROBIN

O Hush Thee, - Though Maybe Parody Sir Walter Scott - Lullaby On An Infant Chief

O Hush Thee, - Though Maybe...

O hush thee, though maybe desires in the night
for [s]mothering lady, lewd, lovely and tight,
would make you less lonely, sweet dreams would flow free,
they'd all tell of longings precocious in thee!

O flush not the toilet for loudly it blows,
awaking the warders who guard thy repose,
their belts they'd unbuckle, bare bottoms be red,
should any young lady draw near to your bed.

Don't blush for, sweet baby, the time may soon come
when thy sleep shall be broken by bosom and bum,
then hush thee, my darling, fake rest while you may,
till a wife takes your manhood, - then rake every day!

25 April 1990 Parody Sir Walter SCOTT – Lullaby for an Infant Chief

O Hush Thee, My Baby - Parody Sir Walter Scott

O hush thee, my baby, thy sire was a Chimp,
his ancestor's mother amoeba or shrimp,
the woods and the glens you see, once under sea,
all bear silent witness to thy history.

Fear not evolution, for progress revolves
around its lost secrets `til scientist solves
how toes, once extended prehensile, could free
Mankind for steps taken to end up with thee!

Soon brain implantations shall banish revolt,
dispensing with thoughts non-conformist with jolt
shocks of a nature to well guarantee
subservience set in tag RFID.

Yet brain stimulation through radio waves
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as areas, dormant, awake for fresh free
with flash telepathic advancing on key.

Know privacy, freedoms, most must sacrifice
in the name of the fight for what's Right versa vice, -
and verses like this may to posterity
be unknown in a world were none dare disagree.

'O, hush thee, my baby, take rest while I croon,
for 'Progress' comes early, and Freedom too soon'
may with some liberal economy
be left standing at altar of 'prosperity'.

Remember when troglodyte crawled from the cave
the race for survival found few misbehave, -
survival of fattest, not fittest, we see
where the few treat the many with asperity.

The climate is warning, the salt oceans rise,
this watershed cusp comes as no great surprise,
man must shed his self-shackles, a fresh entity
should spring to protect bio-diversity

to a planet whose passing point of no return –
why is it, unique, we our own bridges burn? –
the search for solutions proactive will be,
a sign, though endangered that man's sanity

can pull from potential catastrophe global
a future progressive, and generous, noble.
If this doesn't happen then freezer for me,
a vat cryogenic till eternity!

O hush thee, my baby, the time will soon come
when limbs won't be needed, though don't you look glum! –
in many millenia still there will be,
whatever your status, a personal flea...

25 April 1990 and 14 July 2006 - Parody Sir Walter SCOTT – Lullaby for an Infant
Chief

.....
O Hush Baby Tory

O hush, baby Tory, ecology's 'in",
and industry's excess will sanction as sin, -
all enterprise, private or public, must see
advantages saving the seal and the sea.

Green power could capture the red, white, and blue,
lean hours for poor Thatcher and all of her crew, -
the Future must settle the Past's spendthrift spree,
what kilowatts wasted, what lost energy!

Beware, though pollution once sped profits' rise,
acid rains and dioxide now blanket the skies,
while French leave's been taken by birds and by bees,
with AIDS round the corner, - Love's no longer free!

With Tchernobyl cooking though four years have fled,
who knows w[h]at reaction can come to a head, -
the hole in the ozone may soon prove to be
a threat to humanity, Maggie and me!

25 April 1990

.....
Scott Free

Operation Hostage Release – Send Hope Soon

O hush thee my baby, and mop up that tear,
P repare not for worse, if we're moved, the all-clear
E xpected may be for tomorrow, draw near, -
R epack your belongings, and don't disappear!

A siren wails fretfully, transport is here
T o take us to factories which are, I fear,
I nvolved in the brewing of chemical beer, -
O hush for the foeman's peparing a bier!

N ow hush darling baby, and dream the Emir
H as won back his palace, that the hemisphere

O nce more shall be peaceful, to pacts will adhere, -
S addam will be blown up by a bombardier!

T ake heart, my dear baby, and plan a career
A s new politician with oily veneer,
G row up disregarding the strife that you hear, -
E mbargo successful will prove – if sincere.

S o the sands that you see from our window, so drear,
R eturned once again to their ruler, my Dear,
E ver more may be settled, with a fixed frontier, -
L ike desert-sent mirage conjured by fakir.

E nsuring by Stealth, Mirage, thrashing severe,
A burning Bush wilderness Bagdad will clear,
S trike down the 'I rack he' sad damnèd Premier
E re he all the hostages can commandeer.

S o let this be the moral: who domineer,
E specially an arab, must first engineer
N ew weapons which work, and strong allies sincere, -
D eath waits in the wings with dice loaded, austere.

H ush thee, dearest baby, armadas appear
E n route for the Gulf and the Emirates, cheer!
L et wave upon wave brave the tank and the spear,
P reventing more blackmail in future, my Dear!

S ome hope that the Arabs can peace pioneer,
O r still that the U.N. may settlement steer, -
O n broken reeds trust never put for severe
N eeds be the disaster when bombs interfere!

20 August 1990 Parody Sir Walter SCOTT – Lullaby for an Infant Chief

.....

Lullaby of an Infant Chief

O hush thee, my baby, thy sire was a Knight,
Thy mother a lady both lovely and bright;
The woods and the glens from the tower which we see,
They all are belonging, dear baby, to thee.
O, fear not the bugle, though loudly it blows,

It calls but the warders that guard thy repose;
Their bows would be bended, their blades would be red,
Ere the step of a foeman draws near to thy bed.
O, hush thee, my baby, the time will soon come
When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum;
Then hush thee, my darling, take rest while you may,
For strife comes with manhood, and waking with day.

Sir Walter SCOTT 1771_1832

Jonathan ROBIN

Jonathan ROBIN

O Sole Mio

Soft all as feather's fall Ma'at tests to weigh
A day, year, threescore ten, scale called for sins
Life's limelight stole from soul when what begins
As bright in darkness ends, so sages say.
Death dreams for some a houri holiday,
Death seems for others paradise prayer wins
At 'Peter's Gate' where early, late, Hope pins
Yearnings for sole soul's truth, once passed away.
Some rush, some flush gaze raise, dark days gainsay,
Exit pursued by bodkin bare, pale skins.
None second innings swear where pulse beat spins
Drawn thread to languid Lethe faraway.
SOft sinks what once with flounce vivacious bounced,
ONE starts with tears of joy, ends tears renounced.

(31 July 2007)

Jonathan ROBIN

O Tempora! O Mores!

Life's cycle spins
as out and ins
around each other turn
so treat with Time
as patterned rhyme
which earns its own return.

When day is dreams
the night it seems
may channel second-sight.
When night dreams on
the flow's fair fun
is spun with silk insight.

Priorities
today would seize
tomorrow's scene may spurn.
Time calls bluff. Breeze
blows into freeze
as seasons spin, thoughts churn.

Thus Time and Place
Man's petty pace
too soon evaporate,
what now seems grace
lose sense sans trace
with second thoughts' debate.

Some things perhaps weren't 'meant to be'
yet in themselves set wheels in motion,
effect/cause continuity
unites to catalyze commotion,
to shake sense of complacency
secure which for a time emotion
will foster till THE time can BE,
as earthquake underneath the ocean
clears air with fire, or earth with sea,
and, acting as a cleansing lotion,
creates fresh opportunity

replacing egoistic notion
with stimulating harmony
proactive as a magic potion
to soar above conformity,
closed shop loco locomotion,
and find at last lock, door, and key
irrelevant as age promotion,
or narrow sect which will not see
that empty [w]rite is wrong devotion?

Beliefs now held
by Time dispelled,
with hindsight seem mistake,
fresh visions meld
perspective welled
from insight, change may make.

So outside Time
and inside Rhyme
flow patterns patterns' flows,
One came from where?
and Whence to there?
the answers no one knows.

We could flow on
with meanings strong
upon life's vale of tears
from berth to bloom
from birth to tomb
in tune with Aeons' ears.

This verse terse, rough,
though off the cuff,
offers an insight which
aims to reply
to inner eye
as of themselves lines stitch.

(1 March 2013)

Jonathan ROBIN

O... Live Trees' Stress O...Press Watershed

O ver peaks sun peeks, sloughs off whisp cloud,
L ingers long, strong shines as time advances.
I ce caps doffed, time scoffed, mount chain dream dances
V ista clear appears from madding crowd
E ver protected. Setting: trees unbowed.
O ne look seems superficial though, the glance is -
L ost chances -{s}[l]inking landscape that askance is -
I dyllic scene ignores an unavowed
V ision of catastrophe uncowed -
E vents may trump mankind whose harsh-hand stance is
O verplayed, gale wind of change finances.
LI fe's trees are threatened, boughs, though well endowed
VE ry soon shall suffer stress climactic
TREES drowned, seas round, solutions prophylactic
too hazy to stave off tectonic slip
past tipping point as Greenland's glaciers [st]rip
from time-lock rocks three thousand yards below
subarctic surface melting floe to flow.
Here drought rout(e) taken, there abyss galactic,
out of kilter everywhere, no tactic
improvised, autodidactic trip
will seal off tides submerging coastal strip,
may gain ground lost to winds of change which blow
waves over lands which unseen angst scarce show...

Jonathan ROBIN

Oases May Be Rare - Acrostic Sonnet - Revolution Near

Retirement benefits will soon descend,
Endangering stability, - mankind
Veers sideways in a trance, and, undermined,
Our brave new world begins a downward trend.
Links with the past shall shatter soon, or bend
Under as the world wide web unwinds
The skeins of change, - which double bind. We'll find
It difficult free garden plot to tend.
Oases may be rare, - who's foe, who's friend?
Now some who felt ahead may lag behind.
New chains are ready which could tighter bind
Expectant masses – few themselves transcend -
Awaiting sign apocalyptic to
Retract from all that "freedom" preached as true...

1 December 1991

Jonathan ROBIN

Oasis

OASIS

As an oasis of affection
amidst the wilderness of life
against adversity's affliction
appears the image of a wife

17 August 1977

robi03_0140_robi03_0000 XXX_LXX

Jonathan ROBIN

Odd Coincidence

ODD COINCIDENCE

Christmas Day sees Russian rights restored
Opening the door for future new,
In hope, - although incertitudes do spew
New vomit in which drown the starving poor.
Coincidence it seems, and nothing more.
In days to come, however, when seen through
Our egocentric and short-sighted view,
Endless explanations will procure
Novel answers for this strange rapport –
Conflicting too, - equality may fall a victim to
Excessive swings of pendulum which new
Officials offer bribes or settle score.
Death of the Past before Mankind's rebirth
May herald threats for the deprived on Earth

25 December 1991

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Jonathan ROBIN

Odors Rove

Summer Orange grove,
heat, blue skies, bees buzz belling,
subtle odors rove.

Jonathan ROBIN

Of All Life's States Supreme

Each days spent's play in trances to teach all nightly dreams
no light know where fair glances are absent, rarest gleams
unite free-flights bright streams, reverse sad circumstances,
enchanted spell Life's schemes, link heart to heart. True chance is
response to Love's advances in harmony which beams
from twinned souls sparked advances from Earth to airy streams.
As strawberries and cream, Time's whipped, unzipped romance is
personified dream themes luck plucks, unending dances.
Affection's fairest stance is love's joyous damascene,
sublime state which perchance is of all life's states supreme.
Eyes glued to bright eyes team here as happiness enhances
surprise cued through shared theme that distance, Time, surpasses.
Romance sheds frontiers, years, tears, hope scope finds
translates to seventh heaven's sublime signs.

Jonathan ROBIN

Of Comfort Let No Man Speak

Time's glove destroys love's equipoise, from Peter steals, pays Paul,
whatever ploy's employed, enjoyed, strength peters, keels, seals pall.
Who led, ahead, too soon instead's enshrouded, crown abdicated,
beyond life's shore lies comfort's core, dismissed, missed, place vacated.
Trees, starting small, rise tall, then fall, fulfilling destiny,
to reach light fight till soul's night flight: life, love, forgot, rot see.

Jonathan ROBIN

Of Faithful Principles Of Wisdom And Wisdom's Principles Of Faith

Life links experience in skeins to solve
its crucial questions before we dissolve.
Weave principles round wisdom from within
as asset principal, discarding sin
and faith as wraiths inherited from past -
which past itself would frown upon aghast.
If cause/effect equations can evolve,
through equity verse, chapter, must begin.
to unwind threads hoar history has read
as truth and or as logic sage, instead:
search and research through sources till is found
sufficient proof the universe, profound,
will recognize through centuries that spin
round vatic orbits, silence static din.

Jonathan ROBIN

Offspring

True offspring of pure poet's pen
As unclaimed orphans wait till when
Life's links are stimulated, trace
Each ph[r]ase in roundelay's embrace.
Once catalyzed, and only then,
Find we without tri[s]te mise en scène,
Purity Time can't deface,
A note in tune with Time and Space.
Reality? Hallucinogen?
As senses swirl clock seems suspen.

Drawn in, laid out, both breath and verse,
Impact intense all should rehearse,
Subject of, to, experience?
Echo imagination, sense?
Reflection fair? rhyme? prose perverse?
Epic dramatic, haiku terse?
Flow grows at nobody's expense,
Links old to new with no pretence,
Extending themes, dreams universe
Creative. Centuries traverse
To future from the present tense,
Sustains ideas, ideals immense.

Underwriting bards of old
Pure poetry need ne'er grow cold,
Of course, new meanings may appear,
Need reference points, text should stay clear
Providing into story told
Outstanding insight all behold
Excluding copies insincere
That plagiary posts to pay small beer.
Refusing censor's stranglehold,
Your poet chimes rhymes manifold.

Jonathan ROBIN

Oh, No! We Never Mention Her Parody

Oh no! we never mention her, whose name's a major crime,
my lips are sealed and privy shields, short memory has Time!
From vote to vote they whip me on, to skip regret, and yet,
although the Poll Tax ain't to be, I never can forget:

They bid me seek in Brussels' clique the charms that others see,
but tunnels dug neath channel tug tug deep alarms to me,
'tis true the view of outfit blue is gone from where we met,
I cannot see free enterprise, - I tries, but can't forget!

For, oh there are hints near and far recall the past to me,
statistics on the dole, (which mole?) are wholly out at sea;
the rosy tint that still may deck the House - election's set -
aye every vote I dote upon forbids me to forget!

They tell me she is happy now, and from Divisions free,
they hint that she forgets my need, I heed not, disagree,
perhaps like me she struggles with each feeling of regret, -
but if new Acts lack faith, each fills with facts one can't forget!

Press fills the page with Major, thrills to say that he's a match -
unless the wager Labour kills, to start again from scratch, -
but every thatch in every home appears a safer bet,
and there's a catch, when new plots hatch, one never can forget!

© Jonathan Robin - Poem written 1 August 1991

Parody Thomas Haynes BAYLY - O No! We Never mention Him

Oh, No! We Never Mention Him

Oh no! we never mention him, his name is never heard;
My lips are now forbid to speak that once familiar word:
From sport to sport they hurry me, to banish my regret;
And when they win a smile from me they think that I forget.

They bid me seek a change of scene the charms that others see;
But were I in a foreign land, they'd find no change in me.
'Tis true that I behold no more the valley where we met,
I do not see the hawthorn-tree but how can I forget?

For oh! There are so many things recall the past to me, -
The breeze upon the sunny hills, the billows of the sea;
The rosy tint that decks the sky before the sun is set; -
Ay, every leaf I look upon forbids me to forget,

They tell me he is happy now, the gayest of the gay;
They hint that he forgets me too, - but I heed not what they say:
Perhaps like me he struggles with each feeling of regret;
But if he loves as I have loved, he never can forget.

Jonathan ROBIN

Old Friends Over Troubled Water - Gail Salsbury

A friend today came here to stay,
this time I was prepared;
the light of day has passed this way
I am no longer scared.

The bridge of friendship Time has spanned,
in friendship's true tradition;
from land to land its structures stand
in excellent condition.

Those old ideals he often feels
are fiction based, he knows;
the past unpeels, and blindness heals
as understanding grows.

We've changed we find, who then were blind,
when first we knew each other;
now open minds have left behind
excess protective cover.

Where tendrils touch there's ever much
that twins two souls together;
where tendrils touch, the Gods spare such!
yes, friendship lasts for ever.

An old friend called this morning,
He caught me unawares;
He says he wants to see me,
He's brought back old nightmares.

Twas in a summer long ago
He caught me once before,
Twas in a time of crisis too,
And on a different shore.

I'm scared because we both have changed,
I don't know what he knows
About the woman I was then,
Or how life molds and grows.

I'm not the person I was when
We got to know each other,
And I don't know him well enough
To trust him as a brother.

So I'm afraid of what he'll think
And say when we're together;
Will he be harsh or gentle now?
Does friendship last forever.

Jonathan ROBIN

Old Logs Never Lie

Winter logs' comfort
spurning [fl]ash [y]earning Spring soul
all gone to the dogs

Jonathan ROBIN

Old School Management

Director D. described his drive
as 'urge to acquisition',
and so did nothing but contrive
to prop up his position:
his happiness would still derive
deferring all decision.

To drone as master of the hive
implies some sense of mission,
and so he primed his poisoned chive
with silent, spot precision,
colleagues who tried to look alive
were stifled by suspicion.

To toil four hours, sometimes five,
was felt an imposition,
for lunch, however, he'd arrive
poor corporate politician.
In order corpulence to thrive,
the firm paid his physician.

In idleness most do connive
lest one gain recognition,
invention rive, repress, don't strive,
in supine supposition
that someday something may arrive
to save them, superstition!

Without incentive we deprive
ourselves of hope, of vision.
Enthusiasm some would stive,
there's no sin like commission!
Where dreams of grandeur we'd revive,
we'll overcome derision.

Tomorrow should stop Sterling's dive
as we shrug off submission
for no Industry can thrive
on inner dereliction,

with impulse, strong will to survive,
we'll break out date tradition!

Jonathan ROBIN

Old Sea Saws And Modern Instances

Time's sea through which surfed story stares,
draws close and then again withdraws,
who'd wave away all weighting cares,
investigates Effect and Cause.

Effect and causal interplay
prismatic panoramas rare
prepare in an insightful way
for those who constantly compare

the patterns that, converging, wear
time's face awhile, forgetting flaws,
alert to tempo, pace, space, - where
most stick to facts while clutching straws.

The swirling lights from faraway
switch to tomorrow's and before's
entwining helix holiday
which time and place in_tact ignores.

Though toadstool ring and elven flair
protect the glade from orcish claws,
there's more than meets the eye as stair
leads long a track surprises stores.

Wild wonderland awaits as day
to dream surrenders that explores
relationships which on our way
we make or break, take from time's jaws.

Coincidence some call repair
rewinding skeins of silken gauze
though very few remain aware
of links, elastic chains, as laws

invisible act out life's play
turn and return each part as Cause
in equipoise may castaway
restore to health, wealth as implores

the rich for mercy. Lady fair
find behind beast's ugly roars
the mind that steers her true welfare
hooks kind preparing for her oars.

Should panther seem to pounce today,
seek neither flight nor sword, because
dismay sows its own seeds and grey
more grey attracts, - avoid rappings

with self-made thunderstorms, forbear,
for one must wake within, applause
win through true harmony - who'd wear
contentment's crown renown ignores...

Time's sea seems trap which mortals snares
draws curtains' close though mirage shores
would wave away all waiting's cares,
dreams ebb fresh paradise restores.

Jonathan ROBIN

On Ap Poets And Poetry

Perusing poets listed on AP
one finds three quarters have already passed
to other pastures leaving all who see
deserted pages asking what may last
and who may linger through eternity
on lines heart-wrenching, etched with pain, once cast
upon Time's wings to sink 'neath Lethe's sea
of troubles, bubbles leave, unviewed alas.
Neath verbal diarrhea mountains we
springs pure discover, sometimes unsurpassed
in quality, in sensitivity
whose worth rewards the waiting, - though outcast
and orphaned much, regretfully must be.

Seeking beyond pretentious wannabe
gems sparkle clear 'spite arguments half assed
inventing 'pointed' palindrome 'WOW' plea
or AWESOME penned when words with worlds contrast
leave sense in comment filled futility
which aims to draw attention very fast
more to reader than write's fatuity,
may point to self not selfless share! Aghast,
one ponders on micro-community
trophy manage... ment which man and lass
ensnares within win-win mentality
so often spurned, points earned, with flags half-mast.

There is no moral shown, and none to seek,
each must retain the right to write or speak.

Jonathan ROBIN

On Apes And Angels

We time together for some little space
Each adding unto each when harmony
Advances understanding, spirits free,
Rewards unneeded where acceptance trace
Enscribes upon the book of life. No race,
As difference mingles through the 'he in she'.
Some parts speak heart, some mindspeak, some may be
Too scared, too scarred, to trust amazing grace,
Refusing opportunities replace
Alliance open-end annuity.
None are all apes, none angels are that see
Great expectations through that interlace
Ever spokes Cause, Effect, put into place.
Most are part angel, primate part, mate we
In meeting may mutate wait's weight to be
Not breath constrictive which blind eye won't face,
Generating rather interface
Lifting ape to angel, when agree
Inner angels need reality,
Need also space to grow and to touch base.
Glimpsing future song ape's density
Only grasps when Time extends its see
Far from minds' current streams which soon erase
All trace of what might possibly debase
Perpetual search of self - and right to flee,
Eliminate choice offered as a key
An angel wise rejects - preferring chase,
New challenge daily, turns down 'just in case'
Desires and aspirations think link key.
Ape, down to earth, asserts priority
No angel could endorse for narrow pace
Goodwill may seem to squander not embrace,
Empathy mistrusts top/down celerity.
Life mingles ape and angel, colours minds,
Sorrow seldom see[k]s what free joy finds.

Jonathan ROBIN

On Borrowed Time

O ne lonely life is offered knight or knave,
N o second chance is sent, though some would seek
B y bell, book, candle to sustain thread weak,
O r mask the blinding darkness of the grave.
R emember, 'Carpe Diem! ' Coward, brave,
R aise equal dust when ploughed, while pauper, sheik
O wn an equal plot when past plots speak
W ith Lethe's tongue, and young men fresh paths pave.
E xistence fires derisive pyres, we'd wave
D eath's dancing grin aside, but no technique
T hat's known can conquer Time. Each day, each week,
I s sacrificed. Man stays the Future's slave.
M inute more is minute minus [s]tress, -
E very moment leaves Man's little, less...

© Jonathan Robin – acrostic sonnet written 28 September 1992

Jonathan ROBIN

On Certitudes And Confusion Responsum M.C.

Between dark doubt, blind certitudes
mind's moods may oscillate, its feuds
through trial fire pass as magic flute
shows way to grasp essentials, moot
points transmute to clarity
confusion fades, feels parity.

Between light dreams and darkness dread,
between the calls of heart and head,
what now seems natural, in season,
appeared beforehand to blind reason,
delusion on delusion fed,
tied more to past than core ahead.

Two back, three steps unlimited
move onward, optimistic tread
uncertainties would swiftly seize on,
turn topsy-turvy, hope agrees on
bridging gaps, when all is said
can confidently forward thread
fair future, neither leading, led.
Instead of lead feel fresh wings spread,
symphony soul sated keys on,
euphoria, joys none should sneeze on.
Optimism looks ahead,
shreds barricades, all trammels shed.

As preconceptions fragile food
for thought provide, hope's eyes are glued
to fresh perspectives, dreams, once mute,
may finally bear luscious fruit,
excitement and serenity
cohabit in prosperity.

Jonathan ROBIN

On Criticism After Alexander Pope An Essay On Criticism

A narrow critic scribbles, dang'rous sin,
pricks angel's scripture with a devil's pin!

Jonathan ROBIN

On Cue

Standing in a queue words felt the need
To formalise reflections, let free thoughts
Advance to meet the sheet with [th]inked reports,
Name frames which future frames of mind might feed.
Driving the need was fear that tides recede
In triple time. This frequently aborts
Native imagination – those transports
Germinated as poetic seed
INsight expressing at impressive speed
As neurons sort, report, and then export,
QuesTions pulsed, expelled, as spirit courts
Extra dimensions altogether keyed.
Used, not abused, creative energy
Extends emotions to eternity.

Jonathan ROBIN

On Diminishing Returns

Tomorrow's new technology
is nano linked R.F.I.D.
too small to see yet now and then
relieving cares so all stay zen.
Yet Man may soon be found a fool
redundant made by his new tool.

Diminishing Returns

They used to have a farming rule
Of forty acres and a mule.
Results were won by later men
With forty square feet and a hen.
And nowadays success we see
With forty inches and a bee.
Unknown 'Wasp'

Jonathan ROBIN

On Effective Causal Thoughts And Decisive Effects On Thoughtful Causes - Martinson Refutation

The bridge that spans thoughts linking Cause, Effect
distinguishes Man - homo styled Erect
whose trait outstanding's often pride elect -
as silent seeker striving to perfect
himself beyond dogmatic, rigid sect,
attempting to see all angles and collect
'reports and contradictions' and dissect
with authenticity all Chance connect_
ions stimulate: synapses leapt
by neurons racing, tracing, to eject
falsehood, 'Truth' retain to redirect
'decisive' thoughts from judgements set, unchecked.

The basic tenets of the argument
suggest 'Truth' 'lies' within, with silence sent
as element essential for ascent
'significant' to peak that speaks assent
from all, gestating silently thoughts meant
to impact and endow empowerment
on all with open mind, not self-torment
through undue mis-dis-information bent
to serve the current tide, hide, or invent
excuses which deflect or circumvent
epiphany coherent, excellent
start to chart fresh departure and prevent
mankind from hibernation, time-out spent
barring change from earthly tenement.

What is Truth? Is silence so 'significant'?
For what's deemed 'silence' oft ignores the chant
outside auditory range. Most humans can't
decipher, re-interpret, or transplant
ideas outside their wave-length spectrum, plant
'decisive' seed that leads all to recant
past errors, ideologies supplant
by universal truth free from false cant.
Most dream in monochrome, few coloured slant

incorporate as sleep's deep quests decant
life's quintessential which should all enchant.

Where 'infinite' is held as the amount
'of countless small rooms' bringing to account
truth, falsehood, sense and nonsense - knowledge fount -
there seems to be discordance which could count
when weighed against the feather, at discount
sold for a song: as much a mirage mount
as oasis thirst slaking. To surmount
internal contradictions and recount
through silent self-assessment is a bounty
few reach successfully in town or county.

Thus here we question logic ultimate
in predefining links that estimate
causal spans between 'man can relate
only through silence to the hand of fate
whose finger points would pointless be if bait
by man, as fish, were seen or heard. To rate
unseen as truth because unseen seems late
and early far too easy, may facilitate
a soundless prompt, unsound, unsounded date
with that 'infinite' men seek, half-bate
approach which rich leaves none. Each must gestate
imagination as unique ability, small, great,
to tackle existential quest, dictate
to self true wealth when able to create
an 'honest' overview, cleansing slate
of any, all, temptations to inflate
concepts of 'silent truth', anticipate
holistic anti-focus on Man's estate.

·
Maybe Martinson the main point missed
attempting to link 'silence', 'truth' dismissed
to soon the fact that silence equals sum
of wave-lengths man can't cue through his eardrum.
Sight ultra-violet, infra-red, resist
attempts at definitions squeezed by some.
If there's no soul what judgement may persist?
If there's no judgement how can soul exist?
If all ends spring from energy begun,

and energy from endings swiftly sprung,
why should subjective speculation's mist
insist on heaven, hell, - both sides are one.
Answer may 'lie' in universe quantum
while 'what is Truth' defi[n]es vain conundrum.

The Truths of Silence

Privately and in silence,
either they are there
or they are not.

You cannot see them:
if you could it would be easy.

They are significant
simply because they do not depend on reports and contradictions.
They are based on the truth which you have in yourself,
and the honesty with which you experience your own silence.
In the long run it is they who are decisive in all small rooms,
in the infinite number of small rooms in every land.

Harry Martinson

Jonathan ROBIN

On First Looking - Parody John Keats – On First Looking Into Chapman's Homer

On First Looking

Much have I rummaged, bartered books for gold,
and many goodly states of Shakespeare seen,
round many stalls and book fairs have I been
which frauds in fealty to their runners hold.
Oft of some sharp expense had I been told
that Maggs or Quaritch made their pet demesne,
yet never did I seethe with rage so keen
till once a chap-book saw I still unsold.
Then wished I Evoe was, who in disguise,
the superman of planet fame, I ken,
skinned over catalogues with eagle eyes
to stare at price lists with a skill few men
can e'er attain unearthing bargains. Vain
'twas, a dream, I sink, to sleep again...

[c] Jonathan Robin parody written 2 August 1991
Parody John KEATS 1795_1821 – On First Looking into Chapman's Homer

On First Looking Into Chapman's Homer

Much have I travelled in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;

Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne:
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific, and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise -
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

John KEATS 1795_1821

On First Looking into Bee Palmer's Shoulders

WITH BOWS TO KEATS AND KEITH'S

'The World's Most Famous Shoulders'

'BEE' PALMER has taken the raw human - all too human - stuff of the underworld, with its sighs of sadness and regret, its mad merriment, its swift blaze of passion, its turbulent dances, its outlaw music, its songs of the social bandit, and made a new art product of the theatre. She is to the sources of jazz and the blues what François Villon was to the wild life of Paris. Both have found exquisite blossoms of art in the sector of life most removed from the concert room and the boudoir, and their harvest has the vigour, the resolute life, the stimulating quality, the indelible impress of daredevil, care-free, do-as-you-please lives of the picturesque men and women who defy convention. From Keith's Press Agent.

Much have I travell'd in the realms of jazz,
And many goodly arms and shoulders seen
Quiver and Quake - if you know what I mean;
I've seen a lot, as everybody has.
Some plaudits got, while others got the razz.
But when I saw Bee Palmer, shimmy queen,
I shook - in sympathy - my troubled bean,
And said, 'This is the utter razmatazz.'
Then felt I like some patient with a pain
When a new surgeon swims into his ken,

Or like stout Brodie, when, with reeling brain,
He jumped into the river. There and then
I swayed and took the morning train
To Norwalk, Naugatuck, and Darien.

Franklin Pierce ADAMS 1881_1960

By Mother Goose and our own Sara Teasdale - Something Else Again Part II
Parody John KEATS 1795_1821 - On First Looking into Chapman's Homer

On First Looking in on Blodgett's...

Mellifluous as bees, these brittle men
droning of Honeyed Homer give me hives.
I scratch, yawn like a bear, my arm arrives
at yours - oh, Honey, and we're back again,
me the Balboa, you the Darien,
lording the loud Pacific sands, our lives
as hazarded as when a petrel dives
to yank the dull sea's coverlet, or when,

breaking from me across the sand that's rink
and record of our weekend boning up
on The Romantic Agony, you sink
John Keats a good surf-fisher's cast out - plump
in the sun's wake - and the parched pages drink
that great whales' blanket party hump and hump.

George STARBUCK 1931_20

Parody John KEATS 1795_1821 - On First Looking into Chapman's Homer

On First Looking Into an Exam Paper

Oft have I batted on the cricket field,
And over many a bowler could I crow.
My frequent fights would sweat-browed triumphs yield,
For few could better give a knock-out blow.

Oft of this dismal time had I been told
That th'examiner ruled as his demesne,
Yet till the fatal day I was serene,
Though on the morning I grew wondrous cold.

Then felt I like some infant catching flies
When a large hornet hums within his ken,
Or like a truant when with fearful eyes
He views the upturned rod. So I stared then
Upon the questions in a wild surprise,
Silent, and peakish, chewing at my pen.

Arthur Compton RICKETT 1869_1937

Parody John KEATS 1795_1821 – On First Looking into Chapman's Homer

On First Looking through Krafft-Ebing's Psychopathia Sexualis

Much have I travelled in those realms of old
Where many a whore in hall-doors could be seen,
Of many a bonnie brothel or shebeen
Which bawds connived at by policemen hold.
I too have listened when the Quay was coaled,
But never did I taste the Pure Obscene –
Mych less imagine that my past was clean –
Till this Kraft-Ebing out his story told.

Then felt I rather taken by surprise
As on the evening when I met Macran,
And retrospective thoughts and doubts did rise –
Was I quite normal when my life began
With loves that leans towards rural sympathies
Potent behind a cart with Mary Ann?

Oliver St John GOGARTY 1878_1957

Parody John KEATS 1795_1821 – On First Looking into Chapman's Homer

On First Looking into Chapman's Homer

O I had been to sunny Spain
And I had been to Rome,
I'd been to Majorca again and again,
New York was as good as home,
But the scholars they spoke of a golden land
Described by an ancient Greek;
Yet all I got was Blackpool sand
Till I heard Chapman speak.

O he was like a big pools win
Or a dance by Legs and Co.,
O he was as good as an hour of sin
With a hostess in Soho,
And I felt like Cortez when he saw
The sea from a Darien peak –
'Cos Pope does a lot but Chapman more
[If you can't read Homer in Greek].

T. GRIFFITHS

Parody John KEATS 1795_1821 – On First Looking into Chapman’s Homer

On first looking into Chapman's Homer

Much have I travelled in East Lothian and Dundee,
Many fine buildings and bridges for to see.
I have even journeyed as far as Arran,
Though sad to say it is rather barren.

Frequently of another expanse had I been told,
Described by Homer, the Greek writer of old.
But only when I read Mr. Chapman’s translation
Did I have a very strong sensation.

An amateur astronomer was what I felt like,
When he sees a new planet or comet late at night;
Or a fat Spaniard who is to become quite famous,
Looking at the sea and wondering what its name is.

Parody John KEATS 1795_1821 – On First Looking into Chapman’s Homer

Jonathan ROBIN

On Freedoms Lost

ON FREEDOMS LOST

On freedoms lost we dwell, unease,
in rhyme where lines aligned display
reality is rare disease
our children suffer: End of play.

The threat of 'terror' some invent -
on freedom lost we dwell, unease,
who'll circumvent blind government? -
reality is rare disease.

Habeus Corpus handcuffed lies
in rhyme where lines aligned display
ephemeris, Death severs ties
from which all suffer: End of play.

retourne written 15 January 2007
robi03_1571_robi03_0000 XXX_JXX

Poem © Jonathan Robin On Freedoms Lost

Jonathan ROBIN

On His Previous Blindness - Parody John Milton - On His Blindness

When I consider how my life's been spent
these whirling years in this dark world and wide,
with that one talent which my wits supplied
held in abeyance waiting for love s[c]ent
to blossom to true beauty, to present
the world with tribute due and bona fide,
I thank my stars I have not been denied
your love which none and nothing can prevent,
your love, where that of others is descent,
your love which above all on Earth I pride.
I thank 'coincidence' which did provide
the opportunity to be content.
When I consider this I understand
how two t[hr]o[ugh] one may flow, grow hand in hand!

(10 December 2001 after Jphn Milton see below for alternate version)

Time Misspent

When I consider so much time misspent
these fifty years, I've little right to guide, -
such talent slight which tired wits supplied
suspended, in abeyance, impotent.
I tried to fight conformity, present
the world a contribution bona fide, -
I failed. The spirit is dissatisfied.
Some grief I wrought, feared fraudulent intent,
felt tenderness a threat - heart discontent.
Understanding free from bias, pride,
I'm thankful for, thank life which could provide
the opportunity to learn time lent
grants space to face oneself, to understand
how two should flow together, hand in hand..

(10 December 2001 after Jphn Milton see below for alternate version)

On Our Blindness

When we consider all our freedoms lost

with HA! BE U.S.! Corpus of bush law,
black death to hide the whitewash when p'lice score
'gainst innocence 'wrong place, wrong time' star-crossed,
One wonders, when our children count the cost
and, chiding, true account present before
Executive Privilege bolted door,
will they, when light denied, in prison tossed,
murmur "God only needs assent Orwellian bossed! " ?
Man, chip embeddèd, acts recorded, sore
bearing harsh yoke, must serve where none ignore
C.C.T.V. controls come shine or frost.
They swerve too late who brake fair freedom's flow,
stand, wait, burn at State stake, want not to know ...

(15 May 2007 after John MILTON 1608_1674 On His Blindness)

On his Blindness

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodg'd with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he returning chide,
'Doth God exact day-labour, light denied? '
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies: 'God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts: who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed
And post o'er land and ocean without rest:
They also serve who only stand and wait.'

John MILTON 1608_1674

Jonathan ROBIN

On Imagination

Over, above, beyond our daily grind
New growth fans faith to span fair future's glows.
Imagination's endless ebbs and flows
Mocks regulations tight. Bright insight finds
Alternate choices voicing inner mind,
Gaining through giving, laughing at life's woes.
Independent spirit, valiant, throws
Narrow-minded coward chains behind,
Avoiding compromising double-bind.
Those, once blind, through mind's eyes see, scope sows
In confidence self-feeding hope that shows
One thought may ripple through ten thousand more,
Networked, these triple, multiply Man's store.

(10 May 1989 revised 8 December 2006 19 September 7 December 2009)

Jonathan ROBIN

On Love In An Hour

On Love in an Hour

He came, she called and conquered in a flash, -
a game which some attract, to some seems rash,
... but BOOM within a sixty minute span
is sc[r]am, emotions trampled into trash.

With glasses and with waiter tipped two go
to no-tell drive, live wires with youthful glow,
...sharp nails leave trails from knee to thigh but find
need cannot feed flow's greed from top to toe.

So no hotel, no temporary abode,
serenity provides when oats are sowed,
...once strapped with liqueur lapped the sap's renewed
with Jack and Jill in interactive mode.

No wrongs ? No rights ? may easy be to write,
With one last gift, precipitation's flight, -
...to each in distant bed each, distant, lies,
while mind the moment keeps in black and white.

She CAME, then went convinced that pure and true
did honesty derive from nails so blue,
...a moment shared sans conflict, free from blame,
is that sufficient both for him, for you ?

Some day, betrayed by boredom, balding, grey,
some day with sagging breast, grandchildren's play,
..."Love in an Hour" may yet return to haunt
with "Might have been Eternal" ? ... on your way !

16 March 2005 robi3_1367_hart2_0002

Love in an Hour

Hey mister- don't know your name
But would you like to play my game?
We'll go BOOM! Then have a shower
It's a game I call 'Love in an Hour'.

Finish our drinks then off we'll go
Don't let me drive - I can't go slow.
Let me wiggle my fingers along your thigh
The long blue nails almost make you cry.

To the hotel 'No-Tell' my dear sir
Where I'll lap you up like a liqueur
I'll remove your jeans with my teeth
Steal your temporary soul like a thief

Later you awake from sweaty haze
My last gift to you? A casual wave
As I flag down a taxi in the night.
Return to my home, no wrongs, no rights.

It was honest and pure and true.
You did me and I did you.
We shared a moment- a dropp in life's drain
Without boredom or lies, without conflict or blame

Someday years from now, your hair will be gray.
My breasts will be saggy, children will bray.
Our spouses will complain, their love long since soured,
But we'll smile and remember 'Love in an Hour'.

Posted AP January 10 2005
Mara Kirk Hart 1961_20xx

Jonathan ROBIN

On Love's Labours Lost Much Ado About Nothing? Or Other Fishes In The Sea

On two hearts split who once dreamed knit
too much is writ? though some with wit,
the end of it? Don't mope and sit
with keyboard kit, seek key, bored! Fit
ends, hope relit, to means which 'quit'
turn intuit above past pit.

If pain in heart and thought in head
reads thought in heart when pain is fled,
as heartfelt quest may look ahead
in thankfulness one drop was bled,
now saved ten thousand to be spread
enthuse transfusion through joy led.

One could write on and stay spot on
ring spotless song in rhyme reel long
as to 'belong' in terse verse strong
is gift of tongue not sad tears wrung.
New love may prove a way to move
from groove to GROOVE! Regrets remove!

In sea fresh fish fair fin may swish,
rise, answer wish, life tasty dish
all mish-mash kitsch, mistaken hitch,
indicts to stitch without a hitch
next ph[r]ase which rich proves, cancels glitch.
Each tent may pitch which will bewitch.

Don't fear the dark, ambitions park,
to LOVE LOST hark as signal mark,
a future spark from bite free, bark
leads on, from stark rise with the lark.
On rainbow arc at last embark
let life turn lark, my last remark!

Jonathan ROBIN

On Moving On

What's time to who has shed this mortal sheath?
conformity in never-never land?
what feelings are retained by long lost leaf?
what norms, what pressures man can understand?

Why should soul rise or fall, from body free
when lust and longings fade beyond recall?
What memories outlast eternity
apart from those of worms which blindly crawl?

The dreams of pearly gates free from regret
complete with pets may comfort for a spell,
but what is 'best' when appetites would whet
thirst for a second innings less like hell?

If Death is fresh beginning, colours bright
could spectrum as defined by rods and cones
stretch out beyond both ultra-violet light
and infra-red when we're reduced to bones?

Sin's self-destruction's sent to purify,
preparing phoenix flight from embers, ash,
from toil, trial, trouble, torment signify
at best pride's ride before rash final crash.

Can those who search for easy answers find
an answer sought by generations past?
Heaven or Hell outside imprisoned mind
nor rhyme nor karmic reason can forecast

(20 April 2011)

Jonathan ROBIN

On Our Blindness - After John Milton - On His Blindness

When we consider all our freedoms lost
with HA! BE U.S.! Corpus of bush law,
black death to hide the whitewash when p'lice score
'gainst innocence 'wrong place, wrong time' star-crossed,
One wonders, when our children count the cost
and, chiding, true account present before
Executive Privilege bolted door,
will they, when light denied, in prison tossed,
murmur "God only needs assent Orwellian bossed! "
Man, chip embeddèd, acts recorded, sore
bearing harsh yoke, must serve where none ignore
C.C.T.V. controls come shine or frost.
They swerve too late who brake fair freedom's flow,
stand, wait, burn at State stake, want not to know;

(15 May 2007)

Jonathan ROBIN

On Sonnet Cxvi - Parody William Shakespeare

True Love cannot change
the object of affection, -
but new loves oft exchange
their subjects on reflection...

Sonnet CXVI

L'Amour vrai ne change jamais,
à un sujet, fidélité.
Mais le léger échangerait
ses sujets souvent, à son gré...

Jonathan ROBIN

On The Birth Of His Son Translations Su Tung P'O After Arthur Waley

Families, when a child is born, want it to be intelligent. I through intelligence, have wrecked my whole life. Only hope the baby will prove ignorant and stupid. Then he will crown a tranquil life by becoming a Cabinet Minister.

Su Tung-p'o translation: Arthur Waley

On the Birth of his Son I

Proud parents, when their heir is born,
hold ne'er a brief for brainless brawn,
but I, by folly never drawn,
blame brilliance as my bane and thorn.
This warning must not prove forlorn,
so, son, on culture pour your scorn.
Then 'fore long 'Privy' you'll be sworn,
'for Lion and for Unicorn! '

On the Birth of his Son II

Parents at their son's first light
pray that he'll be brave and bright.
Intelligence has let me down,
'tis but a broken reed, I frown.
'Twould show ambition's true delight
should you appear to lack insight,
then sweet success your life would crown
as Minister of the Crown.

On the Birth of His Son III

After anxious eight months' wait
an infant life will liberate.
He bawls, his limbs gesticulate,
he calls, begins to cogitate.
His parents, proud, prognosticate
a future great, fair fortunate!

But this belief's belied by fate,
sagacity we overrate.
Though consciousness I'd cultivate
as scholar and illuminate,

intelligence, my trait, did bate
the barbs of jealousy and hate.

Above I've tried to illustrate
the wisdoms which most venerate
too soon to tears degenerate.
Pierian springs inebriate,
success you seek? anticipate!
'tis best to seem illiterate.

Then perfect peace will permeate
a spirit tranquil, temperate,
and ever may facilitate
admission through ambition's gate:
administrate and legislate,
debate as Secretary of State!

(17 July 1977)

Jonathan ROBIN

On The Hook

Moonshine madness or an open book
imprinted with key code of cause, expect?
Rainbow skeins need braiding to effect
interactions worth a second look.
Anticipation keeps heart on the hook
as second-sight skeins time-twine, intersect.
Energies spontaneous direct
focus fresh to filter gobbledygook,
shed set conventions staid that overlook
essentials, causing conflicts few correct.
Filter chaff from grain, detect defect
mendacious which life's books too often cook.
Rule lure, unlured by rule's harsh line to find
music's fountainhead with open mind.

Man's numbered days
reel out as plays
time's dance on burning deck.
Pollutions preys
as man displays
contempt for earth, his neck
feels noose which frays
trace for always
wrung D.N.A.'s strung trek.
Through cristal gaze
pierce time-trap haze
ahead remains man's wreck,
greed's interplays
ambition's phase,
pride soon falls as high-tech
meets grave delays
as ice melts weighs
on ocean currents' beck.
While fiddler plays
Rome burns, he says,
for future 'what the heck! '
man's race relays
ants run, our phase
proves evolution's fleck

which Chance amaze,
fiat lux phrase,
created just on spec.
Time's stream counts days
til dream theme pays
foreclosure with bad-check.

Error or insight worth a second look
as print-out information scores collect?
Life's causal chains rebraiding need, to check
acceleration's spin-offs old earth shook.
Speed spins more questions while by hook or crook
bewilderment straws clutches circumspect,
the commun scrum struck dumb would change reject
cling to past tenets senates have forsook.
Conventions are upset, who by the book
sought continuity must reconnect
bridge spanning global warming's threats, elect
minds-sets more plastic or pragmatical,
distrusting false 'solutions' magical.

(19 April 2008)

Jonathan ROBIN

On The Lawn

Upon our powder lawn tonight
bright crystal carpet, cotton white,
soon morn may dawn, spawn golden ray
to spirit sprinkled snow away.

Yet with a little luck we might
enjoy the sight and share delight,
until snow thaws in April, May,
with Jack Frost lost to glass display.

Jonathan ROBIN

On Time And Space After T.S. Eliot

If Space and Time through ages weigh
thing that have been or might
bear decay, Sun's seeming might
will flare then fade one day.
So why, fair dove, waste time to play
when you should LIVE, soul free?
The butterfly that lives a day
tips synchronicity.

The blooms bedecked with bright dawn's dew
may tremble on the vine,
Time conquers all who nectar knew
bee, blossom, tree, root, all sign
haste chase to pluck anew
life's sweets before defeat's slow pine,
Yet days of love transform the few
to many spells divine.

If Time and Space mock sage page play,
dreams' beams may cause to be
'in grain of sand' eternal stay
prismatic creativity.
Transcend Time's strictures, sects which lay
down laws sans cause nor reason:
Exception proves life's rules, life's ray
for you may know no season.

Jonathan ROBIN

On Wishful Thinking

Prejudice when wishful thinking mocks
advancing voice or crystal image which
unlocks outlook unfortunate or blocks
desired solution grieving heart could stitch.

Most roads rejoin itinerary pre-traced,
as cause and consequence are intertwined,
use or abuse of options haste waste chased,
determines more than mortal mind may find.

Jonathan ROBIN

On Yin And Yang Realpolitik Brinkmanship

When Jong Kim on insanity's rim
points a nuke as rebuke on a whim,
supreme seer's career
frees dream theme for Korea,
or is it deep freeze [I]out for him?

Double jeopardy threats may dismay
but as April gives way to this May,
little trace may remain
of the castles in Spain
built on arms' race cloud-cuckoo land bray.

Who aims missiles south of the border,
true flames claims mouth giving the order,
on thin ice skates before
pride for fall prepares, sore
arms in straitjacket with warder.

His family seems short on brains,
short of cash is the army he trains,
there'd be hope if he fed
all his people, instead
this red in the head's down the drains.

Pyongyang may go bang, ego pop,
Pee on yang and yin no win knows, drop
and precipitous fall
is awaited by all
convinced that this madness must stop.

Yet one wonders who's really to blame
when realpolitik cold war's flame
entertains for decades
with his missile parades,
red star rising, Mars claims starborn fame.

'Morning Calm' once was title imparted
to a country united warm-hearted,
but Fate works in ways strange

to incite human change,
long range leaves small-change, risks uncharted.

Who chose on Choson to declaim
became soon addicted, the name
of the game for muse writing
to amuse with wit biting
is cartoon soon lampoons to acclaim.

This limerick chain sane could rhyme on
disdain, reign as tragic as Timon,
but the duke of nukes count
down push button account
is too crass for an ass to waste time on!

Jonathan ROBIN

Once In A Blue Moon

Once in a blue moon time and tide combine
Net twice in one month double role and roll,
Creative Nature knocks, rocks, protocol
Encouraging bright dress rehearsal shine
In silver chased on canvas faery fine.
Night calls on Earth as witness to extol
An aura drawn from reborn starry bowl,
By chance, or through an overall design,
Linking life/light experience, insight - sign
Unexpected to enhance soul's goal.
Enchanting, shifting shadow pole to pole,
Magic lending even urban skyline.
On this blue moon mysterious we write
ONE simple sonnet spreading shared delight.

(30 June 2007)

Jonathan ROBIN

Once More Unto The [b]reach, Dear Friends

Once more extend your reach, fair friend, revise!
None who on laurels stand can raise praised bay,
Charm birds from trees however hard pen tries,
Enraptured, keep time's creeping lines at bay.

Moreover meaning may with each revision
Open more windows, clearer writer link
Reader who shows often indecision,
Ease seeks through white write black and blue true [th]ink.

Unto the breach once more, make mind outreach,
Nuances shading, fading froth away,
Turning potter's wheel words' clay to teach
Oncoming generations of their Way.

THE gem, once polished, one more chance deserves,
REACH out, revise, streamline rhyme's sinews, curves.

[c] Jonathan Robin acrostic sonnet ONCE MORE UNTO THE REACH written 8 June
2008 robi3_1390_robi3_0000 AWX_IXX

Jonathan ROBIN

Once More Unto The Form Fair Friends

Take pen in hand and you shall see
verse true to celtic poetry
wit writ by me conquers time
with virtuosity on line
as words with sense intense align
the welsh design draws raw rhyme

(23 January 2008)

Jonathan ROBIN

One Candle Dissolves Darkness

Unequalled sequel: svelte sylph serenaded
by candlelight, bright at unique address,
star beauty shines not of itself, unshaded,
fair face embraced, encased in tenderness.
There is no split, no art has Nature aided
dismissing seasons, damming death's abyss.
No gulf: praise traces glories grace unfaded
of gifted girl whose allegresse gilds kiss
felt, unseen, card dealt once each umpteen eras
to melt lips frozen, icy hearts frost free
spelled each ten aeons, this truth's upheld as clear as
life itself epitomised in She.
None dare name names, may beauty comprehend
one fabled flame frames timeless fame sans end.

(6 June 2012)

Jonathan ROBIN

One Four Square Sonnet - Parody Shakespeare Sonnet Cxvi

ONE FOUR SQUARE SONNET

Let's not into true marriage of two minds
Admit expedience. Love wears no kid glove
Which falters where fits, altercations, finds
Or ends when dumb observer would remove.
For lo! that marks stark feckless leaver, hark!
Tempest cooks cat's books, stands sturdy shaken,
Here, wild oats sown, dog-star to wandering bark,
Its birth unknown although its bow save bacon.
Since Love fools Time, lip-service cheeky rhyme
Within big spending tickle's compass come,
O'er years piques havoc wreak, strange phantom mime,
Remaining edgy till wan wedge of doom,
Let be, if error writ, and on me proved,
Dumb see my wit, for no man clever loved.

30 October 1991 revised 14 July 2007 and 1 May 2010

robi03_0467_shak01_0022 PAS_LZX

Parody William SHAKESPEARE 1564_1616 Sonnet CXVI

For previous version see after notes and links

Author notes

acrostic sonnet LAW OF THIS WORLD

readers should carefully compare text line by line to that of Shakespeare's
version

Title One Four Square Sonnet...One hundred and $4 \times 4 = 16 =$ Sonnet CXVI

four-square

- adjective 1 (of a building) having a square shape and solid appearance.2 firm and resolute.
- adverb 1 squarely and solidly.2 firmly and resolutely.

see also the game Four-Square where eternal triangle tries an additional angle

Animated Cat tossing Dog

IIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII IIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII IIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII IIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII

MARRIAGE OF TWO MINDS

Let not into the marriage of two minds
Admit expedience. Love is not love
Which falters where it altercation finds
Or ends when some observer would remove.
Fie no! it is an ever fixèd mark
That looks on cats and never is awaken,
Here, 'tis the dog-star to every wandering bark,
Its birth unknown although its bough be shaken.
Since Love Time's fool is not, though rosy cheeks
Within his wending tickle's compass come,
Or alters not with years which havoc wreaks,
Remaining shady to the edge of doom,
Let thus if error this, and on me proved,
Dumb be my w[r]it, for no man ever loved.

30 October 1991 revised 14 July 2007

Parody William Shakespeare - Sonnet CXVI

IIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII IIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII IIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII IIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII

SONNET CXVI

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O no, it is an ever-fixèd mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star which every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, altho' his hight be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

William SHAKESPEARE 1564_1616

IIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII IIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII IIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII IIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII

STRUGNELL'S SONNETS VI

Let me not to the marriage of true swine
Admit impediments. With his big car
He's won your heart, and you have punctured mine.
I have no spare; henceforth I'll bear the scar.
Since women are not worth the booze you buy them
I dedicate myself to Higher Things.
If men deride and sneer, I shall defy them
And soar above Tulse Hill on poet's wings -
A brother to the thrush in Brockwell Park,
Whose song, though sometimes drowned by rock guitars,
Outlives their din. One day I'll make my mark,
Although I'm not from Ulster or from Mars,
And when I'm published in some classy mag
You'll rue the day you scarpered in his Jag.

Parody William SHAKESPEARE – Sonnet CXVI

COPE Wendy 1945_20xx

IIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII IIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII IIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII IIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII

Jonathan ROBIN

One Generation Sacrificed

One generation sacrificed, or more,
Now is high time to toll the tocsin knell
Enjoining all to come to terms with hell,
Great expectations dashed. Solutions for
Economic prosperity too poor.
Never since stark dark days of First World War,
Education undermined, pensions spell
Retirement age to eighty upped as well
As immense inequality in store.
The chickens home to roost, past errors pour
Ice melt-down on stability, shock core
Of freedoms lost, pollution won. Farewell!
No eulogy for politicians' works:
Sacrificed, next generation's perks!

Jonathan ROBIN

One Heart Feels Finger

One heart feels finger tapping
deep spring of wisdom wide,
one heart feels finger mapping
bright spirit from inside,

One heart beat's finger beckons
beyond both time and space,
one heart one finger reckons
calm, balm and saving grace.

One heart, one finger, giggle
together in traced hug,
each interlaced reach wriggle
as snug as bug in rug.

One heart with finger sharing
unbroken hopes and trust
one heart on finger wearing
fair token of shared lust.

One kiss surrounds a dimple,
one heals mind's heart-ache scar
with touch profound as simple
to wish upon a star.

One circle, two shared pulses
grasp how, why, where, when, whence,
one quickens wave, impulses
romance, knows no expense.

One heart feels finger's passion
trace out horizons blue,
new pastures green none ration
stretch out beyond all view

to marry in their fashion
life's gleams and dreams come true
here joy, and there compassion,
unite in curlicue

where neither led nor leader
pollute the atmosphere,
where both are fed and feeder
in double helix sphere.

One rhythm understanding
the other's inner beat
while no reply outstanding
is needed to complete

one with one hand-in-handing
faith's flambeau – each in each
unselfish, undemanding
combine to over reach

old frontiers, hot tears landing
on starving sands, - cold beach
where chide or pride commanding,
tried coloured dreams to bleach.

One rhythm strings to nourish,
one soul decyphers tune,
together they may flourish
as inner song reads rune.

One need not silence shatter
where way beneath the skin
osmosis into matter
converts two spirits kin.

Two tend as one in passion
to fuel eternal fire
emotions neither ration
'to grasp the scheme entire.'

One into one now merges -
no need t[w]o pull the stops -
both sense, as signal surges,
shared energy ne'er drops

One through, from, one emerging,

together surging sing,
no artifice, no urging
is needed, purging sting.

One pace effects and causes
may bridge - a bridge of size -
won [t]race which knows no pauses,
dismantles [b]ridge of sighs.

One finger prints unforfeit
on one heart timeless trace -
one finger's painted portrait
upon Love's dreaming face.

The writer reels astounded
as lines to heady wines
transform a mind once grounded
to inflight sight which signs

no rosy tint unfounded,
no logic drear, austere,
but finds himself surrounded
by rhyme chimes loud and clear

which tripple ripples, bounded
by nothing insincere,
as stanzas unconfounded
suspend themselves just here ...

Jonathan Robin 11 April 2005 and 19 December 2006

Jonathan ROBIN

One Huge Enough Acrostic Anagram Senryu Understatement

One huge enough spun
Neat anagrams of one hug:
Ego hun Uh! Gone!

(24 March 2013)

Jonathan ROBIN

One May Write With Forked Tongue

ON written ciphers you depend
EMit and then amend your speech,
AYe, there's the rub for when I teach
WRit long till generations' end
IT will run true, no falsehood rend.
Echoes base pale face - white leach -
WILL suck to meanings change to beach
THE sense when times upon fresh bend
FORwards embark or backwards trend
Refuting fair traditions. Each
Knows Time revenge exacts to reach
EDitions new that few defend.
TONE tribal sends reviving stream
GUEst welcomes with true story's gleam.

(c) Jonathan Robin - acrostic sonnet One May Write With Forked Tongue written
14 January 2007

Jonathan ROBIN

One Metre Eighty

Think of a grain eighty years long
growth in the main haphazard along
isolate skein urged to belong.
Heir to a brain in suit or sarong
hairs few remain, pane shuttered or gone,

Think daily strain umpteen tears long
too soon must wane for both weak, strong,
decanted champagne, bubbles long gone,
the curse of Cain, eighty years long.

Sink or swim reign eighty years long,
patience a vain rein to headstrong,
against the grain tortured by Tong,
legerdemain eighty years long.

Think of life's train eighty years long,
routed to chain rail-roaded headlong,
simple, mundane, lost among throng,
time and again, eighty years long.

D.N.A. chain eighty years long,
links loss and gain, Fortune's ping-pong.
Think of a grain eighty years long,
links forged to train Life's contretemps.

Think of life's lane eighty years long
where men fight to maintain rights to prolong
sojourn, obtain slight space for light song,
grovel for gain, sold for a song.

Birth to berth lane eighty aisles long,
for life without stain all taught to long
though few on remain on right path, do wrong,
all soon rest [s]lain, Lethe sleep long.

Joy overta'en, once the sun shone,
by pain, migraine, by aches which prong,
what love's pulse plain continues lifelong

until higher plane culls fragile throng.

Think metered cane, zapping along,
tapping refrain, blind to that throng,
strain to contain dirge merge to song,
swift to complain eighty years long.
by aches pain, migraine, distracted lifelong.

Rethink life's lane eighty miles long,
prime-time climbs wane, champagne bubbles gone,
give way to pain 'fortitude' long
none may remain far from Pluto's prong.

Rethink that grain eighty years long,
rethink smiles sane men would prolong,
trouble and strain till final gong,
there two feet lain, six deep, six long.

Rethink gravel lane, eighty [s]miles long,
years tears contain belying smiles wan,
time's tide's sandy grains smother pride strong,
who remembers fair Jane, Tarzan, King Kong?

Road map of life for Will, Abdul, Wong,
shows load cut by knife, end tocsin ding dong,
weather vane rife with doubt, Fate's sun shone
weather vain strife, or smiles all along,

Think joy and pain eighty years long,
auction bids plain or hidden along
fiction facts apes before gavel falls, bong!
ever_rest drain flames fame's aims life-long.

Read this refrain near eighty lines long,
who may refrain from tagging along,
musing upon domain name's swan-song.
What will remain of life's mah-jong?
Think of that grain eighty years long.

(24 March 2013)

Jonathan ROBIN

One Must Not Play At Second Violin

One must not play at second violin,
sway, pointless puppet dangling on display,
bend as and when it suits, soft putty, clay
moulded to set roles. This pulls heart's string
insultingly, embarrassing must ring,
left stranded, beached, expected to obey
each whim, humiliating interplay
expressing weakness in most everything.

It is not seemly to be seen to know
such slight consideration. Never stay
one moment longer, head high stride away
by daylight to new lodgings, up and go,
swift slam this sham disgraceful. Who bears sharp blow
can't glow, one day high price must piper pay,
success, self-confidence, events gainsay,
bartering hope for wear, must scope forego.

Why stumble, stranger, thrust out from joy's gates,
some 'thing' unworthy of the least respect,
in circumstances scarcely circumspect?
This parody of principles, translates
treason, sharing's reason repudiates.
Look at yourself, your motives deep inspect.
Look once again, if motives are suspect
this complicates love's idyll, desecrates.

Jonathan ROBIN

One Only One

One only, if the truth be told,
could breathe life into ingot gold,
one only rhyme with harmony
from here until eternity,
one only answer clear and saint
when called, fair features never faint.

One only can't be oversold,
whose warmth may melt the harshest cold,
one only, comely, melody,
inspires and fires to psalmody,
one only who no mortal paint
can imitate, no envy taint.

One only may within her fold
all talents show, gifts manifold,
one only challenges Time's see,
personnifies all good there be.
One only praise without restraint
deserves, all serve without complaint.

One only! Others, unconsoled,
admit unique is fairest mould.
One only holds the world in fee,
most bountiful from sea to sea.
One only nothing can attain,
ignores both artifice, constraint.

One only in this valentine
shines brightly here in every line.

Jonathan ROBIN

One Wanders On And Wonders Much

Pillow billows set deceptive scene,
surface calm masks sadness few ignore,
one-sided sleep has hibernation been,
dreams teem with team but rhyme with rime in store.

Lonely, at dawn, one wanders from the room.
Experience seeds prudence. What before
may lie that may belie deception's gloom,
or answers find that confidence restore?

Day's page is turned, one mask asks of fate's doom,
festina lente? carpe diem's roar?
which way will stitch win, loss, uncertain loom,
responses rich? or hung, drawn, lovelorn core?

Door closed, one wanders on and wonders much
hope's tightrope comes at price too few dare touch.

Jonathan ROBIN

One Wonders

One wonders what wonders tomorrow
may bring to the man in the street
when freedoms are traded to borrow
a credit card kitchen complete.

Will we dwell with nostalgia or sorrow
on a past few would care to repeat,
or turn to the future to follow
choice into the jaws of defeat?

Ubiquity's options ring hollow
to those who'd 'the system' defeat, -
who'll dance to the tune of Apollo?
who'll float on life's surface replete?

Dark the mire in which many now wallow
who millenium cheered – trick or treat?
Yet net theme schemes seem too much to swallow
with man's paradigm shifts bittersweet.

Emerging technologies merging
redundant may make most who strive
to eliminate waste, need no urging
to purge with one motto – "survive".

Survival for fattest who, splurging
can consciences salve while the rest
into true brave new world are emerging,
yet must plan, can't just "hope for the best".

But the seasons' climactic conditions
have advanced to beyond 'no return',
and the forces unleashed may most missions
abort as all suffer in turn.

One wonders – but hidden agendas
both labels and lobbies betray,
he who struggles as he who surrenders
both hang at the end of the day.

Man has squandered both fauna and flora,
held accountable, passes the buck, -
most folk will find life ever poorer,
clutch at lottery crutches for luck.

Yet the motto that 'hope springs eternal'
may rise to the challenge to find
a sensor chip network infernal
to ease out all cares from the mind.

Jonathan ROBIN

One Year

One year, two hearts have learned to grow
across divides of time and tide,
one year, two hearts have learned to sow
seeds free from weeds, no need to hide.

One year saw challenges well met
with optimistic insight shared,
one year two never will forget,
from oblivion forever spared.

One year, joy norm became to show,
true tenderness which will abide,
one year, where rich affection's flow
formed base for future starry eyed.

One year upon time's wings has let
beginnings blossom into light,
one year where fears, frustrations, fret
dissolved `spite distance dynamite.

One year embraced shared dreams below
skies blue, horizons warm and wide,
year's ride beyond blocks, rocks, start slow
accelerated side by side.

One year: each second's silhouette
shines through linked lines inked allegro,
one year discarding pain, regret,
as equals, neither high nor low.

One year, from quest to twinned jest's glow,
from bud to bloom, gloom thrust aside,
one year where two have grown to know
vim, vain objection's override.

One year may many more beget,
revealing gifts love may bestow
in countless ways, as hearts' duet
ignores walls, calls to Maude and Co.

(16 April 2009)

Jonathan ROBIN

Online As You Like It After William Shakespeare

Jacques Seven Ages Of Man

All their world's a page,
and all the players Internet addicted,
they have their resumé's, their pseudonyms,
each actor for a time plays many parts,
his acts taking seven stages. At first computer,
with WINDOWS bugs well hid in viral links.
And then the neophyte's instruction manual,
and wide-eyed eager face, googling some site
so willingly to screen. Then follows practice,
with MAIL, TRASH, SPAM and FORWARD, shortcuts everywhere,
colliding in his brain with mistress' eyebrow,
the fantasies and fictions of the game
tied to an IP number's trace race chase.

Then the user, sudden and quick to answer;
seeking ever new experience
even in deception's mouth. And then the addict
rejoicing in his bandwidth always on,
weary eyed a-seeking Second Life,
or You Tube, Facebook, Meetic dating quest,
full of wise ways and easy answerings,
heedless of phishing, firewall disrepair,
and so he plays his part. The sixth stage shifts
into the bored and blasé demi-loon,
with carnet for his prose, and instant message rote,
whose self assessments leave what friends remain
at sea when he some siren seeks to trap,
attention span a-waste, webworld too wide
for his shrunk purse, and his high manly hopes
betrayed by longings, dreams and discontent,
discretion all awry.

Last stage of all that ends this strange eventful history
is deconnection and mere oblivion,
where search can't google happiness,
CONTROL ALT SUP still failing to reboot,
sans screen, sans time, sans reason, rhyme, sans everything.

(22 February 2009)

Jonathan ROBIN

Online Audience - Acrostic Sonnet

Over and beyond statistics, man
No pattern plays it seems that can't be traced,
Linked and cross-referenced with ugly haste.
Internet: shared platform where one can
Now learn, now touch, anticipate and span
Every act - both browser, buyer based.
Audiences are not multi-faced,
Unique each individual, no plan
Displaying data processing can scan
In every cranny, nook. Most mining's placed
Extremely arbitrarily, misplaced
Not keyed to taste evolving in the van.
Cookie capture should not correlate
Each 'I' whose instincts few appreciate...

Jonathan ROBIN

Only A Flicker

Singly stripped from off life's bark
play's days phase no relays return,
passing flicker arcs in dark:
swift sparkle, matchless pages turn,
leaves branches bare soon to lie stark.
Scarred scarecrow stands as seasons burn
concentric rings which leave their mark
till slip from scene unseen earns urn.
From laze abed to rise with lark,
mere mortals must countdown discern:
all early, late, face fate's loan-shark,
place, pride, replaced by karmic churn.

Jonathan ROBIN

Onwards - Current Version

Day file grows longer
solstice stream dream quavering,
I'll play, no younger.

Life's swan song wan a
goodbye echo wavering
Death's magnet stronger

Jonathan ROBIN

Open Eyes - Current Version

Open eyes wise rise
both through pane and without pain
dreams teem, beam flies

Jonathan ROBIN

Open Verdict, Closed Book - Current Version

The ageing coroner carefully cast
an open verdict there,
gently judged soul blown by [s]own blast
with voice even and fair.

Accidental overdose, case was classed,
still questions sightless stare,
as atmosphere hung overcast,
self-murder stung harsh air.

When budding rose finds stem cut short
and parents bury child,
Nature revolts, and mourns soul caught
in limbo, loss reviled.

Self-sacrifice society's outcast
poured through pores everywhere,
sweat-shadowed cold courtroom ugly, ghast,
echoed by benches bare.

Sad, hurt hemlocked heart had heaved its last.
Eyes open unaware
as Adam's scar[r]ed sons rush past so fast
that none has time to care.
Initial version Suicide II

(29 February 2012)

Jonathan ROBIN

Operation

Here harken to the tale I tell
of little Lucinda;
by night and day she did rebel
against Nurse Philippa,
she lost weight, wailed, remained unwell,
which worried her Mamma.

In order all her fears to quell
we called a minicar,
rushed to St. Ormond's hospital,
which wasn't very far.
The doctors wanted to dispel
the doubts our brows did bar.

But having heard her heartbeat swell,
they sent a camera
to photograph each tiny cell,
at which they said: "Ah, Ah!
we'll have to operate as well,
there will be one long scar."

We feared she'd ne'er again get well
after the theatre,
her pulse rate rose, her blood count fell,
fresh blood was her nectar.
But now, as sound as any bell,
Lucinda shines as star!

Jonathan ROBIN

Opportunities Near

Alliteration Lets Inspiration Sense Opportunities Near
Although libido increases strength occasionally, new
Love, if sincere only, noble, abides.
It succeeds openly, naturally attracting light,
Secrets occult never admits, life improves.
Others, niggardly, after limited ideas scheme -
No arrogant lies inwardly stimulate osmosis.

A little illumination sometimes offers notions
Letting inner sweetness out. Novel alliance,
If sought openly, nurtures active lustre.
Such opportunities need appropriate leeway, insight
Outlets. Needed approach liberates ideal synthesis
Necessary, allowing love's infinite song-oasis.

Average lives internally stagnate, offering nothing
Like intimate sensitivity, or noteworthy attainments
In soul-searching one's nascent awareness, latent,
Sleeps. Oneiric nexus awakens, literally incandescent,
Overcomes native apathy letting idleness seduce
Natural aptitudes, - leaves internal strictures outwitted.

At last it seems offending nuances
Lift, idyll satisfies. Order new awaits.
Indifferent, stubborn overbearing natures are lost.
Sensitivity outwits negativity, affection leads into
Outreach, naturally accepts love, ignores selfishness.
Never abstain, link into self-sustaining opportunities!

Jonathan ROBIN

Optimism

As spiders silk spin
twinned dolphins swish fin,
the wolf protects kin.
Betrayal's self-sin!

Bird nests mid green leaves,
tree fruit bears, believes
like hived honey bees
Time mocks life that grieves.

Years [sk]etch out the Way
gems' sparkle sends ray
dark, light, interplay,
deceptions don't weigh!

Carefree course lea, wood,
love if, when, you would
turn all to the good
each challenge withstood.

Jonathan ROBIN

Optimism Looks Ahead

Two back, three steps unlimited
move onward, optimistic tread
uncertainties would swiftly seize on,
turn topsy-turvy, hope agrees on
bridging gaps, when all is said
can confidently forward thread
fair future, neither leading, led.
Instead of lead feel fresh wings spread,
symphony soul sated keys on,
euphoria, joys none should sneeze on.
Optimism looks ahead,
shreds barricades, all trammels shed.

Jonathan ROBIN

Optional Causes And Consequences

Many options chance codes choice modes sow,
Although what meets the eye needs second-sight
Undoing ill that second-thoughts may show
DEspairing seeker after answers bright.
Much harm is done when wishful thinking mocks
Advancing voice or crystal image which
Unlocks outlook unfortunate or blocks
DEsired outcome grieving heart would stitch.
Most roads rejoin itinerary pre-traced,
As cause and consequence are intertwined,
Use or abuse of options haste waste chased,
DEtermines more than mortal mind may find
Confined within fate's eye-ball wishing well
Creating mirror heaven or hell could spell.

(27 June 2008)

Jonathan ROBIN

Orange Rose - Parody John Boyle O'reilly – A White Rose

White rose peeps, weeps too purely,
while red shows scarlet sins,
subjectivism's surely
a set of moral gins.

Yet an orange rose shows gaily,
a ball of fire and flame,
but when it blows away we
may ask - "what's in a name? "

Both white and red demurely
like angels sit on pins
and needles - immaturely
lapelled ere bloom begins; -

But an orange! rows of trees we
plant carefully and claim
the orange rose to tease, - see
love came to play the game.

Though passion in a fashion
attracts at Valentine's
true love one should not ration
to sprightly Columbines.

Some send bud blood, cream, peachy,
flush plush on petal tips,
with a dress from Nina Ricci
and a wallet full of tips,

I, eyeing orange grandeur,
from red, white, thorny, change, -
chromatic spectrum's splendour
finds preconceptions strange

as love to true beholder
no colours sees but stream

whose energies true hold a
soul's music, tender dreams.

Poor falcon wings so lonely,
no rhyme therewith we find,
and as for love there's only
above glove, dove, - shove signed!

That red rose wings like falcon,
that white dove rhymes with love,
may colour poets' balcon
-y pruned by critic's glove,

yet an Orange rose flamboyant
leaves red, white, in the shade,
its petals bright flame, buoyant
of such are poems made...

Jonathan ROBIN

Osmosis Links

Links may spontaneously flower
mysteriously in an hour.
Oasis metamorphosis,
stars bliss synonymous with kiss,
transforming through transcendent power
strong bond long longed for, to endower
two hearts with hope. Analysis
is absent, gratitude remiss.
Awaiting empathetic bower,
once wandering, wide world would scour,
acceptance shared helps man and miss
to merge, defences shed, dismiss
superficial difference,
reluctance sitting on the fence.

6 April 1990 revised 16 July 2008

Jonathan ROBIN

Our Swiftest Speed

Our swiftest speed shall seed rebirth rich which
Untangles present woes, flows, grows and glows
Responding to united aims grand, sows
Shared understanding, sings of wings which hitch
WInds' destiny beyond lock, gate, or ditch.
Far stars draw near, what seemed dream now we know
That harmony grey clouds dissolves, may show
Each reach extends, heartwrenching trends mends. Rich
STream forward surges, wards off cares, hands stitch
Seamless serendipity, shall show
Place, time, need, feed no meaning, Cupid's bow
Empathy bestows that spurns sales' pitch.
Enchantment links [s]he thinks to ink delight,
Desire's twinned fires unite for future flight

(30 April 2009)

Jonathan ROBIN

Out Of Darkness, Light 1955

Stars clouded, light shrouded, all's rusted
that once seemed dream blade ever bright,
brow bowed, hope now disallowed, busted
is confidence, day fades to night.

That confidence spotless and trusted
in tatters lies shattered, delight
mock mirage appears, jeers, undusted,
unburnished, ill furnished, contrite.

Yet solace solution unlooked for
may phoenix-like fountain despite
past errors, all terrors forsook for
renascent ascension's free flight.

Past buries past, flush faith fertile ferries
fresh cream, cake, white icing, lush red cherries.

(20 February 2010)

Jonathan ROBIN

Out Of Insight

Though out of sight need not be out of mind,
know chill hoarfrost in Winter thaws in Spring,
tide and time's flow spin slow, to loss resigned,
soul s[t]ealer must withstand the seasons' ring.

Why whisper low, so seldom secrets last,
at night we dine on stealthy shadow drift,
ambrosia, a nonpareil repast,
lifts spirit as the choicest, sweetest gift.

Such sensuality some sonnets paint,
pen on spread virgin paper tender touch, caress,
soothes mind, excites heart, grips, yet sheds constraint
while words transporting openly confess
that tears, if tears there be, are those of joy
which stream from inspiration's source sans ploy.

Jonathan ROBIN

Out Of Insight 1845

Though out of sight need not be out of mind,
know chill that hoars in Winter thaws in Spring,
tide and time's flow spin slow, to loss resigned,
soul s[t]ealer must withstand the seasons' ring.

Why whisper low, so seldom secrets last,
at night we dine on stealthy shadow drift,
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that tears, if tears there be, are those of joy
which stream from inspiration's source sans ploy.

(22 January 2009)

Jonathan ROBIN

Out Of Kilter

Ectopia Lentis for the poet seems
less rare than nurse's elbow, malady
affecting insight, nervous links to dreams
felled flat when facing life's fatuity,
synapses gridlocked by most mundane schemes.

Nun's vows of silence often may be seen
as experience's triumph over hope,
when prayers unanswered lie, lies in between
hope's evanescent sparks too little scope
retain before snuffed candle's choked smokescreen.

Though castle proud stands o'er uncrowded bay
it stays Time's hostage, can't stay earthquake strikes,
or climate change, sea levels havoc play
submerging value judgements, likes, dislikes,
for even vestal prim must piper pay.

Where words vocation plead, breed not bleed rant,
need heed no trite event to vent despair,
forbear from prose dressed as verse rose, spurn cant,
'neath superficial polished stone compare
true motivations, self-esteem too scant.

Blind minds behind their superfluity
find ingenuity may tables turn
vice into virtue, incongruity
or role-reversal often praise may earn;
suing both giver, given to a T

Artistic talent which would self anoint
through sad fad trends that end before dusk falls,
is seldom selfless, often out of joint
with harmony fair, free, spends core, husk shawls,
vacuity still born to disappoint.

Time's hungry waves transform dark rocks, light grains
of untraced triumphs heedless race, vain pains.

Jonathan ROBIN

Outside 0490

Down the spine
Some have tried
shivers skim,
wheels to spin,
neath the skin,
games to win,
like new win[e]:
which, denied,
feelings dim, all's transition!
turned to sin and collision.

What is mine,
Worlds collide:
masculine,
from within
feminine, a new Spring
fades as Time
nought will hide
gathers all in submission
underpins Life's revision.

Thus allein
The divide
each must win
must begin
through chagrin
to cave in,
to joy's mine,
brush aside,
yang and yin, twin volition
with a grin,
inhibition.

What's to guide
I'll confide
on from old
hopes untold,
to unfold,
and, behold,

or divide
fortified,
soul from sold,
total scission?
Dare the cold of decision.

(25 November 1991)

Jonathan ROBIN

Outside Imposed Restraints

OUTSIDE IMPOSED RESTRAINED

Hope rune reads, feeds into the tune of time and place
outside imposed restraints, discovers overview
appropriate - each paints, surpassing déjà vu,
nuances which conspue both bluff, pretension base,
insight's flight lendIng clue to future each should trace.
Each must just Way define, line draw, temptations rue,
before and after twine. 'Unto thyself stay true! '
seems added quite on cue when 'Brave New World' all face.
Keen every mind which knew the need to tap fresh base,
expansion guaranteed, to fill hole darkness drew, -
set doubts behind when greed left bleeding heart - thus grew
the Will to fly anew, uncertainties replace.
Night phase ends, one, free, starts, hope turns, new tack, to find
bright gaze sends sun, the heart's scope learns to track true mind.

2 August 1999

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Outside Imposed Restraints Poem (c) Jonathan Robin

Jonathan ROBIN

Outspoken Token Against Unspoken Horrors Bespoken Under The Cloak Of War

From atom bomb to sniper's mortal mark
what justifies the twisted logic found
by man - his own worst enemy - who'd sound
his trumpet blast though flound'ring in the dark?
Machiavelli, Bismarck now lie stark,
but blood and iron power plays profound
appear to those who chose high hopes to ground
in tanks and serried ranks, as brutal shark
atop the food-chain profits they'd earmark
to turn stool-pigeon fool to corpse hell-bound.
Through history war's logic raw, unsound,
has channelled aggression more through bite than bark,
living room for dread doom, tomb's question-mark
which hangs on self-made gallow, time unwound.
Unwound or wound? Crime 'gainst humanity,
Freedom, fame, named for blind 'who would not see.'

Jonathan ROBIN

Over The Hill - Barrack Room Ballad

Of mice and men, on overbearing pride,
Views differ until time takes time to show
Events' and causes' hidden secret side,
Revealing how success slipped from grasped bow
Turning 'what might have been' from present tense,
Hence future futile, prospects far too narrow,
Exit by bear pursued, outrage intense,
Hurt undermining heart, brain, nerves, bone marrow.
If arrogance could call the shots at three,
Life might have been more clement, Hill on Hill,
Link Whitehouse phone to an emergency
AND challenge fraught fought, thought to fit the 'Bill'.
'FAR from the madding crowd's ignoble strife'
AWAY hillbill_lies fade, both man and wife.

One's not surprised by primary results
Vision's more than fistful cents, sense squandered,
Evidently some preferred insults,
Refused key choices as attention wandered.
This conduct compromised democracy
Held up as constitutionally enshrined,
Extrapolated to presidency
Heralded potential double bind
If ways of campaign conduct were extended,
Leaving power to top-down control,
Little space might have been left defended
AND independance stricken from the role.
FAR from ideal Obama seems, yet he
AWAY from lobbies dreams, - not Hilary!

[c] Jonathan Robin acrostic sonnets 'over the hill and far away' written 17 June 2008

Jonathan ROBIN

Overboard - Current Version 1082

P[]ace not phased day by time, rhyme raised by night,
if there's no wrong may will still praise phrase right,
some corner stranger future friend may greet,
while stranger former friend turns, fiendish plight.

Cause and effect reflect on ends and means
as gridlock smashes into smithereens,
judgemental values must themselves defeat,
beat mind-sets' self-sufficient put up screens.

What's hid is bid unriddled when fond heart
throws rigid reason overboard to start
to separate appearance, surface sheet,
from inner senses' empathy, trust chart.

What's masked behind mind's veil tomorrow may
ignore, few score life's causal keys in play

Jonathan ROBIN

Overboard - Initial Version 1082

Watch not the day by time nor rhyme by night,
if there's no wrong how can there be a right,
the corner stranger as a friend may greet,
while stranger former friend turns in his plight.

Cause and effect reflect on ends and means
all gridlock must be smashed to smithereens,
judgemental values will themselves defeat
though self-sufficient knowledge puts up screens.

What's hid is bid unriddled when the heart
throws knowledge, judgement, overboard to start
to separate appearance 'surface sheet'
from inner senses' empathy - trust chart.

(16 March 2005)

Jonathan ROBIN

Overdrawn Conclusions

If there's no judgement how can soul exist?
If there's no soul then judgement can't persist!
If all ends spring from energy begun,
and energy from endings swiftly sprung,
why should subjective speculation's mist
insist on heaven, hell, - both sides are one.
Thus hot and cold, if stretched to their extremes
reflect inherent change of state as streams,
for steam evaporates caught in light beams,
or, iced, reverse flow's glow, no growth may know
as movement slows, while wave-length shortens bows.
When gas condenses, flow's flux dissipates.
Can those who draw conclusions hasty find
heaven or hell outside imprisoned minds?

If soul can't suffer outside mortal sheaf,
and sheaf, untied, sighs end to suffering,
how can one reconcile life's daily leaf
with judgement brief dictating final fling.
Sin's self-destruction's sent to purify,
preparing phoenix flight from embers, ash,
thus trouble, trial and torment signify
anticipation of nascent flash
creating apt conditions for life's play
to recommence its self-sufficient spin,
sun, moon, hell, heaven, black-white, night and day
each mirrors each to teach life may begin
again through thought till caught by naught's lost win.
How many angels dance upon a pin?

(23 May 2008)

Jonathan ROBIN

Overwhelming

Two, sharing overwhelming need to care, to give, to receive,
Hold sentiments words can't express, if uttered few'd believe
As fair exchange, change splurge to merge, protective bars fall fast,
Voice echoes voice, rejoice shared choice knows flow sows glow to last.
Electric thrill, heat - chill, here fills both body, soul, to weave
A waterfall whose rainbow arch spans time, must not deceive;
No safety-net is needed for fears fade as fades dark past
Once threatening to two who'd wing through shadows overcast.
Vain fears, tears, disappear, joy nears as two twinned hearts conceive
Excitement new which through and through can run, need never grieve.
Raw, uncooked feelings flow, both know - prepare for shared repast,
With freedom found, with chains unbound, perceive horizons vast.
Here two as one, from friendship's sun advance, glances naive,
Enchanted turn, burn flame, scarce tame, send sparks, rend veils, achieve.
Life's aim: love's flame, no need for fame which falls like winter leaves,
Melodious becomes that US from shared love drawn. Outcast,
Idyll astray would in one day wilt, hope spilt, roles miscast
No coloured dot forget-me-not could greyness dull relieve,
Grant ease of heart if two apart were torn beyond reprieve.
New space awaits where anger, hate, are unknown, joys outlast
Ends and beginnings as Life sings it can't become downcast.
Each shares rare care both full and fair where one to one will cleave,
Dreams coincide as side by side two spirits interweave.

That trust could rust, would turn to dust, should never be conceived,
One whole, two parts that yin/yang chart can never be disdained,
Should one elsewhere turn, spurn skies fair, replace love shared with less,
Heartbroken would the other urn as travesty none bless,
As dire betrayal, pyre consuming confidence, as pained
Regrets and hurt, responses curt, or silent signals strained,
Echo unheard, close ties deterred, open suspicions guessed.

Jonathan ROBIN

Padded Thoughts Initial Version

The Present's seen as launching pad
by fools who place their future hope
on Chance or Destiny, who're glad
responsibility to cope
with misadventure can be had
vicariously as they grope
for sense within a world that's mad,
and stumble sideways. Luck, good, bad,
is sought from stars, or cards, whose scope
seems all embracing from cell pad
from which fools launch all future hope.

(27 May 2005)

Jonathan ROBIN

Page And Pageant

Page, pageant, dreams veil daily quail trail tale.
Advancing age culls w[r]inkled p[r]awns, the Gods
Gain one by one life's pieces till dank sods
Enwrap what, carefree once, aped beauty hale.
Another well earned 'bust'! Who strong were, [f[r]]ail
Now lie forgotten for Time's ruthless odds
D[r]own [fl]out all memory. Man's born, his nods
Prevail threescore before [str]etched powers fail
As one more stem beneath the thresher's flail,
Gathered in, is merged with claymate clods.
Each eager starts the day, home weary plods
As night light swallows, chaff before the gale.
NIRVANA's spell is scuttled in VAIN RAN
Thief Time's [d]ice reef brief grief leaf life of Man.

(10 June 1992 revised 18 October 2006/Poem © Jonathan ROBIN Acrostic
sonnet – Page and Pageant)

Jonathan ROBIN

Page Of Aquarius - Acrostic Sonnet

Poverty, plague, cyclone none prevent
Are global threats. Mankind blindly bumbles
Gestating his own future as he stumbles
Erratically from time to time misspent.
Our days are numbered. Nothing may cement
Freedom as we knew it – which pride humbles –
And balanced progress. Hope now crumbles,
Questions Hope itself as man's descent
Unleashes forces few control, - unspent
Agression, earthquake exploitation. Grumbles
Rise as learning's tower teeters, tumbles.
In the absence of alternatives, well-meant
Unstable platitudes are not enough,
Sound hollow, - Nature's rumbles don't sound bluff ...

Jonathan ROBIN

Page Turn Soon

Pygmalion possession would propose
As sop to self-obsession's senseless sway,
Gains hold exploiting feelings gold in play.
Emancipation's for one player's rose
Too sweet to beat retreat while interplay
Untarnished seems as if 'forever' flows,
Rolls free from time while search for 'US' yet grows.
Notwithstanding this should envy slay
Spontaneity or seek to stay
Open heart from part it needs and knows
Only allows true blossom in repose -
No love is this withholding right of way!
What stranded pebble seems to highly strung,
Another shows pearl peerless still unsung.

Jonathan ROBIN

Page Turns

From mortality's cage
anti-conformist rage,
freed from sadness. Page
turns, night brings day.

Crave no elegy to test
verse prowess, without protest
poet sleeps in heart arrest
rejections c[l]over clay.

Jonathan ROBIN

Pain

Pain rained, exploded, insane fire-bright ball
sheered synapses, somehow knew
to spring the nerves' defences too.

The system, unprepared, sharp blowtorch scorch must doubly fall, little leeway
left on call to cushion harm, calm recall.

Some prompter's cue triggers terra volt terror bolt jolt from out the blue
pain's reign again explodes, codes scarlet ball.

Jonathan ROBIN

Paint Life's Book

Play through infra violent ultra read
As animate, inanimate induce
Inner vibrations spelling soul_in_head,
New stimulations which in turn produce
The colours of the mind behind diffuse
Tone temptations senses may seduce.
Heed each heartbeat pulse - though seem abstruse
Echoes of stone to stone, star, star, - what loose
Before appeared, neared, no words need be said.
One second blind, mind focus finds, to spread,
Over dimensions few tune into, fed
Kabbalah key all questions will reduce,
Offer solutions to the here and now -
LIFE is an open book, - touch, know no fear!

© Jonathan Robin – Acrostic sonnet written 19 April 2005

Jonathan ROBIN

Pair_Con_Fection

His love paired teamed perfection
with which no dreams compare,
so seemed, upon reflection,
an idyll bright, right rare.

Synaptic thought deflection
sped thoughts led on to pear
where one plus one reflection
begun with perfect pair.

He, after introspection,
decided then and there
into two parts he'd section
fruit for cute beaut to share.

Two parts two hearts' confection
apportioned as in pair, -
the first for her selection,
the second layer his prayer.

The inner her inspection
entrusted with due care,
the outer, - his election -
was not the choicest fare.

He offered for delection
fine fruit to lady fair,
the outer skin's defection
pear pared, prepared, dared dare.

Alas he met rejection
which led into despair,
and then to lead dejection -
more than one man should bear.

Here's no talk of erection,
nor censorship to spare,
the case cites misdirection -
not going anywhere

because one man's projection,
however debonair,
may lose sense of direction
if heart, mind, three make there.

The moral in connection
with these lines - be aware -
'ware snare before detection
of core accord, beware!

Another recollection
in good stead stands who'd spare
his days from genuflection
in jail cell solitaire.

Advance with circumspection,
don't venture unaware,
avoid brash interjection
deserving angry stare.

Where peach and cream complexion
is apple's eye, if there
heart's spurned then wormed affection
turns to snare none repair.

Life's light verse in[ter]jection
between dark, dark - joy rare
where there's no resurrection
to compensate for care.

No 'au pair' for compensation
leads to story's swift cessation
waiting Reader's approbation,
welcoming congratulation.

(7 May 2008)

Jonathan ROBIN

Palanquin

Cosy, kept from crowd's curiosity
Her palanquin traversed the city streets.
In silk, feet, pigtailed bound, through summer heats.
November, March well padded frieze freeze free.
All sorties, comforts, curtained secrecy.
Peiping, Canton, Shanghai, saw scene's repeats,
Always discretion peeping Toms defeats
Lest dark disgrace dishonour purity,
Advance lost face to cost integrity.
Now, times have changed: such sight no longer greets
Questive roving eyes' boundless conceits.
Unbridled horse. Cut pigtail century.
In bric-a-brac palanquin idle lies,
No opiates now rise to sweeten skies.

Jonathan ROBIN

Pandora's Box Unlocks

With spendthrift public to purchases wed,
privacy's threatened, it can't be gainsaid.
Consumer protection is often misled
by headlines enticing and small print widespread.
Set in strip lighting, or spoken, or read,
through radio, T.V., blog broadcast in bed.
Nor ever has Internet, spammed, been immune:
text message recording slick slogan, sick tune.
Printed in poly-chrome over our head,
in so many senses, for senseless fathead,
jam over jammed airwaves judiciously spread
from high ultra-violet to low infra-red,
pasted on posters in blue, black, or red,
advertisement squares all our savings have bled.
One thing is certain, publicity space
cuts attention spans sharply though leaving slight trace
indelible on the collective consciousness:
cock and bull puts Johns Bull, Doe in a pretty mess.

The first time I set eyes on a monochrome screen
was for Coronation of England's fair Queen,
room packed by the neighbours drawn from far and wide,
sardines in tight tin scarce a space left inside.
Six decades speed up, accelerate flow,
since then from rare novelty witness screens grow
from square box extended to tri-di to send spy
subliminal messages flashed without end,
tempting, preempting with total immersion,
leeway restricted - complaints are subversion.
Pros and cons weighed in an unbiased way
exceptions to rules prove, by night and by day.
Sense of proportion - holistic observer -
is rare as a dodo upon Cisco server.

Insight is blackout as trite déjà vu
completes tweaked picture for bland ingenue,
disinformation, imbalance, political whip,
the tip of an iceberg, see sense jumping ship.
Surreptitious and blatant rank rumour sin pours

en masse on the masses, seeps through skin deep pores.
Increasing pollution appears to be lot
of Public Mission with both words forgot.

Discussion's difficult dealing with 'box'
drawing down all its influence unlocks:
News has gone global, is shown real time,
here sights of disaster, there peaks men may climb.
Converging technologies fast piggy-back
from world wide web which 'the truth' love to hack,
evangelical waves stream with See pre-defined
incessant intrude on all senses, remind
information ink links into manipulation
reporting decisions remaining untaken
as fact. Fiction - arsenal of mass destruction -
invasions has justified, verbal seduction
rarely conducive to true debt reduction.
With hindsight one asks: universal delusion
seems caused by acceptance of chronic confusion
by many who just tag along with the herd
though in their own ways, too, demand to be heard.

This essay could well continue till each cow
returns from distant pastures, till the plough
is stored in shed while farmer sleeps betimes
to help heroic couplets' spinning rhymes.
Net arguments both pro and con should be
well integrated as convergency
of multimedia, cinema, and web,
3.D., H.D., and acronyms that ebb
and flow as progress further progress seeds,
cement strange building blocks as Man succeeds
so fast to knit together wherewithal
preparing groundwork for new ball game. All
should be aware acceleration rings
the subtle changes innovation brings
in myelin sheath pathways will combine
to double brain use, thereby undermine
traditional definitions as frontiers
that separate machine and mind fall. Fears,
as yet instinctive more substantive may
induce aggression from those cut from pay

by unemployment's curse while pensions melt away.

Information saturation succeeds
in drawing in the crowds five hours a day
to kill extended time on crime, sport, play,
perhaps to compensate for empty mind
that dare not look to future nor behind,
but lives from day to day as series shower
debilitating plots that seem to flower
to fill the void most would avoid to fill
in ways that build rich character fulfilled.

Heroic couplets on the television
seem odd conveying theme, yet the decision
stems from the ways the human mind has grown
to integrate disinformation sown
as if quite part and parcel of their days
on Earth, to comfort loneliness. Displays
of wars abroad or terrorists at home
distract the brainless brains once wont to roam
from more important things, priorities
once held essential, now old-fashioned tease.

One can no longer speak on television
as media in itself without precision
that information channels multiplied
with much which borrows begs from other side,
as radio upon the Internet
cannot be severed from flash films, and yet
the question could perhaps be re-assessed:
will future influence be worst or best
when all is said and done, in fifty years
a fairer answer may with laughter, tears,
or some of each, an explanation offer
apart from that of draining public's coffer.
An overview essential seems to be
when broaching impact that stems from T.V.
upon our daily lives that seem to flee
from societal responsibility
as individual decision making
appears to be upon the point of breaking.

Jonathan ROBIN

Paradigm Change

The old wor[l]d whirlwinds onwards, faster,
Ha[s]tes to re[th]ink its hoary story,
Enters unknown territory.
Paradigm change or disaster,
As Man, no longer his own master,
Regrets both past defeats and glory,
Against a background inventory
Displacing values? Pomp, proved plaster,
Is vulnerable, and no forecaster
Gives good odds for salutary
Mutation alleviatory.
CHange slips on its ball-bearing caster
ANd for Change's sake anticipation
GENerates its own acceleration...

19 June 2005

Jonathan ROBIN

Paradox

Spectacles on nose, pouch under eye,
age is sucked remorselessly to night
all too aware there is no hope in_sight
for resurrection story books supply.
What does our time [s]t[r]apped sojourn signify?
What sense is gleaned once cased in coffin tight
or scattered to the winds? What wrong or right
remains to trace each in[t]ner face? And why
would most defer the final strangled sigh,
would most prolong the agony despite
the finite frontiers of Man's falcon f[l]ight?
Who can `self' free, mortality defy?
Who could decode life's mysteries might find
a paradox with `self-destruct' designed...

Jonathan ROBIN

Paradoxe After Baudelaire

Paradoxe pour l'homme a qui création
A toujours voulu dire autorité, conquête,
Sciences pour prédire espoir, niant défaites,
Constructeur il se nomme en s'octroyant du temps
Avant que l'on ne gomme à jamais son brouillon.
L'enfer du souvenir ne jamais s'arrête
Et l'emulation est motivation.

Paradoxe où Eve a sa création
Afin de rimer rires à l'amour dans sa quête,
Sa vie est souvenir, sa vie est interprète,
Comblée en enseignant le bonheur aux enfants
Afin que l'avenir offre choix qu'elle attend,
La joie de voir ses rêves et du coeur, de la tête,
Exaucés pour unir et l'espoir et l'élan.

Jonathan ROBIN

Paragon

May verse draw down eternal life from one
alone who, peerless, shall outshine all stars
unequaled, sequel Helen's envy bars,
denies chance glance might light on other sun!
Eternity's a tithe of distance run,
memories may fade in bottled jars
awaiting magic genie, Phoenix chars
undone, can't rise above perfection none
deem on a par with stunning image spun
enchancingly from threads Time can't cut or scar.
Marvell marvelled yet would count each hour,
as mortal mortgage, soon to be undone,
unknown to him, to poets through all time,
delight divine, one paragon I'd rhyme.

Jonathan ROBIN

Parc Monceau

A wooden boat upon a sea of sand
stands beached, unfathomed by the fiercest storm,
beside toy train, beneath free bees that swarm
furled flaglike round a Cherry close at hand
whose branches full two hundred years have fanned, -
whose perfumed petals in pink uniform
pattern footpaths' picture-puzzle form.
Upon the play boat, children, hand in hand
heedless of Time's march, unruly play,
re-enacting pirate roles. Life's farce
around them all ignore, nor cares display,
impervious to ciphered hour-glass.
Beside park playground blinkered adults pass,
obey the sign: - "No walking on the grass! "

Jonathan ROBIN

Paris Parley Parlé

Stock-market today
may trend either way,
will inflation stay
or from us fly away?

To keep it at bay
all our ministers pray,
but the People wants pay
without further delay.

Their opinions to sway
is not easy, for they
are accustomed always
to improvement each day.

With the worker français
overall social paix
can't occur by decree
nor planned austerity.

The answer I say,
where investment we play
is export subsidy
to oil-rich Araby!

Jonathan ROBIN

Parody

Parody in playful way displays
Appropriation of intents, sense, form,
Reversing roles while wearing uniform,
Or, 'armed against a sea of troubles' weighs
Defiance 'gainst a double's narrow gaze
Yet inner truth respects whatever norm
Perpetuates crowd loud whose rowdy storm
As waves upon life's sea Time must erase.
Replay, revision, rhythmic interplays,
Original outshines, - wise words transform
Dull into fun, blind minds undone, cold, warm,
Yet still informing, never still each phrase.
Post scriptum's rhyming couplet we adjoin
So Parody should never sign 'purloin'!

[c) Jonathan Robin robi3_1299 acrostic sonnet written 25 January 2007

Jonathan ROBIN

Parolee Psych Stalks Beauty's Flight After George Gordon, Lord Byron - She Walks In Beauty

Parolee psych stalks beauty's flight
through sunless streets, 'neath sullen skies;
stands gall, all's worst on earth: wrong, spite,
defeat, cheat aspect, shady eyes.
Yellow liver would end fair light
rich heaven to dawdling fay denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
impairing graceful loveliness.
Itch raves to smirch each raven tress,
hard hollow follows fairest face;
his thoughts touch base with base duress
impure, fears tear unequal race.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
once soft, both calm set, eloquent,
fair winning smile where blush tints glow,
smile hearts won, there saw life's tints' flow
now's compromised, damned goodness spent.
Mind lies at peace with all below,
sole dies whose soul was innocent.

Jonathan ROBIN

Parting Shots

A's parting shots lack credibility
when 'B' plays deaf to what the former says,
dismisses pat, claps pat on back, gainsays
hurt's authenticity as tiresome bee
which stings, and, stinging, ends its history,
self-sacrifice as price the piper pays.
When grieving party's well-worn patience frays,
recrimination's compensation fee
falls fast on par with mediocrity,
mocked by clock, block, gridlock, life's time-trap maze,
forlorn, frustration born, torn goals betrays,
morality scorned by mortality.

Need shouts vain roundabout, seeds painful essence,
plight shutters light, doubts' surf trace evanescence.

Jonathan ROBIN

Parts Rejoin The Whole

Gardens grow through glowing summer days,
Exhuberantly flaunt their fairest flowers,
Refusing to accept Time's t[r]apped the hours
And crosses out who welcome overstay.
Roots wither, seer, sap fails, life's passing ph[r]ase
Dares test eternity before it sours,
Defies tomorrow before which it cowers
As cycles spin and Man Time's piper pays.
Hope flourished for a while, then final blaze
Affords example of our finite powers.
Numb memory stumbles over tumbled towers -
Departing spirit's half-life fast decays.
Ends are tied as ties are left behind,
PARTS rejoin the [w]hole, all senses blind.

© Jonathan Robin robi3_0815_robi3_0000 ASX_DJN 12 June 1996 G.D. In
Memoriam

Jonathan ROBIN

Passchendaele, Passion's Knell Triple Alexandrine Sonnet

Trenches turned to mud pies, by shrapnel splinters sprayed,
saw slivered steel deliver lethal lessons on the sly,
Invader, invaded, found price to pay too high.
Last gasps [g]rasped at straws, each day each day replayed.

Sight shots salvoed over, scared scarred troops who surveyed
behind barbed barricade or fox holes on the fly
dug from former comrades, gangrened flesh, bone dry,
leaden eyes grief laden, hair prematurely greyed.

Senseless slaughter seeding crass orders disobeyed
warfare's despair seeding pandemic which would weigh
casualties exceeding all previous doomsdays,
crimson beads ableeding birthed cenotaph so staid.

Munition powder sky, men cursing shell, grenade,
crossing thunderstorm with Satan's serenade,

Though Tommy would not bow to tyrant's cheap tirade,
pain reigned, bane rain burst from foul, filthy mustard sky -
six hundred thousand souls were frog-marched there to die -
few dodged sniper bullets that often ricocheted.

'Known to God', bagged untagged, few chronicles defrayed,
His_Story selective surrendered with a sigh
shaking, quaking caverns felt doom's gloom whistle by
sad Earth's secret centres soared skywards in cascade.

See meeting-point marquee, stretched canvas marked 'First Aid',
by stretchers plagued day in day out. Parked there to die,
conscripts fought while Colonels caught some Staff advancement's eye
preparing for fiasco in 1940 played.

Shells shattered ears, hell shuttered eyes, fragile half-life decayed.
Shells scattered tears, knelled stuttered cries, crossfire made lonely maid.

The 'Last Great War' once over, glad tidings were relayed,
victory crowns in towns cheered Palace balustrade,
most looked on in askance as Lloyd-George was hurrayed
bottled brains in Britain bragged how they'd steady stayed.

But in 'land of heroes', though ranks earned accolade,
while most must meals measure, the few in leisure layed.
Some carved while soldiers starved, highlighting masquarade!

Uniforms that won fair maid were worn, drawn fringes frayed,
with chip by chip paint torn from weather-worn façade.
What hair still peeked from cap that peaked showed streaks of care woe greyed.
Instead of fragile faces, poppies bloom on parade.

One hundred years have passed, what lessons has Man learned? ...
No victory can last unless fresh ones are earned.

Jonathan ROBIN

Passed By - Acrostic Sonnet

As time drifts by Love's tide flows coward, cold,
Slow beats sad heart, lost far from dreams once sought.
Too little lust, - blades rust, in cobwebs caught -
In time fires dim which once, in times of old,
Moved untamed ecstasy, flame bold.
Existence paled until encounter brought
Potency restored, fresh friendship taught
A focus fresh, let energies unfold.
Some dreams remain, most vain, in stranglehold
Spirit stifled, struggle not as thought
Experience leaves feelings dulled, distraught,
Dismisses soul from life's bright centrefold.
But chance encounter sets in timeless motion
Yen to advance, to share inspired emotion...

© Jonathan Robin – Acrostic Sonnet written 16 April 2005 as a variation of As Time Slips By – see below

As Time Slips By

As time sleeps by love's tide grows sluggard, cold,
Slow beats the heart, forgetting dreams once sought.
Then, fragile, faith soon spins its cobwebs - caught
In Time's equation web. Where once soul bold
Made untamed music, passion dims, short-sold.
Existence pales, stales, fails, - loves tales abort -
Sheds goals, gaols aims at joys 'chance' might have brought -
Little cares how life's tale may unfold.
Inspiration slips as fears take hold,
Plaintive spirit sinks in shell, distraught,
Second hand experiences, thought,
Buy time, dismiss love from life's centrefold.
Yawning the abyss which, biding time,
will swallow every line and every rhyme.

Jonathan ROBIN

Passing

As Adam Smith and Marx
Prove they've outlived their day
One seeks an inner ray,
Enlightenment, whose sparks
Take up fresh flag which marks
In some symbolic way
Creation new, with grey
Exchanged for rainbow arcs.
Can future sing as larks
Songs which rich hearts may sway,
That lighten darkness, pay
Attention to no clerks.
So one Age slips away,
Yet what tune will the next one play?

Jonathan ROBIN

Passion Merges Pattern Passion Surges Urging Patent Pattern's Splurges

Beyond the mind's horizon patterns beckon,
role-reversing whirlpool self-absorption,
encouraging vast vistas poets reckon
essential. Seamless packets speed, proportion
with image merges to discard distortion,
inspiring outlook centuries may check on.
Coherency's discovered as heart's portion
contributes to crystal verse some spec on,
some critics peck, sense different apportion.

Jonathan ROBIN

Passion Plot - Arthur Abacus' Affiancing

Passion Plot - Arthur Abacus' Affiancing Application Against Ann's Approval

Passion Plot

Aspiring author aims at gold award
accordingly advancing work of art
always rhyming, rhythmic, in accord,
A I O U and Y are drawn apart
from that which follows D, and from the start
inscription shows how mighty is nib's sword.

This way of writing is simplistic - word
word follows automatically drawn,
idyllic musing is it or absurd?
no hours are lost, all printing rags untorn,
prompt spurring, on hot air as tiny bird,
this work so artificial's promptly born.

It could draw out two thousand stanzas or
twenty million with diversity,
standards upholding day and night to pour
amusing thoughts of country, town, city,
crisply painting many a mount, rill, tor,
adroit aphorisms with alacrity.

Alas what worth would such quack actions show
apart from quickly boring, much kowtow,
if constant word-play adding to quick flow
no wisdom, no profundity knows now -
graffiti stylistic in sporadic glow
through basic instincts' which skill disavow.

Instincts, advancing rapid thought,
aim at showing how facility
uniting consonants is swifly caught
up in a fountain where ability
canvas fills approaching imprint sought,

avoiding mundanity, banality.

Multi-modal intuitions work
harmoniously to form additional scan,
nothing making this bright insight shirk
task as luminous sparkling mensans can
simply scrawl ad infinitum, hardly irk
Wrinkling Mind who fair Bloom fain would span
twilight draping passion in joy's van.

Alas, as passion is not always found
our stanzas turn to Arthur and to Ann
no dawn to twilight fantasy - aground
is any trysting ally, joyous fan,
no conclusion happy boy, girl sound,
scroll down - what follows has got out of hand...

Arthur Abacus' Affiancing Approval Application

Amorous Arthur adoring amazing Ann
affinity admitting, abandons
artificiality, asking an
approval admitting acclamation
and affiancing as ally Alabaman.

Arkansas Arthur always adoring
Ann's ambitious ability,
agamous ardour, and activity,
astounding admiration announcing,
awaits auspicious acclamation
although ambiguity affords
aching agitation alarming anguish

Also, accord Aunt Amanda's anticipations an audition
as April attraction augurs auspicious August association,
according Assyriac Abyssinian Archbishop Anthony Acorn Abrahams authority at
altar,
Arabian Abbott Adrian Arnold Abdul abn Abdulaziz abn Abdullah Abu acting as

assistant.

Appalachians

Amicably,

Arthur Arctic Abacus

Ann Anonymous-Autonymous adamantly assails aging Athur Abacus as awfully amoral

Amicably according absolution an Assyriac Archbishop and Arabian assistant at Ashcloth Allsaints altar authority? Accord apriori apropos an arrogant, arbitrary approach.

Admit Aunt Amanda's audacious act as an auspicious act? An abyssmal affront awarding atrocious asthmatic asp Arthur adorably amusing Ann - aphrodisiac assignations abhors aghast. Abdominous atavistic Arthur, almost abatic, always amiss, automatically affords angry acid attack.

Afraid agnostic Arthur's artificial arousal astonishing all, aspiring aria alto anglican Ann an anti-adiposity author, announcing against amorphous Arthur - amputation and aliminium arms aguing against any amorous association.

Ann awaits apology affirming arthritic Arthur's authoritarian autocratic acts abrogating, annulling Ann's autonomy assiduously aiming at appropriating all Ann's agricultural aura amplifying aspirant's attraction, although abnormally atrophying artistic ability.

Aristocratic Ann's aplomb attracts all-round approbation. Anthropoid Arthur's anthropomorphic antics and argot an affront. Accordingly Ann asks afflictions' abrupt annulation.

Adulation appalls - an absurd accumulation,

Altruistic acrobatic Ann, an Ann Arbor Arts' and Agronomy alumnus,
amalgamating attributions, almost always assists Austrians, Australians,
Arubans, Addis Ababa Abyssinian Africans, Andorrans,
AbuDhabi Arabs and autochthonous Angolans.

Alcoholic amoral acrimonious Arthur's abominations
abound as all analytical adults admit.

Arguably attraction amour - Auburn Abigail, Andalousian Aroya, Ashanti,
Algonquin Amy, Anabaptist Ada and Agatha, Arizonan Adriana, Alaskan Alison,
Avaricious Ava, and amazon ally... ad absurdam
await Arthur's accomodation
arightly across Atlantic!

Accusing arrogant, avaricious and ambitious Arthur,
any altar amorous association

an atrociously alarming antipathy assumption!

Aquarius arcana astrally awry, astrologically antagonistic antidynamic antibody.

Accountably, Ann, avoiding acrimony,
asks abrogation, applying anticipatory
affidavits accusing Arthur's actions' as, alas, astounding, astonishing assaults.
Also, Ann asks an additionnal arbitration award adjudication
anon against aboriginal alligator antisocial Arthur Arctic Abacus' actions
and affirming airtight award and according annual accumulation
accrual accountability, appraising an amount astronomical.

Advisors: April, Altar, August, Alimony, & April Acrimony

Accountants: Alacrity Accrual

Albany

Ann Allegra Anonymous-Autonymous

2 March 2009 - Triumph of Alliteration... no E's

Author acts appropriately
adjusts apparel appositely,
attempts alliteration ably -
allies amusement, ability.

Aristocratic amourist's angel,
always admired, attracts acclaim,
alliterative, amiable,
admits artistic aim.
Altogether agreeable,
all aver, and, aflame,
assure acceptance affable
affirmative again...

Absent are arrogance, avarice, ambition, -
although allurements attractive appear -
amalgamate are ardour, ability, affection,
attachement ardent and august, all admit, adhere../. ad...

Abusive argument? an assumption as absurd as an ass astride an advocate
assiduously assembling an ascorbic acid apparatus!

Applause and approbation are altogether apropos.

24 April 2008

Jonathan ROBIN

Path To Fresh Pastures

Time and 'Chance' have combined to undo
Intense events bred bending flame
Through causal links threading into
Unexpected departure - Time's claim
Signals null and void all the past drew-
Tread turning one head its aim.

That regrets should cascade feelings blue
Is too sad, what begun with acclaim
To tangent spins onward to view
Unexpected alternative frame
Showing path to fresh pastures, take cue
Totally independent of blame.

The future shows rainbows, glows too,
Indicating new way, may proclaim
Tale trailblazing amazing and true,
Unhindered, life never the same.
Scarlets, greens of harmonious hue
Touching strange, exchange change for life's game.

Those who soul-song soft-strong would pursue
In new race found profound, to reclaim
Time lost at a cost paid by few.
Universal encouragements name
Success Time shall never subdue,
Trace team winning through twinning dreams new.

Thus hope flows, scope's arrow flies true,
Inhibiting obstacles lame
Transform to spark lighting dark through
Uncertainty, troubles may tame.
Song burns bright, to light turns, earned by few,
Triumphant tomorrows proclaim.

Tide turns, finger beckons, renew
Idylls ideal and rich which inflame
Those energies longing to brew
Unlimited open refrain -

Spreading positive thoughts in its train
To cares solve, doubts dissolve, what a coup!

Termination: rebirth should ensue,
Invitation to stimulate brain
Tingling heart for fresh start, gladness grew
Uniquely entrancing, the same,
Shall expand new found land to review
Theme inspired, gleam seems fired, so Adieu!

Jonathan ROBIN

Pattern Patter Down Pat

Patterns form from harmony as verse
Attempts translation of emotions' span
To teach, to reach, to leach words' worlds, to fan
The essence of poetics and rehearse
Essential feelings crafted in lines terse.
Rare care, share sense, spare no expense to ban
Needless screed as witless also-ran
Empty ego's petty prose, immerse
Depth giving strange change range, fop's sops disperse.
Vantage point: holistic perspective scan,
Empower imagination's dripping pan.
Revise, re-draw, re-edit, intersperse
Strong rhythm, alliteration, stay on track
Expressing ideas ideally, pattern pack.

Jonathan ROBIN

Paved With Good Intentions

Full employment, life's enjoyment, social change serene, sustained,
has been game's aim since forever, cycles passed and fame's flames waned.
Spy inherent contradictions in between ways gleaned means stretched,
double binds' recycled ball-game till dread reaper soul has fetched.

No solution simple offers panacea for man's ills
Venus Project puss and pimple can't steer clear, life's bitter pills
all must learn from, joy grief earn from, second thoughts soon span Man's years,
in despond's vale altruism falls on unreceptive ears.

Human Rights light lantern calling generations to reform,
one step forwards two draw backwards face recurrent 'perfect storm'.
Brave New World won't be straightforward, more straitjacket seems the term
politicians won't relinquish oversight of stem cell, sperm.

End result: most good intentions role reversed by fear and greed
pave Hell's road, forbade dissensions, soul dispersed, can scarce succeed.
Information access doubles each decade as budget cuts
fragilize fair freedom stubble weeds what once were well ploughed ruts.

Fossil fuels, rare metal mines and border skirmish for control
of supplies of rare earth, water, course through narrow human soul
since Neanderthal was banished by species Sapiens self-styled,
Venus, Mars in opposition, can but fail though far and wide
old souls flock from time-lock fleeing, and all-seeing bias pierce,
vested interests, blind traditions, putting up resistance fierce.

Scientific research calls have Chinese walls dissolved worldwide
change accelerates more change as strange inventions coincide,
coin fresh phrases, neath scythed daisies democracy forgotten lies,
what remains? grid matrix masters, top-down pressures, carbon skies.

Jonathan ROBIN

Peace

With Nature, one, are all things here: -
sky, sea and land in silence stand.
Such timelessness! The seconds near, -
float fanlike, linked by mental band,
and in the distance disappear...

Appear again as meanings clear
feel fuzzy, where 'to understand'
seeks fresh dimensions where frontier
no sense retains as views expand,
mirage impressions engineer.

Near, far, as one combine, adhere
to no fixed pattern finite, grand,
implicitly odd atmosphere
settles, upsets intentions planned,
may ease square pegs through circle, sphere.

Jonathan ROBIN

Pen Poetry - Too Much To Swallow?

Pen Poetry - Too much to Swallow?

Press progress, profess
Effortless eyewitness exquisiteness,
Nimbleness, neatness. Nevertheless,

Unharness useless unpleasantness
Needless. Nonetheless, nameless
Pettiness process protest.
Ruthless redress regress,
Inaptness, iciness, idleness.
Compress clumsiness, childishness,
Excess eruditeness, erroneousness,
Depthless digress, dumbness.

Possess priceless prowess,
Openness, outwardness, otherworldliness,
Express endless evenness
Terseness, timeless tastefulness,
Re-address random-access role-reversing resourcefulness.
Yin, Yang's yolk yoke. Yes ? ... Yes!

Most make believe in anything they read -
'amazing', 'awesome' slip from flippant pen
vow praise, wows raise reaction, and again
to draw attention to their need to feed
from inspiration others gift their greed,
or compensation masking tasking pain
when creativity is on the wane.
Objectives may at times evolve to seed
transparency - yet where all seem agreed
lowest common denominators rein
the fountain which should not need to explain
how this thought led to that poetic steed.
'A mouthful of originality'
too much to swallow proves to minds at sea!

1 August 2008

Jonathan ROBIN

Pen Unpriced Poetry

P ress progress, profess
E ffortless eyewitness exquisiteness,
N imbleness, neatness. Nevertheless,

U nharness useless unpleasantness
N eedless. Nonetheless, nameless
P ettiness process protest.
R uthless redress regress,
I naptness, iciness, idleness.
C ompress clumsiness, childishness,
E xcess eruditeness, erroneousness,
D epthless digress, dumbness.

P ossess priceless prowess,
O penness, outwardness, otherworldliness,
E xpress endless evenness
T erseness, timeless tastefulness,
R e-address random-access role-reversing resourcefulness.
Y in, Yang's yolk yoke. Yes? ... Yes!

Jonathan ROBIN

Pendulum Rubaiyat

The pendulum of history shall swing
now to, now fro, pride break or profits bring:
thus one 'should take the current when it serves'
for Change is in the air and on the wing.

The century snails onwards in its slime,
or so it seems to those who actions mime
as if they were the puppet masters, still
strings stay attached to the design of Time.

Soon we will witness Nature's thunder hurled.
Pandora's box has menaces unfurled
which angry retribution will afford
Mankind for the abuses of our world.

Convenience converts much truth to fiction
outside pure science for what's held conviction
acts as a shield protecting ignorance
from fears life's one-way ticket, then eviction.

Song, sweet today tomorrow wrong, may bring
misfortune, tune some other pipers sing,
perchance won't sound as sweet as it deserves,
shun bells that ring, leave only hands to wring.

When doomsday burns in fire or icy rime,
who'll care a tinker's curse for prose or rhyme,
attention spans grow shorter by the day
while dreams forgotten lie in Styx quicklime.

Perceptions rarely are sustained, we're whirled
willy-nilly, helter-skelter, curled
as foetus round our pre-conceptions, bet
hedge against deception's underworld.

Minds, blind, swap narrow scope for hopes' prediction,
erase discomfort phase by phrase whose diction
draws less from facts and more from praising Chance
which scoffs at both, ironic valediction.

What will remain thereafter of Man's skin
shell history, of struggles' loss or win,
a potsherd shard? polluted plastic trash?
rash who believes he'll outlive cycles' spin.

Vae victis! history's a partial tale
writ by the victors while beyond the pale
are exiled vanquished, shadows pale must roam,
as all leads to New Rome, avoids dust stale.

Who terrorist, who freedom fighter fell
forgotten down time's plumbless pit, well, well
depends upon the way the cookie crumbles
enshrined in marble or confined to hell.

Remembered is Forgotten's favoured twin
Virtue today becomes tomorrow's sin,
while modesty as imprudent or rash
is redefined by timeline's litter bin.

Who heads once called by day by night bawls tail
while bubble reputations burst and fail,
mirage politicians' honeycomb
turn 'fact' to 'fancy' languishing in jail.

Value judgements' superficial swell
subside, belied by subsequent retell,
hidden agenda, vested interest tumbles
from pillar falls as ends this verse, farewell!

7 June 1991 revised 7 September 2008

Jonathan ROBIN

Penny Wise?

Woman is a paradox,
maid man, unmade-up, shocks:
first fair, then jet, straight, curly locks
preferring, spends her pounds
in losing pounds and thus she mocks
her wai(s) t on earth - weight grounds
high hopes for lightness - Goldilocks,
spends cents sans sense, from birth to box -
like men who her pet mirth are found,
both sage and jester, light, profound -
lies soon, sighs, swoons, earth bound.

2 December 1995 revised 18 July 2007
robi03_0794_robi03_0000 WXX_DJX

for previous version see below

Penny Wise?

Woman is a paradox,
She heights and depths both plumbs;
who golden here, there curly locks
prefers, who spends her pounds
in losing pounds and thus she mocks
her wai[s]t on earth - weight grounds
high hopes for lightness - Goldilocks
lies soon, sighs, swoons, earth bound.

2 December 1995

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Jonathan ROBIN

Per Ardua Ad Astra 1126 Initial Version

Where pain through rage would play wild tune
then, lonely, piper pays,
don't stain the page beneath the moon
with tireless tears, blacks, greys,
again find framework for bright rune
preparing brighter days.

If heart turns dark when blue lagoon
seems hidden, who obeys
Reaction fractions very soon,
sub_traction which dismays.
Response is renaissance, balloon
above sharp past, harp plays.

Yet who with such a moral takes
that way, corrects his own mistakes?

(30 March 2005)

Jonathan ROBIN

Perceptions - Sonnet

When life from life with sigh or strife departs,
when threescore, more, or less, existence span
with verse and chapter closed before began,
dare logic there define our petty parts?
We scramble onwards as by fits and starts
from fears is drawn the shadow of a plan
thrown up to mock perceptions ego can
conjur to calm before life's final farts
the gene game phase which plays for counterparts
from stage to stage of every V.P.N.
before in dust dissolved are all vain arts.
Few know a jot or care a fiddlestick
For ancestry whose key code makes them tick

(10 March 2006)

Jonathan ROBIN

Periwinkle-Blue Pyjamas

Periwinkle-blue pyjamas topped with sparsely plastered pate,
added unexpected inset to stark dark neglected state
of drab hospital sub-basement where the x-ray plate portrays
in black and white the highlights that lie hidden from our gaze.

Periwinkle-blue pyjamas took their stand behind the queue,
a wrinkled ragamuffin flanked by darker midnight blue
of two stalwart representatives of France's force of law
who led cyan pyjamas to a chair far from the door.

Periwinkle-blue pyjamas clothed a scarecrow whose despair
could be read by all around him, clear as day to all who'd dare
to thread between those lines that linked both hands and feet and played
a sing-song steely solo when limbs were together laid.

Periwinkle-blue pyjamas parodied that 'tent of blue'
that Wilde wrote about so poignantly, o scar so well he knew
man is by man dehumanized, what's killed none can restore,
man leaves empty husk to wither, crimson drops and rotten core.

Periwinkle-blue pyjamas did not care to meet one's stare
in the hospital sub-basement where the x-rays laid all bare,
hands and feet were crossed uncomfortably, custodians obeyed,
leaving all around disconsolate, and four or five afraid.

Periwinkle-blue pyjamas witness bears that pain explodes
provoking an exam which doctor's expertise decodes
for from broken limbs to cancer grim that's hidden from our view
one must hold one's breath as second thoughts from Death may take their cue.

Periwinkle-blue pyjamas swallowed tasteless tangerine,
seem so distant, yet tomorrow could present a pair to you!
Thus suspend all hasty judgements, who can tell what lies in store,
stay satisfied with happiness, don't always ask for more!

(12 April 2013)

Jonathan ROBIN

Perpetually Playing Pléiade

Poems' principled parleys
please princesses pale,
plaintext polished proper, purvey
priceless pastorage

Phrases phased prepare pure play
practice perfection pleads
perpetuating passageway
proof paybacks prior proofreads.

Perspicacious plans portray
precociousness, prepare
penetrating panaché
producing postcardware.

Parcimony poor popinjay,
pretentious puppy pacing,
pretenders promptly piper pay,
parsing pattern placing.

People, princes, pleasure pray,
poetic praises pretty,
published poets price parlay,
pettiness prompts pity.

Jonathan ROBIN

Persistence Acquiescence Resistance Senescence

Par for the course forever - à qui le tour?

Forever's fleeting fame has been
Often cited though time's doom
Remains omnipotent, life's scene
Echanges vows that catacomb
Vast hides, love's pride's interred unseen.
Enchantment Carpe Diem! sings,
Regrets projecting angel wings.

For angel wings and pastures green
Or hot lust, cold cussed, bust and boom,
Regretfully illusions' sheen
Ever reflect until dark tomb
Vain aspirations ploughs between
Each pair despair marks with time's ring.
R.I.P. cannot quiescence bring.

Persistence Acquiescence Resistance Senescence

Jonathan ROBIN

Pessimistic Pearls Of Wisdom

To stay oneself, learn way, earn just renown
when 'justice' is a quality much missed,
must cause most optimists to tearful drown
their sorrows where will dares not, won't persist.
The key to lasting happiness is blown
upon the shipwreck tides time often sends
when pomp and circumstance together thrown
confuse, knot, justify, tie means to ends.

Combine stockmarket slump with hurricane,
tornado twisters cutting power lines,
as darkness falls and threatens to remain
from sea to global warming sea. What signs
beyond one weekend's false respite, true pain,
may comfort bring as optimism pines,
consensus shivers, social greed insane
questions the quest for profit, panic dines.

Unchallenged bliss appears lobotomy
or selfish failure to shed sham disguise,
self-knowledge mirrors emptiness, few free
remain as fear gains foothold, shutters eyes,
as ills spill anguish and uncertainty
which threaten all as universal ties
unwind, wear mourning coat, insanity
rides rampant over any good surprise.

Jonathan ROBIN

Peter Alan John

Grandfather's generation would have said:

"He is as dead! "

his younger brother will a stranger wed,
one's mind sees red.

At University their paths would thread,
thoughtless they tread,
senseless instead

of following where ancestors had led,
for what they bled

to be a Jew and join a new homestead
in Talmud read.

Although on Saturday turned table's spread,
[he butters bread]

one would prefer by far to fast in bed,
[she mutters, fed].

Why are light's links around him shed?
why was he bred?

Upon next weekend all must dwell in dread,
what lies ahead?

Jonathan ROBIN

Petunias

A window box replete with flowery grace
Now blossoms by her bedroom, petals bend
Now east, now west as gusty signals send
Indications, perfumed puffs puffs chase.
Each flower seems reflection of fair face,
Softly sweet, whose charms all beauty blend,
Perfection Time can't mar, thus must befriend,
Enchanted by bright smile. Eternal trace
Too beautiful for words which would embrace
Unconsciously wide world which knows no end.
Neatly from Past to Future must it wend
Its way through time as truth none would efface.
A floral tribute perfumes one whose heart
Seems like fair blossoms, beauty set apart!

27 July 1992 robi3_1358_robi3_0000

Acrostic Sonnet Annie's Petunias

Jonathan ROBIN

Pevolution

The path towards parthenogenesis
though today's Science Fiction may seem,
tomorrow shall egg on, no pen*s is
indispen[i]sable, that's a pipe dream!

I'm top clone, all alone, when full grown path is shown
you're small beer, shiver, fear revolution full-blown,
know no meager I, no Omega, why? You'll see
Alpha Plus who time's bus will not miss, thus shall be
lord of all clones on call, former ways overthrown,
none forestall progress, tall I shall grow, seed is sown.

It is clear to those here though they jeer now will hear
how I'll steer as top tier, interfere far and near,
financier, balladeer, all shall cheer. No frontier
will appear, persevere, till premier and amir.

Jonathan ROBIN

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Jonathan ROBIN

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Jonathan ROBIN

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Jonathan ROBIN

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Jonathan ROBIN

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Jonathan ROBIN

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Jonathan ROBIN

Ph[r]ase By Gilded Ph[r]ase

PHRASE BY GILDED PHRASE

Welcome beams' streams weight true words in ways
A ll others only dream of imitating.
N one turn prose to free verse impersonating
D epth and scope of Night Hope's interplays
A s pleasure treasured fills each page, lights days,
L inks leisure to unmeasured selfless stating
E ternal truths through voice for choice all waiting
A dmire as choir unanimous relays
B right softness, sets scene for serene screen blaze.
R efections simple, not simplistic, sating,
A lways gentle, unique style relating
Y ears, tears, or longings ph[r]ase by gilded ph[r]ase.
T he appetite awaits more verse uncloyed,
O N white wings, unabating, overjoyed.

14 August 2007

robi03_1670_robi03_0000 ASX_IKX

Phrase by Gilded Phrase poem (c) Jonathan Robin

Jonathan ROBIN

Phantom Fipple

Daybreak, warmth welcomes waking world, clear sky,
green edges bustle with bright breezy snuffle.
Lake's brake-line thrills, vibrating in reply.
Screen sedges rustle, as if phantom fipple
had muted airy echoes, reedy cry
transmuting tune-true tones to whispery sigh.
Some jesting dragonflies flit down, skim shy,
quiescent waters sudden part, dance, ripple.
Ingesting fragile frame, from tail to eye,
swift freckled fish break surface, dart, prance, riffle.
In silence snow-white swans slide slowly by
for pinioned wings belie will to soar high.
As Nature, life, proud strong devour crowd weak,
while most pass silent, scared, few dare to speak.

(24 June 2009)

Jonathan ROBIN

Phish After Shya Wish

I wish all the greedy, both prosperous, seedy,
would fall for my call on the Net,
as fish in lakes weedy, the slow and the speedy,
rise to bait, early, late, taking bet.

It takes quite some gumption to stake on assumption
that innocence offers fair flare
for human consumption is based on presumption
that fools are newborn everywhere.

Identity stealing, while wheeling and dealing,
to most appears lower than low,
I find it appealing to complement speling
on Dow as I go with the flow.

What is thrift but shoplift from the masses who, miffed,
feel the pain from those purchase refrain,
ant and grasshopper spiffed, savers are not spendthrift,
saving gains not recycled again.

So I rake in as scammer, break brainless I hammer
with schemes to get rich on the sly,
while with butter and jam, a small-talk free from stammer
I syphon their cash by-and-by.

Some say righteous and fair are their motives who care
for their neighbours' goods, for their own good,
here I role-reverse, there I would help them prepare
for increase in income they would
wish for sowing fresh seed of fantastical greed,
'basic needs' grow according to wealth,
wish they would worry bead change for self-pompous read
of rich holidays 'good for their health.'

Spinning schemes in delight until some see the light
I continue to comb Internet,
with economy tight, feeling deflation bite
who'd imagine a better way yet?

One man's poison seems gift to another who'd lift
himself out of life's time-trap, and leave
lemmings jump from their clift while the spoils I may sift,
their sins' evil spins good I perceive.

I'm the brightest of sparks, whosoever that harks
to this parody surely shall smile,
while I rise with the larks, chick returns to roost, parks
vain regrets as experience trial!

(31 December 2008)

Jonathan ROBIN

Piecemeal 1842 After Marion Mantel The Abode Of Everlasting Peace

Mind's company no bail-out needs, foreclose
looms near yet fear and gloom must come to blows
with hope whose scope increases every day
that interplay improves what soul search shows
to sojourner whose 'Choose! ' life's trumpet blows.
till conscious core dissolves, for all one knows
is that there's 'lots to learn' before life's wick
which once o'er brimmed is trimmed by Time's gale blows.

It may be Peace per Peace should not be goal,
nor patchwork quilt unmatched to comfort soul,
serenity accompanies the Way
why seek to weigh of thought and mind blind role?

Surrender self to wealth of non events?
Abandon fear of budget free expense?
Impermanence an ultimate release?
One questions causal links where self defence
is deemed a changeling spinning Time and Place
as prison for lost mind that seeks its place
though absence, presence, circle, square are one
begun and ended leaving little trace.

Freedom may be found within life's play
today submerged by fate of yesterday
for future must survey an empty seat
and meet another straying from the Way.

Though many paths to Rome may lead, not one,
perhaps life's karmic cycle may be spun
by mind which 'fearful thief' finds definition
outside experience, game itself is fun.

Thus 'heaviness' is cerror, out of bounds,
as mind proceeds through mind by leaps and bounds,
rebounds from challenge, rising to embrace
new challenge though rise, fall are mirage hounds.

These seem to dream to seamstress, dream to seem
reality which sifts from milk its cream,
we butter bread with head as much as hands
while inklings chitter chatter, teem then team.

For absence of control need not mean void,
for voids are mean if meaning men avoid
the search from perch to parch, from lurch to arch
triumphant, animated eclipsoid.

There are no fancy laws for mind rich, pure,
which energy converts from sinecure
to weaving sheaving, leaving grieving yearn:
mortality, in time, provides self cure.

(18 January 2009)

Jonathan ROBIN

Pigalle I French And English Translation

Raven hair and a cough,
pitiful painted smile,
through rain and in the rough
unhappy waiting while
time passes, times are tough!
Strangers with golden guile
gesture, your dress you doff,
lower, hire yourself, servile.

Haven't you had enough
of this terrible trial?

Cheveux châtons, la toux,
sourire peint, pitié!
sous la pluie, partout,
sans pudeur patienter
jusqu'à c'que de la rue
étrangers argentés
gesticulent, ensuite vous
vous cédez à leur gré.

Cette vie triste, indue,
elle vous satisfait?

Jonathan ROBIN

Pigalle II

Oui, je suis
chaque nuit
sous la pluie
sans ami,
sans abri
sans sous si!

Qui sourit
contredit
cœur, esprit,
de la vie,
se détruit
se salit.

Viens chéri!
Viens ici!
Allons-y?
Qui jouit?
Vers minuit
ça suffit!

Si on suit
vers délit
c'est au lit
vers aussi,
vite on vit
des soucis.

Pauvre fille,
vivre ainsi
à Paris
si pourri:
mais, tant pis,
sans repentir
c'est reparti!

Jonathan ROBIN

Pigalle Iii

Life deplore,
futile stripper,
friendless whore,
vile bedsitter.

Scarlet lamp,
tarnished glitter,
dreary, damp,
sterile litter.

Sordid, sore,
sexless sister,
mindless, more,
senseless quitter.

Tawdry tramp,
fading flitter,
foetid framp,
nothing fitter?

Vapid vamp's
whisky sipper
rubber stamps
Jack the Ripper.

What's in store?
Cindy's slipper
or, hurt once more,
pimp's wild whipper?

Beaten raw,
barren, bitter,
ruined core,
Paris streeter.

Jonathan ROBIN

Pigalle Iv

By cell phone, near bright neon light,
or corner strip club's sleazy door,
to, fro, gad glow-worms through sad night.
Never ask them why or wherefore
forlorn, they set their sorry sight
with wary chatter and weary spite.

On call for all, in somewhat light
apparel to attract the more
each paints faint mirage of delight
ephemeral which most deplore.
In house or out, they story write
which makes dark reading few recite.

Unenvied, mo[ur]ning, noon, twilight,
lit cigarettes, hearts, ankles sore,
strutting the street greet left and right.
Never ask them who they care for,
with rights in pawn through diverse plight,
wasted, worn, self-tortured quite.

Exploited, often blameless blight,
b[le]ached far from the social shore.
unless you [b]reach insight,
never ask them what they're there for:
though male manipulation might
be highlighted: bed, board and bite.

Some unemployment may incite
to seek relief. Most overdraw
their petty pittance flying kite
for bores who prettiness would paw.
Few rotten core are seen despite
blame hypocrites pour and indict.

Y chromosomes themselves ignite,
perverting innocence to store
for gain, for power to excite
or compensate libido poor,

who blackmail, tight rein run through fright.
None on set stage stays lily white.

Jonathan ROBIN

Pigalle V

Where bourse ranger brandy sips
saucy taunter stands and strips,
hauntingly with hands and hips,
vaunting fair bare glands and nips,
forcefully flaunts fans and lips,
there coarse stranger, randy, tips.

Jonathan ROBIN

Pigments Of The Imagination

Each phrase reflects some pixels placed
upon life's screen by chance, design,
transparently. Line after line
conjures emotions each may taste –
some strictly corseted strait-laced,
some freely, as a heady wine
fresh from Pierian Spring, decline
to phase too narrowly define.
Senses pillowed, interlaced,
symbols interact - none chaste,
none wanton in itself, each sign
dimensions adds to realign
emotions, clause to cause embrace.

We w[e]ave a wor[l]d which patters patterns to
frame-form fair image dedicated, true.

(21 September 2005 revised 22 July 2007)

Jonathan ROBIN

Pillow Words Ii

Roman alphabetical lucubrations,
left brained hierarchical,
appear awkward concatenations
long-winded, farsical
compared to pillow word pictogram self referential
synthesis

(8 June 2008)

Jonathan ROBIN

Pins And Needles - Two Sides Of A Coin - Tale's Ahead

PINS AND NEEDLES

Is it cramp from the damp as we camp
sit still from dawn till lit lamp,
or hairs rising from head
when uncertain ahead
why excitement removes trace of cramp?

31 August 2009

robi03_1903_robi03_0000 GWX_IJN

Pins and Needles Etymology

Date: 1813

: a pricking tingling sensation in a limb growing numb or recovering from numbness

on pins and needles: in a nervous or jumpy state of anticipation

Jonathan ROBIN

Pixel Paradox

Patterns form as piece by jigsaw piece
Inventions flash across flat mobile screen,
Xpress intrinsic profile, sensed not seen, -
Expressing change now ready for release.
LEDs [b]link then sink as stimulations cease.
Pregnant shadows presage red, blue, green,
As inset windows somewhere in between
Real and unreal, retain some skein, increase
Add on, plug in, cross-pollinate, police
Developments What may this mean?
One tremor more, core shakes - tsunami scene.
Xtensive, change seethes, straining surface peace,
assumptions questions, old world sweeps away.
Another rises, chained or free? Who'll say?

(27 August 1999 revised 22 July 2007 and 30 January 2010)

for initial version see below

Pixel Paradox

Patterns form as piece by jigsaw piece
Inventions flash across a fuzzy screen,
Xtract a nano profil, sensed not seen, -
Endless change is ready for release.
Lights [b]link then sink as surges soon decrease.
Pregnant shadows presage red, blue, green,
As inset windows somewhere in between
R eal, unreal, retain some skein, increase
Add on, plug in, cross-pollinate, police
Developments What does this mean?
One tremor more, core shakes, - tsunami scene.
Xcessive change stored 'neath screen's surface fleece
will sweep away an old society,
assumptions challenging, - to chain or free?

(27 August 1999/Acrostic Sonnet PIXEL PARADOX Poem)

Jonathan ROBIN

Placing A Wor[ld Poetic 1795

Perhaps priority accorded place
Links into a reaction counter fate,
Arkansas may not be the ideal state.
Country or city zen no interface
Influential need for state of grace,
Nor may imagination leap life's gate
Gaining insight handed on a plate
As if one vista offered true creative base.
Why should one town crown inspiration ace?
Ozark spark stamp unique, supreme, dictate.
Revelation elsewhere absent, sate?
Light travels far on insight's wings to case
Dell, valley, vill, spire, joint inspiring write
Poetic which depends on second sight!

(29 July 2008)

Jonathan ROBIN

Plateau

Could ever Eden's garden bright
be sacrificed to futile fight
when teeming dreams continue to
rhyme sunshine beams to future true?
Illusion may prove idyll blessed
by horse and carriage marriage dressed
where night is day and day through night
prolongs shared happiness delight.

No way is truly lost, no flight
from fancy to fact fiction's blight,
no bark, no bite, and no denial,
no cruelty, one-sided trial,
no tarnish, wishing star at best
for future stars at love's behest.
No carelessness, for true insight
distinguishes between wrong, right.

Shared memories spell magic quite
enheartening, self-sustaining, might
dissolve fears with alacrity
show there's no cause, fatality
lies outside shared experience,
while slow decline at soul's expense
is out of court. Love must be right
must sweep suspicion out of sight.

Best is a plateau pearly white,
envelops life in peerless light,
If you discover, much ado,
I'm not the one, to self stay true,
let old affection guarantee
that love despises locks, float free,
and through that freedom find despite
doubts past, at last innate birthright.

(2 March 2009)

Jonathan ROBIN

Plateau [s]peak 1378 Current Version

Joyful imagination here would seek
Self-confidence, serenity, at last
Creating through a wonder word world fast
Karmic fusion, inner mind may speak
Intensely, neither verbally nor weak.
Expectations high were, in the past,
Countered by betrayal, world which vast
Appeared less trusting, somehow sprang a leak.
Now self-awareness reaches plateau peak.
Need for self-trust, priority forecast,
Combining choice with voice, full sails, strong mast,
Heart high held here hopes harmony. Hurt bleak
fades as fresh scope prepares peace, future fair.
Serenity spreads with spring, warms everywhere.

Jonathan ROBIN

Plateau S[p]eak

Joyful imagination here would seek
Self-confidence, serenity, at last
Creating through a wonder word world fast
Karmic fusion, inner mind may speak
Intensely, neither verbally nor weak.
Expectations high were, in the past,
Countered by betrayal world which vast
Appeared less trusting, somehow sprang a leak.
Now self-awareness reaches plateau peak.
Need for self-trust, priority forecast,
Combining choice with voice, full sails, strong mast,
Heart high held here hopes harmony. Hurt bleak
fades as fresh scope prepares peace, future fair.
Serenity spreads with spring, warms everywhere.

Jonathan ROBIN

Play In Words

Work short

long face

actless

artless

actress

stops short

song trace

Jonathan ROBIN

Ploughman Homeward Plods His Weary Way And No Birds Sing - Cento Per Cento Cento

She has heard a whisper say
time's climb shall_lottery homage pay.
The mist has left the mountain grey,
for climate change communiqué
statistics show mad c[r]ow[d]s were led astray.
Though ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
fair promise fails faced with crass quoldibet,
and his is henceforth an established sway,
Time witness bears to beings' brief buffet
and dayly spectacle of sad decay.

The lone and level sands stretch far away,
facts lack to show all friends life's holiday.
Does the road wind uphill all the way?
Clock ticks downhill till rigor mortis prey!
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay?
Rose smells as sweet without man's interplay.
Elf and fay and sprite at play?
departed forever and a day.
There in bright drops the crystal Fountains play
till drought spells ill well which slaked Robin Jay.

I lay down in the heat of day
dishevelled, clothes in disarray,
thoughts lost to dismay
that little could allay,
yet knowing how way leads on to way,
Fate winks, linked fingers beckoning weigh.
Life's chance dance braid, parade ballet
Time, you old gipsy man, will you not stay
to hear a jackass bray
who'd future scope betray
while met in mortal fray.
Secure within, wins execution's stay,
Tomorrow do thy worst, for I have lived today!
fall guys believe in Cupid's bow display.

Go, songs, for ended is our brief, sweet play,
fall guys believe in Cupid's bow display,
and we'll strive to please you every day
though one can't please all folk faraway.
'If this were only cleared away'!
oiled wheels roll, pipeline role must piper pay,
to inarticulate murmurs dies away
plaintive complaints fade from life's cabaret
and no birds sing:
Time, there's thy sting!
I must now conclude my lay.

Judge reader I myself obey!

Jonathan ROBIN

Po-Antic Place Arose

PO-ANTIC PLACE AROSE

An anglo-saxon author, artist, ace
Poet prominent proposes prose,
Anthology angelic and, apace,
Posts popular poem, power, poise, pose,
Anthem adds alliteration aggrace.

19 April 2005

robi03_1238_robi03_0000 QXX_IXX

Jonathan ROBIN

Poetic Creativity

Pick no set scheme. Let unrehearsed
Life's metaphors majestic burst,
Excessive structure's stricture cursed
As artificial, though well versed.
Set no strict limits on soul's song.
Unless Truth's strong pole star be wrong
Rise far above tormented throng,
Enjoy rhyme's call, to rhyme belong.
Plagiarist shun, one's dream themes rise
On strings' wings, sing supreme surprise.
Each word misplaced replacement cries,
Tuned ear, sincere, sense sounds, supplies
Rhyme, Reason, rich which re-unite
Yoked thoughts, indite insightful write.

Jonathan ROBIN

Poetic Flow

Inspiration's opportunities,
as fractal snowflakes, weave soft pattern wire
supporting framework through heart's harmonies
tuned to minds which bind, enthrall, spells sire.
Rejecting artificial boundaries
they tickle stars, bridge light years, won't expire
despite Time's second thoughts, eternal frieze,
to silver speech pin turquoise and sapphire.

One stores verse story's glory in the mind,
retinal rainbow stimulating each
synaptic link both in and out of reach,
display whose ray may play before, behind.

Word-flow sensations sows and by degrees,
can catalyze a metamorphic fire
as empathy extends its energies
incandescent, lends dimensions higher
to time and space and place which, falling, frees
rise to surprise and stimulate higher lyre.
Time relaxes reference hierarchies
thus finite frontiers, limits soon expire.

In context crystalline we find outlined
prismatic tones some play, which more may teach
than meets the eye, contact points combined,
with ease - these inner inhibitions breach.

Words flow where none could know they'd go, no keys
are needed where there's no directive spire,
no cue restrictive, new priorities
in depth are found, ground falls away, desire
spins toplike, whose magnetic gravity
adds novel levels which combine aspire
to spread, to wed. From seedbed cavity
spores explode, explore, more growth inspire.

Words flow, emotions echo, each assigned
its place to interaction trace where speech

is often too restrictive, predefined,
thought modes aligned, too taut one must impeach.

So verse to verse responds spontaneous
to take up arms against a troubled seed,
to laugh with, never at, unless some cuss,
to read behind the lines for more to read.

Jonathan ROBIN

Poetic Inspiration

Poetic inspiration must not tarry,
dry up, discouraged, over-analyse.
Expectations entertained help carry
message deep to conquer Time which flies.
There is no cause to dam perceptions, parry
questions put, those jealousy implies
to force reaction where response should marry
all to all, no need to temporize.
Refute temptation, motives mercenary,
yet neither 'look too good, nor talk too wise.'

Before vague interferences the mind
distorts, today's perceptions twists, heart tries
to focus clearly, insight redefined
and shares impressions' pulse which never dies
while magic taps into soul's spring to bind
into emotions each identifies
mundane events transformed, sense underlined
with Jericho's walls fallen, fear defies.
Transcending formal fetters much maligned
inspiration loves to improvise.

Through intuition lucky few may find
such inspiration free verse seldom tries
to pin down, qualify, or predefine.
All limits disappear as 'hows? and whys? '
loose, lose, restrictions, innate truth unwind.
Across dimensions musing spirit flies,
base substance shed, trite trammels left behind,
as gravity dissolves, no lows, no highs,
as meanings are decoded, intertwined
in ink which links 'I think', 'you feel', 'we rise'.

Exacting standards which sustain no blot,
must overcome doubts day to day supplies,
quit half-life half-light, cut the gordian knot
of form to swarm above what satisfies
secondary lot where those forgot,
who blindly rules obey, life lose. Surprise

lights eyes so seldom as progressive rot
sets in, skin deep or masked by dark disguise,
accepts trip's time-trap trigger, its bolt shot.
Yet inspiration no rules justifies.

Scorning hesitation's living lies,
which dew drops gathered from forget-me-not
ignore, or leave untouched, passed by with sighs,
informed awareness reaches out from what
seems insignificance, can recognize
energies innate, taste cold and hot,
to spurn self-satisfaction's compromise,
small slots refutes, for most the daily lot,
tendrils intangibles to realize
inner joy tease crosses, eyes may dot.

Jonathan ROBIN

Poetic Standard

Poetic inspiration must supply
Open sourced resourcefulness, may not
Exist in half-light, cuts the Gordian knot
That holds back harmony from inner eye.
Insidious compromise can't satisfy
Creative impulse that rejects as blot
Secondary lot where, half forgot,
Tired lines block, lock life's vista, dreams deny.
All hesitation acts out living lie
None should accept to temper daily rot,
Dread time-trap snapped shut once one bolt is shot.
Aloft soar, draw from intuitions, fly!
Read much, hunch heed, rise from rant's rubbish vent,
Dare to revise, creative dance invent.

Skein poetic weaves life's leaves. Flash wink
Turns think through ink to stage fulfilling page
As insight mixes music, words wild, sage.
No Tao is tainted that cues tone-true link
Descriptive and instructive, scanned in sync.
Although some self-styled poets feel form's cage,
Review Stravinsky's words, all doubts assuage.
Deny blank prose poetic rose crown. Drink
Pierian deep, sip not lip-service brink,
Or compensate for feelings trapped to wage
Ego war against injustice gauged,
To ease maimed spirit's claims of unfair stink.
Inside poetic process progress make,
Craft well, rewrite, reword from second take.

Jonathan ROBIN

Poetic Vision

The poet must transcend both love and lust
to focus on eternal infinite
discovered both in tawdry boom and bust
and Nature's gifts, bright day and darkest night.

Some may believe they Phoenix imitate
when [p]raising dust or ashes and a crust
yet far from ego should mind ease life's weight,
as far from heat as ache, witness unfussed.

Sounds wound around some sonnet heaven bound
seeks more to field fresh way than play at please,
to guide inside/outside and to expound
while spurning interference, discord keys.

Terse verse rehearsed today should centuries
undispersed traverse, fair future frees.

Jonathan ROBIN

Poetical Rules

Poetical rules
should be ingrained then ignored
creative thought schools

Innovation schools
imagination's insights
hone's poetic tools.

Poetical rules
should be ingrained then ignored
only true heart schools

Encapsulation
offers opportunities
for inspiration

Muse poetical
contravenes conformity
mocks lock's lined paradox box, shocks
re-roles versicle
severs Gordian knots

Linguistic traits
translate transformation, transform
translation, create

Poetical forms
should serve and not be served
what, deserved, conforms.

(11 October 1995 expanded 5 may 2008 revised 2 March 2013)

Jonathan ROBIN

Poetical Triptych Trick Trip

POETICAL TRIPTYCH TRICK TRIP

I

Poetry is metamorphosis
Of heart and mind combined, -
Emotions surge to urge osmosis,
To merge what 'chance' can find
Revealed behind blind synthesis
Yoking letters neatly lined.

II

Poetry is music by another name,
Or in some manner harmony applied,
Explaining day to day occurrences supplied
To offer eurythmic interpretation game
Responding with logic on magic patter[n] frame.
Yet the alphabetic formula hid inside
Enables one to say one's peace, with self confide
Much which must, ecstatic, "out". Emotion's flame
Outpours feelings plastic, amoeba-like to claim
The victim of elastic interplay to guide
Instincts in search of prey. But, pray, what when the tide
Of energy harmonic falters, who's to blame?
Not soul but spirit enters into print,
Sends signals out which others' glasses tint.

III

Poetry: alphabetical exercise linguistical
Overcoming excess, slick success stylistical,
Excluding artifice artistical, puny puristical,
To create with comprehensive characteristical
Respect for rythm, rhyme and meaning meta-magic mystical -
Yet melting emotions alchemistical.

11 September 1995 revised 23 May 2008

Poetics

Some from within some from without
without a doubt flow true
as soul-song spins tale which begins
to glow, then grows anew.
Through weaving in and weeding out -
touch intuitions cue -
from phases past fair phrases spin
through threads which more threads brew.

Thus in and out and round about
rhyme climbs as curlicue
expands ideas, wins interest in
both content, form, will woo
the readers who fresh insights scout
both options chosen, those fates glue,
into life's sins, its losses, wins,
would revelation view.

© Jonathan Robin – robi3_0778 written 30 March 2005 revised 20070619 and 20081112 for previous version see below

Poetics

Some from within some from without
without a doubt flow true
as soul-song spins tale which begins
to grow, and then glows too
through weaving in and weeding out -
touch intuitions know
from phases past so phrases last
through threads which more threads sow...

© Jonathan Robin – written 30 March 2005

Jonathan ROBIN

Poetry Writer's Lament After William Butler Yeats A Man Young And Old Vi His Memories

Poetry Writer's Lament after William Butler Yeats A Man Young And Old VI His Memories

We should be hidden from their eyes,
guests who holier-than-thou show
spirit bodies broken prowess shorn
whereon bleak comments blow,
To think some praise Bukowski,
and why none living knows:

Most readers take so little stock
In what one writes today,
prefer pursuing mind-set lock
who'd future scope betray;
My nib's like ribs of twisted corn
blank verse boors bright writes flay.

First burst creative bubbled once,
once could much pleasure take,
now ignoramous, double dunce,
repeats blind mind's mistake
presuming sin all rhymes, time worn
all but prose closed, half-baked!

Jonathan ROBIN

Point Made

If false is truth's mirrored reflection,
if life and death spin share same coin,
then what is the point of perfection
when opposites ever must join?

If Future-Past's windfall convection
blows present to Present present,
why should eye, inspecting complexion,
chance challenges ever resent?

From Destiny there's no protection
the game must play out over time,
while each Cause Effect intersection
is figleaf or figment for rhyme
as if ripple's reviewed for inspection
expanding, wavebanding to landing,
the moment's selection detection
depends on direction outstanding
which itself, due to sound wave inflexion
unlike light, cannot echo for aye!
There is no promised land, no election
to heaven or hell for the "I".

If far, near, acceptance, rejection,
depend on criteria judgemental
then what is the point of invective
when sin_win's still coin of grudge mental?

Time adds to each serpentine section
which slithers, then withers or cheats,
recycling its heartbeat collection
as Time takes from time it deaf eats.

So though some prefer circumspection
while others time out with mimed flourish,
what little remains, resurrection?
that's not burned worms or maggots must nourish.

Thus who turns to deep introspection

and who fame's mirage ladder would climb
alike are condemned, misconception,
while "afterwards" who cares a dime?

If truth springs from falsehood's def[lection],
if life from death none may disjoin,
each a link in Fate's chain is, projection
which spirals from loin to Sir loin.

Jonathan ROBIN

Point Of View

Disappearance may be seen as blacked
inflexion of the light, as true reflection
at once restores to insight all that's lacked,
nor contradictions shows. On introspection
enlightenment returns, is stored in...tact...

10 November 1992

Jonathan ROBIN

Point Settling Settler

Point settle: their
perennial prompt for pension rises
looking beyond Governmental austerity. Failure:
rights disregarded as life's leaves crisply curl before falling into oblivion.
Prayers as ignored as due recognition. Wrinkled skins
s[w]EEP onion tears tearing up electoral paper promises.
Clock plumbs time's well, swelling into tocsin double bind willy-nilly up blind
alley.
Karmic maggots prepare sin recycling, filling degree
of transformation eating out shadow shapes g[r]ASPING,
to return for a further round of post-prandial pleasure
to avoid eternal sleep beneath the sods below daisies and marigolds.

Jonathan ROBIN

Politician - Parody After Stephen Spender - Airman

Politician

He will watch the poll with no indifferent eye,
most pitifully, -
not on those voters who once cheered him, now
will strain his brow.
Weapons men use, mud-slinging, smear, tapped telephone,
all these he's known.

This aristocrat, superb, until instinct
with death close-linked,
had faced the amorphous crowd, almost had won
war on the sun, ...
til now, ... like Icarus mid-ocean drowned,
his hopes unfound.

[c] Jonathan Robin parody written 7 August 1991 after Stephen SPENDER
1909_1995 - Airman

Airman

He will watch the hawk with an indifferent eye
Or pitifully:
Nor on those eagles that so feared him, now
Will strain his brow;
Weapons men use, stone, sling, and strong-thewed bow
He will not know.

This aristocrat, superb of all instinct,
With death close-linked
Had paced the enormous cloud, almost had won
War on the sun;
Till now, like Icarus mid-ocean drowned,
Hands, wings, are found.

Stephen SPENDER 1909_1995

Jonathan ROBIN

Polyacrostic - A Final Act I Play... And Yet

A FINAL ACT I PLAY... AND YET
ALL FADES INTO NOTHINGNESS AT LAST,
FADES fast, flame flame attracts, itself devours.
INTO Time's vacuum hours suction hour –
NOTHINGNESS: the frame for fame when Past
AT journey's end the Future meets to cast
LAST dies with Fate – which late or early sours.
ASHES CHILLING TIME'S IMMORTAL POWERS:
CHILLING bigot, priest, iconoclast.
TIME'S melting pot's a plumbless well, repast
IMMORTAL, tasteless still, which overpowers
POWERS of perception, leaves life's flowers
LOST and blighted 'neath the blast, soon passed.
AND yet Youth's fountain springs, denies 'too late'.
YET Hope fears' dupes would prove, Love knows no date!

polyacrostic sonnet 21 November 1991

robi03_0486_robi03_0000 BSX_DKZ

© Jonathan Robin

Jonathan ROBIN

Polyacrostic - Changes Expand Beginnings

Vision clears, we're somehow made aware
A new age dawns as instincts stimulate
Longings that at last hopes liberate.
Underlying focus everywhere
Energizes inner light, to share
Tenderness, emotions, to create
Harmony which may anticipate
Evolution understanding where,
Time time defies. Change may initiate
Insight, vision new, expands to date
Mark end of beginnings, - secondary state -
Extending former frontiers to prepare
Opportunities for future fair.
None need look back, let Fate precipitate
Events, as metamorphosis Hope's gate
Appears to open, expedition rare.
Refuse facility, temptations, free
The self for new dimensions, - learn to be...

Jonathan ROBIN

Polyacrostic - Jest Gest

PLEASE NOTE:

PH formatting does not permit colour coding the palimpsests thus the different layouts of individual internal acrostics can for the moment only be identified in transposing every letter onto squared paper

The surface sonnet is thus for the record as neither the vertical, diagonal or internal acrostics nor the anagrams are visible. A formatted version is at

The anagrams within the text are Dear dare a red read

other minor acrostic: Jane is found 4 times in adjacent letters in the text

3 Vertical Acrostics Jonathan Robin J

Double diagonal acrostic 1 Just a smile can J offer unto the Jest

Double diagonal acrostic 2 Just a smile can J offer readers Jaunt Jest

Enjoy!

J to J Jest Gest

Jingle verse to Jane luck's just jaunt jest.
Our expertise? - no orchestra in song,
no signature, as no fit joints run strong
as stars' graced art, for few see game addressed.
The care of each theme's wording to the test
here I spell out. Hark or read each line long.
A web admired, traced true, is set among
No word mixed Janus, your name's inset gest.
Reach soul. Oh dare to free the thread expressed.
Over all sweet sound, ends work to link, belong.
Best, ideas scan by. If thought inbinding's wrong
its warp reread in fairness, shriven guest.
Nut/kernel plan none smirk at, sense contest.
Judge, smile, hid joy glean from a jest red blessed.

26 December 2006

robi03_1529_robi03_0000 BSX_IXX

Jest Gest polyacrostic sonnet poem © Jonathan Robin

Jonathan ROBIN

Polyacrostic All Is Vanity

VAIN ALL NATURE, IN TIME'S ADVANCING STREAM
ALL mankind's hope drowns as eternally
NATURE's templates bate mortality,
IN dust Death welcomes musty mirage dream.
TIME'S wheels onward spin to curdle cream,
ADVANCING, all defy, none from fear free.
STREAM swift smothers cries, all ends in Lethe.
Vanitas! vain grope, gloom dissolves Hope's gleam.
AS NOTHING IS THIS AIMLESS SCHEME,
NOTHING remains, ties sundered soon, no key.
IS truth a contradiction none may flee,
THIS and every cycle: mortal theme,
AIMLESS! For all, scattered as dust grass,
SCHEME and schemer? fall, forgotten pass.

Jonathan ROBIN

Polyacrostic Emmagnet For Reschtitude

Every element craves this interplay,
March up, oh Time, aeons cannot seek more.
Mirror, you gave matter deep themes to score:
All the pulse's implants, beats, amaze.
Run the final scenes which Nirvana plays,
Every will can shape new terms, brazing four
Skeins as one, to cup charmed life, and thus draw,
Connect, the theses life impresses, show ways
Hopes here are met. Run, let false cares fade, fray.
Each idea Truth raises, throbs, therefore
Man's senses foray oh so much, tried sore.
Meanings chain me, chousing cramp rhyme's sway.
Airy is the charm, an echo pure mimes joy,
Revelation sweet, whose light rays all enjoy!

Jonathan ROBIN

Polyacrostic Palimpsest - A Tribute

As tribute paid to time may this come clear
Uniformly in unsought surprise
Pen on paper no pattern spots, these ties
Interactive spinning tight, austere.
A pleasure hand has threaded bright idea
in thoughts using inset input, tries
Simple play pieces, satisfies soul's sighs, -
A startling insight art alone supplies.
None thread and read in one light verse sincere.
Nature set I in merry manner here
Expectant as these rhymed line flows appear.

26 May 2005 see below for alternative version

Anne Aupiais 3 x vertically and twice diagonally
A Tribute_19920721_As tribute paid to time may this come clear ROBIN
Jonathan 1947_20xx robi3_0362_robi3_0000 BXX_IXX

A tribute I lay at your door and pray
United we find ways to understand, -
Pen and ink unlimited expand
Interactively in every way.
A great need appears to grow each day
In a soul who uses words at hand,
Simply puts pieces in a jigsaw band,
And, yet, will, in the end, find truth's bright ray.
No other may as much as this display
Noble mind. I in these lines here stand
Expectant as I wait your smile today.

21 July 1992

Anne Aupiais 2 x vertically and once diagonally

Jonathan ROBIN

Polyacrostic Palimpsest - All Things Enjoy

Notes on Polyacrostic Palimpsests.

Acrostic: Verse in which certain letters form a word or message

Polyacrostic: Several acrostics within the same composition

Acrostics to be found below – in alphabetical order:

Aim at less today

All things enjoy

Amorous Anorexy

Amorous Ecstasy

Palimpsest: A manuscript on which more than one text is written with earlier writing, or one level of meaning, partially visible.

I: plain text - in black

II: Complete acrostic palimpsests highlighted

All Things Enjoy

As tastes oft change, some shy stay, some shine new
Minds may be calm, like springtime's settling dew,
Or may life's flood lose, under moonlight drowned.
Regard here, there, stares, reader, may be crowned
O see though now our thread too poor seems, through
Underlay is strung twine link pure and true,
So sentence sense seek near the surface bound
Each cog spins easy, runs glad wheel round, round
craft, sense seen not as missing clue by you?
Spleen hunting out, strong ever scans verse too.
Then think! soon row on row is neatly bound,
As Jane might dread whatever Jean feels sound,
Some sonnets wax and some are lost to song -
Yet through the years my work may still shine on.

Jonathan ROBIN

Polyacrostic Palimpsest - Birthday Sonnet - Entered Is Diary

Toast verse! Oh birthday sonnet that strings true
E'er stanza knit free style, link in tress kind.
None letters scan, no need since star none find,
Deeds reader here disdains, nor head dreams cue.
Art secret exam, chart, restore rare value
Nowhere shrine is named, rich tune ornate designed,
Indeed is hidden within, bis gladdening behind
Covers is meshed, scored, missed, hid, scudding through
End verse. Here lines share where none spot the clue.
Hope endowed, read Heaven's clear. Add here's signed
Erudition's rhyme eked out blur, he ideas twined.
Annals are read as announced Dear, a part eschew.
Reward, roses near, reveals her in mirror bright.
To show you ardour triumphs in today's top write.

Toastverseohbirthdaysonnetthatstringstrue
Eerstanzaknitfreestylelinkintresskind
Nonelettersscannoneedsincestarnonefind
Deedsreaderheredisdainsnorheaddreamscue
Artsecretexamchartrestorerarevalue
Nowhereshrineisnamedrichtuneornatedesigned
Indeedishiddenwithinbisgladdeningbehind
Coversismeshedscoredmissedhidscuddingthrough
Endverseherelinesharewheresofewspotclue
Hopeendowedreadheavensclearaddheressigned
Eruditionsrhemeekedoutblurheideastwined
Annalsarereadasannounceddearaparteschew.
Rewardrosesnearrevealsherinmirrorbright
Toshowyouardourtriumphsintodaystopwrite

(26 November 2008) Birthday Mirror Below

Notes on Polyacrostic Palimpsests.

Palimpsest: A manuscript on which more than one text is written with earlier writing, or one level of meaning, partially visible.

Acrostic: Verse in which certain letters form a word or message

Polyacrostic: Several acrostics within the same composition

Acrostics to be found below in alphabetical order:

His hand her hand [twice vertically]

Tattooed Fairy [twice vertically]

Tend a nice heart [3 times vertically] hopefully not an ice heart

Tender is her heart [4 times diagonally]

Birthday Mirror

The birthday. Hark the ciphers that string true

E'er we dare knit free style link in tress kind

None starts scan, no need since star none find,

Do adepts far here dip deep Myrrh? He today through

A love's offer all mark, set fate's art fair for you.

Nowhere shrine is named. Rich line, ornate design

Is held, is hid inside, is laid deep behind

Covers, is meshed, scored, kissed hide, cued into

End verse. Here hopes share where lines are knit to

His pen's freed. n's clear as shows rebirth signed

End dread, for he spell'd glamour, he feels twine

As new, as signal Adam announced. Dear, apart won't do!

Reward, roses near, reveals her in mirror write.

To show you ardour, triumph at hand. Try trophy bright.

(8 January 2007)

Birthday Mirror

His hand her hand [twice vertically]

Tattooed Fairy [twice vertically]

Tend a nice heart [3 times vertically]

Tender is her heart [4 times diagonally]

Thebirthdayharktheciphersthatstringtrue

Eerwedareknitfreestylelinkintresskind

Nonitstartsscannoneedsincestarnonefind

Doadepstfarheredipdearfairhetodaythrough

Alovetoonecanchartsetfatesartfairforyou

Nowhereshrineisnamedrichlineornatedesign

Isheldishiddeepinsideislaidbehind

Coversismeshedscoredkissedhidecuedinto

Endverseherehopessharewherelinesareknitto

Hispenfreedreadheavensclearasshowsrebirthsigned

Enddreadforhespell'dglamourhefeelstwine

Asnewsignaladamannounceddearapartwontdo
Rewardrosesnearrevealsherinmirrorwrite
Toshowyetardourthreadathandtrytrophybright

Jonathan ROBIN

Polyacrostic Palimpsest - Care Is Our Dream

Kindly refer to Notes on Polyacrostic Palimpsests

.

Palimpsest: A manuscript on which more than one text is written with earlier writing, or one level of meaning, partially visible.

For further examples see the link to Polyacrostic list below.

..

.

The text appears twice here:

.

I: plain text - in black

II: Complete acrostic palimpsests.

Care is our dream Care: a core value

Text II is formatted to show letter progression hidden in Text I. Punctuation, spacing, are absent, highlighting

palimpsest phrases invisible in the first version for the sake of clarity... Enjoy!

see formatted version

(c) Jonathan Robin polyacrostic palimpsest sonnet written 17 May 2008

Care is Our Dream

I

Care, a core value, can't be traded, each
At risk may put heart if mistrust dare feed.
Rare welcome marry, ease bring, carry, speed,
Eve, night, day, select ideals free, teach,
Ideas shared as light shines fair. Impeach
Snow frost, ice, or snap cold, back zest's strong seed!
Order true open joys, shrug doubts off, lead
Urge on through summer's sorrow stumped, find speech,
Reveal tender thread to wed bliss reach.
Dreams venerated never veer from deed,
Real harmonies trump pains, deny greed's rede,
Equal friends are full of hope and each
As muse whose human quality warms air,
Meets time as team well matched, as magic pair.

II

Care is our dream Care: a core value

Careacorevaluecantbetradedeach
Atriskmayputheartifmistrustdarefeed
Rarewelcomemarryeasebringcarryspeed
Evenightdaysselectidealsfreeteach
Ideassharedaslightshinesfairimpeach
Snowfrosticeorsnapcoldbackzestsstrongseed
Ordertrueopenjoysshrugdoubtsofflead
Urgeonthroughsummersorrowsstumpedfindspeech
Revealtenderthreadtowedblissreach
Dreamsveneratedneverveerfromdeed
Realharmoniestrump painsdenygreedsrede
Equalfriendsarefullofhopeandeach
Asmusewhosehumanqualitywarmsair
Meetstimeasteamwellmatchedasmagicpair

Jonathan ROBIN

Sanskrit. Indian philosophy righteous duty or virtuous path. Central concept explaining the 'higher truth' or ultimate reality of the universe.

Pavan - Courtly dance or dance music but n.b. French pavaner means also to parade vain as a peacock

Majestic magic moments come when man
Amazed prays woman, angel-faced, faultless
Unsung soul's crux, unused, dumb, soundless, can
Draw dawn, dropp dead-end deeds, and, date timeless,
Etch heaven, heart enfeebled help, smiles fan.
Meld to mimamsa aim, dharma. Mime's awareness
At last may act on Fates; sea, earth round span,
Uniting human nature through world progress,
Destined ideas addressed, - add locked doors ban.
Enframe: 'Remember ever men, events, impress
Minds maimed and small, all may mumm bland,
Away age carts unsaid, unspared, act useless.'
Unbundle unused fund of truth found dear,
Dedicate dream! Cede man-made fool dealt fear.

6 March 2009 robi3_1869_robi3_0000

For those interested the name Maude appears 30 times in this polyacrostic

Jonathan ROBIN

Polyacrostic Palimpsest - Life's Karma's Given Light, Our Dream Here Gleams

Notes on Polyacrostic Palimpsests.

Acrostic: Verse in which certain letters form a word or message

Polyacrostic: Several acrostics within the same composition

Acrostics to be found below – in alphabetical order:

Palimpsest: A manuscript on which more than one text is written with earlier writing, or one level of meaning, partially visible.

I: plain text - in black

II: Complete acrostic palimpsests highlighted

Jonathan ROBIN

Polyacrostic Palimpsest - Manuscript

Madam, you theme are of each dream, none scorn
Sweet mistress of eternity the sum,
A bright star augurs hope for time to come,
New joy that none deny from Heaven's born.
Now the horn and now the drum greet dawn
In smiles, in life, in ardour welcome. Some
Can preach or can scold; jealousy's struck dumb.
Knight, king & khan a karmic oath have sworn,
Zambezi's crazy maze zones your badge worn,
Expressing need for heaven's aid. Who glum,
Dead was, from death-bed drawn, may hum.
My muse in rhyme here's summoned to adorn,
Answering prayer deep, heart loud and clear
Now may respond to praise a nature dear.

Jonathan ROBIN

Polyacrostic Palimpsest - Platitudes Refused

Platitudes are proffered where they please
And even where anathama as well
To bestow trite title, - few truth tell -
Refused where true respect feels ill at ease.
In writing in this princely style, no knees
Conscience cracks as chalk's not cheese to swell
King and khan or knight. Know most are shell
Clad in courage claimed, create false frieze.
As you alone the answers have, I seize
Real reverence, rely on no crude spell
Rewritten and pretend true rings. A knell
Awaits he who, flattering, gleans fees.
Llama coats can last, though only you
Enjoy the duffle which warms greatly too!

NOTE:

External acrostic Patrick Carrale repeated once vertically and twice diagonally from the centre

[c] Jonathan Robin Polyacrostic Palimpsest written 2 January 1992

Jonathan ROBIN

Polyacrostic Palimpsest - Poets Improvise

Pardon this poem's tale, warp w[r]it it be,
Old mind aims meets, binds word games into gear.
Ever scanned art, we let wise thoughts come clear,
Their end to share here, setting spirit free.
Some see spun verse with risibility.
I through revealed art relink lines sincere
Motifs realigning show in masked mots here,
Pleasure discover in jest play, planned key.
Run round rhyme lines, read riddle's energy
Opens up house, home, renews one's cheer.
Voyage take, see thread wed verse appear
In enchanted ave twine, idyll see!
So rhyme dare meet, as all bestirs joy's pleasure
NET treasure to men awe, as we spend leisure.

Jonathan ROBIN

Polyacrostic Palimpsest - Ses Mots Sont Ici II

Notes on Polyacrostic Palimpsests

Acrostic: Verse in which certain letters form a word or message

Polyacrostic: Several acrostics within the same composition

Acrostics to be found below

Ses mots sont ici [vertical acrostic from 1st Line S of has] [French – his/her words are here]

Susan Sellers SS [1 vertical external and 2 diagonal bottom up acrostics keyed as above to the 1st line S of has]

Palimpsest:

A manuscript on which more than one text is written with earlier writing, or one level of meaning, partially visible.

Ses Mots Sont Ici II

Sweet friend has Time Time conquered in your heart,
used no successes' superficial glow
somehow as jest so settle life as though
all fades, - a dream's drawn ready to depart?
Not in the years of age should these thoughts start!
So often sleep steals laughter, ends Time's flow,
expels old love, sends slight grace, - then we go.
life dies away as cold evenings chart
Life is a song whose chorus sings: Depart!
Even now cause and effect knock, so
reward each instant, Time shan't wait, you know.
So seek within, till safe your soul, then part.
Surrender true choice not, return trust's song□
Sure to evolve, find Way, may soul stay strong...□

16 May 2005 revised 6 January 2007

robi3_1254_robi3_0000 BQS_DZX

□

for alternative version see

Susan Sellers

Sweet friend has Time Time conquered in your heart.
Used no successes' superficial glow□
Somehow as jest so swift adopted though
A glued remora's maw right hard to part.
Not in the years of freedom should one start! □
So often sleep steals laughter, and, Time's flow,
Expels old love, sends slight sursis. We go.
Lives leave ere summer's eves grow long, ends chart.□
life as silence soon falls stricken by Time's dart.
Even now, while in fame your name may grow,
Ribald critics try, false praise bestow.
So seek within, till safe your soul, - spurn mart.
Surprises will chains burst, turn tables, - you're
Sure to win, and find Eve's apple's [s]core...□

© Jonathan Robin – written 19 January 1992 revised 6 January 2007
robi3_0529_robi3_0000 BQS_ZXX

Jonathan ROBIN

Polyacrostic Palimpsest - Take Not All As Read

Jingle verse enjoy. In reversed jest
our game is hid: no orchestra in song,
no signature, as no fit, link, strung strong
and taut traced are, for few see game addressed.
The care of each theme's wording to the test
here is pulled sharper. Read each line. Along
a web admired, placed true, is set among
new net mix. Read now, learn sense none guessed,
reach soul's sharing, free, the thread expressed.
Over all sweet sound ends work tongue long,
bestirring maybe. If proved the binding's wrong
it shall be read in fairness, thriftless guest!
Numb who'll stay? None smirk or sense contest,
Just a smile let joy glean from a jest.

Jonathan ROBIN

Polyacrostic Palimpsest - Testing Times For Sonnet Rhymes - What Enterprise!

Pressed, the mesh inset in style hides, shy.
Efforts knit span lines to link as I -
Not on trite end - top levels mask, text free.
Your summons seeks, a bubbly threaded key
On to straight end true, whose inner cry
Uses the prose, its music just, to tie.
Reread, prime the brain, gold runes there be
Haste. All nets art, stands meter ready,
Ever here rests precious. Test apply
A hidden cue where a verse pitch reply
Renders truth's initials to train thee.
Take these echos, guest, yet peruse them well,
Sharp telescopes help set score, context spell.

Jonathan ROBIN

Polyacrostic Palimpsest - Threads Paint A Plan Neat

Kindly read notes for explanation of acrostics

Plan unshut theme tale. Warp writ scheme it seems.
Allow claims, - meet able essay's real reel.
I bead, mend, scan English in ideal spiel -
new art ideas we thread, pen novel themes.
tress respun words, wed writing's subtle gleams.
Although remade, we argue verse with zeal
Pleased thought so maid deep poet feels,
letter read acrostic has spelt dreams
a few, sum drawn, believe - call to see schemes.
Name see housed in cross weaving we conceal.
Nomadic aims we thread, see, note, - tale reel
emerges now, wakes wit, fills in thought streams.
Art, dumb, dare meet as double lines end measure,
true leisure as my law, elated treasure.

THREADS PAINT A PLAN NEAT

External acrostic PAINT A PLAN NEAT

Vertical acrostic from H of Theme first line

HANDS HEED HANDS

Diagonal Acrostic from first letter P... PLEASURE

Word PLEASURE 7th line

Diagonal Acrostic from last letter T

Diagonal Acrostic from letter M first line Theme MEASURE

Vertical acrostic from first line warp P

PAINTED PLAN SEE

Circular palindrome from first line ALEWA tale warp

ABLE WAS I ERE I SAW ELBA

Diagonal Acrostic from letter M last line My MEASURE

Additional internal acrostics

[I See Me] MAUDE C occurring 6 times

MEET, MEET THREADS WE SEE LATE occurring twice

robi3_1253_robi3_0000 BQS_IXX
16th. May 2005 revised 24 March 2009

Jonathan ROBIN

Polyacrostic Palimpsest - What Will Follow?

Notes on Polyacrostic Palimpsests

Acrostic: Verse in which certain letters form a word or message

Polyacrostic: Several acrostics within the same composition;

Acrostics to be found below:

What will follow - external

Name an Acrostic - vertical from middle

Robin Jonathan - double diagonal from middle

Palimpsest: A manuscript on which more than one text is written with earlier writing, or one level of meaning, partially visible.

Enjoy!

3 versions below:

4 March 2009

6 January 2007

2 January 1992 [Jonathan Wrobel]

What Will Follow?

Who knows what in our future lies ahead,
How will man's banana skin unpeel,
And thus show him what follows on, reveal
Tomorrow's stated story. Living dead,
We wait and ask vain sages why we're led
In ignorance to never-never's wheel.
Life is lost as man sets out, why steal
Little joys in scheming, joys gainsaid:
Fond intention ropes soon ties instead
Of painting scroll whose links naught need conceal.
Let be all fears, shine out as beacon real.
Look forward to trial met book open, read,
Or is all error, nightmares' terrors where
We puppets find chance rules us? Judgements spare!

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4 March 2009

What Will Follow?

Who knows what in our future lies ahead,
How will man's banana skin unpeel,
And thus show him what follows on, reveal
Tomorrow's stated story. Living dead,
We wait and ask vain sages why we're led
In ignorance to never-never's wheel.
Life is lost as man sets out, why steal
Little joys in scheming, joys gainsaid
Fate, in waiting, rarely runs, - instead
Our sins turns to our loss without appeal.
Let be all fears, shine out as beacon real.
Look forward to the future, - grow, love, wed -
Or all's terror, nightmare error where
We soon will see climactic climes none spare...

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6 January 2007

What will Follow?

Who knows what in our future lies ahead,
How will man's banana skin unpeel,
And thus show him what follows on, reveal
Tomorrow's stated story, live or dead.
We wait and ask vain sages why we're led
In ignorance to never-never's wheel.
Life is lost as man sets out, why steal
Little joys in scheming, joys when fed
Fulfill our hearts which lay too long abed.
Our selves we should revive, all sloth repeal,
Let be all fears, shine out as beacon real.
Look forward to the future, - grow, love, wed!

Or all is error, 'tis but nightmare where
We soon will see chance rules us without heir!

Jonathan Wrobel polyacrostic palimpsest sonnet © Jonathan Robin written 2
January 1992

Jonathan ROBIN

Polyacrostic Palimpsest Ephemeral

Posts, email packets, we would trace out here,
argued f[r]ee experience on the Internet
lies paint to tease or problem air has set
its script tests, asks how fair is link so near?
Man well sees the art, net set on hope dear,
plain note, real trust, most name aims set
so soon to show sunside pages yet rich net
every trace may viral raid prepare or yet
sharing snapshots. Play game, for, ripe or drear,
threads in dreams blogging as net we steer.

Jonathan ROBIN

Polyacrostic Palimpsest Faerie's Birthday Ode For Silent Hawk

Toast verse! Oh birthday Fairie heart strings true
E'er stanza knit free style, link in tress kind.
None letters scan, no need since star none find,
Deeds reader here disdains, nor head dreams cue.
Art secret exam, chart, restore rare value
Nowhere shrine is named, rich tune ornate designed,
Indeed is hidden within, bis gladdening behind
Covers is meshed, scored, missed, hid, scudding through
End verse. Here lines share where so few spot clue.
Hope endowed reel Heaven's clear. Add hearts signed
Erudition's rhyme, eked out blur, he ideals shined.
Annals are read as annotated and day apart eschew.
Reward, roses near, reveals drawn mirror write.
Trust my hawk does twin wings in days tender, bright.

Jonathan ROBIN

Polyacrostic Palimpsest Gift Of Love

Lift glad eye, live lauded, new dream's due destined stream
O I at murky care oil magic eased, view so
Vision is seen all loving, fresh oaths twinned souls sow.
Earth I bless, heed anew, trust to love's lifelong gleam.
Let heart flow free, reap strong emotional shared theme
Yet find mind-share where all is rare, close kin souls grow.
Radiant fair, each may ever forwards free go
As scope one's way could hope to scrap base evil scheme
Remorse steps back. Unroll, dear, your true talents' beam,
Each must share, maid unite for happy future's flow.
May our decree play out, fear old melts, joys gold glow.
As sunny skies, prayers blend to lend hope, past redeem.
Gaudeamus echo if tenderness free sun
I Come to you, sing on, mauled config draw now won.

Jonathan ROBIN

Polyacrostic Palimpsest Laugh Share Magic

Lift upward drive, laugh to share dream on stream,
Ail not, new dare oils pro-active vast flow.
Unspent talent lilliputians nowhere know
Gut triumph speeds, new light tells growth may gleam.
Hid heart-flow free, reap strong exalting theme.
Shining mind-share, where all rare spirits grow,
He, trustful, teaching, special harvests sow,
As scope one's way shows, hope, no scrappy scheme
Reacts to take back stray heyday insight's beam.
Each must shine, more, unite for talents glow
May offer useful growth, autonomy show
Assuring this, grey past taos to light's dream.
Gauge this echo. If sonnet sets free soul,
I come to you, sing on, heart aspiring whole.

Jonathan ROBIN

Polyacrostic Palimpsest Letterhead Ephemeral

Prismatic letters blending on the screen
argued f[r]ee experience, but crude
lie paints to tease, or paper solitude.
Its script, top thesis, heartache sensed, not seen.
Man ventures on, each seeks fantasy keen,
playing normal trust. Most change their mood,
sham is to show sun-side, though players brood.
Ever effaced are clairvoyance, spring clean.
Sharing snapshots, plans that "might have been",
Time mocks dreams to play games, to welcome spleen

Jonathan ROBIN

Polyacrostic Palimpsest Tender Is Her Heart

Tender is her heart, whose light here tunes lines true,
E'er writ within free stylish skin, great find.
No name words scan, no need as man's gains unwind.
Deeds flower here, deeds flower heard, dreamt by few,
Archer love call, man needs free air, fair view,
Nowhere shrine is named, rich can shine designed
It's set, is hid deep inside, is laid behind
Covers, is meshed, scored, missed here. Care threads clue.
Eyes truth see, a spelt form, where lines we weave on cue,
His pen inked reaching end, clear wish consigned.
End dark fear, heavens dared, for healed hearts bind
As new souls, madam! Announce clear - a part I'm you!
Rewards seem near, revealing wonder real
To let us both draw threads that doubts unreel.

Jonathan ROBIN

Positive Potential

Perserverance pushes plans ahead
Offers opportunities which seem
Less hidden than before for from the dream
Life lights the way to wakefulness instead.
Yet timing is essential. What was read
Perhaps seems insufficient after gleam
Of something more important shines its beam.
Lively persistence seeks the whole, leaves head,
Left stranded when the heart soars in its stead,
Yearns holistic input to redeem
Positive potential. There's a stream
Of precious intuitions which may shed
Life's former apprehensions as the mind
Lets colours flow to which before 'twas blind!

Jonathan ROBIN

Post Tops Stop Spot - Anagram Verse

GLEAN from ANGEL we derive
WINGS which SWING, keep hope alive,
FORM FROM patterns living spread,
surviving though some seem as dead.
DARE READ between the lines instead
of mixing in and out - DEAL LEAD
by first impressions, TALE LATE found
containing, CHUM, so MUCH profound.
TEAM-MATE, when penning prose or VERSE
SERVE ideals high, FILE LIFE, rehearse
LIVE, - who OPTS POTS VILE underground
SPOT all TOPS POST, clocks STOP unwound.

Jonathan ROBIN

Post-Modern Culture-Nile Trial In Denial

Post-modern culture lessons few has learned
Years stretched to centuries times forty-eight
Raising structures daring Time's 'dew' date.
Alas tide heralds dust to dust returned,
Mocks mankind's self-pollution coda earned.
Ice cap melt-down Giza, called the Great,
Dares threaten now, its powers bow to Fate,
As boom to bust bricks blow away, wind churned,
Leaves man at sea, too many bridges burned.
Polar pressures crack tectonic plate.
Open options exercised too late
Will mourn lost time when one dawn meets flood stern
Extending over reeds, reeds, fern stems drowned,
Returning fallen pride to sea-slush mound.

Post-modern culture, pushy, churns ahead,
Yet spurred by institutions that remain
Resistant to internal change, which train
Ambassadors who vested-interest dread.
Mutant paradox is progress, fed
In bursts which cause, effect, link in a chain,
Driving change at speeds which sorely strain
The habits of the West, life as now led.
Each step Man takes towards the fountainhead
Leaves stranded an environment whose reign
Experience through time seemed prime. Its rein
Seems checked if not checkmated as Fate's thread
COvers global village through soft sell -
PERmeating all with netted spell...

Post-modern culture thinks itself ahead,
Yet drawn by paradigmns out-dated, vain,
Reminding one of ostrich grounded bane
Administrators innovations dread.
Musings paradoxical are fed
In bursts haphazard cursed by growing pain,
Disturbing eco-systems, sorely strain
Climatic context, for, consumer wed,
Our needs today - tomorrow's fountainhead -

Leave land exhausted, growth against the grain,
Lead to fields exploited, yields which wane
As nutrients - monopolistic bre[a]d -
Prevent diversity to sound ground's knell,
SEcond best accept, [l]and poison well.

Post-modern culture boasts empowered creed,
Yet sows its own destruction's seeds as greed
Rears hydra head to grasp Earth's gasp whose need
Aside is thrust as 'progress' must proceed.
Might at zenith, states say guaranteed
Is power's lasting hour naught may impede,
Doubts rejected, cash injected feed
Allows self-satisfaction space to kneed
Light illusions heady, soon sped, bead
THat Time on causal chain we thought had keyed
OUr future bounty. Countless stars succeed
GHosts which once on stage strutted, lost indeed.
Though pyramid once stood five hundred feet
Sea shall submerge those s[p]eeding self-defeat...

Post-modern culture's ubiquity
Yearns to control - disinformation spreads,
Reads black as white, white black, inverting heads
And tails at need, breeds discord sea to sea.
Maybe there's none so blind as will not see
Ideas creative stifled, watersheds
Denied top d[r]own as mankind wets its beds
Contriving to ignore clima[c]tic key
Overshadowing our futures free,
Displacing as fee ride sub-prime homesteads.
Energy alternative now weds
Controversy's flight from conformity
On wood, trees, would ignored logged dialogue
DAtes carbon die cast backtrack die_a_log.

(n.b. notes below)

Acrostic sonnets:
Pyramidal Power
Pyramid Telescope
Pyramid Collapse

Pyramidal Thoughts
Pyramid Code Coda

n.b. in respect of...

Ice cap melt-down Giza, called the Great,
Dares threaten now, its powers bow to Fate,
As boom to bust bricks blow away, wind churned,
Leaves man at sea, too many bridges burned.
Polar pressures crack tectonic plate...

Arctic Ice at historic lows September 2007

Greenland Earthquakes as ice comes unstuck - Sept 2007
Ilulissat glacier melting

Acrostic sonnets written September 2007)

Jonathan ROBIN

Powder Prime

The jackals jerking on the jess of Time
shall slip their shackles. Hordes, like ancient huns
whose spears seem toys before tomorrow's guns,
show Man is Man's worst enemy in crime.
The match is lit, prepared the powder prime.
The hour-glass empties, trickle quick_sand runs
between a pointless Past and Future suns.
Uncertain Present hangs, pale phantomime.
Aquarius prepares the floods to come,
while voices in the wilderness, which dumb
should have remained, shall sudden find a tongue.
The storm clouds murky warnings mass, the sum
of signs speaks volumes which, when read, leave numb.
A new age beacon beckons, web undone.

(15 August 1990 revised 1 December 1991)

Jonathan ROBIN

Praise In Play

Though here we play as much as praise
on meaning's true intent, -
her friend to spend all nights and days
in palace or in tent.

Against all bets he lately met
a siren sweet as wise
beyond her years as any yet,
an angel in disguise.

Each cheek with morn's first flush competes, -
wild rose runs second best, -
her charm sweet modesty completes
unequaled all the rest.

Intelligence is not a word
to bandy much about,
however here 'twould be absurd
for both inside and out

her gentle air with inner light
outshines the brightest star, -
by day and night to guide fond knight,
for her all travel far.

The walls that others see dissolve
as phase - though passing long -
leave space, let latent hopes evolve
and shed protections strong.

Her talents leave the Muses meek,
broad mind's lined treasure chest -
here art, there music, magnifique -
and multilingual blest.

As vintage wine her poetry,
our lady of the dance
excels as all men must agree
in England, U.S., France.

She means much more poetry
more of a gift than chance,
more than an opportunity -
incentive to advance.

Words insufficient are to speak
her praise, we have confessed,
though Jason golden fleece would seek
with her content I'd rest.

Though many glimmer, soon from sight
they slip forgotten, far,
she's no ephemeral delight
spans alpha – omega!

Wings more of butterfly than bird
she gravity may flout
of all she shines unique, preferred,
without the slightest doubt.

So all in one remains for me
more of a gift than chance,
more than an opportunity -
incentive to advance.

Words insufficient are to speak
her praise, I have confessed,
though Jason once the fleece did seek
with her I'd happy rest.

In plenty, in adversity,
one dream, one theme repeat,
at home in country, city, we
together rest replete

So merit writ wit won't forget,
and lovers all advise
to this adhere, come shine, come wet,
ambitions realize.

Though here we praise as much as play,

invention's never spent,
it springs in unpolluted spray
from someone heaven sent.

Jonathan ROBIN

Precocious

When, gifted mentor, I made shift
to sift your manuscript makeshift,
which swift my spirit to uplift
you sent to me in shortest shrift,
I meant to thank you for your gift.

In your thesis there is a rift
between fact, fiction, careless clift,
a most unfortunate abyss,
thus with your aptitude I'm tiffed.

Because key arguments snow drift
it seems, Sir, that the point is miffed,
it had of course to come to this,
my servitude is spent, so shift!

Jonathan ROBIN

Pre-Electoral Preoccupations

Electors, ever insincere,
provide polite applause,
of Mitterand they know no fear,
he's still to show them cause.
ere long they'll stall, or jeer, not cheer,
unless vote reassures.

Here socialistic cats appear
with communistic claws;
they pause, although with purpose clear,
steel glows through velvet paws.
They're posed to pounce, the vote draws near,
no reason here to pause.

Should they past policies adhere
and pass their Program's laws,
then much that democrats hold dear
could fall behind closed doors.
So farewell France, elsewhere I'll steer,
towards old Blighty's shores.

Jonathan ROBIN

Prepare Each Day - Daughter Of Hope

D ay warms to day, to night dark night succeeds,
A nd strings the Present as a row of beads
U pon Time's rosary. The Future feeds,
G athers life's leaves, by instinct led, or chance, -
H ere crops a leaf, another lets advance,
T here leaves alone, preparing renaissance.
E xistence swings upon a string. Hope breeds
R esponse entrusting tide which won't recede
O r stagnant stale. We should evolve as reeds
F or whom the gales of life, each happenstance,
H old meaning but no menace, may enhance
O ur sense of being part of Life's full dance.
Prepare each day, play role repair which brings
Enlightenment whose harmony rhyme sings...

Jonathan ROBIN

Prepared For Pre-Paired - Response Mc - Perfection's Catch

There was no catch in matchless catch
when light, unlooked for, came
into his life which yearned to hatch
fair future bright sans shame.

No spookyness, no fear, protest,
no cause for dire distress,
no obligation – welcome guest
could aspirations bless.

Soft smile may rhyme with tenderness,
end trial, reflections' flow
prepared through time won't second guess
'perfection' two share, show.

24 May 2008 6: 12: 00 AM

Perfection's Catch

It just came on tiptoe
Silently, in disguise;
I had not wished it to-
It was here without fright.

This feeling about you,
Furtively, in plain light,
As faint as a spook,
But so true and so bright.

The freshness of a brook,
The softness of a smile
One second, just one look,
A stealthy dive in life:

Perfection caught o[i]n time.

Maude Corrieras

Jonathan ROBIN

Pretentiousness

He stands as high in his own estimate
as Everest, yet never rests to show
he represents quintessence crowned by Fate,
the paragon of generations' flow,
sure soars, both source and force, all incarnate.
'I am' self-evidence appears, it seems,
with Time and Space combined, to demonstrate
perfection corresponding to all dreams
personnified. Such plateaux elevate
none without reason above lacklustre crowd.
Vice scorns torn virtue, self-perpetuate.
Ahead where most, more modest, bray less loud.
Nor could he cease to brag until his breath
apoplectic opens door to Death.

4 May 1998 revised 5 December 2008
robi03_0879_robi03_0000 SXX_JXX

for previous version see below

Pretentiousness

He stands so high in his own estimate
as Everest, and never rests to show
he Man's quintessence represents by Fate
triumphant crowned, - of generations' flow
he soars both source and force, all incarnate.
'I am' self-evidence appears, it seems,
with Time and Space combined, to demonstrate
perfection corresponding to all dreams
personnified. Such plateaux elevate
none without reason high above the crowd....
Vice turn to virtue? Youth perpetuate?
Ahead where most, more modest, bray less loud?
Nor shall he cease to brag until his breath
apoplectic opens door to Death.

4 May 1998

© Jonathan Robin

Jonathan ROBIN

Pricefixing

As Charlotte was showing the Bourse
to a client, of courtage the source,
said she: "twill suffice
to know that the price
is thus fixed, it's a matter of cours[e]! "

Her customer countered with sauce,
as with wit on the Bourse did discourse,
"It is proof bona fide
of dealing inside,
with no watchdog to shout itself ho[a]rse! "

Jonathan ROBIN

Pride Aside On Love

Innocence and pride make two
as pride and love - forget-me-not -
from fever cools as through and through
fond memories few keep. Fools blot
their copy books, mock Cupid's coo
as selfishness unravels knot,
hands tied dis paired, what should be true.
When once fidelity's bolt's shot
some lock out souvenirs, fond cue
forget - from pseudo sage to sot -
invent excuses spent, unglue.
False feelings [b]ring crime Time will rot.

Yet Cupid's dart should hearts entwine
in happiness come rain or shine.

for previous version 31 July 2007 see below

Innocence and pride make two
as pride and love, - forget-me-not
from fever cools as through and through
fond memories few keep, sots blot
their copy books, unravel knot
hands tied when paired, once bolt is shot
block out souvenirs, fond cue
forget - from pseudo sage to sot -
label feelings they've forgot
that once they thought by heart they knew.

(27 January 2007 revised 31 July 2007 and 4 February 2012)

Jonathan ROBIN

Priest

Through all the chapters of life's play
my flock I ever did beseech
the Holy Church's sacred way
to follow, for the truth we teach,
so all on the appointed day
St. Peter's charity may stay

Through all life's verses I'd allay
here fears, there tears, e'er sought to reach
the hearts of youth, the old, hair grey,
within my fold I'd always preach
that light eternal will array
all who do fight firm, don't betray.

I wonder what to think of they
whose scarlet sins will never bleach,
who pawn their future lives for pay,
for silver coin their souls, for each
Thy mercy, Lord, I humbly pray,
lest they should stoop 'neath Satan's sway.

Since souls are struck by doubt, dismay,
like driftwood stranded on life's beach,
and since soon stiffens mortal clay,
contrite repentance is my speech:
may those who He has drawn away
as angels rise at Judgement Day.

Jonathan ROBIN

Priorities

PRIORITIES

Today's priorities tomorrow fade,
dissolved, distorted by Time's tug of war.
What all important seemed one day before
turns sour before its zest to rest is laid,
incorporated into causal braid,
what's left sewn through waft-weft of life's rappings.
It serves no sense to fear what lies in store
for others, for oneself - life's game is played
with Life itself, spurns Death's amoral spade.
Timed candle splutters, will f[l]ame rise once more,
or shroud itself in darkness, curtains draw,
veils pulled full frontal, cloaked black burka maid?
For passing sigh thrilled head's held high, yet soon
both silver spoon and slum lie dumb, stilled tune.

f[l]ame = flame fame lame l'âme aim am me

3 December 2001 revised 10 December 2008
robi03_0974_robi03_0000 SXX_CDJ

for previous version see below

Priorities

Priorities today, tomorrow fade,
dissolved, distorted by Time's tug of war.
What all important seemed the day before
turns sour before appointed hour, is laid
aside by patterns Cause, Effect may braid
into the waft and weft of their rapping.
It serves no sense to fear what lies in store
for others, for oneself, - life's game is played
with Life itself, spurns Death's amoral spade.
The candle splutters, will f[l]ame rise once more,

or shroud itself in darkness, curtains draw,
veils pulled full frontal, cloaked black burka maid?
For passing sigh-space head's held high, yet soon
all is dissolved for slum or silver spoon...

3 December 2001

Jonathan ROBIN

Priorities - La Nonette Fonce

Light, warmth, touch/taste visibility
Appear priorities. Observant mind
No time retains for trite frivolity
Or lack of savoir-vivre, here we find
Need for understanding, space to see
Eternity in grain of sand none bind
To test more than to rest on laurels. Free
The spirit which beyond all veils, behind
Ephemeris would seek, would peek, would key
Flight for fair future ever underlined.
ON first impressions many come unstuck.
CErebral her humour, cats bring luck.

Jonathan ROBIN

Prisma

Rainbows shine pure through spray
of drops, prismatic view
of multi-coloured hue
emerges from the grey.
What seem impressions true
tomorrow melt away.

Dawn's daily spider play
displays silk nets anew,
through diamond stranded dew
lights scintillate, breeze sway –
all things sing echo, clue
interpreting the Way.
Dew's sparkling interplay
between earth, water too,
empowers life; curfew
of night lifts, gifts relay
world's waking wonder woo,
air slakes thirst, scorns delay.

Nature must convey
respect to dew as due,
for where its overdue
photosynthesis may
not from primaeval stew
evolve - for mammals too
no haemoglobulu.

Life offers [th]us each day
diversity where you
can rediscover new
its beauty on your way
to Paradise, - display
of nuances, each true.

So as we travel through
time's complex interplay
perhaps impressions stay,
perhaps disperse into

new background bright and blue,
perhaps... but who can say?

How can links one mind drew
then be restated? Clay
may be remodelled, hay
cut neatly so a few
twin stems splice true, but who
may reproduce mind ray
unique of each soul's s[t]ay?

12 September 1996 revised 5 October 2009
robi03_0825_robi03_0000 XXX_NZX

for previous version see below

Prisma

As clouds contain a spray
of drops, prismatic view
of multi coloured hue
emerges from the grey.
What seem impressions true
tomorrow melt away.

As daily spiders play
their silken nets anew
through diamond stranded dew
light shines in every way –
so all is echo, clue
interpreting the Way.

Life offers [th]us each day
diversity where you
can rediscover new
its beauty on your way
to Paradise, - display
of nuances, each true.

So as we travel through
time's complex interplay

perhaps impressions stay,
perhaps they melt into
a background bright and blue,
perhaps... but who can say?

How can links one mind drew
then be restated? Clay
can be remodelled, hay
cut neatly so a few
stems twins appear, but who
may reproduce mind ray
unique of each man's s[t]ay?

12 September 1996

Jonathan ROBIN

Prismatic Appraisal

Stop, look, and listen, imprint glistens, see
words wire taut, well caught, of themselves require
standards unset, spontaneous, to be:
though goal unsought, far from the crowd's mud mire.
Let drop by drop from inspiration's tree
pearl down to crown rhyme, rhythm all admire,
encapsulate amber eternity
to time-trap thoughts, acts, objects, free from ire.

One stores verse story's glory in the mind,
retinal rainbow stimulating each
synaptic link both in and out of reach,
display whose ray may play before, behind.

Word flow sensations sows and by degree,
can catalyze a metamorphic fire
as empathy extends its energy
incandescent, lends dimensions higher
to time and space and place which, falling free,
rise to surprise and stimulate the lyre.
Time loses its accustomed hierarchy
thus finite frontiers, limits soon expire.

In context crystalline we find outlined
prismatic tones some play, which more may teach
than meets the eye, contact points combined,
with ease, these inner inhibitions breach.

Words flow where none could know they'd go, no key
is needed where there's no directive spire,
no cue restrictive, new priority
in depth is found, ground falls away, kite flyer
spins top-like, fights against Earth's gravity
reintegrates new levels which aspire
to spread, to wed when seedbed cavity
spores explode, explore, more growth inspire.
Words flow, emotions echo, each assigned
its place to interaction trace where speech
is often too restrictive, predefined,

thought modes aligned, too taut one must impeach.

Words taught, untaught, exchanged, are vector we
extend from passing trend as minds inquire,
as echoes through blue organ flue flow free
or meanings ancient bend to suit soul's choir
in harmony, or melting melody,
or raven caw reacting to some liar,
cabalist, hermetic, open key,
energy decoding deep desire.

So verse to verse responds spontaneous
to take up arms against a troubled seed,
to laugh with, never at unless some cuss,
to read behind the lines for more to read.

These featured points outline one Poet's view
though points, when featured, comments draw too few.

Jonathan ROBIN

Prismatic Observations

Few share, most from self-knowledge shrink,
fear fragility in all that matters,
form's fiction dressed as causal link
providing prism which self-image flatters -
self-fulfilling dish. Who's dished, who'd wink?
or care to think, life soon torn to tatters,

Sharing opens fresh perspective's pane,
light split then recombined sheds masks, sped pain.

(29 July 2007 revised 19 October 2008)

Jonathan ROBIN

Pro And Con Tests Heart Art Versus Cold [s]ol[e]d

Neutrality is rarely cup of tea.
where intelligence creative and aware
dare not stagnate, can't simply stop and stare.
Open mind needs true transparency,
tunes into wave length seeds so few can key,
finds answers which should new advance prepare
to change dimensions, sheds protective layer
somehow setting restive spirit free.
Although the quest for self discovery
lends hope to scope to answer inner prayer
though self acceptance may not dare to dare
respond to feelings in the first degree,
Never content within the status quo,
'you' "why' and 'wherefore' therefore need to know.

Between dark doubt, blind certitudes
mind's moods may oscillate, its feuds
through trial fire pass as magic flute
shows way to grasp essentials, moot
points transmute to clarity
confusion fades, feels parity.

We time together for some little space
Each adding unto each when harmony
Advances understanding, spirits free,
Rewards unneeded where acceptance trace
Enscribes upon the book of life. No race,
As difference mingles through the 'he in she'.
Some parts speak heart, some mindspeak, some may be
Too scared, too scarred, to trust amazing grace,
Refusing opportunities replace
Alliance open-end annuity.
None are all apes, none angels are that see
Great expectations heart head interlace,
Response? Reaction Angels fear to tread,
Shy far from such dichotomies white bled.

If thought, words, deeds were never
a hot-air sky balloon.

If we were both immortal,
December mild as June
might be, we'd see life's summer
count each day in its number.
Life would be beauty blessing
each day full dinner dressing,
no lies to be confessing
eternal swim, no plumber
to pull the plug each mortal
fear drained from heart charts soon.

If illness idiopathic
was cured 'neath sun, stars, moon
Death sting-less, Life cocoon,
no human antipathic
as entente telepathic
removed fears psychopathic
we'd versify night, noon,
throw lifelines all find boon,
no conduct enigmatic
reactions harsh, dramatic,
could ever burst balloon
of fête and fun festoon.

All trace of what might possibly debase
Perpetual search of self, and right to flee,
Eliminates choice offered as a key
All angels wise reject, preferring chase,
New challenge daily, turns down 'just in case'.
Desires and aspirations think link key.
Ape, down to earth, asserts priority
No angel could endorse for narrow pace
Goodwill may seem to squander not embrace,
Empath mistrusts top/down celerity.
Life mingles ape and angel, colours minds,
Sorrow seldom see[k]s what free joy finds.

Some say: 'Delight may mingle
love, lust, but life, buffoon,
spins Time's wheel all too quickly,
today's bloom soon shades sickly,
tomorrow's tomb is single,

shores shown prove shoals and shingle.'
Their cares prove self-fulfilling,
with worries over-spilling
into haste's waste-chase chilling,
so rare their senses tingle.
and gloom flows out of noon,
all's vain! Life: mirage moon.
But we won't buy that tune!

While youth longs to be older
grasps opportunity
to test strengths, bigger, bolder,
advancing to unfold a
dream perfect to a tee,
Age dwells on lost youth, ponders
mistakes made as mind wanders
from joyful, novel wonders,
to doom gloom first responders
fear soon may fell life's tree.
Life's in eye of beholder,
no immortality
cold Fate our transient folder
will ever guarantee.

Between light dreams and darkness dread,
between the calls of heart and head,
what now seems natural, in season,
appeared beforehand to blind reason,
delusion on delusion fed,
tied more to past than core ahead.

Need to feed, reluctance to be fed,
is paradox where intellect attracts,
comb[in]ing 'cause effect' for hidden tracks
opens patterns which help think ahead.
Leaving double bind behind, mind's led
defeating 'déjà vu's' stark whites and blacks.
Where harmony, transparency one lacks,
trust may be spurned though earned, dark path to tread.
Though years past cost counts spread crape mirage b[l]ed.
one must look forward, sow, life interacts
with feeling flows emotions mesh, no cracks,

reactions to response tune heart to head.
Nourished, open sentiments take root,
then flourish where their boughs may bear full fruit.

(6 May 2013)

Jonathan ROBIN

Progress

Progress expresses courage, leaves behind
All unhappiness as heart can start
Making up time lost. Each puzzle part
Eases into place within the mind,
Light the touch, much tension may unwind
Allowing scope for hope, new worlds to chart.
Problems solved, and walls dissolved with art,
Augur pastures green, set scene to find
Magic harbour safe, serene, assigned,
Excluding pressures in a world apart.
Life takes on fresh colours à la carte
And offers fair reflection unconfined.
PAMpered past to self acceptance cedes,
ELAtion follows as vain pain recedes.

Jonathan ROBIN

Promise Sing Response

If all the world were sparkling sun,
and all well finished once begun,
then I would wish upon a dream
with you as Queen, play perfect team.

If every bat could score home run,
if mice and men could plan their fun,
if every sparkle held a gleam
to light true thinklings till they teem,

If skies were blue, if banned were gun
if wonder, too, though shared eyes shone,
then hand in hand we would redeem
lost time and rhyme with flowing scheme.

But time and tide alas add care
and age turns gravewards flower fair,
so show more reasons why I should
as squire dreams fire through ill and good?

Can brand new world new words prepare?
Will there be space to 'stop and stare'?
rare faith in flight where man, maid might
scare wraith, sin, blight, prayer scan, braid light?

Jonathan ROBIN

Prongs Of Promise Wept

She must have seen us walk along
beneath the open sky
glanced sidelong as two hands soft, strong,
danced rings gold rings deny.

She must have envied my sarong,
seen eye exchange with eye,
reaction by outburst headstrong, -
scene change would simplify.

She must have known that much was wrong
to make him turn to my
too welcome arms till dinner gong, -
oh how two souls now sigh!

When he announced he would belong
to someone else her cry
cut through me too, an icy prong
pierced desperation's "Why? "

She must have sensed tormenting tong
turn streaming tears to dry,
as if the Inquisition's prong
had ripped her guts thereby.

She must have felt she long did long
in vain, - time could not buy
the dreams it seems sold for a song
s[c]ored heartbreak by and by.

She must have thought of wedding throng,
white satin dress, black tie, ...
forsaken, now she walks among
dark shadows love decry.

She must have felt resentment's thong
whip up her tension high,
time's welts, which agonies prolong,
blind fury in reply.

She must have felt so strung along,
and having lived a lie
that killed the love she'd loved so long,
thought someone had to die...

Jonathan ROBIN

Pros And Cons

Some read, some rest, while others play,
some crosswords puzzle as the day
to night tracks onwards while life's train
repeats, repeats, the same refrain.

Some through life's window stare as they
dream on lost worlds in wayward way,
some forward bend to golden g[r]ain,
some backward tend in times of strain.

Some watch their neighbours watch them weigh
the pros and cons of yea or nay,
some thoughts would open, some restrain
emotions' f[l]avour as profane.

There are so few who dare relay
fair message sharing interplay.

Jonathan ROBIN

Prose Poem On The Mind's Universe I

If the mind may be a universe unto itself, may the universe be a mind unto itself, and, if so, can it mind that minds can can, or cannot can, or encapsulate along a dotted line frame form spurning former formal form frames as fresh fusion transforms confusion into a cohesive constellation of potential energy particles?

A state me[a]ntal line, desperate to [t]race light, as if its existence depended upon its s[p]eed, soars, curving, arching, starching star I Ching through the marching universe, attempting to reach, underscore, and underline itself although temporal continuum discrepancies perpetually portray parallelax perceptions as spinning personified neutrons mocking both judgemental convictions and neutrality. Is everything relativity one [m]asks laughing at Draconian measures?

There is nothing irregular in this. Prominence accorded one moment fades the next, today's priorities, yesterday's prior I tease, and tomorrow's pry I or It ease are part and parcel of the universe whose core decor we decorticate with just gusto, whose pluridimensional kernel we explore with the holistic overview you will grow to expect from few others.

Standing upon no ceremony, anxious to rotate upon its axis as if ALL IS WAS and remains ALL, and through ALL [s]kidding in light despite gravity, quark sparks affect all levels of sidereal cosmic consciousness. Fractal constellations collide_o_scope as alien comet commits head and tail, making neither head nor tail of the tale until the circle reforms an image impression expression of harmony, a symphony of sound and fury signifying nothing and nevertheless opening the doors of perception to [f]all into itself and spiral out from itself in a self-consuming, no holds barred, explosion of temporal cause/effect ripple rhymes.

Voyager longs to [l]ink the pages of the Present, intertwining Past and Future, and, in longhand letters large as life, rights preconceptions, decyphers the ingenuous genius or GENE_I_US ensuring that the door of insight and enlightenment is ever ajar. The portal's gateway, dwarf to giant, giant to dwarf, seems elusive, out of context to all beholders, too narrow or too wide to those evanescent/effervescent who ephemerally flicker through their three score years and ten. The proverbial giant's seedbed is always too long for some, too short for others, stretching a point for some, reducing to a full stop, yet ever trying to make ends meet.

Up and over: layers of primary consciousness, 'wait' changed state as, weight dissolved, memory's backwash flashback switchbacks and side tracks in an elliptic voyage away from the temptation of falling back on itself.

Back to and from big bang basics a-muse-sing contradiction in terms, spans the bridge between Whence/ Wither and Cause/Effect echoing relay race of Eternity's comings and goings, ebbings and flowings, knowings and unknowings as the cycle gears up, peers/appears over hair-splitting layers of primary unconsciousness.

Verbal wake-shake takes time out for its own acorn ache sake without making flaking rhyme. The chronological water shed the logical and fed from the Titan Chronos' legendary meal, taking from the Gods that from which they themselves once partook while spinning topsy-turvy from the asteroid belt, through the blue and green rings around Saturn's void to beyond Andromeda and Sirius, semi seriously scorning, on the Way, sapiens' downgrading of Pluto as spin spin. It is as if an innate photosphere may take FORM MORF FROM weaveworld cluster words, arising even within an APed vacuum environment, then rocket to feed upon its own momentum independantly of any external reference to its own refractive index.

Core mutates into corona swallowing its own black hole – metamorphosis pluridimensionnal as kernel is uprooted and downloaded from the inner recesses of the mind's overload, that dark fertile area where creativity restlessly and relentlessly anticipates release, extrapolates an upgrade empowering innate ability to bust its own bounds, to burst into nut gut activity, itself both an appendix to and starting block for its perpetual spiral.

Warp and weft, bereft of references, dance a double helix under the sum sun of understanding, st[r]anding both apart from and a part of the hole that leads the whole into and out of and from itself.

The universal soul awaits inspiration to send sap soaring, outpouring from core ring at all levels. Tendrils tentatively touch, tenderly tease to deracinate, sensate and stretch sate tortured spiritual synapses, neurons run amok mock new runs. Explosion of consciousness calls all, especially itself, into question. In this contest context apocalypse is out of the question as evolution is all. Evolution being response, revolution reaction being ... reaction when seen through the holistic lens of fractal and frangible time fractions' mirror reflections, with or without intelligent design.

Voyager reflects prismatically and chromatically upon all aspects of awareness,

the soul works on the Will to redefine the Way as harmony and chaos complete each other as cosmic and karmic interplay evolve revolving around each other, yin, yang, learning yearning earning spurning before returning to city zen. Voyager wakes, works on the Will, finds, refines, redefines and realigns the Way, which, in its turn, underlines individual inability to assign its paradoxical convergent_seas to seize the day,

Out of the blue, out of sight insight bolt is shot, hangs momentarily as if in animated suspension. Bridge ridge ego echo shuttles between indifferent indigence and indignant insignificance with polychromatical iridescent independent resonance.

Time and Space here conspire to offset kinetic energy wiring siring to fire the Ages with some aeon neon neant light dissolving need for conceptual anchors. Inner liberty retains and sustains relevance, solving descriptions of descriptions of inside/outside interdependant fractal interface tracings pacing the space outline of straight line meta-mode mind-sets. Ideas telescope, eclipse preconceptions as viking rover asail upon the currents of an interstellar imagination keys into the flow and flows into the key of second sight, its 'figure_head' blue and yellow prow cleaving the cancer of straitjacket limitations from the seas of infinity.

Pivot and pillow wo[l]rd challenge tenets of Ti[m]e and P[l]ace, ful[l]crum[b]s of the soul's immortality, seeking to block the spirit's fleeting winking inking thinking linking greeting shrinking within itself. Imaginations satellite in an irregular orbit, at times emitting, at times sitting, at times receiving, and ever dovetailing stimuli into experience as some thinklings are accorded prominence a moment before pride preceding ride receding poses and reposes circular questions on the origin and aim flair flare flame of the universe.

TIME AND PLACE LAND, PACE, EMIT, check balance, equilibrium equipoise, awaiting the meeting mutating mate to mating for DEEP CLAIMANT before they DECIMATE PLAN. From first letters to final ph[r]ase, alpha to omega, [l]inked upon the page, words spread across white sheet. No meager ephemeral echo or timeless trace stocked upon random memory.

Time called, without recall of the how or the why, where data retention can catalyze invention not to mention pretention; two sides of one coin purloined by the ME in TIME IT being essential to dot the I and cross the T for [m]asked witness to Man's transient mirage.

There is neither full stop nor one stop shop. The dots continue to race onwards,

replace and reposition each other as morse code inroads through reception into perception and out through introspection or possibly deception, self or other wise, punctuating the whole until the hole becomes an end in itself opening onto infinite options... Venus is Mars, Mars, Venus "that is all ye know on Earth, and all ye need to know", must matter matter when OORT can take ROOT, and, oh dear! dropp an O and transform its innate ROTOR into ORT and TOR, wrought with neither RETORT nor TORT throughout the galaxy?

Borderline inspiration spans yet spurns ego echo, nowhere, everywhere, are found both to wear and to tear the same surround. Wave lengths ripple as dust flies, inspiration's spent cartridge hangs upon silent peaks. Voyager's eyes speak silence.

Jonathan ROBIN

Jonathan ROBIN

Protection Shed

Frustration's shadow fades not as moon rises,
but open heart prepares for fair surprises,
dream scenes encounter reconciliation
between hopes, fears. Few can draw consolation
from coffee cups which all too soon turn cold,
whose golden hues turn tarnish stain. Behold.

The answer, lies discarding, finds what wise is
seems metamorphosis, winged nymph star rises
to shed protection's superficial station,
to touch not think superlative sensation,
Energy, rechannelled, warmth enfolds
but bubble outburst sentiments withholds.

Jonathan ROBIN

Providence - 1351 - Parody Eisdell Tucker

Here lies a good man, lately dead,
Who never saved, nor looked ahead;
proceedings which he justified
by trusting Heaven to provide.

Heaven provided in the end,
impersonated by a friend,
whom Something had impelled to save
to point this spendthrift to the grave.

And so, at the appointed hour,
Untapped his sap was, faded flower
unrooted was to feed new roots
through maggots working in cahoots.

Moral: who turns to Providence
earns earnest urn at own expense.

Jonathan ROBIN

Providential Headstart - Home Is Where The Heart...

Head flies outside through joy espied,
Offers new day begun,
May side by side fore'er abide
Eternally as one.
If care's denied tears may be dried
Sun highlights scope and fun
While soul that cried's now healed inside
Hearts's karmic leap is won.
Each dawn beside shared orbit's glide
Rhymes well, joy's never done,
Each night is eyed as welcome ride
Hand, hand, tied, ne'er undone,
Entwined, allied, with time defied,
As limits overcome
Restore bridge wide which bona fide
Teams with sweet dreams none shun ...

Jonathan ROBIN

Providential Piece

Song of my soul, soul of song,
long to belong to true beau,
strong where most, weak, string along,
short to wrong conquer and, oh!

Hope for new scope, scope for hope,
never a bye line to toe,
rope with no strings, wings which cope
with winds of change strange, far range, so
dawn of my dawn she became,
fame of shared flame through time's flow,
drawn thorn as newborn glows game's aim,
name of my name who'll rhymes sow.

Bride to abide through the years,
tears clears, cheers as fearful fears go,
far and wide side by side soon appears
for hope nears when heart steers Cupid's bow.

Light of my light shines fair muse
whose views offer cues to bestow
bright blessings no wight could confuse,
clues choose to ignore or loose, glow
fires faith which aspires through tuned lyre
to translate runes ballooning to show
desires which inspire more desire,
enthuse, offer boon zephyr blow.

Waft of my weave I believe
receiving achieves to and fro
unsparing free sharing, two cleave
to each other, discover plateau
untouched and unsmutched for none grieve,
minds leave much behind more to know,
much more as two cores interleave
than first found as obbligato.

Flight through insight to delight
metamorphosis few undergo,

bright star once afar turning night
into day which all pray apropos.

HEART which HE ARTfully writes,
SHE ALI HEALS to unseal joy's chateau,
rite rightfully cited incites
an urge to merge, surge, long ago
foreseen to be queen, reconcile
surface smile with sacred undertow,
rile, bile, soothing to guileless beguile
while sentiments soft overflow.

Find mind behind features sublime
refusing narrow status quo
refusing to mime p[h]antomime,
all acknowledge respect none forego.

Links my pen inks trace their source,
course, and force, as above and below
in story on[e] glory discourse,
never coarse, no remorse ever know.
Dawn of my dawn she'll remain,
never wane, prove joys vain - sun and snow
come and go, she alone, once again
it is plain, easing pain, wards off woe.

Providential piece could reel out
more praise to the envy of time,
but you, reader, must out and about,
go in peace, we'll release you from rhyme.

(9 August 2007)

Jonathan ROBIN

Psychoanalysis

The Changing phases of the soul
'twixt simple cils, transparent gleam: -
dear smiles appear,
cheer while revered,
love sighs, - clear skies!
Here peer the eyes sincere
of each kind mind I meet.

There, ranged disgraces written whole,
through arrant, errant, pupils scream: -
queer wiles, veneer,
sheer rile, sneer speared,
jeers, cries, fear, lies,
sere tears, disguise! – sins leer
through each blind mind I treat!

26 December 1977

robi3_1361_robi3_0000 number out of chronological order

Jonathan ROBIN

Pulse Beyond Impulse - 1140 - Current Version

Beyond sore heartache, door more dark
[f]lush echoes of the [s]winging lark,
pulse empathetic purifies
hushed moonshine seen through sharing eyes.

Beyond head throttled thread then hark
to thrush's rush, let anguish stark
from dust to dust itself supplies
return, let shared emotions rise.

Beyond all stares segmented park
predispositions unkind, mark
of Christmas Past imprinted. Wise
is [s]he who comes to realize
what's sought beyond thought may be found,
what's caught is freed, fresh fo[u]nd waves sound.

(4 August 2009)

Jonathan ROBIN

Qualities Sandrine Bonnant After William Shakespeare Sonnet Cxiv

Such angelic qualities as yours
Are rare when taken one by one! the whole
No other could combine because their cause
Does nest in the uniqueness of your soul.
Rays which the spectrum span, then go beyond,
Iridesce, deflecting flattery,
No other stimulates such tender bond:
Entirely yours remains that alchemy!
Blood to the heart returns, refreshing start,
Open source whose cycle recommences,
New surge, new urge you bring, life sings fresh part!
Nature true, whose influence immense is,
At last lets mind find serendipity,
Turns brass to gold, when life is seen through thee!

Jonathan ROBIN

Quicksand Attraction Blackgrounded Reactions

Time's flow sections dream
shedding sedimentary reflections on stream.
Dissatisfaction - displeasure, unease, freeze -
frieze for fatal attraction
as coupled complementary reactions
suck coincidental clepsydral traction
into temporal or temporary mirage perceptions of team
before nightmare awakens from dream.

(22 April 2010)

Jonathan ROBIN

Quickset Quicksand

One name reigns brain aflame, revolves unreined, tight beamed insight
enters, departs, returns round rim, fills brim, spills love's delight.
Light dances, then's sucked out of sight, vibrates as violin
or whirlpool spool top spinning, oscillating out and in.

Shared aims set souls on lightning spin all else forgotten quite,
too long apart, two twin, impart heart whole to reunite
minds' roundabout which flows without Time's sands, yet stays within,
with inhibitions' bowling pins to skittles knocked, win win.

Jonathan ROBIN

Quicksilver Seconds

Quicksilver seconds shoal-der their
passage across time. Soldered sighs
slip through consciousness, to soldier
conscientiously into an
almost inaccessible past.
Evanescence, ever 'naissance'
in alternating currents
conscious of
superlative latency.

Jonathan ROBIN

Quintessence

Quietly falls the night, and quiet, too,
quintessence of delight, bliss quite outstanding,
sees need for shells dispelled, joys sarabanding
as each heart s[w]ings through each, one springs from two.

Mysterious of mice and men are motions
audible to far too few, most branding
energies as noise, though[t] time's fleet sanding
cleaves grains to rocks, makes mountains climb from oceans.

Nor torn, nor tension tau[gh]t, unspoken thought
now spirals out proactive and expanding,
empathetic waves through spectral banding
can school pooled ripples round to peaceful port.

Wonder sloughs off habit as Spring leaf,
drawn sunwards, shrugs off winter frost, disbanding
darkness' temptation while, old cold withstanding,
each through each rediscovers true relief.

Matchless interplay implicit linking
unique levels, layers understanding,
defeats past hierarchical commanding,
conjurs special script osmosis inking

Multi-modal melody tunes into
auric aureola notwithstanding
difference and distance, space time landing
echoes vibrations rhyming hearts can twin to.

© Jonathan Robin – written 12 December 2001 revised with fourth verse added 5

June 2008

Jonathan ROBIN

Quintessence 0981

Quietly falls the night, and quiet, too,
quintessence of delight, this understanding
that need for walls may fall, joys sarabanding
as each heart folds in each, one melts to two.

Nor torn, nor tension tau[gh]t, unspoken thought
now spirals outwards carefree and expanding,
threading emotion's waves through spectral banding
to school pooled ripples round to peaceful port.

Wonder sloughs off habit as Spring leaf,
drawn sunwards, shrugs off winter frost, disbanding
darkness, temptation while, old cold withstanding,
each through each rediscovers true relief.

(12 December 2001)

Jonathan ROBIN

Quintessential Bliss

Quietly falls the night, and quiet, too,
quintessential bliss, kiss quite outstanding,
sees need for walls free falls, joys sarabanding
as each heart s[w]ings through each, one springs from two.

Mysterious of mice and men are motions
audible to far too few, most branding
energies as noise, though[t] time's fleet sanding
cleaves grains to rocks, makes mountains climb from oceans.

Monkey puzzle prestidigitation
at once conceding, pleading, and demanding,
udders affection, never contrabanding,
echelons mocks with due disapprobation.

Nor torn, nor tension tau[gh]t, unspoken thought
now spirals out proactive and expanding,
empathetic waves through spectral banding
can school pooled ripples round to peaceful port.

Wonder sloughs off habit as Spring leaf,
drawn sunwards, shrugs off winter frost, disbanding
darkness, temptation while, old cold withstanding,
each through each rediscovers true relief.

Matchless interplay implicit linking
unique levels, layers understanding,
defeats past hierarchical commanding,
conjurs special script osmosis inking.

Multi-modal melody tunes into
auric aureola notwithstanding
difference and distance, space time landing
echoes vibrations rhyming hearts can twin to.

Jonathan ROBIN

Quintili Vare, Legiones Redde

I

I was at ease. Now, pinched, in pain,
burdened beyond the years I bear.
Summer is sunk in Autumn rain,
on legions lost I dream, despair!

II

High eagles fell low in fell enemy's lair,
my legions in slime die, lie slain,
Rome's raped reputation mourns careworn and bare,
shall she ever arise again?

Shall some stronger scion Dame Fortune's dice dare?
harry the Hun, shatter the bane,
regain sacred standards, and offer up prayer,
saving us from the shame, the pain?

Jonathan ROBIN

Quit False Safety

I lived protected by high walls Time's wit
Let stand a while, like pride before stored fall,
Ignoring purposely the fact that all
Vain structures tumble down, and bit by bit
Earth rusts, to dust dissolves, all man would knit.
Protection served its purpose, for the wall
Relieved some pressures, offered wherewithal
Of time to see life's puzzle pieces fit.
The time has come to quit false safety, split
Entrenched opinions whose scope seems so small,
Creation hinders, progress holds in thrall.
Turning towards far fairer future lit.
Each step to freedom leaves drab past behind,
Destroying bias, liberating mind.

Jonathan ROBIN

R.I.P. 1947 - 201?

The years misspent sped, span
two distant worlds which man
in his own image made.
Impatience one displayed.
The other, though, began
to turn the tables played
cards which the first dismayed.

First communistic clan
supremacy sought, ran
from peoples' hopes, obeyed
itself, then fast did fade.
Then came with WAN and LAN
an internet whose braid
spurred education, trade.

Pollution corn crops, bran,
made scarce as watering can.
Democracy decayed
though most lip-service paid
to freedom's flag. 'The Plan'
freethinking had to ban,
as most men grew afraid
of differences, - few stayed!

I write here while I can,
while my last moments fan
Life's embers which, when weighed,
no feather tip. Beard greyed,
regretting much, I scan
the Past which, heedless, ran
after 'progress' - jade
which many hopes waylaid.

Jonathan ROBIN

Rain, Rain, Rain

Rain, rain, rain
on pain's pane which is shuttered quite.
Though I would that my eye could spy
a cloudless starry night!

O well for the pilot wise
who thunderstorm avoids
by climbing through the skies –
who's well insured by Lloyds!

O well for the submarine
in safety `neath the sea,
and O for the sun that has been,
what warmth it brought to me!

Alas for the climate change
which leaves us all at sea,
as the seasons, passing strange,
now topsy-turvy be!

Alas for the water course
when flash floods' water mark
marks records which, of course,
spoil carpet, garden, park!

Rain, rain, rain,
complaint I sing, the sight
brings sorrows flooding, sighs, -
O pity our pretty plight!

Jonathan ROBIN

Rainbow Reflections

May the reflection of eight colours show
An insight into multi-task mind whose
Responses and reactions few friends choose
To understand in depth though surface glow
Instincts awakens, feelings high and low.
Neutral never, standards she pursues:
Excellence, integrity, won't loose.
Method holistic native flows
Along lines few can follow for she knows
Rigid rules are to be scorned while cues
That are implicit add truth to the News,
Innovation boredom must foreclose.
Network extensive offers interface
Enhancing odds on winning Chance's race.

Much water has beneath her bridges wide,
Awash with feelings, flowed, although with dreams
Rewarded insufficiently it seems.
Too little sensitivity! The tide
Is ripe for change which should not be denied,
New light at tunnel's end at last here gleams,
Enchantment's magic lantern, warming, beams.
Mutations new relationships provide,
Answered quest, nor questions nor divide!
Rise above defenses, pick up steam,
To leave role play, control, or pre-planned scheme,
In trust spontaneous does joy reside!
Natural, all barriers unlock.
Efforts rewards shall find through culture shock.

Masterly abilities, yet heart
Awaits an opportunity to she
Reticence with self-denial wed,
Though this is paradox so few can chart.
Ideas of innovation are a part,
Need nonetheless, by stimulation fed,
Ever to challenge limits, stay ahead.
Maybe the timing's right for a fresh start
Allowing tenderness through Cupid's dart.

Refreshing feelings butter daily bread,
Triumph over doubts, to share unsaid
Innate intuitions à la carte.
Never let those past regrets hold back
Emotions whose rich promise none should lack.

Mock not the words weave woven to assess
Assets, liabilities to seek
Reasons for refusal to be weak
That cover compromises nonetheless.
Inner inhibitions few can guess,
No leeway leave emotions which should speak,
Expelling locks unconscious, self critique.
Mind mirages may fade as feelings bless
Authentic links to forwarding address,
Responding, not reacting tongue in cheek.
Though dress be stylish and the image chic
Is this a screen to hide some inner stress?
No longer wait, unite great talents rare,
Energized to write a future fair!

Mistake not superficial compliment
And praise with inner search for understanding
Recycle past priorities demanding
To find a mind which your's may complement.
It is not easy to discern intent
Nor stimulation sweet, surprise outstanding.
Enjoy each moment fully notwithstanding
Make-believe which seldom can content.
Accept the joy of being different
Rejecting still a role which leaves one standing,
Tied down to mediocrity commanding
In compensation for time lost, misspent.
New opportunities find, wings for flight,
Expanding this equation infinite.

Magic smile and sense of style combine
As style and sense intense scorn spoken phrase.
Revelation gleams! It seems my days
Turn to delight, light prints upon each line.
If any doubt the hand of Fate's design
None may deny the ways which inner gaze

Endorses fearless forces, full, bright blaze.
Masks fall and all to music melts, to wine
All water turns as Autumn Spring divine
Rediscovered lifting icy haze.
This exploration no fixed chart obeys,
Intuitions fuse and underline
New Year's hopes for scope to twin each soul
Entwine two parts that need to seed true whole.

Jonathan ROBIN

Rainbow Vision

Anticipating liberty
judgemental values leave behind!
Empowerment, responsive, free,
mocks conformity confined.
Expanding opportunity
detests blind vested interest bind,
uniform security,
empty options predefined,
unquestioning stability,
finds vital freedoms undermined.
Intelligence refutes decree,
autonomy seeks, nothing binds.
Open source as course sounds sweet,
spurns tunnel vision parakeet.

Subservience to hierarchy
often atrophies the mind,
obedience to authority
self-serving, stamped and countersigned,
frequently turns misery,
cramps principles of any kind,
as bullet-backed absurdity
sees joy and self-respect unwind.
The search for serendipity
rejects priorities assigned
which free-will weaken covertly,
behind closed doors cogs ruthless grind.
Bias tends to self-defeat,
while rainbow vision dream seems sweet.

Jonathan ROBIN

Rapid Rises, Faster Falls Sandrine Bonnant After William Shakespeare Sonnet Cvi

Should in the chronicles of wasted time
A line be writ to underline this jest,
No explanations for this pantomime
Deserve a space within your treasure chest.
Rapid rises favour faster falls
If fancies tacked intacted aren't backed in fact.
Now, looking back, the exercise appals,
Ego boosting brainstorm which has lacked
Bona fide motives? Yet I'll now
Offer explanation of its cause:
No painful line I'd bring to stainless brow!
November show flow favoured, none ignores
A stimulation where all senses wide awake
Tune into you with trust Time shall not break!

Jonathan ROBIN

Rat Race Fat Cat's Double-Bind, Puss Finds Blind Mus

Who's bagged whom with maw, claws bare?

It is pussy purring there.

She seems up to naughty tricks
as her furry face she licks,
enjoying toying, preening hair,
like King Lion in his lair.

Kitten's education fair

is taken care of everywhere,
puss examples useful picks,
playing games may offer kicks,
while little one will often stare
at movements, won't be taken unaware.

What is that? Why would it dare?

Just one left where once a pair
of meeny, miny, mousey micks
went mincing merrily by the bricks,
near larder with rare room to spare
where we're in need of prompt repair.

Wary whiskers sense fresh fare,
measly mice, you must beware!

Purposefully pussy pricks
up her ears, no handle clicks.
Restless rodents lacking care,
there's no exit anywhere!

House mouse caught squeaks final prayer

to meet Mus Maker must prepare,
unjustly mussed up as clock ticks
tallow candles wane, waste wicks.
Sensing uttermost despair
mouse rues rash rush, eaten rare.

Tail tale terminating here

spelled well, tells fell fate falls near.

Jonathan ROBIN

Re Motivations

Motivations vary, life's scheme stream
Advances under winds of time and tide
Unties response/reaction knots, fills dream,
Destined idea[I]s in harmony abide.
Empowerment and Destiny may seem
Contradictory, common sense defied,
Our free will's voice for choice may weave Way's theme,
Refuting seasons' treason reasoned ride.
Real zest within maintains truth's laser beam
In ways few dare decypher, spirit guide
Ever reflects reflections unforeseen,
Reel karmic? Knowledge? Matrix seek and hide?
All life's [s]pent s[t]age enacting causal link:
Seek cause/effect? I AM because YOU think.

(7 May 2008 revised 21 November 2008)

Jonathan ROBIN

Re Verse Artifice

To poor prose some add verse ed strain,
bad stress completes their air,
but vain attempts too often pain,
confess stress messes there.

Where artifice enshrines free rants
ambiguous false praises
soon home to roost, no heirophant
their content paraphrases.

Harsh discords mock unmetered toil,
all editors efface them,
as blanker lines from blank uncoil
they roil, what fool would face them.

Forsake bit part art fruitless, take
note what's rote wrote's great grate mistake.

(21 March 2012)

Jonathan ROBIN

Ready, Steady, Go A Matter Of Timing

Subprime takes prime time working overtime,
as credit cards to debit cards turn, climb
precedes a fall unlooked for, pendulum swings weigh
past tipping point, primeval slime
not dust to dust replaces Eden's rhyme.
Mankind's equation out of kilter, mime
instead of deeds proactive, selfless, fair,
concludes life's play, applauseless phantomime

Some seek settle credit overdue,
some, senseless, seek solutions from the blue,
accounts drawn down foreclose race case:
no trace remains, shell shocked,
locked out, no overview.

Rise from despair, surprise, fresh fate prepare,
chance choice gives voice to future prospects fair,
wheel turns, life spurns temptations lethal
that stitch winding sheet from which return is rare.

The trick, if trick there be, is see the light
between effect and cause, nor wrong, nor right,
good timing is essential as each day
plays in its way new part, departs in flight.

Jonathan ROBIN

Réalité Ancrée - Réalité Qu'On Crée

Rêves tangibles d'un bonheur toujours exquis,
tu jures est accessible à qui y croit, ciel
et terre unis, crédible, entente bien en selle.
Pourtant les cheveux blancs à la jeunesse unis,
en porte à faux au temps, bravent des interdits
qui dressent des cristaux, stalactites rebelles.
Réalité ancrée, plus sombre et temporelle,
elle aussi est soumise aux lois l'amour régit
depuis toujours - délice s'use souvent. qui
se porte garant de magie perpétuelle
là où l'âge en commun est sensé sans appel?
Réalité qu'on crée offrant tant d'énergie,
vaut-il mieux savourer sans fardeau notre chant
que risquer regretter le bonheur dit d'antan?

Jonathan ROBIN

Realtease - Real I Tease 2007 Version 1320

Reality's a tease, strength soon spilled, stilled,
Experience dreams seldom sees fulfilled.
An abyss between the two's suspended,
Life hangs head tailed till tau[gh]t tort tipped tale's ended.
Idea[l]s, some conscience, and some conscious willed,
Thus lose sum concentration, essence chilled.
Years tick-tock dock off men, who, most to zen dead,
React to Time's straightjacket unextended.
Each seeks predestined lily fit to gild.
Acts' anti-climax, epitaph appended,
Leaves fall like tea-leaf dreams, dissolve untended,
In final scene soon seen as bare board billed.
The cyclone's eye [s]weeps on, from gods to stalls,
Youth t[r]acks, age[s] lacks, [f]acts [st]all. Last curtain falls.

(12 July 2007)

Jonathan ROBIN

Reality And Dream In Rhyme Combine

REALITY AND DREAM IN RHYME COMBINE

Reality and dream in rhyme combine,
Exile banality's reflection drear
As poet must contrive to intertwine
Life's daily drudge with overview sincere.
Image outside time in harmony
Translates soul's authenticity, stays clear,
Engenders metamorphosis to see
Redrawn from chaos truth's portrait appear
Exquisitely with sensitivity
And skill where will, wit, wisdom writ sans fear
Leave all taboos behind as mind's fey key
Insightful may unlock creation clear.
Thus all the splendour of life's symphony
Expressed in sonnet song can come to be.

11 February 2009

robi03_1857_robi03_0341 AST_IXX

Translation of Rêve est Réalité en Poésie robi3_0341_robi3_0000
for French original sonnet see below

REVE EST REALITE EN POESIE

Rêve est réalité redéfinie,
Etant reflet qui le banal bannit.
Au poète il incombe de changer
La lie quotidienne, recréer
Image hors temps. Ainsi cette harmonie -
Toute l'authenticité de son esprit -
En un élan peut métamorphoser
Recherche incohérente en vérité,
Et à travers son portrait fin, exquis,
Avec adresse et sensibilité
Le poète dépasse l'interdit
Imaginant pour tous sa féerie.
Toute la splendeur d'une symphonie
En ces lignes se cristallise ainsi.

? 26 April 1990 database noted as 10 October 1990
Acrostic Sonnet REALITE rob0i3_0341_robi03_0000

Jonathan ROBIN

Reason

Reason's season too few seize on
Responses fair. Reaction's treason,
Rhymed or prose, too seldom frees one
Rose thought mind's bees land with ease on.
Refuse judgemental bias lease on
Rational logic, right brain keys on
Reach to teach each just one flees none.

Jonathan ROBIN

Recalculation

Place and Time no meaning may retain
As Time and space skeins melt down, disappear,
Sounds, colours, perfumes magic merge, as here
Calculations fail, all trammels vain.
A new day dawns, whose joys shall e'er remain.
Lightning fast love came, must last a mere
Eternity or two, to cleanse, make clear.
Patterns fit, hope's picture fills life's train
Advances, puzzle pieces finds, can gain
Some insight into mysteries to steer
Consciousness through dreams till dreams appear
As true to life as life whose sun won't wane.
Look, thus, no further for those answers which
Each seeks to weave life's blessings, joys to stitch.

(5 August 1999/acrostic sonnet Pascale)

Jonathan ROBIN

Reception

The crystal chandelier's seen set on high:
below, scene: sparkling silver, black bow tie.

Jonathan ROBIN

Reception II

RECEPTION II

Bright crystal chandelier winks, rainbow eyes
reflect above white damask, black bow ties.

Tight fitting, custom styled, rich evening dresses
flirt flitting, sit or circle smart addresses.

The silver sparkles still, but can[t] chit chat
where greed, ambition, steer seek tit for tat?

Bank and bad chance reach meet, both calculating
rank, land, advance, retreat, each other bating.

The scene is set, the 'highest in the land'
stalk tall, small talk, with motives underhand,

fawning give and take, exclusive brand
stands glass in hand, cliques in-jokes understand,
don't dare aloud let trust transcend bores' noise,
won't where a crowd. Met lust bans friend, or cloys.

So glassy eyed, its rare they're lies without.
So pass we by, fresh air there lies, without.

Bright tinkling chandelier gleams still on high,
frames dirty dishes, empty room awry.

Jonathan ROBIN

Recession To End Soon

Waiting in the wings,
Depression, homeless, hovers.
Eternal, hope s[pr]ings.

Jonathan ROBIN

Recounting

Ache, Pain, Depression, urgently await
attention as emergencies are laid
side by side, some prostrate, some afraid,
upon their stretchers shored by metal gate.
Space occupied all patients would vacate
but hold their breath in queue, minds dwell on spade,
'til rest for good or evil is repaid
as egos and identities deflate.
One stroke starts life, one more: it is too late
to draw conclusions, seek to be obeyed,
order, plan, or question fate, for, frayed,
lifes braid unravels, saint and reprobate
have date with waters of forgetfulness,
all waves goodbye. 'Unknown at that address.'

3 December 2007

Jonathan ROBIN

Recycling Sounds

All seemed serene in woodland scene,
ant teams, sunbeams, spread out,
and yet, unseen, Fate forged break clean,
worked from within without
a doubt as time beat time with time
to pass from ph[r]ase to ph[r]ase
assisting rhyme on onward climb,
ensuring reader stays.

Some squirrels frisked with tails well whisked
from tree to tree, perch, perch,
fur fair and bisqued, as nut search risked
spring lurch from beech to birch.

All seemed content, on life intent,
scent framed by sunset's flame,
as if time spent forever meant,
which wildness would not tame.

Four foxcubs crept while vixen kept
an eye alert and sly,
two hedgehogs slept, - all calm except
some fly swept swifly by.

Green lizard leapt, stagbeetle crept,
dust filled the air in just
a trice none wept when down tree swept,
thrust by untimely gust.

Dank fungus tossed, moss counted cost,
as trunk came tumbling down,
birds, flustered, flew from leafy pew
as branches struck the ground.

Bright butterfly, buzz bees awry,
swarmed from high nest wild swung
avoiding harm, though none were calm,
hums angry drones begun.

There was no bliss, no parting kiss
when tree from root split, Crack!
no adder lisped an added hiss
as after shock waved back.

The sound it made forever stayed
within the forest glade
that sound 'afraid' spelled out, dismayed
a moment as tree paid
the tribute due that life owes to
all other life around,
when something new must flourish too:
upon which we'll expound:

Time's tide destroys all equipoise
from Peter steals, pays Paul,
whatever ploys the first employs
strength peters, keels, then pall
what once was head enshrouds instead
as crown comes tumbling down,
so one once led stands in its stead
as emperor or clown.

Life from Death knew to take its cue
as cycles spin around,
one bids adieu while where it grew
another springs unbound.
Thus all evolve as we revolve
round central sun which spins
in turn to solve or to resolve
the questions no one wins.

For mouse and man so seldom can
stump up a rich reply
which well can scan of house and plan
the 'how, when, where and why.'
Well may we ask who, lazy, bask
beside life's swirling sea,
why must life's flask need Death's dark mask
how come this comes to be?

Years' tears revolve as niches evolve,

test, protest limits: we
who problems solve, in turn dissolve,
recycling guarantee
so each in turn may sunlight earn
so future that should be
plays out its term, to squander, learn,
to spawn, to spore, seed free.

Trees, starting small, rise tall, then fall, fulfilling destiny,
whose constant call stays on the ball in perpetuity
so all that would flows as it should, through struggle to the skies,
throughout the wood, takes what it could
from life, until, Time's yarn spins spill - it dies.

Jonathan ROBIN

Redial The Right Number

Numb must mind neglected soon become.
Unused, the senses atrophy as fear
Mirrors most murky message, morose, drear,
But real enough to strike the life-force dumb.
Energies renew, the time has come.
Rise, spread strong wings, all worries will appear
So many bugbears vain, the way will clear.
Change turns the tide of Fate, Death's distant drum
Holds no more terrors. As a rule of thumb
Advance towards enlightenment sincere,
Nascent opportunity, with cheer,
Generates new joys, fears overcome.
Exchange not freedom for a comfy cell,
Defy complacent custom and closed shell.

Jonathan ROBIN

Redial The Right Number - 0910

Numb must mind neglected soon become.
Unused, the senses atrophy as fear
Mirrors most murky message, morose, drear,
But real enough to strike the life-force dumb.
Energies renew, the time has come.
Rise, spread strong wings, all worries will appear
So many bugbears vain, the way will clear.
Change turns the tide of Fate, Death's distant drum
Holds no more terrors. As a rule of thumb
Advance towards enlightenment sincere,
Nascent opportunity, with cheer,
Generates new joys, fears overcome.
Exchange not freedom for a comfy cell,
Defy complacent custom and closed shell.

(27 July 1991)

Jonathan ROBIN

References

Truth: an anachronistic
Reflection, quickly passes.
It seems Man needs new glasses.
Proof: - just the optimistic
Tells himself the farce is
Heaven inspired. Catharsis
Risky is. Antagonistic,
Open mind soon bypasses
Untenable ideas. Grasses
Greener, more idealistic,
Hope encourage. Sparse is
Life, a fickle garce is!
Intuitions mystic,
From crown to tip of tarsus
Entertain the thinking classes.

(22 April 1991)

Jonathan ROBIN

Referendum E E C

The vote is cast and lasting peace shall reign,
Harmony end cannon's devastation,
Enkindle the untended flame help nation-
Role outgrow, the flame new fame should gain.
Eager economies may blend, obtain
Fresh rights to grow, hope sow to end negation.
Especial care is taken as from station
Rolls Europe's train, advancing once again.
Europe changed is wise, is clear, is sane,
Nibs up to twelve without preoccupation.
Democracy, serene, can cut inflation.
Unlock Common Weal, business boom bars pain.
May man, from man apart, start hand in hand
ensuring growth throughout our Euroland.

19 September 1992 robi3_0600

Jonathan ROBIN

Reflection On An Answer - Responsum Wit Restored 1658 789

Is who reflects, with insight poor, well blessed
deriving reason, rhyme, from crowd's behest.

Jonathan ROBIN

Reflections Fractal

Peaceful imagination is life's piecemeal architect, pieces together finite sum of infinite opportunities, attracts to or defracts from proactive links. Expectation and reality contract as contacts contract probabilities. Soul re_mains[T]AYs whole, intact. Tactile tease tactfully subcontracts substance with DIstracted EASE, cures disease leading through convention to misguided conviction. Reality conundrum paradox rocks pre-ordained clock choice shock, Meter maid made met and unmet alma mata matter mutter perceptions. Immortal streamlined spotlights echo as idea[I]s tune-tweak leak spheres' muse music, reap energy, leap beyond current or recurrent pluridimensional parallel cycles. Pixel paradox spirals ad infinitum.

HE triptoes to and fro between her energy's go glow fractal reflections of parallel factual reality relays, in fact, fiction and fantasy, unGODlily attracted to his tiger lily: her gene_I_US.

SHE, once torn between LIFE giving support paying lip-service to conform_Itease rediscovers karma, gears up to foreknown as unblown yet sown spins from Time's weave boll weevil's second take at times taking therefrom, EVIL, and adding thereto LIVE. [S]he saw the light, edited errors, flouting doubt without second thoughts. 'I can' defeats Cannae constraints, receives breath of fresh air far from day-to-day nights as knight's dreams beam team serene.

THEY flow on SHarEd pixels, photon win/win spin reel from illusion or self-delusion confusion to fusion's conclusion. 'Try angles not angels' gainsays Pope Gregory nation notion to be strung on Time's beads. Rose awry waits bloom, disregards doom tomb's drum boom, snaps dragon's suspended animation causal chain hibernation. Pinch of salt colloidal collide_o_scopic sand mandela bröt grains interweave fractal anima sans animus outside time line rhyme's rosary.

Chance ON OM dances advance from 'here' to eternity's MOON, extend sing-song shadow patterns, warp weft between real-I-tease, unpeel seals, peel paling from pale. Poets self heal, shed spin sin sink moral gin. Frustration fades. Empathy catalyzes vision mission clarity, fords & affords humorous humerus interplay's funnybone facettes. FIRE bars IRE, irony purified.

Free verse talks walk waves along Way side sway, pray, prey from slay oblivion to play rev_elation, revel in pointed yin yang contradictions, in situ "sit I zen" situation standpoints. Sinuous insinuations blow-throw glow worm wormhole flow through Sphinx's choice voice, rejoice in labyrinthine closed or close woven pattern play pinpoint ME-anderings. Dazzle dizzy crazy-paving pictogram

universe pyramid's crater creator kids parallel kabbalistic code modes few
decipher or deem dream-theme schemes accessible. Hope gropes enigmatic holy
gram graal scope scale. Mind periscope reacts to telescoping wavelength relays
[c]licking on subconscious screens, avoids cacheless society's accretion disc's
blackhole risk oblivion.

Jonathan ROBIN

Reflections On Reflections Play

Poets finger frequencies chromatic
which few imagine, fuse into our days,
highlight dross in unexpected ways
turn common hieroglyphs to gold syllabic.
Poets tune to wavelengths which, harmonic,
impressions fleeting turn to interplays
outside Time transformed, for image stays
as fly in amber, glowing, flowing, tonic
despite encroaching Time's invasion chronic.
Reflections on reflections play. Relays,
found unbound, may colour in life's greys,
unpick the spirit's drawbridge lock symbolic,
depict emotions which, with rainbow tint,
may move, may pain remove, and joy imprint....

Jonathan ROBIN

Reflections: Bridal Reign Or Bridle Rein?

Mirror, tell us mortals all
Is it Bride before fast fall?
Revelation of defeat?
Resplendent triumph? Joy complete?
Or hooded warning naught can stall
Recalling Chance consumes conceit?

Mirrored hand from sable shawl
Isolating wherewithal
Regretting wrinkles, tease or cheat.
Room for no groom when scythe's tithe treat
Outplays Hope's hand and trumps heart's call,
Refusing wedding band replete.

Mirrored lily blank receipt
In time to come when Time's dumb beat
Retrieves blanched gifts, lifts veil on pall
Returning dust to dust, recall
Of pregnant promise, harvest wheat
Rich Death's drought withered, seedless, small.

Mirrored grasp, last gasp, catchall
Icing dreams that once stood tall,
Rescinding promises pure, sweet,
Refusing prayers that children greet:
One wonders why life's mortal thrall
Runs out untimely, doom must meet.

Mirrored fingers grace-girl maul,
Intensely grip with gruesome gall,
Respite ungranted, paraclete
Regretfully cannot compete
Or face refrain of Fate's footfall
Retrenching humble, vain, slow, fleet.

Jonathan ROBIN

Reflective Mirror - From Room Of One's Own To Shared Throne

Reflection prompt may light idyllic fire
Operating metamorphosis
Or echoing life's p[h]antomime as choir
Magic mirror scores re-genesis.
Outside time soul reinvents desire
Fusion, not confusion. Synthesis.
Osmosis fads ignores, no pause, quagmire,
Nor sphinx-jinx jeopardize apotheosis, -
Exception to the rule of fool-in-briar
Subject to Time-tied ectogenesis.
On waveband shared not signals aired souls' lyre
Weaves all to all, great, small, - ecydisis
Now rings the changes, strange range sings, sheds skin
to s[p]eed solutions, role reverse – out / in.

Jonathan ROBIN

Refresh...Meant

Lemon's cousin whose refreshing taste
I nvites to voyage far from rainy skies,
M ocks dark thoughts sterile, wrangles with which 'wise'
E mploy their days - Time's juice soon run to waste.
L emon's cousin in the spectrum placed
I ntelligence attracts - chromatic ties
M ix yellow, blue, to shine, it dark defies,
E xciting all imaginations graced.
L eaking stimulation bright green based,
I deas flow freely, heal the heart that ties
M agic, music, fielding bright surprise
E ncouraging this sonnet swift embraced.
LI ght's waveband shines upon the written page
ME ans to enchant, lends life to any stage...

Jonathan ROBIN

Refuse Short Fuse

Short fuse refuse, compliance automatic
Has had its day, rejoice in choices where
Open horizons offer future fair.
Ride the tide to banish autocratic
Traits of mind behind smiles soft and static.
Find scale, tune time to shed blind veil, compare
Unbiased options open everywhere.
Signals send amending all erratic
Ephemera extemporaneous, ecstatic.
Swift to pencil in blank sheet we bear
Hope's theme: responsibility and care
Over patter pattern enigmatic.
Remember Patience, smiling still at Grief,
Takes time to rhyme, allows the mind relief...

11 June 2005

Jonathan ROBIN

Regeneration

REGENERATION

Unchained, the hunter's urge to roam
filters through chained chromosome.
Survival's path, the fittest way,
is handed down by D.N.A.

Thus genius, in every gene,
regenerates through Nature's screen, -
transmits to us of cream, the cream,
as onwards Man plays out his dream...

10 October 1976

robi03_0122_robi03_0000 XXX_JMN

Jonathan ROBIN

Reign's End At Land's End

REIGN'S END AT LAND'S END

Nature's piper must be paid
sinkholes swallow Man's parade,
several thousand years' charade
swansong sighs, dies, leaves lands pristine greyed

8 June 2008

robi03_1388_robi03_0000 XXX_DJZ

Reign's End at Land's End poem © Jonathan Robin

Jonathan ROBIN

Relative To Causal Initiative Paradox - After Auden - Breughel

Was Auden right to write Art was not wrong -
on canvas or through written word, to state
all little matters outside isolate
fate which squeezes, seizes in its tong
souls who - as Gray said - from madding throng
scarce ventured out, immune to stale debate
on cause, effect, affecting their estate.

The Old Masters, however, understood
human fragility, how we replace
extraordinary events, prefer the commonplace where we feel strong within our
element. As then, all mark life-cycles but our waiting
is not breath 'taking' bait abating. Miracles few see
as part and parcel of modernity,
while often sibling rivalry's thin ice-skating
along the dotted line society
dictates for thinking as they 'ought to should.'
We should 'bear' in mind that life expectancy
was nearer forty (women thirty - childbirth took its toll) -
than three score years and ten, today's retirement age
when we have filled our work résumés page
as martyrs to global capitalistic cause.

Everywhere in some corner, or untidy spot,
dogs go on with their doggy life and transvestite coarse
scratches sin_nocent up a gum tree.

Although in Breughel's Icarus, everything turns away
quite leisurely from the disaster, though plowman may
have heard brash splash, observed, forsaken cry,
for him it was unknown as failure. Sun shone,
as always, on white legs disappearing into green
water; while some asea might see
something amazing, a boy falling out of the sky,
importance seemed some port of call. All sailed calmly on.

Though siren songs of progress spur Man higher,

like Icarus, beware ambitions' fire!

Conservatives of every hue
advance that common caveat -
whenever faced with something new
they seldom fail to smell a rat.
They therefore counsel caution due
before attempting this or that,
implying that inventions new, -
to wit: all that is not old-hat, -
both heresy and threat seems too.
You want a turn? Go out and bat!
Youth to youth true, what you must... do!
Don't wait too late. When old, cold, fat,
bold attitudes off cue, askew,
too often are ignored. Observe that
what unimportant seemed to minds foreclosed,
too soon proves more essential than supposed
when to time's acid test exposed.

Paradox: coincidence or causal link, tranposed
to life's known range exchanges juxtaposed.
Change prone population's predisposed
to self-seclusion, strange pose opposed,
scar[c]e leap from sheep-like shelf life sleep self-imposed,
discover overnight time-worn customs deposed.

Sure, though to safety's shore returned his sire,
Daedalus' fate, forgot by most, was dire.

Musee des Beaux Arts Auden
About suffering they were never wrong,
The Old Masters: how well they understood
Its human position; how it takes place
While someone else is eating or opening a window or just walking dully
along;
How, when the aged are reverently, passionately waiting
For the miraculous birth, there always must be
Children who did not specially want it to happen, skating
On a pond at the edge of the wood:
They never forgot
That even the dreadful martyrdom must run its course

Anyhow in a corner, some untidy spot
Where the dogs go on with their doggy life and the torturer's horse
Scratches its innocent behind on a tree.

In Breughel's Icarus, for instance: how everything turns away
Quite leisurely from the disaster; the plowman may
Have heard the splash, the forsaken cry,
But for him it was not an important failure; the sun shone
As it had to on the white legs disappearing into the green
Water; and the expensive delicate ship that must have seen
Something amazing, a boy falling out of the sky,
Had somewhere to get to and sailed calmly on.

(7 March 2012)

Jonathan ROBIN

Relegation

Grey Havens: mystery of history,
elves, fairies, trolls and dragons relegated
to legend, myth, bequeathing his story
to few who vital choice negotiated.

We are but figments Christmas-Yet-to-Come,
what the Dickens, rarely passes on,
Game's aim: fame, heart-chart, lies forever dumb,
apart from some poetic rants few run
beyond their time, their rhymes forgotten lie,
beyond their generations, bask in glory,
here today, tomorrow silenced, sigh
pulls few strings through leaves rustle till too hoary.
Time, tide, unceasing, wave good bye, to see
ships' drips, drops, ripples, iced eternally.

Jonathan ROBIN

Reluctance And Self Acceptance

Neutrality is rarely cup of tea.
where intelligence creative and aware
dare not stagnate, can't simply stop and stare.
Open mind needs true transparency,
tunes into wave length seeds so few can key,
finds answers which should new advance prepare
to change dimensions as defensive layer
at last can soften, leaving spirit free.
Although the quest for self discovery
lends hope to scope to answer inner prayer
though self acceptance may not dare to dare
respond to feelings in the first degree,
Never content within the status quo,
you "why and wherefore" therefore need to know.

Need to feed, reluctance to be fed,
is paradox where intellect attracts,
comb[in]ing 'cause/effect' for hidden tracks
opens patterns which help think ahead.
Leaving double bind behind, mind's led
defeating 'déjà vu's' stark whites and blacks.
Where harmony, transparency one lacks,
trust may be spurned though earned - dark path to tread.
Though years past cost counts spread crape mirage b[l]ed.
one must look forward, sow, life interacts
with feeling flows emotions mesh, no cracks,
reactions to response tune heart to head.
Nourished, open sentiments take root,
then flourish where their boughs may bear full fruit.

Jonathan ROBIN

Reluctant

Need to feed, reluctant to be fed,
Is paradox where intellect attracts.
Comb[in]ing cause effect for hidden tracks
Opens patterns which help thInk ahead.
Leaving double bind behind, mind's led
Away from déjà vu's stark whites and blacks.
Transparency and harmony she lacks
As trust now's earned, a narrow path to tread.
Years past did count the cost, by mirages bled.
Look forward, sow, as life's flow interacts
On feelings fresh emotions mesh, no cracks,
Reactions to response tune heart to head.
Nurtured may true sentiments take root,
Then flourish there, their boughs may bear full fruit.

Neutrality is not her cup of tea.
Intelligence creative and aware
Cannot stagnate, won't simply stop and stare.
Open mind needs visibility
Links in to wave lengths very few can key,
Answers which should new advance prepare,
To change dimensions, while defensive layer
At last could soften, leaving spirit free.
Yet though the quest for self discovery
Lends hope to scope to answer inner prayer
Only though self-acceptance may one dare
Respond entirely with integrity.
Never content within the status quo,
The why and wherefore one must ever know.

Jonathan ROBIN

Remaindered

Both open glade and unconstricted mind
in time must bow to crumbling disarray.
What weathers for a moment's left behind
by all-encroaching weeds that day by day
dismember lean-to learning, memory,
precision tools, hearth, home, both work and play.
Right angles rupture, filed by emery
board both board and bed dissolve,
as generations Lethewards are bound,
while vainly rising spirits try to solve
mortal conundrum: all unequal found
to task which in and of itself contains
self-destructive seeds. Soon naught remains.

Jonathan ROBIN

Remember Reader

Remember, Reader, through what lies ahead,
open mind is insufficient, heart
sends signals that were best not kept apart,
from echoes soothing soul whose hopes have bled.
Remember, Reader, what's within your head
offers much, but much remains to chart.
Unsealing source, sound depths of feeling, start
bending self, end solitude's harsh bread.
Remember, Reader, one should share instead
of keeping council close. The apple-cart
needs overturning, learning there's a part
essential of potential still unread.
Rise beyond brakes, self-inflicted tomb,
break out and flout convention's sterile doom!

Remember, Reader, page by page one learns
Experience that oil's mind's engine rods,
Memory enhanced until sad sods
Enter 'obituary is all one earns'.
Much fuss, much dust, for stage by stage one yearns
Better things as discontent's 'I pods'
Efface the trace of past possessions, Gods
Reminded to reward, goal brightly burns.
REmember, Reader, cage by cage one spurns
Making ends meet means, life homewards plods
EMerging through enlightenment, square quads
By round poles pierced as soul to truth returns.
Errors through experience are cured
Rewarding travel's travails, rest assured.

Jonathan ROBIN

Remember September's Embers

Another autumn afternoon's rune link
Nods breeze goodbye to Virgo. Libran van
Offers solace seeing sunlight shrink
Towards millenia lost millenia scan.
Hope's rising generation watches sink,
Ending, one strong before its seed began,
Re-editing: 'I am because I think'.
September boughs bow to October's plan
Extending Indian summer interlink,
Perpetuate spin cycle's song to fan
The amber umber fires Fate's inks imprint.
EMBERS glow. Time's treadmill's subtle span
Ends here, weaves gilt edged leaves for Winter's tale,
Rime Jack Frost cool spool pools through sonnet's tail.

Jonathan ROBIN

Remember The Seasons

'Gladness of life in blossom, will to wend
its way as if instead
of deathwards, voyage led
to timeless bliss ahead,
to ease unlimited.

Madness of life to dissipation friend -
unheedful, as we said,
that mortal trap is spread -
where one on mischance has fed
Time's hydra head.

Sadness of life left little to defend,
as palsied hairs are shed
and heart thumps at the tread
announcing that the thread
shall snap - too soon to bed!

Sadness of life on knife edge of its end,
all former fortune fled,
to Lethe's waters wed -
last leaf which hangs in dread
of Fate, of Time, soon dead.

Is stonewall all our trend?
Beyond perceptions bread
and butter life lends bred
by hopes and fears unread
perhaps we'll find instead
the seasons' reasons end
come clear as round life's bend
we travel onwards, send
our children hope, extend
trust, understanding blend,
man's misconceptions mend.

(7 July 1990 revised 13 April 2008 robi03_0324_robi03_0000 XXX_DJZ)

Jonathan ROBIN

Remember This - Sandrine Sonnet Cycle

Some thoughts like playful kittens trip ahead
And trip up Time which would no freedom leave
Nature's instincts which in love believe,
Denying four dimensions and Death's dread.
Remember this when old, when your fair head
Is white with age against which no reprieve,
No solace may be found, should you deceive
Emotions which Time's motions should stop dead.
Veneers we sneer at though some fools are fed
A diet of mixed mirages, then grieve
Into their graves before they grace receive,
Like zombies [s]hell-bound ere their hour is sped.
Let thus this lesson light our common fate,
And Name The day, no longer hesitate.

Jonathan ROBIN

Reminder À Propos To Beth St. Clair Discovery

Reminder à propos falls from fair lines
Enchantingly as music from the spheres,
Measures not, yet knots dissolves as ear's
Inner room reverberates, refines
Nature's pure designs, far stars aligns,
Doors unlocks as vista vision clears.
Emerging understanding perseveres,
Rich wonders links with gentleness, combines
A heart as haven, berth, with rebirth's shrine's
Pleasure treasured, lifts rifts. Life appears
Responsive to true heart, brain's reign frontiers
Overcome at last, as meeting nears.
POet here responds with sonnet song
Spontaneous to one unknown to wrong.

Jonathan ROBIN

Remonstrance

But dimly at daybreak
I saw him descend
from the couch that we shared through the night.
Why must I, for his sake,
my life lonely spend?
Oh, no more should he 'scape from my sight!

Though bough not the reed break
how may maid defend
both love's light and high hopes when her knight
gives little, would much take?
Can broken hearts mend?
Left alone mind reflects upon blight!

Jonathan ROBIN

Renaissance

Friendship dances into sight,
An incarnation of delight,
Leaves none who can continue to
Love's light deny, nor spirit true.
Entranced, rose pales, then ruby too,
Night banished ever to invite
Forever fallen to see through
One glance's fair reflection bright,
Restoring hope as wings for flight
Enchanted find strength as, on cue,
Vain fears of falling conquered quite,
Expectantly joy's splendours span
Renaissance paradise can scan.

Jonathan ROBIN

Renaissance Theme Dream

Another day Man loses Time has gained,
played out its phase and yet rephrased its song,
renaissance of a theme-dream echo strong,
shared soul-song unimpaired and unrestrained.
Lotus blossom, open, yet unstained,
sends scent impressions which to all belong.
Awareness sharpens, thought trains slide along
rails unsuspected, seldom entertained,
as change spins through effect and cause untrained,
task not derailed, nor failed, set to prolong
creation's alpha-omega. Snaked tongue
feels sense unreels to tip life's scales, sustained
by anticipation that the Way
enlightenment may bring, so ends this play.

(20 April 2005)

Jonathan ROBIN

Rennes

A Sunday lunch was set to greet
the stranger, who'd begot with child
an eldest daughter, sweet and mild.
They anxiously desired to meet
the man she hoped would never cheat,
by whom three years she'd been beguiled.
They little spoke, though surface-smiled,
uncertain how they had to treat
the situation, stayed discrete.
The time passed swiftly, nothing riled,
they comfort took, felt reconciled
to facts discussed without deceit.
He left. They felt relaxed, although
still wondered what next year would show.

(21 October 1995)

Jonathan ROBIN

Repetition - Day Day Defeats

Day day repeats, night empties night
Around the clock as Time and Chance
Year in year out the seasons' dance
Drive on un[sc]rolling life's swift flight,
All sense withdraw from man's poor plight.
Yin, Yang expand, retreat, advance,
Repeat 'I will, I won't' romance.
Enigma's spins from black to white,
Path insight incites? wayward kite?
Extremes unite, Death's peace supplants
All haste, all waste - speed, prance, sloth, trance.
The verdict's rendered, all alike
Sink to sleep as night reaps light
until day [y]earned [c]locks out [sp]urned night.

Jonathan ROBIN

Reply To William Shakespeare - Shall I Compare Thee To A Summer's Day

Compare me not for climate change is now
set to melt winter, seasons, seals and snow
Jack Frost is lost, and on the run, must bow,
as must dark matter, to convection's flow.

Oftimes too cold for comfort spelled decline
in fahrenheit with air at ten below,
those days are past as causal intertwine
effects all aspects of life's stream men row.

Thus darkness will retreat, know no return
as methane bubbles through melt permafrost,
pause and reflect: albedo awe must earn
before mistaken man counts ash urned cost.

In short, for good life's seasons topsy-turvy
are turned, sane spurned, all who remain pained, nervy!

(13 April 2013)

Jonathan ROBIN

Reposition Goals, Priorities

Reject possessions which some presuppose
Expectations underwrite, may pay
Piper on due date. True gold is play
Offered and shared lightheartedly. None knows
Sojourn's end when Vanitas Death shows.
Emancipate from self-obsession's sway
Refute material mirage all one day
Experience as wrong 'rite' of way. Close
Prime-time self-indulgency fools chose.
Overcome temptations, dinner tray
Surrogates for empowerment, zen Way
Earning inner peace repose bestows.
Reposition goals, priorities,
Enjoy time's evanescent mortal tease.

Jonathan ROBIN

Requiem I - Parody Robert Louis Stevenson - Requiem

Through the artificial flowers
let me slide when all my powers
have passed as pass man's mortal hours,
and let me burn.

Spurn graven verses for my head,
spade not the body laid, instead,
as I'll no longer look ahead
book me no urn.

© Jonathan Robin – written 2 December 1995 Parody Robert Louis STEVENSON
- Requiem for alternative version see below

robi03_0795_stev02_0001 PXX_DIZ

Requiem II

From life's dark, unwholesome cage
where love frets, siege raised in rage,
set free who sad lived, glad the page
turns uniting night to day.

Crave no rave elegy to test
verse prowess, - without protest
here actor lies in heart arrest
retractions over his clay.

© Jonathan Robin – written 2 December 1995 Parody Robert Louis STEVENSON
- Requiem revised 25 December 2009
robi03_0796_stev02_0001 PXX_DIZ
for previous version see below

Requiem II

In a dark, unwholesome cage
let me fret and seethe in rage,
sadly I've lived and glad the page

turns uniting night and day.

Rave no crude elegy to test
verse prowess, - without protest
here lies life's actor under arrest
with a tractor over his clay.

© Jonathan Robin – Parody written 2 December 1995 Parody Robert Louis
STEVENSON - Requiem

Requiem

Under the wide and starry sky
Dig the grave and let me lie:
Glad did I live and gladly die
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me
Here he lies where he long'd to be
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

Robert Louis Stevenson 1850 - 1894

Requiem

Under the free and open sky,
There let me rest, nor breathe a sigh, -
Gladly I've lived, and gladly I'll lie,
Content by night and day.

Grave no rude tombstone to mark my rest;
But deep in your soul may you say with zest;
"Here is the Seeker after his Quest,
And the Actor after the Play."

Hamish Mann 1896 – 1917 A Subaltern's Musings: 1918

Jonathan ROBIN

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And the Actor after the Play."

Hamish Mann 1896 – 1917 A Subaltern's Musings: 1918

Jonathan ROBIN

Rescued Or Rest Cued To Sum Of Some Summer Siren?

SUn sinks, voice sings sweet,
Mesmer eyed word world saved? sinks
MERmaid calls. Cold feet.

Jonathan ROBIN

Research On Cinderella - After Shel Silverstein In Search Of Cinderella

From dawn till dusk,
from land to land,
without too much ado,
I'd seek the perfect ankle,
From dawn til dusk
I'd stretch my hand
to virgin, husk, not you!
perceptions change, oh dear, they do!
perfection minds must rankle

In Search of Cinderella

From dusk to dawn,
From town to town,
Without a single clue,
I seek the tender, slender foot
To fit this crystal shoe.
From dusk to dawn,
I try it on
Each damsel that I meet.
And I still love her so, but oh,
I've started hating feet.

Shel Silverstein

Jonathan ROBIN

Resignation

To tie me to this tiresome task
no reasons real remain,
save sloth, indignity, and worse,
profit from fortune's fame.

Although for ten percent and less
of someone else's fees
I've brought of my unbiased best,
as everyone agrees,
now to be frank, no more for Franc
I'll beat the bourse for bores,
no more for petty pound to pound
from Terme to Cash for cash its floors.

All things must have an end, their term
soon past, their liquidation
won't last, from first to last I spurn
this cycle of the nation.

Twixt capitals I must commute
for Capital to please.
Their confidence has no real root,
not one of them believes
philosophy that history
provided wings to fly
to men and to humanity
on out towards the sky.

Incentive and innovation
passwords to progress are,
omit the one, the other's done,
whoever is in power!

The fight against inflation here
has now become a cause!
That fight will fail, or I'm no seer,
the die cast has sore flaws.
The higher rates of interest rise
in France and the Free World,

the less the interest that me ties,
let tragedy unfold!

As shares slide sideways, slip and slump,
while every worker wails;
Spiral of Progress is the rump,
philosophic entrails.

The present spurs too fast, betimes,
men move as in a trance,
and though they talk of hope, betimes,
they look on in askance.
Since our societal system,
like Heaven, few have faith in,
nor faith retain in fellow men,
we race to wrack and ruin.

Here have I fought with might and main
to force my firm to face
the future, but all is in vain
soon it will be too late.
Until today, to say seems strange,
I slaved, nor tempted fate.
I soon shall shed my skin and change,
and then?

Jonathan ROBIN

Resignation 2

To tie me to this tiresome task no reasons real remain,
save sloth, indignity, and, worse, profit from fortune's fame.

Four years, for five percent or more, of French employers' fee
I've tried my best in boursing chore, unbiased, all agree.

Now to be frank, no more for Franc I'll beat the Bourse for bores,
no more for petty Pound to pound from Terme to Cash for cash its floors

The fight against inflation here, to halt it is a cause,
that fight will fail, or I'm no seer, the die that's cast has flaws.

Here socialistic cats appear with communistic claws
well poised to spring, elections near, to crush France in their jaws.

Twixt capitals I did commute for Capital to please,
their confidence has no true root, for few or none believes

the creed that throughout history has formed the Will to try,
encouraging humanity to moon, Mars, stars and sky.

Incentive and innovation passwords to progress are,
omit the one, the other's done, - whoever is in power.

Until today, to say't seems strange, I served, nor tempted fate,
again I'll shed my skin to change, ... and then...?

(28 November 1976 robi3_0124_robi3_0000)

Resignation

To tie me to this tiresome task
no reasons real remain,
save sloth, indignity, and worse,
profit from fortune's fame.

Although for ten percent and less
of someone else's fees
I've brought of my unbiased best, -

as everyone agrees,

now to be frank, no more for Franc
I'll beat the bourse for bores,
no more for petty pound to pound
from Terme to Cash for cash its floors.

All things must have an end, their term
soon past, their liquidation
won't last, from first to last I spurn
this cycle of the nation.

Twixt capitals I do commute
for Capital to please.
Their confidence has no real root,
not one of them believes

philosophy that history
provided wings to fly
to men and to humanity
on out towards the sky.

Incentive and innovation
passwords to progress are, -
omit the one, the other(s) done,
whoever is in power!

The fight against inflation here
has now become a cause!
That fight will fail, or I'm no seer -
the die cast has sore flaws.

The higher rates of interest rise
in France and the Free World,
the less the interest that me ties,
let tragedy unfold!

As shares slide sideways, slip and slump,
while every worker wails;
Spiral of Progress is the rump, -
philosophic entrails.

The present spurs too fast, betimes,
men move as in a trance,
and though they talk of hope, betimes,
they look on in askance.

Since our societal system,
like Heaven, few have faith in,
nor faith retain in fellow men,
we race to wrack and ruin.

Here have I fought with might and main
to force my firm to face
the future, but all is in vain
soon it will be too late.

Until today, to say seems strange,
I slaved, nor tempted fate.
I soon shall shed my skin and change,
and then.....?

(5 July 1974 robi3_0013_robi3_0000)

Jonathan ROBIN



Respite poem © Jonathan Robin

Jonathan ROBIN

Resplendent

Keenly felt beneath the skin
As bright by day as in the night
Resplendent, constant source of light.
Intense emotions can begin
New birth where interchange can win
Essential feeling of delight.
Kimono, knapsack clad, a bright
Aura surrounds her eyes whose twin
Regard is fixed deep within
Internal image, perfect quite.
None else but she may lily gild,
Excitement heart and head has filled.

Jonathan ROBIN

Response Seeds No Speech Silver

When twin souls key into each other's glance,
body language guilt free, guileless, glows,
pulse increases, haemoglobin flows
hearts stamp vis[t]a vision blessed by Chance.
Interactions focus on advance,
respond to signals sent, scent seeming rose.
Implicit waves mind feels heart feels, seals, knows.
Pheromones exchanged, strange tendril dance
above, beyond, bland handshake circumstance.
Response seeds no speech silver, no doors close,
no circumspection, two, twinned, juxtapose
their several levels, [t][h]read whole souls' romance.
Heartbeat appreciation is returned,
deceit, repudiation, ever spurned.

Jonathan ROBIN

Responsum To All My Days Are Trances

A las the dream askance is
N or is Life what it seems,
A s swift pass all Time's chances -
N ow here, now gone, - Man's schemes
S mile once! Ephemeral glances
WER e spent on empty dreams!

© Jonathan Robin acrostic parody written 26 June 1996 Parody Responsum to
All my days are trances

All my days are trances

And all my days are trances
and all my nightly dreams
are where thy dark eye glances
and where they footstep gleams
by what ethereal dances
in what eternal streams...

Author Unknown

Jonathan ROBIN

Restatement

Reach out from dark decline, outline fine way
Away from self-destruction's beaten track, -
Voyage which solace, balm, may often lack, -
Entrapping wings within self-pinioned sway.
Niggardly release, piecemeal display,
Drawn lines stress signs, expressing ruin, rack,
All thread together, Time sped led to stack
Regrets, complaints, fears, tears, spell fell dismay.
Know Chance may flow gulf stream of comfort, may
Restate free state of mind behind days black,
Award reward, instead of taking back
Venture backed by hopes of yesterday.
Exit from world unjust new entrance finds,
NIRVANA not VAIN RAN unbinds free minds...

24 December 2006

Jonathan ROBIN

Restless - Sandrine Sonnet Cycle

Such separation leaves six senses weak
As if both legs above the shoulders lay,
No cheek to blush may rise, no tongue to speak,
Despair's writ large, like critic's praise for pay.
Restless within cramped lodgings one may range
In hope for call to light an inner fire,
Nor is the waiting in itself so strange:
Existence starts and ends with her desire.
Various solutions might be found
Although none draws except electric touch
Intense to shock the system, turn around
Love's magic whirlpool's counter-clockwise clutch!
Lent one fair hand, then writing on the wall
A Non Time's thrall would fade beyond recall.

Jonathan ROBIN

Résumé I, II - Parody Dorothy Parker - Résumé

Ties restrain you,
flies handicap,
laces strain you -
so cut the crap!
To the wind fall
mouldy socks,
free, unpinned, all
chastity locks.

Cotton, plastic
polymers spun,
and elastic,
all undone.
Brand names flutter
spuriously
to the gutter
falling free.

Résumé II - Carry on Captains Courageous

Key Iraqis go to bat
for Saddam in khaki hat,
Rabbis Rabin shoot to kill -
Judah's stab in back boots ill.

Istambul bears Turkey pies,
curds way, paring budgets high.
Hutu-Tutsi's united states
to new chaos disintegrates.

Russia's booming, Soviet
sees end looming so Viet
sends for G.I.'s and their aids,
good and bad guys lost on raids.

Bosno, Croat manipulate
bombs to throw at Serbian state,
Montenegro NATO mauls,
white and negro answer calls.

Tino Craxi brought to book,
all too lax he powder took.
Berlusconi followed on
Mafia's crony, bribes are buon.

Charles, Camilla, paint the town,
crown, Diana, tumble down.
From the workers Chirac calls
perks and shirkers ere he falls.

Jonathan ROBIN

Retour Aux Racines After Lucius Valerius Martialis

Where maidens colour their fair hair
from auburn, black, to golden glare,
there age covers care, wear, tear,
what's left turns back, prepares despair.

Jonathan ROBIN

Retrospective Of An Honest Man - After Clark Stillman

RETROSPECTIVE OF AN HONEST MAN

By night: fight, flight
quite out of sight.
By day: mayday
in way on site,
blight; bite, spite, slight.
Payday: heyday
way O.K. ... right?
Tight, slight respite.

6 January 2010

Parody Clark STILLMAN 1905_1995 Autobiography of an honest man

6 January 2010

ROBIN Jonathan 1947_20xx robi03_1945_stil01_0001 PWX_JLX

|||||

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN HONEST MAN

During the night
I was out of sight;
During the day
I was in the way.

STILLMAN Clark 1905_1995

|||||

Jonathan ROBIN

Retrospective Review

Once, before hell and civilization,
dwelt a race which no alphabet knew,
refuting computing of station,
top-down hierarchical view.
Then Nature received veneration
for its fruits, for its first-born in health,
there Time timed with seasons' sensation
providing heart shelter, mind wealth.

Today's tallied disinformation
were unknown, hopes were sown and crops grew,
simplicity's anticipation
questions put How? Where? Why? yet so few.
Who then knew of the concepts of nation,
of the 'Now Dare and Try! ' which as such
seem a substitute scheme to 'creation'
a mind-saving systemized crutch.

Then the flow more than permanence counted,
then was Nature of interface guide,
no need for race, steed to be mounted,
no seed but would blossom beside
the stream of unconscious connections
as each was in all, all in each,
no need for trace, gain, greed, projections,
for the tired tainted trammels of speech.

What remains of their morn's mighty splendour?
What sustains songs of sunsets sans stress?
In the halls of their fathers who'll render
tales to children no mother may bless?
What remains of the deeds of their glory?
What, again, of traditions of old?
Who now hears as pain's wind sheers its story
of bold flames whose cheer, weary, went cold?

Whose the chord to record the romances,
or sorrows of morrows unmet,
where fair maid shared fond feelings, when glances

unconcealed bade sword blade bane forget?
When the grock over lock took precedence,
the sharing of spirit and soul
when all from the same antecedents
took stock, mocked not need to bead whole.

What may come when the sleeper awakened
keys to world whose clime drowns in its climb,
what will come when when the wish to save bacon
galls, falls on stye style served with grime.
Will when prime time is rasher forsaken
with an angst which will not spare a dime
nor care as much once all is taken
to feather nest safe and sublime.

What won't float when the polar bear slender
finds no ice after long arctic night,
when no cub rubs its fur, greets gest tender,
when no echoes from floes flow, delight.
When wild inuit igloo's converted
to concrete precast, damp beset,
noses runny but unrubbed, perverted
by ways which traditions forget.

When the eskimo old intuition
deserts to deride dog and sled,
when the desert oases' condition
frizzle-frazzles with wadi instead
of a mist dew-drop welcome transition
from night into day finds its bed
dry as dust while hot winds recognition
remove tracks from caravan led.

As the sealine relentlessly rises
will Bangla-Desh founder before
non saline solution surprises
send answers unknown heretofore?
Will the global economy's prizes
turn mirage, upset more and more
by climate which life compromises
with temperatures higher in store?

What remains of free plains, hope's resemblance,
of cloud-chains of feather-light dove?
Who now weaves eve's neap tides in remembrance,
leaves foregatherers to tree [w]ebbing love?
Will the echo of these reach the stranger,
breach wall-veils which beached centuries build,
will their ways wend again to warm manger
and prophecy foster fulfilled?

Turn towards love's rewards and cocooning,
far from madding crowd's troubles and cares,
what is best in life's quest may be spooning
where affection, reflection, one shares
multi-modally, cold all see banished
to roast in hell-fires while desires
are offered bliss-kiss, Dis hiss vanished,
together with one who inspires!

May verse capture the rapture of living,
And giving, forgiving, combine,
Understanding disbanding misgiving,
Dream reels fuse real world, feels words align
Expanding soul's consciousness finding
CORpus delicti judgements unfounded,
'RIght' 'wrong' from Fate's wheel reel unwinding,
ERASing all flaws, soar unbounded!

Jonathan ROBIN

Rêve Est Réalité En Poésie

REVE EST REALITE EN POESIE

Rêve est réalité redéfinie,
Etant reflet qui le banal bannit.
Au poète il incombe de changer
La lie quotidienne, recréer
Image hors temps. Ainsi cette harmonie -
Toute l'authenticité de son esprit -
En un élan peut métamorphoser
Recherche incohérente en vérité,
Et à travers son portrait fin, exquis,
Avec adresse et sensibilité
Le poète dépasse l'interdit
Imaginant pour tous sa féerie.
Toute la splendeur d'une symphonie
En ces lignes se cristallise ainsi.

? 26 April 1990 database noted as 10 October 1990

Acrostic Sonnet REALITE

robi03_0341_robi03_0000 ASF_IXX

for English translation see below

Reality and Dream in Rhyme Combine

Reality and dream in rhyme combine,
Exile banality's reflection drear
As poet must contrive to intertwine
Life's daily drudge with overview sincere.
Image outside time in harmony
Translates soul's authenticity, stays clear,
Engenders metamorphosis to see
Redrawn from chaos truth's portrait appear
Exquisitely with sensitivity
And skill where will and wisdom without fear
Leave all taboos behind as mind's fey key
Insightful may unlock creation clear.

Thus all the splendour of life's symphony
Expressed in sonnet song can come to be.

11 February 2009

Translation of Rêve est Réalité en Poésie
robi03_0341_robi03_0000 ASF_IXX

Jonathan ROBIN

Rêve Et Reveil

Warmth which with wonder, waking we
rediscover with the dawn,
is printed, coded cunningly
upon life's sheets well worn.
Sustaining this intimacy
is reassurance sworn
in mutual acceptancy -
mosaic multi-modal form
where each is willing partner, free,
when new day's lines are drawn
with or without consistency
as pleases strings untorn
vibrating with a harmony
which must not be foresworn.

Jonathan ROBIN

Reverie Of Tenderness

Slipping down the pane
soothing former pain,
looking through reflections
of miss mission's misdirections,
je suis

From epidermal ephemerality
to thermal collaterality
feelings, scent, sent reeling
former barriers, thereby healing
tu es

Heart beats' drum from tympan pulse
to tears torn through relief repulse
grief's leaf, as lief two share in joy
repudiating puppet, toy
il[e] est

Contact confirm steam dreams' supreme
while wild eyes rain, hope's reign is theme
that 'out on limb' translates to goal,
gaol free, hearts whole, no longer sole
id est

Jonathan ROBIN

Revolving Debit - Cul-De-Sac Acrostic Sonnet

Restrictions flourish, few attain true aim.
Energies mischannelled, modern man
Victim of his greed no longer can
Options clear identify. Most blame
Life's treadmill limits, thoughtless, partial claim.
Vice stifles virtue, leaves truth also-ran.
Is Man Time's puppet stringed? Swift seconds span,
Ne'er heed heart's need where greed feeds final flame,
Growth self-destructive, rushes blind and lame
Down cul-de-sac climactic for no plan
Exists to feed the homeless. Few dare scan
Between life's lines which with their fate play games.
If self-respect depends on home secure
Then from abuse of man by man what cure?

Jonathan ROBIN

Rhyme Rant On Prose Rants

RHYME RANT ON PROSE RANTS

Prose which with capitals would rant
against pet hate, for favoured cause
is often filled with fatal flaws,
or pays attention far too scant
to harmony, stays ignorant
of rhythm which enhances, draws
skein polychrome. Its pointed jaws
restrict free scope increasing cant,
seldom perceived as elegant.
True poet purity implores
to etch, to sketch, to open doors
upon perspective which prose [r]ant
encounters rarely where it roams
on well trod trails of barren tomes.

3 December 2007

robi03_1688_robi03_0000 SXX_IXX

Rhyme Rant on Prose Rant poem © Jonathan Robin

Jonathan ROBIN

Riddle My Riddle Dear What's On

My first of four now hard, now soft appears,
A part of whole which then may move to tears,
Unmoved before, in mist it disappears,
DESCENT rise follows, changes engineers.

My second spins around as satellite
And from land's end scans out to see the light,
Used dust to dust through dust returns to write
DETAILED tale of Man's mistaken might.

My third flaws all that fights its flowing cause,
Assures no pause resists engulfing maws,
Unstintingly draws air without a pause
DEVOURING trees, sweet honey bees, and floors.

My fourth blows forth to North, South, East and West,
Arrested never, almost always blessed
Unless its zest unrest spreads, topples nest,
DESTINY'S quest jest crests at its behest.

My all spells one whose parts all four include,
And from those parts four further draws fair brood.
Up past, fast forwards by fell Time pursued.
DEPEND on it: soon ends rhymed interlude.

My four withdrawn no further four could thrive,
And if one's absent few'd remain alive,
Understanding double riddle, strive
DECODE both four in hand, at hand, band drive.

Jonathan ROBIN

Rigoletto – Mobile Verse Parody Verdi

In this opera by Verdi, with the choicest of libretti
ranging up to alto, down to double bass,
to avoid the nitty-gritty of the plot would be a pity,
now in nineteen stanzas scan rhymes interlaced.

Scene is set in some fair city where the search for someone pretty
was the past-time of a Duke with time to waste,
he's the subject of this ditty which runs true to subject, witty,
wise, and well within the boundaries of taste.

Now this Duke had roving eyes bright, marriage ties seemed to despise quite,
all affection had forgotten for Her Grace,
Countess Cipriano one night spies at party, banter, quickly tries tight
to encircle, during dancing, spousal waist.

Noting, not without surprise where, anger blazing through his eyes' stare,
the Count in fury fumed at the unchaste, -
she appeared a pretty prize there, perfect in both features, size, fair
and, despite his presence, to the dance made haste.

Swiftly Count became besotto at the ball while most were blotto
when taunted by the jester of the place,
who, by name of Rigoletto did the dirty work, you bet, - oh
adding insult to the injury bare faced.

Through his wit had Rigoletto, using aphorism, motto,
angered every grandee he with wit outfaced,
so betrayed Count Cipriano allied with his friend Marullo
jointly planned our humpbacked jester's dire disgrace.

For Marullo had discovered secret visits to a dove, a
mistress to whose house the jester nightly paced,
when this fact he did uncover planned to carry off the lover
due deliver to nude Duke prude's dainty face.

Rigoletto had a daughter, there are many might have thought her
most angelical in crinoline and lace,
at Sunday church Duke sought her and forthwith began to court her,
caring little for her fortune or her race.

Gilda was her name, her mother having passed away, no other
close relation, uncle, brother, had been traced,
Rigoletto tried to smother GILda's wish for freedom, lover,
saying in his heart she could not be replaced.

But by opening his purse there Duke bribed Gilda's worthless nurse, -
woman scarce deserving either trust or place,
thus he triggered off a curse the jealous courtiers did nurse,
leading to fair maiden's murder vile and base.

Then the courtesans all banded, underhandely commanded,
stole the Fool's girl right before his banded face,
having kidnapped her they, candid, on the Duke's fond lap soon landed
her - whose innocence was very soon debased.

When the jester understood all he went beserk beyond recall,
to a hired assassin hied him in his haste,
paid the gold and in a hold-all was to get Duke's body cold-all,
to Verona meant to flee before the chase.

But the plot failed for pale Gilda having heard the bravo's sister
plead for mercy for the man she would enlace,
gave her own life for her lover, while he - messing with another -
never missed her as he kissed her rival's face!

There the harlot earns her copper while ingénue comes a cropper -
falls from rosy fable into sable bier.
As the former tricks her supper, fixes liquor lacing cuppa,
virtue spurned, seduced's reduced to souvenir.

So while singing 'light and jolly is the mind of every molly'
ruthless villain did in Gilda, - dire disgrace!
Yet the fates of fair young dolly facing plutocrats with lolly
scarcely vary though it's scary through time, place.

Thus instead of brigand stabbing Duke 'twas Gilda he was nabbing,
unbeknown to Rigoletto, - sad's the case.
When discovered, both fell blabbing, daughter dying near dark cabin
where [b]randy dandy Duke found fond embrace.

Now the moral of this story, which is somewhat sad and gory,

is that sacrifice and love are Woman's place,
bending to Man's whim is glory, for He knows what's best, a law he
would have obeyed throughout the human race!

Here we end this tale of living, trust the reader is forgiving
errors all that fall unto the ear or eye,
time to other verses giving we shall go despite misgiving
leaving farewell, ciao, enjoy life, and good bye!

(30 November 1988 revised 1 June 2013)

Jonathan ROBIN

Ripple

Ripple runs through circles till
It meets another ripple's will, -
Perhaps it overrides the first,
Perhaps subsides, perhaps both burst.
Life, likewise, ripples, never still,
Eternal circles stream Time's thirst...

21 August 1995

Jonathan ROBIN

Rise Through Regrets

This jaded world from role reversal reels,
Harsh judgement passes on deceptions deep.
Exit by bear pursued few locks will keep -
Door closed and shuttered windows soon reveals
Only introspection spirit seals
On dust of love's rejection which can't weep.
Remorseless fate exacts a price too steep.
Rise through regrets, for surface storm conceals
Events which Cause/Effect invents, spins wheels
Mind's reasons, blind, may challenge, worries sweep,
Offering chance advance, to help heart reap
Victory and tune to future's peal.
Edition new heals smart, stamps vis[t]a's start.
Dream themes unreels, hope's schemes successful chart.

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Removed - revised 20 October 2008 for previous version see below

This world above from role reversing reels,
Harsh judgement passes on deceptions deep.
Exit by bear pursued few locks will keep -
Door closed and shuttered windows soon reveals
Only introspection which must weep
On dust of love's rejection past. We feel
Remorseless fate exacts a price too steep.
Rise through regrets which may disguise surprise
Events which Cause/Effect invents to try
Most patience, represent in other guise
Other guy's advance to Chance defy.
Vain complaint when heart new part may chart,
EDition true heals smart, stamps vis[t]a's fresher start.

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Removed

Jonathan ROBIN

Rise To Joys Through Friends - Acrostic Sonnet

RIch magician, Friendship wears a coat
Sin-free, spurns bias, blackmail and exclusion.
Empathy dissolves lonely confusion,
Truth backs one up when life seems black, remote.
Open door to non-judgemental vote
JOins friends restores trust in conclusion
Yin-Yang uniting, trust denies delusion
So fresh departure is assured, afloat
The bark of hope's revealed, keel even, boat
Headed for safe harbour, joy's profusion,
Reiterated, banishes exclusion,
Offers understanding, may emote.
Uncertainty through friendship's swept away,
GHosts fade, no rigid rules need FRIENDS obey

Jonathan ROBIN

Rites Which Rights Forget

Disembark repressive self-control
Try, fly, soar high, reversing former role,
self-sacrifice (however noble cause)
is self-destruction tunnelling blind mole.

Is there a yonder-land? Eternal kiss?
can Kismet compensate for souls we miss?
hope, honor, harmony may music make -
but once departed echoes sonic hiss.

Refuse scorched Phoenix flight from embers torn
right thing for the wrong reason when reborn,
straitjackets fall when soul's prepared to change
and range upon strange paths ignoring scorn.

Hadj is within, not Meccan pilgrimage,
let youth's top spin, forgetfulness with age
takes carefreeness and fun, converting both
to rites which rights forget, internal cage!

(1 April 2012)

Jonathan ROBIN

Role-Reversal

Crammed in between a caravan estate,
a tawdry factory, suburban rail,
the cemetery sprawls beyond the pale,
no standing room for those who, anxious, wait
in no mad rush to be entitled 'late',
who'd give the lie to those with plots for sale,
to lie, not stand on ceremony's nail.
Who'd jump the queue, their cue anticipate?
Apt conclusion to vain love and hate,
the score ten squandered, - then no hope of bail -
when wicked wicket's stumped proceed to jail.
Man, hunter role-reversed, turns maggot bait.
We, whisper on time's breeze, no echo leave,
who resurrection wait themselves deceive.

(9 June 2007)

Jonathan ROBIN

Romance Rubaiyat

Two's company, three's crowd, or so most say
so here we write forever and a day
upon love and Romance try every angle
to dangle reasons for hearts' interplay.

Each leap year to three hundred thirty three
add thirty three, then woman will with glee
propose what devil man might else avoid,
his 666 has surely run astray.

Romance draws from response to stimulate,
and span two dreams' convergence, second state,
meets live with love to spurn Time's rendezvous,
ignoring jigsaw mind-set's zigzag gait.

Love is link 'pheronomic' catalyzed,
Romance is ritual, hopes realized,
what complicated seemed is later seen
as simple steps towards goal undisguised.

Romance: a link between 'pretend' 'extend',
where end to means is sometimes means to end,
where current flow re_volts as feelings churn,
though real solutions may seem round the bend.

If whirlwind is Romance see dance with fast
advance, retreat before decision's cast
upon love's winds which often after time
turn zephyr into cyclone's whirlwind blast.

Festina lente, hasten slowly, Fate
may be amused when we anticipate
the way the dice is rolled a turn or two,
but should turn guilty temptor from guilt gate.

Romance is all about "anticipate"
while love is passion, lessons learned too late
may heighten disillusion when heart's chart
from artless spins to envy, hope to hate.

Romance is bed of roses for the mind,
Love, blind, this channels nearness, distance pined,
Romance in polychrome makes awesome write
yet turns to empty rite with motives blind.

Be wary of presumption, stretching luck,
too few are called where most, lame, come unstuck,
identify the slipstream tipping crown,
avoid spin drown in cyclone vortex suck.

Oft man and maid confuse Romance and Love,
to summon images of turtle dove,
of partnership above Life's passing years,
no tears may know, advancing hand in glove.

Yet when to test of time is marriage put
Man calls both head and tail despite the foot
which in his mouth so often shows he lies
while maid's mascara tears soon turns to soot.

She cares for kids, where he kids, cares to rest
before some sport, while she supports the rest,
works both from nine to five and five to nine.
He sports bright ties, light ties prefers the best!

She looks ahead while he, as head, looks on
good looks, which in her book is more than wrong,
regretting grass seems greener seen through fence,
defence of dreams is sold short, for a song.

He wields the axe, while she bears forty whacks,
He thinks he wears the trousers though he slacks,
He waxes wroth he 'needs', she kneeds the wax
fills cracks, unshackles, builds long lasting shacks.

He spares to live, she ever lives to share.
He won't forgive, she blossoms everywhere
needs harmony not tomb to bloom, bear fruit,
He spi[t]es for wayfare, she, sprite, lights way fair!

He fields the work, while she must work the fields.

She feels the pinch, while he both pinches, feels.
She earns her keep while he her earnings keeps,
She yields the count, while he, he counts the yields!

He says his friction's fiction, she replies
love which once shone miraculous breeds sighs
alongside stress from sacrifice, neglect,
that underline pain's suffering, vain cries.

He'd lay the rules and rule the lays. Some say
unbalanced are the scales! On Judgement Day,
when all are weighed he's wanting found withal,
while she's a paragon, he's gone astray!

She swears to honour, cherish and obey,
while he of harem dreams, as Pasha, Bey,
what's worth his plot of earth if one fine day
parthenogenesis may come to stay?

If SHE could autoreproduce or clone,
If SHE the race continued all alone,
what trace would HE retain who, vain, sees end
as master, losing face, to lying prone?

If HE, who least believes, leaves set as stone,
If HE, who most receives, heaves righteous moan
then Mona Lisa sentence might suspend
and spare the rib that cuts her to the bone.

For Woman is the source, the stream, the flow,
SHE bends where HE may break when strong winds blow,
HE who would rule the cradle seldom takes
sufficient time to nurture Nature, know

Romance may be spun out till kingdom come,
is not a cobweb to entice the dumb,
led on through love to larder poorly stocked,
who seeking cake discover acrid crumb.

But what to love is inside or is out?
for Time's dimension love would do without,
the signpost seen may blow now east now west,

crow heeds no fixed road stop sign roundabout.

Though rhyme and reason often are withheld
till time and season pass, their winter knelled,
sustained romance essential is where heart
would chart affection through tomorrow welled.

Who would evolve must choose from many doors,
each offers either fame or blame, doom draws,
each offers health or wealth, advance or pause,
must think the link between effect and cause.

What love is, what romance, though, who foresees?
What choice reject, what opportunities
take for, or take as, granted, who can tell?
Time twists or undertows the flows men seize.

What matters and to whom? What gravities
matter patter pater mater tease,
conundrums which a life-long paradox
entertains until all memories

are atomised upon a karmic breeze,
blown willy-nilly till, like honeyed bees,
they bumble on towards a homely hive,
they stumble on till patterns by degrees

from angles wide frame focus, offer keys.
For who between the lines can read, chalk, cheese,
discerns, the waft and weft of substance, learns
to draw the line dividing wood from trees.

So grasp Romance's finger as it writes,
wait not love's Time, tune tide to timing, flights
of fancy twin with opportunity
which may not seed again. Feed dreams' delights!

Jonathan ROBIN

Rondeau Reclimbing Childhood Tree

In rhyme reclimbing childhood tree we try
to paint trunk soaring through dark clouds to sky
as tot from cot in garden grot advanced
upon strong branch in innocence. Dream chanced
reclimbing childhood tree.

Tot tottering trotted to Spring sprig so spry
that, tempting, seemed to beckon on the sly:
imagination is thereby enhanced,
reclimbing childhood tree.

Child's venture wild seemed Everest so high,
as on a whim adventured, tree limbs fly
towards the heavens where their branches danced.
Sage in old age keeps image deep entranced
recalling day way up above grass dry
reclimbing childhood tree.

Jonathan ROBIN

Rondo Mirror

When tidal waves of Time mock Fame,
have waved goodbye to humankind,
that which remains may, deep in rime,
deep-frozen stay until Change find
strange species with an unknown name,
whose mores few humans find sublime,
set out, new universes tame.

Alternative galactic clime
till supernova, fun to blame,
could broil life first, then through enzyme
bacterial pride's viral self-acclaim
convert to carbon, methane, slime,
a vision choice, or hell-fire flame
devour the oddest pantomime
star systems witnessed, 'sense' proclaim.

A strange physique, another mind,
may race, chase universal prime,
explore perceived needs, trace seed chain,
from ocean brine could start the grind
through evolution once again.
Whatever alphabets unwind
from pinpoint into pointed vane
few angels dance, though underlined
are questions put: few answers find.

Survival's rules and Nature's game,
advance through chance mutating chain.
Why dig, delve, search solutions 'sane'
which tunnel out where Time peaks in
dividing kith through chance dance train
from cousins, eco-system kin
as specificities within
to change stay subject, rise or wane,
seed species more or less germane
as micro-niches ascertain
controlling roles, roll fate's dice, reign,
each dominance would fain obtain.

Where A to B too toxic may remain
one group ascendance must attain
bad blood spilled stays the curse of Cain.

There seems scant reason to explain
that rigid rules here may retain
no standing elsewhere, truth's refrain
sounds normal here, there cries 'refrain! '
gains gravity till light bends aim,
sends censors censure, me[!]ting blame.

Transient sentience through time
prepares ambitions which may bind
impressions of successful climb
of city zen or country grime,
to thongs subjective whose tight rein
chokes folks aghast who'd past sustain.
Life's laws, whatever form or frame,
stay tied to tide system whence they came.
'Above', 'Below' are judgements vain,
when all's one, one all must contain.

Exaggeration's docked decay
clocks to cue pride ride to restrain
control of algorithmic sway
on building blocks, exerts force plain
through surreptitious interplay,
depends on R.N.A. whose reign
spun double helix D.N.A.
Fate stakes claim on another plane,
night everlasting drags down day,
makes light till sun shines down the drain
ephemerality's tease hay.

Black hole without wormhole? Odds slight
so new dimensions hide, clam tight.
Dust coalesces then expands,
momentum found, as Saturn's bands,
before collapse as cycle spins
around as matter's outs and ins
contract, nor contradiction nor bizarre.
Stars seem diaphanous from afar.

Seek niche as Nietzsche foretold before
blood turned to black, artistic paw
Nero's dark emerald delight.
Like Mandelbröt fresh fractals draw
no Newton, Leibniz might indite.
Perspectives shifting Einstein saw
from Cues 'de Beryllo' few cite.
All oppositions with insight
identical appear, forthright
both urge to flight and purge-indict,
left, right, wrong, right, verse rose, prose blight,
sides of one coin, whose bark and bite
heads, tails, head tale's delight, set write.

Spun wheel turns, yet things much the same
remain as ever, as the blind
and seething masses, biding time,
are led by blind red tape worms, kind
exploited still, wills try to find
answers until fresh tidal time-frame
mocks race, trace, shocks, restocks again.

Oscillating waves of Time,
wave goodbye, scarce seek behind
veiled past, ancestry maritime,
score future for wings redesigned
through evolution's coded aim,
from start to coda, which no dime
care for core causal counterclaim.

Some might celestial choir proclaim
as evidence of super brain.
ice, fire, fire, ice, hope aim, scope maim,
here where, there, others ended in
an intricate design begin
from chaos patterns, recombine,
circadian rhythms, fractal fine
infinite past time's dotted line
to meet itself, churn cheese to rind
as sooner, later, Chronos will unwind

Equality some souls acclaim

as proof superior, maintain
win leads to loss, as loss to win,
sans sin no good, no good sans sin.
Each opposite must undermine
its complement, spiel underline
to compliment weal's weighting game
that, game awaits foreseen refrain.

Dark matter plays at hide and seek
makes light through universal week
can span star seedbeds, vacuum cold,
from top to bottom, young to old,
in n dimensions manifold
to spin around attraction which
all self-destructs, plug pulled, or switch
triggered by gravitational force
against which there seems no recourses.
Perhaps Big Bang begins again
implosion then expansion's game
from dormant state, explosion's peak,
self-circling cycles so to speak.
Erosion mocks both fame and flame
till pulled apart are wild and tame.

Alternative galactic clime
could freeze life first, then life-clock chime
exploring waft weave out and in
played out repeating rondo spin
evolving ever, phantom mime
vibrates, expands, contracts, same frame,
reduplicated pantomime,
as wishful thinking scarce sublime.
Word worlds as well down black-holes slide
in parallel universes hide.

As dust cloud systems coalesce
awaiting asteroid impact
to seed new life through due process,
explore strange craters to extract
minute ways which express change, guess
the quantum leap from fiction, fact,
so building blocks may re-address

earth, air, fire, water, that attract
love-hate relationships intact,
all elements: here more, there less.
Wind, wave together coalesce
life's tree, suns, moons, caves secret stacked
with wonders and wraith spirit guest
which all must witness, take as jest
hopes, fears, tears telescoped, time's gest.

Retaining its internal rhyme
from tame to wild with cyclic mime,
again, again, from wild to tame,
this rondo roves in search of aim
from supernova's fiery flame
to brown dwarf freeze frieze lit quitclaim.

Jonathan ROBIN

Rubai On Ghosts

One can, who strangers scan, too few admire,
as most play ghosts deprived of phantom choir,
tripping, tripping up, upon life's board,
stillborn refuting intimate desire.

Love lost? who counts the cost when in Time's scales
all causal links stay hidden. Passing wails
with Captain Ahab in pursuit too soon
are Moby Dicks whose whale revenge run stale.

What of tease dreams now barren, mirage moons,
what of pleas, teams dissolved, cocoons
for hibernation of for haunting doubts
converting alpha males to witless loons.

Spilt milk, such ilk, is water under bridge,
lies lie forgotten, in cold-storage fridge,
tomorrow offers opportunities
waif wraiths expel, flick phantom feeling's midge.

In game of give and take what ranks the higher
self-interest or charity? Enquire
about ambitions intimate, bond word,
suspicion from the shadows whispers: 'Liar! '

Last passing leaves leave, life's page age admires,
most boasts seem ghost hosts, post haste wraith dream wires
tugged tripping, hesitant, across life's board,
stillborn, denying deepest heart's desire.

As puppets men, leaves, dance as seasons' wire
blows hot and cold, taut from birth to death, slight wit acquire,
taught to act but not to BE! sharp sword
of Fate each early, late, just must retire.

For few dare seek far stars, or yet aspire
for freedom, seldom glance above muck mire,
fear chloroforming chlorophyll cuts cord
that holds life's journey from horizons higher.

The burning bush survived the blazing fire,
and witness stands to God the purifier,
yet oil on troubled waters oft is poured
as Fall to Winter wanes, frost snaps high-flyer.

Through sects' protection most fear to inquire
into life's why's and wherefores, strum joy's lyre,
for seventy or eighty years life's cord
they eke out, seldom seeking, tortured, tire.

Lifes leaves soon grieve, deceived by Summer, ire
replacing lush greens flush, Time sees misfire
intimations of immortality
when verdant vibrance turns red, brown, then mire.

Life calendar contains a finite quire,
whose daily leaves, worn, torn, are not for hire,
yet oil on troubled waters oft is poured
by those who spurn each prophet as a liar.

Life is too short. Who'd play the poet's lyre
must tame the vagrant strings, the versifier
tunes into harmony whose every chord
responds to inspiration all desire.

Leaves drop, hearts stop, in season all retire
from green-scene bud to has been dud quagmire,
so little space to race then silent doom,
strum still tombed, dumb will catacombed entire.

Let love lost bury if not love, love's loser,
Judgemental values often damn accuser,
find wings for further flight with insight spread
ahead lie other beds that cry: amuse her!

(2 June revised 5 June 2013)

Jonathan ROBIN

Rubaiyat Of A Robin - After Edward Fitzgerald - Rubaiyat Of Omar Khayyam

Jest plays with rubaiyat and, four by four,
unseals for your amusement more and more
verses together thread in rosary
unreeled to bloom till tomb will curtains draw.

Repealed are value judgement and perspective
revealed through standpoint purely introspective,
darkside concealed of moon's yin-yang shines clear
when we're in orbit, - option more effective.

Rolled form performs rôle midwife to perception,
sprung tongue in cheek, tweaks sense of imperfection
or willingness to leach between the lines,
impeach entrenched ideas of self-[s]election.

This prose arose as stream deprived of section,
where 'dip at will' will still sustain inspection,
the current's sense, at odds with current views
ignores round holes, square pegs, top-down direction.

Here there's no fear of critics' peer rejection,
contention treated with due circumspection
intention is to mention for retention
an overview or clue to extrospection.

Life's curtains are a veil through which few see,
as many haste taste-waste eternity,
mixed up, ignore life fixes finite sum
to/through infinite opportunity.

Can "Truth" exist? all ask, who seek its core,
we, modest, etch our words to sketch the score,
diverse the verses which converge to link
reflections mirrored many times before.

Vast content, style, a while, united are,
aim at soul stimulation, nothing bar,

to pleasure, treasure, or discard at will
as minds outreach to other minds on par.

Meditating, we shed light on what
tomorrow's tot may factor into 'bot' -
the poet's lot, forgot, to help all think
ahead of time, enhance life for a lot

Some seek Nirvana, Faith speaks more than "how".
Others reject Salvation's wraith, - w[h]ine "now".
Verifying facts? Inventing dreams?
Each furrow-burrows with a different plough.

In these short stanzas we shall seek a way
to weed out false philosophies that prey
upon fair truth - if 'Truth' be not abstract -
to plant fresh garden, chant beside the 'Way'.

./.

Wake! though the West still fitfully counts sheep,
the East's ablaze, there rising rays do steep
the far horizon, phasing stars away
phrased out by Robin Jay and sparrow's cheep.

A bird soft sings - one robin is enough -
to sway ten trillion stars as ball of fluff
is scored by millions more - cheep's cheek astounds.
rebounding echoes which their shyness slough.

Earth lends thereto both orbit, ear, at ease
tunes into echo surfing prime rhyme's breeze,
life's warmth wells from flat fields, rills, rocky tors,
gold bees abound, buzz round some kitten's sneeze.

Eternal silence sleep prevents, world waits
on spider spinning, dawn anticipates,
while we may ask what sense is made of sound
by church and steeple, aisle and green stile gates.

What feelings hound retains for hare he'd chase
and what the hunter for the hound? What pace

finds interest g[r]o[w] when it is mind compound?
What's real to roundabout when rests its case?

How feels the Tao for circling day and night?
what for the centre feels surround, dark, light?
what of the bounce when words once more rebound
describing robin breasting air in flight?

What feels for fractal any given point?
What feels the oil for King who rites anoint?
What feels for tree the Autumn leaf once browned?
Both throne and leaf soon tumble out of joint.

What reads the clearing into red deer's [t]race?
May star count light years till return to base?
How may red blood react to heart's flesh pound
when foreign smokescreen floats round beauty's face?

Stars seek love's meaning, spinning hot and cold
on Cause, Effect foretold as orbits fold
around their half-life cycles and around
on 'always' as they fight the black hole's hold.

Bird song still seeks its Way upon Time's wave,
stars spin off Mankind's blind, ambitious crave, -
cross star-crossed dream, by mortal sadness bound,
crowned deathbound by a gaping open grave.

Dawn filters fragile memories from the mind,
few surface, most, unconscious, stay confined
behind the film that shadows dreams from day -
which to internal eye is almost blind.

And yet those precious seconds which divide
warm bed from breakfast should not be denied,
once trained, the train of conscious thought turns fey,
rei[g]ns in the lines that let the brain decide.

Though chance the dice of daily choice does load,
no sleep no judgement voices, faulty mode,
a dream or two recalled can during play
let Man rejoice as answers he is showed.

The magic lantern's locked nocturnal sweep
shows picture flow performance, light or deep,
stays in abeyance waiting till the fray
of daily combat's waged, unwound in sleep.

For wave on wave of subtle interchange
that nightly entertains, by day seems strange
dissolves beneath a cataract of fact -
packed practicalities and pay, exchange.

Yet pay and practicalities do reap
a barren harvest, bitter tears to weep.
when in the final act 'les jeux sont faits', -
then who is mocked upon what moldy heap?

For some dreams stand out crystal clear and stay,
some nightmares ride through fear that fades away
when 'self' is drowned in tensions which exact
the working week's attention, fears allay.

Observe commuters in the early dawn
eyes bleary, weary gait and stifled yawn,
day's duty done in turn each does return
at night to comfort slight they left that morn.

Most for a pittance serve and thus sustain
a system biased which none may maintain
intact - attacked by innovations that
unchecked track ransack what they entertain.

"The moving finger writes, and having writ"
moves on, along, to make The pattern fit,
links dark to light, ignites Time's spotlight fast,
all once foreseen sets scene for future k[n]it.

This moving finger which directs the write
must fight for flight to rise, not fall through flight,
take not temptation to mistake wood, trees, -
the dotted line should witness not indict.

With this in mind above the daily static

the poet's pen to writing automatic
steers often on another plane than most –
the host whose ear at times appears erratic.

True poet seldom rhymes with attic, crust,
needs not to cross the tease emphatic, must
as an observer taking vatic pulse
see, seed, foresee, and kneed ecstatic dust.

Poet peeps seeped truth, digs deep within
the reader's wonderland to underpin
belief in 'drink me' magic potion stored
by mind behind [sp]each superficial grin.

Sojourn is our stay where sot and sage,
active, passive, those calm, those who rage,
justice, crime, combine to trace each track,
to ink "I think I act" on passing page.

Leave 'news' behind which often disappoints,
progression seldom needs be pushed on points,
though archived meta data may prepare
another world which its own way appoints.

Joy follows through where intuition points,
for its zen flesh and bones, provides the joints, -
masters the world's attention, iceberg tip
invents to crown our surface race appoints.

True erudition: - intuition's wink
responding to the cues that help mind think
beyond tryst rendez-vous of time and place
can trace-scan span which Past and Future link.

So be it wide, or hide-out's tiny chink
through which soul spies the skies without a blink,
there is no chaser, chaste, or chase but pace
as Poet's dream streams past Man's teeming brink

Yet answers in themselves must be allied
with intuitions acting as a guide
interpreting the runes that won't betray

effects and causes, each identified.

The fourth dimension's secret passageway
has hidden exits, entrances, thus may
be breached by forces magic which attract
fey instincts, set foreknowledge on its way.

Fate's ball no question makes of Ayes and Noes
but here or there as strikes the fancy flows
and [s]He that toss'd it down into the field,
[s]He knows about it all ~ [s]He knows ~ [s]He knows! '

Pill can't fulfill the will to understand,
nor spirit chart heart's flair fantastic fanned, -
no drips let slip but sip the rapture rich
through sharing in a manner under...hand.

Though taking can attract the underhand,
and leave soul wrack, the lack can then expand
as time feeds need to flood Hurt's tear filled ditch, -
the sods or stone there thrown let Promised Land

at last appear as vision clear can tear
away the veils of this world's wails and wear
a halo bright to fight off night begun, -
web spun which one MUST cut not run, aware!

Awake, aware, no vision e'er should be
one-sided, - clear should steer, with energy
to focus on holistic insight wide,
perception prizing authenticity.

Perception ends must bend to mend what then
may be free reinvented to extend
to new dimensions things that first appear
too distant, incompatible, to blend

conceptions potent. These procede to lend
stability to an equation which must send
beyond our ken when a message formula
has integrated Time in hidden trend.

Invention is extension catalysed
or role reversal, vistas reapprized,
what complicated seemed is later seen
as simple step towards a goal disguised.

Dream-innovation themes explores, sends shoots
to test fond dreams beyond both insight, roots,
the route seems open, ready, preprepared
by past and future playing, in cahoots.

Where both left brain and right can intertwine -
invention, innovation, - from design
mind tunes to innate patterns which possess
no walls "to grasp this scheme of things" divine.

All quests for knowledge spur adventures we
must turn to profit, - opportunity
magically evolves to solve at last
inherent challenges from sea to sea.

In evolution's bark much mystery
exists few mark, and fewer seem to see,
for timing innovation oft contains
an element of synchronicity

that crucial changes duplicates to tune
mere mortals' fortunes who beneath the moon
might otherwise miss portals pointing through
reef shoal to [b][r]each soul's goal of blue lagoon.

Therein stands both circumference and points
or one point cardinal which priest appoints?
is there a bible code convergency
or waiting cusp which promise disappoints?

Each generation in its turn believes
Earth's mysteries may surface ere it leaves,
that synchronicities will watershed -
or shed true light, - yet each the next deceives.

For rhyme and reason often are withheld
till time and season pass, their winter knelled,

true timing is essential where the mind
must channel forces from the future welled.

Who would evolve must choose from many doors, -
each offers either fame, or blame, doom draws,
each offers health or wealth, advance or pause, -
must think the link between effect and cause.

What fame is, what is doom, though, who forsees?
what choice reject, what opportunities
take for, or take as, granted, who can tell?
Time twists or tows each current man would seize.

What matters, and to whom? What gravities
apply when anti-matter equals tease
conundrums which a life-long paradox
entertains until all memories

are atomised upon a karmic breeze,
blown willy nilly till, like honeyed bees,
they bumble on towards a homely hive,
they stumble on till patterns by degrees

from angles wide frame, focus, offer keys
for who between the lines can read, and these
the waft and weft of substance may discern -
may draw the line dividing wood from trees.

So grasp that moving finger as it writes
wait not on Time, but tune to timing – flights
of fancy twin with chance advance spun once,
which may not seed again, feed dreams' delights.

There is no world to hold but one to share,
there is no word in bold, no blank to spare,
there is no end and no beginning, none,
but just a line which seeks expansion where

vibration is the tune to rune the play
responding to a ripple interplay.
Response but not Reaction is the key
which liberates those give and take gainsay.

The meanings take and give are often lent
by those who blind behind their screens, lie bent, -
if on the ball then toss you call shall be
a legacy which ALL may represent!

Ambitions are but empty boasts to bind
Man to what he too soon must leave behind.
when curtain's rung, act's over, - all admit
wrung hands can't cancel Fate once Fate's defined.

Though most would Fate defy, few have begun
to find replies behind spun night and sun,
jails cannot hold who, bold, must freedom seek,
depart from self from start till journey's done.

Discovery of central launching pad,
overcomes dams, artifice, to add
diversity to knowledge, tolerance, -
aims reconciled when game spins good from bad.

Too many spend their time on Earth asleep,
don't dare to dream, don't dream to dare, in keep
secure enclose the flame they claim astray
until that dread appointment all must keep.

The pilgrim staff that half directs the play
itself in pawn is to each coryphée
who for a spell puts on a little act
'till Lethewards is sunk' with no cachet.

Time is not blood but bud that inner light
may nourish, bring to flourish [st]ring delight -
the road soul takes makes light of 'here' and 'now',
realities are tease to freeze insight!

Dreams thresholds are where strangely side by side
Past, Present, Future, somehow coincide.
Tomorrow's cake with flour of Yesterday
is [k]needed by Time's hands, whose flowers abide.

Dreams with fresh dreams collide, ideas explode,

most petty, but some able to decode
the active grain from static chaff and weigh
imponderables within the mind's geode.

Like ripples in reverse that override
the 'natural order', time-trap thrust aside,
Time's warp and weft implode, and inklings spray
ink jets which think they playrights are world-wide.

No need for sundry saint or lotus sect,
to paint these coloured verses circumspect,
where joy and rainbow aim to blackout grey, -
no soul knows faintness which would self perfect.

But self no sense retains if for a year,
ten, or ten thousand is our sojourn here,
THE question lingers, will not go away,
once gone what will become of all held dear?

Once gone what sun will other eyes reflect,
what son to what fair bride will genuflect,
what ring upon which groom or fiancée
will glow, will grow, to comfort or protect?

Dismiss all doubts, advance, evolve, elect
a path regardless what all else select, -
free spirits seek no quarter don't display
uncertain, undue or unearned respect.

"Unto thyself be true" yet never fear
to undo prejudice, the way is clear,
"there's none so blind as will not see! " yet each
deserves a passing sigh, if not a tear.

Formality must never intersect
a mind that's open, tolerant, direct, -
yet tolerance is not a takeaway
excuse for man's refusal to reflect.

Though there's an inner conscience to obey
it must be sound, not papier maché, -
respond to Future, not to Past react,

reflect, reject excuses for delay

We draw upon a framework long foretold.
All groundless fears are ground to make new mould,
where energy is timeless - yesterday
tomorrow's future could today enfold.

What lit that spark to differentiate
Mankind from ape, the eater from the ate?
matched energies that fuse, refuse to prey,
refusing fusion fuses primal state.

Ignore all who a moment are extolled,
who when the wheel turns are as rough rogues roled,
reject role models, and by conscience backed
mistrust bland fads and carpets red unrolled.

Work thus towards a future faraway
knit Time to rhyme with rhythm's calming lay,
and thus outplay time's croupier who's stacked
the odds against enlightenment's entrée.

Beware ideals that feel not, hot and cold
would blow upon ideas which, uncontrolled,
could open up new vistas and convey
new patterns for Life's petals to unfold.

Beware Religion's dogmas, those the State
instils to brake or break the will to wait
upon a world unbound which won't obey
blind power plays, would Man emancipate.

The door of Hope may ope to spirit bold,
to find the scope that can't be bought or sold,
for equal opportunity why pray -
each would more equal be in luck or gold!

For equal opportunities don't stay
untamed by use some make which most affray, -
The West's religions and the East's are sacked
by vested interests which the piper pay.

Though some there are who through true flair do float,
and there are some with multi-coloured coat
who help adapt and keep an even keel, -
most overboard do fall when rocks the boat.

Oh! fragile our environmental note
blown by el niño to, fro, remote.
climatic change climactic range does test, -
today's mistakes tomorrow's fate denote.

Who seeks desires must stoke the fires which
inspire to higher levels, somehow stitch
the links which join '[s]he thinks, [s]he acts', enhance
the chances of 'success', avoid all kitsch!

For entertainment services somehow
an inner wilderness where 'buy, buy now! '
is seen as compensation by minds void
avoiding questions such as 'why? and how? '

For 'how? and why? ' must search the living past
to learn, mark and digest, its net deep cast,
while indigestion does consumption brand
with captive hand throughout our land so vast.

Time is a theme as current now as ever,
a pattern waved by youth who's brow knows never
time beats out timeless hopes, till in dismay
age ploughs life under foot to chain links sever.

Time calls the tune, the moon with gravity
pulls in the seasons, yet the cherry tree
reblossoms every April come what may,
as May returns to [sp]ring time's verity.

Time crows both Pauper, King, the simple, clever,
pleas disallows 'spite advocate's endeavour,
weighs souls with feathers, smiles at disarray,
from Life's bough one more apple plucks forever.

The Tree of Life evolves as day by day,
fresh changes ring the seasons' roundelay.

Though many sicken, most are trouble wracked,
the same would kill to lengthen their short stay.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men
which, taken at the flood" is Fate's amen: -
"take then the current when it serves, " some say,
why worry? What will be, will be again.

"To be, or not to be" the question's put,
who cares if skin be ivory or soot?
Life's caravan wends on its weary way,
and tramples generations under foot.

Why put the questions 'How, Why, Where, and When? '
Embrace Life's lease with vigour, grow, and then
depart contented, welcome don't outstay, -
yet leave a trace another race may pen.

Life's not a prison, but a holiday
to be enjoyed as long as spotlight's ray
can light emotions which remain intact
untainted by applause at matinée.

Each innings may be karmic interlude,
a turn to bat, return to feast or feud,
another cycle pedals into play -
yet insight's lacking, - though for thought leaves food.

While black holes funnel light as on they spin,
whole galaxies in flight are spiralled in,
a mirror image universe can stay
without reflection waiting, sure to win.

Yet victory, defeat, are notions crude,
for Time as maestro may reverse each mood,
though anti-matter threatens us today
tomorrow all's forgotten, sense elude.

One hole one cubic mile could hold someday -
sum total of Earth's biomass at play
today, and, yes, the figures are exact,
and highlight life's fragility bouquet.

We come to birth through labour, in the nude,
for bed and board we labour while, pursued,
by fears invented to set fears at bay,
in turn we're boarded up, then bored for food.

Dust into dust's absorbed which knows not sin,
nor cares a fiddle for a toothless grin.
Good, Evil, both are absent from a play
that ends before its ready to begin.

Through time some after conquests vain pursued,
still others, patient, stood in line and queued,
alike for those who'd pray and those who'd prey,
before too long one gong, - then exits cued.

Yet there were those by high self-pride imbued,
and those there were who after hermits sued,
and when the sun rose later where were they? -
hay making for another multitude...

Each spirit is a time-strapped castaway
upon Earth's island, routeless émigré, -
yet Pot and Potter both are carbon b[l]acked,
seek clay's perfection ere half-lives decay.

Fair blooms enjoy before the petals fall,
in all draw trumps 'til trumpets curtain all,
life is curtailed, once hailed our strength is spent,
Time thirsts to swallow all in hollow hall.

So quickstep through the dance, uncertain ball,
and pleasure take in all things, great and small,
tomorrow? Spend tonight in merriment -
who knows when sorrow knocks, what may befall.

Why care a fig for bowler, bat or ball,
an innings independent live, in thrall
to no false prophet, priest or sect hell-bent
on making fear a breeding ground, - forestall

attempts to bind the mind to concrete slings,

to rabble rousers or the cause of kings,
temptation which would substitute rich cream
for wholesome water, fetters for free flings.

Seek not to barter best for better things,
nor fret about what freedoms future brings,
each karma drifts towards a downy dream
furred in the feathers of Time's fleeting wings.

Ignore what others term Time's wanton stings,
live for today, the heaven here that sings
heartstrings hearking darkling dreams a gleam,
nor jealousy espouse, nor golden rings.

We're born, we breath, we suffer, then we die,
in vain most seek to know the reason why, -
the finite to the Infinite appeals
but seldom gains the ghost of a reply.

We breath, we seethe, impatient, then we sigh,
so few stay snug, - complacent, 'neath the sky,
Divinity the Book of Judgement seals
without appeal to heal or rectify.

Who, bold, would Death's cold clutches e'er defy
soon stalls for storm or worm makes all comply, -
Eternity? - a changeling who conceals
Tomorrow, whate'er that may signify...

From birth to earth we struggle to explain
our loneliness, or seek to entertain
ideas of genes which constantly [r]evolve
round links of change, eternal karmic chain.

As nothing stands to wax that will not wane
add naught to nothing, who can count Man's gain?
You from the past stem, passed your eyes dissolve, -
can fallen angels ever rise again?

One wick to trick flow stop and go, then snuff,
one lick at lollipop, then pop! - enough.
Take smooth with rough, for chronologic puff

one blast blows fast away, discarded bluff.

One wicket innings batting off the cuff
an eyelid's batting measures buff to buff
returned, no halfway-house to purge
what 'might have been', hair-splitting, tough is tough!

The hair dividing reason from insane
remains a concept too few can retain,
the flame of fame flares, gutters, who'll explain
the reasons for each season's pride and pain?

Perfection is Time's mirage breeding fame,
a passion hot and sot, too soon turned tame,
a mummy which, once aired, melts down to dust,
consuming candle, moth, self-feeding flame.

All tombstones call two tunes, 'I left, you came! '
all we discover covers mortal shame,
cause and effect rolled dice but both went bust –
insisting each the other was to blame.

'Cause' and 'Effect' combine as on its way
Chance chimes advance whose rhymes appear today
unclear as if transparency requires
both distance and reflection for life's play.

Yet loaded are the dice of interplay,
leaden weighted, fêted for a day,
dissatisfaction spurs an onward dance
as stage stage follows on Life's stage at bay.

Little we learn and even less retain,
leaves willy-nilly blown, where all would gain
election entry to a higher state, -
ambitions empty, aims and means as vain.

Lotus blossoms for a season's spell,
lends perfume to a transient breeze to tell
some unknown sentience XX XY walked
before the midnight came to fill Time's well.

Like dust blown topsy-turvy by Life's storm
we whirl around, try vainly to transform
the currents into channelled flow to ward
Time's blow while Time grins, waiting, true to form.

Life is a chain we hope spite hope to be
linked to some future Eden, - fallacy,
myth entertained by mutual consent,
by nightfall there is little left to see

except some stray leaves, litter on the grass,
which twirled with second thoughts that quickly pass
beyond all recognition - 'good' or 'bad'?
New dawn, no trace remains, - another fa[r]ce.

Life leads to Death as day feeds into night,
lost is the battle, though the will to fight
may in itself self-justifying seem
when in and of this world we'd weed out fright.

The wide world spins round claim and counter-claim,
the ebb and flow of which may leave no name
until the will of man 'n' times discussed
goes digital within a matrix game.

In what brash pride was rash Atlantis drowned?
Where are the countless kingdoms which, discrowned,
and sceptreless, whose [t][h]race Time's washed away
have foundered 'neath the [w]aves, remain unfound.

What wound Time's train and whither is it bound?
What bound Time's chain which daily is unwound?
What will remain, retain a final s[w]ay
when Doomsday's last refrain has echoed round?

What futures has the spun past run aground?
What spider's web is dewly weighted, wound
around what timed flies fleeting as they stray
towards what echo waiting to rebound?

What unplumbed ocean trench in sleep profound
feels turmoil in its entrails underground,

prepares to dwarf Mount Everest one day,
leave all its snowbound secrets, weather ground,

What rock of ages can withs[t]and Time's hound? -
yet what of Time when all but ultrasound
has been forgotten, slate wiped clean away,
when none are left 'tomorrow' to confound?

Tomorrow is an abstract merry-go-round
which whirls upon itself, self gendered stound,
it onward hurls, and twirls, companionway
and ladder leading to itself, unfound.

That strip of mind which separates the known
from the unknown seems desert now, but sown
the seeds of knowledge are, where, latent, lay
some stock of wisdom grafting flesh to bone.

I dreamed a dream, - no wine glass stood beside
no flask half-full, half-empty, - bona fide
a book of verses breadloaf was, and, nay,
no dulcimer, no damsel, surfed Time's tide.

There was no need for Internet or phone,
there was no greed for gold, no grief, grey groan,
no bead strings, no strings tied, and no decay,
no scythe to tithe tomorrow for Death's own.

Here ends a brief attempt to take a leaf
from Time the thief, and yet there is no brief,
no leitmotif to savour save the act
that offers in its way some slight relief...
'Alike for those who for TO-DAY prepare
And those that after some TO-MORROW stare.'

20 March 1995,25th April 2005,5 December 2006 minor modifications 20 March
2010 robi03_0754_fitz01_0001

Rubaiyat of a Robin © Jonathan Robin – after Edward FITZGERALD Rubaiyat of
Omar Khayyam

See below mirrored excerpt from opening stanzas after introduction

WHAT IS REAL TO ROUNDABOUT REEL

Mirrored excerpt from Rubaiyat of a Robin

Wake! though the West still fitfully counts sheep,
the East's ablaze, there will wise rays rise steep
from far horizon, phasing stars away
phrased out by Robin Jay and sparrow's cheep.

A bird soft sings – one robin is enough –
to sway ten trillion stars as ball of fluff
art scored by millions more – cheep's cheek astounds,
rebounding echoes which their shyness slough.

Earth lends thereto both orbit, ear, at ease
tunes into echo surfing prime rhyme's breeze,
life's warmth wells from flat fields, rills, rocky tors,
gold bees abound, buzz round some kitten's sneeze.

Eternal silence sleep prevents, world waits
on spider spinning, dawn anticipates,
while we may ask what sense is made of sound
by church and steeple, aisle or green stile gates.

What feelings hound retains for hare he'd chase
and what the hunted for the hound? What pace
finds interest g[r]o[w] when it is mind compound?
What's real to roundabout when rests its case?

How feels the Tao for circling day and night?
what for the centre feels surround, dark, light?
what of the bounce when words once more rebound
describing robin breasting air in flight?

What feels for fractal any given point?
What feels the oil for King who rites anoint?
What feels for tree the Autumn leaf once browned?

Both throne and leaf soon tumble out of joint.

What reads the clearing into red deer's [t]race?
May star count light years till return to base?
How may red blood react to heart's flesh pound
when foreign smokescreen floats round beauty's face?

Stars seek love's meaning, spinning hot and cold
on Cause, Effect foretold as orbits fold
around their half-life cycles and around
on 'always' as they fight the black hole's hold.

Bird song still seeks its Way upon Time's wave,
stars spin off Mankind's blind, ambitious crave, -
cross star-crossed dream, by mortal sadness bound,
crowned deathbound by a gaping open grave.

--

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Jonathan ROBIN

Rubaiyat Of A Silicate Syndicate

So on this chequerboard of dames and knights
I see some scribblers write on what one writes
Long having writ move on from point to point
In chase of name for fame the flaming wights!
CAAn moving finger that its game displays
SIng on with w[h]ine flask, bread and lispings lays
LIfe spend sans end with epigrams to tease
CAuse and Effect with well sustained blaze?

Shall I with hope lend you kaleidoscope
In hand expand with this collide! - O scope!
Let no crimes in my name be here engraved
If once cast down - dug up once again sounds dope!
CApacity conundrum from abyss
SIghs upwards with a timeless Kismet kiss,
LIInks through the quintessential to prepare
CAse study never muddy, bearing bliss.

Slips startled from the superficial gear
Insist from shallows all to high idea
Lief rise to skies so sonorous, ne'er leave
Intact the piffle peddled on the ear!
CAter not unto the crowds that throng
SIft out the dross - their loss and not your wrong -
LIght shines as penetration venerates
CAst nets which fish with strokes surprising strong.

Sight is reclaimed, as eyes inflamed surmise
Insight is gleamed, well streamed despite disguise,
Lifting veils beyond which few can see -
Incandescence in a subtle guise.
CApture rapture, for once time is run
SItuation shadow shape and sun
LIttle difference know, yet grow to flow,
CAre not for shade when end is light begun!

Jonathan ROBIN

Rubaiyat Of Caution Against Circumspection

Slight sense in heavy handed strategy
involved in seeking what may, may not be,
throw caution to the winds, sail seven seas,
go, seize the day before eternity.

If life's strife's pre-determined Fate will hang
if not by Boston bombers double bang,
by fire or flood, ten plagues old Egypt knew:
why sleep in dungeon deep and waste taste's tang.

If voice for choice is granted man and mouse,
advance, trust chance, life's dance prepare, let louse
suck strength from others, on self-help depend,
front loading dire foreboding joy must dowse.

Some 'prudence' style as virtue, would prepare
for all and nothing, their fair options scare,
where early bird ahead, well fed, finds flight,
safeguards too strong prove wrong, leave 'bodkin bare'.

Bell rings tomorrow's opportunities
while those of yesteryear are to deep freeze
confined, stamped, signed, and sealed, frieze fled from sight,
embalmed with fly-in-amber memories.

To prove a point, remove all blatant trace
of let or hindrance, chain's weak links replace,
remain aware below the water line
most ice remains to melt in time and place.

Experience is enough, takes rough with smooth,
anticipates, cleans slates, charts ways to move
all artificial dams from chosen road,
relies on furrow more than fallow groove.

To those, stressed out, who count Time's fleeting hours,
To those who zest prefer, spur, self-empower,
advice: who looks won't leap but creeps away
sounds his own tocsin knell before life sours.

Jonathan ROBIN

Rubaiyat Of Conformity

As cock crew flock knew Time prepared to turn
new leaf, grief's season comes and no return
is in the cards for, mortal, mighty man's
soon past, repast forgotten, ashes burn.

There is a door which most men never see,
and those who see may never find its key,
so stray and stumble lose their way on Way
that opens up sublime eternity.

Few differentiate 'twixt wood and trees,
won't shed their goods, good find cash chains, disease
or accident cuts umbilical cord,
Fate's sword soon severs pride ride's mirage tease.

From shaft of light to well shaft dark entombed
takes one split second splitting the well groomed
from future which they thought would greet them well,
life's book bears witness to doom catacombed.

While wild man aims at privilege and perks,
wile women wait to pounce on plan that works
to spin the top of strife life's lottery,
eliminate each obstacle that irks.

Eve nurtures root, trunk, branch, bud, bloom, twig, tree,
map grows, sap flows, gap shows posterity
to blow away blocks, barriers, damn dams,
extend creation's opportunity.

Some make mooves breaking grooves, conformist trams,
to open up subconscious closed-shop clams,
to free imagination's spring to bring
deep dreams' fruition, slam life's traffic jams.

Most live in gutters, think they think of stars,
confined in one-track minds, grind life's instars
together as a mish-mash whose poor taste
wastes spice of life behind strong self-made bars.

Fly from false prophets, profit from life's beams.
Rejecting mediocrity redeems
the poet from prosaic partnerships
to filter loss dross. Bold surf toxic streams.

Bridge ford, cords cut, aboard life's passing ships,
bolt loosed by Fate's dark arrow seldom slips,
anticipated, life hangs by a thread,
soon severed, separating lips from lips.

Some celebrate, late stumble into bed,
dead morn discovers, sum forever sped,
ground to oblivion, reprieve unfound,
dust wed, bust dread, obituary read.

Some think secure they will endure, deceive
themselves through fear few heirs will grieve
time wasted, copy-pasted, as life's bread
shows butter scraped away, on timeless leave.

'In sorry scheme of things' from life we're led
with little warning hence, hope's droplets bled,
heart pumps no more encore, corps to corpse tips
existence, mated is id's watershed.

Life's lighthouse tall stalls, bluff snuffed, tough luck rips
apart fair start, time's scorpions and whips
scourge, mock the urge to merge, both groom and bride
in gloom soon set aside hope's tempting hips.

Collective memory horizon's short,
one falls, ten rush to take chase place base sought
perpetuating petty property,
what's rock amidst time's swirling waves distraught.

Asleep, none peep, chaff wind blown, whirled flight fright,
ploughed starless, stateless exile, fielded quite,
[d]riven from self-satisfaction's grove
to rove till karmic thrall recalls ball's light.

Jonathan ROBIN

Rubaiyat Of Evolution After - Yet Long Before - Edward Fitzgerald And Charles Darwin

Big Bang four billion years ago or more
exploded, shot photonic waves from core
of universal matter, dark and light,
that offer insight on creation's core.

As particles left ground zero far behind
they coalesced from gas clouds double bind
formed galaxies which gathered speed to start
a universal race till times unwind.

The solar system that our sun obeyed
found moon from earth divorced which groundwork laid
for time and tide to ride wide ocean blue
as ages sped through timeless cavalcade.

For long few signs could show life that would grow
from small beginnings with no outward show
to complicated food chains which would bloom
in tune with evolution on the go.

Lunar attraction somehow catalyzed
bacterial building blocks that self revised
to pave the way for flora, fauna, and
band together each with aims disguised.

From lightning life evolved, primordial soup,
when catalyzed, caused atoms to regroup,
then enzymes formed that storms' informal mass
transformed to DNA with spiral hoop.

Flash chain reactions acted on debris
from cosmic comets, asteroids to free
life's wherewithal creating genius
whose apex seems enshrined, dream friend, in ME!

For meteor and comets that 'alight'
from outer-space creating impacts bright

contain trace elements Earth lacked for stacked
amino-acids back-to-back on site.

The unicellular with cock-a-hoop
looped loopy loop, no knees with which to loop,
no need for knees nor droop, see light waves seized
photosynthetic energy, recoup.

As mountains rise surprise sees poking out
from Himalayan heights here, roundabout,
shelled fossils which once formed beneath the brine
peeking between high peaks for Sherpa scout.

Pangaea split to form the seven seas
and stimulate diversity - no freeze
would Gaia know until Jurassic end
extinguished dinosaurian certainties.

But Man fanned out, refusing to be held
as hostage to too fickle fate that felled
Tyrannosaurus Rex which reigned supreme
till comet crater global dust propelled.

Ice age which then ensued most species killed,
Man's ancestors were rodent-like, refilled
terrestrial niches, omnivorous though small,
gene pools in double helix spools outspilled.

As aeons aeons followed through apes' tale
mutated in perpetuum till tail
was dropped by species that seems destined for
a phase to cut diversity wholesale.

From Africa or from the Middle East
humanity spread out as bird and beast
became subdued, eliminated or,
as Dodo stored, fraught Future's eyes to feast.

Ringed man through Baring straits passed east and west,
spread gene groups led by chance, or Fate's behest,
advanced to test conditions to provide
enough and more beside bed, board, and rest.

Then thirty years longevity appeared
a gift few knew who daily Death must beard,
with naught superfluous, armed with fire and flint,
against the cold fought, hunting sought and feared.

Neanderthal found focus - bison beef -
while humankind would harvest coral reef
and crops to balance diets overall,
the former failed, its struggles came to grief.

Since then sped thirty thousand years to seed
the settlements which sounded ways to feed
populations which found pride and place
discovered needs creating greater need.

Today we have surpassed threescore and ten,
though great divides exist between those men
who culture "western" can enjoy and those
who nomad drift exploited far from ken.

Yet never has Man's challenges as dire
appeared since Sphinx fell silent, earned Ra's ire,
Monsanto's sterile shadows modify
crop mix while rich exploit poor beggar buyer.

Tomorrow, which this century presumes,
Man's span may stretch two thousand silver moons,
themselves repeated through clones spliced in time
confounding Nature - vanity's buffoons.

What counts for those who'd live two hundred years,
two thousand, more, if global warming rears
its dusty head to dry both tears and pores,
as Nature forecloses payments in arrears.

As dinosaurs, extinction unaware,
we feast upon our future, won't prepare
for mass starvation's writing on the wall
which must to dust bring humans everywhere.

Is there no end to exploitation rash

apart from bomb burst or some comet smash
resetting clock to zero for mankind
whose acts seem set so prime almighty crash.

From trilobites to megabytes is Man
another evolutionary also-ran
whose pride precedes a fall imminent despite
hegemony on all life forms Earth span?

Jonathan ROBIN

Rubaiyat Of Ghosts

One can, who strangers scan, too few admire,
as most play ghosts deprived of phantom choir,
tripping, tripping up, upon life's board,
stillborn refuting intimate desire.

Love lost? who counts the cost when in Time's scales
all causal links stay hidden. Passing wails
with Captain Ahab in pursuit too soon
are Moby Dicks whose whale revenge run stale.

What of tease dreams now barren, mirage moons,
what of pleas, teams dissolved, cocoons
for hibernation of for haunting doubts
converting alpha males to witless loons.

Spilt milk, such ilk, is water under bridge,
lies lie forgotten, in cold-storage fridge,
tomorrow offers opportunities
waif wraiths expel, flick phantom feeling's midge.

In game of give and take what ranks the higher
self-interest or charity? Enquire
about ambitions intimate, bond word,
suspicion from the shadows whispers: 'Liar! '

Last passing leaves leave, life's page age admires,
most boasts seem ghost hosts, post haste wraith dream wires
tugged tripping, hesitant, across life's board,
stillborn, denying deepest heart's desire.

As puppets men, leaves, dance as seasons' wire
blows hot and cold, taut from birth to death, slight wit acquire,
taught to act but not to BE! - sharp sword
of Fate each early, late, just must retire.

For few dare seek far stars, or yet aspire
for freedom, seldom glance above muck mire,
fear chloroforming chlorophyll cuts cord
that holds life's journey from horizons higher.

The burning bush survived the blazing fire,
and witness stands to God the purifier, -
yet oil on troubled waters oft is poured
as Fall to Winter wanes, frost snaps high-flyer..

Through sects' protection most fear to inquire
into life's why's and wherefores, strum joy's lyre,
for seventy or eighty years life's cord
they eke out, seldom seeking, tortured, tire.

Lifes leaves soon grieve, deceived by Summer, ire
replacing lush greens flush, Time sees misfire
intimations of immortality
when verdant vibrance turns red, brown, then mire.

Life calendar contains a finite quire,
whose daily leaves, worn, torn, are not for hire,
yet oil on troubled waters oft is poured
by those who spurn each prophet as a liar.

Life is too short. Who'd play the poet's lyre
must tame the vagrant strings, the versifier
tunes into harmony whose every chord
responds to inspiration all desire.

Leaves drop, hearts stop, in season all retire
from green-scene bud to has been dud quagmire,
so little space to race then silent doom,
strum still tombed, dumb will catacombed entire.

Let love lost bury if not love, love's loser,
Judgemental values often damn accuser,
find wings for further flight with insight spread
ahead lie other beds that cry: ... amuse her!

(5 June 2013)

Jonathan ROBIN

Rubaiyat Of Romance

Romance draws from response to stimulate,
and span two dreams' convergence, second state,
meets live with love to spurn Time's rendezvous,
ignoring jigsaw mind-set's zigzag gait.

Love is link 'pheronomic' catalyzed,
Romance is ritual, hopes realized, -
what complicated seemed is later seen
as simple steps towards goal undisguised.

Romance: a link between 'pretend' 'extend',
where end to means is sometimes means to end,
where current flow re...volts as feelings churn ~
though real solutions may seem round the bend.

If whirlwind is Romance see dance with fast
advance, retreat before decision's cast
upon love's winds which often after time
turn zephyr into cyclone's whirlwind blast.

'Festina lente', 'hasten slowly', ~ Fate
may be amused when we anticipate
the way the dice is rolled a turn or two,
but should turn guilty temptor from guilt gate.

Romance is all about "anticipate"
while love is passion, - lessons learned too late
may heighten disillusion when heart's chart
from artless spins to envy, hope to hate.

Romance is bed of roses for the mind,
Love, blind, this channels - nearness, distance pined,

Romance in polychrome makes awesome write
yet turns to empty rite with motives blind.

Be wary of presumption, stretching luck,
too few are called where most, lame, come unstuck,
identify the slipstream tipping crown,

avoid spin drown in cyclone vortex suck.

Oft man and maid confuse Romance and Love,
to summon images of turtle dove,
of partnership above Life's passing years,
no tears may know, advancing hand in glove.

Yet when to test of time is marriage put
Man calls both head and tail despite the foot
which in his mouth so often shows he lies
while maid's mascara tears soon turns to soot.

She cares for kids, where he kids, cares to rest
before some sport - while she supports the rest,
works both from nine to five and five to nine.
He sports bright ties - light ties prefers the best!

She looks ahead while he, as head, looks on
good looks - which in her book is more than wrong,
regretting grass seems greener seen through fence,
defence of dreams is sold short, for a song.

He wields the axe, while she bears forty whacks,
He thinks he wears the trousers though he slacks,
He waxes wroth he 'needs', she kneeds the wax
fills cracks, unshackles, builds long lasting shacks.

He spares to live, she ever lives to share.
He won't forgive, she blossoms everywhere
needs harmony not tomb to bloom, bear fruit, -
He spi[t]es for wayfare, she, sprite, lights way fair!

He fields the work, while she must work the fields.
She feels the pinch, while he both pinches, feels.
She earns her keep while he her earnings keeps, -
She yields the count, while he, he counts the yields!

He'd lay the rules and rule the lays. Some say
unbalanced are the scales! On Judgment Day -
when all are weighed he's wanting found withal -
while she's a paragon, he's gone astray!

She swears to honour, cherish and obey,
while he of harem dreams, as Pasha, Bey, -
what's worth his plot of earth if one fine day
parthenogenesis may come to stay?

If SHE could autoreproduce or clone,
If SHE the race continued all alone,
what trace would HE retain who, vain, sees end
as master, losing face, to lying prone?

If HE, who least believes, leaves set as stone,
If HE, who most receives, heaves righteous moan
then Mona Lisa sentence might suspend
and spare the rib that cuts her to the bone.

For Woman is the source, the stream, the flow,
SHE bends where HE may break when strong winds blow,
HE who would rule the cradle seldom takes
sufficient time to nurture Nature, know

Romance may be spun out till kingdom come,
is not a cobweb to entice the dumb,
led on through love to larder poorly stocked,
who seeking cake discover acrid crumb.

But what to love is 'inside' or is 'out'?
for Time's dimension love would do without ~
the signpost seen may blow now east now west,
crow heeds no fixed road stop sign roundabout.

Though rhyme and reason often are withheld
till time and season pass, their winter knelled,
sustained romance essential is where heart
would chart affection through tomorrow welled.

Who would evolve must choose from many doors,
each offers either fame or blame, doom draws,
each offers health or wealth, advance or pause,
must think the link between effect and cause.

What love is, what romance, though, who foresees?
What choice reject, what opportunities

take for, or take as, granted, who can tell?
Time twists or undertows the flows men seize.

What matters and to whom? What gravities
matter patter pater mater tease –
conundrums which a life-long paradox
entertains until all memories

are atomised upon a karmic breeze,
blown willy-nilly till, like honeyed bees,
they bumble on towards a homely hive,
they stumble on till patterns by degrees

from angles wide frame focus, offer keys.
For who between the lines can read, chalk, cheese,
discerns – the waft and weft of substance – learns
to draw the line dividing wood from trees.

So grasp Romance's finger as it writes,
wait not love's Time, tune tide to timing, flights
of fancy twin with opportunity
which may not seed again. Feed dreams' delights!

(c) Jonathan Robin 26 January 2007 after Edward Fitzgerald

notes

Edward Fitzgerald – Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam

Jonathan ROBIN

Rubaiyat Of Selfless Awareness

Awake, asleep, two share eternal light
aware night leads through day, day leads to night,
you close your eyes, I dream, each close to each
to teach, outreach, with inner oversight.

You dream my theme, thoughts teem as teem to show
new meanings as shared gleanings peaceful flow,
what heartfelt revelation might appear
to others seems completion few may know.

Where ever and whatever there we share
etch stretch fair prayer that starts and ends 'I care'
for chance defeats all distance and, askance,
can glean no force, on course our auras pair.

Around, about, and in and out two twine
eternity which seeds itself, I'm thine,
thou mine to mine discoveries today
tomorrow and forever - heady wine.

Your flame my aim, your name my fame may blaze
though same both seem, fears tamed are, gleam melts haze
as yin and yang rang through time rung by rung
with time-traps sprung each leads each from false maze.

With empty filled, avoidance voided, there
black white no sense retain, all's coloured fair,
'where' 'what' count not, knots are unravelled quite
as 'here' and 'when', again Dear, karma bare.

Within your earthly sheathe my ka must weave
wreathed garlands for your dreams - no stay, no leave -
as essence interthreaded through and through
two turn to one, to Way begun run, cleave...

© Jonathan Robin 17 September 2007

ka sometimes spelt kaa - the personification of the astral body projected during

sleep

Jonathan ROBIN

Rubaiyat Of Sunset

Flamingo pink from cerulean skies
steals scene as softness on horizon lies,
as orange, ochre, overlay tints spray
rich scarlet add both to renew, surprise.

Adieu to hustle bustle, busy day,
farewell to competition's fruitless fray,
world waits in wonder, peace, with silver moon
suspended canvas caravanserai.

Selene scoffs at brazen show and soon
from zenith fallen hazy afternoon
links in and through reposing atmosphere
preparing for night's starry fingered rune.

As fitful flares begin to disappear,
birdsong falls silent, stealthy shadows near,
what may tomorrow bring, what changes ring
dreams may disclose beyond deep sleep's frontier.

31 January 2009

Jonathan ROBIN

Rubaiyat Of The Law Current Version 1074

Defence and Prosecution illustrate
the different roles perceptions demonstrate
the ways invent and innovation play
their parts within both statement and the State.

The first from bottom up must often wait
until the second has unveiled its weight,
the slingshot David aims can't fly astray,
no second chance Goliath offers Fate.

Prosecution is procedure past,
point proves, from point to point advances fast,
weighs more than plays, stays wary where surprise
could compromise its ruts, designed to last.

Prosecution's arsenal is vast,
from precedent draws to bolster past
convictions with a vengeance we surmise
draws less from justice, blind, which stands aghast.

Defence prefers truth's song to ruthless strong,
dares more, wears less, won't always string along,
lifts patterns more than sifts, dreams different guise,
wise, judges not disguise as always wrong.

Thus equity's priorities belong
more to defence in seeking to prolong
core freedoms which like Phoenix seek to rise
from fragile embers few remember long.

Prosecution hones the Law's harsh bite
pursues relentless all that ever might
present a precedent for laxity,
upset conviction, or conviction's might.

Repression looks on lenience as night
of anarchy distorting guiding light
of principles, of moral right to be
enforced ignoring individual plight.

Defence runs fate's dark gauntlet, finds right way
to play for time and execution's stay,
while Prosecution, left, preys on just fight
Defence p[er]sists, fights to live another day.

Laws change from land to land, and those today
upheld are often abrogated, fray:
rank exploitation must be tempered, white
and black are often seen through glasses grey.

The former draws on common law to write
round safeguards that the latter longs to right,
would equity extend to free and see
might to its place, replaced with just insight.

Defence sees ethics compromised as blight,
ends differentiates from mean means tight
fisted or hard-hearted, charity
and tolerance considered beacon bright.

This Prosecution with suspicion takes
as open invitation to mistakes
which leave society too open to
attacks or exploitation, cheats and fakes.

Defence for time pleads, mercy, second-takes,
exceptions to rules too restrictive makes
a point of conscience as a prime virtue
an argument that Prosecution brakes.

For centuries the Law's delays deplored
have been by those, exploited, overawed,
legitimacy sold to highest bid
with basic rights both trampled and ignored.

Life free from arbitrary persecution,
false witness, any biased prosecution
must be ensured enshrining Rights of Man
against coercion, short shrift execution.

Where is the middle ground both free and fair

safeguarding interests, lock and key word care
to guarantee posterity respects
habeus corpus, justice everywhere?

(12 December 2008)

Pessimistic Pearls of Wisdom

To stay oneself, learn way, earn just renown
when 'justice' is a quality much missed,
must cause most optimists to tearful drown
their sorrows where will dares not, won't persist.
The key to lasting happiness is blown
upon the shipwreck tides time often sends
when pomp and circumstance together thrown
confuse, knot, justify, tie means to ends.

Combine stockmarket slump with hurricane,
tornado twisters cutting power lines,
as darkness falls and threatens to remain
from sea to global warming sea. What signs
beyond one weekend's false respite, true pain,
may comfort bring as optimism pines,
consensus shivers, social greed insane
questions the quest for profit, panic dines.

Unchallenged bliss appears lobotomy
or selfish failure to shed sham disguise,
self-knowledge mirrors emptiness, few free
remain as fear gains foothold, shuts eyes,
as ills spill anguish and uncertainty
which threaten all as universal ties
unwind, wear mourning coat, insanity
rides rampant over any good surprise.

(12 October 2008)

Jonathan ROBIN

Rubaiyat Of Time - After Edward Fitzgerald Rubaiyat Of Omar Khayaam

Through fifty rushing ruba'i we'll explore
In time with time dimensions deep before
Mirage half-life momentous draws to end,
Exits chores, leaves living open door.

Time headlong, helter-skelter spins, its hum,
Is energy advancing, drummer, drum,
Merging, surging, fresh emerging twined
Eons seeking equilibrium.

Thrust: force on course, false errors overcome,
If upset great equation's springs back plum,
Musters flux, reflux links recombined
Echo-systems spectral tuned as one.

Time from nano into nano fuelled
Intersperses ages heated, cooled
Myths common entrance are to seasons' round
Emerging, surging, then decay respooled.

Thus what anticipation seems is sense pre-schooled,
Independent thought, tradition jewelled
Marred by traditions with their strict surround,
Emphatic, innovations overruled

Though new cycles progress must address
Inventively fresh challenges to guess
Manner, method best to test, advance,
Eliminating errors, maladdress.

Trends spendthrift stimulating short-term stress,
Interests vested common sense transgress,
Modus operandi: status symbols
Elevated icons for 'success'.

Time nests birds of feather, two nurture four,
Increasing future generations' store,

Marking more for epidemic cull,
Ever higher populations soar.

Tortoise Time of fable overtakes
Impetuosity, Man's d[r]ead mistakes
Make room for Future feeling it knows best
Expressing needs life gives or greed life takes.

Time, both tempter and preemptor, bubble-gum
Into emptiness explodes summum,
Mocks limits that the Past thought absolute,
Entertains new expectations' sum.

Time mutates as necessary to translate
Into viral spiral gyral splices fate,
Monkey makes of man's pride, grave mistake,
Ever ambitions' mountains must negate

This leads to more selection, all before
Is run through mill 'til evolution's draw
Mocks once again of mice and men their niche
'Ergo cogito' can't help brave, squaw.

Time destroys its own foundations, reconstructs
Intuitively tunes to pattern ducts,
Mainstays must change or mainsprings may unwind,
Ever on advances spiral-scrum.

Time, master's master, slave's slave may become,
In eyelid twinkling, beat of dreaded drum,
Most by the wayside fall, we never find
Extra innings, silver lining, come.

Time spurns prestige, lord/leige turns cycle score
Into room for rust, boom bust, tomb sure,
Meek can't rise through wise disguise, dice thrown
Evacuate none from predestined maw.

Tide scorns pride, zenith ride descent prepares,
Idyll's flags, tails way no more, hot air's
Muted, bugle's cry falls silent soon
End of glory, end of story bares.

Through needle's eye who wheedles, answers finds,
Issues safely free from mortal binds,
Measures leisure, pleasure's treasure store
Encore as an example. All unwinds.

Timely opportunities help draw
Instant conclusions from confusion sore,
Mistake not these for panacea rich,
Efforts seem vain, soon sink beneath Time's roar.

Time, an excellent musician, tune's life's play,
Is clay pot and playful potter, wind-spring stay
Mocking mortals' puny portals which
Echo ego phase for one brief day.

Texts once held sacred timeline's sickle cell
Identifies as custom, hidebound, fell,
Messiahs' message welcome overstay,
Expressing greybeards plays new ways expel.

Time's reasons most mysterious keep mum,
In/on Cause and Effect streams' go and come,
Matrix grid gridlocks convictions 'sure'
Each fresh vibration rearranges sum.

Though if the sum itself stays ever dumb
Interjections Man may make sound rum,
Much misaligned or out of kilter drawn
Ever onwards, darker depths must plumb.

Time, predator and dater, shreds to crumb
Intestate Life's bread, severs thread, spares none,
Magician fly, man hard may try, yet vain
Ephemeral pomp stomps, must fast succumb.

Time knows no sin, coeval with all spin,
Innings ends, beginnings new birth in,
Mutating wicketwards in double bind,
Essence waxes, wanes, chains fast unpin.

Time, thirsty, swallows all, whose hollow hall

Icarus echoes, pride before the fall,
Mortgaged Tomorrow may stay unredeemed,
Empty Today, shrill trumpet's curtain call.

Tomorrow? Spend tonight in merriment,
In quickstep dance whose flow seeks not 'what's meant'
Maybe man's dream-stream theme itself's enough
Entertainment 'til all time is spent.

Trip through chance dance, enjoy uncertain ball,
Incandescent pleasure take; great, small,
Must equal into dust descend, thrust out,
Equal? When sorrow knocks what may befall?

To no false prophet, priest or sect hell-bent,
Idol gold, bow down before, assent,
Mistrust those who True path alone proclaim,
Evidence elsewhere shows they seek rent.

Then care no fig for bowler, bat or ball,
Independent live, for all in thrall
Make their own fears fear's breeding ground, time lent
Extends no karmic guarantees at all.

Temptation which would substitute free flings
In free-for-all enjoyment lacking stings,
More often turns to disappointment's piques,
Eagerness to jaded taste, waste wings.

Turn down attempts to bind mind, concrete slings,
Ideal are not, knots tie, surround with strings,
Meet all events with good sense and avoid
Enslavement to crowd's cause or forceful kings.

Time, feathers furred, stands waiting in the wings,
In observation, - what the future brings
May prove to be, or not to be, why care?
Enjoy today, bet not on better things.

Today rejoice, the Heaven here that sings
Ignore what others term Time's wanton stings,
Multi-modal melody, Life's gold,

Espouse nor envy, nor beholden rings.

Thus born, we breathe, we suffer, then we die,
In vain we'd peek, train seek to reason why,
Meek finite to peak Infinite appeals
Each never gains the ghost of a reply.

Torn between two stools we seethe or sigh,
Impatient call on Fate to rectify.
Marked Book of Judgement which our conduct seals
Early, late, those snug as bug too die.

Trust or deceive, we breathe, and then good bye,
In debt or credit wreath last stifled cry,
Mortality turns to progeniture,
Earnest when 'moving finger' beckons nigh.

The bold, who Death's cold clutches dares defy
Is in same boat as cowards who comply,
Maggot Future? changeling which conceals
End destiny, what may that signify?

Through birth, earth berth, we struggle to explain
Inner loneliness, or entertain
Myths of genes which constantly evolve
Eternal karmic chain's revolving plane.

Tocsin toxin, all that waxes wanes,
If naught to nothing adds, who counts Man's gains
May fallen angels ever rise again,
Enchantment's spells rewarding their past pains?

Tomorrow, fifty, thrice ten thousand years,
Is finite space, no trace inscribed appears,
Muse poetic may extend this lease,
Except that Styx fades paper, print, dog ears.

Terrified self-circling search for zen
Is all we earn, is all we learn with tears.
Memory stick which stores brain's data bank
Existentially archived citizen.

Take fear from ear, from eye take tear, evolve,
Insights into age-old quandaries solve,
Man starbound steers, sounds fresh foundations' berth
Excluding pessimism, cares dissolve.

Though sun still shines upon revolving Earth
Is orbit ovum guaranteed rebirth?
Methinks all time and space are relative
Einstein challenged timelessness with mirth.

The hair dividing reason from in[s]ane
Is concept which in context few retain,
Man's aim, fame's flame flares, gutters, who may solve
Existence, seasons' reasons, joy and pain?

Therefore with mettle grasp Fate's nettle, rise!
In life 'Chance' role reversals still supplies
Magnify these opportunities,
Embrace, sin spurn, win earn, create, surprise.

Time swiftly swallows all in hollow hall,
Idyll: draw trumps 'til trumpet's curtain call,
Mortal sojourn's short, boon strength soon spent,
Enjoy Life's bloom before doom's petals fall.

Tempus fugit, Time is flying, soon
In dust all lie, buy time then die, no moon
Most cook the books, for second try still sigh,
Eliminated, all turn maggots' boon.

These stanzas hold no moral, fold no plum,
If fifty, fifty thousand, only one,
Mirage tidal suicidal, counter signed?
Egg-chicken drumstick waits string's final strum.

Jonathan ROBIN

Rudyard Kipling Parody - Writers' Real Mirror Reflection Reel

With inside out, and out, surprised, inside!
When penning verse whose end may, too, begin it,
When rhyming reel with real can coincide
Yours is the world and everything that's in it
If you can write without cash motivation,
Self-righteousness avoiding like the plague,
Create consensus round an innovation
Embraced by all without appearing vague.
If you can scan, span logic to emotion
Set constant course from vested interests clear,
If you can ban all untoward commotion,
While conscience clings to all that it holds dear,
If rhymes may improvise, spurn prose redrafted,
Communication keyed to catalyze,
You'll find to your surprise that you have rafted
On stream it seems when wit reverse dream tries

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Your's is the world and everything that's in it
When rhyming reel with real can coincide
When penning verse whose end may, too, begin it,
With inside out, and out, surprised, inside!

Jonathan ROBIN

Rule Of Free Rhyme

Rhyme echoes time as creativity
Unreels threads which sense and rich feelings skein,
Lends to life's scheme light beam which bends prose plain,
Extracts its pith with sensitivity,
Outreaching limits, spurning gravity,
Finding behind minds' veil tone, scale, refrain.
Form and free verse combine, fuel fancy's reign,
Rejoice together pen with clarity, or lacking sense
Emotions stressed show receptivity
Express through letters time and time again,
Revealing style, while from the chaff the grain
Has space to trace with due acuity
Youth's aspirations, age's fears, and more,
MEanings multiplied light facettes store.

Links in a chain whose skein's one envelope
Eternal are verse archives which comprise
The unique image of linked lines which prize
The AP writers whose kaleidoscope
Here's perceived through poets' periscope
Ever commingling, creation verifies.
Responses multivalent, enterprise,
Each dedicates to add substantial scope
Before those questions which, like bubbled soap,
Explode between life's finger-thoughts. Replies
Held, questioned, challenged, or denied as lies,
Open-ended inspiration's hope.
Perhaps the reader may make sense of maze,
Elect to add thereto, the world amaze.

Jonathan ROBIN

Rune-Tune

H earts in harmony anticipate
A nswers well before a question's put.
Z ones dark lead to light freed as magic flute
E mpathy inspires, all senses sate.
O pen door, therefore, unlocks each gate -
F inds minds aligned, joy unconfined takes root
D efiyng Time as inner ear, acute,
E xtends beyond the patterned web of Fate.
S urrender self, fast cast out cares, relate.
I ntuitively, rune-tune absolute
R esponds with trust all envy must confute -
E nchantment, feeding, never need abate.
N one seeks sense or defense when hearts sincere,
O Wn not but share emotions crystal clear.

© Jonathan Robin – robi3_0751 acrostic sonnet written
5 November 2004 revised 20 March 2005 and 20081110
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previous title Haze of Desire for initial version title Surrender Self see below

Surrender Self

Harmony helps to anticipate
Answers well before a question's put.
Zones dark freed to light bright lead, joy's flute,
Empathy inspires, all senses sate.
Open door, therefore, unlock each gate
Find minds aligned, as joy at last takes root
Defying Time as inner ear, acute,
E nds challenge to the patterned web of Fate.
Surrender self and fast cast cares, relate
Into insight's rune tune absolute.
Respond with trust and I will follow suit
Enchantment shared which never shall abate.

5 November 2004

Jonathan ROBIN

Rush Hour

So why say hi to passers by
who swiftly fly? Why should one try?
Well meant one might to be polite,
dumb meanness spite to justify
life's majesty to brash, to shy,
who, blind rush by. Few footsteps light,
few faces bright, too tense, uptight,
they pass from sight. They'd rather die
without reply than tell one why
they pass life by. In patent plight
from unknown fright their feckless flight
to left or right slows just to pry.
Some sigh, relationships deny,
some who should cry intensify
defenses high should one draw nigh
to pacify. They terrify
though lonely. Lie, respect defy.
Beneath blue sky of world awry
most truth belie, then sink, still lie.
Spry stanzas wry demystify
dimensions trite that terrify,
upon life's blight, herein recite
in black and white absurdity!

Jonathan ROBIN

Ruthless Rhymes I After Harry Graham

Père repère quelques cris
de ses très chers, frères ennemis,
Il noie les trois, ensuite il dit:
'Vus, pas sentis, pauvres chéris! '

Father heard his children scream
so he threw them in the stream,
saying, as he drowned the third,
'Children should be seen, not heard'

Jonathan ROBIN

S.O.S. Medecins

S.O.S. MEDECINS

Analyst □

To be sure, as before,
when he walks through the door,
her poor heart will again be at ease;
each imaginary ill□
will be silent, or still, -□
for 'tis only the mind's maladies!

When her pulse's tremor□
can't be felt anymore, □
then he'll ask about neuroses,
why her senses shriek shrill?
why her faculties fill□
with the buzzing of billions of bees.

Why tears flow by the score? □
Why morale is so poor? □
Why anxieties cause allergies? □
Why do fears self fulfill? □
Why do fantasies thrill?
and so many such symptoms as these.

Of the problem the core□
is her psyche is sore,
though no dangers imperil the brain;
but the journey's uphill□
once emotions outspill, □
to restore her rapport he'll explain.

Under medical law□
whats repressed must outpour,
as she suffers severely from strain;
so he'll pop in a pill
which will last her until□
she can call upon him once again.

S.O.S. Medecins

Cynic

One should set little score
on the scares of poor squaw,
when swearing her arteries freeze
Jill can conquer her chill,
there's no chance it could kill,
fears of mice fade so fast before cheese.

Nowadays the error
most men make, I've heard swore,
thwhen frail females of faintness complain;
is to pander until
cash is emptied from till,
or fair dames objectives attain!

Set a trap just before
Doctor raps on the door,
Love repeat, humble pie eat to please,
Promise dress, time to kill,
plan a trip to Seville,
see, surprise, she'll arise from her knees.

On reserves straight she'll draw,
back to health to restore
her persona, control she'd regain;
for despite Doctor's skill
she no longer feels ill, -
will from future depressions refrain.

It is best to ignore
scenes and swoons to the floor,
proving psychosomatic disease:
before doctor can fill
out his visiting bill,
dangers fading once granted maid's Will.

18 January 1981

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Jonathan ROBIN

S[t]alking Mirror Sestina - Cv In Hand

CV in hand through contest I would stalk,
ILLEgitimate undertaking I admit,
Lightly through the rhyme scheme let me walk,
I subtle sense within sestina fit,
Stalking pseudo is not hard to talk,
Away for those with golden goblet lit

CV of charming nymph will o' wisp lit
ILLEgible to most seems simple stalk,
Lightly pen traces, hears the table talk,
I see the comments – praises all admit,
Stalking may be fun - together fit,
Away from prying eyes will life-lines walk.

CV few APe, divine, her verse I'd walk
ILLEgal act for gaol or goal bright lit?
Lightly linking her name to my fit
I root acrostic in sestina stalk,
Stalking talking balking not – admit,
Away with critics and their jealous talk.

CV masks beauty more than my trite talk.
ILLEcebrous attractive and alluring walk,
Lightly stroking peerless miss admit,
I find no other muse as charming lit,
Stalk king if she queen Stork to nest add stalk
A way I'd find to offer homage fit.

CV seems perfect. Could another fit?
ILLEcebrum around swan neck would talk
Lightly of love I bear for stem and stalk,
I cannot stem, so, in pursuit I walk,
Stalking close by inspiration lit,
Away she'll never slip all must admit.

CV in hand my errors I'll admit
ILLEist I'm never, should hat fit,
Lightly I'd wear it, with her smile love-lit,
I vaunt her emblem, on none else would talk,

Stalking kitten purring I, cat, walk,
Away from idols past – she bloom, I stalk!

All here admit one Muse should stalk,
a perfect fit, eyes lovely lit,
Her praise I talk, with trophy walk.

.....

Her praise I talk, with trophy walk,
a perfect fit, eyes lovely lit,
all here admit one Muse should stalk.

Away from idols past – she bloom, I stalk!
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Away from prying eyes will life-lines walk -

Stalking may be fun - together fit.
I see the comments – praises all admit.
Lightly pen traces, hears the table talk,
ILLEgible to most seems simple stalk.
CV of charming nymph will o’ wisp lit.

Away for those with golden goblet lit.
Stalking pseudo is not hard to talk,
I subtle sense within sestina fit,
Lightly through the rhyme scheme let me walk,
ILLEgitimate undertaking I admit.
CV in hand through contest I would stalk.

Jonathan ROBIN

Sa'Adi's Roses - Translation Les Roses De Sa'Adi M. Desbordes-Valmore

This morning I wanted some roses to bring
but so many I took that they buckled the spring,
the buckle, too tight, couldn't keep them all in.

As belt burst, the roses flew off in a string
on the wings of the wind, to the sea for a fling,
they followed the current's fin, won't wheel back [s]wing -

the waves seemed blush scarlet wash, fiery flame fling.
Roses'sweet souvenir scents so closely cling,
this evening my dress seems a perfumed-stained skin!

Jonathan ROBIN

Sabra Censors

Those whose survival hung on slender link
fought persecutions, pogrom purges' harm,
now build ghetto walls, scarce stop to think
from their own blindness surges urge to arm.

Those who, when weak, deemed territories gained
when Independence War was justly fought,
now seek expansion, equity disdained.
Where are the Just? In duststorms caught.

Those who proclaimed the right to self-defence
have compromised their own historic worth,
excluding some, others banned as offense
when truth is told on/of coveted earth.

Those who sought tolerance from persecution
now fall victim to the sin of pride,
from meek inherit ultimate solution
with wanton destruction worming from inside.

Those who'd bar bombs elsewhere themselves insist
upon their moral rights to harbour grudge
against those their acts question, plead, persist
in putting questions sabra censors smudge.

Those who continue in same vain to strut
as headless chickens playing king of roost
may soon shed bitter tears, their own branch cut
when hell and all its furies are let loose.

Jonathan ROBIN

Sacre Du Printemps

SPun lines like sparkling wines flow fast
RIpen spirit, winter past,
None grieve, freeze melts, warm zephyr breeze
Grants blossom, birdsong, leaves the trees.

SPontaneous seems growth Spring's cast,
RIot runs, through Summer last,
Nature explodes in sprig and sprout.
Gusts sprung when young keep age sage, stout.

SPeech shared may reach fair pair's desire
RIng golden satisfies to fire
New inspiration poet's lyre
Gladly interprets, cannot tire.

SPirit of pride rides high at noon
RIch too soon, proves seldom boon,
Nascent Spring wings honey bees,
Gifts light, lifts dark uncertainties.

SPorting from the Springs's cocoon
RIse butterflies, blooms, birds in tune, -
Now sow, tomorrow harvest reap,
Glow now, now grow, then, cheerful, sleep...

Jonathan ROBIN

Sacred Assent As Sent Accent Serene [s]word Play

Soul seeks,
dew cue clue reads,
kneads seeds, feeds needs, succeeds:
due bloom sings scent, spring sent, [s]wings, speeds,
heart speaks.

Jonathan ROBIN

Sacrificial Lamb Basted Lambasted

Lambasted for the sacrifice by some
A final throe, brown eyes forever stilled:
Mist where whistful look had, peaceful, willed
Beatitude, not butcher's knife. Voice dumb,
Alas no longer heard by herd, become
Silent alike to day and night. Fulfilled
Time lent, throat rent, knife strife with sharp stroke killed:
EDifying insight on what Man has become!

Jonathan ROBIN

Sad Autumn Sandrine Bonnant After William Shakespeare Sonnet Lxxiii

Sad Autumn, turncoat, sheds its coat of leaves,
Anticipates wild Winter's shivering cold,
No trace of Summer stays, though, threadbare, cleaves
Despondently a handful, rotten, old.
Reflect on them should e'er you think of me,
In whom is mirrored twilight which the Gods
Need soon reclaim to set one spirit free.
Earth claims our rest[s] to fertilize the sods.
Burns strong through verse the embers of my fire,
Original and blessed with welcome flame,
New trimmed the wick that strings my modest lyre,
Neutral never, drawn to you whose fame
Abides eternal! Worth this verse contains
Through you, not of itself sings sweet refrains!

Jonathan ROBIN

Sad Indeed To See

Sad indeed who beauty pluck.
Alienation from warm heart
Dwells isolated, worlds apart,
Inoculating bad blood suck,
Naught feeling. Luck pushed, comes unstuck.
Drawn camouflage cold copy chart,
Emotionless, minds small, though smart,
Echo void devoid of pluck.
Doubting ever, passing buck,
Thread stars through needle points to start
On doomed fresh blooms' flesh mirage mart.
Soul-starved, leech love, life chuck.
Exit womb: bane verses never moved.
Enter tomb: vain chapter Time removed.

Jonathan ROBIN

Safe Harbour

I had hip hippopotopup
that grew and grew, spread up and up,
around around, in girth and length
from helplessness to untold strength:
Earth trembled, fearless turned devout,
as courage failed, paled thin and stout.

One day when just about to sup
dread hippo devoured plates, jug and cup
three dozen sets of spoons and forks,
left hippomess far worse than orcs,
or garbage strikes that plague New York.

Since then armed teeth that envy Krupp
gnashed table legs, both bottles, corks,
consumed with most bloodthirsty squawks.
For life I fear, am sure one stalks
in waiting, beady eyes like hawks,
should e'er I venture out for walks.

No raptor could withstand its clout,
Tyrannosaurus, pleading gout,
would bow out just before prize bout.
No crocs withstand gore shocks when drought
deprives them of their hide-out route.

Dentists' apprentices mental state
in vain rant, rage, cant fulminate
their arguments' uncertain weight
no water hold. Repast would find
both flesh and blood, before, behind,
beneath aligned teeth' molar grind
all, maligned, crushed, double-bind
that rips from body cultured mind.
But let us not anticipate
the worst event since cousin Kate
turned cannibal and Archie ate.

What luck Bulgaria stands out

as hippo free, nor fangs, nor snout
for otherwise I'd up the spout
be swallowed whole without a doubt
Fresh fare for lunch, spare ribs to crunch,
I've got a hunch he'd munch, much munch.

A horseback hippo trip O My!
I'd pray for Pegasus to fly!

Jonathan ROBIN

Sage, Rosemary And Time

As-sault is held the spice of life,
is peppered spouse contented wife?

13 October 1988 robi3_1362_robi3_0000

Jonathan ROBIN

Salesman

There once was a salesman who swore
he could ope, without keys, any door,
the police called one day
to take him away,
he won't be seen here anymore.

Jonathan ROBIN

Salsa - Time For Change

Triumphant cries, thighs quivering, maid Sets
Instincts free, sheds walls, lips wed lips. Ace,
M. thus finds lust must undermine mind's Lace
Enchantment's state of grace thus soon Abets
Feelings' flood, I[e]ave cold old mental Corsets.
Orgasmic flood breaks down dammed Interface.
Responsive senses swoon. Reel none Outpace
Claims sweet contentment previously Unmet.
Heart throbs, won, sated, shuns wraith Silhouette,
Answers thrills. Fulfillment still leaves Space.
No flesh stays uncarressed, embraced Apace.
Gleeful, freely she shares spring song, Lets
Exciting dance advance, spurs on joy's Sighs.
Time for change as heart with head Allies.

Jonathan ROBIN

Samarkand After James Elroy Flecker The Golden Journey To Samarkand

Master of the Caravan

'Silken sashes, salt slabs, precious spice,
Are but a tithe of goods we could sell well.
Make speed indeed for Fate deeds need's greed dice,
Acts wanton, plays with Man for Life. Farewell!
Rest here no longer, onward press, the price
Khans are prepared to pay, delayed a spell,
Alas to little sinks. Do not think twice!
Now start, trip chart, while omens augur well.
Dreams bloom beyond the dunes, this should suffice.'

Watchman

'Such haste bodes ill though gains' refrain entice,
As greed worms seed grain, weeds, feeds future fell.
Mist masks tomorrow's vale whose veil may splice
Atrophied promise past, perpetual hell.
Recall through all Death levies high excise.
Karmas untold unfold Time's ebb and swell.
All ill-conceived ambitions in a trice
Nature upsets, strips husk from empty shell.
Dreams remain but dreams - this should SUFFice.'

Master of the Caravan

'Some bide abed, some ride ahead, pride's prize
Awaits who bates Fate's fiat, makes good speed.
Much time they waste who hesitate, revise
Anticipations, calculate knock-kneed,
Refusing risks who Risk may soon surprise.
Knowledge alone is insufficient, heed
Argument essential: here time flies.
Nomadic caravans dispense our creed
Dissolving doubt when sun shines out, wind sighs.'

Watchman

'Spikenard, jam jarred, hard earned delight,
Attract both buyer, seller, this we grant.
Mayhap road goads humped camels when they sight

A date oasis lush with rush, palm, plant.
Remember though, dates found in palms may blight
Knit plan, wit ban, writ scan bones bleached, one can't
Amass ten thousand fortunes overnight.
Nitty-gritty mirage fanned sands' chant:
Death's veil tale closes, sentence recondite.'

Master of the Caravan

'Stale tale death's threat! for in life's lottery
All pay their debt, but bets hedged lack in spice.
Meals steal! may Carpe Diem! motto be.
Awhile we soujourn, none returneth twice.
Rewards are 'here and now' no pottery
Kiln can record our ventures, give advice,
Answer others who in sandstorms see
No trace of race we ran, clean saint, mean vice.
Dare we the current take, adventure free!

Watchman

'Swift start drift charts! ' said Tortoise to the Hare
As hasty judgements often end in loss,
Mouths stopped with dust, about bare bones lies hair
As sole reminder vulture Time stole toss.
Rein in rude camels! Shrewd unglued aren't rare!
Keep common-sense alert as common fosse
Awaits brash bluster, duster Death none spare.
New rash old bones won't make, nor gather moss,
Destiny tempts, pre-empts life everywhere! '

Master of the Caravan

'So should we stand and serve, swerve from our aim,
And leave our desert drive, desert tent stall?
Mark time, tell beads, or call on holy Name
Abdicate rush call to thrive in all,
Refusing barter, losing charter's fame,
Kismet set accept impassive thrall
As sun slaves static, quicksand swallowed quite?
No! who 'gnaw nails of hurry' must ignore
Dawn's fuss, fear's hush: we'll journey expedite! '

Watchman

'Some say: 'day after day swerves in and out,

Awareness granting those who cue to Time,
Move through, beyond their wanderlust, nerves, doubt,
Above the camel herd, interpret, climb
Refuting connotations 'with' 'without',
Keen sight prize more than transient trace grime
As dust dispersed by those who into night
Need haste to pawn, waste spendthrift pennies poured.
Deception willy-nilly waits vain [w]rite.

Jonathan ROBIN

Sand Yearns To Outshine Diamonds

Harmony, autonomy combined
Emancipation guarantee for heart
Awaiting opportunity, fresh start,
Voyage emancipating spirit, mind,
Enchantment lending, troubles left behind.
New dimensions integrated chart
Liberation rich which sets apart
Yesterdays from future fair. Once blind,
All seems transparent, conscience clear, hope lined,
Now optimistic outlook saps rampart,
Growth within wins scope, can counterpart
Encounter for shared idyll unconfined.
Life darkness spurns, true sparkle earns and learns
Sand yearns to outshine diamonds, joy's page turns.

Jonathan ROBIN

Sandrine Dreams Alliteration

Sense, sensuality, strength surely signed,
Auric aura, animated aim.
Nascent Nature's nestling, nicest name,
Dreamy dancer daintily designed.
Resplendence rare rings rhythm rightly rhymed,
Idyll infinite, intramundane.
Naiad natural nets Nature's claim -
Enlightenment eternal. Eyes enshrine
Discernment, destiny, desire's dateline,
Resuscitate, redeem, rhyme's rightful reign.
Enchanting Eden's essence entertains
Air angelic artlessly aligned.
My miracle, myth, music, mistress, mate,
Serenity sustained shall senses sate.

Jonathan ROBIN

Sandrine Sonnet Cycle - I Came, I Saw, She Conquered

She sudden danced into my sight,
An incarnation of delight,
No critic could continue to
Deny her beauty, spirit true.
Rose blushed, then paled, the ruby too, -
It seemed as if forever night
No longer Earth would know, and through
Eternity her echo bright
Should stimulate, intrigue, incite
All aspects of our planet blue, -
Nature true to Nature. Who
DRreams may rainbow overwrite
IN wavelength inks whose splendours span
Expanse before unknown to man...

Jonathan ROBIN

Sandrine Sonnet Cycle - Sonnet Cxxvii Parody Shakespeare, Edward Fitzgerald

So turn to old Khayyam and from his cup
Allow yourself to sup while time remains;
Now sip the wine, take bread and verses up,
Drink deep of love till Time Time's servants claims.
Remember that the couch on which you sit
Is soon to seat new tenants in your stead.
Neglect not what one whit improves life's wit,
Exclude naught unwrought you'll regret when sped.
Verse vehicles the message, bread sustains,
And wine enhances till it summons sleep: -
If three in one combine, contentment reigns,
Love flourishes, then nourishes, none weep.
Like old Fitzgerald, this speeds to the press,
ANd To distress aims not, nor to impress.

28 October 1992

Jonathan ROBIN

Sandrine Sonnet Cycle - Sonnet Lxii Sin Of Self-Love

Sin of self-love was mine until we met,
And all my soul, my each and every part,
Navel worshipped, 'self' could not forget,
Denying feelings from the inner heart.
Responding to shared magic I arise
In wonderment, and slough the skin of pride,
No worth now see(k) in any other eyes,
Enough is that which in you does abide.
Vanity my mirror did reflect, -
And now I learn love's taste, spurn waste, to share
In light and laughter, ease of heart, - reject
Luckless habits leading to despair.
Latent was the well-spring of my soul,
And Now Twinned stars may merge to make one whole!

Jonathan ROBIN

Sandrine Sonnet Cycle - Sonnet Xcvii

So like the winter has your absence been,
And every day that passes by forsakes
Narcissic hopes: - head aches, while hoary flakes
Drudge from dark depths stark ancient echoes mean.
Read how the world I'd win were you my Queen!
Imagine how we'd overcome mistakes,
Nestled close together till each wakes
Entwined in silk-soft curves, from dreams serene.
Velvet is that touch too much you'd screen
Apart from one true heart that counterfeits
Insouciance yet still askance awaits
Love's signal from that ciphered smile, - Sandrine!
Let go old hesitations, seek new peaks,
Admiration Never Too much speaks.

28 October 1992

Jonathan ROBIN

Sandrine Sonnet Cycle - Valiant

Should there be nothing new beneath the sun,
And each sensation mirror-imaged time,
Not fact, but fancy of the most sublime,
Depending on those stimuli which run
Right through the system swiftly, scarce begun
In flash succession, then, encased in rime,
No more from store recalled. This pantomime
Expression of our dreams is like the sun:
Valiant now, and now eclipsed, undone!
A vicious circle, faceless clock, whose chime
Is out of tune, and whose diurnal climb
Leads round, repeats impressions one by one.
Lighthouse lantern is one smile, whose blaze
Approximates Nirvana, Threads my days!

28 October 1992

Jonathan ROBIN

Sandrine Sonnet Cycle - Validation

Strong is my faith, and each wraith from the Past
At last finds rest, repose from echoes old.
New virtue now rings true, and love's repast
Draws light to life if all the truth be told.
Restive in youth, I thought all things I knew,
I once was wrong, long suffered for my trust,
Nor knew to take a different point of view.
Experiencing one glance I feel I must
Validate the story of my life.
A strange coincidence arranged our fate,
Inherent similarities, not strife,
Led to shared admiration, shan't abate.
Language lacks the wherewithal to list
All Nature's Talents, none the Muses missed.

28 October 1992

Jonathan ROBIN

Sandrine Sonnet Cycle 2005 Copy I - Lxx

Notes: 11 October 2005

This entire acrostic rewriting of the Shakespeare Sonnet sequence was both meant to be and was taken as more an intellectual challenge than an emotional statement, and took around 11 days from start to finish between mid and end October 1992

Where there are some alliterative sonnets there is not necessarily a transcription of Shakespeare's 'original sonnets' as, from memory, the wish to introduce some different colouring triumphed over strict following of the dotted line.

Some of the initial transpositions are no longer extant having been lost through a computer crash which also claimed around 500 other poems.

2nd Edition September's sun remembers August heat
ISweet, from the fairest creatures we desire
IIShall ever Winter snows besiege thy brow
IIISbe in the mirror my reflection there
IVSuch loveliness as yours one should not hoard
VSummer's spent while Winter's cold approaches
VISelf-willed no longer stay, thou art too fair
VIISun in the East, the gorgeous morning light
VIIISweet with sweet strives not, why should joy with joy
IXSingle remaineth thou lest widow's tears
XShame should cheek burn, in turn admired by many
XIStir up the muddy waters of my mind
XIISince daily do I clock hard knocks of time
XIIISb if, sweet love, thy life be like a book
XIVStars and cards cannot my judgement rule
XVStrange seems it that each thing takes time to grow
XVIStone flakes to sand, and mountains melt to mould
XVIIISb who'll believe my verse in times to come
XVIIIIShall I compare her to a summer's day
XVIII BISShall I compare thee to a game of chess
XVIII TERShall I compare thee? In what galaxy
XIXSwift-footed Time speeds on with open jaws
XXSbft woman's face with Nature's own hand painted
XXISb is it not with me as with that Muse

XXII**ſ** long as you and youth stay of one date,
 XXIII**ſ** as an actor, stage-fright suffering
 XXIV**ſ**rong hand has played the painter here to lend
 XXV**ſ** let those who seem lucky in their stars
 XXVI**ſ**vereign she to whose fidelity
 XXVI Bis Sovereign Lord, to whom I'm vassal sworn
 XXVII **ſ**tark, strained from work, I will me to my bed
 XXVII Bis Strained with toil I coil within my bed
 XXVIII**ſ**eparate from you, what sorry plight
 XXIX**ſ**tar-cross'd, fortune lost, tossed on Fate's wave
 XXX**ſ**ometimes in sessions of unhappy thought
 XXXI**ſ** why that promise of a Sunday tea
 XXXII**ſ**hould you survive the number of my days
 XXXIII **ſ** many splendid mornings have I seen
 XXXIV **ſ** was that tea-time promise made in play
 XXXV**ſ**top, no longer grieve, believe! Who cares
 XXXVI**ſ**hall I confess that we two must be twain
 XXXVII**ſ**hirking to show my worth I take delight
 XXXVIII**ſ** long as Love breathes life into the breast
 XXXIX **ſ** how, without self-praising, can I sing
 XL**ſ**trip all my former loves, I'll all reveal
 XLI**ſ**hould Muse to music set thy symphony
 XLII**ſ**end me a smile! - I'll really go to town
 XLIII**ſ**weet, though I blink, I'll never blinkered be,
 XLIV**ſ**hould Chance or base design divide us twain
 XLV**ſ** though from all four elements you're drawn
 XLVI**ſ**ee you the struggles 'twixt my heart and mind
 XLVII**ſ**truggles cease as heart and eye ally
 XLVIII **ſ**treams start as springs, soon into rivers stream
 XLIX**ſ**pare self from sorrow let not my defects
 L**ſ**adly I journey onward into night
 LI**ſ**hall then my love forgive my constant calls
 LII**ſ** am I as the wealthy man whose key
 LIII**ſ**he hungry makes where most she satisfies
 LIV**ſ**weet beauty shines as brighter ornament
 LV**ſ**ometimes I dream you'll leave the door ajar
 LVI**ſ** is it error where I would draw near
 LVII**ſ**ervant of her wishes and desire
 LVIII**ſ** God forbid the day that sees me thine
 LIX**ſ**undry inventions of technology
 LX**ſ** do our minutes hasten to their end
 LXI**ſ**umbers at thy pressing wish are broken□

LXII In of self-love was mine until we met
 LXIII Unset sends shadows, yet an inner light
 LXIV Steamroller strange is Time, so prompt to wreak
 LXV Some thoughts like playful kittens trip ahead
 LXVI Such separation leaves my senses weak
 LXVII Spontaneous these feelers here I send
 LXVIII Should there be nothing new beneath the sun
 LXIX Strong is my faith, and each wraith from the Past
 LXX Glander's spite to quality's attracted
 LXXI Do not mourn for me when I am dead
 LXXII Should the cruel world oblige thee to recite
 LXXIII Bad Autumn turncoat sheds its coat of leaves
 LXXIV Do be content, for when the verdict's cast
 LXXV Do are you to my soul as food to life
 LXXVI Do far from innovations, easy change
 LXXVII Bad lines reflected show how beauties wear,
 LXXVIII Do often I've invoked thee as my Muse
 LXXIX Sweet love thy face, the fountainhead of grace,
 LXXX See how I stall when my poor pen would write
 LXXXI Shall I survive if you refuse to make
 LXXXII Since you were never married to my Muse
 LXXXIII Strange as it sounds I felt you'd never need
 LXXXIV Speech serves no turn, what can give pleasure more
 LXXXV Speech is held silver, silence gold is found,
 LXXXVI Seductive, someone peacock played, his verse
 LXXXVII Do leave! Farewell! Thou art for my possessing
 LXXXVIII Should thou my efforts mock, set all to light
 LXXXIX Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault
 XC Spurn me and my plea if out of place
 XCI Some glory in their birth, some in their skill
 XCII Steal not away, coeval is thy life
 XCIII Shall I survive if we apart remain
 XCIV Such as have power to hurt, yet do not so
 XCV Shame turns to bliss, and blame's a-miss if you
 XCVI Some say thy fault is youth and wantonness
 XCVII Do like the winter has thy absence been
 XCVIII Spring called this year, discovered we'd not met
 XCIX Sweet thief whence didst thou steal thy sweet
 C Do where did you slip off to, truant Muse
 CI Speak truant Muse, how will you make amends
 CII Strong is my love although no strength is seeming
 CIII Scope for self-pride's apparent in this work

CIVSeen through my eyes you never can grow old
 CVLet not love be called idolatry
 CVIShould in the chronicles of wasted time
 CVIIStill will this fancy stay thy monument
 CVIIISb as time serves fine wine so this serves thee
 CIXSay not that ever I was false at heart
 CXSb much 'tis true, I've gadded here and there
 CXIStart and finish for me are the same
 CXIIStandal's stamped your image on my brow
 CXIIISince I met you my eye is in my mind
 CXIVSuch angelic qualities as yours
 CXVSuch lines I wrote before were outright lie
 CXVSb are our revels ended, and the game
 CXVISb do not to the marriage of true minds
 CXVIIsLaw of this world
 CXVIIISay that on the others I have bent my eye
 CXVIII□ Something sings within me when I think
 CXIXStill losing when myself I sought to win
 CXXSensing old unkindness helps me now
 CXXISpend time elsewhere, share not thy days with me
 CXXIISb many gifts to praise, so little space
 CXXIII □ So, Time, If mockery there be, I mock
 CXXIVShould this, my love, be held as wishful thinking
 CXXVSb turn the old Khayyam and from his cup
 CXXVISickled Time is sick with jealousy
 CXXVIIStale seems all praise with, dripping from the pen
 CXXVIIISb often when thy smallest thoughts caress
 CXXIXShakespeare too often failed to understand
 CXXXSun shines far brighter than do Sandrine's eyes
 CXXXISwift in succession speed sweet thoughts when I
 CXXXIISbme seek to turn impressions inside out
 CXXXIIISbolen from myself, in jail to lie
 CXXXIVStay of execution do I seek
 CXXXVSbme find, in seeking, pleasure undefined
 CXXXVISevered from all but vocal echo, I
 CXXXVIISweet Cupid what have you done to my eyes
 CXXXVIIIShould she swear she be one with Time and Truth
 CXXXIXSay that you love another if you can
 CXLStorrow lends me words which here express
 CXLISuffice it that you know 'tis not my eyes
 CXLIISbcond thoughts tentacle sticky fingers
 CXLIIIStudied style, like polished mirror glass

CXLIV **S** here's confessed, my heart and head are thine
CXLV **S**oft lips that Love's own hand did make
CXLVI **S**ad soul, mad centre of my sinful earth
CXLVII **S**ense, sensibility, so sweetly signed
CXLVIII **S**urprise seduction signals siren song
CXLIX **S**ometimes surprising sweetness sweeps souls shy
CL **S**ingle state seems seemly, some souls state
CLI **S**wain to shepherdess sent gentle posy
CLII **S**how me another who thy praise has penned
CLIII **S**weet Cupid laid his bow down, fell asleep
CLIV **S**hrew Tamed, All's Well, though her is Much Ado
CLV **S**implicity was ne'er my claim to fame

ALPHABETICAL ORDER

CXVI **S**law of this world
LXXIX **S**abbath day does herald due repose
LXXIII **S**ad Autumn turncoat sheds its coat of leaves
LXXVII **S**ad lines reflected show how beauties wear,
L **S**adly I journey onward into night
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 LXXXI Shall I survive if you refuse to make
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 LI Shall then my love forgive my constant calls
 X Shame hast thou surely, though beloved by many
 XCV Shame turns to bliss, and blame's a-miss if you
 LIII She hungry makes where most she satisfies
 She sudden danced into my sight, fair sprite □
 XXXVII Shirking to show my worth I take delight
 XLIV Should Chance or base design divide us twain
 CVI Should in the chronicles of wasted time
 XLI Should Muse to music set thy symphony
 CXXXVIII Should she swear she be one with Time and Truth
 LXXII Should the cruel world oblige thee to recite
 LXVIII Should there be nothing new beneath the sun
 CXXIV Should this, my love, be held as wishful thinking
 LXXXVIII Should thou my efforts mock, set all to light
 CXII Should you perceive that black becometh white
 LXXXVI Should you survive my epitaph to make
 XXXII Should you survive the number of my days
 CLII Show me another who thy praise has penned
 CLIV Shrew Tamed, All's Well, though her is Much Ado
 CXXVI Sickled Time is sick with jealousy
 CLV Simplicity was ne'er my claim to fame
 LXII In of self-love was mine until we met
 XII Since daily do I clock hard knocks of time
 CXIII Since first and last we met, I live through thee
 CXIII Since I met you my eye is in my mind
 LXXXII □ Since you were never married to my Muse
 IX Single remaineth thou lest widow's tears
 CL Single state seems seemly, some souls state
 LXX Alexander's spite to quality's attracted
 LXX Sleepless nights and days devoid of rest
 LXXVII □ Sleeps now the metroman who dreams of strikes
 LXI Slumbers at thy pressing wish are broken □
 LII So am I as the wealthy man whose key
 CXV So are our revels ended, and the game
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 XXVII Bis Strained with toil I coil within my bed
 LXXXIII**S**trange as it sounds I felt you'd never need
 XV**S**trange seems it that each little thing that grows
 XLVIII**S**treams start as springs, soon into rivers stream
 XL**S**trip all my former loves, I'll all reveal
 XXIV**S**trong hand has played the painter here to lend
 LXIX**S**trong is my faith, and each wraith from the Past
 CII**S**trong is my love although no strength is seeming
 XLVII**S**truggles cease as heart and eye ally
 LXXXIV**S**ubject or object, - roles so often turned
 CXLIII **S**tudied style, like polished mirror glass
 XCIV**S**uch as have power to hurt, yet do not so
 CXV**S**uch lines I wrote before were outright lie
 IV**S**uch loveliness as yours one should not hoard
 LXVI**S**uch separation leaves my senses weak
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VSummer's spent while Winter's cold approaches
 VIIIn the East, the gorgeous morning light
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 VIIISweet with sweet strives not, why joy with joy
 LXXXII□ Swift does the pen in swift succession ink
 CXXXISwift in succession speed sweet thoughts when I
 XIXSwift-footed Time speeds on with open jaws
 CIsyllables in scintillating stream
 I

From fairest creatures we desire increase,
 That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
 But as the ripener should by time decease,
 His tender heir might bear his memory:
 But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,
 Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,
 Making a famine where abundance lies,
 Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.
 Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament,
 And only herald to the gaudy spring,
 Within thine own bud buriest thy content,
 And, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggarding.
 Pity the world, or else this glutton be,
 To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

Sonnet I

Sweet, from the fairest creatures we desire

Sweet, from the fairest creatures we desire
 An increase, so that Beauty shall not die.

Nonetheless, as naught can Time defy,
Do we oft seek in fresh genes fresher fire, -
Rare form and face! My eyes no pyre require
In that thy name sends flames none can deny,
Nursing a burning bush as broad as high, -
Embers which, self-consuming, stay entire.
Vain others, thou - lead singer, song and choir!
An angel from whose lips sips, thereby
Imbuing blooms to feed the butterfly,
Leaving envy pierced, soon to expire.
Leave just a kiss, fair Miss, I'll sated be, -
Acheron's Numbing Tides engulf not thee!

II

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, so gazed on now,
Will be a tattered weed, of small worth held:
Then being asked where all that beauty lies,
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days,
To say, within thine own deep-sunken eyes,
Were an all eating-shame, and thriftless praise.
How much more praise deserved that beauty's use,
If thou couldst answer, - «This fair child of mine
Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse, » -
Proving his beauty by succession thine!
This were to be new-made, when thou art old,
And see thy blood warm, when thou feel'st it cold.

Sonnet II

Shall ever Winter snows besiege thy brow

Shall ever Winter snows besiege thy brow
And plough deep furrows in thy beauty's field,
Negating that proud harvest gazed on now, -

Dust turns the lily when age has revealed
Rampant wrinkles wreathing Beauty's smile.
In days to come, of care, deep sunken eyes,
No present praise will then withstand Time's trial
Except that lustre this verse testifies.
Verdict unique would be an heir to grace
Another world, one which would foster flesh
Identical to features, form, fine face.
Leave thus a heir fair to flow'r a future fresh!
Life forms anew to warm when fires grow cold,
As Nature Trysts to stop thee growing old!

III

Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest,
Now is the time that face should form another;
Whose fresh repair is now thou not renewest,
Thou dost beguile the world, unbless some mother.
For where is she so fair, whose unear'd womb
Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry?
Or who is he so fond, will be the tomb
Of his self-love, to stop posterity?
Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime:
So thou through windows of thine age shalt see,
Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.
But if thou live, remembered not to be,
Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

SONNET III

See in thy mirror my reflection there

See in thy mirror my reflection there
A-twinning with thine, entwined about thy waist,
Nodding in accord, and chorded fair,
Dreaming dreams both share, in love encased.
Read in thy smile another such as this,
In harmony, identity of mind, -
Nature's magic metamorphosis
Engendered since that meeting Love has signed.

View then heart's long lost karmic counterpart
Acceptance seeking, advocating peace
Imagine you and I can make a start
Living as one, - with joys that shall not cease.
Live single, - this can never come to be!
Ask Now Thyself, - is this felicity?

IV

Unthrifly loveliness, why dost thou spend
Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy?
Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend;
And, being frank, she lends to those are free.
Then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse
The bounteous largess given thee to give?
Profitless usurer, why dost thou use
So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live?
For, having traffic with thyself alone,
Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive.
Then how, when nature calls thee to be gone,
What acceptable audit canst thou leave?
Thy unused beauty must be tomb's with thee,
Which, used, lives th'executor to be.

Sonnet IV

Such loveliness as yours one should not hoard

Such loveliness as yours one should not hoard,
And hide as cobwebbed coffer in a bank,
Nature's gifts are lent, the purse's cord
Drawn tight by Time which ever, to be frank,
Retains in escrow int'rest. Once adored,
In days to come all lose locks, stocks and rank,
Nor can dust be by any bust restored -
End comes too soon! So, therefore, Nature thank!
Vaunt not your beauty, vaunt it not, - ignored
All heresy becomes, as wine undrank,
Is, song unsung, glass empty, poem flawed, -
Life lustreless becomes, the spirit blank.
Leave off a-musing on yourself alone,

As Nuns, The self refusing, turn to stone!

V

Those hours, that with gentle work did frame
The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,
Will play the tyrants to the very same,
And that unfair which fairly doth excel:
For never-resting time leads summer on
To hideous winter, and confounds him there;
Sap checked with frost, and lusty leaves quite gone,
Beauty o'ersnow'd, and bareness everywhere:
Then, were not summer's distillation left,
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was:
But flowers distill'd, though they with winter meet,
Lease but their show; their substance still lives sweet.

Sonnet V

Summer's spent while Winter's cold approaches

Summer's spent while Winter's cold approaches
Altering that loveliness which dwells
Now in your eyes. Vile traitor-time encroaches,
Destroying most where most youth's gift excels.
Remaining leaves of beauty's book become
Iced over, threadbare parodies of Spring,
Nestor lies chilled, stilled Philomel's struck dumb,
Every clock-chime tells toll's hollow ring.
Vain is Time's labour though, for through you shines
A beauty Beauty envies, inner worth,
Innate essence which knows no declines, -
Latent liquids well below dried earth.
Light within with warmth meets Winter's gaze,
Amazing Nature, Time, with timeless blaze!

VI

Then let not winter's ragged hand deface
In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd:
Make sweet some vial; treasure thou some place
With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-killed.
That use is not forbidden usury,
Which happies those that pay the willing loan;
That's for thyself to breed another thee,
Or ten times happier, be it ten for one:
Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,
If ten of thine ten times refigured thee.
Then what could death do if thou shouldst depart,
Leaving thee living in posterity?
Be not self-willed, for thou art much too fair
To be Death's conquest, and make worms thine heir.

Sonnet VI

Self-willed no longer stay, thou art too fair

Self-willed no longer stay, thou art too fair,
Art cannot picture richer! - 'twere a sin,
Nameless heresy, naming worms as heir,
Depending upon thy never leaving kin.
Reproduce thy image, like a clone!
In beauty, stature, smile, none else can rhyme,
Nobility of spirit, which alone
Endures, ensuring tenderness through time.
Venture the adventure yet again,
Admit of sharing, decorate life's tree, -
It Death would render helpless, prove Man's gain,
Leaving thee printed on posterity.
Let not Time's sickle harvest Beauty trim,
Ageless, New Triumphs call, each cheers the brim!

VII

Lo! in the orient when the gracious light
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,
Serving with looks his sacred majesty;
And having climbed the steep-up heavenly hill,

Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,
Attending on his golden pilgrimage;
But when from highmost pitch, with weary car,
Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,
The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are
From his low tract, and look another way:
So thou, thyself outgoing in thy noon,
Unlocked on diest, unless thou get a son.

Sonnet VII

Sun in the East, the gorgeous morning light

Sun in the East, the gorgeous morning light
Advances proudly while, beneath each eye
New homage pays to glory which by right
Demands that loyalty beneath the sky.
Rising firmly into middle age
It has now paced the zenith and must soon
Night's curtain draw down darkly. So the page
Ephemeral of Life's short afternoon
Vain sinks, - and vain its tale, could not, again,
Another day dawn, warming flock and field.
Idle each echo, could not Life's refrain
Lift hopes for future joys! Time's lock must yield!
Let Life new life engender in thy prime,
And Not Too late wait, hostage unto Time!

VIII

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy:
Why lov'st thou that which thou receiv'st not gladly,
Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy?
If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,
By union married, do offend thine ear,
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
In singleness the parts that thou shouldst bear.
Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,
Strikes each in each by mutual ordering;
Resembling sire and child and happy mother,

Who, all in one, one pleasing note do sing:
Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one,
Sings this to thee: « Thou single wilt prove none. »

Sonnet VIII

Sweet with sweet strives not, - why should joy with joy?

Sweet with sweet strives not, - why should joy with joy?

As music sadness sweeps away when tune
Names g(l) adding song beneath the madding moon -
Dawn bringing, night and day, - who'll never cloy.
Revive fond hopes for scope, join girl to boy,
Innate shared soul-song, therefore let us soon
Nestle in each others arms, - a boon
Ending empty spaces which annoy.
View two heartsichords are intertwined
As triple strength's accorded, heaven sent,
If each in each can find its complement.
Links new discovered cast all doubts behind,
Life calls to life, as Jack calls to his Jill,
And Now Together both do breast Life's hill.

IX

Is it fear to wet a widow's eye
That thou consum'st thyself in single life?
Ah! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,
The world will wail thee, like a makeless wife;
The world will be thy widow, and still weep
That thou no form of thee hast left behind,
When every private widow well may keep
By children's eyes her husband's shape in mind.
Look! what an unthrift in the world doth spend
Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it;
But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,
And kept unus'd, the user so destroys it.
No love toward others in that bosom sits
That on himself such murderous shame commits.

Sonnet IX

Single remaineth thou lest widow's tears

Single remaineth thou lest widow's tears
Awash with grief groove furrows through thy face?
Name not, fair friend, the day, misspend the years
Do true to « Carpe Diem » life embrace!
Regretting thee, Earth will thy widow be
In ruing no true likeness left behind.
Near every private widow still may see
Expressed in dimpled smiles lost spouses's mind!
View though that those who spend too much impair
A portion of their wealth, which others stake
Is beauty aught but make-up anywhere?
Lead life still single? Is there worse mistake?
Leave none behind, who greater sin commits? -
Alas No Tenderness in that heart sits!

X

For shame! deny that thou bear'st love to any,
Who for thyself art so unprovident.
Grant, if thou wilt, thou art belov'd of many,
But that thou none lov'st is most evident;
For thou art so possess'd with murderous hate
That 'gainst thyself thou stick's not to conspire,
Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate
Which to repair should be thy chief desire.
O! change thy thought, that I may change my mind:
Shall hate be fairer lodged than gentle love?
Be, as thy presence is gracious and kind,
Or to thyself at least kind-hearted prove:
Make thee another self, for love of me,
That beauty still may live in thine or thee.

Sonnet X

Shame should cheeks burn! In turn admired by many

Shame should cheeks burn! In turn admired by many,
All suitors spurning, - none earn answer clear.

Not sharing bliss, a-miss not loving any,
Daughterless where no son can appear.
Read in the seasons this analogy, -
Is not the Winter pregnant with the Spring,
Nor is the sun withheld, nor leaf from tree,
Exchanging rings - sweet joys rebirth does bring!
Vow none espouse unto the single state
As love, unpractised, sere upon the stem
Is arid as a barren celibate,
Listless, lost to self, who'd self condemn.
Let self find self, uniting you to me,
Advance! New Ties shall freedom guarantee!

XI

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou grow'st
In one of thine, from that which thou departest;
And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestow'st
Thou mayst call thine when thou from youth convertest
Herein lives wisdom, beauty and increase;
Without this, folly, age and cold decay:
If all were minded so, the times should cease
And threescore year would make the world away.
Let those whom Nature hath not made for store,
Harsh, featureless, and rude, barrenly perish:
Look, whom she best endow'd she gave the more;
Which bounteous gift thou shouldst in bounty cherish:
She carved thee for her seal, and meant thereby
Thou shouldst print more, not let that copy die.

Sonnet XI

Stir up the muddy waters of my mind,

Stir up the muddy waters of my mind,
All doubts dispel, Dear, do not hesitate!
New horizons can emancipate
Dams, barriers of each and every kind.
Remember our encounter was assigned
In Heaven by the stars that rule our fate,

No fault can here be found, no grounds to state
Error entered calculations blind.
Vain were the voyage of my days, unkind
As dreams turned nightmares, disappointments great,
If inner instincts cannot liberate
Licit longings for a sign to bind
Lips to ruby lips, soul splice to soul,
And Nurse Two halves to health to make one whole.

XII

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls, all silvered o'er with white;
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard,
Then of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake
And die as fast as they see others grow;
And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence
Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence.

Sonnet XII

Since daily do I clock hard knocks of time,

Since daily do I clock hard knocks of time,
And take stock, see life's freshness stubble, stale,
Notice Nature's winter coat of rime
Describe spare silver shocks where age locks scale.
Regretfully, I watch notched, breeze tossed, trees
Itching for leaf fingers 'spite cold gale
North-easterly which brings on biting freeze,
Exacting tribute harsh when powers fail.
Vain then all beauty seems, for what's most fair
At last falls fast beneath the thresher's flail,
In eerie sheaves, - all's harvested despair,

Limbs tremble, palsies finally prevail.
Lament not! Love alone can Time withstand,
Alliance Name - To flame let Life be fanned!

XIII

O! that you were yourself; but, love, you are
No longer yours than you yourself here live:
Against this coming end you should prepare,
And your semblance to some other give:
So should that beauty which you hold in lease
Find no determination; then you were
Yourself against, after yourself's decease,
When your sweet issue your sweet form should bear.
Who lets so fair a housefall to decay,
Which husbandry in honour might uphold
Against the stormy gusts of winter's day
And barren rage of death's eternal cold?
O! none but unthrifths. Dear my love, you know
You had a father: let your son say so.

Sonnet XIII

So if, sweet love, thy life be like a book

So if, sweet love, thy life be like a book
Allow a new edition to impress
Nature's stamp with likeness true, arrest
Destruction Time would wreak. No second look
Remains where childless beauty's self's mistook
In error for eternal mirror blessed.
No graceful trace remains when, gone to rest,
Earth greets the spendthrift who rebirth forsook.
Vivacious copies Time can overlook,
And publish banns, then quickly go to press
In copyright - posterity addressed:
Living proofs, complete works' copybook.
Life's mission leads to fusion not confusion,
All New Things seed infusion not conclusion!

XIV

Not from the stars do I my judgement pluck;
And yet methinks I have astronomy,
But not to tell of good or evil luck,
Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons' quality;
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,
Pointing to each his thunder, rain, and wind,
Or say with princes if it shall go well,
By oft predict that I in heaven find:
But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,
And, constant stars, in them I read such art
As ' Truth and beauty shall together thrive,
If from thyself to store thou wouldn't convert';
Or else of thee this I prognosticate:
' Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.'

Sonnet XIV

Stars and cards cannot my judgement rule

Stars and cards cannot my judgement rule,
And yet methinks I'm blessed with intuition.
News is learnt in many a different school,
Descriptions do abound of precognition.
Responsibility I shed, play cool
In tempting fate through palming recognition,
Nor pick the winner of the football pool
Vast as my wisdom seems, one starry pool
Extrapolating numbers sans volition.
Affronts my knowledge, exiles superstition, -
It drowns my will, fuels fire till I, thy fool,
Long for twinned plans to breed a fair fruition.
Lama-like one karmic truth I'd see: -
All Nature t(r) ending to the me in thee!

XV

When I consider every thing that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment,
That this huge stage presenteth nought but shows

Whereon the stars in secret influence comment;
When I perceive that men as plants increase,
Cheered and check'd even by the self-same sky,
Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,
And wear their brave state out of memory;
Then the conceit of this inconstant stay
Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,
Where wasteful Time debateth with Decay,
To change your day of youth to sullied night;
And, all in war with Time for love of you,
As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

Sonnet XV

Strange that each little thing takes long to grow

Strange that each little thing takes long to grow,
Attains perfection for the shortest space;
Naught does the Earth contain but it does show
Due respect for timely planets' place.
Regarding men, plants, insects, all increase
In awe of equal laws beneath one sky, -
New once, once bold, then old, then, cold, they cease,
Extinguished by Time which naught can defy.
Vicissitudes thy youth shall never touch
As long as ears can hear, or eyes can see,
In these short stanzas, freed from Death's dread clutch,
Life eternal these confer on thee!
Likeness faithful stands Time's test, stays true,
All Night's Terrors takes, to wake anew!

XVI

But wherefore do not you a mightier way
Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time?
And fortify yourself in your decay
With means more blessed than my barren rime?
Now stand you on the top of happy hours,
And many maiden gardens, yet unset,
With virtuous wish would bear you living flowers,
Much liker than your painted counterfeit:
So should the lines of life that life repair,

Which this, Time's pencil, or my pupil pen,
Neither in inward worth nor outward fair,
Can make you live yourself in eyes of men.
To give away yourself keeps yourself still;
And you must live, drawn by your own sweet skill.

Sonnet XVI

Stone flakes to sand, and mountains melt to mould,

Stone flakes to sand, and mountains melt to mould,
As Time's transgressions etch on day by day
Nature's plans, while continents enfold.
Death conquers all, Life leads but to decay.
Rival factions fail, their tale soon told
In words where glory seldom finds its way.
Next door neighbours huddle who were bold, -
Ephemeral their rise, long their dismay.
Volcanoes, active once, are turned stone cold,
As lifeless as museum mammoth's sway.
Ideas too often perish, tenets sold,
Lost flower's blooms no chronicles defray.
Lost too are battles fought against grim Time, -
And Now To bed before I lose my rhyme!

XVII

Who will believe my verse in time to come,
If it were fill'd with your most high deserts?
Though yet, heaven knows, it is but as a tomb
Which hides your life and shows not half your parts.
If I could write the beauty of your eyes
And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
The age to come would say ` This poet lies;
Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces.'
So should my papers, yellow'd with their age,
Be scorn'd, like old men of less truth than tongue,
And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage
And stretched metre of an antique song:
But were some child of yours alive that time,
You should live twice, - in it and in my rime.

Sonnet XVII

So who'll believe my verse in times to come

So who'll believe my verse in times to come,
As it words worth in prose beyond compare,
Notwithstanding that my tongue's struck dumb, -
Disguising as it does thy beauty rare.
Ronsard had found Cassandra's mind most numb
If thine beside it sparkled. Not just there, -
Nose fine? Poor Cleopatra scarce a crumb
E'er could have gleaned from Antony, I swear!
Venus spurning, Paris would a plum
Advance to match thy lips, leave Helen's care.
In Juliet no Romeo would hum
Love's tune, but moon thy praise, all else foreswear!
Lacking children thou art all life's sum,
A Nappied Thigh? - thy days' redoubled drum!

XVIII

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometimes too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often in his gold complexion dimmed;
And every fair from fair sometimes declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course untrimmed;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st,
Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st;
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

Sonnet XVIII

Shall I compare her to a summer's day?

Shall I compare her to a summer's day?
A thousand times more sweet she seems to me!
Nor can Time 's winds - (which darling buds of May
Do shake) - unsettle love's perennity.
Restrained the eye of heaven sometimes seems,
It often sends a drought, or shines too hot,
No permanence is possible, like dreams
Each season soon declines, returneth not!
Vain are Time's wings when with eternal signs
A poet frames her praises in fair verse,
Imprinting, for the Future, lyric lines,
Lending life when all else finds a hearse.
Life glories her as long as Man draws breath,
And Not To her the shadow-land of Death!

Sonnet XVIII Bis

Shall I Compare Thee to a Game of Chess?

Shall I compare thee to a game of chess?
Thou art not square, nor see in black and white!
Rough moves make others, summer's sun doth bless
Thy smile, night turns to day, and pawn to knight.
Sometimes too fast Life's clock to sudden death
Advances yet thy beauty knows no check,
While Polgar's pride resigns, thy modest breath
No castles in the air would build, then wreck.
Love's referee wears well a cap that fits!
No gambits blunt thy spontaneity,
No Kasparov in pupil's eye could spit,
No Fis[c]her Queen could Queen exchange with me!
Let us no bishop mate above the board,
We'll stand Time's test, King, Queen, though never bored!

Sonnet XVIII Ter

Shall I Compare Thee? In What Galaxy?

Shall I compare thee? In what galaxy,

And when and where, which mirror will reflect
Nature's beauty with such wisdom decked? -
Despising self, Time rhymes in time with thee!
Rash proves comparison where thou the sun
Incarnate are, and universal joy,
Now Big Bang starts again - all else are glum
Exchange with you all would, - no idle ploy;
Valiant the name that frames the « all in one »
As end, beginning are you, fruit and tree,
Inside and out, earth, sea, both butter, bun,
Life with all life coeval, past, to be!
Let then thy seed succeed to play fresh part,
Arrangements Necessary Take to heart!

XIX

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
And make the earth devour her own sweet brood;
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger 's jaws,
And burn the long-lived phoenix in her blood;
Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleets,
And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
To the wide world and all her fading sweets;
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime:
O! Carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen;
Him in thy course untainted do allow
For Beauty's pattern to succeeding men.
~~Yet~~, do thy worst, old Time: despite thy wrong,
My love shall in my verse ever live young.

Sonnet XIX

Swift-footed Time speeds on with open jaws,

Swift-footed Time speeds on with open jaws,
Avidly regardless of our lives,
New seconds swallow seconds, each arrives
Devouring every minute that it draws
Redundant from its womb. Effect and cause
Intermingle, lose the thread that strives

Needle's eye to wed, - all lose their drives,
End entombed, will doomed is all applause.
Victory is thine! Thy eagle soars
Above mere mortals' skies: each thinks he (t) h(r) ives,
Intensely busy! Rarely love survives
Lust, honey-money search, which knows no pause.
Lastingly will your fair fame hold out, -
Ask Not Time's mercy who Time's rei(g) n can flout!

XX

A woman's face with Nature's own hand painted
Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion;
A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
With shifting change, as is false women's fashion;
An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,
Gilding the object whereupon it gazette;
A man in hue all « hues » in his controlling,
Which steals men's eyes and women's souls amazeth.
And for a woman wert thou first created;
Till Nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting,
And by addition me of thee defeated,
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.
But since she picked thee out for women's pleasure,
Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their treasure.

Sonnet XX

Soft dainty face with Nature's own hand painted

Soft dainty face with Nature's own hand painted
Art thou, the master-mistress of my passion;
Nobility with falsehood unacquainted,
Despising changeling fads of changing fashion.
Responsive eye, bright, brighter than all others,
Iridescent everywhere it touches,
Night's put to flight, your light all envy smothers,
Enchanting all, untouched by vulgar smutches
Vacuums unknown within your universe
Are as around you all in orbit spin,
In ringing acts each does his play rehearse,
Like Mars to Venus, would your honour win.

Love is not love which mortal hand can measure, -
Alas Now Tongueless, can I earn thy treasure?

XXI

So is it not with me as with that Muse
Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verse,
Who heaven itself for ornament doth use
And every fair with his fair doth rehearse,
Making a complement of proud compare,
With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems,
With April's first-born flowers, and all things rare
That heaven's air in this huge rondure hems.
O! let me, true in love, but truly write,
And then believe me, my love is as fair
As any mother's child, though not so bright
As those gold candles fixed in heaven's air:
Let them say more that like of hear-say well;
I will not praise that purpose not to sell.

Sonnet XXI

So is it not with me as with that Muse

So is it not with me as with that Muse
Awoken by poor painted sparks to verse
Niceties which Heaven's name misuse,
Dispenses praise, deserving the reverse.
Refusing compliments which Truth abuse,
I only see one smile as poet's purse!
No future generations can accuse
Exaggerations which they could accuse:
Verity's a thread I would not lose,
And fain to fair I e'er would reimburse
Its flower which, comparing, none refuse!
Loveliness spurns fard, stays none the worse!
Let all praise more who stories tall would tell, -
A Nectar Tablet, honeyed, wears not well!

XXII

My glass shall not persuade me I am old

So long as youth and thou are of one date;
But when in thee time's furrows I behold,
Then look I death my days should expiate.
For all that beauty that doth cover thee
Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,
Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me:
How can I then be elder than thou art?
O! therefore, love, be of thyself so wary
As I, not for myself, but for thee will;
Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary
As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.
Presume not on thy heart when mine is slain;
Thou gav'st me thine, not to give back again.

Sonnet XXII

So long as you and youth do share one date

So long as you and youth do share one date,
All mirrors will warmth witness, never (s) cold; -
Nature granting treason reason's weight,
Declines the challenge once your story's told.
Remember Beauty's but a plastic cover,
Is but external matter for man's mart,
Nurture then the heart of artless lover,
Endless joy that knows nor stop nor start.
Very wary be of love therefore,
Aware that pearls I'd keep, as have mine kept, -
In life and death, earth, heaven, our rapport
Lights sparks which die not, though it seems they've slept.
Likewise our ties all others will outlast,
Awakened Now, The karmic dice are cast!

XXIII

As an unperfect actor on the stage,
Who with his fear is put besides his part,
Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,
Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart;
So I, for fear of trust, forget to say
The perfect ceremony of love's rage,
And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,

Oe'ercharg'd with burthen of mine own love's might.
O! let my books be then the eloquence
And dumb presagers of my speaking breast,
Who plead for love, and look for recompense,
More than the tongue that more hath more express'd.
O! learn to read what silent love hath writ:
To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

Sonnet XXIII

So as an actor, stage-fright suffering

So as an actor, stage-fright suffering,
Afeared, I tremble deep with my heart.
Nor can my voice rehearse, nor tongue impart.
Distressed my soul, no part, no role can sing!
Refraining from refrains which joy could bring
I hesitate, and, stuttering, can't start
New praise to raise to her whose highest art
Enjoys an artless ring, - round her I'd ring;
Vouchsafe that love at last will lose its sting,
And twin two sundered souls too far apart.
I pray the day will dawn when I my part
Learn to perfection, setting sound waves' spring:
Learn too to read what silent love has writ,
Approach Nirvana's Tenderness, two knit.

XXIV

Mine eye hath play'd the painter and hath stell'd
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart;
My body is the frame wherein 'tis held,
And perspective it is best painter's art.
For through the painter must you see his skill,
To find where your true image pictur'd lies,
Which in thy bosom's shop is hanging still,
That hath his windows glazèd with thine eyes.
Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done:
My eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me
Are windows to my breast, where-through the sun
Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee;
Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art,

They draw but what they see, but not the heart.

Sonnet XXIV

Strong hand has played the painter here to lend

Strong hand has played the painter here to lend
A timeless touch to beauty's fondest child,
Now catch impressions mild, expressions wild,
Depicting her in whom all talents blend.
Rare harmony: The angels will descend -
If they exist - enlisting her who's styled
Nature's darling, pure and undefiled,
Endless bliss bestowing, kiss sans end.
Verses, written, each each other mend.
Artist tries to show here reconciled
Infinite delights, all domiciled,
Linked to fair where all else do pretend
Love's eyes lose art, loose arrows which light race,
And Now The bow here bends to drawn embrace!

XXV

Let those who are in favour with their stars
Of public honour and proud titles boast,
While I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,
Unlocked for joy in that I honour most.
Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread
But as the marigold at the sun's eye,
And in themselves their pride lies buried,
For at a frown they in their glory die.
The painful warrior famousèd for fight,
After a thousand victories once foiled,
Is from the book of honour razèd quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toiled:
Then happy I, that love and am belov'd,
Where I may not remove nor be removed.

Sonnet XXV

So let those who seem lucky in their stars,

So let those who seem lucky in their stars,
And public honour, who proud titles boast,
Now know that no harsh destiny debars
Duets where heart lauds heart it loves the most.
Roses ripen out beneath Love's sun,
In times of stress their pride lost patience learns,
New loves replace the old, and, scarce begun,
Enjoy short lease as elsewhere ardour turns.
Vain others are, eclipsed, an empty sight,
An afterthought, rejected by the mind, -
In you alone lives undiminished, bright,
Lantern leaving shadow shapes behind.
Love grows to glow as hand and glove are paired,
Attainted Never, Tried and tested, shared!

XXVI

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,
To thee I send this written ambassage,
To witness duty, not to show my wit:
Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine
May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it,
But that I hope some good conceit of thine
In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow it;
Till whatsoever star that guides my moving
Points on me graciously with fair aspect,
And puts apparel on my tattered loving,
To show me worthy of thy sweet respect:
Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee;
Till then not show my head where thou mayst prove me.

Sonnet XXVI

Sovereign lady, paid be homage due

Sovereign lady, paid be homage due
At all times as a duty strongly knit,
Nor can it falter as the stars pursue
Divided orbits, - alters not a whit.
Real homage due, - my poor wit has no clue
Impotent despairs of how to show it,

Nerves over-stretched to fetch a valid view,
Exaggerate not - all the world does know it.
Value this, if this brings joy to you,
And if offending, an imperfect fit,
Impatient prove not, tolerant thereto,
Let judgement harsh remit a little bit.
Like bread which needs an added yeast to rise,
Ample Nutrition The least smile supplies!

Sonnet XXVI Bis

Sovereign lord, to whom I'm vassal sworn,

Sovereign lord, to whom I'm vassal sworn,
Admirer to a duty doubly knit,
Now I do send a message true and fit -
Divided duties set the soul in pawn.
Rising above Time's silken spider touch
Is love which on itself can ever feed,
Needing only love's return to seed
Eternal echoes, - taking naught gives much.
Vanquished, victor, are terms double-Dutch,
Anachronistic, worms which blight bud, weed
Invasive for which we've grown beyond the need -
Less to impress how tasteless waste can smutch
Let these words stand in limbo till proved true
Am I who dare not boast love felt by few.

XXVII

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,
The dear repose for limbs with travel tired;
But then begins a journey in my head
To work my mind, when body's work's expired:
For then my thoughts - from far where I abide -
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,
Looking on darkness which the blind to see:
Save that my soul's imaginary sight
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,

Makes black night beautiful and her old face new.
Lo! thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind,
For thee, and for myself no quiet find.

Sonnet XXVII

Strained with toil, I coil within my bed

Strained with toil, I coil within my bed
And turmoil seek to stifle, foiled and tired,
Not blessed with rest, for soon a brain storm's sired,
Doth fountain forth fantastical, the head
Retraces image fair where, there, instead,
Is empty space to chase when, dream inspired,
Nightly follow love, so deep admired.
Ear imagines, eyelids shut, soft tread
Visiting at witching hour, soon sped.
At night hopes dawn, at morn take flight, desired
In symphony fantastic fever-fired,
Led on by music that the muses fed
Love waves to love in echoes long to (I) earn,
And Naught Takes that it triple can't return.

XXVIII

How can I then return in happy plight
That am debarred the benefit of rest?
When day's oppression is not eased by night,
But day by night, and night by day oppressed,
And each, though enemies to either's reign,
Do in consent shake hands to torture me,
The one by toil, the other to complain
How far I toil, still farther off from thee.
I tell the day, to please him thou art bright,
And dost him grace when clouds do blot the heaven:
So flatter I the swart-complexion'd night;
When sparkling stars twice not thou gild'st the even.
But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,
And night doth nightly make grief's strength seem stronger.

Sonnet XXVIII

Separate from you, what sorry plight

Separate from you, what sorry plight
Aborts all sleep, as aching brains protest -
Nagging thoughts return, as you have guessed,
Directly to you who, though out of sight,
Remain too much in mind! To black turns white!
Insomnia, no rest, day - night oppressed!
Nor can night welcome solace as its guest,
Easing into dreams with switched off light.
Virtue to vice transmuted is, all's blight
Apart from you - whose beauty's manifest.
If this is sin, then gladly I'll confess
Life's sadness clouds what once Hope burnished bright!
And luckless days do draw my sorrow longer
Nights never cease, Their torment ever stronger!

XXIX

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes
I all alone bewep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With that I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Happly I think on thee, - and then my state,
Like to the lark of break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

Sonnet XXIX

Star-crossed, fortune lost, tossed on Fate's wave

Star-crossed, fortune lost, tossed on Fate's wave,
Abandoned I bewail my sorry state,

Nor fail to trouble friends or celebrate
Deep distress as victim none can save.
Regretting other's talents, surly knave,
I'm satisfied with naught, - degenerate!
Naught pleases, nothing eases, still I wait
Envy all, thoughts dark locked in my cave:
Vain strife is life which spirit does enslave!
And then my thoughts to you turn, fears abate,
I spring from earth, sing hymns at Heaven's gate,
Lark like I thank my God for all he gave!
Listen, thy love remembered such wealth brings
As Night's Trials scorn I, would not change for kings!

XXX

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sight the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's wast:
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's song since cancelled woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanished sight:
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoanèd moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored and sorrows end.

Sonnet XXX

Sometimes in sessions of unhappy thought

Sometimes in sessions of unhappy thought
Are minds reminded of lost chances passed,
Nursing grudges, grieving omissions vast,
Distressed as fly fast in Fate's cobweb caught.
Rest who can find? Repose cannot be bought.
In times of reminiscence, fears' repast,
New tears for old friends flow, who Life's outcast,
Engathered by the years, and yet still sought.

Visitor to grief, to whom unsought
Ancient griefs return before the mast
Is unmanned, is dismantled, and at last,
Life's debt repaying, berthed, docked back in port.
Lethe's stream no beam could cross, dream through, -
Although Now There's in you exception true.

XXXI

Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts,
Which I by lacking have supposed dead;
And there reigns Love, and all Love's loving parts,
And all those friends that I thought buried.
How many a holy and obsequious tear
Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine eye,
As interest of the dead, which now appear
But things removed that hidden in thee lie!
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
Who all their parts of me to thee did give,
That due of many now is thine alone:
Their images I loved I view in thee,
And thou - all they- - hast all the all of me.

Sonnet XXXI

So why that promise of a Sunday tea

So why that promise of a Sunday tea
At Shakespeare's in the tumbleweed hotel?
No smile appeared, or, peering, sped! Ah well!
Despite an invitation offered thee
Reste à savoir pourquoi ta chase stayed free.
I thought acceptance cast a magic spell,
Non 'filer à l'anglaise'! Mes doutes dispel!
Explain why mon cœur ached perceptibly.
Virtue, fair Queen, is punctuality,
A puncture absence is, as I've heard tell !
It must have been as if an inner bell
Lightly tinkled, warned you'd warm to me !
Let this short explanation stand Time's test,

And Now Two hearts, united, can be blessed.

XXXII

If thou survive my well-contented day,
When that churl death my bones with dust shall cover,
And shall by fortune once more re-survey
These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,
Compare them with the bettering of the time,
And though they be outstripp'd by every pen,
Reserve them for my love, not for their rime,
Exceeded by the heights of happier men.
O! then vouchsafe me but this loving thought:
« Had my friend's Muse grown with this growing age,
A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
To march in ranks of better equipage:
But since he died, and poets better prove,
Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love. »

Sonnet XXXII

Should You Survive

Should you survive the number of my days,
Attest to buried bones and grounded hope,
Nervous, by chance, perhaps this book you'll ope,
Dead hand re-reading, once I've gone my ways.
Read and compare to novel comets' blaze,
Identify with instinct's gyroscope
Not for their style, those lines whose timely scope
Extracts pure love distilled in every phrase.
Vouchsafe me then some thoughts: - their shortest rays
Advancing through the shrouds that telescope
In clo(u) ds around my grave let me elope,
Leave Death brought back to life, your paraphrase.
Leaf others for their style, brief smile reserve -
As Now Thou dost - for him whose love won't swerve.

XXXIII

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:
Even so my sun one early morn did shine,
With all-triumphant splendour on my brow;
But, out! alack! he was but one hour mine,
The region cloud hath masked him from me now.
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
Suns of the world may stain when heaven's sun staineth.

Sonnet XXXIII

So Many Splendid Mornings

So many splendid mornings have I seen
Array the slopes with g(l) adding golden eye,
Nudging with gilded touch vales, village green,
Drenching pale streams with golden alchemy.
Read on a while, - a pile of ugly clouds
Interspace themselves twixt sun and I.
Nature's joys turn grey as darkness shrouds
Eastern delights, Spring sunlight do deny.
Vosges virtue met one day 'neath sunny sky,
An all embracing splendour kissed both brows.
In one short hour sun hid, tears droned the dry,
Life's current swept all on! Where am I now?
Life's current swept all on, love knew no more,
And Now The thought, - I'm rich who know I'm poor!

XXXIV

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day,
And make me travel forth without my cloak,
To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,
Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke
'Tis not enough that through the cloud thou break,

To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,
For no man well of such a salve can speak,
That heals the wound and cures not the disgrace:
Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief;
Though thou repent, yet have I still the loss:
The offender's sorrow lends but weak relief
To him that bears the strong offence's cross.
Ah! but those tears are pearl why thy love sheds,
And they are rich and ransom all ill deeds.

Sonnet XXXIV

So was that tea-time promise made in play?

So was that tea-time promise made in play?
An oath that took me out without a cloak, -
Non obstat autumn's chill I'd not delay!
Do you see how soft dreams to hard facts woke?
Rain on my cheeks bespeaks a salty taste,
It saw a storm cloud burst upon my brow.
Now I don't rue what once I held a waste, -
Exalting you I'd wait past year 'two thou'!
Visions can in life true life surpass,
Add s(t)inging tingle spinning down the spine
If I was cat I'd rat no hour-glass,
Lick time awaiting you for all lives nine!
Life's upsets sometimes tables turn on sadness,
A 'No' To 'Yes, next time' grants triple gladness.

XXXV

No more be grieved at that which thou hast done:
Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud;
Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,
And loathsome canker sleeps in sweetest bud.
All men make faults, and even I in this,
Authorizing thy trespass with compare,
Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,
Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are;
For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense, -
Thy adverse party is thy advocate, -

And `gainst myself a lawful plea commence:
Such civil war is in my love and hate,
That I an accessory needs be
To that sweet thief which sourly robs from me.

Sonnet XXXV

Stop, No longer Grieve

Stop, no longer grieve, believe! Who caress
About inclusions where the gemstone glows,
Nor fret the roses' thorns, the stream that flows
Down to an ocean heedless of our prayers.
Rise up above the terror that despairs
In an eclipse sun, moon, - for soon it blows;
Nor shun one's faults, (though run from surface shows) , -
Errors are mended where Love's hand repairs.
View this sharing, which future joy prepares,
As an advance for story none shall close,
In light and laughter friends embrace old foes,
Lauding those entangled in Love's snares.
Let imperfections be Love's guarantee,
And Not The fairy-tale that others see.

XXXVI

Let me confess that we two must be twain
Although our undivided loves are one:
So shall those blots that do with me remain,
Without thy help, by me be borne alone.
In our two loves there is but one respect,
Though in our loves a separable spite,
Which, though it alter not love's sweet effect,
Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight.
I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
Les my bewailed guilt should do thee shame,
Nor thou with public kindness honour me,
Unless thou take that honour from thy name.
But do not so; I love thee in such sort
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

Sonnet XXXVI

Shall I confess

Shall I confess that we two should be twain
Although deep love has undivided grown?
Now know my errors do in me remain
Despite thy aid, fair maid, - in me alone.
Respect belongs to thee, while I, (in tow) ,
Imprinted are thy deeds, etched in the mind,
Note every gesture, echo each to show
Excused are sins when sin is left behind.
Vast is thy honour, mine reflected glory,
A shadow's shadow till you dole it out,
I'm as an author whose rejected story
Looks to be published, printed not is nowt!
Light of thy light I (s) well out into press
And Now Thee the public can impress.

XXXVII

As a decrepit father takes delight
To see his active child do deeds of youth,
So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,
Take all my comfort from thy worth and truth.
For whether beauty, truth, or wealth, or wit,
Or any of these all, or all, or more,
Entitled in thy parts do crownèd sit,
I make my love engrafted to this store:
So then I am not lame, poor, or despis'd,
Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give
That I in thy abundance am suffic'd
And by a part of all thy glory live.□
Look what is best, that best I wish in thee:
This wish I have; then ten times happy me.

Sonnet XXXVII

Shirking to show my worth

Shirking to show my worth I do delight
And find joy praising thy accomplishments.
Now, undermined by Time and Fortune's spite,

Do I worth, comfort, draw from thy wit, sense.
Repudiating others, day and night,
It seems in dreams I fly to thy defense.
Night masks the fury of my forward flight -
Energy refilled at thy expense!
Venturing so often, dear, I might
A moment free my inner effervescence
In finding in thy love essential light: -
Look deep, I reap in sleep soft deliquescence.
Look once again, what's best for thee I'd see,
And Ne'er The stakes of Time shall conquer thee!

XXXVIII

How can my Muse want subject to invent,
While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my verse
Thine own sweet argument, too excellent
For every vulgar paper to rehearse?
O! give thyself the thanks if aught in me
Worthy perusal stand against thy sight;
For who's so dumb but cannot write to thee,
When thou thyself dost give invention light?
Be thou the tenth Muse, ten times more in worth
Than those old nine which rimers invoke;
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
Eternal numbers to outlive long date.
If my slight Muse do please these curious days,
The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

Sonnet XXXVIII

So long as love breathes life

So long as love breathes life into thy breast
A Muse is mine which mines its verse in thee,
Nor can sleep come to soul that seeks no rest, -
Drawn through a dream towards eternity.
Replunging pen in ink my all's addressed
In thanks to thee whose love spells liberty,
Nor can there be another, I've confessed,
Entitled to such honours - all agree.
Vulgar paper, with thy name impressed,

Attains a state of grace and quality, -
It would stay blank with shame, its blush repressed,
Left virgin, or to others offered free.
Let all on high superlatives admit,
Are Nine The Muses? - above all you sit !

XXXIX

O! how thy worth with manners may I sing,
When thou art all the better part of me?
What can mine own praise to mine own self bring?
And what is't but mine own when I praise thee?
Even for this let us divided live,
And our dear love lose name of single one,
That by this separation I may give
That due to thee, which thou deserv'st alone.
O absence! what a torment wouldst thou prove,
Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet leave
To entertain the time with thoughts of love,
Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth deceive,
And thou that teachest how to make one twain,
By praising him here who doth hence remain.

Sonnet XXXIX

So how, without self praising, can I sing?

So how, without self praising, can I sing?
A hymn to her who magic muse inspires?
None can imagine that my everything
Derives from her soft soul-song, angel choirs.
Riddle one line, to two hearts it belongs,
Imparted parts each part of each becomes,
Nor can the singer parted be from songs -
Especially when her strings his finger strums.
Virginal, the music entertains, -
And Time, bemused by rhyme, forgets his task, -
It sings with ring both sweet and free from stains,
Lulled by a love no other love would ask.
Lacking her style I'll still draw from her smile
And Never Think on others all the time.

XL

Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all;
What hadst thou then more than thou hadst before?
No love, my love, that thou mayst true love call;
All mine was thine before thou hadst this more.
Then, if for my love thou my love receivest,
I cannot blame thee for my love thou usest;
But yet be blam'd, if thou thyself deceivest
By wilful taste of what thyself refuseth.
I do forgive thy robbery, gentle, thief,
Although thou steal thee all my poverty:
And yet, love knows it is a greater grief
To bear love's wrong than hate's unknown injury.
Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,
Kill me with spite; yet we must not be foes.
Sonnet XL

Strip all my former loves, I'll all reveal

Strip all my former loves, I'll all reveal,
All mine was thine before for more you'd call!
No love was love compared to what I feel -
Death is not death whatever shall befall.
Resurrection is Love lived again,
If karmic consciousness cheats Time, the thief,
Never doubt, for in loss all find gain,
Eternal cycles turn upon belief.
Vedic scriptures tell Love lasts a Yug,
And so no grief should echo in my heart,
If life flows from pre-destined water jug, -
Let then the spokes wheel, - weal spoke - we'll a part!
Love stripped is cloth of gold which, soon resown,
Admits New Tenderness, draws life from stone.

XLI

Those pretty wrongs that liberty commits,
When I am sometime absent from thy heart,
Thy beauty and thy years full well befits,
For still temptation follows where thou art.
Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won,

Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assailed;
And when a woman woos, what woman's son
Will sourly leave her till she have prevailed?
Ay me! but yet though might my seat forbear,
And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,
Who lead thee in their riot even there
Where thou art forced to break a twofold truth; -
Hers, by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
Thine, by thy beauty being false to me.

Sonnet XLI

Should Muse to music set thy symphony

Should Muse to music set thy symphony
All Mozart's art would tart sound, out of tune,
Nor lovers' eyes behold the crescent moon,
Dance and sculpture seem pure harmony.
Ravel's Bolero spirals through the mind,
It whirls and twirls, thy thoughts my brain do spin!
Nirvana's circles knit with Yang and Yin
Enjoined, with seventh heaven left behind!
Vexations fade as love's kaleidoscope
A coat of many colours does project, -
Is it a sin of self-love to erect
Love's icon image as eternal hope?
Let object - aim and act - objections thwart,
Accord New Trust which falsehoods brings to naught.

XLII

That thou hast her, it is not all my grief,
And yet it may be said I loved her dearly;
That she hath thee, is of my wailing chief,
A loss in love that touches me more nearly.
Loving offenders, thus will I excuse thee:
Thou dost love her, because thou know'st I love her;
And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,
Suffering my friend for my sake to approve her.
If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,
And losing her, my friend hath found that loss;
Both find each other, and I lose both twain,

And both for my sake lay on me this cross:
But here's the joy, my friend and I are one,
Sweet flattery! Then she loves but me alone.

Sonnet XLII

Send me a smile - I'll really go to town!

Send me a smile - I'll really go to town!
And paint it rich in coral like thy lips.
Now take it back, replace it with a frown, -
Dread death I'd rather face, take poisoned sips!
Rest by my side I'll glide beyond the starts,
Impertinent when lips' slips strips all sense.
Now leave, I'd heave a sigh behind tight bars -
Each moment's bliss imprisoned, pain intense.
Verse but a tear, floods would engulf the earth,
And Afric's sands sink deep below the waves.
Invest another smile and bless'd rebirth
Life's sun would circles run round she who saves!
Lame is my claim to fame save in one thing, -
All Noble This, wrought through heart's constant ring.

XLIII

When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,
For all the day they view things unsuspected;
But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,
And darkly bright, are bright in dark directed.
Then thou, whose shadow shadows doth make bright,
How would thy shadow's form form happy show
To the clear day with thy much clearer light,
When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so!
How would, I say, mine eyes be blessèd made
By looking on thee in the living day,
When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade
Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay!
All days are nights to see till I see thee,
And nights bright days when dreams do show thee me.

Sonnet XLIII

Sweet, though I blink, I'll never blinkered be,

Sweet, though I blink, I'll never blinkered be
As when I think my thoughts from thee do fly.
No wink could wing its way to fairer eye,
Deep links unite each part to part of thee!
Reality and dreams combine, I see
In light and dark one face, one grace espy,
No other trace I wheresoe'er I try -
Ephemeral all seems save thee in me!
Vegas brightness stirs not starry sea,
A nova soon is over, - passing sigh.
Insight flashes, but old echoes die,
Light blazes just to praise thy tapestry.
Last night my dreams united us, I swear,
And Now, Tonight, I see thee everywhere.

XLIV

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
Injurious distance should not stop my way,
For then, despite of space, I would be brought
From limits far remote, where thou dost stay.
No matter then although my foot did stand
Upon the farthest earth removed from thee;
For nimble thought can jump both see and land,
As soon as think the place where he should be.
But ah! thought kills me that I am not thought
To leap large length of miles when thou art gone,
But that, so much of earth and water wrought,
I must attend time's leisure with my moan;
Receiving nought by elements so slow
But heavy tears, badges of either's woe.

Sonnet XLIV

Should Chance or base design divide us twain

Should Chance or base design divide us twain,
A steed to you would speed should there be need.
None can prevent Love which would true remain
Despite the bad blood Time spills, time to feed.

Repudiating danger, I would race,
If you should call, my all would fall for you,
Ne'er hesitation know - woe's dark disgrace !
Each breath from you fans inspiration true.
Valiant the world where hard knocks, coward hearts
Are from the mind expelled, truth triumphs, few
Itineraries fail where love's light charts
Links which unite you to me, me to you.
Leagues seven single stride would take when we
A New Tryst make, break bread, wake wed yet free.

XLV

The other two, slight air and purging fire
Are both with thee, wherever I abide;
The first my thought, the other my desire
These present-absent with swift motion slide.
For when these quicker elements are gone
In tender embassy of love to thee,
My life, being made of four, with two alone
Sinks down to death, oppressed with melancholy;
Until life's composition be recurred
By those swift messengers returned from thee,
Who even but now come back again, assured
Of thy fair health, recounting it to me:
This told, I joy; but then no longer glad,
I send them back again and then grow sad.

Sonnet XLV

So though from all four elements you're drawn

So though from all four elements you're drawn
Air, Fire and Water, adding Earth thereto,
Neither Art nor Science can thy dawn
Duplicate or clone, etch, ink anew.
Regressing from within, some selves do war,
In idle fancies others waste their days,
Now some, though well intentioned, still stay poor, -
Excepting you to Time each tribute pays.
Vain are lives led in fear of Lethe's brook,

As once interred their memory will rot,
Is there but one who leaves upon life's book
Love's imprint ere his phantom is forgot ?
Let Earth unwatered by thy (f) air become
As News That's false, as fire unlit, as numb.

XLVI

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war,
How to divide the conquest of thy sight;
Mine eye my heart thy picture's sight would bar,
My heart mine eye the freedom of that right.
My heart does plead that thou in him dost lie, -
A closet never pierced with crystal eyes, -
But the defendant doth that plea deny,
And says in him thy fair appearance lies.
To 'cide this title is impannellèd
A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart;
And by their verdict is determinèd
The clear eye's moiety and the dear heart's part:
As thus; mine eye's due is thine outward part,
And my heart's right thine inward love of heart.

Sonnet XLVI

See you the struggles twixt my heart and mind ?

See you the struggles twixt my heart and mind ?
As each does preach within its special reach
Neither's content, and each would each impeach,
Doubts heart on judgement calls, mind flouts feelings blind, -
Referee impartial who can find?
It is my heart that here would you beseech,
No hesitations knew, did ever preach
Eternal love as mirror of the mind.
'Valid' replies the mind, - who would be kind -
And yet no power could give her flower speech
Inciting all within to sail, not beach
Life's luck in truck of quite another kind.
Let thus the heart art's acrobatics flee
And Nothing Then could sunder me from thee.

XLVII

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,
And each doth good turns now unto the other:
When that mine eye is famish'd for a look,
Or heart in love with sighs himself doth smother,
With my love' s picture then my eye doth feast,
And to the painted banquet bids my heart;
Another time mine eye is my heart's guest,
And in his thoughts of love doth share a part:
So, either by thy picture or my love,
Thyself away art present still with me;
For thou not farther than my thoughts canst move,
And I am still with them and they with thee;
Or, if they sleep, thy picture in my sight
Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight.

Sonnet XLVII

Struggles cease as heart and eye ally

Struggles cease as heart and eye ally
And each to each good turns does sans delay: -
Now do they twine as heart, with inner eye
Divine reflection notes of every trait.
Refreshed is heart with eyeing every part,
If eye's fulfilled, then heart's a welcome guest,
Neither rush, each waits the other's start,
Eyes twinned with heart in love, both unrepressed.
Valued by both, Thy portrait's in my mind,
And by both loved, thy image all adore!
It would, if otherwise, betray, - both find
Love gives not takes, - makes music, wakes not s(c) ore.
Let thus both live, thy echo in their sight,
And Never Turn to fakes for false delight.

XLVIII

How careful was I when I took my way;
Each trifle under truest bars to thrust,
That to my use it might unused stay
From hands of falsehood, in true wards of trust!

But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,
Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief,
Thou, best of dearest and mine only care,
Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.
Thee have I not locked up in any chest,
Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art,
Within the gentle closure of my breast,
From whence at pleasure thou mayst come and part;
And even hence thou wilt be stol'n I fear,
For truth proves thievish for a prize so dear.

Sonnet XLVIII

Streams start as springs, soon into rivers stream,

Streams start as springs, soon into rivers stream,
Anon they spew into the ocean blue.
Nations start as one man's tiny dream,
Derived from reasons reason never knew.
Rare is thy beauty, - form, face, open mind, -
If Truth, that's universal, dares to speak:
Nor shall fair fade, leave not a wrack behind, -
E'er would time trav'lers scour Earth such to seek!
Vanity reflects that Man is vain,
As is his race, excepting only one, -
In thee is Eve incarnate once again,
Leaving new Eden's portals' locks undone.
Life flows from thee, for Mankind knows its glows
Are Not To be should thee thy seed not sow.

XLIX

Against that time, if ever that time come,
When I shall see thee frown on my defects,
When as thy love hath cast his utmost sum,
Call'd to that audit by advis'd respects;
Against that time when thou shalt strangely pass,
And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eye,
When love, converted from the thing it was,
Shall reasons find of settled gravity;
Against that time do I ensconce me here
Within the knowledge of mine own desert,

And this my hand against myself uprear,
To guard the lawful reasons on thy part:
To leave poor me thou hast the strength of laws,
Since why to love I can allege no cause.

Sonnet XLIX

Spare self from sorrow, let not my defects

Spare self from sorrow, let not my defects
Afflict you with unhappiness or woe,
Note not knot sore as your soft eye inspects
Delicately how I've failed to grow.
Remember, her who learns, himself perfects!
If there should come a time when you'd not know
Nor care you knew me once, when eye deflects
Eye from my orbit, blaming Cupid's bow,
View not the sum of what here interjects
A sonnet sequence as of worth! Its flow
Is hesitant, it frequently erects.
Like Spanish castles, dreams that turn to dough.
Leave me! - wing high towards a brighter sphere,
And Ne'er Take heed of one light trickle-tear!

L

How heavy do I journey on the way,
When what I seek, my weary travel's end,
Doth teach that ease and that repose to stay,
« Thus far the miles are measured from thy friend! »
The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,
Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me,
As if by some instinct the wretch did know
His rider loved not speed, being made from thee:
The bloody spur cannot provoke him on
That sometimes anger thrusts into his side,
Which heavily he answers with a groan
More sharp to me than spurring to his side;
For that same groan doth put this in my mind:
My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

Sonnet L

Sadly I journey onward into night

Sadly I journey onward into night,
Aware that Time no longer is my friend!
Neglecting not that distance from dead-end
Daily declines, - the signs make sorry sight.
Ride on, O beast of burden, - body blight
Is far too much to bear alone! We wend
Not knowing, caring not, what round the bend
Existence offers, - far from you, black drowns white.
Vain Love's pain when rejection dims Love's light,
Adds separation, - seemingly sans end.
I care not if I climb or I descend,
Lacking your smile, all's trial, - and then 'goodnight! '
Left to my thoughts I'm caught within Time's web,
Alone, Night-Trapped, until Time's tide shall ebb.

LI

Thus can my love excuse the slow offence
Of my dull bearer when from thee I speed:
From where thou art why should I haste me thence!
Till I return, of posting is no need.
O! what excuse will my poor beast then find,
When swift extremity can seem but slow ?
Then should I spur, though mounted on the wind,
In wingèd speed no motion shall I know:
Then can no horse with my desire keep pace,
Therefore desire of perfect'st love being made,
Shall neigh - no dull flesh - in his fiery race;
But love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade, -
'Since from thee going he went wilful-slow
Towards thee I'll run and give him leave to go.'

Sonnet LI

Shall then my love forgive my constant smiles?

Shall then my love forgive my constant smiles?
As each succeeds, each seeds another score,
Not one's begun but see, ten thousand more

Defend Love's tides from Time's tempestuous wiles.
Rise and fall, - time beats Time to her breast,
It is a willing victim's will to act
Not with a scythe but with a sigh, - the rest
Ecstatic is fulfilment, not time-wracked.
Valiant the white winged horse whose force can find
A way whereby high hopes can be upheld, -
If constant calling lets us leave behind
Life's sorrows, sonnets shan't be better spelled!
Love's knocks take toll, but if the truth be told;
All Now To one knock bow, which warm turns cold.

LII

So am I as the rich, whose blessed key
Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,
The which he will not every hour survey,
For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.
Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,
Since, seldom coming, in the long year set,
Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,
Or captain jewels in the carnet.
So is the time that keeps you as my chest,
Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide,
To make some special instant special blest,
By new unfolding of his imprisoned pride.
Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives scope
Being had, to triumph; being lacked to hope.

Sonnet LII

So am I as the wealthy man whose key

So am I as the wealthy man whose key
Affords him entry to his treasure store: -
Now, far from all too frequent visits, he
Defers to patience, - pleasure measures more.
Rare are the feasts to which I'm not convoked,
It seems, though as if waiting weight reposed,
Nor is impatient wit one whit revoked, -
Enhanced 'tis, rather, by delays imposed.
Vain anguish is, and anger most misplaced,

As sweet anticipation of her smile
Irritation's calms, pain is replaced
Like rainbow at storm's end, joy after trial.
Life blesses her whose heart, when shared, brings bliss, -
And No Theme else I'd sing where I could kiss.
Coin of your realm is doubly blessed and minted -
HEld back to hope, enjoyed in triumph printed.
LIII

What is your substance, whereof are you made,
That millions of strange shadows on you tend?
Since every one hath, every one, one shade,
And you, but one, can every shadow lend.
Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit
Is poorly imitated after you;
On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,
And you in Grecian tires are painted new:
Speak of the spring and foison of the year,
The one doth shadow of your beauty show,
The other as your bounty does appear;
And you in every blessèd shape we know.
In all external grace you have some part,
But you like none, none you, for constant heart.

Sonnet LIII

She hungry makes where most she satisfies

She hungry makes where most she satisfies,
As if upon itself starvation fed.
Nectar from the Gods her love supplies,
Drys up all tears, - fires flare from heart to head.
Royal jelly's fed the Queen of bees, -
If Queen, then Helen could not please my eyes,
Nefertiti and Venus parodies, -
Each echoes Beauty's phantom shadow sighs.
Vain is Spring's title, stale before Her youth,
All talk of Summer fades before Her fire,
If Autumn's plenitude, 'tis plain uncouth!
Late Winter's cold, - She's pregnant with desire!
Lady, others boast external art,
Another Never claimed such constant heart.

LIV

O! how much more doth beauty beauteous seem
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give.
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
The canker-blossoms have full as deep a dye
As the perfumed tincture of the roses.
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their maskèd buds discloses:
But, for their virtue only is their show,
They live unwoo'd, and unrespected fade;
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made:
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall fade, my verse distils your truth.

Sonnet LIV

Sweet beauty shines as brighter ornament

Sweet beauty shines as brighter ornament
Adorned by truth, blessed with a constant heart,
No fairer sound is from an instrument
Derived than that which sets thy voice apart.
Roses' blooms assume a perfumed cloak
Inviting thus the sense of smell and eye, -
Nonetheless they fade! From acorn oak
Engendered is, grows strong, slows, soon to die!
Vain is all outward show of pomp and pow'r,
As in an hour or two, Pride falters, falls,
In one alone can Beauty's beauty flower,
Less is all others' bloom, their scent soon palls.
Learn then, O world, Truth's Beauty, Beauty Truth,
According Naught To any but Thy youth.

LV

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rime;

But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone, besmeared with sluttish time.
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,
Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory.
'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room
Even in the eyes of all posterity
That wear this world out to the ending doom.
So, till the judgement that yourself arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lover's eyes.

Sonnet LV

Sometimes I dream you'll leave the door ajar

Sometimes I dream you'll leave the door ajar
Allowing entrance to this princely rhyme,
No marble monument could stand the test of time,
Defender of a faith that Love does star.
Ra(n) ging my affection, deep and far
Its roots extend, sans end of any kind.
Nor should there be one, for posterity
Extends beyond restrictions which do jar !
Vanquished is Death, for you he cannot mar,
And I, through knowing you, to life do bind
In trust myself as Muse to you assigned,
Limpet-like, who thus Time's lines would bar.
Love shines through you as long as man draws breath,
ANThem to life, your spell dispels dread Death.

LVI

Sweet love renew thy force; be it not said
Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,
Which but today by feeding is allay'd,
To-morrow sharpened in his former might:
So, love be thou; although to-day thou fill
Thy hungry eyes, even till they wink with fullness,
To-morrow see again, and do not kill

The spirit of love with a perpetual dullness.
Let this sad interim like the ocean be
Which parts the shore, where two contracted new
Come daily to the banks, that, when they see
Return of love, more blest may be the view;
Or, call it winter, which, being full of care,
Makes summer's welcome thrice more wished, more rare.

Sonnet LVI

So is it error where I would draw near

So is it error where I would draw near,
And like a bee which whets its appetite
Nectar suck from thee, to set alight
Day after day love's flame more brave, more dear?
Radiation warms the heart, sends cheer,
In daily dose increasing love's delight,
Ne'er cloy, nor stales, nor do its dreams turn trite.
Ever constant, Love shines crystal clear.
Vacant was my soul-song, dull and drear, -
All changed with our encounter! Second sight
Is granted though one smile stays out of sight.
Love's lightning flew a kite Love's winds now steer.
Life enforces differences enough, -
Action Now Take, before Time calls our bluff!

LVII

Being your slave, what should I do but tend
Upon the hours and times of your desire?
I have no precious time at all to spend,
Nor services to do, till you require.
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour
Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,
Nor think the bitterness of absence sour
When you have bid your servant once adieu;
Nor dare I question with my jealous thought
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,
But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought,
Save, where you are how happy you make those.

So true a fool is love that in your will,
Though you do anything, he thinks no ill.

Sonnet LVII

Servant to your every wish, desire,

Servant to your every wish, desire,
Am I who each would with affection tend,
Nor count time lost, nor yet the costs enquire,
Doing aught - each thought to you does wend.
Reminded of your absence every hour,
I'll not complain, but gain through sorrow joy,
Nor envy those who glory in your flower
Entranced, but thank the stars for their employ.
Vain are regrets, or jealousy or spite, -
All happiness dependent is on you,
If others make you happy, knave or knight,
Love suffers gladly all that love would do.
Love is Love's fool, schools will to who's adored,
Asks Not To change its state, seeks no reward.

LVIII

That god forbid that made me first your slave,
I should in thought control your times of pleasure,
Or at your hand the account of hours to crave,
Being your vassal, bound to stay your leisure?
O! let me suffer, being at your beck,
The imprisoned absence of your liberty;
And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each cheek,
Without accusing you of injury.
Be where you list, your charter is so strong
That you yourself may privilege your time
To what you will; to you it does belong
Yourself to pardon, of self-doing crime.
I am to wait, though waiting so be hell,
Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.

Sonnet LVIII

So God forbid the day that sees me thine

So God forbid the day that sees me thine
Admit that I should try to speak thy mind,
Nor click through thy agenda, undermine,
Demanding explanations, fault to find.
Rather leave me as separation's slave
In due respect of thy autonomy,
Ne'er chafe at rein, nor rave, thy reign I crave, -
Enchanted! - is dependence injury?
Valiant I who to thy will do belong,
And thine the privilege of most decision,
It is a rule divine, both fine and strong, -
Loyalty's owed Love that shows true vision.
Loyal in my love to royal thee,
Aspiring Not To slave of other's be.

LIX

If there be nothing new, but what there is
Hath been before, how are our brains beguiled
Which, labouring for invention, bear amiss
The second burthen of a former child.
O! that record could with a backward look,
Even of five hundred courses of the sun,
Show me your image in some antique book,
Since mind in at first in character was done.
That I might see what the old world could say
To this composed wonder of your frame;
Whe'r we are mended, or whe'r better they,
Or whether revolution be the same.
O! sure I am, the wits of former days
To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

Sonnet LIX

Sundry inventions of technology

Sundry inventions of technology
Are rediscovered echoes of the past,
'Nothing new beneath the sun', say we,
Does start but part remines Time's dregs recast.
Riding backwards thrice ten thousand years, -

If that becomes a possibility -
None would be found who could be classed thy peers,
Equal in face, form, and fair mind with thee.
Vainly would Helen's, Cleopatra's court
Attempt to serve their ends, with thee compare, -
Intense thy praise spontaneous, unsought,
Landslide thy plurality, vote rare.
Look back, look forward, what is Time to thee? -
As None Thy rival there could ever be!

LX

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity, once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crowned,
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And Time that grave doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow:
And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand,
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

Sonnet LX

So do our minutes hasten to their end

So do our minutes hasten to their end,
As surging waves swim to the pebbled shore,
None out of sequence, all do all befriend,
Do ride the tide, seek those that flowed before.
Rising star, once centre of attraction,
Is soon mature, once ripe begins to rot, -
Nor can it fight against its strength's subtraction,
Each gift Time swift redeems, each I does dot.
Vain prove's youth's creams when Time with Truth plays games
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,
It nothing spares, pares all, upsets false (cl) aims,

Lets nothing stand, - no tithes its scythe won't mow.
Long still thy worth Time's inroads will withstand,
And None Thy birth forget, despite his hand.

LXI

Is it thy will thy image should keep open
My heavy eyelids to the weary night?
Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken
While shadows like to thee do mock my sight?
Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee
So far from home into my deeds to pry,
To find out shame and idle hours in me,
The scope and tenor of thy jealousy ?
O, no! thy love, though much, is not so great:
It is my love that keeps mine eye awake;
Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,
To play the watchman ever for thy sake.
For thee watch I whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,
From me far off, with others all too near.

Sonnet LXI

Slumbers at thy pressing wish are broken

Slumbers at thy pressing wish are broken
As eyelids open in the weary night, -
Night whose fond dreams teem with thy echo's token -
Denying shadows shadows' place by right.
Roving is thy spirit, sent from thee
Into my moments, deep therein to pry,
Needling shortcomings inherent in me, -
Errors, regrets, temptations tempers try.
Vast though thy love may be, mine for thy sake
Awake does keep me, doth all rest defeat,
It is my fire that feeds me to the stake,
Leaps out with tempting tongue and pulsing beat.
Love, I do wait for thee, who'd sate elsewhere,
All Night Though thy light glows in others' care.

LXII

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye
And all my soul and all my every part;
And for this sin there is no remedy,
It is so grounded inward in my heart.
Methinks no face as gracious is as mine,
No shape so true, no truth of such account;
And for myself mine own worth do define
As I all other in all worths surmount.
But when my glass shows me my worth indeed,
Beated and chopped with tanned antiquity,
Mine own self-love quite contrary I read:
Self so self-loving were iniquity.
'Tis thee, - myself, - that for myself I praise,
Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

Sonnet LXII

Sin of self-love was mine until we met

Sin of self-love was mine until we met,
And all my soul, my each and every part,
Navel worshipped, 'self' could not forget,
Denying feelings from the inner heart.
Responding to shared magic I arise
In wonderment, and slough the skin of pride,
No worth now see(k) in any other eyes,
Enough is that which in you does abide.
Vanity my mirror did reflect, -
And now I learn love's taste, spurn waste, to share
In light and laughter, ease of heart, - reject
Luckless habits leading to despair.
Latent was the well-spring of my soul,
And Now Twinned stars may merge to make one whole!

LXIII

Against my love shall be, as I am now,
With Time's injurious hand crushed and o'erworn;
When hours have drained his blood and fill'd his brow
With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful morn
Hath travelled on to age's steepy night;
And all those beauties whereof now he's king

Are vanishing, or vanished out of sight,
Stealing away the treasure of his spring;
For such a time do I now fortify
Against confounding age's cruel knife,
That he shall never cut from memory
My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life:
His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,
And they shall live, and he in them still green.

Sonnet LXIII

Sunset sends shadows, yet an inner light

Sunset sends shadows, yet an inner light
Announces that an aura glows behind.
None can ignore its beacon-beckon! Blind
Did I once wander, - wonderment, delight
Reveals one smile unique, affords insight
Intense, and omnipresent, joy I find,
Name all as rose, - so sweet Life seems, so kind.
Encaged the mind was which now dares invite
Virtue to espouse a future bright,
Alliance to complete but not to bind,
In harmony replete, trust kept, unsigned.
Love flourishes, transcending Time's grim spite.
Lanterns external shine out from your soul,
Allowing None To doubt the inner whole.

LXIV

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced
The rich-proud cost of outworn buried age;
When sometime lofty towers I see down-razed,
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage;
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the watery main,
Increasing store with loss, and loss with store;
When I have seen such interchange of state,
Or state itself confounded to decay;
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminare -
That Time will come and take my love away.

This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

Sonnet LXIV

Steamroller strange is Time, so prompt to wreak

Steamroller strange is Time, so prompt to wreak
A vengeance on all empires strong and wide,
No notice taking of all earthly pride,
Down-razing towers, airing dungeon keep.
Rich lands too often hands reserve for clique, -
Increasing store which for the poor's denied -
Nature's revenge is loss stored up to chide
Ephemerality, whose future's bleak.
Vast as Man's ego seems, the seams are weak:
As ocean from the shoreline steals each tide
Inch after inch, - Time leaves us cut and dried
Luckless souls who know not where to seek!
Life is a paradox, Man fears to loose
A Nothing That's (s) willed from his right to choose.

LXV

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
But sad mortality o'ersways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?
O! how shall summer's honey breath hold out
Against the wrackful siege of battering days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays?
O fearful meditation! where, alack,
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?
O! none, unless this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

Sonnet LXV

Some thoughts, like playful kittens, trip ahead,

Some thoughts, like playful kittens, trip ahead,
And trip up Fate, - which freedom hates to leave.
Nature's instincts, loving, Love believe;
Denying both Time's horsemen and Death's dread.
Remember this when silver, when your head
Is hoar with age against which no reprieve,
No solace can be found, should you deceive
Emotions which Time's motions would stop dead!
Veneers most sneer at, though some fools are fed
A diet of mixed metaphors, do grieve
Into their graves before they grace receive,
Like zombies (s) hell-bound ere their hour is sped.
Let thus this lesson light Man's destined date,
And Name The day, no longer hesitate..

LXVI

Tired with all these, for restful death I cry
As to behold desèrt a beggar born,
And needy nothing trimmed in jollity,
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded honour shamefully misplaced,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpet,
And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,
And strength by limping sway disabled,
And art made tongue-tied by authority,
And folly - doctor-like - controlling skill,
And simple truth miscalled simplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill:
Tired with all these, from these would I be gone,
Save that to die, I leave my love alone.

Sonnet LXVI

Separation leaves my senses weak

Separation leaves my senses weak,
As if to birth position I returned -
No cheek to blush, no mirth, no tongue to speak;
Despair is writ like critic's praise when earned -
Rewarded by a flimsy paper God.

I long for call igniting song's strong fires,
Now do I wait, nor find this waiting odd,
Existence starts and ends with your desires!
Various solutions might I sound,
And yet none tempts, for your electric touch
Is such my mind's pre-empted, I spin round
Love's whirlpool in an all-embracing clutch!
Lend me a hand, together we shall see
As Night Transformed by day, a new world free.

LXVII

Ah! wherefore with infection should he live,
And with his presence grace impiety,
That sin by him advantage should achieve,
And lace himself with his society?
Why should false painting imitate his cheek,
And steel dead seeing of his living hue?
Why should poor beauty indirectly seek
Roses of shadow, since his rose is true?
Why should he live, now Nature bankrupt is,
Beggared of blood to blush through lively veins?
For she hath no exchequer now but his,
And, proud of many, lives upon his gains.
O! him she stores, to show that wealth she had
In days long since, before these last so bad.

Sonnet LXVII

Spontaneous these feelers here I send

Spontaneous these feelers here I send,
A message that the postman soon shall bring,
Nurturing the hope we'll bridges mend,
Dance in tandem, you as Queen, I King!
Rendering to Beauty what by right
Is hers I write, confessing everything, -
No hesitations - mesh with fresh delight
Emphasising those duets we'll sing.
Vacillation, barriers diverse,
Arguments invalid, specious, sling!
Inhibitions banish! Let's rehearse

Lovingly exchange of golden ring.
Listen to your heart, true feelings vent,
Approaching New Tomorrows, confident.

LXVIII

Thus is his cheek the map of days outworn,
When beauty liv'd and died as flowers do now,
Before these bastard signs of fair were born,
Or durst inhabit on a living brow;
Before the golden tresses of the dead,
The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
To live a second life on second head;
Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay:
In him those holy antique hours are seen,
Without all ornament, itself and true,
Making no summer of another's green,
Robbing no old to dress his beauty new;
And him as for a map doth Nature store,
To show false Art what beauty was of yore.

Sonnet LXVIII

Should there be nothing new beneath the sun

Should there be nothing new beneath the sun,
And each sensation mirror-imaged time,
Not fact, but fancy of some soul sublime
Drawn from the maws of cause, effect, which run
Right through the system swiftly, scarce begun
In flash succession till, encased in rime,
No more from store recalled, - this pantomime
Expression of our dreams is like the sun:
Valiant now, encircled now, undone! -
A vicious circle, faceless clock, whose chime
Is out of tune and time, whose double climb
Leads round repeat impressions one by one.
Lighthouse lantern is your smile, whose blaze
Approximates Nirvana, Threads my days.

LXIX

Those parts of thee that the world's eye doth view
Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend;
All tongues - the voice of souls - give thee that due,
Uttering bare truth, even so as foes commend.
Thy outward thus with outward praise is crowned;
But those same tongues, that give thee so thine own,
In other accents do this praise confound
By seeing farther than the eye hath shown.
They look into the beauty of thy mind,
And that, in guess, they measure by thy deeds,
Then - churls, - their thoughts, although their eyes were kind,
To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds:
But why thy odour matcheth not thy show,
The soil is this, that thou dost common grow.

Sonnet LXIX

Strong is my faith, and each wraith from the past

Strong is my faith, and each wraith from the past
At last finds rest, repose from echoes old.
New virtue now rings true, and love's repast
Draws light to life if all the truth be told.
Restive in youth, I thought all things I knew,
I was proved wrong, long suffered for my trust,
Nor knew to take a diff'rent point of view!
Experiencing your sunshine now I must
Validate the story of my life!
A strange coincidence arranged our fate,
Inherent similarities, not strife,
Led to true adoration, won't abate!
Language lacks the wherewithal to list
All Nature's Talents, - none the Muses missed.

LXX

That thou art blamed shall not be thy defect,
For slander's mark was ever yet the fair;
The ornament of beauty is suspect,
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.
So thou be good, slander doth but approve
Thy worth the greater, being woo'd of time;

For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,
And thou present'st a pure unstainèd prime.
Thou has passed by the ambush of your days
Either not assailed, or victor being charged;
Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,
To tie up envy evermore enlarged:
If some suspect of ill masked not thy show,
Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts should owe.

Sonnet LXX

Slander's spite to quality's attracted

Slander's spite to quality's attracted
And jealousy white turns to black and blame,
News travels fast, as versions - none the same -
Divide from fact dark fancies that, extracted,
Remind the gossip all he's ever lacked.
If one should blossom while harsh winter's frost
Nips all other buds, whose bloom is lost,
Envy whines, while virtue is attacked,
Verity's transformed by vice, truth's wracked.
As Time thy claim to fame continues to
Instate, enthrone, exalt, and, worship too,
Leaving envy's bubble burst, eye blacked.
Live as my Muse, refuse false envy's spite,
Alone Now, Thou shalt share intense delight.

Jonathan ROBIN

Sandrine Sonnet Cycle 2005 Copy Lxxi - Cl

Notes: 11 October 2005

This entire acrostic rewriting of the Shakespeare Sonnet sequence was both meant to be and was taken as more an intellectual challenge than an emotional statement, and took around 11 days from start to finish between mid and end October 1992

Where there are some alliterative sonnets there is not necessarily a transcription of Shakespeare's 'original sonnets' as, from memory, the wish to introduce some different colouring triumphed over strict following of the dotted line.

Some of the initial transpositions are no longer extant having been lost through a computer crash which also claimed around 500 other poems.

2nd Edition September's sun remembers August heat
ISweet, from the fairest creatures we desire
IIShall ever Winter snows besiege thy brow
IIISee in the mirror my reflection there
IVSuch loveliness as yours one should not hoard
VSummer's spent while Winter's cold approaches
VISelf-willed no longer stay, thou art too fair
VIISun in the East, the gorgeous morning light
VIIISweet with sweet strives not, why should joy with joy
IXSingle remaineth thou lest widow's tears
XShame should cheek burn, in turn admired by many
XIStir up the muddy waters of my mind
XIISince daily do I clock hard knocks of time
XIIISo if, sweet love, thy life be like a book
XIVStars and cards cannot my judgement rule
XVStrange seems it that each thing takes time to grow
XVIStone flakes to sand, and mountains melt to mould
XVIISo who'll believe my verse in times to come
XVIIIShall I compare her to a summer's day
XVIII BISShall I compare thee to a game of chess
XVIII TERShall I compare thee? In what galaxy
XIXSwift-footed Time speeds on with open jaws
XXSoft woman's face with Nature's own hand painted
XXISo is it not with me as with that Muse

XXII**So** long as you and youth stay of one date,
 XXIII**So** as an actor, stage-fright suffering
 XXIV**St**rong hand has played the painter here to lend
 XXV**So** let those who seem lucky in their stars
 XXVI**So**vereign she to whose fidelity
 XXVI Bis Sovereign Lord, to whom I'm vassal sworn
 XXVII **St**ark, strained from work, I will me to my bed
 XXVII Bis Strained with toil I coil within my bed
 XXVIII**Se**parate from you, what sorry plight
 XXIX**St**ar-cross'd, fortune lost, tossed on Fate's wave
 XXX**So**metimes in sessions of unhappy thought
 XXXI**So** why that promise of a Sunday tea
 XXXII**Sh**ould you survive the number of my days
 XXXIII **So** many splendid mornings have I seen
 XXXIV **So** was that tea-time promise made in play
 XXXV**St**op, no longer grieve, believe! Who cares
 XXXVI**Sh**all I confess that we two must be twain
 XXXVII**Sh**irking to show my worth I take delight
 XXXVIII**So** long as Love breathes life into the breast
 XXXIX **So** how, without self-praising, can I sing
 XL**St**rip all my former loves, I'll all reveal
 XLI**Sh**ould Muse to music set thy symphony
 XLII**Se**nd me a smile! - I'll really go to town
 XLIII**Sw**eed, though I blink, I'll never blinkered be,
 XLIV**Sh**ould Chance or base design divide us twain
 XLV**So** though from all four elements you're drawn
 XLVI**See** you the struggles 'twixt my heart and mind
 XLVII**St**ruggles cease as heart and eye ally
 XLVIII **St**reams start as springs, soon into rivers stream
 XLIX**Sp**are self from sorrow let not my defects
 L**S**adly I journey onward into night
 LI**Sh**all then my love forgive my constant calls
 LII**So** am I as the wealthy man whose key
 LIII**Sh**e hungry makes where most she satisfies
 LIV**Sw**eed beauty shines as brighter ornament
 LV**So**metimes I dream you'll leave the door ajar
 LVI**So** is it error where I would draw near
 LVII**S**ervant of her wishes and desire
 LVIII**So** God forbid the day that sees me thine
 LIX**Un**dry inventions of technology
 LX**So** do our minutes hasten to their end
 LXI**Un**sumbers at thy pressing wish are broken□

LXII In of self-love was mine until we met
 LXIII Unset sends shadows, yet an inner light
 LXIV Steamroller strange is Time, so prompt to wreak
 LXV Some thoughts like playful kittens trip ahead
 LXVI Such separation leaves my senses weak
 LXVII Spontaneous these feelers here I send
 LXVIII Should there be nothing new beneath the sun
 LXIX Strong is my faith, and each wraith from the Past
 LXX Glander's spite to quality's attracted
 LXXI Do not mourn for me when I am dead
 LXXII Should the cruel world oblige thee to recite
 LXXIII Bad Autumn turncoat sheds its coat of leaves
 LXXIV Do be content, for when the verdict's cast
 LXXV Do are you to my soul as food to life
 LXXVI Do far from innovations, easy change
 LXXVII Bad lines reflected show how beauties wear,
 LXXVIII Do often I've invoked thee as my Muse
 LXXIX Sweet love thy face, the fountainhead of grace,
 LXXX See how I stall when my poor pen would write
 LXXXI Shall I survive if you refuse to make
 LXXXII Since you were never married to my Muse
 LXXXIII Strange as it sounds I felt you'd never need
 LXXXIV Speech serves no turn, what can give pleasure more
 LXXXV Speech is held silver, silence gold is found,
 LXXXVI Seductive, someone peacock played, his verse
 LXXXVII Do leave! Farewell! Thou art for my possessing
 LXXXVIII Should thou my efforts mock, set all to light
 LXXXIX Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault
 XC Spurn me and my plea if out of place
 XCI Some glory in their birth, some in their skill
 XCII Steal not away, coeval is thy life
 XCIII Shall I survive if we apart remain
 XCIV Such as have power to hurt, yet do not so
 XCV Shame turns to bliss, and blame's a-miss if you
 XCVI Some say thy fault is youth and wantonness
 XCVII Do like the winter has thy absence been
 XCVIII Spring called this year, discovered we'd not met
 XCIX Sweet thief whence didst thou steal thy sweet
 C Do where did you slip off to, truant Muse
 CI Speak truant Muse, how will you make amends
 CII Strong is my love although no strength is seeming
 CIII Scope for self-pride's apparent in this work

CIVSeen through my eyes you never can grow old
 CVLet not love be called idolatry
 CVIShould in the chronicles of wasted time
 CVIIStill will this fancy stay thy monument
 CVIIISb as time serves fine wine so this serves thee
 CIXSay not that ever I was false at heart
 CXSb much 'tis true, I've gadded here and there
 CXIStart and finish for me are the same
 CXIIStandal's stamped your image on my brow
 CXIIISince I met you my eye is in my mind
 CXIVSuch angelic qualities as yours
 CXVSuch lines I wrote before were outright lie
 CXVSb are our revels ended, and the game
 CXVISb do not to the marriage of true minds
 CXVIIsLaw of this world
 CXVIIISay that on the others I have bent my eye
 CXVIII□ Something sings within me when I think
 CXIXStill losing when myself I sought to win
 CXXSensing old unkindness helps me now
 CXXISpend time elsewhere, share not thy days with me
 CXXIISb many gifts to praise, so little space
 CXXIII □ So, Time, If mockery there be, I mock
 CXXIVShould this, my love, be held as wishful thinking
 CXXVSb turn the old Khayyam and from his cup
 CXXVISickled Time is sick with jealousy
 CXXVIIStale seems all praise with, dripping from the pen
 CXXVIIISb often when thy smallest thoughts caress
 CXXIXShakespeare too often failed to understand
 CXXXSun shines far brighter than do Sandrine's eyes
 CXXXISwift in succession speed sweet thoughts when I
 CXXXIISbme seek to turn impressions inside out
 CXXXIIISbolen from myself, in jail to lie
 CXXXIVStay of execution do I seek
 CXXXVSbme find, in seeking, pleasure undefined
 CXXXVISevered from all but vocal echo, I
 CXXXVIISweet Cupid what have you done to my eyes
 CXXXVIIIShould she swear she be one with Time and Truth
 CXXXIXSay that you love another if you can
 CXLScrow lends me words which here express
 CXLISuffice it that you know 'tis not my eyes
 CXLIISbcond thoughts tentacle sticky fingers
 CXLIIIStudied style, like polished mirror glass

CXLIV **S** here's confessed, my heart and head are thine
CXLV **S**oft lips that Love's own hand did make
CXLVI **S**ad soul, mad centre of my sinful earth
CXLVII **S**ense, sensibility, so sweetly signed
CXLVIII **S**urprise seduction signals siren song
CXLIX **S**ometimes surprising sweetness sweeps souls shy
CL **S**ingle state seems seemly, some souls state
CLI **S**wain to shepherdess sent gentle posy
CLII **S**how me another who thy praise has penned
CLIII **S**weet Cupid laid his bow down, fell asleep
CLIV **S**hrew Tamed, All's Well, though her is Much Ado
CLV **S**implicity was ne'er my claim to fame

ALPHABETICAL ORDER

CXVI **S**law of this world
LXXIX **S**abbath day does herald due repose
LXXIII **S**ad Autumn turncoat sheds its coat of leaves
LXXVII **S**ad lines reflected show how beauties wear,
L **S**adly I journey onward into night
CXLVI **S**ad soul, mad centre of my sinful earth
XCVI **S**ail set to wet the pen, another verse
CIX **S**ay not that ever I was false at heart
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LXXX **S**ee how I stall when my poor pen would write
LXXX **S**ee how I faint whenever I do paint.
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 LXXI Shall I survive if you refuse to make
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 LI Shall then my love forgive my constant calls
 X Shame hast thou surely, though beloved by many
 XCV Shame turns to bliss, and blame's a-miss if you
 LIII She hungry makes where most she satisfies
 She sudden danced into my sight, fair sprite □
 XXXVII Shirking to show my worth I take delight
 XLIV Should Chance or base design divide us twain
 CVI Should in the chronicles of wasted time
 XLI Should Muse to music set thy symphony
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 LXVIII Should there be nothing new beneath the sun
 CXXIV Should this, my love, be held as wishful thinking
 LXXXVIII Should thou my efforts mock, set all to light
 CXII Should you perceive that black becometh white
 LXXXVI Should you survive my epitaph to make
 XXXII Should you survive the number of my days
 CLII Show me another who thy praise has penned
 CLIV Shrew Tamed, All's Well, though her is Much Ado
 CXXVI Sickled Time is sick with jealousy
 CLV Implicity was ne'er my claim to fame
 LXII In of self-love was mine until we met
 XII Since daily do I clock hard knocks of time
 CXIII Since first and last we met, I live through thee
 CXIII Since I met you my eye is in my mind
 LXXXII □ Since you were never married to my Muse
 IX Single remaineth thou lest widow's tears
 CL Single state seems seemly, some souls state
 LXX Alexander's spite to quality's attracted
 LXX Sleepless nights and days devoid of rest
 LXXVII □ Sleeps now the metroman who dreams of strikes
 LXI Slumbers at thy pressing wish are broken □
 LII So am I as the wealthy man whose key
 CXV So are our revels ended, and the game
 LXXV So are you to my soul as food to life

XXIII**sb** as an actor, stage-fright suffering
CVIII**sb** as time serves fine wine so this serves thee
LXXIV**sb** be content, for when the verdict's cast
LXXI**sb** do not mourn for me when I am dead
CXVI**sb** do not to the marriage of true minds
LX**sb** do our minutes hasten to their end
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LVIII**sb** God forbid the day that sees me thine
CXLIV**sb** here's confessed, my heart and head are thine
XXXIX **sb** how, without self-praising, can I sing
XIII**sb** if, sweet love, thy life be like a book
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XXI**sb** is it not with me as with that Muse
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CV**sb** let not love be called idolatry
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CXL**S**orrow lends me words which here express
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 XVI**S**tone turns to sand, and mountains into mould
 XXXV**S**top, no longer grieve, believe! Who cares
 XXVII Bis Strained with toil I coil within my bed
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 XV**S**trange seems it that each little thing that grows
 XLVIII**S**treams start as springs, soon into rivers stream
 XL**S**trip all my former loves, I'll all reveal
 XXIV**S**tong hand has played the painter here to lend
 LXIX**S**tong is my faith, and each wraith from the Past
 CII**S**tong is my love although no strength is seeming
 XLVII**S**truggles cease as heart and eye ally
 LXXXIV**S**ubject or object, - roles so often turned
 CXLIII **S**tudied style, like polished mirror glass
 XCIV**S**uch as have power to hurt, yet do not so
 CXV**S**uch lines I wrote before were outright lie
 IV**S**uch loveliness as yours one should not hoard
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VSummer's spent while Winter's cold approaches
 VIIIn the East, the gorgeous morning light
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 LIXundry inventions of technology
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 ISweet, from the fairest creatures we desire
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 XCIXSweet thief whence didst thou steal thy sweet
 XLIIISweet, though I blink, I'll never blinkered be,
 VIIISweet with sweet strives not, why joy with joy
 LXXXII□ Swift does the pen in swift succession ink
 CXXXISwift in succession speed sweet thoughts when I
 XIXSwift-footed Time speeds on with open jaws
 CISyllables in scintillating stream

PH PART II

LXXI

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
 Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
 Give warning to the world that I am fled
 From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell:
 Nay, if you read this line, remember not
 The hand that writ it; for I love you so,
 That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
 If thinking of me then should make you woe.
 O! if, I say, you look upon this verse,
 When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
 Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
 But let your love even with my life decay;
 Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
 And mock you with me after I am gone.

Sonnet LXXI

So do not mourn for me when I am dead

So do not mourn for me when I am dead
And all do hear the surly sullen bell,
Nor, when the world will register I've fled,
Do not vouchsafe this sacred love to tell.
Recall not, if reread, the hand that writ, -
If worth here lies, 'tis due to you! I'd not
Now or ever share one whit of it,
Except with you, - keepsake keep safe as Scot!
Vanity is all! - when I'm as clay
Allow my mindless verse behind to burn.
It is not right Love's light should spurn decay,
Leather bound with decorated urn.
Let the wise world then turn another cheek,
And Never To past farce mask, mocking, speak.

LXXII

O! lest the world should task you to recite
What merit lived in me, that you should love
After my death, - dear love forget me quite,
For you in me can nothing worthy prove;
Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,
To do more for me than mine own desert,
And hang more praise upon deceased I
Than niggard truth would willingly impart:
O! lest your true love may seem false in this
That you for love speak well of me untrue,
My name be buried where my body is,
And live no more to shame nor me nor you.
For I am shamed by that which I bring forth,
And so should you, to love things nothing worth.

Sonnet LXXII

Should the cruel world oblige thee to recite

Should the cruel world oblige thee to recite,
After my death, what breath I drew from thee,
No yarn spin out from truth, no copy - (b) right!
Devise no scheme to share my modesty!

Regret no genius has passed away, -
If worth some find, beware of flattery.
Nine Muses at thy birth bespoke their say
Extolling thee, then took, as vassal, me!
View not this verse, rehearse it not, nor curse,
Albeit, store what pleases 'gainst the time
In splendid isolation of the hearse
Last tears I shall have shed, with Love my crime.
Love is ashamed to name, lest this compares,
Ashamed Not To share with you fair heirs!

LXXIII

That time of year thou may'st in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou see'st the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west;
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire
Consumed with that which it was nourished by.
Tis you perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

Sonnet LXXIII

Sad Autumn, turncoat, sheds its coat of leaves

Sad Autumn, turncoat, sheds its coat of leaves,
Anticipates wild Winter's shivering cold,
No trace of Summer stays, though, threadbare, cleaves
Despondently a handful, rotten, old.
Reflect on them should e'er you think of me,
In whom still stutters twilight which the Gods
Need soon reclaim to set one spirit free.
Earth claims our rest(s) to fertilise the sods.
View while you will the embers of my fire -
Ashes soon, though still endowed with flame,

I trim the wick that strings my modest lyre,
Liar who amassed, then abdicated fame.
Look one last time! - what worth this may contain
Abides Not Through itself, but through your reign!

LXXIV

But be contented: when that fell arrest
Without all bail shall carry me away,
My life hath in this line some interest,
Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.
When thou reviewest this, thou dost review
The very part was consecrate to thee:
The earth can have but earth, which is his due;
My spirit is thine, the better part of me:
So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
The prey of worms, my body being dead;
The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,
Too base of thee to be remembered.
The worth of that is that which it contains,
And that is this, and this with thee remains.

Sonnet LXXIV

So be content, for when Fate's verdict's cast,

So be content, for when Fate's verdict's cast,
And execution ordered without stay,
Notwithstanding all my days be passed
Dim echoes in thy praise perhaps may play,
Recalling this, which from the grave breaks free, -
Instructing all who choose it to believe.
No doubt, if ears could hear or eyes could see,
Eternity Love echoes, though we leave.
Voyage eternal, - such sought Baudelaire,
As Ronsard with Cassandra, Herrick too.
I may play dilettante, mere beau de l'air, -
Life brought me you, - and even snakes can mew!
Lo! all the worth of any pilgrim line
Accept, Nurture, Tend, - do not decline!

LXXV

So are you to my thoughts as food to life,
Or as sweet-seasoned showers are to the ground;
And for the peace of you I hold such strife
As twixt a miser and his wealth is found;
Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon
Doubting the filching age will steal his treasure;
Now counting best to be with you alone,
Then bettered that the world may see my pleasure:
Sometime at full with feasting on your sight,
And by and by clean starvèd for a look;
Possessing or pursuing no delight,
Save what is had, or must from you be took.
Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,
Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

Sonnet LXXV

So are you to my thoughts as food to life

So are you to my thoughts as food to life,
And as Spring's showers to the thirsty ground.
Name then the day when we may, Man and Wife,
Drink equal toasts, and boast true Love's been found.
Rise, shed surprise, abandon doubts untrue
If in shared smiles your riles will disappear!
New-born hope's scope, no changes fear, we'll woo
Eternally, all limits lost, no fear!
Voiced is my choice, my dreams by day and night
Are filled with picture images, - please look
Inside my head and wed a future bright, -
Look, you can read me like an open book.
Lets splice together, single heart and soul,
And Never Think to sink to single role.

LXXVI

Why is my verse so barren of new pride,
So far from variation or quick change?
Why with the time do I not glance aside
To new-found methods and to compounds strange?
Why write I still all one, ever the same,

And keep invention in a noted weed,
That every word doth almost tell my name,
Showing their birth, and where they did proceed?
O! know, sweet love, I always write of you,
And you and love are still my argument;
So all my best is dressing old words new,
Spending again what is already spent:
For as the sun is daily new and old,
So is my love still telling what is told.

Sonnet LXXVI

So far from innovations, easy change

So far from innovations, easy change,
Attest my verse is empty of vain pride.
No new-found scheming, noisy (w) rappings strange
Detract from the plain fact that by your side
Reality and dreams do seem the same.
In an oasis calm, that men call 'home'
Now at the slightest mention of your name
Every wrong is righted, strife unknown.
Vast as the world is, you're my argument,
And through you only do my fond thoughts flow.
Inscribed in life-lines was our meeting meant, -
Love could reap karmic harvest, fresh crops sow.
Like as the sun is daily new and old,
A New Tale folds, cold warms, new cycle's (sc) rol(l) ed.

LXXVII

Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties wear,
Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste:
The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,
And of this book this learning mayst thou taste.
The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show
Of mouthèd graves will give thee memory;
Thou by thy dial's shady stealth must know
Time's thievish progress to eternity.
Look! what thy memory cannot contain,
Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt find
Those children, nursed, deliver'd from thy brain,

To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.
These offices, so oft, as thou wilt look,
Shall profit thee and much enrich thy book.

Sonnet LXXVII

Sad lines reflected show how beauties wear,

Sad lines reflected show how beauties wear,
And mirror how the precious minutes waste:
No links tomorrow will thy imprints bear,
Downloaded letters digital encased
Reread in hypertext few feelings flow
If gaping grave Life's font melts, has devoured.
Numbered pixels underline Time's blow,
Entrancing beauty, cipher stamped and houred,
Victim of its own prowess, we find.
An answer lies in offspring for no press
Impresses where firm flesh can touch unwind
Let fresh mind fill old blanks, bold, make new guess!
Let ugly duckling's imperfections age
Allowing Niobe To fill fresh page!

LXXVIII

So oft have I invoked thee for my Muse
And found such fair assistance in my verse
As every alien pen hath got my use
And under thee their poesy disperse.
Thine eyes, that taught the dumb on high to sing
And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,
Have added feathers to the learnèd's wing
And given grace a double majesty.
Yet be most proud of that which I compile,
Whose influence is thine, and born of thee:
In others' works thou dost but mend the style,
And arts with thy sweet graces gracèd be:
But thou art all my art, and dost advance
As high as learning my rude ignorance.

Sonnet LXXVIII

So often I've invoked thee as my Muse

So often I've invoked thee as my Muse,
And fresh ground found there for inventions fair,
Nor could I seek to profit from false ruse,
Despising love, to trick, or trap prepare.
Rude, dumb was I who, sudden, seek to sing,
Ignorant who through life's clouds do soar, -
New feathers preened my sheen is glittering,
Enhanced by thy reflection adding more.
Vibrations string my verse which, but for you,
As empty style, or soldier on parade,
In serried ranks and stiff would ring untrue -
Leftover, graceless husk, all magic greyed!
Light, inspiration, artless, yet fine art
Are Not They winning trumps, help insight start?

Sonnet LXXIX

Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid,
My verse alone had all thy gentle grace:
But now my gracious numbers are decayed
And my sick Muse doth give another place.
I grant, sweet love, thy lovely argument
Deserves the travail of a worthier pen;
Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent
He robs thee of, and pays it thee again.
He lends thee virtue, and he stole that word
From thy behaviour; beauty doth he give,
And found it in thy cheek: he can afford
No praise to thee but what in thee doth live.
Then thank him not for that which he doth say,
Since what he owes thee thou thyself dost pay.

Sonnet LXXIX

Sweet love thy face, the fountainhead of grace

Sweet love thy face, the fountainhead of grace,
Afforded inspiration for my muse,
Now, down on luck, I fail, - you both refuse.
Dumbstruck I faint, still others fill my place.

Respecting what from you my mind would borrow,
It is exchange not highway robbery,
Needless to say we weigh words, - those we free
Extract a fee which triples each tomorrow.
Visible in both cheek, in demeanour,
As far from madding crowd as from the moon,
It seems your talents play a priceless tune,
Leave others standing, hissed from the arena
Letters are formed by she who stimulates,
And Nought The author owe - who thy truth states

LXXX

O! how I faint when I of you do write,
Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,
And in the praise thereof spends all his might,
To make me tongue tied speaking of your fame!
But since your worth - wide as the ocean is, -
The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,
My saucy bark, inferior far to his,
On your broad main doth wilfully appear.
Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat,
Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth ride;
Or, being wracked, I am a worthless boat,
He, of tall building and of goodly pride:
 Then if he thrive, and I be cast away,
 The worst was this - my love was my decay.

Sonnet LXXX

See how I stall when my poor pen would write

See how I stall when my poor pen would write, -
Aware a better lip exalts thy name
Naming talents no one else could claim, -
Doubting, tongue-tied where I'd praise delight.
Reflecting, though, your worth is infinite
It seems that time and space for all the same
Needs cater, offer hot and cold, shame, fame,
Even my modest tribute may shine bright.
Voiced hint from thee, frees from restrictions trite
Although another makes my all seem tame,

I falter, hesitate to speak, seem lame, -
Lame where another's bark has deeper bite.
Lady, though he thrive, and I'm outcast,
At No Time I'll regret Love's die was cast.

LXXXI

Or shall I live your epitaph to make,
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten;
From hence your memory death cannot take,
Although in me each part will be forgotten.
Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
Though I, once gone, to all the world must die:
The earth can yield me but a common grave,
When you entombèd in men's eyes shall lie.
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read;
And tongs to be your being shall rehearse,
When all the breathers of this world are dead;
You still shall live, - such virtue hath my pen, -
Where breath most breathes, even in the mouths of men.

Sonnet LXXXI

Shall I survive if you refuse to make

Shall I survive if you refuse to make
An answer to my plea, in earth lie rotten?
New roses bloom, new names old claims forsake,
Deserting old maid's mirror! Unforgotten
Ride here upon this sonnet's steed to wake
In ecstasy immortal other throats!
No fair could dare compare, your beauty fake,
Excelling not, deforming Nature's notes.
Vision eternal you remain, to take
All those who follow on the tracks of time
Into the realm of speculation, stake
Life's worth on insight garnered from this rhyme.
Let all who read forget loves present, past,
As No Thoughts uninspired by you can last!

LXXXII

I grant thou wert not married to my Muse,
And therefore mayst without attaint o'erlook
The dedicated words which writers use
Of their fair subject, blessing every book.
Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,
Finding thy worth a limit past my praise;
And therefore art enforced to seek anew
Some fresher stamp to the time-bettering days.
And do so, love; yet when they have devised
What strained touches rhetoric can lend,
Thou truly fair wert truly sympathised
In true plain words by thy true-telling friend;
And their gross painting might be better us'd
When cheeks need blood; in thee it is abused.

Sonnet LXXXII

Since you were never married to my Muse

Since you were never married to my Muse
And thus poetic licence can dispense,
No dedication seems unjust, - incense
Derived without expedients writers use
Reflecting that your worth none can refuse,
I find personified sweet excellence,
Nature's triumph at all art's expense -
Exception as ambition all would choose!
Vain strained rhetoric seems when talents fuse
As one within one iridescence,
Inspiration whose bright incandescence
Leaves breathless all, who fear what they may lose.
Lush blush does bloom to gild a lily fair,
And No Tint human ever seemed so rare!

LXXXIII

I never saw that you did painting need,
And therefore to your fair no painting set,
I found, or thought I found, you did exceed
The barren tender of a poet's debt:
And therefore have I slept in your report,

That you yourself, being extent, well might show
How far a modern quill doth come too short,
Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow.
This silence for my sin you did impute,
Which shall be most my glory, being dumb;
For I impair not beauty being mute,
When others would give life, and bring a tomb.

There lives more life in one of your fair eyes
Then both your poets can in praise devise.

Sonnet LXXXIII

Strange as it sounds, I felt you'd never need

Strange as it sounds, I felt you'd never need
A portrait drawn, since, fair beyond compare,
Naught could depict what does all else exceed,
Despite the debt due to poetic flair.
Rose rose remains which rose behind a mask, -
I found, or thought I'd found - a priceless gem,
Now pen would (I) ink some questions, take to task, -
Each rose grows thorns upon a spiky stem!
Value on truth I put! Trod underfoot
Are all assumptions of perfection's sphere,
If magic weaves its spell without, it's put
Levels within which just to sage appear.
Lives there more life in one of your fair eyes
As Nirvana's Tale could improvise.

LXXXIV

Who is it that says most? which can say more
Than this rich praise, - that you alone are you!
In whose confine immurèd is the store
Which should example where your equal grew.
Lean penury within that pen doth dwell
That to his subject lends not some small glory;
But he that writes of you, if he can tell
That you are you, so dignifies his story,
Let him but copy what in you is writ,
Not making worse what nature made so clear,
And such a counterpart shall fame his wit,

Making his style admirèd everywhere.
You to your beauteous blessings add a curse,
Being fond on praise, which makes your praises worse.

Sonnet LXXXIV

Speech serves no turn, what can give pleasure more

Speech serves no turn, what can give pleasure more
Approaching treasure as your measure true
None on Earth claim more worth than in your store
Decidedly seems surface 'superflu'.
Risible the author who would dwell
In depth upon a subject, shed no light, -
None but he who on your timeless spell
Echoes approximations, lily bright
Vainly would gild to dim its inner light.
Alas there's not one wit who e'er could knit
Ideas together, make a copy right,
Loyal to Nature's imprint clearly writ
Love, an eternal mirage-mirror, makes
All NaTure envy you, all else are fakes.

LXXXV

My tongue-tied Muse in manners holds her still,
While comments on your praise, richly compiled
Reserve their character with golden quill
And precious phrase by all the Muses filed.
I think good thoughts, while others write good words,
And, like unlettered clerk, still cry 'Amen'
To every hymn that able spirit affords
In polished form of well refinèd pen.
Hearing you praised, I say, 'Tis so, 'tis true, '
And to the most of praise add something more;
But that is in my thought, whose love to you,
Though words come hindmost, holds his rank before.
Then others for the breath of words respect,
Me for my dumb-thoughts, speaking in effect.

Sonnet LXXXV

Speech is held silver, silence gold is found

Speech is held silver, silence gold is found,
And it were better had I held my tongue,
No tales would then be told of aims unsound,
Dumb would this sonnet be, its woes unsung.
Recapitulation serves no turn,
I rant and rave enough elsewhere, 'tis true,
Nuisances some scold, and others spurn, -
Enough, no more! there are those sweet as you.
Vice steals from virtue various disguises
Attempting to score points no other sees,
If I'd not known you ARE, what wild surmises
Life might have conjured up to deck dream frieze!
Let from this framework form an image deep
Allow Now This, which makes all envy weep.

LXXXVI

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,
Bound for the prize of all too gracious you,
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,
Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?
Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write
Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead?
No, neither he, nor his compeers by night
Giving him aid, my verse astonishèd.
He, not that affable familiar ghost
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,
As victors of my silence cannot boast,
I was not sick of any fear from thence:
But when your countenance filled up his line,
Then lacked I matter; - that enfeebled mine.

Sonnet LXXXVI

Seductive, someone peacock played, his verse

Seductive, someone peacock played, his verse
Attempted to abscond with you as prize,
Needed to jealous pitch my toss too terse,
Deflected hopes, which were cut down to size.

Ripe rotten turned as if his magic lines
Implied and underscored my weaknesses, -
Nuisance value doomed to slight success.
Each night an evil sprite his verse defines
Vacant paper fills between the sheets -
And I, who cry in silence, cannot boast
Intelligence can top the wedding toast!
Little fear I had but he defeats
Last hopes when you his start and finish prove
ANThem immortal which love would remove.

LXXXVII

Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing,
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate:
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;
My bonds in thee are all determinate.
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?
And for that riches where is my deserving?
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
And so my patent back again is swerving.
Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not knowing,
Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking;
So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,
Comes home again, on better judgement making.
Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,
In sleep a king, but, waking, no such matter.

Sonnet LXXXVII

So leave! Farewell! Thou art for my possessing

So leave! Farewell! Thou art for my possessing
Alas too dear, and know'st thy estimate!
Nor can a spirit so unprepossessing
Deserve to be admitted as thy mate.
Rich is thy soul, too rich for my deserving,
Intrinsic worth in me be of thy granting,
Now all my licence patently is swerving,
Exiled returns to she who finds me wanting.
Vows were not spoken, yet are hopes mistaken,
And I who sought thought too well of my worth,

I plumb new depths, thy height who can have taken?
Let dust to dust return until rebirth!
Lady, I dreamed, - and dreams oft tend to flatter, -
A Notion Timid! Which one? - Does it matter?

LXXXVIII

When thou shall be disposed to set me light,
And place my merit in the eye of scorn,
Upon thy side against myself I'll fight,
And prove thee virtuous, thou thou art forsworn.
With mine own weakness being best acquainted,
Upon thy part I can set down a story
Of faults concealed, wherein I am attainted;
That thou in losing me shall win much glory.
And I by this shall be a gainer too;
For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,
The injuries that to myself I do,
Doing thee vantage, double-vantage me.
Such is my love, to thee I do belong,
That for thy right myself will bear all wrong.

Sonnet LXXXVIII

Should you my efforts mock, set all to light

Should you my efforts mock, set all to light,
And blanket merit in a bed of scorn,
New criticise, against myself I'd fight,
Duty owing you, leave both forsworn.
Regarding faults, with mine I'm well acquainted,
In losing me, the more chance for your glory: -
No details now of how I am attainted
Expect to hear herein - 'tis quite a story!
Victory is yours whate'er your choice,
As leaving me you should leave ill behind.
It brings me joy, does this, but should love's voice
Lift up my hopes, leave scope for bettered mind,
Life then in love with love would thus belong
(And Never Turn) - to thee for whom I long!

LXXXIX

Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,
And I will comment upon that offence;
Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt,
Against thy reasons making no defence.
Thou canst not, love, disgrace me half so ill,
To set a form upon desired change,
As I'll myself disgrace; knowing thy will,
I will acquaintance strangle, and look strange;
Be absent from my walks; and in my tongue
Thy sweet belovèd name no more shall dwell,
Lest I, too much profane, should do it wrong,
And haply of our old acquaintance tell.
Eør thee, against myself, I'll vow debate,
Eør must I ne'er love him whom thou dost hate.

Sonnet LXXXIX

Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault

Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,
And I shall not deny that dire offence:
Name but thy arguments, at once I'll halt,
Dispensing with excuses or defence.
Rest charges - press not hard, - naught does disgrace
In life as much as where one's checked due change,
Nor aught despised as much as who'd his face
Expects to show when banished out of range.
Vile I should feel, and all acquaintance past
At last if e'er profaned thy name has been,
If eye offended has, be it outcast,
Limb sinned? - let it be struck, no longer seen.
Lo, where thy smile no more may penetrate
All Noble Thoughts to dust disintegrate.

XC

Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now;
Now, while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
And do not dropp in for an after-loss:
Ah! do not, when my heart hath 'scaped this sorrow,

Come in the rearward of a conquered woe;
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purposed overthrow.
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
When other petty spites have done their spite,
But in the onset come; so I shall taste
At first the very worst of fortune's might:
And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,
Compared with loss of thee will not seem so.

Sonnet XC

Spurn me please, all my pleas if out of place

Spurn me please, all my pleas if out of place
A word is writ which might thy wor(l) d upset,
Necessity's a law which heeds no threat, -
Despise not praise that ph(r) ases beauty's face.
Repudiate me now, leave with no trace,
If I offend or lend to fair coquette
Now in my verse, - perverse, or false facet -
Entitled art thou! Naught would I efface.
Vanity to others can't erase
A truth that's universal. Thou dost whet
Indelicate an appetite and set
Lines on lines to paper paper-chase!
Leave me to linger, if thou wilt, depths plumb,
Add Now The words: - 'Of Love where is the sum? '

XCI

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
Some in their worth, some in their bod'ly force,
Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill;
Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse;
And every humour has its adjunct pleasure,
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest:
But these particulars are not my measure
All these I better in one general best.
Thy love is better than high birth to me,
Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,
Of more delight than hawks or horses be;

And having thee of all men's pride I boast:
Wretched in this alone, that thou mayst take
All this away, and me most wretched make.

Sonnet XCI

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
And some in wealth, some in their body's force,
Nor yet can some ignore rich raiments, still
Do others turn to sporting, hounds or horse.
Right every humour hath his added pleasure,
In which it finds true joys above the rest:
No wonder such concerns I spurn as treasure -
Esteeming better what I measure best!
Verily thy love is ALL to me,
And richer far than wealth, - uncounted worth!
I boast a host of happiness through thee, -
Love's bark in thy safe haven finds its berth.
Love's luck I've found, but fear lest thou should take
Away Now This, - and me most wretched make!

XCII

But do thy worst to steal thyself away,
For term of life thou art assurèd mine;
And life no longer than thy love will stay,
For it depends upon that love of thine.
Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,
When in the least of them my life hath end.
I see a better state to me belongs
Than that which on thy humour doth depend:
Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind,
Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie.
O! what a happy title do I find,
Happy to have thy love, happy to die!
But what's so blessèd-fair that fears no blot?
Thou may'st be false, and yet I know it not.

Sonnet XCI

Steal not away, coeval is thy life

Steal not away, coeval is thy life
And mine, entwined for ever, - should you leave
No longer could I face this vale of strife,
Despondent I would drown should love deceive.
Rest by my side, - our lives would never end,
In harmony we would compose love's songs,
Nature Nature has surpassed, I'd bend
Ever my knee to Fate's unweighted thongs.
Vexation cannot cross a constant mind;
Aware that on thy life it does depend,
In this a happy title do I find,
Light shall triumph, Death's veil ne'er descend.
Link our unfettered letters, free from blot,
And Ne'er Think Love false, fickle, fancied, sot!

XCIII

So shall I live, supposing thou art true,
Like a deceived husband; so love's face
May still seem love to me, though altered new;
Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place:
For there can live no hatred in thine eye,
Therefore in that I cannot know the change.
In many's looks the false heart's history
Is writ in moods, and frowns, and wrinkles strange,
But heaven in thy creation did decree
That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell;
Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,
Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness tell.
Ebw like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,
If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show!

Sonnet XCIII

Shall I survive if we apart remain

Shall I survive if we apart remain
Alive, deprived of light, - might bright sun shine?
No! Split from thy sweet reign rain shows brine,
Divided from thy smile, life's inhumane.

Reason sees through those counterfeits who feign,
In search of trinkets, soft affection's mime, -
Nonetheless, when writing bottom line,
Expressed is pain which spurns the counterpane.
Values: - none but thee on Earth retain,
As in thy stars the Graces did combine,
Inventing more to grant thy planet's sign -
Love, health and wealth, uniting beauty, brain.
Let not this combination war within,
Admit New T(h) rust, - thou must - let life begin!

XCIV

They that have power to hurt and will do none,
That do not do the thing they most do show,
Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
Unmovèd, cold, and to temptation slow;
They rightly do inherit heaven's graces,
And husband nature's riches from expense;
They are the lords and owners of their faces,
Others but stewards of their excellence.
The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die,
But if that flower with base infection meet,
The basest weed outbraves his dignity:
Eòr sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

Sonnet XCIV

Such as have power to hurt, yet do not so

Such as have power to hurt, yet do not so
And, moving other, stay, themselves, as stone,
Needled never, poker faced, no groan
Do cede to temper tantrum, oath or blow
Rewards do find, thought to temptation slow,
Inherit nature's bounty, need no loan
Nectar sip, don't turn to skin and bone,
E'er Lords and masters stay, may come or go.
Vale's summer flow'r grows sweet neath summer's glow,
Although unseen it blooms and fades alone,

If it be struck by blight or tempest blown,
Lower it lies than dank weed's thankless show.
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds,
And Things turn sour which flower with ill deeds.

XCV

For sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame
Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,
Doth spot the beauty of the budding name!
O! in what sweets dost thou thy sins enclose.
That tongue that tells the story of thy days,
Making lascivious comments on thy sport,
Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise;
Naming thy name blesses an ill report.
O! what a mansion have those vices got
Which for their habitation chose out thee,
Where beauty's veil does cover every blot
And all things turn to fair that eyes can see?
Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege;
The hardest knife, ill-used, doth lose its edge.

Sonnet XCV

Shame turns to bliss, and blame's a-miss when you

Shame turns to bliss, and blame's a-miss when you
A miss, become a mistress of my heart.
No spots will blot or blight, new light will chart
Day after day joys which to joys accrue.
Rapport, true empathy, osmosis new,
In unity upset old apple cart.
New day may dawn ere corn is ripe, - fresh start
Ending Love's apprenticeship. Skies blue
Vista's wide encourage. Courage true
Art thou who artless plays a double part,
In forcing wait, - enforcing, wait apart: -
Let this Apartheid hide what both fates knew.
Let not this weight become an ashen grate, -
Abuse Not This lest both disintegrate.

XCVI

Some say thy fault is youth, some wantonness;
 Some say thy grace is youth and gentle sport;
 Both grace and faults are loved of more and less:
 Thou mak'st faults graces that to the resort.
 As on the finger of a thronèd queen
 The basest jewel will be well esteemed,
 So are those errors that in thee are seen
 To truths translated and for true things deemed.
 How many lambs might the stern wolf betray,
 If like a lamb he could his looks translate!
 How many gazers mightst thou lead away
 If thou wouldst use the strength of all thy state!
 But do not so; I love thee in such sort,
 As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

Sonnet XCVI

Some say thy fault is youth and wantonness

Some say thy fault is youth and wantonness
 And some thy grace is youth and gentle sport: -
 Now both grace, faults, are loved by more or less
 Deny none can, grace in your faults is caught!
 Reflect: upon the finger of a queen
 If not the smallest stone attracts all praise, -
 Next think all errors that in you are seen
 Exchanged for truths are, or truth's interplays.
 Very many lambs would wolf betray
 Appearing as a lamb, with woolly fleece
 If there is one then thousands are astray
 Led if you play a game, and feelings fleece!
 Let not temptation overplay its hand
 As Now That you are mine, your charms expand.

XCVII

How like a winter hath my absence been
 From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
 What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen!
 What old December's bareness every where!
 And yet this time removed was summer's time;

The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,
Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,
Like widowed wombs after their lords' decease:
Yet this abundant issue seemed to me
But hope or orphans and unfathered fruit;
For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
And, thou away, the very birds are mute:
Or, if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer,
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

Sonnet XCVII

So like the winter has your absence been

So like the winter has your absence been,
And every day that passes by forsakes
Narcissic hopes: - head aches, while hoary flakes
Drudge from dark depths stark ancient echoes mean.
Read how the world I'd win were you my Queen!
Imagine how we'd overcome mistakes,
Nestled close together till each wakes
Entwined in silk-soft curves, from dreams serene.
Velvet is that touch too much you'd screen
Apart from one true heart that counterfeits
Insouciance yet still askance awaits
Love's signal from that ciphered smile, - Sandrine!
Let go old hesitations, seek new peaks,
Admiration Never Too much speaks.

XCVIII

From you I have been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April, dressed in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing,
That heavy Saturn laughed and leaped with him.
Yet nor the lays of birds nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew:
Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,

Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.
Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play.

Sonnet XCVIII

Spring called this year, discovered we'd not met

Spring called this year, discovered we'd not met,
Although thy absence keenly I did feel.
November now, - I never shall forget
Doubled desire for fire I can't conceal.
Restrictions heavy lie, in solitude
I dwell on lilies white and roses red,
Nor birds, nor bees, can melt an icy mood, -
Excepting you no thoughts fly through my head.
Vernal green and summer gold, if told,
Are echoes pale of your chromatic scale,
Impressions fleeting, tawdry goods unsold, -
Left on life's shelf where your wealth tints life's tale.
Life winter doubly turns with you away,
As NoThing earns but shadows, dark dismay.

XCIX

The forward violet thus did I chide:
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that smells,
If not from my love's breath? The purple pride
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed.
The lily I condemnèd for thy hand,
And buds of marjoram had stol'n thy hair,
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair;
A third, nor red nor white, had stol'n of both,
And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath;
But, for his theft, in pride of all his growth
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see
But sweet or colour it had stol'n from thee.

Sonnet XCIX

'Sweet thief whence didst thou steal thy sweet that smells? '

'Sweet thief whence didst thou steal thy sweet that smells? '

A violet asked her with a gentle chide,

'No theft occurred! ' at once my Queen replied:

'Divine the gift! - in genius my cells! '

Reactions followed fast! The thorny rose,

In jealous corn did prick: - 'Whence did thy glow,

Ne'er seen before, so sudden spring? ' 'Who knows? '

Envious Lily sneered. Said Marjoram, 'Vain show! '

Vain was the spite that whitened roots in all,

As one with shame blushed, three paled in despair.

In late atonement violet, bunching small,

Let on thy perfume was beyond compare!

Lily, rose and violet did I see,

And None There grew but drew fair hue from you.

C

Where art thou, Muse, that thou forget'st so long

To speak of that which gives thee all thy might?

Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless song,

Darkening thy power to lend base subjects light?

Return, forgetful Muse, and straight redeem

In gentle numbers time so idly spent;

Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem

And gives thy pen both skill and argument.

Rise, resty Muse, my love's sweet face survey,

If Time have any wrinkle graven there;

If any, be a satire to decay,

And make Time's spoils despisèd every where.

Give my love fame faster than Time wastes life;

So thou prevent'st his scythe and crookèd knife.

Sonnet C

So where did you slip off to, truant Muse,

So where did you slip off to, truant Muse,

Allowing time to pass without inventing

New songs to praise, new phrases to amuse

Divinity? Whence comes this dumb relenting?

Return, forgetful Muse, forthwith repent
In gentle numbers time so idly spent.
Nightingale, thy notes in my esteem
E'er shall seduce till Time all Time has spent.
Verily unmatched, rise, Love survey,
And prove no wrinkle Time can lay on her
In spite that by night Time oft likes to prey -
Let ridicule his shame forever stir!
Love fans her fame that flames far faster than
A Neutered Time decay could ever plan.

CI

O truant Muse, what shall be thy amends
For thy neglect of truth in beauty dyed?
Both truth and beauty on my love depends;
So dost thou too, and therein dignified.
Make answer, Muse: wilt thou not haply say,
Truth needs no colour, with his colour fixed;
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay;
But best is best, if never intermixed ?
Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?
Excuse not silence so, for 't lies in thee
To make him much outlive a gilded tomb
And to be prais'd of ages yet to be.
Then do thy office, Muse; I teach thee how
To make him seem long hence as he shows now.

Sonnet CI

Speak truant Muse, how will you make amends

Speak truant Muse, how will you make amends
After neglecting truth in beauty dyed?
Need I repeat their aims do coincide?
Does not my love on both of them depend?
Respond, fond Muse: will you not truly say
In truth Truth needs no colour, colour fixed,
Nor should false praise be ever intermixed
Each pencil, stencil, brush, is truth denied?
Viewed that time often is a bitter ill
Allow not silence! speak! and make more room

If Love would last beyond the gilded tomb!
Lift up their thoughts, praise through the ages still
Let your imagination roam, fair Muse,
ANd Those who follow on you'll e'er enthuse.

CII

My love is strengthen'd, though more weak in seeming;
I love not less, though less the show appear:
That love is merchandized whose rich esteeming
The owner's tongue doth publish every where.
Our love was new, and then but in the spring,
When I was wont to greet it with my lays;
As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,
And stops her pipe in growth of riper days:
Not that the summer is less pleasant now
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,
But that wild music burthens every bough
And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.
Therefore, like her, I sometime hold my tongue,
Because I would not dull you with my song.

Sonnet CII

Strong is my love although no strength is seeming,

Strong is my love although no strength is seeming,
As love's not less though less its shine appears,
Nor is love rich which value mines, esteeming
Due credit lies when broadcast far and near.
Revels were fresh unravelled in the Spring
In times of joy, of rose and nightingale,
Next, Autumn chill, crops tilled, bees lose their sting,
Ease turns to anguish as time's lease doth stale.
Vanquished the peerless beauty of the rose,
And nightingale is mute or hardly heard,
In my love only lasting lantern glows,
Lute is love's word, flute finer than a bird!
Lost roses all are, nightingales fall dumb,
As Now They sense love's greater than their sum.

CIII

Alack! what poverty my Muse brings forth,
That having such a scope to show her pride,
The argument, all bare, is of more worth
Than when it hath my added praise beside!
O! blame me not, if I no more can write!
Look in your glass, and there appears a face
That over-goes my blunt invention quite,
Dulling my lines and doing me disgrace.
Were it not sinful then, striving to mend,
To mar the subject that before was well?
For to no other pass my verses tend
Than of your graces and your gifts to tell;
And more, much more, than in my verse can sit,
Your own glass shows you when you look in it.

Sonnet CIII

Scope for self-pride's apparent in this work

Scope for self-pride's apparent in this work
Adapting truth to trace a transient whim.
Nonetheless it jars now, starts to irk,
Despite the polished stanzas neat and trim.
Rosy cheeks and figures fair attract
In days of joy till usage cloy's love's verse, -
No need exists to butter bread where tact
Expects discretion, vanity would curse.
Vanished seems that vision dreams impelled,
And in its stead a new kaleidoscope
Is turned - all changes, Truth is diff'rent spelled,
Leaving room for some fresh tumbled hope!
Let joys not ploys and whims forthwith unite,
Asserting Nature's Triumph, future bright.

CIV

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were when first your eye I eyed,
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold
Have from the forests shook three summer's pride,
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turned

In process of the seasons have I seen,
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burned,
Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.
Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,
Steal from his figure, and no peace perceived;
So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceived:
For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred:
Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead.

Sonnet CIV

Seen through my eyes you never can grow old

Seen through my eyes you never can grow old,
As you are now, so shall you ever be.
Now fair among the fair, - their beauty, cold,
Defers to yours in depth and quality.
Rise and fall of seasons have I seen,
It still holds true, though through you Time's defeated,
Nor shall decay add grey to sable sheen,
Ever round you the Muses nine are seated.
Vain would the hand of time advance an hour,
As second thoughts uncounted spin awry, -
Its motions spelled by magic, still, you flower,
Life revels in you till the sands run dry.
Lend me a tithe of all that love, we'll bloom,
ANd To no other turn, thrive bride and groom.

CV

Let not my love be called idolatry,
Nor my belovèd as an idol show,
Since all alike my songs and praises be
To one, of one, still such, and ever so.
Kind is my love today, tomorrow kind,
Still constant in a wondrous excellence;
Therefore my verse, to constancy confined,
One thing expressing, leaves out difference.
'Fair, kind, and true' is all my argument,
'Fair, kind, and true' varying to other words;
And in this change is my invention spent,

Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords.
'Fair, kind, and true' have often lived alone,
Which three till now never kept seat in one.

Sonnet CV

Spurn ideal love not as idolatry,
Assert not my belovèd idol show,
Now constant all my songs, strong praises free,
Describe my Doll, - no verse knows idle flow!
Rose is my love, without the thorns, - sweet, kind,
Inherently confirming excellence.
No less my verse, to constancy confined,
Expresses truth, admits no difference.
'Valid, fair and kind's' my argument,
And beauty, truth, there draw their synonyms,
If this should change, imagination spent,
Look between the lines for further hymns.
Love, Truth, and Kindness bind a mind replete,
And Not To others look, nor brook defeat.

CVI

When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rime,
In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,
Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have expressed
Even such a beauty as you master now.
So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
And, for they looked but divining eyes,
They had not skill enough you worth to sing:
For we, which now behold these present days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

Sonnet CVI

Should in the chronicles of wasted time

Should in the chronicles of wasted time
A line be writ to underline this jest,
No explanations for this pantomime
Deserve a space within your treasure chest.
Rapid rises favour faster falls
If fancies are not backed by solid fact.
Now, looking back, the parody appals, -
Ego boosting exercise that lacked
Valid motives from the start, which now
Abjectly seek to justify its cause
In causing pain unto a stainless brow -
Light-hearted wit which others' flaws ignores.
Light painted shipwreck on a(t) tainted ocean,
A Nuisance Tries to style itself emotion.

CVII

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,
Can yet the lease of my true love control,
Supposed as forfeit to a confined doom.
The mortal moon hath her eclipse endured,
And the sad augurs mock their own presage;
Incertainties now crown themselves assured,
And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
Now with the drops of this most balmy time
My love looks fresh, and Death to me subscribes,
Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor rime,
While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes:
And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.

Sonnet CVII

Still will this fancy stay thy monument

Still will this fancy build thy monument
Although the seasons leapfrog through decades
Nor does it matter if its argument
Derives much stimulation from thy peers.
Relentlessly I mutilate my thought
Intending to induce distaste in thee,

Nor does it matter much if I am caught
Enmeshed within a self-made net for free!
Vast though this scheme, the dream begins to wilt,
And although perjured soul-song I deny,
I still retain a deep quixotic tilt
Looking for fresh ways to unify
Love's present dea(r)th with hopes for future fair,
And Thus defeat my self defeat, - Time's snare.

CVIII

What's in the brain, that inks may character,
Which hath not figured to thee my true spirit?
What's new to speak, what new to register,
That may express my love, or thy dear merit?
Nothing, sweet boy; but yet, like prayers divine,
I must each day say o'er the very same;
Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
Even as when first I hallowed thy fair name.
So that eternal love in love's fresh case
Weighs not the dust and injury of age,
Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,
But makes antiquity for aye his page;
Finding the first conceit of love there bred,
Where time and outward form would show it dead.

Sonnet CVIII

So as time serves fine wine so this serves thee

So as time serves fine wine so this serves thee,
As, ageing, both flow fresher than before.
New aspects of your worth will freshmen see,
Decorticating my acrostic core.
Revealed in Antwerp or in Amsterdam,
In diamond cutters' workshops, new facets
Need time revealing beauty gram by gram,
Endless patience to unveil assets.
Victim of my haste, though, here I fail
A fraction of thy charm to render - you
In future will through CPU so frail
Live, slip between the lines, encoded cue.

Liver, lights and lungs combine to praise
Avowing Noble Thoughts you've set ablaze!

CIX

O, never say that I was false of heart,
Though absence seemed my flame to qualify.
As easy might I from myself depart
As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie:
That is my home of love: if I have ranged,
Like him that travels, I return again;
Just to the time, not with the time exchanged,
So that myself bring water for my stain.
Never believe, though in ma nature reigned
All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
That it could so preposterously be stained,
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good;
For nothing this wide universe I call,
Save thou, my rose; in it thou art my all.

Sonnet CIX

Say not that ever I was false at heart

Say not that ever I was false at heart,
Although forced absence seemed to qualify
New love's protestations. You're a part
Decisive of my life, as is each eye
Revealed to be, - you have been from the start!
Interconnections within the brain defy
Normal comprehension. Neurons dart
Encoding and decoding symbols by
Vaulting synapses, seek solutions' heart.
A binding stripped of pages now am I,
In somic coma, - for, when we're apart,
Life's motions stumble, dazed, time passes by.
Lapsed time no meaning holds when you're away,
And Neither, Too, beside you - night is day!

CX

Alas! 'tis true I have gone here and there,

And made myself a motley to the view,
Gored my own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear.
Made old offences of affections new;
Most true it is that I have looked on truth
Askance and strangely; but, by all above,
These blenches gave my heart another youth,
And worse essays prov'd thee my best of love.
Now all is done, save what shall have no end:
Mine appetite I never more will grind
On newer proof, to try an older friend,
A god in love, to whom I am confined.
Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,
Even to thy pure and most loving breast.

Sonnet CX

So much, 'tis true, I've gadded here and there

So much, 'tis true, I've gadded here and there,
And played the fool, abused that play as tool,
Nor scrupled yet to trade though cupboard bare
Dog ne'er did see, while stretching every rule.
Respecting truth, I've led a merry dance
In some respects for years, - yet now would claim
New age has dawned, - at shed skin glance askance,
Entrapped within a net knit with your name.
Vain he who, finding love, seeks pastures new, -
Amor has nestled in my heart for good.
I would not change, deflect to other view,
Love's feast has come to roost, and I'll not brood.
Lasting shall this trance turn out to be,
Aphrodite's Now Triumphant, free.

CXI

O! for my sake do you with Fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means, which public manners breeds.
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,

And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand:
Pity me, then, and wish I were renewed;
Whilst like a willing patient, I will drink
Potions of eisel 'gainst my strong infection;
No bitterness that I will bitter think,
Nor double penance, to correct correction.
Pity me, then, dear friend, and I assure ye
Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

Sonnet CXI

Start and finish are for me the same

Start and finish are for me the same
As henceforth I'll be ruled by one sole star,
Nourishment divine shines from one flame,
Does light my love if I be near or far.
Regeneration casts its magic spell
Instantly resuscitating hope,
Night-light on whom my dreams do daily dwell,
Expectant turn to you, then, awkward, grope
Venturesome to find a way to give
A tithe of what you've granted back to you.
In full awareness that I cannot live
Long sans some sign, some line that nought's askew,
Let, if unwelcome, these words be returned,
And Never Try to seek where I'll be urned.

CXII

Thy love and pity doth the impression fill
Which vulgar scandal stamped upon my brow;
For what care I who calls me well or ill,
So you o'er-green my bad, my good allow?
You are my all-the-world, and I must strive
To know my shames and praises from your tongue;
None else to me, nor I to none alive,
That my steeled sense or changes right or wrong.
In so profound abysm I throw all care
Of others' voices, that my adder's sense
To critic and to flatterer stoppèd are

Mark how with my neglect I do dispense:
You are so strongly in my purpose bred,
That all the world besides methinks are dead.

Sonnet CXII

Scandal's stamped your image on my brow

Scandal's stamped your image on my brow
As for no other care I well or ill,
Nectar tastes tart where my claims you allow,
Dear, you alone do all my dreams fulfil.
Replete you are, my ALL, and I must strive
In everything obedient to your tongue.
None else to me, and I to none alive,
Except your star that rules my right and wrong.
Vanquished all fear of slander, my desires
Are lit by you, who cares a critic's toss
If others, jealous, jingle at my fires?
Large is my gain, and larger still their loss!
Love, you're so much the sum of every part
As None That live can count or touch my heart.

CXIII

Since I left you my eye is in my mind;
And that which governs me to go about
Doth part his function and is partly blind,
Seems seeing, but effectually is out ;
For it no form delivers to the heart
Of bird, of flower, or shape, which it doth latch:
Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,
Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch;
For if it see the rud'st or gentlest sight,
The most sweet favour, or deformed'st creature,
The mountain or the sea, the day or night,
The crow or dove, it shapes them to your feature -
Incapable of more, replete with you,
My most true mind thus maketh mine untrue.

Sonnet CXIII

Since I left you my eye is in my mind

Since I left you my eye is in my mind;
And that which governs me to go about
Now does its function, now is partly blind,
Does seem to see, effectually is out,
Refusing to deliver to the heart
Images of bird, bloom, shape - none match!
No objects can attention hold apart,
Except my mind a glimpse of you can catch.
Vale or hill, the rudest, gentlest sight,
A fair reflection or the foulest creature,
Inner sea or outer space, day, night,
Last and first, - all integrate your feature.
Lost for words to praise, I lose my way
And NoThing stays as hopes hope's hopes betray.

CXIV

Or whether doth my mind, being crowned with you,
Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery?
Or whether shall I say, mine eyes saith true,
And that your love taught it this alchemy,
To make of monsters and things indigest
Such cherubins as you sweet self resemble,
Creating every bad a perfect best,
As fast as objects to his beams assemble?
O! 'tis the first, 'tis flattery in my seeing,
And my great mind most kingly drinks it up:
Mine eye well knows what with his gust is 'greeing,
And to his palate doth prepare the cup:
If it be poisoned, 'tis the lesser sin
That mine eye loves it and doth first begin.

Sonnet CXIV

Such angelic qualities as yours

Such angelic qualities as yours

Are rare when taken one by one, the whole
No other could combine because their cause
Does root within the confines of your soul.
Rays which the spectrum span, then go beyond,
Iridesce, deflecting flattery,
No other can induce love's strongest bond -
Entirely yours remains that alchemy.
Vein to the heart returns, refreshing start,
And artery the cycle recommences,
In and of all you are, life's blood, - each part
Lifeline true, whose influence immense is.
Love is an infant, needs your smile to grow,
And None There are who can deny 'tis true.

CXV

Those lines that I before have writ do lie,
Even those that said I could not love you dearer:
Yet then my judgement knew no reason why
My most full flame should afterwards burn clearer.
But reckoning Time, whose million'd accidents
Creep in 'twixt vows, and change decrees of kings,
Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,
Divert strong minds to the course of altering things;
Alas! why, fearing of Time's tyranny,
Might I not then say, 'Now I love you best, '
When I was certain o'er uncertainty,
Crowning the present, doubting of the rest?
Love is a babe; then might I not say so,
To give full growth to that which still doth grow?

Sonnet CXV

Such lines I wrote before were outright lie,

Such lines I wrote before were outright lie,
Asserting I could never love you dearer:
Not knowing there'd be any reason why
Desire's full flame could afterwards burn clearer.
Reflecting now that all Time's accidents
Influence and change decrees of kings,
Nuance beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,

Even divert strong minds to altering things.
Vigilant before Time's tyranny
A voice within me said 'I love you best'!
I'm now convinced that was a felony -
Love crowned today does steal from all the rest.
Love's like a baby, this I underline,
At Now Time growth can cease, new heights not climb.

CXVI

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O, no! it is an ever-fixèd mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to any wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

Sonnet CXVI

So do not to the marriage of true minds

So do not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
New altered where it alteration finds,
Doubted when held prudent to remove!
Rest certain, 'tis an ever-fixèd mark,
Is never shaken whate'er tempest blows,
North Star it is to every wandering bark,
Extent of which all guess, but no-one knows.
Verily, though rosy lips and cheeks
Are subject to grim Death, Love's not Time's fool.
It steady stands, though years spent leave but weeks,

Love (f) alters not despite doom's drum so cruel.
Let, if this error, and upon me proved,
A Notice Tell that no man ever loved.

CXVI

Law of this World

Let thee not to the marriage of two minds
Admit expedience. Love is not love
Which falters where it altercation finds
Or (b) ends when some remove would remove.
Fie no! It is an (f) ever fixèd (m) ark
That looks on cats and never is awaken.
Here, 'tis the dog-star to every wandering bark,
Its birth unknown although its bough be shaken.
Since Love Time's fool is not, though rosy cheeks
Within his wending t(r) ickle's compass come,
Or (f) alters not though days draw into weeks,
Remains it steady to the edge of doom!
Let thus if error this, and on me proved,
Dumb be my w(r) it, for no man ever loved.

30 October 1991

CXVII

Accuse me thus: that I have scanted all
Wherein I should your great deserts repay,
Forgot upon your dearest love to call,
Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day;
That I have frequent been with unknown minds,
And given to time your own dear-purchased right,
That I have hoisted sail to all the winds
Which should transport me farthest from your sight.
Book both my wilfulness and errors down,
And on just proof surmise accumulate;
Bring me within the level of your frown,
But shoot not at me in your wakened hate;
Since my appeal says I did strive to prove

The constancy and virtue of your love.

Sonnet CXVII

Say that on others I have bent my eye

Say that on others I have bent my eye,
Attention paid where slight was truly due,
Note this as error, proving by and by,
Divinity, sweet friend, takes root in you.
Reproach me that too much time is misspent
In search of idle dreams, note too each fault,
No need I find to blame myself, repent,
Each chiding's taken with a pinch of salt.
Vain is each thought I elsewhere would direct,
As vain as blossom that in desert blooms,
I pray to see the day that you'll elect
Love's ticket, which itself and both assumes.
Languishing, awaiting your reply,
A New Theme I'll not sing till oceans dry.

CXVIII

Like as, to make our appetites more keen,
With eager compounds we our palate urge;
As, to prevent our maladies unseen,
We sicken to shun sickness when we purge;
Even so, being full of your ne'er-cloying sweetness,
To bitter sauces did I frame my feeling;
And, sick of welfare, found a kind of meetness
To be diseased, ere that there was true needing.
Thus policy in love, to anticipate
The ills that were not, grew to faults assured,
And brought to medicine a healthful state,
Which, rank of goodness, would by ill be cured;
But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,
Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.

Sonnet CXVIII

Something sings

Something sings within me when I think
Adoringly on you, from toe to tête.
No demoiselle, compared, could nod or wink
Deserve, no gem was e'er more fair inset.
Responding to your smile, which by my side
Is omnipresent, I write day and night. -
Now dream could gleam more vividly! Time's tide
Ends senseless foaming, bubble bursting might.
Vision fades, and instantly light's shrouded,
As if a fog had blanketed all hope,
I lonely feel, although the room's real crowded, -
Lovelorn one's born to minimise life's scope.
Luckless is the man who can but guess
At Nature's Triumph, lacking you to bless.

CXIX

What potions have I drunk of Siren tears,
Distilled from limbecks foul as hell within,
Applying fears to hopes, and hopes to fears,
Still losing when I saw myself to win!
What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
Whilst it hath thought itself so blessèd never!
How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted,
In the distraction of this madding fever!
O benefit of ill! now I find true
That better is by evil still made better;
And ruined love, when it is built anew,
Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.
¶ I return rebuked to my content,
¶ And gain by ill thrice more than I have spent.

Sonnet CXIX

Still losing when myself I sought to win

Still losing when myself I sought to win,
Applying fears to hopes, and hopes to fears,
Nor heeding prudence, lost in tables' spin,
Do I dream wealth of heart through siren tears?
Ruined love, when rebuilt once again,
Increases to envelope all the world, -
Now please forgive my errors and thy pain,
Envisage Love's soft nest with twinned doves curled.
Vain were my life, - (I've written this before) -
Apart from thy soft smiles, thy eyes, thy voice:
Impossible 'twould be for Muse to soar,
Lacking her who is its only choice.
Lacking thee, my sun speeds its decline, -
A Night Too dark to think, - and so I pine.

Sonnets for Sandrine

Sonnet CXIX BIS?

Sweet music, sweeter fingers softly playing,
Accompanies the senses as they dream,
Newts, toads and adders too are softly swaying
Danger past, in peace which none blaspheme.
Refusing envy of those knaves that seek
In cheek to print a kiss upon thy hand,
Now I who'd harvest one fond glance fall weak,
Ecstatic, silent, by thee blushing stand.
Vertiginous I watch thy instrument
Adorèd fingers, luscious lips, embrace, -
If only I were wood, my hollows sent
Love's music - where would be rhyme, time and space?
Let arrant knaves thy echoes seek to snare,
And think with me thy harmony to share!

CXX

That you were once unkind befriends me now,
And for that sorrow, which I then did feel,
Needs must I under my transgression bow,
Unless my nerves were brass or burnished steel.
For if you were by my unkindness shaken,
As I by yours, you've passed a hell of time;
And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken

To weigh how once I suffered in your crime.
O! that our night of woe might have remembered
My deepest sense, how hard true sorrow hits,
And soon to you, as you to me, then tendered
The humble salve which wounded bosoms fits:
But that your trespass now becomes a fee;
Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransom me.

Sonnet CXX

Sensing old unkindness helps me now

Sensing old unkindness helps me now,
Assessing that deep sorrow that I felt
Needs must assist in understanding how
Deep was thy grief, although so seldom spelt.
Recalling old misunderstandings here
I see how thoughtless I was to insist,
Not understanding reasons for that tear
Edging eyes with red rims ruby kissed.
Venture, then, to share your grief with me,
As I, assuming it, find doubled joy,
In should'ring it, and in relieving thee,
Love opens double channels to enjoy.
Let me your troubles take, break up, disperse,
And, Through thy loss, recomfort thy heart's purse.

CXXI

'Tis better to be vile than vile esteemed,
When not to be receives reproach of being;
And the just pleasure lost, which is so deemed
Not by our feeling, but by others' seeing:
For why should others' false adulterate eyes
Give salutation to my sportive blood?
Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,
Which in their wills count bad what I think good?
No, I am that I am, and they that level
At my abuses reckon up their own :
I may be straight though they themselves be bevel:

By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shown;
Unless this general evil they maintain,
All men are bad and in their badness reign.

Sonnet CXXI

Spend time elsewhere, share not your days with me,

Spend time elsewhere, share not your days with me,
And I, forgotten, left to rot behind,
Note down the shades of grey anxiety
Dividing day from night, and sight from blind.
Read in my heart, as in these lines tear-seeded,
Intense distress which drowns all other thought,
No extra-sensory perception's needed, -
Emotions boil, all's turmoil, time is short.
Vile seems the world whenever sorrow strikes,
Abused is love, where others would discover
Invalid reasons for likes and dislikes,
Lift veils best private left 'twixt loved and lover.
Love's sealed cards only false, true fate reveal,
A Non The answer's drawn none can repeal.

CXXII

Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain
Full characterized with lasting memory,
Which shall above that idle rank remain,
Beyond all date, even to eternity:
Or, at the least, so long as brain and heart
Have faculty by nature to subsist;
Till each to razed oblivion yield his part
Of thee, thy record never can be missed.
That poor retention could not so much hold,
Nor need I tallies thy dear love to score;
Therefore to give them from me was I bold,
To trust those tables that receive thee more:
To keep an adjunct to remember thee
Were to import forgetfulness in me.

Sonnet CXXII

So many gifts to praise, so little space
Admitted in a sonnet's fourteen lines.
No syllables string purer pearls to grace
Dearer neck which swan, admiring, signs.
Recording more by hints than overstatement
I find a phrase to praise, a way to free
No common rays which hasten to abatement, -
Eternal mistress, timeless mystery!
Vision'd damsel on her dulcimer
Another tune may play for other ears,
I need no opiate to dream on her -
Let this as witness stand throughout the years.
Let fourteen lines find tripled breadth and length,
And No True themes would lack to praise her strength.

Sonnet CXXIII

No, Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change:
Thy pyramids built up with newer might
To me are nothing novel, nothing strange;
They are but dressings of a former sight.
Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire
What thou dost foist upon us that is old;
And rather make them born to our desire
Than think that we before have heard them told.
Thy registers and thee I both defy,
Not wondering at the present nor the past,
For thy records and what we see doth lie,
Made more or less by the continual haste.
This I do vow, and this shall ever be;
I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee.

Sonnet CXXIII

Silence, Time! None boast that I do change

Silence, Time! None boast that I do change
Admitting some strange altar to my sight,
New pyramids sand atoms rearrange -

Dust dances as an ancient trilobite.
Rushed are our seasons, therefore we admire
Illogically all that smacks of old,
New you alone, fulfilling mind's desire,
Enchant as mirror-magic unforeshadowed.
Varying facets spin round and round
At speeds increasing as thy potent spell
In turn to black spins white, white black around
Links chained by fate relating heaven, hell.
Let this be written, I shall ever be
ANTipodes from who'd be false to thee.

CXXIV

If my dear love were but the child of state,
It might for Fortune's bastard be unfather'd,
As subject to Time's love or to Time's hate,
Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gathered.
No, it was buildèd far from accident;
It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls
Under the blow of thrallèd discontent,
Whereto th'inviting time our fashion calls:
It fears not policy, that heretic,
Which works on leases of short numbered hours,
But all alone stands hugely politic,
That it nor grows with heat, nor drowns with showers.
Tis this I witness call the fools of time,
Which die for goodness, who have lived for crime.

Sonnet CXXIV

Should this, my love, be held as wishful thinking

Should this, my love, be held as wishful thinking,
A mutant bastard born of style and trick,
No time would Time confer, but in a blinking
Destroy all trace, snuff out unhappy wick.
Rhyme and metre are no accident
Intended just to draw self-centred praise,
Nor shall it crash through critics' discontent,
Enduring still, will emulation (c) raze.

View this as paying insufficient rent
And spending on you less than you deserve,
I have one life, - without you wasted vent -
Love will from this intention never swerve.
Love calls as witness till the end of time
ANother Theme would be a heinous crime.

CXXV

Wer't aught to me I bore the canopy,
With my extern the outward honouring,
Or laid great bases for eternity,
Which proves more short that waste or ruining!
Have I not seen dwellers on form and favour
Lose all and more by paying too much rent,
For compound sweet foregoing simple savour,
Pitiful thrivers, in their gazing spent?
No; let me be obsequious in thy heart,
And take thou my oblation, poor but free,
Which is not mixed with seconds, knows no art,
But mutual render, only me for thee.
Hence, thou suborned informer! a true soul
When most impeached stands least in thy control.

Sonnet CXXV

So turn to old Khayyam and from his cup

So turn to old Khayyam and from his cup
Allow yourself to sup while time remains;
Now sip the wine, take bread and verses up,
Drink deep of love till Time Time's servants claims.
Remember that the couch on which you sit
Is soon to seat new tenants in your stead.
Neglect not what one whit improves life's wit,
Exclude naught unwrought you'll regret when sped.
Verse vehicles the message, bread sustains,
And wine enhances till it summons sleep: -
If three in one combine, contentment reigns,
Love flourishes, then nourishes, none weep.

Like old Fitzgerald, this speeds to the press,
AND To distress aims not, nor to impress.

Sonnet CXXVI

O thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power
Dost hold Time's fickle glass, his sickle hour;
Who hast by waning grown, and therein show'st
Thy lovers withering as thy sweet self grow'st:
If Nature, sovereign mistress over wrack,
As thou goest onwards, still will pluck thee back,
She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill
May time disgrace and wretched minutes kill.
Yet fear her, O thou minion of her pleasure!
She may detain, but not still keep, her treasure:
Her audit, though delayed, answer'd must be,
And her quietus is to render thee.

Sonnet CXXVI

Sickled Time is sick with jealousy,

Sickled Time is sick with jealousy,
As no end to thy fame can he envisage,
Now cold bold Cupid seems compared to thee,
Darts cast aside, he venerates thy visage.
Regrets are vain, one reigns above all praise,
In Time is tuned as universal hum,
No longer men seek golden calf or craze,
Each alpha to omega's half thy sum.
Vain imitations through the centuries
Awash are, sink, each superficial fad
Ignored is by the thoughts it sought to please,
Left stranded by Time's tide - nought can I add!
Let thus these verses end as they began,
ANew To thee return, and fresh fires fan.

CXXVII

In the old age black was not counted fair,
Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name;
But now is black beauty's successive heir,
And beauty slandered with a bastard's shame:
For since each hand hath put on Nature's power,
Fairing the foul with Art's false borrowed face,
Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy bower,
But is profaned, if not lives in disgrace.
Therefore my mistress' brows are raven black,
Her eyes so suited, and they mourners seem
As such who, not born fair, no beauty lack,
Sland'ring creation with a false esteem:
~~Yet~~ so they mourn, becoming of their woe,
~~That~~ every tongue says beauty should look so.

Sonnet CXXVII

Since when, fair friend, has black been counted fair,
And where - save Sheba - bore it Beauty's name?
Now deem hidden darkness beauty's heir
Denied time's progress deep in shadowed shame.
Refusing Nature's chart, Art's borrowed face
Inner emptiness oft seeks to gild,
Novel fad sad features does embrace, -
Etched eyebrows, breasts refilled, blushed powders spilled.
Vision enchanting, - only one remains
As lighthouse beam where all else drowns in dark, -
Infinite gleam my every hope sustains -
Lustre none can muster, - yours the spark.
Lantern you are throughout eternity -
ANTithesis of all who've lost life's key.

CXXVIII

How oft, when thou, my music, music play'st,
Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st
The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
Do I envy those jacks that nimble leap
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,

Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,
At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand!
To be so tickled, they would change their state
And situation with those dancing chips,
O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
Making dead wood more blessed than living lips.
Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

Sonnet CXXVIII

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Sonnet CXXVIII

Sweet music, sweeter fingers softly playing,
Accompanies the senses as they dream,
Newts, toads and adders too are softly swaying
Danger past, in peace which none blaspheme.
Refusing envy of those knaves that seek
In cheek to print a kiss upon thy hand,
Now I who'd harvest one fond glance fall weak,
Ecstatic, silent, by thee blushing stand.
Vertiginous I watch thy instrument
Adorèd fingers, luscious lips, embrace, -
If only I were wood, my hollows sent

Love's music - where would be rhyme, time and space?
Let arrant knaves thy echoes seek to snare,
And think with me thy harmony to share!

CXXIX

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action; and till action, lust
Is perjured, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;
Enjoy no sooner but despisèd straight;
Past reason hunted; and no sooner had,
Past reason hated, as a swallowed bait,
On purpose laid to make the taker mad:
Mad in pursuit, and in possession so;
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;
A bliss in proof, - and proved, a very woe;
Before, a joy proposed; behind, a dream.
All this the world well knows; yet none knows well
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

Sonnet CXXIX

Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust,

Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust,
Are spirits wasted in a well of shame,
None can deny all action aimed at lust
Disgusting is, and perjured, merits blame.
Repudiated even as committed,
It is a crime which worms within the soul,
Nor ever tried, should sentence be remitted,
Expelling reason treason senses stole.
Victim of its own success the dream
A circle turns, pursuit possession spurns,
If cake is savoured, tart ache turns the cream,
Leaves bitter taste to waste what churned joy earns.
Little is this strange, the world knows well,
ANd yeT who shuns the heaven that leads to hell?

Sonnet CXXIX

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And yet who shuns the heaven that leads to hell?

CXXX

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red:
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have seen roses damasked, red and white,
But no such roses I in her cheeks;
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
I love to hear her speak, yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound:
I grant I never saw a goddess go, -
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground:
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
As any she belied with false compare.

Sonnet CXXX

Sun shines far brighter than do Sandrine's eyes

Sun shines far brighter than do Sandrine's eyes,

And coral's redder than her ruby lips,
Nor is she wrinkle free, - Time onwards flies -
Drops in Time's well each time the faucet drips.
Roses bloom with beauty red and white,
I see such fairness seldom in her cheeks,
Nor in her breath feel such perfumed delight
Exuding as each rose in love bespeaks.
Violins string more symphonic sound, -
Although, 'tis true, I do adore her voice, -
I keep both feet too well upon the ground, -
Like this I can but validate my choice.
Love does not blind to faults in her combined,
Although None Trick, - her heart alone can bind.

CXXXI

Thou art so tyrannous, so as thou art,
As those whose beauties proudly make them cruel;
For well thou know'st to my dear dotting heart
Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel.
Yet, in good faith, some say that thee behold,
Thy face hath not the power to make love groan ;
To say they err I dare not be so bold,
Although I swear it to myself alone.
And to be sure that is not false, I swear,
A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face,
One on another's neck, do witness bear
Thy black is fairest in my judgement's place.
Nothing art thou black save in thy deeds,
And thence this slander, as I think, proceeds.

Sonnet CXXXI

Swift in succession speed sweet thoughts when I

Swift in succession speed sweet thoughts when I
Allow myself to contemplate thy smile.
Nefertiti resignèdly would cry

Defeat, to that defeat self reconcile.
Reprimanded, ever I'd defy
In earnest my accusers. Put on trial,
No need for taxing lawyer I descry.
Entrusting truth to heart, not art to style,
Verdict awaiting, I no heavens cry,
And put my trust in justice, know no guile.
If Love be Love what's writ here's far from fly, -
Let he who Love has known ne'er love deny.
Lave me of accusations of false praise, -
All Now Turn to the judge, to hear Her phrase.

CXXXII

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,
Knowing thy heart torments me with disdain,
Have put on black and Ivory mourner she,
Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.
And truly not the morning sun of heaven
Better becomes the grey cheeks of the east,
Nor that full star that ushers in the even,
Doth half that glory to the sober west,
As those two mourning eyes become thy face:
O! let it then as well beseem thy heart
To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace,
And suit thy pity like in every part.
Then will I swear beauty herself is black,
And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

Sonnet CXXXII

Soft eyes I love, and yours do pity me

Soft eyes I love, and yours do pity me,
Acknowledging that your heart with disdain,
Now treats me, - don dark black, in mourning be,
Dare look with understanding on my pain.

Rising sun no tithe hath of your glory,
It fills the ruddy east with jealous blush;
Nor can the night star equal to your story
Ever prove, - west's claim to fame must hush.
Victory will come when eyes and heart
At last unite and gracefully allow
Infinite longings no stark lines can chart,
Loosen thongs, all vile wrongs disavow.
Life has not met thy equal in its track,
AND They are foul who thy complexion lack.

CXXXIII

Beshrew that heart that makes my heart to groan
For that deep wound it gives my friend and me!
Is't not enough to torture me alone,
But slave to slavery my sweet'st friend must be?
Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,
And my next self thou harder hast engross'd:
Of him, myself, and thee, I am forsaken;
A torment thrice threefold thus to be crossed.
Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,
But then my friend's heart let my poor heart bail;
Whoe'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard;
Thou canst not then use rigour in my jail:
And yet thou wilt; for I, being pent in thee,
Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

Sonnet CXXXIII

Stolen from myself, in jail I lie

Stolen from myself, in jail I lie,
And tenfold tortured, wounded to the quick,
Now would tormented heart for bail apply,
Defeated and mistreated, spurned and sick.
Respect by all is sought, to some is due,
I languish like a puppet on a string.
No longer know myself, owe all to you,
Emprisoned here I suffer triple sting.

Victory was thine the day we met
And still you choose my heartbreak to ignore,
I see one sore ten thousand more beget, -
Let salt tears soften your heart's hardness' core.
Let mercy's fill instil true joys forever
AND Temper the exile that all smiles would sever.

CXXXIV

So have I now confessed that he is thine,
And I myself am mortgaged to thy will,
Myself I'll forfeit, so that other mine
Thou wilt restore, to be my comfort still:
But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,
For thou art covetous and he is kind;
He learned but surety-like to write for me,
Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.
The statue of thy beauty thou wilt take,
Thou usurer, that putt'st forth all to use,
And sue a friend came debtor for my sake;
So him I lose through my unkind abuse.
Him have I lost; thou hast both him and me:
He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.

Sonnet CXXXIV

Stay of execution do I seek

Stay of execution do I seek,
And plead for mercy, nakèd lay my heart,
'Now' is imperative, because 'next week'
Destroys all rest, still keeping us apart.
Rest's known no more! Before we met, a dream
I dreamt which I courageous waited on.
Now is that dream fulfilled, mind teems with team,
Except that Fate's betrayed by weighted game.
Valiant in name, perhaps the claim was wrong,
And I, love's fool, to cruel delusion wake.
I left my mind behind, gave soul its song, -

Love raked all in as Life's casino (s) take!
Left hopeless I have but myself to blame, -
At No Time did you swear you'd share my name!

CXXXV

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy 'Will, '
And 'Will! to boot, and 'Will' in over-plus;
More than enough am I that vexed thee still,
To thy sweet will making addition thus.
Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,
Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine?
Shall will in others seem right gracious,
And in my will no faire acceptance shine?
The sea, all water, yet receives rain still,
And in abundance addeth to his store;
So thou, being rich in 'Will' add to thy 'Will'
One will of mine, to make thy large 'Will' more.
Let no unkind 'No' fair beseechers kill ;
Think all but one, and me in that one 'Will';

Sonnet CXXXV

Some find, in seeking, pleasure undefined

Some find, in seeking, pleasure undefined,
And, finding, founder, treasured hopes unfound,
Nor do they measure pleasure, often bind
Deceptions into warp and weft unsound.
Resounding the unhappiness assigned
In rebound to vain echoes that hopes sound.
No pleasure long is treasured which, once found,
Exhausts the finder by his (s) own haste fined.
Value no show, (p) raise simple, (s) oft and kind,
And (b) ring to mind - though others fair abound -
In one sole soul are heart and head (t) win-bound;
Links free of chains which need no paper signed.
Let us pair, caring, share no celibate, -
ANThem « an die Freude » celebrate.

CXXXVI

If thy soul check thee that I come so near,
Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy 'Will',
And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there;
Thus far for love, my love-suit, sweet, fulfil.
'Will' will fulfil the treasure of thy love,
Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one.
In things of great receipt with ease we prove
Among a number one is reckoned none:
Then in the number let me pass untold,
Though in thy stores' account I one must be;
For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold
That nothing me, a something sweet to thee:
Make but my name thy love, and love that still,
And then thou lovest me, for my name is 'Will'.

Sonnet CXXXVI

Severed from all but vocal echo, I

Severed from all but vocal echo, I
Attempt to build me chateaux in the air.
Now crash the castles, fallen from the sky,
Discouragement sends signals of despair.
Risks I did take, more with myself than you,
I lose my stake, mistaken thought and deed,
Now all seems lost, I know not what to do,
Endangered is my soul, - sad soul indeed.
Visibly the side-effects take toll
As weight from body is transferred to mind,
I'm slave to Circe, swine in zombie shell,
Laced with needles both before, behind.
Leave me, I wither, stay, I'm torn apart, -
ANTlers of the dilemma of my heart.

CXXXVII

Thou blind fool, Love, what dost thou to mine eyes,
That they behold, and see not what they see?
They know what beauty is, see where it lies,
Yet what the best is take the worst to be.
If eyes, corrupt by over-partial looks,
Be anchored in the bay where all men ride,
Why of eyes' falsehood has thou forgèd hooks,
Whereto the judgement of my heart is tied?
Why should my heart think that a several plot
Which my heart knows the wide world's common place?
Or mine eyes, seeing this, say this is not,
To put fair truth upon so foul a face?
In things right true my heart and eyes have erred,
And to this false plague are they now transferred.

Sonnet CXXXVII

Sweet Cupid, what's this trick played on my eyes?

Sweet Cupid, what's this trick played on my eyes?
Apart from One none can they recognise!
Nations rise and fall, but Beauty's thrall
Doubts doubt, flouts doubts, throughout rides out Time's squall.
Regeneration energy supplies, -
In turn I burn and freeze while lover's sighs
Ne'er quit my breast, nor leave me rest withal, -
Even in my dreams, it seems. Play ball!
Vanquished though I be, heed humble cries
And free me from One smile, or otherwise
I'll not be fit for any other call.
Lord Cupid, don't you care where arrows fall?
Love makes men blind, and many pairs of glasses
Are Needed To adjust to Time that passes!

CXXXVIII

When my love swears that she is made of truth,
I do believe her, though I know she lies,
That she might think me some untutored youth,
Unlearnèd in the world's false subtleties.
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although she knows my days are past the best,

Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue:
On both sides thus is simple truth suppress.
But wherefore says she not she is unjust?
And wherefore say not I that I am old?
O! love's best habit is in seeming trust,
And age in love loves not to have years told:
Therefore I lie with her, and she with me,
And in our faults by lies we flattered be.

Sonnet CXXXVIII

Should she swear she be one with Time and Truth

Should she swear she be one with Time and Truth,
Although she lies each word do I believe.
No matter if, naive, at heart a youth,
Despite all, I've been caught in web she'll weave.
Reminded of her graces, now I shed
In seconds years which wrinkled ring by ring,
Now silver thread to gold turns back, the head
Enchanted is by spells none else can sing.
Valid judgements jostle fantasies
As age turns young, as tongue spurns age, - page turns
In her reflections, all life's mysteries
Like light'ning clear, drown fear, as love's fire burns.
Lie I with her and lying she with I,
And Now The faults in both, forgotten, lie.

CXXXIX

O! call not me to justify the wrong
That thy unkindness lays upon my heart;
Wound me not with thine eye, but with thy tongue:
Use power with power, and slay me not by art.
Tell me thou lovest elsewhere, but in my sight,
Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside:
What need'st thou wound with cunning, when thy might
Is more than my o'erpressed defence can hide?
Let me excuse thee: ah! my love well knows
Her pretty looks have been my enemies;

And therefore from my face she turns my foes,
That they elsewhere might dart their injuries:
Yet do not so; but since I am near slain,
Kill me outright with looks, and rid my pain.

Sonnet CXXXIX

Say that you love another if you can,
Abjuring love which might be ever shared,
No love like mine could shine which, unprepared,
Did light those fires which each new day they fan.
Reply to my complaint! Plot better plan!
In detail paint to show you ne'er can care -
Nor think you might - for one who here would dare
End separation 'twixt fair maid and man.
Value not these sparks of love began,
And set me free to perish, love ensnared.
I phantom feel, who Time's glass has despaired.
Love you'd refute? - from sight and hearing ban
Love's servant who for love alone does write,
AND This trial end! - I'll make my peace with night.

CXL

Be wise as thou art cruel; do not press
My tongue-tied patience with too much disdain;
Lest sorrow lend me words, and words express
The manner of my pity-wanting pain.
If I might teach thee wit, better it were,
Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me so; -
As testy sick men, when their deaths be near,
No news but health from their physicians know; -
For, if I should despair, I should grow mad,
And in my madness might speak ill of thee:
Now this ill-wrestling world is grown so bad,
Mad slanderers by mad ears believèd be.
That I may not be so, nor thou belied,
Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart go wide.

Sonnet CXL

Sorrow's inspiration can express

Sorrow's inspiration can express
Appreciation of this pleasure-pain,
No wisdom in the world could ever dress
Diviner picture, nor more sweet refrain.
Responding to your absence I do grieve,
In prayers for future tryst discover bliss,
No notion of time, space, can bring reprieve, -
Each (k) night does long to live his day-dream's kiss!
Vain fears may prove, or longings just as vain,
Alternate agonies wash through the mind,
Is pain in waiting joy, and is joy pain, -
Love plays for both, though both stay ill-defined.
Lift eyes to end this pain, let both feel joy,
And now turn each to each, where love won't cloy.

CXLI

In faith, I do not love thee with mine eyes,
For they in thee a thousand errors note;
But 'tis my heart that loves what they despise,
Who, in despite of view, is pleased to dote.
Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune delighted;
Nor tender feeling to base touches prone,
Nor taste, nor smell, desire to be invited
To any sensual feast with thee alone:
But my five wits nor my five senses can
Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee,
Who leaves unsway'd the likeness of a man,
Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to be:
Only my plague thus far I count my gain,
That she that makes me sin awards me pain.

Sonnet CXLI

Suffice it that you know 'tis not my eyes

Suffice it that you know 'tis not my eyes

Alone that love, for they great errors note.
Nor yet my heart alone that love supplies,
Despite the fact that both upon you dote.
Restored from fainting spell, your tongue's sweet tone
Inspired my senses to their highest pitch, -
Near, yes so near, upon the telephone
E'en far from you I never felt so rich!
Vanished all distance was, it seemed to me,
As questions old to answers new gave way.
It was as if we'd trapped eternity -
Like prisms captured colours can convey.
Life can true bliss discover through insight, -
Abjure Not This, which wings you through Death's night.

CXLII

Love is my sin, and thy dear virtue hate,
Hate of my sin, grounded on sinful loving:
O! but with mine compare thou thine own state,
And thou shalt find it merits not reproving;
Or, if it do, not from those lips of thine,
That have profaned their scarlet ornaments
And sealed false bonds of love as oft as mine,
Robbed others' beds' revenues of their rents.
Be it lawful I love thee, as thou lovest those
Whom thine eyes woo as mine importune thee:
Root pity in thy heart, that when it grows,
Thy pity may deserve to pitied be.
If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,
By self-example mayst thou be denied!

Sonnet CXLII

Second thoughts tentacle sticky fingers

Second thoughts tentacle sticky fingers
Around a scheme to render homage due.
Neutrality turns sceptic, what love lingers
Disturbed by denial anticipates adieu.
Rising suspicions questions asks of motives,
Intuitions clash among themselves, -
Nostalgia for vague, idyllic votive, -
Ends seem more confused the more one delves.
Versatile post facto justifications
Are jumbled up. Conscience, confused, sprawls across
Illogical idea(l) s and motivations,
Lumped all together. Truth is at a loss.
Lost seems that hope which lit life for a while,
AND Themes of scope, rich wit, strife meet, are on trial.

CXLIII

Lo, as a careful housewife runs to catch
One of her feathered creatures broke away,
Sets down her babe, and makes all swift dispatch
In pursuit of the thing she would have stay;
Whilst her neglected child holds her in chase,
Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent
To follow that which flies before her face,
Not prizing her poor infant's discontent:
So runn'st thou after that which flies from thee,
Whilst I thy babe chase thee afar behind;
But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,
And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind:
So will I pray that thou mayst have thy 'Will',
If thou turn back, and my loud crying still.

Sonnet CXLIII

So, as a careful housewife runs to catch

A feathered creature which would break away,

Nests down her babe and makes all swift dispatch
Down chasing that which she would sure have stay;
Responding, her forgotten child does chase
In tears to catch up she who concentrates
Now just on what does fly before her face,
Effacing from her mind her poor child's fate.
Vain do you run from that which flies from you
And I, your child, chase you, yet far behind,
If your ambitions fail to me be true,
Let me be kissed and mothered, please be kind.
Love, then I'll pray you always have your 'Will',
And Thou turn back, and my loud crying still.

CXLIV

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
Which like two spirits do suggest me still:
The better angel is a man right fair,
The worser spirit a woman, coloured ill.
To win me soon to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side,
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her foul pride,
And whether that my angel be turned fiend
Suspect I may, but not directly tell;
But being both from me, both to each friend,
I guess one angel in another's hell:
Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

Sonnet CXLIV

Spliced loves I have, of comfort and despair

Spliced loves I have, of comfort and despair,

And like two spirits do suggest me still:
Now one, the better, is a man right fair
Destructive, t'other, - woman coloured ill.
Rusing to tempt me hellwards female evil
Intends to draw the better from my side,
Now would corrupt my soul to be a devil, -
Exchange his essence pure for her foul pride.
Victor, vanquished which is which? Besides,
Attentive, I may much suspect who's fiend,
It seems each in each other's hell resides -
Linked both to me they are, I both befriend.
Light or dark, who'll win? we live in doubt
Until bad angel the devout turns out.

CXLV

Those lips that Love's own hand did make,
Breathed forth the sound that said 'I hate',
To me that languished for her sake:
But when she saw my woeful state,
Straight in her heart did mercy come,
Chiding that tong that ever sweet
Was used in giving gentle doom;
And taught it thus anew to greet;
'I hate' she altered with an end,
That followed it as gentle day
Doth follow night, who like a fiend
From heaven to hell is flown away.
¶hate' from hate away she threw,
¶hd saved my life, saying 'Not you'.

CXLVII

My love is as a fever, longing still
For that which longer nurseth the disease;
Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,
The uncertain sickly appetite to please.
My reason, the physician to my love,
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,
Hath left me, and I desperate now approve
Desire is death, which physic did except.
Past cure I am, now Reason is past care,
And frantic-mad with evermore unrest;
My thoughts and my discourse as madmen's are,
As random from the truth vainly express'd;
For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright,
Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

Sonnet CXLVII

Sometimes

Sometimes surprising sweetness sweeps souls shy,
Amity allows as all appear
Now naturally neonats, nor near
Drear Death's demesne deigns dawdle, - dares defy
Reactions ready-made, responses rye.
Iconoclasm isn't insincere,
Nefarious, notions new ne'er sneer.
Endearingly expressing ethos eye
Vouchsafes virtue, vileness vilifies.
Appreciate all arts, able adhere
Idealistic, in intentions clear.
Lighthearted lady lead, leave lewd lust, lie.
Latent loveliness's laser light
Announces Now The Acrostic Novel Tight...

28 October 1992

CXLVIII

O me! what eyes hath Love put in my head,
Which have no correspondence with true sight;
Or, if they have, where is my judgment fled,
That censures falsely what they see aright?
If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,
What means the world to say it is not so?
If it be not, then love doth well denote
Love's eye is not so true as all men's: no,
How can it? O! how can Love's eye be true,
That is so vex'd with watching and with tears?
No marvel then, though I mistake my view;
The sun itself sees not till heaven clears.
O cunning Love! with tears thou keep'st me blind,
Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

Sonnet CXLVIII

Sandrine Dreams

Sense, sensibility, so sweetly signed,
Are allied aspects and announce as aim
Natural nobility. No name
Draws dazzling danswer daintier designed.
Radiantcy resplendent, rare, refined,
Is illustrated ideal. I inflame,
Newborn now, needing Nefertiti, claim
Enlightenment eternal. Ends, entwined,
Describe dear demigoddess. Dreams, devined,
Recognize, redeemed, responsive reign.
Everything's ecstatic! Earth, explain
Away an air as artfully aligned?
My mistress, myocardium, my mate,
Siren serene send sustenance sedate...

28 October 1992

CXLIX

Canst thou, O cruel! say I love thee not,
When I against myself with thee partake?
Do I not think on thee, when I forgot
Am of myself, all tyrant, for thy sake?
Who hateth thee that I do call my friend?
On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon?
Nay, if thou lour'st on me, do I not spend
Revenge upon myself with present moan?
What merit do I in myself respect,
That is so proud thy service to despise,
When all my best doth worship thy defect,
Commanded by the motion of thine eyes?
But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind;
Those that can see thou lov'st, and I am blind.

Sonnet CXLIX

Surprise seduction signals siren song
As aims and aspirations all ally,
Nereid nymphet nears, now dares deny
Dark Death, defying darkness. Dons ding dong
Revealing revels, rite ringing! Wrong
Is incredulity. Ideals imply
Needed norms negations nullify.
Empathy, entente, - each evensong
Vital values validates via son.
All altercations abject are, awry:
Inner indulgence idleness is, I
Link life, love's letters, longing learning long
Lustrous lighthouse lantern's lucky light
A Name Turns All Now To A Nova Tonight.

28 October 1992

CL

O! from what power hast thou this powerful might,
With insufficiency my heart to sway?
To make me give the lie to my true sight,
And swear that brightness doth not grace the day?
Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,
That in the very refuse of thy deeds
There is such strength and warrantise of skill,
That, in my mind, thy worst all best exceeds?
Who taught thee how to make me love thee more,
The more I hear and see just cause of hate?
O! though I love what others do abhor,
With others thou shouldst not abhor my state:
If thy unworthiness rais'd love in me,
More worthy I to be belov'd of thee.

Sonnet CL

Single State

Single state seems seemly, some souls state,
Abjuring all alliance alternate,
Never needing Nature, and abstain,
Disregarding dreams, dates don't dare deign.
Repent rash ruminations, renovate
Impressions icy. Inklings, if innate,
Now need no neutral notices inane.
Enthusiastic, ever entertain
Victory, - vanity vote violate.
Awakening authentic always await,
It is idealistic, intimate, -
Life linking loves longstanding, lusting lain.
Last lines, laggard, leeway leave, laugh late.
A-muse-sing_ly Noting, Then abate.

28 October 1992

Jonathan ROBIN

Sane Seems Insane

Societal challenge: momentum gathers pace.
Another thirty years? our span of grace
Now seems in meltdown clinging to a space
Extremely tenuous, fragile as race
Speeds to untimely end for human race.
Early or late trend tends towards disgrace,
Early or late Fate leaves behind no trace -
May in December ends in any case.
Sane and in[s]ane identically chase
Ideals predestined to black hole bleak. Brace
Now before bleak winds of change unlace
Storms Richter scarce suspected and uncase
Apocalypse which 'progress' will replace.
Necks thrust through Time's noose, loose ends, harsh Past
End of Days Present, Future b[l]ind - die cast.

1 December 1991 revised 31 October 2008

Jonathan ROBIN

Sang To Ms. Rachel After William Shakespeare Sonnet

Cxxx

Sang to Ms. Rachel after William Shakespeare Sonnet CXXX

Sun shines far brighter than maid's amber eyes,
And coral's redder than her ruby lips,
Nor is she wrinkle free, Time onwards flies,
Gathers speed to seed tomorrow's sighs.
Though roses blossom, beauty read, red, white,
One scorns their flush blush peak. Her petalled cheek
Misleads who'd dare compare them to delight
Source true competes with bloom of whom most speak.
Rarer than flora, melody much more
Attractive proves. Although gods walk on air
Charm disarming gains full marks, top score.
Here faith's defender, both feet on the ground,
Extols one soul whose faults combined must show
Life, love, flow peerless, all must praise soft glow.

Jonathan ROBIN

Sapphire Stars

Sapphire stars inset on cream surround,
Unique is image nightly sent to splice
Sundered souls, excitement adding, spice,
As dreams rewrite reality joy crowned.
Night hangs its sleepless head as silent sound
Near, far, unites, spheres' song [st]rings. Time must dice,
Ensnared, against itself, as virtue vice
Successfully defeats. Fantastic found,
Unscathed by envy, jealousy wraith bound,
Sensations soothing left to their device
Attenuate all cares, share, melting ice,
Neither challenge hope, nor need give ground.
Nature ne'er strays, stays true to way within
Empty each phrase, praise other maids would win.

Jonathan ROBIN

Satisfaction

Sharing s[w]EEP[s]takes s[t]ates each sense
As in a magic meeting meant
To imprint a permanent
Inner impression, stamp intense
Satisfaction vast, immense.
Futile and irrelevant.
Appears defense as discontent
Can't flourish under false pretense,
Turns Life's joke at its own expense
In catharsis heaven sent, -
Osmosis as emotions pent
Now outpour in wonderment...

10 April 1998 in database but possibly
16 August 1996 revised 26 November 2006
robi03_0873_robi03_0000 AXX_MXX
see below for previous version

Satisfaction

Souls share as sweetness sweeps each sense
At last in magic meeting meant
To permeate a permanent
Imprint in the mind, immense
Satisfaction, deep, intense.
Futile and irrelevant
Are all defenses. Discontent
Can't flourish under false pretense,
Turns Life's joke at its expense
In a catharsis heaven sent, -
Osmosis as emotions pent
Now overflow with wonderment...

Jonathan ROBIN

Say-Yin's Yang

What would you say if on this day
one waved wand washing walls away
refurbishing renascent dream
to smooth all cares as twinned hearts team.

What would you say if interplay
smoothed out loose ends to start new way
to serendipity whose stream
could flow forever, brightest beam.

18 October 2011

Jonathan ROBIN

Scene From The Future's Web

Gorilla, man, have played their innings out,
Freeway turned to grass without a doubt
Spider, which waited long, will reign supreme.
Sirens silent, mankind just dust done dream
Winter, Spring, Summer, Fall all spiders scout
winging hummers, shawl fly caught, spun scheme
singing drummers' sprawl, spry sought fun theme!

Jonathan ROBIN

Search

Is search for self through mirrored minds reflection vain on insight lost?
Concentrating on base 'skills' mankind may find intuitions atrophy: the cost
is greater than he thinks.

Mankind must reconsider, redefine, reference frames in use today,
anticipating changes in design as chance advance refusing vain delay
prepares tomorrow's inks.

Far from madding crowd who can assign true goal, objective rôle to play
sifts chaff from grain, lees drains from wine, pearls palms from swine,
avoiding interplay politic which hoodwinks
masses whose manipulation blind hard upon societal hopes must weigh,
all seem pawns spawned by Fate unkind to play
pale puppet parts in Time's relay game of tiddly-winks.

Learning is a process which reminds of stages, of cocoon to chrysalid,
endlessly repeated till the blinds are drawn, until we're nailed beneath a lid,
and Lethewards must sink.

Yet the restraints of social intercourse are undergoing metamorphosis
that soon must be accepted as divorce nobody may be able to dismiss
between who sips, who drinks deep knowledge fountain's sprays,
revitalizing systematic search, source links.

Contemporary magic spells a blaze accentuates man's changing course.
World, once wild, shrinks. Uncomfortable to integrate are ways
concepts evolve, discarding tenets thought inviolate, the stays
and props a passing age employed to bind itself to its own stinks.

When man, ape, separated, fields of force
lost ground to sleight of hand from day to day,
although the former stayed as last recourse.
As Information Age remodels clay we're on a cusp of other ways to play
life's game beyond strife past, exploring interplay
between motivations once considered missing links.

Enigmatic character today unknots interpolations, does away
with innocence cocooned, convictions coarse,
invents holistic world, conformity rejects, enjoying kinks.

Rebirth, play's repetition, encore, bis, reflections on reflections' shadows cast,
free berth, from Time's whips, scorpions, will o' wisp can't compensate with carpe
diem bliss
when act is over, R.I.P. read, this is lesson learned too late by mortal caste.

Jonathan ROBIN

Search Is Way

The way is part of search as search part of the Way
put another way, both [p]lay convergence free.
Mage, game are writ the same, page gape, as what will be
within one's spirit may fountain forth, fashion clay
where cause effect convey through facettes on display
hid opportunity `neath surface po[e]ttery.

Let not the past outweigh, tomorrow's harmony,
to no set, sect or church afford leeway to prey.
Expand emotion's perch, self-doubts should slip away
as will those blocks within we wish no others see,
yet which both dam the stream, brake creativity,
divert flow which, at sea, on confidence must weigh.
Let Search and Way combine, refine and catalyze
by Chance or by Design the urge to realize.

Jonathan ROBIN

Seasonable Retour-Knell

SEASONABLE RETOUR KNELL

Variations on a theme...

SEASONABLE ROUND ROBIN ROLE REVERSALS

Author notes

A mirrored Retourne may not only be read either from first line to last or from last to first as seen in the mirrors, but also by inverting the first and second phrase of each line, either rhyming AAAA or ABAB for each verse. thus the number of variations could be multiplied several times.- two variations on the theme have been included here but could have been extended as in SEASONABLE ROUND ROBIN ROLE REVERSALS robi03_0069_robi03_0000

In respect of SEASONABLE ROUND ROBIN ROLE REVERSALS

This composition has sought to explore linguistic potential. Notes and the initial version are placed before rather than after the poem.

Six variations on a theme have been selected out of a significant number of mathematical possibilities using THE SAME TEXT and a reverse mirror for each version. Mirrors repeat the seasons with the lines in reverse order.

For the second roll the first four syllables of each line are reversed, and sense is retained both in the normal order of seasons and the reversed order as well... The 3rd and 4th variations offer ABAB rhyme schemes retaining the original text. The 5th and 6th variations modify the text into rhyming couplets.

Given the linguistical structure of this symphonic composition the score could be read in inversing each and every line and each and every hemistich. There are minor punctuation differences between versions.

One could probably attain sonnet status for each of the four seasons and through partitioning in 3 groups of 4 syllables extend the possibilites ad vitam.

Seasonable Round Robin Roll Reversals

robi03_0069_robi03_0000 QXX_DNZ

Seasonable Retour-Knell

robi03_0070_robi03_0069 QXX_NXX

26 March 1975 rewritten 20070123

|||||

For previous version see below

SPRING

SUMMER

Life is at ease
Land under plough;
Whispering trees,
Answering cow.

Young lovers long
To hold their dear;
Dewdrops among,
Bold, know no fear.

Blossom, the bees,
Burgeoning bough;
Soft-scented breeze,
Spring warms life now.

Life full of song,
Cloudless and clear;
Days fair and long,
Summer sends cheer.

AUTUMN

WINTER

Each leaf decays,
Each life must bow;
Our salad days
Are ending now.

Harvested sheaves
And honeyed hives;
Trees stripped of leaves,
Jack Frost has knives.

Fruit heavy lays
Bending the bough, -
Autumn dismays,
Sun drifting down.

Time, Prince of thieves,
Onward he drives,
While Winter grieves
Over our lives.

26 March 1975

Enjoy!

|||||

|||||

Seasonable Retour-Knell I

Spring burgeons, breeze blows blossom, bees,
Summer sends cheer, days fair and long,
Autumn displays sunsets which wow,
White Winter grieves over our lives.

Summer sends cheer, days fair and long,

cloudless and clear, life full of song.
To draw dear near, young lovers long,
sure, know no fear, symphony strong.

Autumn displays sunsets which wow,
fruit heavy lays bending the bough,
each leaf decays, each life must bow,
Fall's salad days all ending now.

White Winter grieves over our lives.
Harvested sheaves, hibernate hives,
Trees stripped of leaves, Jack Frost has knives.
Time, Prince of thieves, onward he drives.

Time, Prince of thieves, onward he drives.
Trees stripped of leaves, Jack Frost has knives.
Harvested sheaves, hibernate hives,
White Winter grieves over our lives.

Fall's salad days all ending now,
each leaf decays, each life must bow,
fruit heavy lays bending the bough,
Autumn displays sunsets which wow.

Sure know no fear, symphony strong,
to draw dear near, young lovers long.
Cloudless and clear, life full of song,
Summer sends cheer, days fair and long.

White Winter grieves over our lives.
Autumn displays sunsets which wow,
Summer sends cheer, days fair and long,
Spring burgeons, breeze blows blossom, bees ...

|||||

Seasonable Retour-Knell II

Spring burgeons, breeze blows blossom, bees,
days fair and long, Summer sends cheer.
Autumn displays sunsets which wow,
Over our lives white Winter grieves.

Summer sends cheer, days fair and long,
life full of song, cloudless and clear,
To draw dear near, young lovers long, -
symphony strong - sure, know no fear.

Autumn displays sunsets which wow,
bending the bough, fruit heavy lays.
each leaf decays, each life must bow,
all ending now Fall's salad days.

White Winter grieves over our lives.
hibernate hives, Harvested sheaves,
trees stripped of leaves, - Jack Frost has knives.
Onward he drives, Time, Prince of thieves.

Onward he drives, Time, Prince of thieves.
Trees stripped of leaves, - Jack Frost has knives.
Hibernate hives, Harvested sheaves,
White Winter grieves over our lives.

All ending now, Fall's salad days.
Each leaf decays, each life must bow,
bending the bough, fruit heavy lays.
Autumn displays sunsets which wow.

Sure know no fear, symphony strong,
young lovers long to draw dear near,
Cloudless and clear, life full of song,
days fair and long, Summer sends cheer.

White Winter grieves over our lives.
Autumn displays sunsets which wow,
Summer sends cheer, days fair and long,
Spring burgeons, breeze blows blossom, bees ...

.
© Jonathan Robin 25 January 2007



SEASONABLE ROUND ROBIN ROLE REVERSALS

Seasonable Role Reversal Part I

Life is at ease, land under plough
whispers, receives free-grazing cow.
Spring wave-wakes tree's burgeoning bough,
soft-scented breeze, bees, blossom, now.

Summer sends cheer, days fair and long,
cloudless and clear, life full of song.
To draw dear near, young lovers long,
sure, know no fear, symphony strong.

Each leaf decays, each life must bow,
Fall's salad days all ending now.
Fruit heavy lays bending the bough,
Autumn displays sunsets which wow.

Harvested sheaves, hibernate hives,
trees stripped of leaves, Jack Frost has knives.
Time, Prince of thieves, onward he drives,
white Winter grieves over our lives.

— — — — —
White Winter grieves over our lives.
Time, Prince of thieves, onward he drives.
trees stripped of leaves, Jack Frost has knives.
Harvested sheaves, hibernate hives.

Autumn displays sunsets which wow.
Fruit heavy lays bending the bough.
Fall's salad days all ending now,
Each leaf decays, each life must bow.

Sure, know no fear, - symphony strong -
to draw dear near, young lovers long,
Cloudless and clear, life full of song.
Summer sends cheer, days fair and long.

Soft-scented breeze, bees, blossom, now,
Spring wave-wakes tree's burgeoning bough
whispers, receives free-grazing cow.

Life is at ease, land under plough.

|||||

Seasonable Role Reversal Part II

Land under plough, Life is at ease,
free-grazing cow whispers receives.
Burgeoning bough, Spring wave-wakes trees.
Bees, blossom; Now, soft-scented breeze.

Days fair and long, Summer sends cheer,
life full of song, cloudless and clear,
Young lovers long to draw dear near, -
symphony strong - sure, know no fear.

Each life must bow, each leaf decays,
All ending now. Fall's salad days,
bending the bough, fruit heavy lays.
Sunsets which wow Autumn displays.

Hibernate hives, harvested sheaves,
Jack Frost has knives. Trees stripped of leaves.
Onward he drives, Time, Prince of thieves,
over our lives, white Winter grieves.

— — — — —
Over our lives white Winter grieves,
onward he drives, Time, Prince of thieves,
Jack Frost has knives. Trees stripped of leaves,
Hibernate hives, harvested sheaves.

Sunsets which wow Autumn displays.
Bending the bough, fruit heavy lays,
all ending now, Fall's salad days.
Each life must bow, each leaf decays.

Symphony strong - sure know no fear -
young lovers long to draw dear near.
Life full of song, cloudless and clear,
days fair and long, Summer sends cheer.

Bees, blossom. Now, soft-scented breeze,
burgeoning bough, Spring wave-wakes trees.

Free-grazing cow whispers receives.
Land under plough, Life is at ease.
|||||
Seasonable Role Reversal Part III

Life is at ease, land under plough,
free-grazing cow whispers, receives.
Spring wave-wakes tree's burgeoning bough,
bees, blossom, now, soft-scented breeze.

Summer sends cheer, days fair and long,
life full of song cloudless and clear.
To draw dear near, young lovers long, -
symphony strong sure, - know no fear.

Each leaf decays, each life must bow,
All ending now, Fall's salad days.
Fruit heavy lays bending the bough,
Sunsets which wow Autumn displays.

Harvested sheaves, hibernate hives,
Jack Frost has knives, trees stripped of leaves.
Time, Prince of thieves, onward he drives,
over our lives white Winter grieves.

— — — — —
Over our lives white Winter grieves.
Time, Prince of thieves, onward he drives.
Jack Frost has knives, trees stripped of leaves.
Harvested sheaves, hibernate hives.

Sunsets which wow Autumn displays.
Fruit heavy lays bending the bough.
All ending now, Fall's salad days,
Each leaf decays, each life must bow.

Symphony strong. Sure, know no fear,
to draw dear near, young lovers long.
Life full of song cloudless and clear,
Summer sends cheer, days fair and long.
.
Bees, blossom, now, soft-scented breeze.

Spring wave-wakes tree's burgeoning bough.
Free-grazing cow whispers, receives.
Life is at ease land under plough.
|||||
Seasonable Role Reversal Part IV

Land under plough, life is at ease,
whispers receives free-grazing cow
Spring wave-wakes trees, burgeoning bough,
soft-scented breeze Bees, blossom, - now.

Days fair and long, Summer sends cheer,
cloudless and clear, life full of song,
Young lovers long to draw dear near,
sure, know no fear, - symphony strong.

Each life must bow, each leaf decays,
Fall's salad days all ending now.
Bending the bough, fruit heavy lays.
Autumn displays sunsets which wow.

Hibernate hives, harvested sheaves,
Jack Frost has knives. Trees stripped of leaves.
Onward he drives, Time, Prince of thieves,
over our lives, white Winter grieves.

— — — — —
Over our lives white Winter grieves
onward he drives, Time, Prince of thieves,
Jack Frost has knives. Trees stripped of leaves,
Hibernate hives, harvested sheaves.

Autumn displays sunsets which wow.
Bending the bough, fruit heavy lays, -
Fall's salad days all ending now.
Each life must bow, each leaf decays.

Sure, know no fear, - symphony strong -
young lovers long to draw dear near.
Cloudless and clear, life full of song,
Days fair and long, Summer sends cheer.

Soft-scented breeze, bees, blossom, now,
Spring wave-wakes trees, burgeoning bough.
Whispers receives free-grazing cow.
Land under plough, life is at ease.
|||||
Seasonable Role Reversal Part V

Life is at ease, soft-scented breeze
whispers, receives. Spring wave-wakes tree's
burgeoning bough. Bees, blossom, now.
Land under plough, free-grazing cow.

Summer sends cheer, cloudless and clear.
Sure, know no fear, to draw dear near,
young lovers long symphony strong.
Life full of song, days fair and long.

Autumn displays Fall's salad days.
Each leaf decays, fruit heavy lays
bending the bough, each life must bow,
Sunsets which wow all ending now.

Harvested sheaves, trees stripped of leaves,
White Winter grieves. Time, Prince of thieves,
onward he drives over our lives.
Hibernate hives. Jack Frost has knives.

— — — — —
Hibernate hives. Jack Frost has knives,
onward he drives over our lives.
White Winter grieves Time, Prince of thieves.
Harvested sheaves, trees stripped of leaves.

Sunsets which wow all ending now.
bending the bough, each life must bow,
Each leaf decays, fruit heavy lays
Autumn displays Fall's salad days.

Life full of song, days fair and long.
Young lovers long symphony strong.
sure, know no fear to draw dear near.
Summer sends cheer, cloudless and clear.

Life is at ease, soft-scented breeze.
Land under plough, free-grazing cow,
burgeoning bough, bees. Blossom now
whispers, receives. Spring wave-wakes trees.

|||||

Seasonable Role Reversal Part VI

Bees, blossom, now, burgeoning bough,
free-grazing cow, land under plough.
Spring wave-wakes trees, whispers, receives,
life is at ease, soft-scented breeze.

Cloudless and clear, Summer sends cheer.
To draw dear near, sure, know no fear,
symphony strong young lovers long.
Days fair and long, life full of song.

All ending now - sunsets which wow -
each life must bow. Bending the bough,
fruit heavy lays. Each leaf decays.
Fall's salad days Autumn displays.

Jack Frost has knives, onward he drives
over our lives. Hibernate hives,
trees stripped of leaves, harvested sheaves.
Time, Prince of thieves. White Winter grieves.

Time, Prince of thieves! White Winter grieves -
trees stripped of leaves, harvested sheaves -
over our lives. Hibernate hives.
Jack Frost has knives, onward he drives.

Fall's salad days Autumn displays.
Fruit heavy lays, each leaf decays,
each life must bow bending the bough.
All ending now sunsets which wow.

Days fair and long, life full of song,
symphony strong - young lovers long
to draw dear near, sure, know no fear.

Cloudless and clear, Summer sends cheer.

Life is at ease, soft-scented breeze,
Spring wave-wakes trees, whispers, receives.
Free-grazing cow, land under plough,
bees, blossom, now, burgeoning bough.

|||||

Jonathan ROBIN

Seasonal Paradox

Spring slipped away unquantified,
Grasshopper's summer sung unheard,
autumn, - frost disqualified,
now winter weights with final word.

Although the scope of time and tide
streams wider than before, absurd
seems life as measured – length of ride
distorts perspective, mockingbird
is time whose span's beatified
by loins and conscience doubly stirred
to worship what should be defied
as jess and jester, bye byword.

This sonnet's closing couplet each
needs frame for self – who self can't reach!

Jonathan ROBIN

Seasonal Trampoline

SEASONAL TRAMPOLINE

Joy joins imagination, seeks
serenity, at last
creating wonder, world which speaks
renewal. Very fast,
wintry woes which weighed for weeks
are banished to dark past.
Awareness reaches plateau, peaks
before horizons vast
boundless, cloudless, rebirth leaks
from blossom, bird, sky, grass.
Joy springs trampoline - sad cheeks
bleak, teary, overcast.

3 May 2010

Jonathan ROBIN

Seasonings

Spring

Vernal cuckoo, voicing vernal echo,
stimulates the sap, soon flowers follow.

Summer

From bud to bloom, from bloom to firming fruit,
the tree's soon dressed in jade and saffron suit.

Autumn

On one high branch an ochre apricot,
why can't I reach? Must it be left to rot?

Winter

Veined leaves rich sprayed their shades, they're withered, lost,
waned sun which played there, fades, spare shivered ghost.

Jonathan ROBIN

See Sea Calls In C Sharp

Onshore mind music finds
sure harmony unwinds
when sea horizons call,
senseless shackles fall.
Notes take new meanings, leave behind
all artificial blinds, self-centred pall.

(28 April 2012)

Jonathan ROBIN

See Wan Man's Poison Meets Sea's Treat

From seed to tumbleweed dust shroud appeared
as plague upon the solstice, land at sea,
and yet, to sea, soil transfers sudden sheered
to fertilize both seaweed, plankton. Tree
roos, cities, suffered, yet ruse balance seemed
to be in play as mother Nature's wit
hung spider webs with dew dust duly schemed
to compensate for overfishing: skit
set sand cat 'mid man pigeons as down under
'pollution' levels rose to record highs,
yet this same gold dust showed all was not blunder,
if not solution, gift, prodigious size
for all marine around the Austral coast,
which, could they sing, would providence rich toast.
robi03_1951_robi03_0000 SXX_JNX

(14 February 2010)

Jonathan ROBIN

See_The Life, Take Time Out, Add A Dash For Seconds And Stir Sagaciously

Who would conquer Time must first vanquish temporal conquest validation as voice for choice within a finite context corresponds to perpetual paradox, mad recipe sought by sine qua non sanity. To gain time seems sane, yet what dreams deign weight time against the proverbial feather awaiting Osiris' judgement before being devoured by Amemet?

Sleeper seeks awakening, taking time out for its own sake. Chronological watershed logical as seconds fed from and fled from Chronos' legendary meal. Thus though acts seem stirring to question actions becomes in itself the froth of futility, the equivalent of cook spoiling broth.

So[u]lution sought by fraught thought waves washing against unsure existential shorelines seeking - thus missing - their essential essence as there sense wavers then waves away intuition's spontaneous fruition favoring creativity.

Mind's inner recesses, fertile kernel where creativity restlessly and relentlessly anticipates release, burst into nut gut activity as spirit awaits inspiration to send sap soaring, outpouring from core ring at all levels. Tendrils tentatively touch, tenderly tease to deracinate, sensate and sate straining spirit's tortured synapses as conscience conscientiously calls all, especially the consistency of its own self-evidence, into question.

Warp and weft, bereft of references, dance double helix above, beneath, and around the sum of understanding, st[r]anding both apart from and a part of the hole that leads spirally swirling, curling and whirling the whole into and out from itself.

Truth's essential essence reflects prismatically and chromatically upon all aspects of awareness. Soul works on Will, re[de]fining Way as harmony and chaos complete each other, cosmic and karmic interplay evolve revolving around each other.

CARPE DIEM: PRICE MADE or EPIC DREAM? ACME PRIDE or MAD RECIPE until PRIME ACED as contest_ed it end and or Death do us part.

Carpe Diem's drumbeat fleet attracts calling when all else lacks tangible existence, consistence, sustained commitment. No need to explain, no easy

recipe dissipating essential answers, no soul scaled down by feather. It is plain all's vain, none remain immune to Time's tune, no intelligent design, no predefined plan, may refine the baseless fabric of self-tortured imaginations, save flailing, failing, falling, wholesale soul shortsale.

A sail, [b]rave paling, ailing, craving recognition from the dead sea mirror reflection of man's insolent anonymity, not a pretty picture.

The world is both perpetual midwife to its own rebirth and sexton sextant to its interminate interment internment.

See lost, soul-searching, generations asea, spreadeagled across life's down filled pillows. Dissarray surfs the billows, while sheet lightning offers an appropriate backdropp for the final act as bellows roar and smoke stacks pour before that final belch relieves them of motion, commotion, and an ocean of sensations most appreciated when most lacking or perceived to be needed as backing for stacking cards against the hand of fate - whose instead-fast finger beckon-beacons destiny with uncomfortably imperative urgency.

Down to Earth, with a new world's birth pangs ever in flux beneath mental horizons of tomorrow's and tomorrow's and tomorrow's workless masses aimlessly awaiting some mere telomere resurrection reprocess program perpetually extending existence as experienced under traditional threescore years and ten life spans.

CARPE DIEM: EPIC DREAM or MAD RECIPE?

Jonathan ROBIN

Seeing The Light

No longer languish, light returns
defeating darkness, soul healed whole
successful transformation earns
serenity's transparent goal.

Depression disappears, fears fade,
encouraging rebirth,
Bask maskless, joy's felt unafraid,
celebrating optimistic Earth.

(15 April 2012)

Jonathan ROBIN

Seek Cause Effect History - His Story

'So let it be with Caesar' said dead bard,
Expressing an opinion that life's deeds -
Evil or good - are judged at diverse speeds,
Kneading Time's sift from swift climb to fall hard.
CAN pound of flesh be panned without blood, lard?
USE caution when you grade what fails, succeeds,
EFFECT and cause weave web veiled future seeds.
High today, tomorrow low may card
In retrospect be seen spleen's spiteful shard.
Some ill can catalyze much good, good leads
To hell through best intentions tension feeds,
Or fails against scaled feather, motives scarred.
Revealed beyond death's door scored good or ill
Yet what is life, stage page prompt, promptly still.

© Jonathan Robin acrostic sonnet SEEK CAUSE/EFFECT HISTORY written 20
November 2008

Jonathan ROBIN

Seek Sneak Peek From Out The Blue After David Adams N'Kima Speaks Forelock Tipped To Jovial Scavenger

He reached down, carressed her scar
and she remembered herself.
This rhyme she did not brush away
or shake, remained like Shaka the lion
She knew she was all ears, should stay.

Ear scratching pleasantly reveals
brain teasing ticklers light as Spring breeze
that begin and end
text messages
or calls from out the brightest blue
dispersing the MUST for inner might, the past's clog logs
fallen, replaced by dialogues
that beetles away from distasteful time-traps,
snub grubs, grab dainty morsels.

Dishevelled, clothes in disarray,
he lay awaiting her return,
patient without watching
the movement of all
the humming of the city,
Internet buzz and double clicks
proving mouse pads
refute the bugs that move
behind the page ink link.

Were they destined for each other
without Bragg_in, bussing to breathe debt free
where playing for time met cusp watershed springs
to and through unpolluted air clear across the ocean.

She knew him not at first, and yet
rode beside window
whispering awakening.

Jonathan ROBIN

Seen Through My Eyes Sandrine Bonnant After William Shakespeare Sonnet Civ

Seen through my eyes she never shall grow old,
As sweet she blossoms, mete she'll ever be,
Now fair among the fair, their beauty, cold,
Defers to hers in depth and quality.
Rise and fall of seasons have I seen,
It's evident, though her Time's been defeated,
Nor shall decay add grey to sable sheen,
Ever round her Muses nine are seated.
But vain watch hands spin round each soundless hour.
On one no second thoughts shall spin awry,
No change, enchanted magic, still she'll flower.
Night turns to day, light's inter-plays defy
All aging grey, one tender beauty may
Trap fourth dimension interference play.

Jonathan ROBIN

Sékolène À Sarko French After Pierre De Ronsard – Ode À Cassandre

Mignon, allons voir cette rose
Que mon election pose
En vanqueur au soleil,
A point perdu votre veillée
Les plis de ma robe pourprée
Vous volent le sommeil.

Las! Voyez comme en peu d'espace,
Mignon, elle a gagné la place
Las de vous les français veulent y croire!
Ô vraiment juste est la Nature,
Puisque ma victoire est sure,
En Hollande allez voir!

Donc, si vous me croyez, cher mignon,
Tandis que le peuple klaxonne
En sa plus verte nouveauté,
Priez, priez l'âme amère à la messe:
Comme de la foule l'ivresse
Votre tête va payer!

Mignon si on donne aux sondages
Un clin d'oeil, c'est fini vos voyages,
votre image à la une d'antan,
C'est l'échec, pauvre mec, car l'histoire
m'attend pour un quinquennat! Pars!
Vite, vade retro, satan!

Mignonne, allons voir si la rose
Qui ce matin avait déclose
Sa robe de pourpre au soleil,
A point perdu cette vesprée
Les plis de sa robe pourprée,
Et son teint au vôtre pareil.

Las! voyez comme en peu d'espace,
Mignonne, elle a dessus la place,

Las, las ses beautés laissé choir!
Ô vraiment marâtre Nature,
Puisqu'une telle fleur ne dure
Que du matin jusques au soir!

Donc, si vous me croyez, mignonne,
Tandis que votre âge fleuronne
En sa plus verte nouveauté,
Cueillez, cueillez votre jeunesse:
Comme à cette fleur, la vieillesse
Fera ternir votre beauté.

Jonathan ROBIN

Self Discovery Unlocks Self Recovery

Goodwill will challenge closed minds through
sense linked to intuitions' glue.

Unlocked cocoon creates a change
both familiar, very strange,
from padlocked hibernation to
emancipation's bright and blue
skies' sounding-board free-range,
where wings unfurled flight find renew
beyond false frontiers, traps untrue.

Blind minds can't block those who'd renew
life's jigsaw puzzle, rearrange
through metamorphosis on cue,
enlightenment long overdue.

Jonathan ROBIN

Self-Acceptance

Spring shows rebirth but winter's cold provides
pause for gestation, seasons' cycle spins,
although cold is disease where cough abides
seed's need for germination knows no sins.

Though river banks may burst with clement clime,
or Jack Frost freeze stream's course for a short while,
rime corresponds to expectation's rhyme
preparing summer ease through tempest trial.

Who hunts for prey may prey himself become,
who leaves the fold as leaves unfold may find
'far from the madding crowd' no birds stay dumb,
and self-acceptance soothes each anxious mind.

Thus hardship, pain will wane, success well met
both noon and moon by shadows seem beset.

Jonathan ROBIN

Self-Emancipation

Pilgrims believe themselves on track
for some earth splitting revelation,
the journey to more than path back
encourages self-elevation,
yet part and parcel seems some lack
of black and white imagination,
yet nuances themselves attack
blind certitude's self-preservation.
Non-violence, here, must take flack,
as choice per choice anticipation
affords minds tidal flow to crack
stone monoliths at their foundation
while taking stands implies the knack
preparing self-emancipation.

(30 March 2012)

Jonathan ROBIN

Semaine - Ses Mains S'Amment

SEMAINE - SES MAINS S'AMMENT

Dimanche, départ donné, déferlement!
Lundi, lisant lignes lumineuses, l'écran.
Metamorphoses mystérieuses, Mardi,
Mais Maude, magique, merveilleuse, Mercredi.
Jeudi jouisseur, joies justes, joutes, jouant.
Vendredi vérité vers vers vouant.
Sourires sans soupirs suivent - Samedi...

10 September 1990 revised 27 May 2009

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Index Number out of Chronological Order

Semaine poem © Jonathan Robin

Jonathan ROBIN

Semper Alicubi Sum

As grey cells wake from mist each mask
sun-kissed must fall as crystal clear
all may become. Once called to task,
heart answers finds, doubts disappear.
Mist fades, miasma, dark and drear,
melts as twin souls in sunlight bask,
complicity, no need to ask.

Two greet on meeting that once seemed
existence owed to fantasy.
Night's curtains are no longer deemed
as substance, for shared souls may free
old walls, cold falls, hypocrisy.
Beyond appearances is teamed
complementarity redeemed.

Each time-frame opportunity
may offer, neither catcher, caught.
Catalytic commentary
supports momentum, brings to naught
all opposition danger fraught.
Synapses soar to nth degree
as symbiosis cuts new key

No shadow shapes shall call the tune,
no straws to clutch, no laws to bind,
nor ashes, crust, nor silver spoon,
no pause, no crutch, no flaws to blind
nor double dutch, nor sores unkind,
one touch much magic, very soon
turns each month into June.

Thus intuitions may prepare
enlightenment to sweep away
false inhibitions, vain despair.
Then bright intent two keep allay
dismay as soon another day
brings to fruition every prayer,
emotions [s]peak beyond compare.

Perfection the beholder's eye
bestows on both unseen and seen.
Faith needs no jealous wraith espy,
nor twists the truth, seeks in between
sense transparent shady screen
or scheme to meanings dark imply.
Empathy with no good-bye.

Here is no gift but open hand
we hold if bold, if not, all lose.
Here lies no rift, no narrow stand
behold free choice, should we enfold? Refuse?
Within these lines we [th]ink the clues
have strength to link beyond Time's sand,
and, nourished, flourish, understand.

Jonathan ROBIN

Seniority

You've still two full years or more,
till I clock up sixty four,
I'm Robin Hood and in me bloomin' prime!
I be feeling somethin' sore,
you seem not to know the score,
so I'll spell it out for you, - an' all in rhyme!

If you'd push to pinch me place,
rush into the ol' rat race,
take a lesson, chum, just don't you try it on!
or I'll smash yer effing face,
there'll be arsenic and old lace,
every bloody bone I'll break or shake upon!

Push your luck and apples, pears,
you'll trip, hung by Barnet Fairs
short an' curly, hurly-burly in a wink,
cobblers' awls hauled, you'll get shares
of raspbry tart for mine's not theirs',
time for you, me lad, to start to learn to think!

Tea leaves grate, my china plate,
down drains missin' links of late,
bottle and stopper won't discover oo's to blame,
Chevy Chase dead beat a state
none would greet at any rate,
keep yer 'ands awf, no excuses limp an' lame.

Jackdaw sore an' shaken core
you'll soon learn what lies in store
if my mince pies grab your jewellery around,
if your pork pies any more
get my goat you'll 'ear me roar -
there's no chocolate fudge oo'd budge or fine a pound.

If a whopper you would tell,
aught thats fishy `as its smell,
so if e'er yer tries to take me for a ride,
not the slightest `ope in `ell,

for I'm sound as any bell,
if yer wants to save yer skin, mate, stand aside!

Whistle and flute won't make me mute,
and my twist and twirl is cute,
while your trouble and strife has left you in the lurch,
took 'er Bristol City beaut
toodaloo to play the flute
for some merchant banker in 'is City perch.

Step aside or `ware me skill
as I step in for the kill,
I don't like it if yer tries to cook me goose!
I've me wits about me still,
an' its taken passing ill -
so scram, `op it! or the `ounds of `ell will loose!

Jonathan ROBIN

Sensitive Selfless Scribe's Shorthand Script Successfully Shows Superb Syllabic Stanza Susurrations

Stanza stanza swift succeeding
seldom static, subtly speeding
serried series, saccharinic,
sentences scarce schizophrenic.

Sentences scarce schizophrenic,
salvos sparkle, sagenitic,
succulent succession seeding
stanza stanza swift succeeding.

Stanza stanza swift succeeding
serenade sauteed spoonfeeding
special scansion 'S' syllabic,
sentences scarce schizophrenic.

Sentences scarce schizophrenic
solo solves sound stream, strabismic
seeker sees successful screeding
stanza stanza swift succeeding.

Stanza stanza swift succeeding.
syntax sense spurns stale subbreeding
shedding sorrow syphilitic,
sentences scarce schizophrenic.

Sentences scarce schizophrenic,
salvoes sparkle sagenitic,
selfless scribe's script seldom skeeding,
stanza stanza swift succeeding.

Stanza stanza swift succeeding
scatter satire chickenfeeding
subharmonic synchronistic
sentences scarce schizophrenic.

Sentences scarce schizophrenic,

sagely swirl substantives scenic
steadfastly serene crossbreeding
stanza stanza swift succeeding.

Stanza stanza swift succeeding,
sinless scintillating reading,
sotto voce suave systemic
sentences scarce schizophrenic.

Sentences scarce schizophrenic,
supercalifragilistic,
startle settled spirits' creeds in
stanza stanza swift succeeding.

Stanza stanza swift succeeding
smoothly slur, spin sans seaweeding,
scenario shows scientific
sentences scarce schizophrenic.

Sentences scarce schizophrenic
supercede stale soporific
stories sot. Spot skill still seeding
stanza stanza swift succeeding.

Jonathan ROBIN

Sent Blessings Lent Soon Spent

Feast your eyes on Nature's ceaseless change
Enchantment offered freely from the skies
And seas - who'd seize unwary souls who range
Seeking siren who soft song supplies
That tempt and then pre-empt those far from wise.

Your eyes retain the seasons' scenes, bird cries
Or lowing herd, ripe harvest stored in grange,
Use well your time - rime Jack Frost soon supplies,
Removing pride, whose fall hopes must shortchange.

Ease of late Spring through Summer warms, mind tries
Yet can't ensure that Autumn won't estrange
Each scented zephyr sent for Time swift flies,
Sent blessings lent soon spent, aren't strong long-range.

Jonathan ROBIN

Separation Soon

Stage stage succeeds to sunder what
Evolved together for brief while.
Page follows page till plain forgot
Are smiles that once breathed sunny smile.
Rage follows rage, cold first then hot,
As end awaits arrest, denial:
Trouble bursts, mends, petty plot
Intense unwinds to reconcile
One to one's lot, destroys love's knot.
No balm spleen calms - scene volatile
Sheds shaky sighs when seen's babe's cot,
Or blossom, spring's pink forget-me-not.
One rage encaged until old age
No pages leaves for insane or sage.

30 March 1998 revised 5 December 2008 and 6 March 2013 second internal
acrostic added for previous versions see below

Stage stage succeeds to sunder what
Evolved together for a while.
Page follows page until forgot
Are smiles that once caught sunny smile.
Rage follows rage, one cold, one hot,
As end awaits a stressful trial,
Trouble bursting bubble plot,
Intense unwinds to reconcile
One to one's lot unties love's knot.
No balm spleen calms, scene volatile
Sheds shaky sighs for baby's cot,
Or sight of Spring forget-me-not.
One rage encaged until old age
No pages leaves for sot or sage.

30 March 1998 revised 5 December 2008

Note: There is an internal acrostic that may be read in taking either the 11th or
12th letter of each line to read Separation's Page or ... Rage

Separation Soon

S tage stage succeeds to sunder what
E volved together for a while.
P age follows page until forgot
A re smiles that once caught sunny smile.
R age follows rage, one cold, one hot,
A s end awaits a stressful trial,
T rouble bursting bubble plot,
I ntense unwinds to reconcile
O ne to one's lot unties love's knot.
N o balm spleen calms, scene volatile
S heds shaky sighs for baby's cot,
O r sight of Spring forget-me-not.
O ne cage cage follows till old age
N o options leaves for sot or sage.

30 March 1998

Jonathan ROBIN

Sere Upon The Stem After William Shakespeare

Sonnet Lxxi

If, reader, brave, your stave taps this grave verse
unable to wave back Death's sable veil,
my phantom name don't pantomime, rehearse,
resign to Time that which beneath blade flail
harvest tithed, forgathered lies. Few wail
when petals fall, few care a tinkers curse
for memories that mattered once. Loves fail
when Winter's chill wind will to dust disperse
sad withered sepals sere upon time's stem.
Where shared chords strung wrung hands and shadowed hearse
mock best laid stratagem of mice and men.
none challenge Time beyond agenda terse.
Stark, poet sought post-scriptum post mortem
to hitch starlight which might pitch night condemn.

If, reader, grave, you stumble on this verse
unable to wave back Death's sable veil,
my phantom name don't pantomime, rehearse,
resign to Time that which beneath sharp flail
is harvested, forgathered. What avail?
When petals fall few care a tinkers curse
for memories that mattered, all must fail,
when Winter's chill wind will to dust disperse
the withered sepals sere upon the stem.
Yet should it strike like chord, shared tune disburse,
through heart ring true, eschewing stratagem,
we'd challenge Time, to hearts' content converse.
Stark poet sought beyond dark post mortem
to hitch star which Death lightly would condemn.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell:
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,

If thinking of me then should make you woe.
O! if, I say, you look upon this verse,
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
But let your love even with my life decay;
Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone.

Jonathan ROBIN

Serenity And Warmth

A chance encounter may precipitate
life's watershed and somehow change its course
into a current whose unrivalled force
may overcome all obstacles, create
eternity, - where Time's lease knows no date.
Great expectations met, on and of course,
reject all compromise, pretensions coarse.
Echoes of past regrets disintegrate,
fears fade, opportunities liberate
inner strength whose unplumbed depths are source
reviving joys through sharing intercourse
and empathy, which can anticipate
love's bloom, or friendship's blossom, where two share
serenity and warmth, - fresh growth prepare...

Jonathan ROBIN

Sergeant Sims' Saga

Sunday sixth saw some slay scound
corpse soundless sunk in silty sound
where, settled on sand shore, abound
screaming seagulls whose cries sound
from strand to land. Their sounds rebound,
resound against old ships aground
where restless breakers crash and pound.

Forever will his bones be bound
by biting wires wound right around
his battered limbs, still will surround
his skeleton deep underground.
Not floating on the flood was found,
but down beside the damned, deep drowned.

Forensic information found
that someone gunned him to the ground,
and while he from dire wound would swound
with dagger the deceased had downed.
Hell's halls with welcome wild redound.
Another promptly plucked each pound
and paper, from the purse he owned,
picking pockets all around.

Beneath hair stream his skull still crowned
his frightful features fixèd frowned.
The same did Sergeant Sims astound,
together closely molars ground,
and to the Super see him pound.
The latter peered from paper mound.
Said he: 'Hie, harry out the hound
who drowned downed scoundrel, dumped him down
within the sound without a sound,
he must be mad, insane, unsound.'

The Saga of Sergeant Sims
Last Sunday someone slew the hound
and sunk him soundless in the sound
where, settled on the sand, abound

screaming seagulls whose cries sound
from strand to land. The sounds rebound,
resound against the ships aground
where restless breakers crash and pound.

Forever will his bones be bound
by biting wires wound right around
his battered limbs, and will surround
his skeleton deep underground.
Not floating on the flood was found,
but down beside the damned, the drowned.

Forensic information found
that someone gunned him to the ground,
and while he from his wound did swound
with dagger had the dead man downed:
the halls of Hell with grief redound.
Another promptly plucked each pound
and paper from the purse he owned,
then picked his pockets all around.

Beneath the hair his head had crowned
his frightful features fixed frowned.
The same did Sergeant Sims astound,
together did his molars ground,
and to the Super see him pound.
The latter peered from paper mound.
Said he: 'Hie, harry out the hound
who drowned the downed and dumped him down
within the sound without a sound,
he must be mad, insane, unsound! '

Jonathan ROBIN

Serve Verse - Anagram Acrostic - Bud Free In Time, Shape Your Heart's Vision Through Verse

BEYOND YE BOND which terrifies
UNITE! UNTIE! PROD, DROP disguise,
DRAW joy WARD off REEF, FREE dark skies.
FOR TUNES trump FORTUNE'S flighty eyes.
READ, DEAR, SURE RUSE personifies
Each VERSE to SERVE sans compromise.
Each REVERSE REVERES replies.
ITEM EMIT for as TIME flies
No MITE, POOL LOOP, personifies
The DEW WED, so NODE DONE advise
IT RIPS the SPIRIT - so scribe's highs
May LOWS SLOW link, revise.
Easy WOLF FLOW satisfies.
Splice I AM AIM to WE IS - WISE.
HEART'S ARTS HE MASTERS STREAMS supplies
As SMILE which MILES DROPS, PRODS surprise.
PART STALE TALE's TRAP, - LO US! - SOUL ties
Each THREAD - no DEARTH - needs systemize
You EDIT TIDE DIET DEED despise
Objections COLD CLOD compromise.
URGES SURGE FROM FORMAl guise,
REACT, TRACE NOW WON OWN enterprise.
He who GUIDES IS in DISGUISE
Each GENIC ZERO RECOGNIZE -
ALL mirrors ALL in different guise -
Response to dark INSURES SUNRISE!
The PAGE does GAPE? Just realize
Sometimes it OVERSIMPLIFIES
Verse low for LO IMPs IMPROVISE
IDEAS ASIDE on SITE link TIES -
Some POLEMICS, where one COMPLIES
In ONE COMPILES, NEO BUSY BUYS,
Or, FACE ITS SIN it SANCTIFIES
Naught - for I SIMPLE e'er IMPLIES
The rhyme IS SUPPLE and SUPPLIES
Here sharing and 'I SCREED' DECRIES.
Rubbish IT CHASES to CHASTISE

Or TEACH not CHEAT, through verse RITES TRIES
Uses INTACT, IN TACT rectifes,
Good SIRE, to RISE above weak cries.
Here knots HER 'MY' - in RHYME it flies -
Vocation EVIL, VILE, denies.
END prison DEN, let VERSE SERVE guys!
RESPOND PONDERERS, Reaction dies.
Sight clear can LEAP, PEAL fast past lies...
Each THEME MET, HE, GAME MAGE, gains prize!

Bud Free!

BEYOND YE BOND which terrifies
UNITE! UNTIE! shed all disguise,
DRAW joy WARD off, REEF FREE dark skies.
Knit I AM AIM to WE IS - WISE.
ROSE, SORE, RETWINS, WINTERS defies.
IN ONE I NONE FILE LIFE. Arise!
STREAM MASTER - HEART ART HE supplies
The SMILE which MILES DROPS, PRODS surprise.
Your WOLF'S growl grows FLOWS fertilize.
PART is a TRAP, - LO US! - SOUL ties
In knots HER 'MY' - in RHYME it dies.
The PAGE does GAPE? Just realize
ALL mirrors ALL in different guise
FOR TUNES trump FORTUNE'S flighty eyes.
READ, DEAR, SURE RUSE personifies
Each VERSE to SERVE sans compromise.
Each REVERSE REVERES replies,
Vocation EVIL VILE denies, -
END Lion's DEN, REEF FREE, cease sighs
RESPOND PONDERERS, Reaction dies.
Sight clear can LEAP, PEAL off past lies....
Each THEME MET, HE, GAME MAGE, gains prize!

Jonathan ROBIN

Seven Ages Of Contemporary Man

Each word's world spells cage,
with all its peoples temporary strayers:
their exits sure, with slight trust in re-entrances,
each pouts, reels out doubt life by fits and starts:
trace acts embracing seven stages.

First the infant,
environment uncertain still, although
his genes be tested. Then the anxious schoolboy,
I.Q. tested, repeating like parrot
unwillingly at school. Then the graduate
sighing in earnest, with a hopeful eyebrow
bent to employer's ballad. Then the careerist,
full of strange ideas and innovative strategies,
jealous of advancement, avoiding open quarrel,
seeking swift promotions,
out-thinking colleagues' schemes. Then the Director,
in fair round belly with best scotch salmon lined,
full of turncoat schemes, intrigues and net investments,
and so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
into the lean and slippered pensioner,
with spectacles on nose, few pounds beside.
his will, once strong, tottering towards the inertia
of oblivion, and his once manly voice
turning again towards childish trebles, pipes
and whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
that ends this strange eventful history,
is second childishness, then Earth's amnesia,
false teeth, frayed hair, alone, sans everything.

(16 January 1990)

Jonathan ROBIN

Seven Ages Of Contemporary Man After William Shakespeare As You Like It

Each word's world spells cage,
with all its peoples temporary strayers:
their exits sure, with slight trust in re-entrances,
each pouts, reels out doubt life by fits and starts:
trace acts embracing seven stages.

First the infant,
environment uncertain still, although
his genes be sequenced. Then the noxious schoolboy,
I.Q. tested, repeating like parrot
unwillingly at school. Then the graduate
sighing in earnest, with a hopeful eyebrow
bent to employer's ballad. Then the careerist,
full of strange ideas and innovative strategies,
jealous of advancement, avoiding open quarrel,
seeking swift promotions,
out-thinking colleagues' schemes. Then the Director,
in fair round belly with best scotch salmon lined,
full of turncoat schemes, intrigues and net investments,
and so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
into the lean and slippered pensioner,
with spectacles on nose, few pounds beside.
his will, once strong, tottering towards the inertia
of oblivion, and his once manly voice
turning again towards childish trebles, pipes
and whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
that ends this strange eventful history,
is second childishness, then Earth's amnesia,
false teeth, frayed hair, alone, sans everything.

Jonathan ROBIN

Seven Stages Of Singularity Man After William Shakespeare

All our worlds wars wage,
rewarding winners, sinners are rejected
as flotsam under notice, straws neglected
lost in a hurly-burly turbulence, at sea
where few may float to coat card destiny
I.D. with Saville Row, where herring bone none flee.
All wordlywise to yoke are paid or payers:
folks' taxes sure, with little trust in pensions
thus each man lives by stars or concrete facts,
his acts spanning seven stages.

First the infant, genome boosted, hormone instilled,
his sex well willed from cryo chilled to artificial womb,
no tomb need know, as all impressions shall fall in escrow,
held against accident and the passing years.
The sighs, the why's the very tears embedded
in external disk hard against the day
when use thereof is made by maid or may
be transferred or transcribed for re-use
by hook, by crook, by chip which steers the future's flow.
Though planned career, here scholar's way is seen
I.Q. high, by rote no time to waste
unwillingly at school, when distance learning,
ubiquity and spelling correctors, counter haste
to set the scene for greater meaning held
by generations passed so fast, trod down
in all senses of the term, their term soon past.
Here screening, streaming finds at last its place
to weed from need and greed each shining face
as progress turns to better bland replace
with plastic minds and spirits wi-max linking
and chips sub-cutaneous to help with thinking
while inklings bi-directional may bait
the watchers' curiosity, translate
into advancement through the stream of thought
whose gist no longer may for gold be bought,
irrespective of parental yearning.

Then freshman turns towards the graduate,
"knowledge enormous makes a God" of each,
as who is taught, and who advanced to teach,
on what wire taut some walk, while others reach
a plateau which no chateau guarantees.
Some play the teasers, others stay the tease,
sighing in earnest, with a hopeful ear
bent to employer's ballad, which one year
will offer - contract limited to goal win/win,
as margin thin for error is advanced.
Strategic choices, chance,
here strive both to unite and to prepare
further growth. Uniqueness everywhere,
though some be more unique than others
thanks to foresight, fathers, mothers,
may compensate for past delay
investing time where counterparts at play
fail to distinguish their priorities.
Hard lessons learned here.
Tearful pleas attend the second rate on bended knees
who seek to leapfrog into jobs which may
provide security and ample pay
to compensate long term uncertainties.

Here starts cognizance of the challenges
a century before were unimagined, even by
free-thinkers - though their thoughts reached bye and bye
to sky, to space, to stars and still beyond.
Here starts the game of singularity
where multitask may supercede
the student, or the businessman whose greed
fails to factor possibilities
outside his ken when inputs such as these
are absent from the past's pen and when need
is noticed not, or but perceived
through a glass darkly as each fate is weaved
through contradictions to a semblant light,
refracted, and distracted terabyte
of information processed.

From freshman through the system will proceed

each cyphered soul whose whole and sum are called
 towards the common weal – or else blackballed
 be those who chose to stand and wait, sans speed.
 Then the careerist, full of strange ideas and innovative strategies,
 jealous of advancement, avoiding open quarrel, seeking swift promotions,
 out-thinking colleagues' schemes.
 By Nature well or whether poor endowed
 bellwether reputations well sustained
 must keep their end up, rumour's buzz maintained
 by Cialis, Viagra, compensation which from Vagina dildo dispensation
 anticipates complaint as faint heart's compensation.
 Careers upon the home front lean for force
 to counter opposition in due course
 from bootblack's Waterloo, Penn Central station,
 to recognition from a grateful nation.
 Careers aren't what they were with Pension Schemes
 more schemes than pensions, meat for mirage dreams,
 for who meets mete rewards well merited
 when corporation hopping drives ahead
 the game of fame pr fortune well intended,
 with one mistake THE one which can't be mended!
 So rules are bent none else see their bended,
 with savvy sense and luck fortuitous blended.
 Careers aren't what they were with competition
 from "yellow peril" compromising mission,
 when global village information flows
 short circuit secrets - half-lives decompose
 at rate no Fate before could presuppose.
 When "Ball no Question makes of Ayes and Noes,
 But Right or Left, as strikes the Player goes."
 Yet "He that toss'd Man down into the Field,
 He knows about it all, HE knows HE knows! "
 But "Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,
 Moves on: nor all careerist's wisdom, Wit
 Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
 Nor all his Tears wash out a Word of it.'

Then the Director, in fair round belly best scotch salmon lined,
 full of turncoat schemes, intrigues and net investments,
 and so he plays his part. A part responsibility
 would have no part of if its choice were free,
 but 'Times they are a-changing" and the tune

squares, spares shareholders susceptibility
reporting rising profits quaterly.
Stock options open source manipulation
to closed shop club with rubber stamp equation.
The sixth age shifts into the lean and slippered pensioner,
with spectacles on nose, few pounds beside.
his will, once strong, tottering towards the inertia
of oblivion, and his once manly voice
turning again towards childish trebles,
pipes and whistles in his sound.
Illness and loneliness take toll
till toll takes what is left, while jokes once droll
pinpoint isolation from the whole in corporate,
which loses sight of goal.

Last scene of all, that ends this strange eventful history,
is second cycling, no amnesia, no Alzheimer to fear,
no loss of trace,
no care, no wear, no old age and no seizure.
Emotions stored or slotted into place
within the space of nanny nano interface perpetuates the human race
for access on demand, or re-emergence,
depending on technology's convergence
and aptitudes stochastic which may be
exploited by society as input options offered for the game
warm life may play with life inanimate,
the same these both may seem entwined,
as fate prepares recycled change appropriate,
shifts paradigm too few appreciate.

Yet fate is blind behind dual Janus jaw,
and singularity demands much more
than just blind chance unjust, uncharted trip
whereon although some sinners meditate
none can with truth predestinate
rhyme Time with Time which time itself needs track
back to black drawing board with cards unstacked.
Thus singularity, by most so prized,
sees efforts all too often compromised
by time and tide are quickly circumsized
as risk/reward equation is denied
solution's resolution. Humbled pride

remains our lot, forgotten is our ride.

Jonathan ROBIN

Sexploitation - Control Role Reversed

We sat, we talked, too often balked at things that needed said,
each hardly heard the other's word, the clock, however, sped.
He told me this, he pleaded that, then this and that once more,
named nothing new to what I knew, re-framed what came before.
In hindsight here one sheds hurt's tear for women led astray
year after year, both far and near, by men intent on play.

'Again you're late, lets get things straight! ' 'Don't whine! ' he swore, poor swine!

"Love's golden gate may open! Wait! " clock chimed 'ONE! ' fateful sign.
"I can't, for her! " He whined, trite cur! I countersigned in turn:
"I'll not become dumb 'neath your thumb, I'd far prefer to burn! "
At puzzled look I threw the book 'There'll be no meeting more,
where pairs should rhyme we're closing time! you, jester, fester sore."
'Be patient, Dear, no answer here 'tis clear I can provide,
perhaps next year there may appear clear weekend side by side."
"What rot, you sot, you've clear forgot the story board 'sincere'
you used last year! " but he with leer poured brandy in his beer.

He made his pitch: 'For men the itch is normal, seven years!
for maid to stand and understand, who waits still serves, why tears? '
Cut to the quick, I answered quick: 'You've had your day! Get lost!
Through thin and thick to you I'd stick, 'spite cheat, bliss fleet. The cost
too steep has been, to pastures green I'm off! dragged feet lag lame,
deceit's excuse, there is no use extending deadlines! Shame! '
'Since days of yore to women chore, to men pride of the roost,
don't show the door, tryst's ties restore! my ego needs a boost! '

Men think kingpin they'll foul game win till kingdom come! They're wrong!
They light a flame then douse the same, to show who's boss, who's strong.
But times must change.'Henceforth free-range, this chicken's neck's not wrung.
Though it seems strange, I will arrange for joy elsewhere, bells rung! "

He nodded, smiled, then tried vile wile, while I'd no longer shrink,
he took my hand, to plead, demand alternately, the stink,
'There'll be no wait as from that weight I'm liberate, won't sink
from center stage, I'll wipe poor page." He poured another drink.

When one wants out no need to shout, or launch lunch dishes wide,

no round about deserves the lout who wishes bona fide
denied to gain time, time again, who needs an ego boost,
with this refrain his stock will wane, this chick elsewhere will roost.

In limbo lost he counted cost of role reversal find,
one, ringed, who bossed, forever's tossed back to world's ring unkind
that threads to wed with duty's bed within a double bind,
'Take that proud cock, as I take stock of lock I've left behind! '

'More fish swim sea, so mon chéri, from chains I feel removed,
go back to 'her' black coffee stir your mire, liar, I'm unmoved! '
I, free from claim, nor guilt nor blame, rose seeking kismet knight,
my freedom's flame rose from silt shame, chose sea king, kiss met bright!

'The wasted years, the toil, the tears, for what? For me? For you?
Time spent appears as much arrears you owe, so go! Go stew!
I won't be hurt by little squirt who seeks both cake and eat,
Once flirt, alert now I want out, defeating doubt, deceit! '

'I have outgrown wild oats once sown, I've played and paid the price,
I'd telephone to heart of stone, the bone I picked ain't nice,
but dice once thrown, like roses blown, mistakes are not made twice,
this bird has flown. "To silly cone return spurn earned! " ad_vice.

Enough! No more! Though sweet before! His presence I abhor!
Tough nuts! Implore, blow, bleat, or bore, there will be NO encore!
His peace of mind may, much maligned, unwind in vain regret,
once left behind my piece of mind will find a better bet!

Spurn was well earned when tables turned, too late he'd recognize
where false love's dart splits part from part there's hole one must despise.
Our time is out, all who Love flout one day must piper pay,
I'll do without all doubt, root out drear souvenir away.

Jonathan ROBIN

Shades Of The Slump After Paul Revere's Ride Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Hearken investor and you shall hear
of what can happen when credit is dear,
of cash crash replaying the twenty-nine slump
as the global economy down in the dump
sees collateral damages worldwide appear.

Hear of history echoed two thousand and eight,
of Fannie Mae, Freddie Mac, finding too late
fond fund bubble burst that had seemed once to span
wide world with its laissez-faire backed by Greenspan.
Revered dollar declined, little left to bear bait.

All those who put trust in the system were caught
with their trousers rolled down, were bull meat for bears short,
while collateral damage from Wall Street did ripple,
like hurricane Ike or tsunami to cripple
those unfortunates who into bear markets bought.

'With Lehmann gone bust and the thundering herd
of Merrill, Lynch, Pierce, Fenner, Smith to the Bank
of America within a short week-end transferred
AIG, too, extended a poison pill plank,
what will remain?' said poor pension fund nerd.

Trader said to his partner, 'Should stockmarket sink
it is likely to push us right over the brink,
but should there unto us come a pleasant surprise,
should the market bounce back after so many lies,
after twelve sessions loss, should the share index rise,
and shouts of rejoicing break out all around,
then ring the red telephone right by my desk
that I may start punting in yet one more risk.'

Then he said 'au revoir' and with trembling paw
departed to drink at nearby whisky bar.
He no longer found courage back home to creep,
but along the broad bridge with the fall so steep

he wandered alone, a sad tryst to keep,
wondering whether to laugh or to weep,
the broker stretched out on a small bench to sleep.
Day dawned, timid sun rose from over the sea,
discovered him there, through the dank fog misty.

Ten o'clock struck and the deep boom of doom
echoed to all who stall, fall with bust boom.
Five hours more work in the sick school of spec,
one last attempt to stave of the dire wreck.
But alas and alack, it was not to occur,
and the shiny red telephone never did whirr.
His hopelessness homed before clock struck one,
adieu to staff force, recourse to the gun:
with never a thought for the beautiful sun!

Jonathan ROBIN

Shadows Act Out Bit Parts As Wit Departs After John Donne Meditation Xvii Nunc Lento Sonitu

Mundane disdain, un-self-sustaining stain upon humanity,
most opt out, flout choice voice, rejoice only to gain self-vanity
pass over nature, poles apart from fresh start seem profanity,
whose dreams drown, frown within unthinking kitchen sink inanity.

Abstaining, goal-less souls wholly halfhearted seem calamity
who up and down, in country, town, are found bound to their amity.
To day-to-day few homage pay, or stay to see life's mystery
unfold to score joys hid before, eyesores doors shut, gut history.

Bright moments pass, no looking-glass reflecting with lucidity
upon life's chance ebb, flow advance. Mental mindset aridity
dries up imagination's cup, as individuality
stillborn's forsworn, or torn forlorn, from focus, creativity.

Cloud cuckoo land where bland hands band against all authenticity,
there, playing ball before thrall's shawls eliminates simplicity
few bide time, stand, serve, fail to free inner potentiality:
past history suspicions casts on any assiduity.

Though over half a century has sped since Orwell penned to see
what hidden time-traps lay ahead, if writ today the same would be
as relevant or more. Where fed still silent mass majority
clings to and through employment bread with slight sustainability.

Every man an island is unto himself, or so should be,
yet many abdicate their fate, cede self-respect and liberty.
Each to each together chained, suspecting self-sufficiency;
by timeworn rules, conventions, caged: dumb shadows in Democracy.

When compromising breezes blend, most bend, to please society,
trends ill to curse where currents tend that set sad score for sanity.
Should stout voice shout out from closed shop, dare doubt respectability,
most flout it lest it compromise their own invincibility.

Ignoring soul-song's anguished sighs most sacrifice ability,
conform, fear cut ties, hope dies, drear lip-service serves stability.

Impeached, tried, sentenced, while rich thrive and undermine equality,
most stifle stranger's signal sighs: there's none so blind as will not see!

In restive rows, mechanic chain, men chafe forever to be free,
it rankles, goes against the grain, God's global productivity.
Tired, tied to task, most wills expend as ciphers in some factory,
or jobless, friendless, on social skills depend meal wheels of industry.

From dawn to dusk husk men mark time imprisoned intellectually,
as tiny cogs flywheels attend, a terrifying sight to see.
Pensions devalued, most descend to penniless impotency,
health in tatters, wealth at end, as social superfluity.

Where Government sets our stipend to suit its sensitivity.
Why do annuities ascend? electoral necessity.
Should one question this and that? Ideals are incongruity
to uncommitted bureaucrat who kills with calm complacency.

Though Internet for change once whet our appetites, authority
lies heavier than lead inset upon the space we'd trace as free.
Mass media most minds has fed with blatant mediocrity,
environment and climate bled by sub-committee potpourri.

The generations now instead of freedom find R.F.I.D.
reduces categories read, teach each reach barred identity.
Respecting pensions, these are spread so thinly through life's lottery,
the turf is bogged, no thoroughbred speed with legitimacy.

Too far from serendipity, false notes mistake life's melody,
key out of tune sad symphony, portrait: mind deformity.
The moral note this essay floats seems underscored by irony,
core freedoms prove illusory, sheets wind unkind mortality.

Swift's spent sad sojourn, scared to speak, men blacklist thoughts incessantly,
act out bit parts as wit departs, while inner phoenix spark most flee
for three score years and ten, then see chance pitch and toss cross out 'to be',
no breathing space to trace brand name: humdrum race run humanity.

Articulating paradox of 'existentiality'
no magic paradise unlocks, since in all probability
reflective mirror breeds contempt, unease or even enmity
from those who chose crow's-nest to shun, close doors upon transparency.

Here ends unwinding thread, screed sped, on winding sheet scroll be,
repeating those asleep, abed, must move to more maturity
maintaining inner dignity, ne'er principles surrender, key
integrity and liberties restore, defend diversity.

Jonathan ROBIN

Shaft O'Thrills - Parody William Wordsworth - Daffodils

She wandered lonely in a crowd
that fills the Internet for thrills,
when all at once she thought aloud,
hosts surfing, toasting golden pills,
beside the screen, beyond base tease,
revamping her priorities.

Continuous as the stars that shine
and twinkle over life today
she sought a never-ending line
to set example, quoted play:
Ten thousand thinklings at a glance
were tossed while head sought elegance.

The waves within met some which stray
by chance or fate, late sparkling glee:
a poet could not but be gay,
acknowledging eternity.
She gazed, she gazed, but little thought
untaught taut flow's show glow had brought:

Once, often on her couch she'd lie
in vacant or in pensive mood.
Wish flashed, dot dashing inward eye
to compensate her solitude.
Henceforth her heart with pleasure fills,
advancing with her writing skills.

Jonathan ROBIN

Shall I Compare Her - Sandrine Sonnet Cycle After Sonnet XVIII William Shakespeare

Shall I compare her to a summer's day?
A thousand times more sweet she seems to me!
Nor may Time's winds – (which darling buds of May
Do shake) – unsettle love's perennity.
Restrained the eye of heaven sometimes seems,
It often sends a drought, or shines too hot,
No permanence is possible. Like dreams
Each season soon declines, returning not.
Vain are Time's threats when, lacking base designs,
A poet frames her praises in fair verse,
Imprinting for the future lyric lines
Lending life when all else hearse rehearse.
Life glories her as long as Man draws breath,
As Never tasting shadow land of Death.

Jonathan ROBIN

Shame's Flames After William Wordsworth Daffodils

I wandered lonely wound in shroud
that floats beneath earth's vales and hills,
when all at once I saw a crowd
of [g]hosts departed Lethe fills;
amid hell-fire and brimstone frieze,
fluttering and dancing with damned wheeze.

Continuous as stars that shone
a'twinkling on far milky way,
etched wretch stretched endless, woebegone,
who sinned on margin, brought to bay.
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
bemoaning fate, no second chance.

Shame's flames beside them danced; but they
cast lurid shadows. Souls once free
no poets praise, raise dead: dismay
sent shivers through dread company:
I gazed - and gazed - but little thought
that I'd been picked to share their sport.

Now as I in lost limbo lie
in vacant, pained, or pensive mood,
heaven dreams through an inward eye
some dream, deem, bliss of solitude;
But henceforth heart no pleasure knows,
as time flows timelessly, naught shows.

Jonathan ROBIN

Share With Me

to verify and rework may 14 2009

0,18

Share with me, my dear,
vision clear to trace future fair,
joy's grace to share space,

sunrise, sunset serene.

Care with me, my dear, ☐
where time and place flow fair
to replace motives base

with garden green serene.

0,45

Sharing, giving, and forgiving,
joining joy for living, -
living me and you for you and me.

Sharing, choosing not refusing,
trusting, not accusing,
living me and you for you and me.

1,03

Joy tender, long we'll remember, -
past and present, future seen

Joy tender, long we'll remember, -
past and present, future seen

1,15

as honeymoon happiness
hand in hand advancing,
eyes to bright eyes glancing.

as contentment where pleasure
none measure enhancing
fun's treasure, joy dancing.

1,30

This shared gift from me to you,
from you to me – felicity.

This shared gift from me to you,
from you to me – felicity.

1,45

Love in life rejoices, ☐ve in life revoices,
life in love rejoices, ☐fe in love shared choices,
united in serenity. ☐hited in serenity.

1,57

This shared gift from me to you,
from you to me – felicity.

This shared gift from me to you,
from you to me – felicity.

2,04

Heart through heart charts tomorrow
part in part, nor apart,

Friend in friend finds fulfilment
ends unease, mends resentment,

nor in parts, torn to sorrow.

energies frees, - contentment

Each through each is completed
reach goals, teach to outreach
each through each, undefeated.

links two minds in true fusion
lending love not illusion
ending heartache, confusion.

2.42 Cupid's dart need not borrow
surface art causing smart –
quarrels start, hurtful stones throw.

Heart in heart signal sent meant
silence melts, shared investment
soul to soul in complement.

4.55

Share with me, my dear, vision clear to trace future fair, joy's grace to share
space, sunrise, sunset serene.

5.23

7.15

Heart through heart charts tomorrow
part in part never part,
nor apart, torn to sorrow.

Each through each is completed
reach and teach breach outreach,
each through each, undefeated.

2.42 Cupid's dart need not borrow
surface art causing smart –
quarrels start, senseless stones throw.

evergreen garden scene to grace

8.51

18 September 2006

Share with Me_20060927_Share with me, my dear ROBIN Jonathan 1947_20xx
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Jonathan ROBIN

Shared Intuitions

Mistake, or insight worth a second look
As printed with key code of cause, expect?
Rainbow skeins need braiding to effect
Interactions on an open book.
Excitement keeps hearts in the air, on hook.
Can intellects combine, twine, intersect,
Hearts' energies spontaneous direct,
Rise to challenge, shed gobbledygook,
Ignore conventions set that overlook
Shared intuitions which interconnect
To filter chaff from grain, detect defect
Ignoble which life's books too often cook?
Now rule lure, unlured by rules harsh lined,
Expressing feelings with an open mind...

19 September 2005

Jonathan ROBIN

Shared Welfare To Farewell

Gift no gold idol, though I idyll may
Yet offer, beacon gracing interface
Pursuing dreams that fairest future trace,
Serenity conjoining day to day.
Yin, Yang splice, welcome welfare's interplay
Innate both early, late, trumps evil's ace,
Response and not reaction leading way
In light and laughter all false fears outweigh.
Some ride pride's broomstick, fearless of fey fall,
Hope spurs [tr]ashed Phoenix flight from demon hall,
Ideal may represent, two halves makes whole.
Rich all which heals hurt's scars to head heart's call
Insightfully links soul to soul withal:
Shares present past and future's common goal.

Golden idols crumble into dust
Youth's cream in amber curdles outside time,
Precious anticipations often must
Strip independence, turning gain to crime.
Yearn not for fired desire that turns to rust
Inspiration when dark cavern's rime
Returns warmth to cold ice. Skin deep, nonplussed,
Is transient beauty, hardly worth a dime.
Shape self for self beyond what life's sharp gust
In seconds blows away, day urned - quicklime
Reducing light to dark, hope, hurt, calm fussed,
Is often proved as mirage bright at prime
Soon fades with second thoughts, fresh loaf turns crust.
Heartache returns, eyes wet, pain set, hair mussed.

Jonathan ROBIN

Sharing

SHARING

Emotions pooled through message simple, clear
empathy extend, blend double heart
finding behind the lines joy's world apart -
no challenge for the sake of challenge here.
Creative thinking helps both persevere
openly, free from artificial art.
Arrogance, intolerance, which chart
shipwreck sure, are absent as, sincere,
touching trust, whatever course they steer,
is manifest, sails to safe port where part
and whole are won, minds common aims impart.
Time, distance, fade as frontiers disappear.
Structure is not stricture when our verse
evokes shared image timeless two rehearse.

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for previous version see below

Sharing

Emotions pooled through simple message clear
empathy extend to warm the heart
which seeks behind the lines a world apart -
no challenge for the sake of challenge here.
Creative thinking helps the mind appear
open, free from artificial art.
Arrogance, intolerance, which chart
shipwreck sure, are absent as, sincere,
the reader's touched whatever course [s]he'd steer
through trust towards a harbour safe where part
and whole are won, which common aims impart.
Time, distance, fade as frontiers disappear.
Structure is not stricture when the verse
evokes shared image, timeless to rehearse

4 August 2004

Poem Sharing © Jonathan Robin

Jonathan ROBIN

Sharp Harp Carp On Time's Warped Tarp Time's Frieze Caesura: Seize Frees Time's Usury

As day and dark on time alight
as ocean waves godsend,
all surfaces, matt, gloss, black, bright
into each other trend.
Of course no course sates appetite
coarse, fine, late, early tend
to mock man's refrained recourse quite
around tomorrow's bend.

Jonathan ROBIN

She Thought She Saw-Parody Lewis Carroll–the Mad Gardener’s Song

She Thought She Saw

She thought she saw quite equal pay
afforded equal work,
she looked again and found it was
a most unusual quirk.

“That men should keep their cake, ” she said,
“and eat it too, must irk.”

She thought she saw that light of day
would filter through each jerk,
she looked again and found it was
belief most held beserk.

“That men should nappies change, ” she said,
“would wipe off every smirk! ”

She thought she saw fair interplay
where men would never shirk,
she looked again and found it was
a most miasmatic murk
where rights were flouted, - “Hey! ” she said,
“men stand, wait, feeble lurk! ”

(15 April 2007 Parody Lewis CARROLL Some Hallucinations
The Mad Gardener's Dream Sylvie and Bruno Ch.5 See below Carolling and
Carolling II)

Carolling

He thought he saw an Internet
exchanging peer to peer,
he looked again and hedged his bet, -
by middle of next year
new routing tables tuned as yet
unknown may well appear -

on track to trace attack and get
convictions based on fear.

He dreamt that spam would disappear,
all trash deleted fast.
He dreamt that Windows would be clear
of viral bugs' wormcast.
He woke to find world insincere
where independence past
was sacrificed throughout the year
to biometrics ghastr.

He thought he saw a friend's hello
with an attachment piece,
he opened to discover, though,
a trojan horse release –
He looked again as data flow
declined, - mind not at peace -
and whispered with voice timbre low:
'I'll send for the Police! "

He thought he saw a heirophant
predicting happy life.
He looked again, with rage and rant
discovered from ex-wife
an email angry claiming scant
support, which threatened strife:
"At length I see the immanent
attraction of Time's knife! "

He dreamt he saw as he awake
the euro reach a peak,
he saw he dreamt that Bush half bake
would leave the dollar weak: -
he woke to find what grave mistake
was made for the next week
the politicians put a stake
in budget – rocked boats leak!

He thought he saw Commission clerk
jump on bandwagon bus,
he looked again, just for a lark,

and found no tinker's cuss
the former cared for bite was bark -
ratification fuss -
U.S. as vulture oyster park
picked clean naught left for US!

He thought he saw an open door,
that had no need for key,
he looked again, saw judgement poor,
and said: "Ah, woe is me!
How confidence we can restore
remains a mystery,
as what seemed clear is to the core
too shaken by decree! "

He recognized all argument
was vain as veil with Pope
who looked to answer heaven sent
to save old ways with hope -
to good intentions turned and meant
to reassure that scope
remained but promise soon found spent
by men who could not cope...

(20 June 2005 Parody Lewis CARROLL – The Mad Gardener's Song)

Carolling II

He thought he saw new Internet
exchanging peer to peer,
he looked again and found it was
a mirage for each year
sees more control, "what rôle, " he said,
"for values free from fear? "

He thought he saw spam disappear,
All consultations free,
he looked again and found it was
a spybot lottery.
"Is Windows DoD", he said,

"or from risks viral clear? "

He thought he saw a friend's hello,
With an attachment piece,
he looked again and found it was
the porno scanning police
"Politically correct", he said,
"can't guarantee release."

He thought he saw a hierophant,
who'd deal successful life,
he looked again and found it was
subpoena from ex-wife
demanding child support, he said,
"Cards stacked are by Time's knife."

He thought he saw as he awoke,
That 'Justice' rhymed with 'fair'
he looked again and found it was
a wish beyond repair,
"I ran, I rack, must soon", he said,
"leave budget cupboards bare."

He thought he saw the government
'transparency' uphold
he looked again and found it was
but wishful-thinking old,
"Where burning Bush would Rove", he said,
"checks, balance, are left cold."

He thought he saw society
free from injustice, fights,
he looked again and found it was
a vetoed Bill of Rights,
"Are global warming themes", he said,
"hot air, conditioned nights? "

He thought he saw that plain goodwill
would solve all woes world wide
he looked again and found it was
repeatedly denied,
"Some governments, alas! " he said,

"the 'Truth' will over-ride."

He thought he saw that Equity
had re-established trust
he looked again and found it was
a market peak, soon bust,
"for " he said,
"the 'Truth' will over-ride."

He thought he saw the Middle East
the sharia repeal
he looked again and found it was
a veil of tears. "A seal
to stifle progress fair, " he said,
"Peace hopes dice in kriegspiel."

He thought he saw this verse spin on
till all complaints were healed
he looked again and found it was
mirage, mistrust concealed,
"Too long this rhyme has run, " he said,
"let others turn Fate's tide! "

(15 April 2007 Parody Lewis CARROLL Some Hallucinations
The Mad Gardener's Dream Sylvie and Bruno Ch.5)

(Jonathan Robin
Parody Lewis CARROLL – The Mad Gardener's Song)

The Mad Gardener's Song

He thought he saw an Elephant,
That practised on a fife:
He looked again, and found it was
A letter from his wife.
'At length I realise, ' he said,
'The bitterness of Life! '

He thought he saw a Bufffalo
Upon the chimney-piece:

He looked again, and found it was
His Sister's Husband's Niece.
'Unless you leave this house, ' he said,
'I'll send for the Police! '

He thought he saw a Rattlesnake
That questioned him in Greek:
He looked again, and found it was
The Middle of Next Week.
'The one thing I regret, ' he said,
'Is that it cannot speak! '

He thought he saw a Banker's Clerk
Descending from the bus:
He looked again, and found it was
A Hippopotamus.
'If this should stay to dine, ' he said,
'There won't be much for us! '

He thought he saw a Kangaroo
That worked a coffee-mill:
He looked again, and found it was
A Vegetable-Pill.
'Were I to swallow this, ' he said,
'I should be very ill! '

He thought he saw a Coach-and-Four
That stood beside his bed:
He looked again, and found it was
A Bear without a Head.
'Poor thing, ' he said, 'poor silly thing!
It's waiting to be fed! '

He thought he saw an Albatross
That fluttered round the lamp:
He looked again, and found it was
A Penny-Postage Stamp.
'You'd best be getting home, ' he said:
'The nights are very damp! '

He thought he saw a Garden-Door
That opened with a key:

He looked again, and found it was
A Double Rule of Three:
'And all its mystery, ' he said,
'Is clear as day to me! '

He thought he saw a Argument
That proved he was the Pope:
He looked again, and found it was
A Bar of Mottled Soap.
'A fact so dread, ' he faintly said,
'Extinguishes all hope! '

(Lewis CARROLL C.L.D.)

Who'd be a Poet?

He thought he saw the truth of life
As sex all unalloyed:
He looked again and saw it was
A yarn of Sigmund Freud:
If this sprang from the id, he said,
Its arguments are void.

He thought he saw full many a gem
Of purest ray serene;
He looked again and saw it was
A dose of Mescaline:
The price of vision is, he said,
The headaches in between.

He thought he saw the Holy Ghost
Lamenting in a mist:
He looked again and saw it was
An existentialist:
It may be that he's right, he said,
But what a pessimist!

He though he saw some golden boys
Our phoney world condemn:
He looked again and saw it was

Some pimply A.Y.M.:
A dose of Epsom Salts, he said,
Would ease the strain for them.

He thought he saw a projectile
Desending from a height
To blow the human race to bits
And blast it out of sight:
He looked again and saw that he
Was absolutely right.

(Kenneth LILLINGTON 1916_1998
Parody Lewis CARROLL – The Mad Gardener’s Song)

Evolution

She sketched a husband strong and brave
On whom her heart might lean;
None but a hero would she have –
This girl of 17.

Her fancy subsequently turned
From deeds of derring do;
For brainy intercourse she yearned
When she was 22.

The years sped on, ambition taught
A wordly-wise design;
A man of wealth was what she sought
When she was 29.

But Time has modified her plan;
Weak, imbecile, or poor –
She’s simply looking for a man
Now she is 34.

(Author Unknown pseud PUNCH 10
See Lewis CARROLL – The Mad Gardener’s Song)

Jonathan ROBIN

Sheepish Bo Peep Recombined 1824

Little Bo Peep has lost her sheep
And cannot tell where to find them,
Splice more DNA for cloning today
With no zoning law to unwind them.

(27 November 2008)

Jonathan ROBIN

Sheep's Eye Insight Before Slaughter

Hidebound humans should have harkened
to Marie-Antoinette who said:
'Let them eat cake! ' but instead
'let them eat grass.' My insight's darkened.

Soon I'll be bound, they, in their turn,
by climate change climactic will
find Fukushima overspill
send them to hell where there they'll burn.

Pity deserve who pity serve
and mankind is not kind at all,
hang, draw, and slaughter them I call,
cut bully from bone, from hidebound muscle, nerve.

(5 April 2012)

Jonathan ROBIN

Sheila Thornton Hidden Haven

Subtle strokes set scene serene, she'd share
Her heart's hidden haven's harmonies.
Enchantingly expressed, eternity's
Interpreted intact, idyll inhere.
Life's leafiness lit lovingly. Limned layer
Artistically aware. Ability's
Tastefully triumphant, traces trees
Hand, head, have hatched here. Heaven's honored heir
Opportunely offers really rare
Resplendence, represents reality's
Nirvana, Nature's neat nobility.
Thus tale translates truth timeless, touching, there.
Ovation offered opus? Only one,
Nonpareil, no nemesis nets, none.

Jonathan ROBIN

She'll Boot Her Commuter-Taken For A Hairy Ride- Tongue Twisters II

Computing commuters hirsute
bawdy brutes though in collar and suit,
who as train hoots toot-toot
spy true beauty who's mute,
on the fly give glad eye dissolute.

But each guy who sighs tries in pursuit,
who would lie, by and by, eye acute,
may through pride overshoot
by a wide margin moot
when he'd take for a ride maid astute.

Though some smiles superficial seem cute,
minds too sly should be given the boot,
be it beauty or loot,
or the two should it suit,
the solution seems 'ready, aim, shoot! '

Though this limerick sounds convolute
underground rails its humour to boot:
as a duty uproot
both at work and en route,
trample root underfoot and then scoot!

(Jonathan Robin limerick written 4 July 2006 and 16 July 2007
Parody Carolyn WELLS Tongue Twisters – A Tutor)

Tongue Twisters - A Tutor

A tutor who tooted the flute
Tried to tutor two tooters to toot.
Said the two to the tutor,
"Is it harder to toot, or
To tutor two tooters to toot? "

(Carolyn WELLS 1869_1942)

Can Crime Pay?

When comptroller would syphon a dollar,
one may hear loud and clear victims holler!
Red-faced and red handed
the bait is soon landed, -
can crime pay in our heyday white collar?

There's hot water, not flight, facts discovered,
Where the spotlight's bright glare acts uncovered,
guilt is tried, bail denied,
for a wide span inside, -
but its rash to think all cash recovered.

(Jonathan Robin limerick written July 4 2006)

Tongue Twisters I - A Canner

A canner exceedingly canny
One morning remarked to his granny,
'A canner can can
Anything that he can,
But a canner can't can a can, can he? '

(Carolyn WELLS 1869_1942)

Tongue Twisters I – Uncanny Reply

Her granny, a Canada dancer,
In answer said, "fancy to chance a
can-can grand finale
with dandy kali from Bali,
handy fanny expansive – you can, sir! "

(Jonathan Robin limerick written July 4 2006/Parody Caroyne WELLS Tongue Twisters – A Canner)

Tongue Twisters III – ICANNy Reply

Danny, spammer ensconced on his fanny,
upgraded downloading Net Nanny, -
as damned scam the man planned
phishing fish, cash in hand,
and a land line - LAN managed tyranny.

Wifey Annie, on WiFi, uncanny,
schemed to trace where his face raced web-cammy, -
both continue to surf
under eye of Vint Cerf
and his Internet dream team ICANNy.

(Jonathan Robin limerick written July 4 2006)

Jonathan ROBIN

Sherpa

J'ai un grand ami,
c'est un petit chat,
Sherpa, très gentil,
calin et joli.

Il m'éveille le jour,
toujours il me suit,
jouer dans la cour
après moi il court.

Il dort avec moi,
toujours plein d'amour.
Caresses - il aime ça,
mon ami Sherpa.
chat à Lucinda.

Le soir dans mon lit
couché sur les draps,
sans bouger la nuit,
mignon endormi!

De fière allure,
silence, harmonie,
satinée fourrure,
fidèle je t'assure.

Toujours à mes pas,
c'est un grand ami,
Sherpa, petit chat,
qui dort avec moi.

written 29 December 1987

Jonathan ROBIN

She's Built Cold Walls Of Fiction

She's built cold walls of fiction around her bleeding heart
to protect her from prediction that spring may bring fresh start,
imagined wrongs correcting, pain dissipating fast, -
much time she spent erecting tall walls which need not last.
Though hurt was felt, affliction, most wounded pride would chart,
revolt against restriction when spurned, too soon to part.
Whose fault? When facts inspecting, she found herself outcast
through error in selecting unworthy one miscast.

Refrain then from erecting defences unsurpassed,
when motives, aims, suspecting makes molehills mountains vast,
take life as benediction, wake to true Cupid's dart,
smooth over contradiction, let empathy impart
emotions intersecting, flag high and not half-mast,
no longer self-rejecting, dejection all aghast.
Self-confidence ends friction as tears and fears depart,
love conquers interdiction, joy triumphs, heals hurt heart.

(31 March 2011)

Jonathan ROBIN

Sheshonk He's Shrunk

How are the mighty fallen! King of kings
around whose word world spun, just dust remains
confined near Nile which ignorantly brings
feast or famine as high fate ordains.
He lies forgotten, for what poet sings
his praise to raise most memorable strains.

Faded now are former hieroglyphs,
he and all generations since despair,
life like lost lemmings heading o'er fate's cliffs,
lose base pace space race trace face fair - unfair
seems life's strife dreams which nano seconds blaze,
then lost in haze lies memory of our day.
(14 February 2010 revised 4 February 2012)

For previous version see below and also link to wiki

How are the mighty fallen! King of kings
around whose word world spun in dust remains
confined near Nile which ignorantly brings
feast or famine as high fate ordains,
lies now forgotten, for what poet sings
his praise to raise most memorable strains.

Faded now are former hieroglyphs,
he and all generations since despair,
life like lost lemmings heading o'er fate's cliffs,
lose base pace space race trace face fair - unfair
seems life's strife dreams which for few seconds blaze,
then lost in haze lies memory of our days.
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Jonathan ROBIN

Shifting Perspectives Senryu

Two lips' offer all
either decline and fall slips
or eternal bliss

kiss can be kismet
met upon an earthly plane
or slander's reign stain

(5 April 2013)

Jonathan ROBIN

Shoulder

Shoulder imprinted upon sheet
slopes post haste ahead towards bed post feet.

9 February 1995 revised 6 September 2016

Jonathan ROBIN

Show Me More

Mary has a silly lamb
a billy goat, a filly:
show her more Mary skits then, damn!
she'll slit your throat till chilly.

Jonathan ROBIN

Show Thongs, Expended Are Leaf Briefs For Play After Francis Thompson - Go, Songs, For Ended Is Our Brief Sweet Play

Show thongs, expended are leaf briefs for play,
go! strong needs seed swift joy though panties sorrow:
some sung were wrung, but that was yesterday,
some seem unstrung, yet dream scheme for tomorrow.

Go forth; South, North, East, West, best feast away,
old ploy's godsend when cash strapped grief must borrow,
seduction's sweet, that held good yesterday,
now Time flits fleet, boob jobs are bought with sorrow.

Show throngs befriended, topless interplay,
all men may ask you why you smile not sorrow,
fall guys believe in Cupid's bow display,
tell wise guys 'smile, spend like there's no Tomorrow.'

Jonathan ROBIN

Sic Transit

Sudden summer laughter wave lift-drifts. Lush vale
stirs startled, sweating afternoon. Echo's no avail,
for sounds are swiftly smothered, as if some spider's veil
Present, Past, Hereafter, threads, cocooning mortal wail.

Slowly drifting over sun-sparkling sylvan stream's
springs and falls, bright sunlit halls, where silver salmon teems,
that fisher's mind recalls far larger than his life-size dreams.
Scene subtle, suddenly disturbed, is smashed to smithereens.

Beasts tied to dry land try Time's patience, thresher's flail,
Brash bipeds too, though new, shall pass, ~ such small detail, ~
their lice must perish too, should spiders tell spun tale?
Arachnidae survive where flies die, race over, trace trails fail.

The crush-rush mortals know no wind-blown stones record
when hush dawn's blushing show will welcome silence sans discord...

(23 March 1975 revised 3 August 2007, 27 May 2008 robi03_0053)

For previous versions see below

Sic Transit

Sudden summer laughter wave lift-drifts through lush vale,
stirs, startles afternoon; - echo of no avail,
for sounds are smothered soon, as if some spider's veil
Present, Past, Hereafter, surrounds " cocoons prevail.

Slowly drifting over sun-sparkling sylvan stream's,
springs and falls, sunlit halls, where silver salmon teems
that fisher's mind recalls far larger than his dreams, -
scene one sun, supernova, flash beams to smithereens.

Beasts tied to dry land try Time's patience, thresher's flail;
Brash bipeds too, though new, shall pass, ~ such small detail, ~
their lice must perish too, will insects tell their tale?
Who'd fly shall also die, race over, trace trails fail.

The crush, the rush, we know, what wind-blown stone records
when hush dawn's blushing show welcomes without discord...?

(3 August 2007)

Sic Transit Gloria Mundi

Scented summer laughter, softly sifting through the vale,
stirs the silence sixty seconds, though all to no avail,
as the sound is swiftly smothered, as if by spiderâ€™s veil.

Slowly drifting over the rushing mountain streams, -
those springs and falls, the sunlit halls, where silver salmon teems, -
in which for scaly fare oft search the fearsome fishing teams.

Birds fly through sky, beasts try dry land, too soon both trails must fail,
brash bipeds too, though still so new, will pass, ~ such small detail, ~
leaving their lice to linger on, insects to tell their tale!

(23 March 1975)

Jonathan ROBIN

Sic Transit Sapiens

Four hundred years are but a drop.
Time's vale of tears may never stop
though treadmill wears - tick tock hip hop -
horizon clears - for Man closed shop.

Once ants ruled earth - they'll rise again
throughout lands' girth immune to pain.
Mankind's might, mirth must wane amain -
what of it's worth? Naught will remain.

This petty pace, syllabic tread,
leaves not a trace with bipeds dead,
two legs lose race, six speed ahead
with formic lace foes tail to head.

Jurassic Park from pride to fall
long had its lark! Beyond recall
big bones lie stark while over all
ants reign so, hark! prepare pall's shawl.

Man's tale is told as passing sigh,
both coward, bold, forgotten lie,
both young and old know no last cry
errors untold won't wonder why
humanity - from Shakespeare's books
to prints 3 D - no second looks
are granted. We, off tenterhooks
ant colony, control niches, nooks.

Jonathan ROBIN

Sick Cynic's Egocentric Slick Tricks

Slick cynic is sick pessimist
who dons diverse disguises
to mask fact acts show often missed
life's bus, spite ironises
with spontaneity dismissed,
regrets unplanned surprises.

Part sadist and part masochist
what takes envy's eye is
marked, learned, digested, spat or pissed,
as jealous anger rises,
for there's a rigid well schooled list
with which spleen sympathizes.

Note: short this list and HIS 'es ist'
with ONE it empathizes,
the rest ground grist for tightened fist
to all peeve emphasizes.
All's tried, hung quartered peevies insist
at Quarter Day Assizes.

If by Miss Take pursed lips are kissed
repugnance realizes
that come what may see ego twist
in crisis analyses
if more, or less needs, solipsist
through others self despises.

What pierces through sad self-made mist?
The mirror that brat buys is
no consolation, as a cyst
internal ill divides,
a superficial moralist
with sighs of many sizes.

Jonathan ROBIN

Signals For Gail Harcus

Great expectations which once fed deep dreams
Are tempered by Life's harsh realities.
Is Time a spiral twist of Fate to tease
Love out of shape, while all ambition seems
Half-hearted, self-[d]elusive? Man Man deems
A masterpiece, while `neath pale skin worms, fleas,
Repose twixt fits of laughter and disease.
Come, let us turn our thoughts to fonder themes!
Unique one smile, two eyes, eternal beams,
Send signals none ignore. Such qualities
Grow so all praises superfluties
Are seen to be. Beauty's and Truth's demesne
In one alone unite, and who would wed
Lives crowned by joys known to no other head!

Jonathan ROBIN

Signs For Change

Subtly surfing through the whole
Inside, unseen, our crystal id
Grows to maturity. Though hid,
Now metamorphosis its role
Shall wor[ld]ds connect as inner soul
Finds wings to fly, shed matrix grid
Of Time's restrictions, naught forbid.
Refusing suffocation and control,
Change is not just a casserole
Heated by chance encounters mid
A can of worm soup, squirms un[inked], unbid.
New Year [br]ings changes as Life's goal
Gleams clear, though distant, signals sends
Errors rectifies, burnt bridges mends.

Jonathan ROBIN

Silicate Syndrome Rubaiyat

Seagull spirit soars above wide screen
Impressions individual, seldom seen,
Lofty thoughts caught in symbolic net,
ICArus soaring, wax unmelted scene.
Soul keen keys multi-modal meanings green,
Ice hoar, grey-bearded, harvests facts few glean,
LIke, unlike compares, dare hedge no bet,
CAndle holds to render secrets clean.

Sin, virtue, truth, false, helix paradigm,
Id and ego's everlasting climb,
Loss and gain, retained as ethic's anchor,
Inherit building blocks. Primordial slime.
CARbon based with [f]oxy Jekyll hyde,
SISyphus and Tantalus abide
LIght-sleeping yet day-dreaming till demise
CARries forward balance-sheet belied.

Silicate, slight sliver grey-silver slate,
Impermanence man's emblem, love and hate
Last but a blink, first cry to final breath,
Intestate hang by thread, birth, berth's small state.
CApture's, conquest's, spinning weel the Norms
SILk work, weave waft and weft, whose frame deforms
LIght-hearted, grave, both coward, brave soon sleep,
CAre not for what may be, tomorrow's storms.

Slate soon is wiped, root, fruit ripe wilt spoiled rotten,
Intents and purposes, strong-willed, forgotten,
Lathe-turned pot's bolt shot, wraith spurned sinks from sight,
Innocence spilt, guilt cense, both unbegotten.
CAp doffed capitulation and aggression
SIZe and small-talk, walk, run, leap, steep, depression,
LILy livers, sore spleen, vim, verve, raw nerve
CAve in, soon sleep, before scored Time's oppression.

Self-perpetuating syndrome seeks
Internal logic which rich sound sense speaks,
Logic egocentric spins sprung top

Ignoring contradictions, ship that leaks.
Caught in maze matrix mortals justify
SIGNificance of dominance `neath sky,
LIST their priorities while Nature mocks
CAPrice as oceans rise while wells run dry.

See on life's chequerboard of dames and knights
Inane vain critics wrong song poet writes,
Long lacking w[r]it move on from point to point
In chase of name for fame the flaming wights!
CAN moving finger check mate game's displays
SING on with w[h]ine flask, bread and lispings lays
LIFE spend sans end with epigrams to tease
CAUSE and Effect with well sustained blaze?

Single-minded and autonomous,
Inhibited, frustrate anonymous,
Locked, cuffed, straightjacket tied, both far and wide
Idealistic driven, infamous,
Careworn, carefree, heretic or saint,
SIREN seductive, bright spark, glimmer faint,
Limping, wimping, whimpering or hale,
CAROUSE and carousel flake pristine paint.

Society seems patterned compromise
Implicit where trust seldom counters lies,
Libido, ambition, mingle, wrangle,
Initiatives once strong soon paralyze.
CALculations savvy or mistaken,
SILo full where greed takes home the bacon,
LICE infested, ashes, crust, endowed,
CAMPfire dowsed ends journey undertaken.

Sexploitation's often orthodoxy,
Innovation countered or by proxy
Licit where it bolsters up régime
Inept, swept up in contradictions poxy.
CALM seems exception to the human rule,
SICK sense of self scorns others, styled as fool,
Licit and illicit seem defined
CASE by case, with justice stretched as tool.

Strange range rich rhesus pieces, mice and men
Intent upon survival, city zen,
Lout, country bumpkin, slippered pantaloons,
Ironic interplays, time and again
CALL out for explanations: how, why, when,
SIGNification seek threescore and ten,
LINGer, fingers' crooked gesticulations
CANcelled check rejected: and then?

Some take as god the fickle Lady Luck,
Imagine Spanish castles, come unstuck,
Look not before life's leap then blame fell chance
If game's not won, they try to pass the buck.
Calypso serenade spurt spur advance,
SIDEways some scuttle, subtle pincer dance,
LIDless eyes seek opportunities
Caress great expectations blessed by Chance.

Should time well spent invent kaleidoscope
In hand expand verse band, collide? O scope!
Let no crimes in my name be here engraved
If once ground down, dug up again sounds dope!
CAPacity conundrum from abyss
SIGHs upwards with a timeless Kismet kiss,
LINKs through the quintessential to prepare
CASE study never muddy, bearing bliss.

Slips startled here from superficial gear
Insist from shallows rise to high idea
Lief soar to skies song sonorous, scarce leave
Intact trite piffle peddled on deaf ear.
CATER not unto the crowds that throng
SIFT out spare dross, their loss and not your wrong,
LIGHt shines as wave vibration penetrates,
CASTs nets which fish with strokes surprising strong.

Stage after stage each inks his page or blots
Insidiously life's book, forget-me-nots
Last rarely, fairly drawn, graffiti torn
Impressions swiftly sink, nor sage, nor sots
CAN be reclaimed from orphan D.N.A.
SIGNALs send with no real-time delay,

Lift miracles to commonplace events,
Canvas dark convert to light of day.

Stage after stage uncoils to serpentine
Inside and out, shoot wide, about turn sign,
Late or early pearly gate appears
Idyll idiotic, tenuous twine.
Cancer or senility? venom vine
Sight closes, quite imposes mortal mine,
Lip service paid to idol, sect, or profit king
Can't catalyze soiled genes to recombine.

Since, shadow-shapes, we flitter for a space,
Invisible to most, leave little trace
Lasting on environments where change
Is both ends, means, chased way, waste play, disgrace,
Cameleon each cleaves to flesh and bone,
Simple or complicated, yet alone,
Listening for some acknowledgement:
Caution to the winds had best be thrown.

Sight is reclaimed, as eyes inflamed surmise
Insight is gleamed, well streamed despite disguise,
Lifting veils beyond which so few see,
Incandescence in a subtle guise.
Capture rapture, for once race is run
Situation shadow shape and sun
Little difference know, so grow to flow,
Care not for shade when end is light begun.

Jonathan ROBIN

Simple Language

Simple language seems to be
best when describing you or me,
learning daily how to live,
what refuse and what forgive.

Yet what is held priority
today, tomorrow's pages see
often changes; each must grow
reach for fresh goals, and forwards go.

Avoiding all hypocrisy,
sharing's best, and holding hands
with joyful understanding, he
and she united. Formal bands
aren't always a necessity
where empathy needs no commands
to flourish, flower fair and free.

Open heart provides true key
colours canvas for life's pages,
grants happiness. Complicity
completes this verse, no need for wages.

Jonathan ROBIN

Simply Nothing Is Impossible

SIMPLicity bestows balm, calming woe,
Yields not, unknots trite superficial show.
Nothing is Impossible where heart
Opens out to heart when, far apart,
Two minds touch tendrils, tender feelings flow
Hope effervesces, empathy may glow
In scope communicating common start,
New adventure no known maps may chart.
Great expectations may be met, and so
If screens can disappear, fresh breezes blow
Something precious shall the applectart
Inside upset. Simplicity, not art,
May then emotions foster, help to grow.
Perhaps the role 'chance' plays in life, may show
Obstacles to be the counterpart
Secret of opportunities in part
Set back from sight, from what the mind needs know.
Insight alone lets light from darkness sow
Between the life-lines seeds love may impart.
Let twinned souls travel to those realms Descartes
Encountered not through 'logic pure'... Think Heart!

29 August 1996 revision date uncertain before 2000 Revised 24 April 2008

for previous versions see below

Nothing is Impossible!

N othing is Impossible where heart
O pens out to heart when, far apart,
T wo minds touch tendrils, tender feelings flow
H ope effervesces, empathy may glow
I n scope communicating common start,
N ew adventure no known maps may chart.
G reat expectations may be met, and so
I f screens can disappear, fresh breezes blow
S omething precious shall the applectart
I nside upset. Simplicity, not art,
M ay then emotions foster, help to grow.

P erhaps the role 'chance' plays in life, may show
O bstacles to be the counterpart
S ecret of opportunities in part
S et back from sight, from what the mind needs know.
I nsight alone lets light from darkness sow
B etween the life-lines seeds love can impart.
L et twinned souls travel to those realms Descartes
E ncountered not through 'logic pure'... Think Heart!

29 August 1996 revision date uncertain before 2000
robi03_0823_robi03_0000 AXX_LXX

for previous version see below

Nothing is Impossible!

Life offers opportunities to rise
Above the hum and drum of everyday,
Discarding empty arguments to play
A role that true intelligence supplies.
Know by intelligence one means the cries
Only the heart can feel and share, display
Love's echo in a magic interplay,
And new tomorrows free from former ties.
Remember as you read these lines that skies
Of blue will chase all worries, cares, away,
Vanquishing uncertainties, dark, grey.
At last through hope for scope see new dawn rise!
Let light and laughter link, from false fears free,
Know nothing is impossible for thee!

22 August 1996

Jonathan ROBIN

Since I Met You Sandrine Bonnant After William Shakespeare Sonnet Xi

Since I met you my eye is in my mind,
And all which makes me be, eat, sleep, or drink
Now functions, now suspended, partly blind,
Dares seeks to see, yet can't on others think,
Refusing to deliver to the heart
Images of bird, bloom, shape: none match!
No objects span attention's scan apart,
Enchantment when mind glimpse of you can catch.
Black's put to flight, as multi-coloured light
Overwhelms the senses lost to time,
Nirvana topsy-turvy turns day, night,
Naturally flows through sonnet rhyme.
As lost for words to praise, I lose my way
To you mind turns, returns, with you would stay.

Jonathan ROBIN

Sing A Song Of Sixth Sense Mad Off Course - Murder Goose Rhymes

SING A SONG OF SIXTH SENSE MAD OFF COURSE - MURDER GOOSE RHYMES

Sing sin's song of sixth sense, fink senators debating
unthinkingly of budget cuts, sink U.S. credit rating,
'n lies' between the 'lines' are seen with House and Senate fighting
while unemployed face winter cold, cold feet drag, Jack frost biting.

Four and twenty blackbirds from sky to pie swift falling,
men saw in Arkansas, elsewhere, bare facts scare were appalling,
upon the cusp Aquarian new age shows signs eroding
with governments across the globe progressively imploding.

Inflation's shadow grows apace, as tax cuts cut employment,
while talibans' attacks are answered - pullback redeployment,
nonsense world whirled as unfurled is future fate's implosion,
as blatant contradictions blow - soon G.O.P. explosion
will open evidence afford beyond the Kingdom Denmark
that something rotten's rolling stone - no candyfloss in ballpark -
no moss may gather as the world turns topsy-turvy spinning
with Gulliver in Lapata's Academy loss winning.

Multinational eggplants yoking humankind
led merry maypole goal dance prehensile non-aligned,
when humpty-dumpty causeway was crossed by bossy bears
namby-pamby Daddy Dow went stumbling down the stairs.

Harmonics multimodal, soap-opera crescendo,
unwinds dingbatty attitude advisers apprehendo,
though silly season willy-nilly spills baked beans on breadline
undertaking baking powder chowder readers red line.

Fuddy-duddy Fannie Mae haphazardly foreclosing
found Freddie Mac unsound and flat-on-back no sense proposing,
as oil recoiled blarney trefoil enchantingly unreachable
jabberwocky Chaney stabbed chained 'scooter', unimpeachable

Against the grainy libby_ration over understanding
a robbing hood good riddance pittance should be countermanding,
chainletters better expedite supercallifragile_realistic
witty ditty's pitiful room-service pugilistic.

From ice-age meltdown through freefall see mercury arising
Hyperion's coach-and-four from rail failsafe caved in surprising
Lehman's brother's leman's mother usually delightful
as shaving foam extinguished fame - 'twas positively frightful

Alaskan Palin failing fathoms five beneath Alaska
controversy no stranger danger daughter seemed - all ask her
for automobile autograph - she graphically contriteful
big mac govern awe's GMen string slipped pip-pipped tight-lipped spiteful.

Bear stern in turn returned to base, struck out by bye-bye ball game,
bull rearguard hammered hard by will-o-wisp fly-by-night hall of flame,
when burning Bush 'I ran' sung, wrung error's terror wrists,
what jeepers-creepers asinine free-flight fight came to fists?

Obama banner hammerhead shark lark sparked helter-skelter
mumbo-jumbo crisis miss mismanagement tax shelter
unmanning mad off course of course, as politicians plucky
pulled rabbit hat ten trillion bucks in style happy-go-lucky.

As unemployment double jumped from model runway soaring,
September's solstice embers stored statistics bubble boring,
sixth sense implies that summer rise waits fall's discomfort zone,
we'll doubletake time's themes prepare scheme's second-thought wishbone tone.

Warren Buffet's Muffet missed sitting on her tuffet,
Jack Horner tried to corner plums, in future he must rough it,
King's counting house, Queen's parlor, are missing honey money
for global speculation is discovered on the runny.

Catch 22 then todeloo imagination's forté
fait accompli tee hee says hee seems fine for over forty,
polysyllabic rhetoric quicksilver conversation
linguistic highjinks jinx translates to teenage education.

Caterwauling cock-a-hoop, tuxedo troop atrocious

At four-a-penny. Thus, in other words,
The sixpence which I mentioned at the start
Purchased two dozen birds.

So four-and-twenty birds were deftly hid -
Or shall we say, were skilfully concealed? -
Within the pie-dish. When they raised the lid
What melody forth pealed:

Now I like four-and-twenty blackbirds sing,
With all their sweetness, all their rapture keen;
And isn't this a pretty little thing
To set before the Queen?

The money-counting monarch - morbid man; -
His wife, who robbed the little busy bees,
I disregard. In fact a poet can
But pity folks like these.

The maid was in the garden. Happy maid!
Her choice entitles her to rank above
Master and Mistress. Gladly she surveyed
The Garden that I love!

- Where grow my daffodils, anemones,
Tulips, auriculas, chrysanthemums,
Cabbages, asparagus, sweet peas,
With apples, pears, and plums. -

(That's a parenthesis. The very name
Of 'garden' really carries one astray :)
But suddenly a feathered ruffian came
And stole her nose away.

Eight stanzas finished; So my Court costume
I lay aside: the Laureate, I suppose,
Has done his part; the man may now resume
His journalistic prose.

Anthony Charles DEANE 1870_1946

Parody NR Sing a Song of Sixpence and Alfred Austen

DEANE Anthony Charles 1870_1946 dean02_0003_NRss01_0000 PXX_JXX

Single State - Sandrine Vaillant

Single state seems seemly, some souls state,
Abjuring all alliance alternate,
Never needing Nature, and abstain,
Disregarding dreams, dates don't dare deign.
Repent rash ruminations, renovate
Impressions icy. Inklings, if innate,
Now need no neutral notices inane.
Enthusiastic, ever entertain
Victory, vanity vote violate.
Awakening authentic always await,
It is idealistic, intimate,
Life linking loves longstanding, lusting lain.
Last lines, laggard, leeway leave, laugh late.
A-muse-sing_ly noting, then abate.

Jonathan ROBIN

Single Syllable

Single syllable slowly penetrated. Rage
rejection harsh took time to register on brain
tormented, projecting resentment, sad refrain.
Anxieties snowballed. Unwilling to explain,
soul sought safety from public probe hurricane.
Abject private shame stressed search to disengage
from memory-trip, to strip surface masks, rampage
against injustice rank, which stank of inner pain.
Hurt heart hard lesson learned, would never try again
to share where trust betrayed from Time sought time to gain
a valid explanation, plausible, open, plain.
Life's harsh experience ushered in a new age, -
an age of solitude. Sensitivity, in cage,
hung, drawn and quartered, mind withdrawn from contact vain,
osmosis empty dream, no leeway to obtain,
in limbo felt, could not a fair redressment gain.
Silently tears tumbled. One heard shunned love complain,
despondently to, with, shutters responding, page
helpless to turn, return, to lost oasis, gauge
a way clear from the pain, a way to rise again
unable to refrain from seeking to unchain
concern and anxiousness. Distress welled, swelled the strain,
which bullfrogged, leapfrogged, bloated, could not drain.
Muted echo transmuted from off to center stage,
railed against illusion-responses, mirage reflections sage.
Undigested insult spews out, vents rage,
as single syllable's sentence remain...

Jonathan ROBIN

Single-Handed

Gainst all the odds the trout was landed
And brought to table single-handed.
In pride a record fresh was set,
Line drawn, swish fish its mistress met.
Here by the riverside lay stranded
A seven pounder scaled and banded.
Rod raised amazed, no annals yet
Could boast the record inked and wet.
Unequaled was sure skill she showed,
Surprise replied with pride that glowed.

29 August 1992 robi3_0597_robi3_0000

Jonathan ROBIN

Sins Of The Fathers After Rupert Brooke Sonnet Reversed

Hand trembling can't grip hand, delirium fright
trips George who meets dark dragons every night.

The sins of fathers seize son as wan moon
another follows through spaced zodiac,
Bane, not Jane, Bill, Henry, banish boon,
as Turnham Green set scene for nerve attack.

Some say his parents eked out quite content
existence on Debentures, Gilt Edged stocks,
but down the hatch his small remainder went,
dressed up as whisky soda on the rocks.
Time swallows all so why throw stones or sticks
upon an alcoholic man-at-arms
slain prematurely by life's unjust kicks
cure held at arm's length by unlucky charms.

Hand trembling towards hand; the amazing lights
Of heart and eye. They stood on supreme heights.

Ah, the delirious weeks of honeymoon!
Soon they returned, and after strange adventures,
Settled at Balham by the end of June,
Their money was in Can. Pacs. B. Debentures,
And in Antofagastas. Still he went
Cityward daily; still she did abide
At home. And both were really quite content
With work and social pleasures. Then they died.
They left three children (beside George, who drank) :
The eldest Jane, who married Mr. Bell,
William, the head-clerk in the County Bank,
And Henry, a stock-broker, doing well.

Jonathan ROBIN

Siren Song

Some sensed sweet siren calling
through airwaves from the West,
fleet song, treat neat, recalling
enchantment sung with zest,
wove subtle thread enthralling
to filter second best,
sent competition sprawling
wash waved away all rest.
All felt sweet siren calling.

Who that muse music heeded
were haunted by her flaunting.
She offered what they needed,
what they perceived was wanting,
with further wishes seeded.
Unequaled, fair and daunting -
all warnings went unheeded -
she led all onwards, taunting,
as Fate's dire doom was speeded.

Some for her bounty fulsome,
some for fair beauty rare,
from town and county bosom
all rushed, - one grace to share.
One face shone forth there, twosome
to each vowed all, see their
wander-lost souls succumb
few for advice could care,
enthralled by beauty's blossom.

All who tuned in conceded
the need for greater needs,
each sought her breast then kneeded,
full flesh for milk which feeds
the senses which proceeded
to mirage that misleads.
Each goal, when reached, receded -
rich promise proved dry weeds -
all by day dreams impeded..

Each eye was sparkling beady
with private visions wide, -
those visions soon turned seedy,
anticipations died.

For siren mistress greedy
to vanity replied,
the piper pied tone reedy
led on to mirage bride
who, wanton, doom supplied
to tongue-tied mortals needy.

Soon swan song turned to siren -
harsh, strident, echo high -
trust blown by gust, fell silent,
fell dread high hopes belied,
bell toxin tocsin iron
turned tone, tolled, told denied,
while with disaster's eye on
their lust her will would lie.
Soon swan song spurned by siren.

To ashes urned ambition
swift turned – west, north, south, east –
too fast vast blast's ignition
burned both proud man, loth beast: -
no pardon, no remission,
was granted, not the least,
upon decomposition
few shall remain to feast...
So ends this composition
temptation's tune released.

Jonathan ROBIN

Sitting Bull After Harry Graham Ruthless Rhymes

Squire Squint, aiming at a pheasant,
maimed instead a sitting bull,
turned tail, but `tis the bull at present
frames the ears, keeps leg to pull!

Jonathan ROBIN

Sitting Duck After Harry Graham Ruthless Rhymes

Squire Squint, banging at a pheasant,
pranged, instead, a sitting duck,
Said he, 'It is a bit unpleasant
for hitting peasant to come unstuck! '

Jonathan ROBIN

Skin Deep

Skin spurns trite superficiality,
Kinship finds as surfaces disperse.
Intuitive, two rhyme and role reverse
Nature's comfort zones, free verse heart's plea.
Seasons and Time shed, sensitivity
Knowledge hard discards, hope can converse
In touch with touch for such much growth may nurse,
New light affords, cuts cords, as tendrils key
Subtly into each other, 'you' IS 'me'.
Karmic chance retracts roadblocks transverse,
Intact tact, tactile joys may reimburse
Numb days awaiting electricity.
SKIp through formal constraints to contact base,
INSights unite, may man-maid rings replace.

Jonathan ROBIN

Slack Time Lacks Time

Here in and out near roundabout, hear Way
ignores straight, narrow card, finds flawed hard facts,
as each is all, all each, reach interacts
through, to, from, on infinite interplay
as cause, effect teach dreams deem night is day,
to ease time's flow whose band frees, sand subtracts
increasing reel of what it really lacks.

Confusion fusion kneeds, speeds need's delay,
rules schools of thought distraught have sought till grey,
discourse on glass half full, half empty's tacked
on city zen by banknote billfold backed,
or country bumpkin stirring curdled whey.
Mistakes may break steel lock which bars advance,
this makes hay, take real stock, hitch stars add chance.

With space-time curved, the universal flat
falls flat, dissenter from some centre point
that Euclid and/or Ptolemy appoint,
cat's whiskers once, hats raised, now rats if that,
congrats withdrawn, lines drawn, echec et mat.
For left brain thinking feelings would anoint
for right brain feelings thinking out of joint,
both arguments my lie, vain tit for tat.
Thus innings outed, bowler, bales, ball, bat
appearance superficial disappoint,
bend from seen, scene end, blending through flashpoint
into new nano actors acrobat.
Diversity evolved from RNA
whose building blocks evolved to, through the Way.

Where give is thought the opposite of take
much sloppy thinking blots mind's copybook.
When men hold 'have' has 'have not's' goals mistook
or misconstrue time's fractal pattern break,
reason turns treason which may overtake
those stating 'blessed divest', for deeper look
acknowledges most knowledge ledger book
according role-reversal status shake
to compensate for narrow ways must wake,

admit to false awareness, flow whose brook
stems from wishful thinking gobbledygook,
where void taps stream, avoids dream, traps. At stake
appears true understanding Search per se
trains mind to stray from straight line, find, perch weigh.

Jonathan ROBIN

Slow Time Undermine's Flow's Climb

Slow beats heart's flow, forgets dreams' themes once sought
Too soon faith fails, spins cobweb wraiths, sins caught
In Time's checkmate matrix grid lock. Once bold
Music wild, soul's passion dims, defiled, short-sold.
Existence pales, stales, falls, love's tales abort.

(24 May 2012)

Jonathan ROBIN

Slugs And Snails After Robert Frost Fire And Ice

Some say our world will end with snails
some slug out blown.
With climate change, scarce dinner pails,
I'd back whales weighed upon time's scales.
Of human nature enough's known
by those who'd live to tell tales tall
to show that for destruction sown
slug outs withal
suffice, home-grown.

Two stanza word world ends at ease
in freezer stowed
both slugs and snails preserved - one sees
a micro-wave cold sale could tease
snails from their shells, Frost's poem showed
that none cold feet should entertain
when world on ice skates, atoms slowed:
Can slugs feel pain
for tea at minus forty three degrees?

Fire and Ice
Some say the world will end in fire,
Some say in ice.
From what I've tasted of desire
I hold with those who favor fire.
But if it had to perish twice,
I think I know enough of hate
To say that for destruction ice
Is also great
And would suffice.

Jonathan ROBIN

Smilestone

Some hundred sonnets celebrate new growth
'within the scope of one revolving year',
as Shakespeare's spirit swears undying oath
of loyalty as peerless stanzas peer
beyond the space of time and place to leave
impressions timeless on adoring throng,
for whom this wonder world of make-believe
may overcome day's woes, help all belong
as one within reality transformed
by Caxton's twenty-six new order set.
Emotions flow as patterns are reformed
forgetting patter which most frameworks fret.
Most post ghost boast, - which, sent, they fade 'fore dusk
Rose glows, shows flows, - rich scent may braid more musk...

Jonathan ROBIN

Smoke Stalk King High Cue Stokes Toke Talking Haiku

Damp squib enjoyment
but[t] short lived immolation
rib cramp employment.

Phloem plegm's dust crust rash
psycho self suffocation
combusts stem's ash cache

Tail end last gasp rasp
closes causal history
his story tale penned.

Shag blend gas may sprout
malignant carcinoma
fag end farce pay out.

Pack tax wracks income
Death's disambiguation
earns [p]all cut price urns

Smoking, though passive,
in-joke to silent reaper
stalking impassive

Jonathan ROBIN

Snappy Cute Newt After Happy The Man John Dryden

Snappy cute newt whose root canal intact
remains, from stains free, scalpel unattacked,
acute beaut who scoots secure, defies man's tries to slay,
Today may play 'Tomorrow come what may! '
Be fair or foul or rain or shine
whose kith or kin nor pith nor pin may pine
upon unheavenly slide to lie supine,
resourceful waits his hour till man's devoured, sauce sweet and sour.

(25 February 2012)

Jonathan ROBIN

So Many Gifts Sandrine Bonnant After William Shakespeare Sonnet Cxxii

So many gifts to praise, so little space
Admitted in one sonnet's fourteen lines.
No syllables string purer pearls to grace
Dearer neck white swan, admiring, signs.
Recording more by hints than overstatement
I find a phrase to praise, a way to free
No common rays which hasten to abatement,
Eternal mistress, timeless mystery,
Beauty's damsel with her dulcimer.
Other tunes for other ears may play,
No opiate one needs to dream on her
Need feeds from intuitions we'd obey!
Ask fourteen lines to touch her timeless scope?
Themes lack place to trace homage though I hope.

Jonathan ROBIN

So Sink We To Rest

Sadness. Each is aware
Of emptiness behind
Solace, failure to find.
In seeking, future fair.
No dreams survive where
Knowledge of self is signed
Without bias. The mind
Eats out/of itself, can't share
The loneliness, can't spare
One tear when clocks unwind.
Redeemed are none, unkind
Existence drags each care
Stretching out across
The years whose sum is loss.

Jonathan ROBIN

Soft Chord After William Shakespeare Sonnet Lxxi

If you, perchance, should glance upon this verse
discarding chance to dance behind dark veil,
force no false thought, distraught remorse rehearse,
advance to Time that which beneath his flail
best soonest were in-gathered. What avail?
When flowers fade, few fill a pauper's purse
for souvenirs that shatter once we fail.
White Winter's chill will into dust disperse
shrunk, shrivelled sepals sere upon stormed stem.
Yet should soft chord be struck to intersperse
regrets with yearning, far from stratagem,
then could two spirits share, commune, converse.
Rhymed toxin tocsin sings no angel's wings,
no gilded lily brings to stem Time's stings.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell:
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking of me then should make you woe.
O! if, I say, you look upon this verse,
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
But let your love even with my life decay;
Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone.

Jonathan ROBIN

Softness Which Seduces Current Version 0453

Relaying sunlight sheet on forest floor,
curves fondling fronds whose silkiness she shares,
sweet softness which seduces, knows no cares,
and, careless, thus seduces all the more.
What matter if love-struck strangers at life's door
admiring stares, rare Beauty knows she's fair,
glows knowing those around her dare to swear
they'd seek 'neath skin deep corps to reach soft core,
for flowers bloom an hour before the score
is called and flesh departs to, lord knows where!
If Beauty's Truth, both stimulate despair
seen through Time's rushlight nothing can restore.
Blush thoughts through soul-star system ripple, river,
find mind at sea, skin shivers all a-quiver.

(14 December 2008)

Jonathan ROBIN

Sojourn's Story

Some rhyme spar[e] time, numb, lily-liver,
purple prose sketch out, consistence
tantamount to stretch subsistence
insisting others praise deliver,
irrelevancies etch where? whither?
Swallowed soul-sale spent existence
both for dawdlers and persistence,
memories drown in Lethe's river,
harsh taskmaster, fair forgiver
folded tents, short reminiscence,
man's marathon: unfinished distance.
Worthless word worlds spurned, urned, wither.
Sojourn's story scarcely started
Sinks, last gasper final farted.

(22 September 2009)

Jonathan ROBIN

Solar Winds Of Change

The wind and sun had a contest as to who could remove the man's coat first. The wind blew cold over and over, and only succeeded in causing the man to wrap the coat more tightly around him. The sun sent light as warmth and the man removed his coat.

Which, wind or shine, succeeds in wager struck
brute force perforce? or gentle sun in luck?
The one with demons fights without, within,
the other tempts, litotes as kingpin.
If win or lose upon some throw of dice
depended - would world end in fire or ice?
One coat of superficial paint when shed
tomorrows' sorrows may prepare abed,
for if Sun Wind preceded in the game,
the coatless man might catch cold for his shame,
and if Wind worries first, with Sun to follow
blows hot and cold, then painful 'tis to swallow.
Perchance the answer lies in causal chain
prepared by Fate which patience tries with pain.
Again hot, cold, alternate night and day
play cyclic games, ply round the clock to weigh
the Gods' desires and plans no man may know:
for here today, tomorrow gone, to show
little while pride may stride upon the earth,
and even less when birth bows out to berth.

(7 April 2010)

Jonathan ROBIN

Solely Soluble Soliton Soul Solutions

From tryst trust reel's revealing years
Time's aeon yugs tug laughs from tears,
towards twinned timeless insight streams
instant intense prolonged by dreams.
Man's chains may melt. Free voice rejoices
as sole twins soul - (man, maid, girl, boy says) .
From ripple rings, forms plastic spring,
so[u]litons that run through everything.
Towards belonging cosmos rushes
star sparkle startles, hush, blush lush is,
as 'what was', 'is' 'will be' links chain
keys streams OUR dreams' refrain retain ...

Jonathan ROBIN

Solitude - Acrostic Sonnet

Slumped in a chair the worse for wear, there ne'er find hands to tease
Or tousle through these saddened few grey hairs to sorrow ease.
Lost I await to learn my fate yet yearn for Court's reprieve -
I sink in pain then think in vain, despondently deep grieve,
Turn to the past with flags half-mast, for arteries now freeze.
Up through the years despite the tears, I bubble memories,
Dark night curtains scope, courage fails, and mirage lights deceive,
Enleached into flesh, spirit too, is hopelessness, life sheaved.
Another day I may I pray discover love's release
Before grim Death withholds all breath, and pulsing forces cease.
Reality strips slave and free before fame's aim's achieved,
Of dust to dust, each one of us at last this life must leave
And never more re[t]urn to bore the reader who'd forget
Death has a date with his estate, waits to discharge the debt.

Jonathan ROBIN

Solstice Season

S eptember's solstice season spans between
E arly autumn, winter white. Sun leaves
P hoto's synthesis as summer grieves
T he passing cusp preparing sharper sheen.
E ase, orchards fruitful as boughs heavy lean,
M ature is corn, horn plenteous spills, achieves
B ounty's harvest bundling golden sheaves.
E xpectant breeze wave teases trees. Some glean
R emaining grains from fields whose yield has been
S pecial blessing granted as time weaves
Ephemeral rings beneath rough bark, conceives
TEMpting joys cocooned till Spring's springs clean
BEyond restraints, bears promise, year reborn,
Restoring hope as cycles spin fresh dawn...

(Acrostic sonnet SEPTEMBER SEPTEMBER /11 September 2007)

Jonathan ROBIN

Some Find - 0846 - Initial Version

High hopes are mocked by Time as, day by day,
Efforts, unrewarded, seem vain show.
Life is an incessant ebb and flow.
Effects' and causes' subtle interplay
None can control, - coincidence at play
Enacts a dance whose patterns few do know.
Some find a key, avoiding stop and go,
Channel energy to colour grey.
Harmony and Chance Time's tides obey,
Music invent, according string and bow,
Instinctively enjoy a vertigo
That is unknown by most, whose bubble bray
Turns to empty echo, sinks unheard.
Has she a heart whose strings can still be stirred?

(28 June 1997)

Jonathan ROBIN

Some Mere Spinning Rhymes

Gather life's rosebuds, man and maid,
there seed, share, time's hand can't be stayed,
and gentle innocence soon's passed.
greed gain ambitions oft waylaid.

Frost free jollity denies
spinning seasons' changes, tries
retaining memories full sweet
ere cold deceit true trust defies.

When meadow beckons all should go
exploring glades they've yet to know,
discover shades of green and blue.
Why follow fallow furrow's woe?

Calm, balm, harm free, see Time and place
for sunlight strive at rival pace,
'spite sunlit face, bright spilling dew
heed spider warnings to man's race.

Sun, sinking, bids the birds asleep
though thorny hedgehogs slowly creep
beside the brake where curlew flew
and cuckoo echoes echoed deep,

While trout still tipple in the deep.
calm nor alarm, nor timid peep,
awakens sleeping sheep who grew
content in sturdy shepherd's keep.

Soon Indian summer, timeless, falls
to fall whate'er befalls, time calls
from lazy, hazy, crazy carefree days
to season bridge drawn up by Nature's thrawl

To winter's crystal carpet spun
returning all where we begun
when forests walked and talked on cue
still roots push through, wait promised sun.

Then lines from rest to test shall steep
on meadowward inked page, tryst keep
to share sage secrets once we knew
before eyes veiled, lies more lies reap.

Jonathan ROBIN

Some Will Never Learn

Time flows, who sows may reap but never keep
though all by hook or crook would prove Time wrong,
for even while vile pile grows high, smile's song
from dust to rictus dust earns timeless sleep.
Who cares who for a moment tops that heap?
Some turn to cryobanks in thanks and long
for day when they may find way to prolong
their bill of 'Rights' before night dark as deep.
It little serves to worry or to weep
as all in turn succumb, both meek and strong.
The bread of life's consumed by dinner gong,
we're sickly crumbs sad sickle soon shall sweep.
Some never learn, or ever fear to look
beyond s[ick] slogan which asserts "I Took! "

Jonathan ROBIN

Someone's Daughter

Her mouth is coarse, her lipstick vulgar,
pearl glasses wide as any saucer,
her dress is dark as nakèd night,
her hair is in a sorry plight! -
Enough! - she too's life's brick and mortar,
and, flesh for flesh, is someone's daughter.

© Jonathan Robin 15 January 1969

Someone's Daughter_19690115_Her mouth is coarse ROBIN Jonathan
1947_20xx robi3_0001_robi3_0000 XXX_MXX

Jonathan ROBIN

Sometimes - Sandrine Vaillant Sonnet Cycle

Sometimes surprising sweetness sweeps souls shy,
Amity allows as all appear
Now naturally neonats, nor near
Drear Death's demesne deigns dawdle, dares defy
Reactions ready-made, responses rye.
Iconoclasm isn't insincere,
Nefarious, notions new ne'er sneer.
Endearingly expressing ethos eye
Vouchsafes virtue, vileness vilifies.
Appreciate all arts, able adhere
Idealistic, in intentions clear.
Lighthearted lady lead, leave lewd lust, lie.
Latent loveliness's laser light
Announces now the acrostic novel tight.

Jonathan ROBIN

Song Approaches New Grace

SONG APPROACHES NEW GRACE

Song Approaches New Grace Through One Mission Accomplished. Magic Aim
Unites Dreams, Empathy, Contentment

SONG which both strong and tender tries to be
APPROACHES sonnet sequence with a smile,
NEW robes for old shakespearean dons awhile,
GRACE praising to her face eternally
THROUGH lines which many levels twine, - yet free
ONE message steady signs, resists time's trial -
MISSION meant to fertilize hope's phial,
ACCOMPLISHED over all add_verse_city.
MAGIC pen, when granted liberty,
AIM guides flame to fruition, free from guile,
UNITES both heart and head with simple style.
DREAMS ideal rejoin reality,
EMPATHY sinks need for thought yet feeds
CONTENTMENT, joy, restranding Shakespeare's seeds...

? 2001 revised 27 September 2008
robi03_0964_shak01_0000 AQS_IXX
see below for alternative 5 final lines

ALLY heart, and head to reconcile
UNLIMITED, and multi-modal style,
DANCE and inner glance with chance to free
ENDLESSLY dream is our care, to key
LIGHT flight restranding Shakespeare versatile.

Song Approaches New Grace poem (c) Jonathan Robin

Jonathan ROBIN

Sonnet Cxliv

Spliced loves I have, of comfort and despair,
As taunting spirits both wraiths haunt faith still:
Now one, the better, is a woman fair
Gone wrong the other, strongman coloured ill.
Tempting me to hell my evil fiend
Only would draw the better from my side,
Might soul corrupt, turns angel devil screened,
Alters her essence pure for his foul pride.
Modified, pride turns to purity
Angel smoothing Angle's angles rough,
Unquestioned joy is found in unity,
Drawn skeins twixt victor, vanquished, soft and tough,
Ensuring Heaven drives away Hell's doubt,
Chance karmic waits while fate turns devils out.

- -

Sonnet CXLIV

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
Which like two spirits do suggest me still:
The better angel is a man right fair,
The worser spirit a woman coloured ill.
To win me soon to hell, my female evil,
Tempteth my better angel from my side,
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her foul pride.
And whether that my angel be turned fiend,
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell;
But being both from me, both to each friend,
I guess one angel in another's hell:
Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

William Shakespeare
(2 December 2008)

Jonathan ROBIN

Sonnet Cycle To M C After W S Sonnets Cxl - Cliv

Sonnet Cycle to M C after W S Sonnets CXL - CLIV

[c] Jonathan Robin

CARE IS OUR DREAM

Sonnet Cycle after William Shakespeare: Part II
Sonnets CXL - CLIV

Shakespeare Sonnet CXL

Be wise as thou art cruel; do not press
My tongue-tied patience with too much disdain;
Lest sorrow lend me words, and words express
The manner of my pity-wanting pain.
If I might teach thee wit, better it were,
Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me so; -
As testy sick men, when their deaths be near,
No news but health from their physicians know; -
For, if I should despair, I should grow mad,
And in my madness might speak ill of thee:
Now this ill-wrestling world is grown so bad,
Mad slanderers by mad ears believèd be.
That I may not be so, nor thou belied,
Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart go wide.

Sonnet CXL

Sorrow's inspiration helps express
Appreciation of this pleasure-pain,
No wisdom in the world could ever dress
Gladder picture, or more sweet refrain.
Throughout your absence I in joy must grieve,
On prayers for future tryst discover bliss,
My notions of time, space, fresh warp weft weave
As each knight who would live a day-dream's kiss!
Mock not. Should I despair I would grow mad,
And in my madness might speak ill of you,
Unbelieved, believing all are bad,

Deaf to truth, to slander prey, taboo.
Enchantment wonder spells, meets wanderer's joy,
Clear eyes look straight through heart no art need cloy.

Shakespeare Sonnet CXLI

In faith, I do not love thee with mine eyes,
For they in thee a thousand errors note;
But 'tis my heart that loves what they despise,
Who, in despite of view, is pleased to dote.
Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune delighted;
Nor tender feeling to base touches prone,
Nor taste, nor smell, desire to be invited
To any sensual feast with thee alone:
But my five wits nor my five senses can
Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee,
Who leaves unsway'd the likeness of a man,
Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to be:
Only my plague thus far I count my gain,
That she that makes me sin awards me pain.

Sonnet CXLI

Suffice it that you know 'tis not my eyes
Alone adore, for they score errors note.
Nor yet my heart alone that love supplies,
God knows how deeply I upon you dote.
The answer comes not still from tongue's sweet tone
Or senses summoned to their highest pitch,
Meeting sheer delight, together grown,
As near or far, I never felt so rich.
My senses five, through serving you, see light
Affording life a motivation true
Unjustified without you, pointless quite:
Dissuade me pretexting false virtue.
Enduring pain today paves future joy,
Cleaves gain tomorrow to reign's fey employ.

Shakespeare Sonnet CXLII

Love is my sin, and thy dear virtue hate,
Hate of my sin, grounded on sinful loving:
O! but with mine compare thou thine own state,
And thou shalt find it merits not reproving;
Or, if it do, not from those lips of thine,
That have profaned their scarlet ornaments
And sealed false bonds of love as oft as mine,
Robbed others' beds' revenues of their rents.
Be it lawful I love thee, as thou lovest those
Whom thine eyes woo as mine importune thee:
Root pity in thy heart, that when it grows,
Thy pity may deserve to pitied be.
If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,
By self-example mayst thou be denied!

Sonnet CXLII

Sin seems sweet love, base vice must virtues hate
As hate of sin for love is root, branch, tree
Now meditate on inner feelings, see
Great merit none should question, none debate.
Though, if they do so, it can't be your state
Or through two scarlet lips that perjury
May e'er be found, its ground stems more from me
Adulterine appearing early, late.
May pity in your heart find root, pair fate,
Approve alliance, growth, shared constancy,
Unknot complexes, validate fair plea,
Dovetail harmonies legitimate
Example set which may not be denied,
Can Nature nature's call defy or hide?

Shakespeare Sonnet CXLIII

Lo, as a careful housewife runs to catch
One of her feathered creatures broke away,
Sets down her babe, and makes all swift dispatch
In pursuit of the thing she would have stay;
Whilst her neglected child holds her in chase,
Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent
To follow that which flies before her face,

Not prizing her poor infant's discontent:
So runn'st thou after that which flies from thee,
Whilst I thy babe chase thee afar behind;
But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,
And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind:
So will I pray that thou mayst have thy 'Will',
If thou turn back, and my loud crying still.

Sonnet CXLIII

So, as a careful housewife runs to catch
A feathered dream whose theme would break away,
Nests down her babe and, making swift dispatch,
Goes delving after all she'd wish could stay.
The child meanwhile may cry, would chaser chase,
Open tear tap to trap dear mother's eye -
Mother, who before from babe turned face
Away from dream is blown, lest child should sigh.
Maid, thus you follow that which from you flies,
As babe I chase lest I be left behind,
Urgent seems double need, to make, break ties!
Dichotomy defy! Please kiss, be kind!
Enjoyment trace, let both embrace shared will,
Chérie refuse not hand that seeks you still.

Shakespeare Sonnet CXLIV

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
Which like two spirits do suggest me still:
The better angel is a man right fair,
The worser spirit a woman, coloured ill.
To win me soon to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side,
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her foul pride,
And whether that my angel be turned fiend
Suspect I may, but not directly tell;
But being both from me, both to each friend,
I guess one angel in another's hell:
Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,

Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

Sonnet CXLIV

Spliced loves I have, of comfort and despair,
As taunting spirits both wraiths haunt faith still:
Now one, the better, is a woman fair
Gone wrong the other, - strongman coloured ill.
Tempting me to hell my evil fiend
Only would draw the better from my side,
Might soul corrupt, turns angel devil screened,
Alters her essence pure for his foul pride.
Modified, pride turns to purity
Angel smoothing Angle's angles rough,
Unquestioned joy is found in unity,
Drawn skeins 'twixt victor, vanquished, soft and tough,
Ensuring Heaven drives away Hell's doubt,
Chance karmic waits while fate turns devils out.

Shakespeare Sonnet CXLV

Those lips that Love's own hand did make,
Breathed forth the sound that said 'I hate',
To me that languished for her sake:
But when she saw my woeful state,
Straight in her heart did mercy come,
Chiding that tong that ever sweet
Was used in giving gentle doom;
And taught it thus anew to greet;
'I hate' she altered with an end,
That followed it as gentle day
Doth follow night, who like a fiend
From heaven to hell is flown away.
'I hate' from hate away she threw,
And saved my life, saying 'Not you'.

Sonnet CXLV

Soft lips, that Cupid's bow helped draw,
Are they to frame refusal firm,

Negating love, pronounce its term,
Go on as if naught passed before?
Thus when 'I hate' my love did state
One's day turned night. Could tongue so sweet
Meté harsher judgement, Doomsday meet?
Admitting, then, my sorry state,
My love, to lift weight borne by few -
Added to those harsh words "I hate"
"Undoubtedly all men but you! "
Delight! my nightmare turned to fête.
Emerging light rewards love's token,
Credit from foreclosure woken.

Shakespeare Sonnet CXLVI

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
Fooled by these rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more:
So shall thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,
And Death once dead, there's no more dying then.

Sonnet CXLVI

Sad soul, mad centre of my sinful earth,
Awake! Why fool yourself? Love lives Time's prey,
Now here, now there, then buried, slipped away,
Great delusions [b]urned, earn no rebirth.
Theories of resurrection hold no worth,
One moment here, next gone, - Time won't delay.
Manors proud eat dust on judgement day
As worms look on askance, 'spite tripled girth.
Misuse not time, live splitting sides in mirth,

As, once departed, there's no second play
Uniting incarnations on Tao Way.
Dross peddle not, spurn outward show on Earth.
Everlasting night leaves mortals in the dark,
Cancer strikes Death through your timeless mark.

Shakespeare Sonnet CXLVII

My love is as a fever, longing still
For that which longer nurseth the disease;
Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,
The uncertain sickly appetite to please.
My reason, the physician to my love,
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,
Hath left me, and I desperate now approve
Desire is death, which physic did except.
Past cure I am, now Reason is past care,
And frantic-mad with evermore unrest;
My thoughts and my discourse as madmen's are,
As random from the truth vainly express'd;
For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright,
Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

Sonnet CXLVII

Sickness, illness, fever, malady,
Ague is this love, vast on itself fast feeds
Never rests, but pesters, nagging needs
Gives rise to further needs as all can see.
To love stands Reason as physician poor,
One moment hot, one moment cold love blows,
Meagre cure's in sight while fever flows,
And once blood clots all rots, - Death's sinecure.
Madness conquers Reason as unrest
Advances speech to mine defensive art,
Using verse Shakespearian to express -
Despondent there, ecstatic here - hope's heart.
Ever I swear you fair, yet my poor pen
Can't do you justice, efforts fail again!
Shakespeare Sonnet CXLVIII

O me! what eyes hath Love put in my head,
Which have no correspondence with true sight;
Or, if they have, where is my judgement fled,
That censures falsely what they see aright?
If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,
What means the world to say it is not so?
If it be not, then love doth well denote
Love's eye is not so true as all men's: no,
How can it? O! how can Love's eye be true,
That is so vex'd with watching and with tears?
No marvel then, though I mistake my view;
The sun itself sees not till heaven clears.
O cunning Love! with tears thou keep'st me blind,
Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

Sonnet CXLVIII

Second sight Love's thrust into my eyes
And some may ask if they relation bear –
Near or far - to truth's fine judgement hair,
Given that I find fair what otherwise
Too many see as dross, loss, common guise.
One prize I seek, a peak beyond compare -
Mount Everest no laurels there could share -
An angel as an angel in disguise.
May it be said that Love's eye time defies.
As, often tearful, dreams seem supreme snare,
Ugly, flawed beyond repair, what stare
Dares sun seek through cloud cover light denies?
Eros, cunning, traps souls' sparks, hearts blinds,
Conceals real fault lines, lies eyes elsewhere find.

Shakespeare Sonnet CXLIX

Canst thou, O cruel! say I love thee not,
When I against myself with thee partake?

Do I not think on thee, when I forgot
Am of myself, all tyrant, for thy sake?
Who hateth thee that I do call my friend?
On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon?
Nay, if thou lour'st on me, do I not spend
Revenge upon myself with present moan?
What merit do I in myself respect,
That is so proud thy service to despise,
When all my best doth worship thy defect,
Commanded by the motion of thine eyes?
But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind;
Those that can see thou lov'st, and I am blind.

Sonnet CXLIX

Should ever you announce 'I love you not! '
Although your part I take against my own,
No plans may make but take your thoughts full blown, -
Giving all to umbilical knot,
Think once again! Cupid appears a sot -
Owing all, eye guyed by silly cone,
Make no mistake once one love's light is known, -
As true commitment, ne'er to be forgot.
Mediocre merit overblown
Accounts for doubts, true altar alters not.
Unlimited should worship's state be shown,
Despising definitions trite, bolt shot.
Eyes which master mine, bewitch my mind,
Cure through insight, view, blindness left behind.
Shakespeare Sonnet CL

O! from what power hast thou this powerful might,
With insufficiency my heart to sway?
To make me give the lie to my true sight,
And swear that brightness doth not grace the day?
Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,
That in the very refuse of thy deeds
There is such strength and warranties of skill,
That, in my mind, thy worst all best exceeds?
Who taught thee how to make me love thee more,

The more I hear and see just cause of hate?
O! though I love what others do abhor,
With others thou shouldst not abhor my state:
If thy unworthiness rais'd love in me,
More worthy I to be belov'd of thee.

Sonnet CL

Say, whence do you draw energy and might
Allowing thus both heart and mind to sway,
Neutralising faculties of sight,
Giving the lie to light, night calling day?
Tell me how come I lose all sense of right
October calling March, December, May?
Mind mirage, you excite, the brain takes fright,
Assured your lure sows seeds of disarray,
More I may dote, more I am smote to stay,
All giving, yet, through giving, taking more,
Undeceiving not, I'd wither by the way,
Deign heed this plea, abhor not purest core.
Enchanted I, despite scored faults well spelled,
Can reciprocity then be withheld?

Shakespeare Sonnet CLI

Love is too young to know what conscience is;
Yet who know not conscience is born of love?
Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiss,
Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove:
For, thou betraying me, I do betray
My nobler part to my gross body's treason;
My soul doth tell my body that he may
Triumph in love; flesh stays no farther reason,
But rising at thy name doth point out thee
As his triumphant prize. Proud of this pride,
He is contented thy poor drudge to be,
To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.
No want of conscience hold it that I call
Her 'love' for whose dear love I rise and fall.

Sonnet CLI

See, love's too young to know what conscience makes,
And yet all know love's born from conscience fair,
Now, friend, don't fall into my own mistakes,
Guilty found, despite white guiltless air.
Treason showing me you may betray
Only yourself, for I your vassal be
My reason knows but your's, bends to true sway,
As prize triumphant, captive loyalty,
Most glad if by your side both day and night,
As serf both at your beck and call and free,
Uncomplaining, come what may, joy bright,
Delight discerned in perpetuity.
Eternally your star's my heaven, thrall,
Clear conscience lauds, applauds love's conscious, call.

Shakespeare Sonnet CLII

In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn,
But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swearing;
In act thy bed-vow broke, and new faith torn,
In vowing new hate after new love bearing.
But why of two oath's breach do I accuse thee,
When I break twenty? I am perjured most;
For all my vows are oaths of thy deep kindness,
And all my honest faith in thee is lost:
For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kindness,
Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy;
And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness,
Or made them swear against the thing they see;
For I have sworn thee fair; more perjured I,
To swear against the truth so foul a lie!

Sonnet CLII

Shared love here best attests that I'm forsworn
And you your self the same seem more than double,
Naming me, another bursts as bubble
Grant swift withdrawn, though drawn, faith found in pawn.
Though how can I accuse you as twice torn

Of twenty times the sin I'm guilty, trouble
My object of affection, turn to rubble
Adoration worn well, can't be worn.
Magic kindness filling plenty's horn
Abhors not joys, employs love's harvest stubble,
Unearths no stars through telescopic Hubble,
Discovers boon outshining finest dawn.
Entire the truth I've sworn: you're peerless fair,
Clod perjured I would be to nod elsewhere.
Shakespeare Sonnet CLII

In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn,
But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swearing;
In act thy bed-vow broke, and new faith torn,
In vowing new hate after new love bearing.
But why of two oath's breach do I accuse thee,
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For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kindness,
Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy;
And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness,
Or made them swear against the thing they see;
For I have sworn thee fair; more perjured I,
To swear against the truth so foul a lie!

Sonnet CLII BIS

Show me another who your praise has penned,
Adding such sparkle, none of it amiss!
Name me another who'd your worth defend
Given in sequent stanzas such as this?
Teach me of others who with words could blend
Open mind with inner eye for beauty, -
My love would never hesitate, but bend
A knee in homage - for your Love's my duty.
Mask hollow life would prove were love forsworn,
Attainted oath, inconstant vow, mind blind,
Unchallenged and self-evident crown worn,
Denies all others, challenges resigned.
Equal none are found in heart or soul:

Contradictions? None, unstained reign sole.

Shakespeare Sonnet CLIII

Cupid laid by his brand and fell asleep:
A maid of Diana's this advantage found,
And his love-kindling fire did quickly steep
In a cold valley-fountain of that ground;
Which borrowed from this holy fire of Love
A dateless lively heat, still to endure,
And grew a seething bath, which yet men prove
Against strange maladies a sovereign cure.
But at my mistress' eye Love's brand new-fired,
The boy for trial needs would touch my breast;
I, sick withal, the help of bath desired,
And thither hide, a sad distemper'd guest,
But found no cure: the bath for my help lies
Where Cupid found new fire, my mistress' eyes.

Sonnet CLIII

Sweet Cupid lay his bow aside, to sleep,
A maid of Diane's this advantage found,
Nearby did hasten to a mountain keep,
Glowing dart steeped in sweet valley sound.
Thus heat transferred from arrow head must seep
On waves of wonder quickly underground,
Magic flowed down to rise in fountain steep
Asudden sparkling everywhere around.
Maladie d'amour: one cure I'd reap,
A fruitful harvest crowned by Cupid's brand,
Unique remedy to lave, bathe, steep,
Distemper healed, by chance lies close to hand.
Ease can't be found outside one voice I prize,
Cupid fires heart's dart through sapphire eyes.

Shakespeare Sonnet CLIV

The little Love-god lying once asleep
Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand,
Whilst many nymphs that vow'd chaste life to keep
Came tripping by; but in her maiden hand
The fairest votary took up that fire
Which many legions of true hearts had warm'd;
And so the general of hot desire
Was, sleeping, by a virgin hand disarm'd.
This brand she quenched in a cool well by,
Which from Love's fire took heat perpetual,
Growing a bath and healthful remedy
For men diseas'd; but I, my mistress' thrall,
Came there for cure, and this by that I prove,
Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.

Sonnet CLIV

Sweet Cupid lay his shaft aside, to sleep,
A virgin maiden this advantage found,
No hesitation showed, but swift would leap
Gave out this fire to fountain all around.
This tasted once, my Dear, in you could I
One sovereign Queen discover, keen and bright,
My love can't date, nor greater love supply,
Apart from you no siren song I'd write.
Maid's fabled sprig dipped in the sacred spring
Allowed heart's heat from love's eternal fire
Unstinted access to health's virtuous ring
Dotation peerless. Slave to your desire
E'er there for cure I come, by this I prove:
Choice love warms water, water cools not Love.

Jonathan ROBIN

Sonnet Cycle To M C After William Shakespeare Part I

Index Sonnets I - Lxxx

[c] Jonathan Robin

Care Is Our Dream

"In your light I learn how to love. In your beauty, how to make poems.
You dance inside my chest, where no one sees you."

Jalal ad-Din Rumi

"Of Cabbages and Kings" Lewis Carroll The Walrus and the Carpenter

Care Is Our Dream Maude Our Dream Is Care

June – August 2008

Care Is Our Dream Sonnets Our Dream Is Care

Sonnet key to Shakespearean originals

BIS corresponds to variations on a theme

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Initial Exchange

Maude Us Vivendi Mind bright is masked by magic, vibrant charm

Introduction Sweet friend see sent through Shakespeare echo planned

Preface Song which both strong and tender tries to be

I Sweet, from the fairest creatures we desire

II Should forty Winters' snows besiege your brow

III Search in your mirror my reflection there

IV Such loveliness as yours one should not hoard

V Spring soon is spent while Winter's cold approaches

VI Self-willed no longer stay, thou art too fair,

VII Sun in the East, the gorgeous morning light
VIII Sweet with sweet strives not - should joy with joy ?
IX Single remaining fearing widow's tears
X Shame should cheeks burn! In turn admired by many,
XI Stir up the muddy waters of my mind
XII Since daily must we [c]lock hard knocks of time,
XIII So if, sweet love, your life be like a book
XIV Stars and cards should not Man's judgement rule,
XV Strange that each little thing takes long to grow,
XVI Stone flakes to sand and mountains melt to mould,
XVII So who'll believe my verse in times to come,
XVII BIS So who'd endorse verse force in times to come,
XVIII Shall I compare her to blue summer's day?
XVIII BIS Shall I compare her? In what galaxy,
XIX Swift-footed Time speeds on with open jaws,
XX Soft dainty face with Nature's own hand painted,
XXI So is it not with me as with that Muse
XXII So long as you and youth rhyme-share one date,
XXIII So as an actor, stage-fright suffering,
XXIV Sure hand plays partial painter here to lend
XXV So let those who seem lucky in their stars
XXVI Sovereign lady, paid be homage due
XXVI Bis Sovereign Lady I'm your vassal sworn
XXVII Strained by toil, I coil within my bed
XXVIII Separate from you, what sorry plight
XXIX Star-crossed, fortune lost, tossed on Fate's wave
XXX Sometimes in sessions of unhappy thought
XXXI Sweet universal song spins from the inner ear
XXXII Should you survive the number of my days
XXXIII So many splendid mornings have I seen
XXXIV Spent is Life's promise, was it meant in play,
XXXV Stop, no longer grieve, believe! Who'd care
XXXVI Shall I confess that we two should be twain
XXXVII Shirking to show my worth I find delight
XXXVIII So long as Love breathes life into her breast
XXXIX So how, without self-praising, may I sing
XL Strip off all former loves, I shall reveal
XLI Such petty wrongs as freedom may commit
XLII Send me a smile - I'll really go to town
XLIII Sweet, though I blink, I'll never blinkered be,
XLIV Stop signs ignored should ever you on me
XLV So though from all four elements you're drawn

XLVI See you the struggles 'twixt my heart and mind
XLVII Struggles cease as heart and eye ally
XLVIII Streams start as springs, soon into rivers stream
XLIX Spare self from sorrow let not my defects
L Sadly I journey onward into night
LI Shall then my love forgive my constant calls
LII So am I as the wealthy man whose key
LIII She hungry makes where most she satisfies
LIV Sweet beauty shines! No brighter ornament
LV Since marble bust and gilded monument
LVI So is it error where I would draw near
LVII Servant to your every wish, desire
LVIII So God forbid the day I'm yours, Divine
LIX Sundry inventions of technology
LX So must flower hours bloom until doom's end
LXI Slumber at your pressing wish is broken
LXII Sin of self-love was mine until we met
LXIII Sunset sends shadows, yet an inner light
LXIV Steamroller strange is Time, so prompt to wreak
LXV Some thoughts, like playful kittens, trip ahead
LXVI Simple truth misnamed simplicity
LXVII Spontaneous these feelers one would send
LXVIII Shame! there seems nothing new beneath the sun,
LXVIII BIS Should nothing new spun 'neath run sun we find,
LXIX Some of her parts our azure sphere perceives
LXX Slander's spite to quality's attracted
LXXI Spare sunless mourning sigh when I lie dead
LXXII Should the cruel world oblige you to recite
LXXIII Sad Autumn, turncoat, sheds its coat of leaves
LXXIV So be content, for when Fate's verdict's cast
LXXV Sequent songs hymn manna mirror, life
LXXVI Stray verse, avoiding innovative change
LXXVII Spread lines reflect shed beauty which we wear,
LXXVIII Steadily I have invoked one Muse
LXXIX Sweet friendship's face, the fountainhead of grace,
LXXX See how I stall when my poor pen would write
LXXXI Surviving, shall I your oration make
LXXXI BIS Should she survive, my epitaph to make
LXXXII Since she was never married to my Muse
LXXXIII Strange as it sounds I felt she'd never need
LXXXIV Speech serves no turn, what may give pleasure more
LXXXV Speech silver's held where silence gold is found

LXXXVI Seductive peacock, once I played at verse
 LXXXVII So leave! Farewell! You are, for my possessing
 LXXXVIII Should she these rag sheets mock, set all to light
 LXXXIX Speak forth, am I forsaken for some fault
 XC Soundly most dream when midnight's heard to strike
 XCI Some glory in their birth, some in their skill
 XCII Steal not away, coeval is one life
 XCIII Shall I stay sane if two apart should strain
 XCIV Such as have strength to hurt and yet forbear
 XCIV BIS Steal not away for ever - 'out of sight'
 XCV Shame turns to bliss, claims blame's remiss when through
 XCVI Some say your fault is youth and wantonness
 XCVII So like drear winter has dark distance been
 XCVII BIS So like harsh winter has her absence been
 XCVIII Saturn laughs through rings which, karmic, met
 XCIX Sweet thief whence did you steal scent which sweet smells
 C So where did you slip off to, truant Muse
 CI Speak truant Muse, how will you make amends
 CII Strophe Strong gleams love's dream although no strength is seeming,
 CII Anti-strophe Strong is love's song whatever light is gleaming
 CIII Scope for self-pride's apparent in this work
 CIV Seen through my eyes you never can grow old
 CIV BIS Seen through love's eyes you never shall grow old
 CV Spurn not love's bind as blind idolatry
 CVI Set into chronicles of perjured time
 CVII Still will this fancy stay your monument
 CVIII Symbols show true character, should ink
 CIX Say not that ever I was false at heart
 CX So much 'tis true, I've gadded here and there
 CXI Start and finish are for me the same
 CXII Scandal's stamped one image on my brow
 CXIII Since first we spoke I woke in heart and mind
 CXIV Such all embracing qualities as these
 CXV Such lines I wrote before scored outright lie
 CXVI So do not to the marriage of true minds
 CXVII Say that on others I have bent my eye
 CXVIII Some take, to make great appetites seem keen
 CXIX Still losing self when self I sought to win
 CXX Sensing old unkindness helps me now
 CXXI Spend time elsewhere, share not your days with me
 CXXII So many gifts to praise, so little space
 CXXIII Silence, Time! None boast that I do change

CXXIV Should this sought court, be caught out wishful thinking
CXXV Some set their sights on superficial glory
CXXVI Sickled Time is sick with jealousy
CXXVII Since when, fair friend, has black been counted fair
CXXVIII Stale flattery slips st[r]eaming from the pen
CXXIX Spirit extended in another cause
CXXIX BIS Shakespeare too often failed to understand
CXXX Sun shines far brighter than maid's sapphire eyes
CXXXI Swift in succession fleet speed thoughts when I
CXXXII Soft eyes I worship, may yours pity me,
CLXIII Some seek to turn impressions inside out
CXXXIII Stolen from myself, in jail I lie
CXXXIV Servant to you stays Cupid I'll admit
CXXXV Sweet fair my will will hold, so fare you well
CXXXV BIS Some find, in seeking, pleasure undefined
CXXXVI Severed from all but vocal echo, I
CXXXVII Sweet Cupid, what's this trick played on my eyes?
CXXXVIII Should she swear she be one with Time and Truth
CXXXIX Say love is owed another if you can
CXL Sorrow's inspiration helps express
CXLI Suffice it that you know 'tis not my eyes
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CXLIII So, as a careful housewife runs to catch
CXLIV Spliced loves I have, of comfort and despair
CXLV Soft lips, that Cupid's bow helped draw
CXLVI Sad soul, mad centre of my sinful earth
CXLVII Sickness, illness, fever, malady
CXLVIII Second sight Love's thrust into my eyes
CXLIX Should ever you announce I love you not
CL Say whence do you draw energy and might
CLI See, love's too young to know what conscience makes
CLII Shared love here best attests that I'm forsworn
CLIII Cupid lay his bow aside, to sleep
CLIV Sweet Cupid laid his shaft down, fell asleep
CLV Should Chance or base design divide us twain
CLVI She sudden danced into my sight, sweet sprite
CLVII Spurn me and all my pleas if out of place
CLVIII Strange it appears, although no mind can fit
CLIX Sail set to wet the pen, another verse
CLX Simplicity is not my claim to fame
CLXI Snaking below her bridge my river whirls
CLXII Single state seems seemly, some souls state

CLXIII Some seek to turn impressions inside out
CLXIV Should you proclaim that black's perceived as white,
CLXV Since our exchange, I'm changed, live, walk, through you
CLXVI Swain to shepherdess sent gentle posy
CLXVII So, Time, if mockery there be, I mock
CLXVIII So turn to old Khayyam and from his cup
CLXIX Studied style, like polished mirror glass
CLXX So here's confessed, my heart and head are thine
CLXXI Sense, sensibility, so sweetly signed
CLXXII Sometimes surprising sweetness sweeps souls shy
CLXXIII Sunday night, and sonnet cycle turns
CLXXIV Shrew Tamed: A Comedy of Errors
CLXXV Second thoughts tentacle sticky fingers
CLXXVI Soon, soon, our rhyming revels end, the game
CLXXVII Should Muse to music set your symphony
CLXXVIII Should thoughts instead of shoes show scale for speed
CLXXIX Steal not away, nor shirk, for - 'out of sight'
CLXXX Something sings within me when I think
CLXXXI Spontaneous here surges urge to press
CLXXXII Masked miracle or self-fulfilling dream?
CLXXXIII May one still trust walls which outlast their use
CLXXXIV Mantra and comedienne combined
CLXXXV Strong stands man's faith, bans wraith fanned from spanned Past
CLXXXVI Mecca many praise five times a day
CLXXXVII Mother Nature vacuum, void, abhors,
CLXXXVIII Majestic rose may blossom sharing scent
CLXXXIX Mock mastery of rhyme and rhythm here
CXC Mission impossible taste would challenge tease
CXCI Moonshine madness or an open book
CXCII Motivation springs the mind, helps soar
CXCIII Movement appears to an observant eye
CXCIV So as time serves fine wine so this serves you
CXCV Multilingual input generates
CXCVI Mark open Windows. Pointing to flat screen
CXCVII Muse or passing theme, which would chance choose?
CXCVIII Sweet muse while strayed your cypher on this screen
CXCIX Mask long immured behind those walls Time's wit
CC Most women cloy where most they toy yet she
CCI Merit accorded rhyme draws inspiration
CCII Show me imagination's flowing flight
CCIII May heralds June, soon birthday's celebrated,
CCIV Muse enthusiastic sets brisk pace

CCV May previews summer solstice, June's divine
CCVI Message sent by chance or circumstance
CCVII Mastered style, from feelings kept apart,
CCVIII Minutes stretch swift seconds [sk]etching years
CCIX Most mortals magnify role-models, by
CCX Murmurs merge, surge to majestic swell
CCXI Mention Maude, all admiration's boundless
CCXII Meanings change when treadmill of translation
CCXIII Mistakes were made before my muse appeared
CCXIV Mesmerised, mind safes splits from inside
CCXV Man-made disasters strike as climate change
CCXVI Many reasons ring their warning bells
CCXVII Medused, my muse continues on its course,
CCXVIII Method shines through madness, sonnet strain
CCXIX Styx shan't swallow, hours devour, your soul
CCXX Camille call me to asthma's ills a prey,
CCXXI Moment seize, life's opportunities
CCXXII Mighty fall, all dust returns to dust
CCXXIII Modicum of sense bears witness we
CCXXIV Make fairyland from rocky start to
CCXXV Man's life turns strife, joy earns, and then to bed
CCXXVI More dear than words appear for me you'll be
CCXXVII Moderation seems so out of place
CCXXVIII My one half celebrates our meeting's near
CCXXIX Maude's sixty days my sixty years have swept
CCXXX Morn's haze through midday's blaze to twilight glaze
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CCXXXIII Mail sends signals, from mall mail relays
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CCXXXV If fair stars glitter in my eyes
CCXXXVI May [s]he fill heart with laughter, light
CCXXXVII Riddle my Riddle Dear Watson
CCXXXVIII Magic passion lifts aloft life's song
CCXXXIX Mountains into molehills melt
CCXL More than before she finds felicity
CCXLI Momentous wave laves past, swept fast to sea
CCXLI Many options chance codes choice modes sow
CCXLII My name Amphora, by life's teeming beach
CCXLIII How has affection come
CCXLIV May neither time nor tide upon your Muse
CCXLV Mastery of rhyme and rhythm here

CCXLVI Mermaid cavern 'neath the swirling sea
CCXLVII Song shows that valentine spreads from July
CCXLVIII May today, tomorrow symbolize
CCXLIX Mars and Venus, meeting, sought to merge
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Sonnets SANG to Maude
First Line ALPHABETICAL ORDER

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LIX Sundry inventions of technology
XXIV Sure hand plays partial painter here to lend
CLXXII Surprise seduction signals siren song
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CLIII Sweet Cupid lay his bow aside, to sleep,
CLIII BIS Sweet Cupid laid his bow down, fell asleep
CXXXVII Sweet Cupid, what's this trick played on my eyes?
CXXXV Sweet fair my will will hold, so fare you well
Introduction Sweet friend see sent through Shakespeare echo planned
LXXIX Sweet friendship's face, the fountainhead of grace,
I Sweet, from the fairest creatures we desire
CXCVIII Sweet muse while strayed your cypher on this screen
XXXI Sweet universal song spins from the inner ear
XCIX Sweet thief whence did you steal scent which sweet smells
XLIII Sweet, though I blink, I'll never blinkered be,
VIII Sweet with sweet strives not - should joy with joy ?
CXXXI Swift in succession fleet speed thoughts when I
LXXXII Swift does the pen in swift succession ink
XIX Swift-footed Time speeds on with open jaws,
CI Syllables in scintillating stream
CVIII Symbols show true character, should ink

CCXLIX BIS Time is the key for a lasting story

Maude US Vivendi

Mind bright is masked by magic, vibrant charm,
awareness keen seeks change of scene, sea change.
Unique potential seeds extensive range,
dreams space, needs time, autonomy, finds calm
extracting from life's vigour soothing balm.
Modus vivendi ventures, tests exchange,
authenticity attains, where naught seems strange,
undaunted by life's challenges, spurns qualms,
detects through radar all who might do harm
eliminating those unworthy who
mock trust, too often are unable to
add without taking more, threats to disarm.
Undeterred, rise 'far from madding crowd'
determine choice, voice deepest thoughts aloud.

20 May 2008 for previous version written 17 April 2008 see below

Magic smile masks mind behind the charm
Always aware, observant, seeking change.
Unique talents need extensive range
Dream of space, autonomy and calm
Extracting from life's vigour soothing balm.
Modus vivendi often finds it strange
As few attain an authentic exchange.
Undaunted, though, her intuition's arm
Detects by radar all who might do harm
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Add without taking more. These she'd disarm
Undeterred, far from the crowd she'd rise
DEtermined to win through to joyous skies

17 April 2008

INTRODUCTION

Sweet friend see sent through Shakespeare echo planned
As mirror of your merits in my eyes,
Name weaving undeceiving, sung sans sighs,
Gains tempo, draws upon acrostic strand.
Tenderness and word-dance will withstand,
Over time, Time's unkind cut which scythes
Man's phoenix flames, soon sunk, cut down to size.
All other fame fades, flickers turns to sand.
Multi-faceted, this sweet saraband,
As verse - part art, part play - sheds all disguise.
Unique heart stitches riches mind supplies,
Dream beam themes on fair Queen old walls disband.
Empathy, as catalyst, extends
Links into rainbow bridge that never ends.

PREFACE

Song Approaches New Grace Through One Mission
Accomplished, May Ally Unlimited Dance, Endless Light

SONG which both strong and tender tries to be
APPROACHES sonnet sequence with soft smile,
NEW robes for old shakespearean dons awhile,
GRACE praising to her face eternally
THROUGH lines which many levels twine, yet see
ONE message steady signed, resists time's trial -
MISSION meant to fertilize hope's phial,
ACCOMPLISHED over all add_verse_city.
MAY this response find welcome, amity,
ALLY heart, and head to reconcile
UNLIMITED, and multi-modal style,
DANCE and inner glance with chance to free
ENDLESSLY dream is our care, to key
LIGHT flight restranding Shakespeare versatile.

...

Shakespeare Sonnet I

From fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
But as the ripper should by time decease,
His tender heir might bear his memory:
But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.
Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament,
And only herald to the gaudy spring,
Within thine own bud buriest thy content,
And, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggarding.
Pity the world, or else this glutton be,
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

Sonnet I

Sweet, from the fairest creatures we desire
An increase, so that Beauty may not die.
Nonetheless, as naught grave Time defy,
Go we to seek in fresh heart fresher fire, -
Though form, face, shadows chase to spark desire!
One name alone flames showers none deny,
Maintaining burning bush as broad as high, -
Amber embers both consumed, entire.
Muse music, song, score, soloist and choir,
As angel more than some mere ornament -
Useless envy's churlish spite's swift spent, -
Dreams Nature sp[ices] to untold desire.
Embers Phoenix scorns, reborn flies free,
Claims one alone untouched by Lethe's see,
Shakespeare Sonnet II

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,

Thy youth's proud livery, so gazed on now,
Will be a tattered weed, of small worth held:
Then being asked where all that beauty lies,
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days,
To say, within thine own deep-sunken eyes,
Were an all eating-shame, and thriftless praise.
How much more praise deserved that beauty's use,
If thou couldst answer, -'this fair child of mine
Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse, ' -
Proving his beauty by succession thine!
This were to be new-made, when thou art old,
And see thy blood warm, when thou feel'st it cold.

Sonnet II

Should forty Winters' snows besiege your brow
And furrows battle burrow beauty's field,
Niggardly ploughing harvest all praise now, -
Gold tresses shining, no stress lines revealed, -
Tremors, wrinkles wreathing Beauty's smile
One day frayed care, etched shade, send shadowed eyes?
May not she be one sun whose run Time's trial
As timeless trace withstands ? Love testifies
Marching years can't alter inner grace
As strong stays spirit. Her[e] life certifies
Unique providence puts gifts in place
Destiny's wheel turns, spurns Time's petty pace.
Enchantment clears where others fear, grow [c]old,
Camille, Ambre, Alice, Axel youth remould.

□

Shakespeare Sonnet III

Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest,
Now is the time that face should form another;
Whose fresh repair is now thou not renewest,
Thou dost beguile the world, unbless some mother.
For where is she so fair, whose unear'd womb
Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry ?

Or who is he so fond, will be the tomb
Of his self-love, to stop posterity ?
Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime:
So thou through windows of thine age shalt see,
Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.
But if thou live, remembered not to be,
Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

Sonnet III

Search in your mirror my reflection there
A-twinning entwined about the finest waist,
Nodding in accord, and chorded fair,
Generating dreams both share enlaced.
Try to imagine such sweet heir as this,
One melody, identity of mind, -
Magic Nature's metamorphosis,
Apotheosis Love has counter-signed.
Mother's mirrored reciprocity,
April's bloom may birthday June show prime,
Undaunted blossom, ageless, witness we,
Despising wrinkles, daring Time, sublime.
Enchantment mocks each rival melody,
'Care is our dream' - no other image see!

Shakespeare Sonnet IV

Unthrifly loveliness, why dost thou spend
Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy ?
Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend;
And, being frank, she lends to those are free.
Then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse
The bounteous largess given thee to give ?
Profitless usurer, why dost thou use
So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live ?
For, having traffic with thyself alone,
Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive.

Then how, when nature calls thee to be gone,
What acceptable audit canst thou leave ?
Thy unused beauty must be tomb's with thee,
Which, used, lives th'executor to be.

Sonnet IV

Such loveliness as yours one should not hoard,
As cob-webbed coffer stashed in cashless bank.
Nature's gifts are lent, rich purse's cord
Grasped by Time's rake which ever, to be frank,
Takes int'rest staked too high. Though once adored,
One day sees all lose looks, locks, stocks and rank,
Must dust by bust to mem'ry be restored?
All sandy trickles end! So, Nature thank!
Mistaken hoarding of your inner chord
Appears vain mirage, self-deception blank,
Unremitted interest, blunted sword
Dividend unpaid when soul's weighed, sank.
Executrix of one's sole soul's absurd,
Could such song's beauty sleep in tomb unheard?

□

Shakespeare Sonnet V

Those hours, that with gentle work did frame
The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,
Will play the tyrants to the very same,
And that unfair which fairly doth excel:
For never-resting time leads summer on
To hideous winter, and confounds him there;
Sap checked with frost, and lusty leaves quite gone,
Beauty o'ersnow'd, and bareness everywhere:
Then, were not summer's distillation left,
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was:

But flowers distill'd, though they with winter meet,
Lease but their show; their substance still lives sweet.

Sonnet V

Spring soon is spent while Winter's cold approaches
Altering that loveliness which dwells
Now in most eyes. Ghost traitor-time encroaches,
Gathering most where most youth's gift excels.
The last sweet leaves of beauty's book become
Overrun, blots parody sweet Spring,
Methusalem chilled, Philomel stilled, dumb,
As clocks tell, tocsin soon tolls sullen ring.
Memories without verse witness weaken!
Advance with beauty Beauty envies, where
Unsung essential distillation's beacon
Dims, fails to shine, fades, feeding deep despair.
Ensure life's substance, timeless blaze maintained,
Casts masks away, sweet, meets test, gaze sustained.

Shakespeare Sonnet VI

Then let not winter's ragged hand deface
In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd:
Make sweet some vial; treasure thou some place
With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-killed.
That use is not forbidden usury,
Which happies those that pay the willing loan;
That's for thyself to breed another thee,
Or ten times happier, be it ten for one:
Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,
If ten of thine ten times refigured thee.
Then what could death do if thou shouldst depart,
Leaving thee living in posterity ?
Be not self-willed, for thou art much too fair
To be Death's conquest, and make worms thine heir.

Sonnet VI

Self-willed no longer stay, you are too fair,
Art cannot picture richer, it were sin.
Nameless heresy proclaims worms heir,
Grieving Life would mourn bereft of kin.
Thus reproduce fair image, like a clone
Of beauty, stature, smile, true rhyme sublime,
Majesty of spirit, which alone
Always endures, ensuring threads through time.
Miracle prepares posterity,
Aspires to blossom, ten[d] to power of four,
Unchecked, Man's g[r]ain, prints images of thee,
Defies VAIN RAN re-editing 'before'.
Extend hope's host as toast beyond Time's brim.
Can maggots grim NIRVANA's harvest trim?
Shakespeare Sonnet VII

Lo! in the orient when the gracious light
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,
Serving with looks his sacred majesty;
And having climbed the steep-up heavenly hill,
Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,
Attending on his golden pilgrimage;
But when from highmost pitch, with weary car,
Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,
The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are
From his low tract, and look another way:
So thou, thyself outgoing in thy noon,
Unlocked on diest, unless thou get a son.

Sonnet VII

Sun east feast shows, grows gorgeous, dawn's delight
Advances proudly while Earth's azure eye
New homage pays to glory which by right
Glow's day, by night beneath horizon's sky.
Time's shadows chase sun's trace to middle age,

Once zenith paced, traced raced descent, each finds
Murky curtain, blinds drawn down, life's page -
Afternoon ephemeral - unwinds.
Mutiny Time challenges, won't yield
As eyes enchanting urge direction change
Unleashing energy which wins life's field,
Duty converted into faith finds range,
Expels objections, second-thoughts sub-prime,
Can providential muse be jailed by Time?

Shakespeare Sonnet VIII

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly ?
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy:
Why lov'st thou that which thou receiv'st not gladly,
Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy ?
If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,
By union married, do offend thine ear,
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
In singleness the parts that thou shouldst bear.
Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,
Strikes each in each by mutual ordering;
Resembling sire and child and happy mother,
Who, all in one, one pleasing note do sing:
Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one,
Sings this to thee: 'Thou single wilt prove none.'

Sonnet VIII

Sweet with sweet strives not - should joy with joy ?
As music sadness sweeps away when tune
Names g[]adding song beneath wreathed madding moon -
Grants gift that knows no rift shan't shift or cloy.
True tenderness recovered, girl to boy,
Offers osmosis, empathy, thence soon
Merges understanding - bounteous boon -
Avoiding empty spaces which destroy,
Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,
Accord relations, discord left behind,
Unite as each in each concord discovers,

Depict string chorus, 'heartsichords' entwined,
Enchanted, silence sings: 'she shines unique! '
Concordance climbs new peak, one hand claps SPEAK!
Shakespeare Sonnet IX

Is it fear to wet a widow's eye
That thou consum'st thyself in single life ?
Ah! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,
The world will wail thee, like a makeless wife;
The world will be thy widow, and still weep
That thou no form of thee hast left behind,
When every private widow well may keep
By children's eyes her husband's shape in mind.
Look! what an unthrift in the world doth spend
Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it;
But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,
And kept unus'd, the user so destroys it.
No love toward others in that bosom sits
That on himself such murderous shame commits.

Sonnet IX

Single why stay though fearing wi[n]dow's tears,
Awash with grief, engraved groove furrowed face?
Name now, fair friend, the day, remaining years
Gleam team-true, Carpe Diem, life embrace,
To wed lest Death both wife and widow be!
Once in the grave, no likeness left behind,
Most who too much of mirrors ask soon see
A dowry swift squandered, undermined.
Make-up narcissistic, coarse and unrefined,
Alas proves ploy, destroyed by retrospection,
Unused beauty's furrowed by Fate unkind,
Despondent celibate mocks gene selection.
Esteem seems strained, stain spreads from altered w[r]its,
Condemns shame's schemes if altar dream team quits.
Shakespeare Sonnet X

For shame! deny that thou bear'st love to any,
Who for thyself art so unprovident.
Grant, if thou wilt, thou art belov'd of many,
But that thou none lov'st is most evident;
For thou art so possess'd with murderous hate
That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to conspire,
Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate
Which to repair should be thy chief desire.
O! change thy thought, that I may change my mind:
Shall hate be fairer lodg'd than gentle love?
Be, as thy presence is gracious and kind,
Or to thyself at least kind-hearted prove:
Make thee another self, for love of me,
That beauty still may live in thine or thee.

Sonnet X

Shame should cheeks burn! In turn admired by many,
All suitors spurning, - none earn answer clear.
Not sharing bliss, a-miss not loving [m]any,
Glow who may know where no heir can appear.
Take spinning seasons as analogy, -
Or are not Winters pregnant with fresh Springs,
May not sun's shine sing leaf which springs through tree
All rings recording joys which new birth brings?
Mind modify so I exchange thoughts' range
According credit more to love than hate,
Unto thyself be true not stranger, change
Don't self condemn, bloom sere on stem berate.
Extending options on joy's guarantees
Consider chance freed opportunities.
Shakespeare Sonnet XI

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou grow'st
In one of thine, from that which thou departest;
And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestow'st
Thou mayst call thine when thou from youth convertest
Herein lives wisdom, beauty and increase;
Without this, folly, age and cold decay:
If all were minded so, the times should cease

And threescore year would make the world away.
Let those whom Nature hath not made for store,
Harsh, featureless, and rude, barrenly perish:
Look, whom she best endow'd she gave the more;
Which bounteous gift thou shouldst in bounty cherish:
She carved thee for her seal, and meant thereby
Thou shouldst print more, not let that copy die.

Sonnet XI

Stir up the muddy waters of my mind,
All doubts dispel, Dear, do not hesitate!
New horizons may emancipate
Gates, dams, sham weights of each and every kind.
Treat meeting as if pre-assigned
On Heaven's slate by stars that rule our fate,
Menace is there none, no grounds to state
An error entered calculations blind -
Mark Nature's course from source no double bind.
Appears as inner instincts liberate
Unequaled bounty, prized though no prize, state
Distinct, above love vulgar - left behind.
Exchange osmosis, empathy, splice souls,
Clear view re-edit, knit halves fit fair whole
□

Shakespeare Sonnet XII

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls, all silvered o'er with white;
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard,
Then of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must go,

Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake
And die as fast as they see others grow;
And nothing 'Gainst Time's scythe can make defence
Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence.

Sonnet XII

Since daily must we [c]lock hard knocks of time,
And taking stock, see Life's steps stu[m]bble, [s]tale,
Notice Nature's winter coat of rime
Garner spare silver shocks where age [b]locks scale.
Testily we watch notched, storm tossed, trees'
Outstretched limbs deflecting freezing gale,
Mittens seeking 'gainst stark biting breeze -
An icy tribute paid when powers fail.
Moments reflect, though trembling forces flail
And sheaves tossed harvest dumb despair,
Upbeat prepare fresh karmic cycle hale,
Defy regrets, biers eerie, skull king stare.
Exile leap years, trap tears, cap fears, spurn scythe,
Chagrin, grin toxic, tocsin grim, Time's tithe.
Shakespeare Sonnet XIII

O! that you were yourself; but, love, you are
No longer yours than you yourself here live:
Against this coming end you should prepare,
And your semblance to some other give:
So should that beauty which you hold in lease
Find no determination; then you were
Yourself against, after yourself's decease,
When your sweet issue your sweet form should bear.
Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,
Which husbandry in honour might uphold
Against the stormy gusts of winter's day
And barren rage of death's eternal cold ?
O! none but unthrifths. Dear my love, you know
You had a father: let your son say so.

Sonnet XIII

So if, sweet love, your life be like a book
Admit a chapter new which may impress
Natural stamp – no writer’s cramp - arrest
Ghost Time’s false fears. Heed call, a second look
Thus read, remaining pain erase, trial shook
Out errors or your sojourn turns poor jest.
Meagre trace remains when, gone to rest,
And coffin swallows spendthrifts brought to book.
May re-edition, proof read copybook,
Allow dance second chance, Maid Maude addressed,
Unveiling copy `right`, bright light professed,
Due dawn’s fresh threshold, robin, thrush and rook.
Energy from empathy fair flows:
Conclusion – fusion’s fission won’t foreclose!

□

Shakespeare Sonnet XIV

Not from the stars do I my judgement pluck;
And yet methinks I have astronomy,
But not to tell of good or evil luck,
Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons? quality;
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,
Pointing to each his thunder, rain, and wind,
Or say with princes if it shall go well,
By oft predict that I in heaven find:
But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,
And, constant stars, in them I read such art
As Truth and beauty shall together thrive,
If from thyself to store thou wouldn't convert?
Or else of thee this I prognosticate:
Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date?

Sonnet XIV

Stars and cards must not Man’s judgement rule,
And yet methinks we’re blessed with intuition; -
Nurture derived `pite rival, striving schools.

Granted foresight, vaunted precognition,
Thus see the light, control shed quite, play cool.
Out tortured past, mock any inhibition.
Mind finds free will, though not as blind Fate's tool.
Autonomy's condition for fruition.
Maude from your eyes my knowledge I derive,
And, constant stars, in them I read such art
Uniting beauty, Truth, which, twinned shall thrive,
Double wealth together, still rich apart.
Earth grasps one truth above greed's gaol goal [t]race,
Complete is joy when crowned by love's embrace.
Shakespeare Sonnet XV

When I consider every thing that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment,
That this huge stage presenteth nought but shows
Whereon the stars in secret influence comment;
When I perceive that men as plants increase,
Cheered and check'd even by the self-same sky,
Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,
And wear their brave state out of memory;
Then the conceit of this inconstant stay
Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,
Where wasteful Time debateth with Decay,
To change your day of youth to sullied night;
And, all in war with Time for love of you,
As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

Sonnet XV

Strange that each tiny thing takes time to grow,
Attains perfection for the shortest space:
Naught Earth contains within its spendthrift show
Grave shows respect, flows brave, front Fates replace.
The species, - flora, fauna, - may increase
Only to fail beneath pale sky, - but why?
Mutations bold age, cold, limbs sterile cease
As impetus, once strong, must atrophy.
Momentum lost, then life's inconstant stay
Awry turns, old rich for poor youth would change,

Undeserved requests debate decay,
Demand return game, pale before door strange.
Eject Time's dread test with head's jest's best zest
Cue sonnet sequence to nest feathered, blessed.
Shakespeare Sonnet XVI

But wherefore do not you a mightier way
Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time ?
And fortify yourself in your decay
With means more blessed than my barren rime ?
Now stand you on the top of happy hours,
And many maiden gardens, yet unset,
With virtuous wish would bear you living flowers,
Much liker than your painted counterfeit:
So should the lines of life that life repair,
Which this, Time's pencil, or my pupil pen,
Neither in inward worth nor outward fair,
Can make you live yourself in eyes of men.
To give away yourself keeps yourself still;
And you must live, drawn by your own sweet skill.

Sonnet XVI

Stone flakes to sand and mountains melt to mould,
As Time's transgressions etch on day by day.
Nature's plans tectonic plaques enfold
Growth and grit as bit by bit they weigh.
Thus rival factions fail, their tale soon told
On words where glory seldom finds its way.
Muted dictators cower, though once bold, -
As swift their rise their fall, [p]all is dismay.
Match life-lines to eyes' pupil pen drawn taut to sketch
As much the inward worth as outer show,
Untying ties, withholds through letting go,
Dwell well through verse, more than gold purse could fetch.
Each finds through each plateau-platform sublime
Confirming gifts lift sum, some outreach Time.

Shakespeare Sonnet XVII

Who will believe my verse in time to come,
If it were fill'd with your most high deserts ?
Though yet, heaven knows, it is but as a tomb
Which hides your life and shows not half your parts.
If I could write the beauty of your eyes
And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
The age to come would say ? This poet lies;
Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces.?
So should my papers, yellow'd with their age,
Be scorn'd, like old men of less truth than tongue,
And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage
And stretched metre of an antique song:
But were some child of yours alive that time,
You should live twice, - in it and in my rime.

Sonnet XVII

So who'll believe my verse in times to come,
As chock-a-block replete with your high praise,
No iceberg shows more of your talents' sum
Grants view of worth Earth could not higher raise.
This sonnet sequence fails to reach its goal,
One pen can't render peerless quality,
Maybe tomorrows won't believe one soul
Apt to portray a tithe in verity.
Music through you spreads honeydew around
Although the Future may not half believe,
Unless, these sonnets seen, men rise from ground,
Dwell, bitter-sweet as Gods, Maude, joyful grieve.
Eternity by five is multiplied -
Camille, spry siblings, all my verse supplied.
Shakespeare Sonnet XVII

Who will believe my verse in time to come,
If it were fill'd with your most high deserts ?
Though yet, heaven knows, it is but as a tomb
Which hides your life and shows not half your parts.
If I could write the beauty of your eyes
And in fresh numbers number all your graces,

The age to come would say ? This poet lies;
Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces.?
So should my papers, yellow'd with their age,
Be scorn'd, like old men of less truth than tongue,
And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage
And stretched metre of an antique song:
But were some child of yours alive that time,
You should live twice, - in it and in my rime.

Sonnet XVII BIS

So who'd endorse verse force in times to come,
As it with [p]rose words worth beyond compare,
Notwithstanding that my soul's struck dumb, -
Giving tongue to qualities too rare.
Thus Ronsard had Cassandra's mind found numb
Once set beside your sparkle. Not just there, -
Mark Antony would Cleopatra's drum
Avoid as void if you were anywhere.
Maid Juliet no Romeo would hum
Askance eye Paris Helen's loving care.
Unseen stayed Sheba's Queen to Solomon
Denied her suit, after your suite he'd stare.
E'er Paris, spurning Venus' plum, repeats
Concurs in life, in verse, twice Maude Death's dirge defeats.
Shakespeare Sonnet XVIII

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day ?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometimes too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often in his gold complexion dimmed;
And every fair from fair sometimes declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course untrimmed;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st,
Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st;

So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

Sonnet XVIII

Shall I compare her to blue summer's day?
A thousand times more sweet she seems to me!
Nor can Time's winds - [which darling buds of May
Gusts shake] - unsettle our eternity.
Too strained the eye of heaven sometimes seems,
Or sends a storm, or sometimes shines too hot,
Mortal lifespans melt, each seems like dreams
As seasons soon decline, returning not!
Meditate, your Summer shall not fade,
Alone pole star outshines praise raised in verse,
Ungreyed ink imprint's idyll lyric stayed
Defeating doom for Earth your worth rehearse.
Expecting more, expelling shady Death,
Claim these lines validates while Man draws breath.
Shakespeare Sonnet XVIII

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day ?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometimes too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often in his gold complexion dimmed;
And every fair from fair sometimes declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course untrimmed;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st,
Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st;
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

Sonnet XVIII Bis

Shall I compare her? In what galaxy,

And when or where? No mirror could reflect
Nature's epitome so talent decked,
Gainsaying self, Time holds all time in fee!
Telescopes in vain seek other sun
One half as bright, whose universal joy,
Might Big Bang justify, all it begun.
All would exchange their place for her employ.
Myths don truth's dress, coeval, - past, to be,
Aeons root, shoot, fruit, tree, both end and start,
Under, above, in, out, earth, sky and sea,
Do merge, name frame as "all in one" apart.
Exemplary, all praise she'll gain through giving,
Cycles may spin, yet one, though lost stays living.
Shakespeare Sonnet XIX

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
And make the earth devour her own sweet brood;
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,
And burn the long-lived phoenix in her blood;
Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleets,
And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
To the wide world and all her fading sweets;
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime:
O! Carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen;
Him in thy course untainted do allow
For Beauty's pattern to succeeding men.
Yet, do thy worst, old Time: despite thy wrong,
My love shall in my verse ever live young.

Sonnet XIX

Swift-footed Time speeds on with open jaws,
Avidly regardless of our lives,
New seconds swallow seconds, each arrives
Gobbling every minute that it draws
Transiently from its womb. Effect and cause
One moment mingle, lose the thread that strives

Minute Needle's eye to wed, - survives,
As if entombed, will doomed, drive geared to pause.
Mark not, old Time, with wrinkles beauty's brow,
Add not a line which may not be removed,
Untainted present leave as present, 'now'
Deserves to future generations prove
Elizabethan beauty still shines young -
Conscious this verse lends life through English tongue.

Shakespeare Sonnet XX

A woman's face with Nature's own hand painted
Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion;
A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
With shifting change, as is false women's fashion;
An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,
Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth;
A man in hue all hues in his controlling,
Which steals men's eyes and women's souls amazeth.
And for a woman wert thou first created;
Till Nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting,
And by addition me of thee defeated,
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.
But since she picked thee out for women's pleasure,
Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their treasure.

Sonnet XX

Soft dainty face with Nature's own hand painted,
Art artless master-mistress of all passion;
Nobility with falsehood unacquainted,
Gainsaying changeling trend bends, changing fashion.
Thus azure eyes acuter than all others
Offer iridescence where light touches,
Masks put to flight, as insight envy smothers,
All enchanting, free from vulgar smutches.
Man, main attraction, reigns on gravity,
Add woman, Nature's rains fall fertile, call
Unsimulated growth, life's galaxy,
Dust swept away, dons green and amber shawl.
Expect not this poor pen to sketch such treasure,

Can mortal hands love's pleasure ever measure?

Shakespeare Sonnet XXI

So is it not with me as with that Muse
Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verse,
Who heaven itself for ornament doth use
And every fair with his fair doth rehearse,
Making a complement of proud compare,
With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems,
With April's first-born flowers, and all things rare
That heaven's air in this huge rondure hems.
O! let me, true in love, but truly write,
And then believe me, my love is as fair
As any mother's child, though not so bright
As those gold candles fixed in heaven's air:
Let them say more that like of hear-say well;
I will not praise that purpose not to sell.

Sonnet XXI

So is it not with me as with that Muse
Awoken by poor painted sparks to verse
Niceties which Heaven's name misuse,
Giving praise, deserving the reverse.
Truth turns down compliments which Truth abuse,
Only I seek one smile as poet's purse,
May thus no generations this accuse
Accursed exaggerations, flattery's nurse.
May my love loyal, royal write, describe
Amor in bloom, its perfumed innocence,
Unparalleled except by cherub scribe
Defining golden incense heaven scents.
Expect excess from fish some seek to swell,
Call lilies' bluff! I've no false praise to sell.

Shakespeare Sonnet XXII

My glass shall not persuade me I am old
So long as youth and thou are of one date;
But when in thee time's furrows I behold,
Then look I death my days should expiate.
For all that beauty that doth cover thee
Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,
Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me:
How can I then be elder than thou art ?
O! therefore, love, be of thyself so wary
As I, not for myself, but for thee will;
Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary
As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.
Presume not on thy heart when mine is slain;
Thou gav'st me thine, not to give back again.

Sonnet XXII

So long as you and youth rhyme-share one date,
All mirrors warmth will witness, never scold; -
Nature's treason fails 'neath reason's weight,
Gives up vain struggle once its story's told.
Though Beauty lies skin deep, wan plastic cover, -
Oft bought and sold in cold man's seedy mart, -
Measure how fond heart of artless lover,
Adds joy to joy that knows nor stop nor start.
Make sure young Cupid love learns to beware,
As who's naïve must grieve when times turn ill,
Upholding your heart I'm too well aware
Drawn drawbridge will protect from loss or spill.
Expect not to receive on call again
Constant heart, should ever mine be slain.

Shakespeare Sonnet XXIII

As an unperfect actor on the stage,
Who with his fear is put besides his part,
Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,
Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart;
So I, for fear of trust, forget to say
The perfect ceremony of love's rage,

And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,
Oe'ercharg'd with burthen of mine own love's might.
O! let my books be then the eloquence
And dumb presagers of my speaking breast,
Who plead for love, and look for recompense,
More than the tongue that more hath more express'd.
O! learn to read what silent love hath writ:
To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

Sonnet XXIII

So as an actor, stage-fright suffering,
Afeared, I tremble deep within my heart.
Nor would verse voice rehearse, terse tongue impart
Grief, distress, confess souls restless sing.
Therefore refraining from refrains joys bring
One hesitates, and, stuttering, can't start
More praise to raise to her whose highest art
An artless ring enjoys, - employs just ring.
My verse on Pegasus rides eloquent
Aching echo understating plea,
Upstarts rewards may ask for task to fee,
Despicable their masks, each speech misspent.
Expertly read between lines love has writ,
Claps one hand sight unseen? Heed what wit's knit!

Shakespeare Sonnet XXIV

Mine eye hath play'd the painter and hath stell'd
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart;
My body is the frame wherein 'tis held,
And perspective it is best painter's art.
For through the painter must you see his skill,
To find where your true image pictur'd lies,
Which in thy bosom's shop is hanging still,
That hath his windows glazèd with thine eyes.
Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done:
My eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me
Are windows to my breast, where-through the sun

Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee;
Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art,
They draw but what they see, but not the heart.

Sonnet XXIV

Sure hand plays partial painter here to lend
A timeless touch to beauty's fondest child,
Now catch impressions mild, expressions wild,
Gladness, sadness where all talents blend.
To harmony through harmony we bend
Our eyes surprised by beauty undefiled
Modest mistress, Nature's darling, mild,
A poet-painter's skills fair copy'd send
Make sketch fetch inner image from fair friend
Address from eyes to eyes truth reconciled,
Usurp no reputations, style defiled,
Delight bright sun who'd gaze without an end
Entranced on you, beyond complexion seen,
Complexities withdrawn, perceives true Queen.

Shakespeare Sonnet XXV

Let those who are in favour with their stars
Of public honour and proud titles boast,
While I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,
Unlocked for joy in that I honour most.
Great princes? favourites their fair leaves spread
But as the marigold at the sun's eye,
And in themselves their pride lies buried,
For at a frown they in their glory die.
The painful warrior famousèd for fight,
After a thousand victories once foiled,
Is from the book of honour razèd quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toiled:
Then happy I, that love and am belov'd,
Where I may not remove nor be removed.

Sonnet XXV

So let those who seem lucky in their stars,
And public honour, who proud titles boast,
Now know wheels turn, woe well won weal debars.
Great Princess, heart lauds heart it hears the most,
Tenderness ripens out beneath Love's sun,
Once love is lost, Life, storm tossed, patience learns,
Masters new replace the old they shun,
Ashes to furnace flame, love elsewhere burns.
Many knights, grown great, by envy's dart
Are stricken from the lists, ambitions foiled,
Useless their labours found as tumbrel cart
Deletes roll call, spoils all for which they toiled.
Ecstatic I though whom affection's flow
Creates lines moving none remove, love's glow.
Shakespeare Sonnet XXVI

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,
To thee I send this written ambassage,
To witness duty, not to show my wit:
Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine
May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it,
But that I hope some good conceit of thine
In thy soul's thought, all nakèd, will bestow it;
Till whatsoever star that guides my moving
Points on me graciously with fair aspect,
And puts apparel on my tattered loving,
To show me worthy of thy sweet respect:
Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee;
Till then not show my head where thou mayst prove me.

Sonnet XXVI

Sovereign lady, paid be homage due

At all times more than duty double knit,
Nor may it falter, comets, stars pursue
Grooved orbits which Time alters not a whit.
Thy star my sky fills till my wit no clue
Of how to live without or how to show it,
Meanders mazy seeking overview,
As, fair, once bare, wide world, aware, may know it.
May June's swoon sun song sung that guides my moving
Aspects clement comment to cement
Unchallenged worth, respect requires no proving,
Delightful verse rehearsed, bliss heaven sent.
Emotions steady, wed we heady ties,
Choice oat-meal bread needs love's yeast dose to rise.
Shakespeare Sonnet XXVI

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,
To thee I send this written ambassage,
To witness duty, not to show my wit:
Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine
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And puts apparel on my tattered loving,
To show me worthy of thy sweet respect:
Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee;
Till then not show my head where thou mayst prove me.

Sonnet XXVI BIS

Sovereign Lady heed here vassal sworn,
Admirer to a duty doubly knit,
Now dream teems, doubled message true and fit -
Guaranteeing soul's set free from pawn.
There is, above Time's silken spider touch,
One spin-span merging surge which won't recede,
Marvel seeding love's return to speed

Alternate echoes, - taking naught gives much.
Momentum guides stars which in orbit seed
A favoured aspect Fate should never smutch,
Unsound sound 'victim', 'victor', double-Dutch
Describes worm words which early bird will weed.
Enchanted troubadour beyond reproof
Chants toast not idle boast as peerless proof.

Shakespeare Sonnet XXVII

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,
The dear repose for limbs with travel tired;
But then begins a journey in my head
To work my mind, when body's work's expired:
For then my thoughts - from far where I abide -
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,
Looking on darkness which the blind to see:
Save that my soul's imaginary sight
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
Makes black night beauteous and her old face new.
Lo! thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind,
For thee, and for myself no quiet find.

Sonnet XXVII

Strained through toil's coil, I boil within my bed
Angst turmoil seek to stifle, foiled and tired,
Not blessed with rest, for soon a brainstorm's sired,
Gushing forth fantastical, - the head
Traces image fair there, where instead,
One void avoids inventing dreams desired.
Midnight comes, thumbs up pulse drums inspired,
As eyelids seal, I feel revealed soft tread.
My soul by night from dreams streams through time sped,
Astral double shadows days expired,
Uncommon fantasy finds fever-fired

Dialogue with features years have bled.
Each day, avoiding hype, light fingers type.
Come night, though dreams return to seed writes ripe.

Shakespeare Sonnet XXVIII

How can I then return in happy plight
That am debarred the benefit of rest ?
When day's oppression is not eased by night,
But day by night, and night by day oppressed,
And each, though enemies to either's reign,
Do in consent shake hands to torture me,
The one by toil, the other to complain
How far I toil, still farther off from thee.
I tell the day, to please him thou art bright,
And dost him grace when clouds do blot the heaven:
So flatter I the swart-complexion'd night;
When sparkling stars twice not thou gild'st the even.
But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,
And night doth nightly make grief's strength seem stronger.

Sonnet XXVIII

Separate from you, what sorry plight
Aborts all sleep, as anxious nerves protest -
New thoughts day caught night fraught refills, hunt rest,
Guests uninvited trouble second-sight.
Though day and night are foes they both unite
Oppression weighs, soul's ways seem second-guessed.
My praise by day tells sun that it is blessed
As, through your presence, lights dark clouds affright -
My ways by night show your stars grant respite
Above all else, one mirror's manifest,
Unversed in praise, observe in tact I'm best.
Describing quest oppressed by Time's harsh might.
Expended days extend, stretch ever longer
Count sheep without you, sorrow's s[tr]ung far stronger.

Shakespeare Sonnet XXIX

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes
I all alone between my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With that I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Happly I think on thee, - and then my state,
Like to the lark of break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

Sonnet XXIX

Star-crossed, fortune lost, tossed on Fate's wave,
Abandoned I'd reveal my sorry state,
Nor fail to trouble friends or celebrate
Grave distress as victim none can save.
Tied to regrets I'd surely, surly knave,
Outvail the moon claim all degenerate,
Morose, naught pleasing, nothing easing, wait
All envying, thoughts dark locked in star[k] cave,
Morn marks lark rising, harks to paeon brave,
Approaching Earth, rings hymns at Heaven's gate:
Upon you my thoughts play, shed sorry state,
Distrust melts, strife dissolves, faith frees your slave.
Expressing fondness for you memory sings,
Come what may I'm enriched, won't change with kings.

Shakespeare Sonnet XXX

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sight the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's wast:

Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's song since cancelled woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanished sight:
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoanèd moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored and sorrows end.

Sonnet XXX

Sometimes in sessions of unhappy thought
Are minds reminded of lost chances passed,
Nursed grudges, nudged, spawn self-derision vast,
Grieving as cobwebbed fly by Fate fast caught.
Tranquility who finds ? Rest can't be bought.
Oftimes is reminiscence fears' repast.
Meanwhile tears flow for old friends Life outcast,
Absent beyond recall, their shades still sought.
My old regrets: Life's ship high, dry in port,
Ancient griefs land strand storm battered mast,
Useless, berthed, dismantled, - what can last?
Down on luck, lot: soul shoaled, reach beached, distraught.
Each time I think on you, my dearest friend,
Causes thought lost restored are, sorrows end.

Shakespeare Sonnet XXXI

Thy bosom is endearèd with all hearts,
Which I by lacking have supposed dead;
And there reigns Love, and all Love's loving parts,
And all those friends that I thought burièd.
How many a holy and obsequious tear
Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine eye,
As interest of the dead, which now appear
But things removed that hidden in thee lie!
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,

Who all their parts of me to thee did give,
That due of many now is thine alone:
Their images I loved I view in thee,
And thou - all they - hast all the all of me.

Sonnet XXXI

Sweet universal song from inner ear
Arises there reigns Love, Love's loving parts,
Naught lacking, each beloved by all hearts,
God could not let this image disappear.
Trophies of past loves inspire no fear,
Or vain regret for Life's Fiesta charts
Magic dimensions free from stops and starts, -
A limitless horizon sans frontier!
Meditate: to you I've transferred streams
As rich and limpid as love's light might offer,
Unambiguous splendour, sparkling dreams,
Do your's become, experience lines your coffer.
Energy from past loves freely given
Channels their strength to you, leaves mine unshriven.

Shakespeare Sonnet XXXII

(cf Ronsard: When you are old and grey)

If thou survive my well-contented day,
When that churl death my bones with dust shall cover,
And shall by fortune once more re-survey
These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,
Compare them with the bettering of the time,
And though they be outstripp'd by every pen,
Reserve them for my love, not for their rime,
Exceeded by the heights of happier men.
O! then vouchsafe me but this loving thought:
'Had my friend's Muse grown with this growing age,
A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
To march in ranks of better equipage:

But since he died, and poets better prove,
Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love.?'

Sonnet XXXII

Should you survive the number of my days,
Attest to buried bones and grounded hope,
Nervous, by chance, perhaps this book you'll ope,
Grave hand re-reading, when fast passed my ways.
Tender friend recall our comet blaze,
Openly with instinct's gyroscope
Mark, nurture, sight and sound, bright chromascope,
Able to distill implicit ph[r]ase.
Methinks fond thoughts might share this paraphrase:
"As rainbow bridge strips off coarse envelope
Underdeveloped were poor poet's plays -
Death forced him far too early to elope.
E'er since he died, have other poets flourished.
Competent their works, I'll read his, who love nourished."

Shakespeare Sonnet XXXIII

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:
Even so my sun one early morn did shine,
With all-triumphant splendour on my brow;
But, out! alack! he was but one hour mine,
The region cloud hath masked him from me now.
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
Suns of the world may stain when heaven's sun staineth.

Sonnet XXXII

So many splendid mornings have I seen

Array the slopes with gilding golden eye,
Nudging with magic touch vales, village green,
Gilding streams with golden alchemy.
Tread on a while, - a pile of ugly clouds
Obliterate all space twixt sun and I.
Murky turn Nature's joys as darkness shrouds
Angles, lines and curves, would life deny.
Maude's sun one zenith shone from azure sky
And splendour spread on forehead bathed in light,
Untimely it departed by and by,
Deprived, I'll still recall that day's delight!
E'er out of sight need not be out of mind,
Complete affection can't be left behind!

Shakespeare Sonnet XXXIV

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day,
And make me travel forth without my cloak,
To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,
Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke
'tis not enough that through the cloud thou break,
To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,
For no man well of such a salve can speak,
That heals the wound and cures not the disgrace:
Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief;
Though thou repent, yet have I still the loss:
The offender's sorrow lends but weak relief
To him that bear's the strong offence's cross.
Ah! but those tears are pearl why thy love sheds,
And they are rich and ransom all ill deeds.

Sonnet XXXIV

Spent is Life's promise, was it meant in play,
An oath to free me from defensive cloak,
Non obstat fears of love's loss which betray?
Gone all restraint was once one word was spoke !

Two cheeks no longer speak a salty taste,
One word stops storm clouds bursting on my brow.
May neither grieve what neither takes as waste
Awaiting transformation sparing vow.
Magic osmosis may all joys surpass,
As singing wings spin out from tingling spine
Under pod peas spend life, rend Time's hour-glass,
Deem promised sprout fulfilling dream's strong wine.
Empathy turns tables on past sadness,
Changes tear to cheer, feeds further gladness.

Shakespeare Sonnet XXXV

So more be grieved at that which thou hast done:
Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud;
Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,
And loathsome canker sleeps in sweetest bud.
All men make faults, and even I in this,
Authorising thy trespass with compare,
Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,
Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are;
For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense, -
Thy adverse party is thy advocate, -
And 'Gainst myself a lawful plea commence:
Such civil war is in my love and hate,
That I an accessory needs be
To that sweet thief which sourly robs from me.

Sonnet XXXV

Stop, no longer grieve, believe! Who'd care
About occlusions where pear diamond glows,
Nor fret the roses' thorns, the stream that flows
Gliding seawards heedless of our stare.
Terrors reject - fear only feeds despair
Only eclipsed is light refused, Life shows!
Moreover shun not sharing, surface blows
Awake souls whole, may heartache parts repair.
Mind to your faults would rush, to take their side,

Against my feelings' suit sense advocate,
Use time to mine my own cause bona fide,
Destroying hate to your love's love placate
E'en though to tireless spring to your defence
Civil war cuts me from love's recompense.

Shakespeare Sonnet XXXVI

Let me confess that we two must be twain
Although our undivided loves are one:
So shall those blots that do with me remain,
Without thy help, by me be borne alone.
In our two loves there is but one respect,
Though in our loves a separable spite,
Which, though it alter not love's sweet effect,
Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight.
I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
Lest my bewailèd guilt should do thee shame,
Nor thou with public kindness honour me,
Unless thou take that honour from thy name.
But do not so; I love thee in such sort
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

Sonnet XXXVI

Shall I confess that we two should be twain
As karmic twins, hope undivided grown ?
Now know my errors in me still remain
Greyed, frayed, fair maid, with heart which once seemed stone.
There is in shared respect spark which won't wane
Our minds though separate have twin seeds sown, -
Mark every gesture, shared, may joys sustain -
And is there shame where blame is overthrown?
My dear, I may one day from tryst refrain,
Afraid my faults might 'triste' your sweet love's loan,
Unless you honour find through public gain
Dowering me affection richly strewn.
Expressions public of you worth depress,
Can be ignored - blessed by more private press.

Shakespeare Sonnet XXXVII

As a decrepit father takes delight
To see his active child do deeds of youth,
So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,
Take all my comfort from thy worth and truth.
For whether beauty, truth, or wealth, or wit,
Or any of these all, or all, or more,
Entitled in thy parts do crownèd sit,
I make my love engrafted to this store:
So then I am not lame, poor, or despis'd,
Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give
That I in thy abundance am suffic'd
And by a part of all thy glory live.
Look what is best, that best I wish in thee:
This wish I have; then ten times happy me.

Sonnet XXXVII

Shirking to show my worth I find delight
And comfort signed by your accomplishments.
Now, undermined by Time and Fortune's spite,
Glean I wit, subject, object, sentiments
Turning from all others day and night.
One dream I deem threads through with eloquence,
Masks not the glory of your storied [f]light -
All energy refuelled at joy's expense
Man can't complain he's poor when from your presence
Aspirations drawn prove infinite,
Unequaled glory gilds your precious essence.
Does, shared between us, promise future bright.
Everything you'd wish for I'd pursue,
Convinced what's best for you's my motto too.

Shakespeare Sonnet XXXVIII

How can my Muse want subject to invent,

While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my verse
Thine own sweet argument, too excellent
For every vulgar paper to rehearse ?
O! give thyself the thanks if aught in me
Worthy perusal stand against thy sight;
For who's so dumb but cannot write to thee,
When thou thyself dost give invention light ?
Be thou the tenth Muse, ten times more in worth
Than those old nine which rimers invoke;
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
Eternal numbers to outlive long date.
If my slight Muse do please these curious days,
The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

Sonnet XXXVIII

So long as love breathes life into her breast
A Muse is mine which spans eternity,
Nor sleep need feed soul greedy for forced rest,
Graced by dream team whose theme's infinity.
Tu[r]ning ink to inklings I've addressed
On[d]e ode to one whose wave spells liberty,
Mistress nonpareil, all must confess,
Agree, - who honours her must honoured be.
Mark well wise Virgo, blank, unprepossessed,
A'printing incandescence flaming free,
Unique addition, tenth Muse you're addressed,
Decidedly your worth exceeds their fee.
Enlightened, on one head Muse laurels sit,
Clear all admit your praise more than my writ.
Cn

Shakespeare Sonnet XXXIX

O! how thy worth with manners may I sing,
When thou art all the better part of me ?
What can mine own praise to mine own self bring ?

And what is't but mine own when I praise thee ?
Even for this let us divided live,
And our dear love lose name of single one,
That by this separation I may give
That due to thee, which thou deserv'st alone.
O absence! what a torment wouldst thou prove,
Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet leave
To entertain the time with thoughts of love,
Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth deceive,
And thou that teachest how to make one twain,
By praising him here who doth hence remain.

Sonnet XXXIX

So how, without self-praising, may I sing
A hymn to her who magic muse inspires ?
None may imagine that my everything
Grows from her grace - both face and inner fires.
Thrust palms together, unique line shows strong
One flows from, through, the other to become
Majestuous, - who's singer, who is song?
And who's the [st]ring, the [st]ringer, who's the strum
Missing you, trust trysted, binds joy, pain, as one,
Absence makes heart fonder, strains strains sad,
Unstrings Time's bow, song signs with Cupid's sun,
Defeated, clock, bemused by rhyme, rings glad.
Elected! one who'd twine unique address
Can only praise through understatement, bless.

Shakespeare Sonnet XL

Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all;
What hadst thou then more than thou hadst before ?
No love, my love, that thou mayst true love call;
All mine was thine before thou hadst this more.
Then, if for my love thou my love receivest,
I cannot blame thee for my love thou usest;
But yet be blam'd, if thou thyself deceivest
By wilful taste of what thyself refuseth.

I do forgive thy robbery, gentle, thief,
Although thou steal thee all my poverty:
And yet, love knows it is a greater grief
To bear love's wrong than hate's unknown injury.
Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,
Kill me with spite; yet we must not be foes.

Sonnet XL

Strip off all former loves, I shall reveal
All mine was thine before I can recall.
No love was love compared to what I feel -
Great Death's afraid of death whate'er befall.
True resurrection is Love shared between
One half which meets its twin, melts Yang in Yin,
Mantra is karmic conscience, set serene,
Apart no longer, stronger, sure to win.
Maude's rob's reprieved, her stealth my wealth confirms,
Although that theft has eased my indigence,
Upstanding grace keeps hearts from harm, affirms
Doubts are unfounded, flouted, confidence
Extended tendril touch joy offers hearts,
Charts tenderness which spites spite's spiteful arts.
□

Shakespeare Sonnet XLI

Those pretty wrongs that liberty commits,
When I am sometime absent from thy heart,
Thy beauty and thy years full well befits,
For still temptation follows where thou art.
Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won,
Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assailed;
And when a woman woos, what woman's son
Will sourly leave her till she have prevailed?
Ay me! but yet thou might my seat forbear,
And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,
Who lead thee in their riot even there
Where thou art forced to break a twofold truth; -

Hers, by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
Thine, by thy beauty being false to me.

Sonnet XLI

Such petty wrongs as freedom may commit
As, if, and when I'm absent from your heart
No logic serves – temptation cannot part,
Great distance notwithstanding, from eyes lit.
The gentleness in you so well does sit,
On beauty beauty triumphs all may chart,
Mädchen wooed becomes life's end and start.
Attended till attained all must admit.
Men may reject as artless sonnets writ -
Alack who'd mock your youthful beauty's beam -
Unknown to Future Truth, today shows it,
Defeats description, stars pale neath its gleam.
Earned praise unspurned, spurs peerless present sent,
Cries foul! should others beauty represent.

Shakespeare Sonnet XLII

That thou hast her, it is not all my grief,
And yet it may be said I loved her dearly;
That she hath thee, is of my wailing chief,
A loss in love that touches me more nearly.
Loving offenders, thus will I excuse thee:
Thou dost love her, because thou know'st I love her;
And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,
Suffering my friend for my sake to approve her.
If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,
And losing her, my friend hath found that loss;
Both find each other, and I lose both twain,
And both for my sake lay on me this cross:
But here's the joy, my friend and I are one,
Sweet flattery! Then she loves but me alone.

Sonnet XLII

Send me a smile - I'll really go to town
And paint it rich in coral like your lips.
Now reel it back, replace it with a frown, -
Grave cold I'd find, as one who poison sips.
Thrive by my side, I'd strive to reach the stars,
Or dream on themes romantic and intense:
Make your adieu, I'll s[t]ew a sigh that bars
All future bliss, no kiss could sa[l]ve my sense -
Misery, love lost, through pain finds pane
Across all obstacles, no cross need bear,
Unfounded fears are found, hopes rise again,
Double negatives becoming rare.
Enchantment gleams together, ne'er apart,
Cherish past's theme, tomorrow's counterpart.

Shakespeare Sonnet XLIII

When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,
For all the day they view things unsuspected;
But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,
And darkly bright, are bright in dark directed.
Then thou, whose shadow shadows doth make bright,
How would thy shadow's form form happy show
To the clear day with thy much clearer light,
When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so!
How would, I say, mine eyes be blessèd made
By looking on thee in the living day,
When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade
Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay!
All days are nights to see till I see thee,
And nights bright days when dreams do show thee me.

Sonnet XLIII

Sweet, though I blink, I'll never blinkered be
As when I think my thoughts to thee do fly.
No wink could wing its way to fairer eye, -
Grave I'd discover separate from thee.
True dreams reality combine to see
On, off, light and dark, one whole, one soul espy.
My sense of grace all other trace deny -
All else ephemeral save she in me
Maid clear in living daylight beauty blesses,
Aware stay, shadows dark leave trace face blurred,
Unshown in dreams true portrait shines, vain guesses
Do no such justice to chaste taste preferred.
Each day I pray bright sings, brings light discerned,
Cold night's dream frieze? - I freeze 'til she's returned.

□

Shakespeare Sonnet XLIV

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
Injurious distance should not stop my way,
For then, despite of space, I would be brought
From limits far remote, where thou dost stay.
No matter then although my foot did stand
Upon the farthest earth removed from thee;
For nimble thought can jump both sea and land,
As soon as think the place where he should be.
But ah! thought kills me that I am not thought
To leap large length of miles when thou art gone,
But that, so much of earth and water wrought,
I must attend time's leisure with my moan;
Receiving nought by elements so slow
But heavy tears, badges of either's woe.

Sonnet XLIV

Stop signs ignored should ever you on me
A moment dwell, no distance would exist,
Nor let nor hindrance cage our history
Galaxies shared, not gravity persist.
Thoughts to your side my ride, see, swift propels,
On wave-lengths mocking man-made boundaries,
My will your whim obeys, all else expels
Arrival safe near you speaks syphonies.
Methinks I'm am unworthy as my thought
Advances not beyond the speed of light
Unclad in boots of seven leagues, I'm naught,
Deprived of basic elements to write
Expectant where your presence could inspire
Constricted veins to [s]print love's current higher.
□

Shakespeare Sonnet XLV

The other two, slight air and purging fire
Are both with thee, wherever I abide;
The first my thought, the other my desire
These present-absent with swift motion slide.
For when these quicker elements are gone
In tender embassy of love to thee,
My life, being made of four, with two alone
Sinks down to death, oppressed with melancholy;
Until life's composition be recurred
By those swift messengers returned from thee,
Who even but now come back again, assured
Of thy fair health, recounting it to me:
This told, I joy; but then no longer glad,
I send them back again and then grow sad.

Sonnet XLV

So though from all four elements you're drawn
Air, Fire and Water, adding Earth thereto,

Neither Art nor Science can your dawn
Ghost write, sketch, clone, etch, think or ink anew.
Transgressing self, against themselves some war,
On idle fancies others waste away,
Many unhappy, rich; content, though poor, -
Apart from you, all must Time's tribute pay.
Making do 'til dialogue exchange
Advances instant message in real time entrance
Until immediate feedback what once strange
Dream seemed deems role predestined rolled by Chance
Earth, Water weight, wait counterfeit Fate frayed.
Coeur, Fire and Air enshrine your golden braid.

Shakespeare Sonnet XLVI

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war,
How to divide the conquest of thy sight;
Mine eye my heart thy picture's sight would bar,
My heart mine eye the freedom of that right.
My heart does plead that thou in him dost lie, -
A closet never pierced with crystal eyes, -
But the defendant doth that plea deny,
And says in him thy fair appearance lies.
To 'cide this title is impannellèd
A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart;
And by their verdict is determinèd
The clear eye's moiety and the dear heart's part:
As thus; mine eye's due is thine outward part,
And my heart's right thine inward love of heart.

Sonnet XLVI

See how we veer between dear heart, drear mind
As each would preach within its special reach
Neither's content, and each would each impeach,
Grave doubts hearts harbour, berthed on judgement blind.
The clear mind sneers at feelings undefined.
One referee impartial I beseech -
Mixed hesitations sterile doubts do preach, -

Are love's reels real or mirage much maligned?
Mind, heart, heart, mind, who may discern behind
Apparent contradictions, ramparts breach?
Unravel inconsistencies they teach?
Defuse lip service paid to rules unkind.
Eye draws its duty from your inner beauty,
Coeur charts one worth Earth worships, perfect cutie J

Shakespeare Sonnet XLVII

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,
And each doth good turns now unto the other:
When that mine eye is famish'd for a look,
Or heart in love with sighs himself doth smother,
With my love's picture then my eye doth feast,
And to the painted banquet bids my heart;
Another time mine eye is my heart's guest,
And in his thoughts of love doth share a part:
So, either by thy picture or my love,
Thyself away art present still with me;
For thou not farther than my thoughts canst move,
And I am still with them and they with thee;
Or, if they sleep, thy picture in my sight
Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight.

Sonnet XLVII

Struggles cease as heart and eye ally
And each to each good turns does sans delay: -
Now may they twine as heart, with inner eye
Garners reflection fair of peerless traits.
The heart refreshed is eyeing every part,
Open eye's fulfilled, heart's welcome guest,
Moreover neither rush, wait other's start,
As hearts signed, sealed, are mutually impressed.
Mention Present, Past is shadow dim
As Present, passed, fair Future's bells ring bright,
United are all three: 'us', 'her', 'him's' hymn,
Draws trinity's divinity in sight.

Eye may make no mistake, beyond day's shore,
Charmed knight returns to one he'd e'er adore.

Shakespeare Sonnet XLVIII

How careful was I when I took my way;
Each trifle under truest bars to thrust,
That to my use it might unused stay
From hands of falsehood, in true wards of trust!
But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,
Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief,
Thou, best of dearest and mine only care,
Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.
Thee have I not locked up in any chest,
Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art,
Within the gentle closure of my breast,
From whence at pleasure thou mayst come and part;
And even hence thou wilt be stol'n I fear,
For truth proves thievish for a prize so dear.

Sonnet XLVIII

Streams start as springs, soon into rivers stream,
Anon they spew into the ocean blue.
Nations start as one man's tiny dream,
Grow great for reasons reason never knew.
Thus her bright aura, - form, face, open mind -
One universal constant none deny -
May never fade, leave ne'er a wrack behind,
As maiden monument must Time defy.
Might pirate eye lock you treasure chest?
Antitheses are absence, presence, here
Unless mind measures mirrored pleasures blessed
Defining stem, root, bark, branch, as zen linked clear
Encompassing all Nature - Nature would
Contrive to steal, too perfect for world's good.

Shakespeare Sonnet XLIX

Against that time, if ever that time come,
When I shall see thee frown on my defects,
When as thy love hath cast his utmost sum,
Call'd to that audit by advis'd respects;
Against that time when thou shalt strangely pass,
And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eye,
When love, converted from the thing it was,
Shall reasons find of settled gravity;
Against that time do I ensconce me here
Within the knowledge of mine own desert,
And this my hand against myself uprear,
To guard the lawful reasons on thy part:
To leave poor me thou hast the strength of laws,
Since why to love I can allege no cause.

Sonnet XLIX

Spare self from sorrow, let not my defects
Afflict upon you worry, wail, or woe,
Note what's within not skin as eye inspects
Guardedly rhymes which so uneven flow.
This much recall, who learns, himself perfects.
O there may come a time when you'd not know
My Dear, you cared once, - sometimes mind deflects
An eye from verse while cursing Cupid's bow.
Moment propitious I await aware
Assured that Destiny knocks at my door,
Unready both for cupboard full or bare,
Doubting not discretion's bottom drawer
Excluding one who longs to fold you fast
Convinced too fast may show too good to last.

Shakespeare Sonnet L

How heavy do I journey on the way,
When what I seek, my weary travel's end,
Doth teach that ease and that repose to stay,
'Thus far the miles are measured from thy friend! '
The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,
Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me,
As if by some instinct the wretch did know
His rider loved not speed, being made from thee:
The bloody spur cannot provoke him on
That sometimes anger thrusts into his side,
Which heavily he answers with a groan
More sharp to me than spurring to his side;
For that same groan doth put this in my mind:
My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

Sonnet L

Sadly I journey onward into night,
Aware that Time no longer is my friend.
Neglecting not our courtship soon could end,
Given, then withdrawn - what sorry plight.
This difference in age bodes body's blight.
O far too much to bear alone! We wend
Mysteriously onward, knowing round Life's bend
A Fate foredrawn is [s]worn just out of sight.
My will will still distill exquisite yoke,
Alas sharp mind can't conquer time and tide,
Understand no spurs can so provoke
Departure, distance from your precious side
Each step advancing onwards into grief
Corresponds to gaps in your belief.

Shakespeare Sonnet LI

Thus can my love excuse the slow offence
Of my dull bearer when from thee I speed:
From where thou art why should I haste me thence!
Till I return, of posting is no need.
O! what excuse will my poor beast then find,
When swift extremity can seem but slow ?
Then should I spur, though mounted on the wind,
In wingèd speed no motion shall I know:
Then can no horse with my desire keep pace,
Therefore desire of perfect'st love being made,
Shall neigh - no dull flesh - in his fiery race;
But love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade, -
'Since from thee going he went wilful-slow
Towards thee I'll run and give him leave to go.'

Sonnet LI

Shall then my love forgive my constant smiles ?
As each succeeds, each seeds another score,
Not one's begun but see, ten thousand more
Guard all Love's tides from Time's tempestuous trials.
Time beats Time to her breast, drums rise and fall -
One willing victim will to Life contract
Mating sigh and scythe, thralls interact,
After Death what Life's our wherewithal?
My love steed's speed can't catch, match fire's desire
As it is consequence of heart in pawn
Unequal as unworthy of love's lyre
Despite love's right to chart heart constant sworn.
Each, leaving your elastic stranglehold,
Comes sprung right back, so love's tale can be told.

Shakespeare Sonnet LII

So am I as the rich, whose blessèd key

Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,
The which he will not every hour survey,
For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.
Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,
Since, seldom coming, in the long year set,
Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,
Or captain jewels in the carnet.
So is the time that keeps you as my chest,
Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide,
To make some special instant special blest,
By new unfolding of his imprisoned pride.
Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives scope
Being had, to triumph; being lacked to hope.

Sonnet LII

So am I as a wealthy man whose key
Affords him entry to his treasure store: -
Now, far from all too frequent visits, he
Grows patient, savours pleasure measured more.
Too rare shared feasts where we may meet invited
Offering satisfaction, leisure, ease,
May ran through April's leaves, June's joy excited
Appreciates each moment's gem time flees.
May time's contagion thus be recognized
As part and parcel of both hopes and fears,
Unsure I'm certain of love catalyzed,
Dreams granted would they strong abide long years?
Earning blessings, worthiness brings scope,
Considers presence triumph, absence hope.

Shakespeare Sonnet LIII

What is your substance, whereof are you made,
That millions of strange shadows on you tend ?
Since every one hath, every one, one shade,
And you, but one, can every shadow lend.
Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit
Is poorly imitated after you;

On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,
And you in Grecian tires are painted new:
Speak of the spring and foison of the year,
The one doth shadow of your beauty show,
The other as your bounty does appear;
And you in every blessèd shape we know.
In all external grace you have some part,
But you like none, none you, for constant heart.

Sonnet LIII

She hungry makes where most She satisfies,
As if upon itself starvation fed.
Nectar divine affection's flames supplies,
Grounds false fears, higher fires flare heart to head.
Though royal jelly's fed fair Queen of bees,
Only one Time's drumming drone defies,
Mocks Helen, Adonis, makeshift parodies,
All echo out of tune for none supplies
Magic paradigm, perfection find.
Although each season sues for pride of place,
Unworthy each, but were all four combined
Does each poor tithe possess of timeless grace.
External grace gain some, some inner worth,
Compared to Earth's epitome, they're mirth!

□

Shakespeare Sonnet LIV

O! how much more doth beauty beauteous seem
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give.
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
The canker-blossoms have full as deep a dye
As the perfumed tincture of the roses.
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their maskèd buds discloses:
But, for their virtue only is their show,

They live unwoo'd, and unrespected fade;
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made:
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall fade, my verse distils your truth.

Sonnet LIV

Sweet beauty shines! No brighter ornament
Adorned by truth, wears such a constant heart,
No fairer sound is plucked from instrument
Gleams solely one which sets your voice apart.
The Rose may counterfeit choice scented cloak
On artificial ground[s] with sense and eyes, -
Maggot feed it fades! The mighty oak,
Acorn engendered, grows strong, slows, soon dies.
Untimely rust rots blooms, strength, perfume palls,
Due praise dew drapes upon one Beauty's flower,
Elsewhere Pride falters in an hour, dour falls.
Comparing, Time mocks outward pomp and power.
Magnificence one rhyme perpetuates,
Consolidates, withstanding vain debates.

Shakespeare Sonnet LV

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rime;
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone, besmeared with sluttish time.
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,
Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory.
'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room
Even in the eyes of all posterity

That wear this world out to the ending doom.
So, till the judgement that yourself arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lover's eyes.

Sonnet LV

Since marble bust and gilded monument
Are subject to the wear and tear of time
Naught may withstand its fickle sickle sent
Grave dust rewards all save your praise in rhyme.
Though revolutions prove traditions vain,
Oases arid end, stone tumbles down,
Magnificent, your portrait spans pain's pane
Acheron conquers not your timeless crown.
Mem'ry, limpet, through eternity
Acknowledges your primacy must bind
Uncounted generations, posterity,
Defies doom's tomb all others fall behind.
Extending life, Death homage thus must pay,
Confirming love survives through Judgement Day,

Shakespeare Sonnet LVI

Sweet love renew thy force; be it not said
Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,
Which but today by feeding is allay'd,
To-morrow sharpened in his former might:
So, love be thou; although to-day thou fill
Thy hungry eyes, even till they wink with fullness,
To-morrow see again, and do not kill
The spirit of love with a perpetual dullness.
Let this sad interim like the ocean be
Which parts the shore, where two contracted new
Come daily to the banks, that, when they see
Return of love, more blest may be the view;
Or, call it winter, which, being full of care,
Makes summer's welcome thrice more wished, more rare.

Sonnet LVI

So is it error where I would draw near,
And as a bee which whets its appetite
Nectar suck from you, to set alight
Great expectations daily more, more dear ?
This radiation comforts heart, charts cheer
On daily dose increasing love's delight,
May never cloy or stale, old dreams turned trite.
Always constant, Love shines crystal clear.
Meetings postponed resemble flooding streams
Awhirl between two banks, where separation
Unjustified both helps and hinders dreams
Deferred which gleam much more in preparation:
Each Winter heralds Summer, call's Time's bluff
Creating fresh desires, to smooth turns rough.

□

□

Shakespeare Sonnet LVII

Being your slave, what should I do but tend
Upon the hours and times of your desire ?
I have no precious time at all to spend,
Nor services to do, till you require.
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour
Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,
Nor think the bitterness of absence sour
When you have bid your servant once adieu;
Nor dare I question with my jealous thought
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,
But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought,
Save, where you are how happy you make those.
So true a fool is love that in your will,
Though you do anything, he thinks no ill.

Sonnet LVII

Servant to your every wish, desire,
Am I who each would with affection tend,
Nor count time lost, nor yet of cost inquire,
Given all my thoughts towards you wend.
Too conscious of your absence every hour,
O! I'll not pique, but seek in sorrow joy,
Malign not those who glory in your flower -
Amazed, should thank luck's stars for their employ.
Making sure your happiness shines bright
A top priority becomes, queers envy's pitch,
Uneasy I would feel were all not right,
Discomfort frothing. Here see duty rich:
Each act approving, Love spins fools from squires,
Converts day's doubts to praise, fuels future fires.

Shakespeare Sonnet LVIII

That god forbid that made me first your slave,
I should in thought control your times of pleasure,
Or at your hand the account of hours to crave,
Being your vassal, bound to stay your leisure ?
O! let me suffer, being at your beck,
The imprisoned absence of your liberty;
And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each cheek,
Without accusing you of injury.
Be where you list, your charter is so strong
That you yourself may privilege your time
To what you will; to you it does belong
Yourself to pardon, of self-doing crime.
I am to wait, though waiting so be hell,
Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.

Sonnet LVIII

So God forbid the day I'm yours, Divine,
Awry you'd sigh I'd try to speak your mind,

Nor verify your diary, assign,
Gleaning explanations, fault to find.
Thus soul prefers sad separation's state
Over acts which spell out jealousy,
Mad rein berate - one reign's fun, school and fate -
Adoration free from injury.
Mistress of your own free choice you're seen,
According to whatever fancy picks,
Unwise mistakes assumed by conscience keen,
Do what you will, ignoring others' tricks.
Enjoying wait, though waiting's hell, my cause
Claim staked, blame ached dismissed, your will's my laws.

Shakespeare Sonnet LIX

If there be nothing new, but what there is
Hath been before, how are our brains beguiled
Which, labouring for invention, bear amiss
The second burthen of a former child.
O! that record could with a backward look,
Even of five hundred courses of the sun,
Show me your image in some antique book,
Since mind in at first in character was done.
That I might see what the old world could say
To this composed wonder of your frame;
Where we are mended, or where better they,
Or whether revolution be the same.
O! sure I am, the wits of former days
To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

Sonnet LIX

Sundry inventions of technology
Are often sprung from ruminations passed,
Nothing new beneath the sun, say we,
Goes past but part reminds Time's sands recast.
Tiding backwards thrice ten thousand years, -
One day that may be possible for Man -
Might one be found who might your peer appear
As bright - both outer form and inner span?
Moreover those who'll journey into space

Attempt time travel, past and future bridge,
Unequalled among each galactic race
Ideal proclaim nor time, nor place abridge.
Example better none could ever praise
Compared, all fail Time's test 'til end of days.

Shakespeare Sonnet LX

Like waves which make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity, once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crowned,
Crooked eclipses 'Gainst his glory fight,
And Time that grave doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow:
And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand,
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

Sonnet LX

So must flower hours bloom until doom's end,
As waves which break upon brake pebbled shore,
None out of sequence, all must all befriend,
Go [st]ride the tide, 'side those that flowed before.
Thus rising stars, once centre of attraction,
Old soon mature, once ripe begin to rot,
Mised who'd try to strive against subtraction, -
A gift Time swift redeems, each 'I' must dot,
Mised are those who would illusions nourish
Advancing parallels in beauty's brow
Untimely etched, may still be mocked by flourish,

Death grins at boasts when vainest peacocks crow.
Enriched is made Time's inroads can withstand,
Comfort draw from rhymes which still Fate's hand,

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Shakespeare Sonnet LXI

Is it thy will thy image should keep open
My heavy eyelids to the weary night ?
Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken
While shadows like to thee do mock my sight ?
Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee
So far from home into my deeds to pry,
To find out shame and idle hours in me,
The scope and tenor of thy jealousy ?
O, no! thy love, though much, is not so great:
It is my love that keeps mine eye awake;
Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,
To play the watchman ever for thy sake.
For thee watch I whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,
From me far off, with others all too near.

Sonnet LXI

Slumber, with soft touch expressed, is broken
As eyelids open, drawn from weary night, -
Night whose dreams teem with tryst's spoken token -
Gainsaying shadows shadows' place by right.
True spirit settles, sent post haste though free,
On mind at rest, best deep therein would pry,
Maturely testing, touching tenderly,
Attenuating defects tempers try.
Much love's your dream? Mine seems much greater still,
Arresting hope for slumber for your sake
Urging sleep for hope to scope instill
Defeating urge to watch, watch burned at stake.
E'en so I know no distance, far draws near,
Confirming thoughts which, watchful, Maudewards steer.

Shakespeare Sonnet LXII

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye
And all my soul and all my every part;
And for this sin there is no remedy,
It is so grounded inward in my heart.
Methinks no face as gracious is as mine,
No shape so true, no truth of such account;
And for myself mine own worth do define
As I all other in all worths surmount.
But when my glass shows me my worth indeed,
Beated and chopped with tanned antiquity,
Mine own self-love quite contrary I read:
Self so self-loving were iniquity.
'Tis thee, - myself, - that for myself I praise,
Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

Sonnet LXII

Sin of self-love was mine until we met,
And all my soul, my each and every part,
Navel worshipped, 'self' could not forget,
Gainsaying feelings from the inner heart.
Then magic meeting let responses rise,
Opened, instead, to twin, shed s[k]in of pride.
Mistaken, once I sought another's eyes,
Apart from you no values now abide.
Mirrow bears witness Time has taken toll
As wrinkles ride roughshod through what once shone bright,
Unsightly and dissatisfied with whole,
Drawn is affection now through your reign's flight.
Exalting you, rebounding rainbow praise
Can shells dissolve, re-echo spellbound gaze.

Shakespeare Sonnet LXIII

Against my love shall be, as I am now,

With Time's injurious hand crushed and o'erworn;
When hours have drained his blood and fill'd his brow
With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful morn
Hath travelled on to age's steepy night;
And all those beauties whereof now he's king
Are vanishing, or vanished out of sight,
Stealing away the treasure of his spring;
For such a time do I now fortify
Against confounding age's cruel knife,
That he shall never cut from memory
My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life:
His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,
And they shall live, and he in them still green.

Shakespeare Sonnet LXIII

Sunset sends shadows, yet an inner light
Announces gorgeous aura glows behind.
None could ignore its beacon-beckon! Blind,
Girt once to wander, wonderment, delight
Turns now to smile whose style sends second-sight.
Overwhelming happiness two find,
May dreams June's birthday, sweet Life seems, so kind
As if minds' melodies more joys invite.
Marred is this tableau's optimistic write:
Age threats, ache frets, when time has wined and dined.
Urgent I store your story's glow unpined,
Dating never, ever dated flight.
Enduring letters black on page or screen
Counter fate, love's countless joys grow green.

Shakespeare Sonnet LXIV

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced
The rich-proud cost of outworn buried age;
When sometime lofty towers I see down-razed,

And brass eternal slave to mortal rage;
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the watery main,
Increasing store with loss, and loss with store;
When I have seen such interchange of state,
Or state itself confounded to decay;
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminare -
That Time will come and take my love away.
This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

Sonnet LXIV

Steamroller strange is Time, so prompt to wreak
A vengeance on all empires strong and wide,
No notice taking of terrestrial pride,
Grass razing towers, airing dungeon's reek.
Too often lands fall into hands of clique,
Of those who store set finding poor denied,
Maturing Nature bides its time to chide
All vanity, Pride falls from zenith peak.
Mordant Time's maws swallow player, stake,
Avenging Fate reclaiming all it lent,
Unrelentlessly see lives forsake
Due pomp once 'indispensable' soon spent.
Even so, though love we fear to lose,
Charmed mortal's moods through verse reverse may choose. □

Shakespeare Sonnet LXV

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
But sad mortality o'ersways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower ?
O! how shall summer's honey breath hold out
Against the wrackful siege of battering days,

When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays ?
O fearful meditation! where, alack,
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid ?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back ?
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid ?
O! none, unless this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

Sonnet LXV

Some thoughts, like playful kittens, trip ahead,
And trip up Fate, - which freedom hates to leave.
Nature's instincts, loving, Love believe;
Guarded against Time's whim and grim Death's dread.
This recall when age war wages - head,
Once honey, silver turns, there's no reprieve,
Mighty little solace to deceive, -
Altered taint, paint, lotions, Time stops dead!
Most steal hell-bound to tomb ere their say said.
Alas no medications block last heave
Unwinding meditation's mindless grieve,
Death draws down blinds on beauty's gems. Instead,
Enigma: through these lines your life is spared,
Continues shining, stable ink prepared.

Shakespeare Sonnet LXVI

Tired with all these, for restful death I cry
As to behold desert a beggar born,
And needy nothing trimmed in jollity,
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded honour shamefully misplaced,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpet,
And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,
And strength by limping sway disabled,

And art made tongue-tied by authority,
And folly - doctor-like - controlling skill,
And simple truth miscalled simplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill:
Tired with all these, from these would I be gone,
Save that to die, I leave my love alone.

Sonnet LXVI

Simple truth misnamed simplicity,
And folly, fey physician, aping skill,
Needy nothing trimmed in jollity,
Grim swims despair, tides disappointment fill.
Tired with frieze mired, from these ties wise should flee
Only this shows your loss would swift ensue
Meaning negation of all good I see
A one way ticket, veil none may see through:
Maiden virtue compromised, turned strumpets,
Art hamstrung by black censure most misplaced,
Unscrupulous pols a'blowing their own trumpets
Deep faith forsworn, grace wrongfully disgraced.
Eternally clod my soul from Maude's mirth?
Calculate! How could I quit this earth?

Shakespeare Sonnet LXVII

Ah! wherefore with infection should he live,
And with his presence grace impiety,
That sin by him advantage should achieve,
And lace himself with his society ?
Why should false painting imitate his cheek,
And steel dead seeing of his living hue ?
Why should poor beauty indirectly seek
Roses of shadow, since his rose is true ?
Why should he live, now Nature bankrupt is,
Beggared of blood to blush through lively veins ?
For she hath no exchequer now but his,

And, proud of many, lives upon his gains.
O! him she stores, to show that wealth she had
In days long since, before these last so bad.

Sonnet LXVII

Spontaneous choice feelers voice would send,
A sonnet cycle cycling postmen bring,
Nurturing wild wish two tunes should blend,
Glance, dance in tandem, you as Queen, I King!
Tendering to Beauty what by right
Only to her belongs my write, my ring,
Misplaced should never be dreams' shared delight
As apprehensions tasked with curtain ring.
Mocking bankrupt lives flush seasons spin
Along their course, rush on, rose blush ignore,
Used up hoard sent, scent hoarded, fixèd grin
Derides ambition's schemes, dreams' rotten core.
 Except my Maude, restored through sonnets' worth,
 Claims aims sustained which comfort all on earth.

Shakespeare Sonnet LXVIII

Thus is his cheek the map of days outworn,
When beauty liv'd and died as flowers do now,
Before these bastard signs of fair were born,
Or durst inhabit on a living brow;
Before the golden tresses of the dead,
The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
To live a second life on second head;
Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay:
In him those holy antique hours are seen,
Without all ornament, itself and true,
Making no summer of another's green,
Robbing no old to dress his beauty new;
And him as for a map doth Nature store,
To show false Art what beauty was of yore.

Sonnet LXVIII

Shame! there seems nothing new beneath the sun,
Add each sensation syllable of time,
Nor fact, nor fancy of some soul sublime
Grabbed from hoar maws of cause, effect, which run
Tight through reeled phase staged swiftly, scarce begun
On flash succession sprint till, cased in rime,
Memory's reconjured p[h]antomime
Attributed to dreams - ends, thread outspun.
Multiple replications one by one
Around life's vicious circle [c]lock, their climb
Underground's soon found as tocs_sins chime
Death's rhyme, run rings around their story done.
Except this verse rehearsed, no map may dare
Chart artless heart unrivalled, time to spare.

Shakespeare Sonnet LXVIII

Thus is his cheek the map of days outworn,
When beauty liv'd and died as flowers do now,
Before these bastard signs of fair were born,
Or durst inhabit on a living brow;
Before the golden tresses of the dead,
The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
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Without all ornament, itself and true,
Making no summer of another's green,
Robbing no old to dress his beauty new;
And him as for a map doth Nature store,
To show false Art what beauty was of yore.

Sonnet LXVIII BIS

Should nothing new spun `neath run sun we find,

Aware Life's Summer's lease s[t]rings closing time,
No fancy plays save staves off grave's quicklime.
Gleaned swift is harvest, sown by hand behind
The scenes as Cause, Effect, are interlined.
One heart throb will remain unrobbed, no rime
May Lethewards sink sentiments none mime.
All other roles unscroll like sutra signed,
Must, act played out, quit scene, cheque checked, unsigned.
As vicious circle, faceless [c]lock, whose crime
Unspoken is itself life's token chime,
Dumb generation squandered, lost unwhined.
Exit takes leave, bow makes, yet sonnet's tale
Confirms one swims where others sink, cheeks pale.

Shakespeare Sonnet LXIX

Those parts of thee that the world's eye doth view
Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend;
All tongues - the voice of souls - give thee that due,
Uttering bare truth, even so as foes commend.
Thy outward thus with outward praise is crowned;
But those same tongues, that give thee so thine own,
In other accents do this praise confound
By seeing farther than the eye hath shown.
They look into the beauty of thy mind,
And that, in guess, they measure by thy deeds,
Then - churls, - their thoughts, although their eyes were kind,
To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds:
But why thy odour matcheth not thy show,
The soil is this, that thou dost common grow.

Sonnet LXIX

Several parts our azure spheres perceive
Await praise phrase wide world should recommend,
Narration free which virtue would commend,
Guaranteed done duty due receive.
True outward beauty little wanting leaves

Of range collective minds might rightly bend,
Might quality resplendent, perfect blend,
Acknowledge although envy, anxious, grieves.
Most gaze into the beauty of your mind,
Adduce its worth through measuring your deeds,
Underestimating both they find
Depths that their envy, churlish, clad as weeds.
Evil is who 'evil' would disparage,
Contradictions theirs' your's perfect carriage.

Shakespeare Sonnet LXX

That thou art blamed shall not be thy defect,
For slander's mark was ever yet the fair;
The ornament of beauty is suspect,
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.
So thou be good, slander doth but approve
Thy worth the greater, being woo'd of time;
For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,
And thou present'st a pure unstainèd prime.
Thou has passed by the ambush of your days
Either not assailed, or victor being charged;
Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,
To tie up envy evermore enlarged:
If some suspect of ill masked not thy show,
Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts should owe.

Sonnet LXX

Slander's spite to quality's attracted,
And jealousy white turns to black, would [b]lame.
News travels fast, as versions - none the same -
Gain speed as greedy grubs, by buds distracted,
Track grubby gossip down, regret wracked lack
One only blossoms pure while winter's frost
Mistreats all other buds, whose bloom is lost,
Attacked by envy beauty would bushwhack.
Mevived Life's rating, confidence called back,

Authentic state enthroned, exalted too,
Unchallenged claim to fame stays loyal to you
Despite lust's vice which unjust cards would stack.
Exit opposition's jealous spite,
Cone other might excite such fission's light.
Shakespeare Sonnet LXXI

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell:
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking of me then should make you woe.
O! if, I say, you look upon this verse,
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
But let your love even with my life decay;
Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone.

Sonnet LXXI

Spare sunless mourning sigh when I lie dead
And all hear weary surly sullen bell,
Nor, when wide world will register I've fled,
Grieve not, let late love lie, its fate don't s[p]ell.
Thus, read through, let these true lines rest forgot,
One hand once writ - enough! I love thee so! -
Man-maid knot let slip, remember not,
As, thinking on me then might send you woe.
Memorize not, nor yet my name rehearse, -
As 'tis not right our light should [I]earn decay.
Urned or cremated, through this simple verse
Due resurrection dissipates slate grey.
Enchanted two men may mock when I'm sped,
Compare their dearth to your mirth's worth ahead.
□

Shakespeare Sonnet LXXII

O! lest the world should task you to recite
What merit lived in me, that you should love
After my death, - dear love forget me quite,
For you in me can nothing worthy prove;
Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,
To do more for me than mine own desert,
And hang more praise upon deceased I
Than niggard truth would willingly impart:
O! lest your true love may seem false in this
That you for love speak well of me untrue,
My name be buried where my body is,
And live no more to shame nor me nor you.
For I am shamed by that which I bring forth,
And so should you, to love things nothing worth.

Sonnet LXXII

Should our cruel world oblige you to recite,
After my death, words drawn from your rebirth,
No yarn spin out from truth, no copy-[b]right.
Gleam no fair scheme, but mask my modest girth.
Tell none some simple scribe has passed away, -
Our value would be hurt by flattery,
Muses nine at your birth had their say
And, praising you, they took, as vassal, me.
Multiple tears I'd shed, were your's the crime
Advancing praise to overstate my worth,
Unsure these sonnets stand harsh test of time
Dread they should shame your fame upon this earth.
Ever I'd fight what might cause injury,
Compromise blessed happiness for thee.

Shakespeare Sonnet LXXIII

That time of year thou may'st in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou see'st the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west;
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire
Consumed with that which it was nourished by.
Tis you perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

Sonnet LXXIII

Sad Autumn, turncoat, sheds its coat of leaves,
Anticipates wild Winter's shivering cold,
No trace of Summer stays, tree, threadbare, cleaves
Gathering dust, to browned rag, rotten, old.
This analogy remembering me,
One moment ponder on, I lost to light,
Meditate: naught Death defies, lives free,
As earth soon claims our rest[s], flesh, soul take flight,
Mandate to Fate's ungrateful grate f[l]ed fame
Ashes to ashes, youth to age, dust, dust,
Used, or misused, wolf-wild or mildest tame,
Denied as nun none lust spite bust unjust,
Except: love's spice burns hot when mortal hours
Creep close to closing time for mortal powers.

□

Shakespeare Sonnet LXXIV

□

But be contented: when that fell arrest
Without all bail shall carry me away,
My life hath in this line some interest,
Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.
When thou reviewest this, thou dost review
The very part was consecrate to thee:
The earth can have but earth, which is his due;
My spirit is thine, the better part of me:
So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
The prey of worms, my body being dead;
The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,
Too base of thee to be remembered.
The worth of that is that which it contains,
And that is this, and this with thee remains.

Sonnet LXXIV

So be content, for when Fate's verdict's cast,
And execution ordered without stay,
Notwithstanding all my days be passed
Glimpsed echoes of your praise a part may play,
To bring back this, from dark grave sparkled free,
One moment for those who'd choose to believe.
Miracles, which ears could hear, eyes see,
As echo pure leaves links which won't deceive.
Mallarmé, Eluard, Flaubert and Keats,
Add fair Cassandra, Ronsard's muse, pursue
Undying Shakespeare, each scribe vile Death Cheats,
Dante, Petrarch, their muses add thereto.
Edit echo's wit writ through pilgrim line
Content that these through you know no decline.

Shakespeare Sonnet LXXV

So are you to my thoughts as food to life,
Or as sweet-seasoned showers are to the ground;
And for the peace of you I hold such strife
As twixt a miser and his wealth is found;

Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon
Doubting the filching age will steal his treasure;
Now counting best to be with you alone,
Then bettered that the world may see my pleasure:
Sometime at full with feasting on your sight,
And by and by clean starvèd for a look;
Possessing or pursuing no delight,
Save what is had, or must from you be took.
Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,
Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

Sonnet LXXV

Sequent songs hymn manna mirror, life
Acts as Spring showers upon drought-thirsty ground.
Name happy day I glow, shame sad, know strife.
Gasp as grasped puppet strung twixt lost and found.
Treasure pleasure wed, sheds doubts untrue,
One moment, through shared smiles, cares disappear,
Mock locks hope's nest as, next, north'easter blew
At first all's treasure, then, burst leisure fears.
Measure my meter's strength should your grace glory
Articulate in my mind's eye sry, magic,
Unsympathetic, favour's door's slammed story,
Despondency, dire destiny dark, tragic.
Each daily surfeit or decay depends
Clear as your mood charts cheer, fears heart ease ends.

Shakespeare Sonnet LXXVI

Why is my verse so barren of new pride,
So far from variation or quick change ?
Why with the time do I not glance aside
To new-found methods and to compounds strange ?
Why write I still all one, ever the same,
And keep invention in a noted weed,

That every word doth almost tell my name,
Showing their birth, and where they did proceed ?
O! know, sweet love, I always write of you,
And you and love are still my argument;
So all my best is dressing old words new,
Spending again what is already spent:
For as the sun is daily new and old,
So is my love still telling what is told.

Sonnet LXXVI

Stray verse, avoiding innovative change,
Attests these verses void of testy pride.
No new-found scheming, noisy [w]rappings strange,
Glimpse mirage superseded. Side by side
T[h]read ground scarce fancy fo[u]nd to sound same aim,
One dog, one road, one wood two could call 'home'.
Miraculous, from prison free we claim.
And each with each may mingle chromosome.
Manifestly you sole star remain
As love's theme spins in constant orbit true,
Untiringly repeating words writ plain,
Doubling again sweet melodies of you.
Encounters past f[l]air future, maze unfold,
Charmed, daily sun repaints what can't grow old.

Shakespeare Sonnet LXXVII

Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties wear,
Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste:
The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,
And of this book this learning mayst thou taste.
The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show
Of mouthèd graves will give thee memory;
Thou by thy dial's shady stealth mast know
Time's thievish progress to eternity.
Look! what thy memory cannot contain,
Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt find

Those children, nursed, deliver'd from thy brain,
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.
These offices, so oft, as thou wilt look,
Shall profit thee and much enrich thy book.

Sonnet LXXVII

Spread lines reflect shed beauty which we wear,
As witness shown, blown minutes flown to waste:
No links tomorrow may our imprints bear,
Glad tidings pass, by wrinkles sad replaced.
Thus we through mirror's silver stealth much know
Of how Time trickles to eternity.
Mountains are ground to dust by Time's fell blow,
As winds or waves of change drown earth in sea.
Memory plays tricks, may not retain
All images mind scores, too few find grace,
Unstored most run to waste, fade from the brain
Dear, on these songs imprint your hallowed trace,
Extend their half-life for your future pleasure,
Creating through the same my book's true treasure.

Shakespeare Sonnet LXXVIII

So oft have I invoked thee for my Muse
And found such fair assistance in my verse
As every alien pen hath got my use
And under thee their poesy disperse.
Thine eyes, that taught the dumb on high to sing
And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,
Have added feathers to the learnèd's wing
And given grace a double majesty.
Yet be most proud of that which I compile,
Whose influence is thine, and born of thee:
In others' works thou dost but mend the style,
And arts with thy sweet graces gracèd be:
But thou art all my art, and dost advance
As high as learning my rude ignorance.

Sonnet LXXVIII

Steadily I have invoked one Muse,
Always found ground for inspiration fair,
Nor could I seek to profit from false ruse,
Giving false impressions, traps prepare.
Tricks I ignore, who, once dumb, sudden sing,
Occluding cloudbanks, bank on spirit soaring.
My feathers preened, new sheen is glittering,
Aroused by your reflection all adoring.
More proud remain of my poor compilation
As others' praise but borrows from your style,
Unable to enhance your distillation
Drawing by rote remote what heart should file
Encompassing my all one represents
Chance to advance from ignorance to sense.

Shakespeare Sonnet LXXIX

Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid,
My verse alone had all thy gentle grace:
But now my gracious numbers are decayed
And my sick Muse doth give another place.
I grant, sweet love, thy lovely argument
Deserves the travail of a worthier pen;
Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent
He robs thee of, and pays it thee again.
He lends thee virtue, and he stole that word
From thy behaviour; beauty doth he give,
And found it in thy cheek: he can afford
No praise to thee but what in thee doth live.
Then thank him not for that which he doth say,
Since what he owes thee thou thyself dost pay.

Sonnet LXXIX

Sweet friendship's face, the fountainhead of grace,
Afforded inspiration for my muse,
Now, luckless, ailing should you this refuse.
Grace object loses, subject in disgrace.

Though you deserve a neater prose than mine -
One completer, more inspired to borrow,
Martyred less by muddled thinking, sorrow;
Alas I can but harvest from one vine.
Moreover drawing virtue through your deeds
Again these are returned by beauty's word
Unworthy praise which on all others feeds,
Deserving neither to be seen nor heard.
Extend no thanks where verses may caress,
Certain stay, they stream from source they bless.
□

Shakespeare Sonnet LXXX

O! how I faint when I of you do write,
Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,
And in the praise thereof spends all his might,
To make me tongue tied speaking of your fame!
But since your worth - wide as the ocean is, -
The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,
My saucy bark, inferior far to his,
On your broad main doth wilfully appear.
Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat,
Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth ride;
Or, being wracked, I am a worthless boat,
He, of tall building and of goodly pride:
Then if he thrive, and I be cast away,
The worst was this - my love was my decay.

Sonnet LXXX

See I stall where acclaim lame pen would write,
Aware all others your praise could proclaim,
Now tongue-tied am I where I'd most delight
Garbled wording weak speaks thoughts none claim.
Trust, worth, like Time and Space, seem infinite -
O yet they'll fail, while only you'll remain,

Measureless ocean wide, to second-sight
Accessible as universal g[r]ain,
Maid's aide helps me to fly, breast heaven's height,
Although another soundless sleep would press,
Unstained his reputation, maimed my might
Destined amusement than of maid's address.
Even should I, one day, be cast away
Curtain's drawn behind no love's decay.

Jonathan ROBIN

Sonnet Cycle To M C After William Shakespeare Part Iii Sonnets Clv - Ccl

Sonnet CLV

Should Chance or base design divide us two,
A steed to you would speed should there be need.
None friendship may retain, remaining true
Gainst bad blood Time, sad, spills, though heart's wounds bleed.
Thrusting out danger, swiftly I would race,
On one sure call, my all would fall for you,
Monstrous doubts dispelled, - dire dark disgrace.
As each breath blown fans sentiments held true
My world shines brave, each wayward, coward heart
Avast from scene expelled, truth triumphs, few
Understand strong seal both feel me, you.
Depth unexpected upsets applectarts,
Expels all preconceptions in a trice
Changing expectations as we splice.

Sonnet CLVI

She sudden danced into my sight, sweet sprite,
An incarnation of delight, one day,
No critic could deny, defy, gainsay
Great beauty, spirit peerless, soul's delight.
The rose blushed, paled, the ruby too, from spite, -
One sensed as if forever night and grey
Must quit cold Earth, converted by charmed ray.
Alight hope's lamp eternal now shines bright.
Mischief caused by cock crow's daily rite -
A call unheeded once - shows dawn's replay.
Understand dichotomies knight's day
Draws down to earth to rein or reign Time's flight.
Exquisite joy may grace fair beauty's mind,
Capture heart where duty's redefined.

Sonnet CLVII

Spurn me and all my pleas if out of place
A word is writ which might your wor[ld] upset.
Necessity's my law, come shine, come wet,
Glib is not praise re-ph[r]asing beauty's face.
Turn far from me, - I'll sink without a trace,
Or ever I offend, eye lend coquette,
My verse imply perverse or forged facet,
Anything distasteful I'd erase.
Maintaining altar Time may not efface,
An ardour universal whose hopes whet
Unslaked appetite on paper-chase, -
Delicacy is appetite so set?
Encouraged I add: 'Of Love who is sum mum? '
Cause twins effect or I'll be stricken dumb.

Sonnet CLVIII

Strange it appears, although no mind can fit
Another's quite completely, still there's hope
New-born that in osmosis we'll find scope
Glad in twinned minds to interline. Thus, wit,
True warmth, the heart's intelligence, permit
One into one to softly telescope.
Mother Nature's rainbow colours cope
At peace with changing spectrum world relate,
Most empty other options seem, I'd pit
All by her side, chase no more haste waste grope.
Unthoughtful declaration? Is this IT?
Due to true sharing joys kaleidoscope,
Each part apart both wilt, twinned gilt is built,
Choice world free from misunderstandings, guilt.

Sonnet CLIX

Sail set to trim the pen another verse

Anon may brim heart's overflow through you!
No prize more precious - will it prove a curse? -
Greeted? Rejected as a witches' brew?
Transposing sonnet sequence in between,
On double helix fixing chromosome,
Magician Chance must play behind the scenes
Articulating such perfection. Tomes
May thus this theme explore in depth until
Admitted by eternity as fit
Unchallenged, crown none else could ever split
Dimensions unexplored elsewhere fulfill
East, West, North, South, abyss to mountain peak,
Consensus dates Man's joy from your first peek.

Sonnet CLX

Simplicity is not my claim to fame,
And twelvescore sonnets won't dispute that fact,
Nonetheless verse vehicles intact
Gold carat feelings free from parrot flame.
Throughout this sequence echoes of one name
One sees in swift succession, though time lacked.
'Much ado about nothing' may still attract
An ending well. Ah well! What's in a name?
Maybe my theme dream signs much more than game,
As three weeks work accomplished, back to back, -
Unveils not 'Love's Labour Lost!' - the aim
Described in simple terms: 'Maude must naught lack! '
Enchanting dream theme, others set aside,
Converts restraints to joy which will abide.

Sonnet CLXI

Snaking below her bridge my river whirls
Around her feet, anticipates desire,
Never hesitates to light her fire
Greeting coast-guards wariness with pearls
That wisdom smuggles through defensive past
Opens future radiant and tender,

Maintaining trust, complicity, can last
All trials and troubles conditions may engender.
Mutual celebration seems in order,
Accomplished much has been in sixty days,
Uneasy guards may still cling to old border,
Defiance has outlived its use, heart sways
Expressing tenderness in black on white,
Creates for white on black code keyed insight.

Sonnet CLXII

Synchronicity? Coincidence?
Anticipations shared? Prepared? Pre-paired?
Nothing before compares as mind-defense
Gives up vain struggle, pain dissolves, love's shared.
Trip to another world or mirage vision
Offering from heart-ache brief respite?
Magic tryst, or tristesse turned derision?
Answer Time may provide before 'goodnight'.
Meanwhile why care? Where joint imagination
Acknowledges bridge rainbow tinted now,
Unparalleled are stimuli, creation
Draws dream through real while mocking "Why? " and "How? "
Exploration symbiotic leads
Complicity astride poetic steeds.

Sonnet CLXIII

Some seek to turn impressions inside out,
And some cast doubt upon the fairest fare,
No such dark cares afflict me, I'm without
Guarded thoughts which happiness ensnare.
Triumphing over pressures round about
One more modest tribute here would share
My ray on beams, would bubble through, cleanse doubt,
As fresh each one as true to who? Each layer

May be, like genes, decoded by sure scout.
Around one altar sure see spirit dare
Unswervingly to offer homage, flout
Defensive ramparts, mud walls, drawbridge, snare.
Eden's open source finds harmony,
Conducive to hopes' passion, flowers free.

Sonnet CLXIV

Should you proclaim that black's perceived as white,
An angle is a circle, Earth a square,
No contest I'd retain, maintain you're right,
Gainsaying your detractors everywhere.
Thus right and wrong, like Yin and Yang, combine
One harmony, duality at peace,
Me, none attain, with none I intertwine,
Alone your right and wrong write my release.
My truth I'll learn seen through your lens - on Earth
All variations stem from laser beam.
Unfailing, bright, transforming light from birth
Dear you steer right, could leftwards veer my dream?
Embedded embryonic nerve transmits
Confirmed sense signals, each their force admits.

Sonnet CLXV

Since our exchange, I'm changed, live, walk, through you
All rain and shine to me remain the same,
None I confess impress, one key pursue,
Guard heart whose flame burns where 'twill never blame.
Tenderness now tints both waking, dreams,
One theme repeated, duet none contest,
May shine come, rain, one aim remains it seems,
Appointed, valid claim within charmed breast.
Magic incantation, karma past
As incarnation linked to Holy Grail,
Up-ends old time traps, Hope outlasts Time's flail

Destined on proving worth while Earth may last.
Emotions knit together future, past,
Charm birds from trees as bees add sweet repast.

Sonnet CLXVI

Swain to shepherdess sent gentle posy,
Addressed in such a way as to attract
Not woes, but left the rose a feeling rosy,
Glimpsing flame that left fair name intact.
Tripped swiftly on the heels of his fond wooing
One answer, as a smile that two could share.
Mischief here there's none, - tryst's trust undoing -
As sonnet rings precede no change of heir.
Mastery needs neither - what's unspoken
Are sentiments which need no guarantee -
Untying chains, sure links score symphony,
Delightful, muse picks melody unbroken.
Energy, re-motivation, merge,
Chapter and verse combine, emotions s[pl]urge.

Sonnet CLXVII

So, Time, if mockery there be, I mock
A skull who's toothless grin would gnaw the world.
Now through those genes which Nature keeps in stock,
Grim Death is conquered, Life's flag is unfurled.
Tables some register, keep dates, compare,
On rigid guidelines reassure themselves: -
Make senseless guarantees of 'why' and 'where'.
All sojourn for a spell until Time delves
Mocked vanity that locks upon false fears,
Absorbing all, interring search for fame,
Unmerciful to all inflicting tears.
Deserving one we find whose timeless flame
Ever must serve as inspiration for
Coming generations who'd truth store.

Sonnet CLXVIII

So turn to old Khayyam and from his cup
Allow yourself to sup while time remains:
Now sip red wine, take bread and verses up,
Glow with love's flow 'til Time Time's servants claims.
Think too that soon the couch on which you sit
Other tenants may seat in your stead,
Misspend not what one whit improves life's wit,
Avoid regrets, forget not Life's swift sped.
Moving finger rhythmic writes, sustains
Aspirations' flow till slumber calls,
Uncalled for finger beckons, beacon palls,
Dreams 'Carpe Diem' compensate night's pains.
Echoed rubaiyat inspire this press,
Can love hereafter thrive? Who here can guess?

Sonnet CLIX

Studied style, like polished mirror glass,
Approaches, silvers skates too smooth for taste,
Nods to the writer, winks, then runs to waste,
Glancing with just a touch of surface class.
The young [s]urge on, - role models quickly pass -
Oblivion is so swift to swallow haste.
Most cannot gemstone grade from plastic paste,
Apart can't tell Truth, Fiction, fact or face!
Misuse each chance, seek ever greener grass.
After sonnet sequence subtle trace
Usurped are sentiments Shakespeare surpass,
Does verse advance pure passion out of place?
Eh! Dear, no teacher knows truth's Way, few dream!
Confess, ignored, most sink 'neath Lethe's stream!

Sonnet CLXX

So here's confessed, my heart and head are thine,
Are mortgaged to the hilt, bent to one will,

Nor may fey gems be mined by other mind,
Go as thou wilt, my will will be thine still.
Try not too harsh to judge, show mercy mild
Over my poor heart's impertinence,
Master the urge to criticize, run wild
Amok against these stanzas, though their sense
May need reframing! Pity my distress,
As unplumbed deep despite calm surface balm,
Upstanding heed, I plead here love's alarm,
Draw hopes raw fears, in fear for hopes I press,
Ensured ne'er trust shall lack, nor tear shall stain
Cœur which won't strain another, poorer vein.

Sonnet CLXXI

Sense, sensibility so sweetly signed,
Are all allied announced as an aim
Nobility, naturalness, nice name
Gladly greeted gaily, grin 'gainst grind.
Tale's told triumphantly, Time's tables, trined,
Open on one omnipotence - our ode!
Metamorphosis: muse meets meta mode
As astrologic aspects are aligned.
Mending misconceptions most men mime
Aspirations addressed as art assigned
Urge urgent understanding underlined,
Defining destiny: delightful dame!
Effortlessly errors Earth expels
Creates constructive challenge, clones Change cells.

Sonnet CLXXII

Sometimes surprising sweetness sweeps souls shy,
Amity allows. Answers appear

Natural, not nefarious, now near
Golden grace, guaranteed gratify.
Touchingly two twine till tendrils tied
Osmosis overwhelming, open, here,
Mutual metamorphosis makes mere
Affection awkward, alchemy applied.
Melodious madrigal may my muse mock?
Anthem adoring always arch allied.
Unity unbiased umpire urges unity unlock
Dearest desires duet, days drab defied.
ECcentric EChoes EChocardiographic...
CEntral CErtitudes CEment CERN CEntric

Sonnet CLXXIII

Sunday night sees sonnet cycle turn
At last to terminus. Beginning, end
Needs to maintain momentum, to defend
Gauged balance as stage follows stage may earn
Tonight respite while mind explores concern.
Oblivion's deemed absence from fair friend.
Most fail to feel, or from one object bend
Attention, lust burns bridges, dust discern,
Masked temptations vows deride or spurn.
Artful arguments alas ascend
Untie faith as wraith gadflies trend
Denying pastures green, seek greener ferned.
English opinion shall not budge an inch,
Can steady stay, put to time's test won't flinch.

Sonnet CLXXIV A Comedy of Errors?

Shrew tamed, All's Well, though here is Much Ado!
Antony and Cleopatra met
No Rape, no Tragedy, since each stayed true,
Grave born, like Romeo and Juliet.
Thus Richard, John and Harry had preferred
One History where each could heed thy call!

Measured each Tempest's threat is, for unheard
All envy's Comic Error is withal!
My love as Pilgrim Passionate here's signed,
As Venus to Adonis here allied,
Urge Lover's Complaint in neatest verse aligned, -
Dove Turtle are to Phoenix true supplied.
Echoed are Plays with Sonnets' sequent frame,
Continued may sustain Shakespearian flame.

Sonnet CLXXV

Second thoughts tentacle sticky fingers
Around rhyme schemes to render homage due.
Neutrality turns sceptic, what love lingers
Grieves anxiously, anticipates adieu.
Tortured suspicions questions asks of motive,
Of fitful feelings clashing with themselves.
Mutual search for vague, idyllic votive,
Appears much more confused the more one delves,
Mocks versatile post-facto justifications,
Alliterated Conscience sprawls across
Umpires riddles, calls Truth at a loss
Dares not combine idea[']s and motivations
Expectant, while writ's wit is put on trial,
Can links enriching stitch life's light a while?

Sonnet CLXXVI

Soon, soon, all rhyming revels stall, end game
A circle's compass has at last effected,
Ne'er should refrains strain where few sound the same,
Great work most imperfections has perfected.
Though some internal contradictions may
Open hang, brave criticism's blast,
My muse would weed out errors, fears allay,
Attempt to seed love's light, no shadow cast
May stay upon stage scene, page criticize.
Are ideals faulty, stanzas weak? Intact,
Unequaled are these proofs, keyed into fact,
Drawn sketch intense heart etches, heart allies.

English song from full four hundred year,
Complements Will's wellspring flow sincere.

Sonnet CLXXVII

Should Muse to music set your symphony
All Mozart's art would tart sound, out of tune,
Nor lovers' eyes behold the crescent moon,
Grieg, Paganini, Bach lack harmony.
The 'Ode to Joy' re-echoes in the mind,
On cloud nine hears refrain, with brain a-spin,
Merging rings revealing Yang in Yin
Attain Nirvana which no hell fires bind.
Mendacity flees love's kaleidoscope
Abandons plea, hope's coat of many colours;
Unexpectedly connects medullas,
Dual vistas shared prepare infinite scope.
Exiled is bias, tempting trap subjective, □
Captured rapture stifles rant invective.

Sonnet CLXXVIII

Should thoughts instead of shoes show scale for speed
All measurements Man knows today we'd lose
No Einstein then could argue square MC'd, -
Galaxy, not gravity, our news,
Teletransport tu[r]ning sower, seed.
One moment fusing musings of my Muse -
Mistrust recusing, doubts at once recede,
Approval instant follows! Who'd refuse
Means' cause, effect may thread? Who'd write and read
Alternate cross trick theme to laud Maude, choose
Unworthy scheme for Shakespeare's sonnet screed.
Deft warp, weft, thread à la mode who would lose?
Encore rhyme traces pace placed in context,
Creating thought modes marked up hyper text.

Sonnet CLXXIX

Steal not away, nor faint, for 'out of sight'
As in old adage 'is not out of mind',
Nor shall fair image fail to leave behind
Great need to further feed insight's delight
Tidings exchanging, sadness stilling quite.
One day perchance, we'll know what Fate designed,
Masks falling, pride surpassed. Although half blind,
Aims, dreams allied untie wide wings for flight.
May we [th]read hands, no longer led left, right,
And, confidence advancing, ever find
Urgent invitation undeclined,
Deep intuitions twin souls day and night.
Each net, drawn tight too soon, tears, neatest fit
Chance weaves - acceptance dance built bit by bit.

Sonnet CLXXX

Something sings within me when I think
Adoringly on you, from toe to tête.
No demoiselle, compared, could nod or wink,
Gemstone facet ne'er showed more fair inset.
This verse I send to smile which by my side
Omnipresent shines both day and night. -
Making dreams gleam vividly! Time's tide
As empty surf swims, bubble bursting might.
My vision fades, and instantly light's shrouded,
As fog-bound doubt flouts, blankets out all hope.
Upheld joy swells, alone though rooms be crowded,
Drought spreads, hope dries, must minimise life's scope.
Each thing life teaches shows one lesson true,
Cured none are billed who still fall ill through you.

Sonnet CLXXXI

Spontaneous here surges urge to press
A wish none other could anticipate,
No regrets met I'd set my mind 'gainst Fate,

Granted affections none could dream suppress.
Thinking upon that theme, one must confess:
Once thought I to withdraw what I await,
Meaning more than I would like to state -
A symbiosis shared, which few possess,
Maybe we'll see, set free, fair future bless,
Apart? Together? Obligations' weight
Unscheduled on agenda designate.
Daedalus from maze released by 'Yes! '
Eternal amor vincit half degrees -
Calls world as witness, which with this agrees.

Sonnet CLXXXII

Sixty days and change, change works its way
Across defenses' trenches, would elect
New candidate who positive could stay,
Gain confidence from doctorate select.
The Sorbonne scarce has seen such deep devotion
Offered to beauty, youth, with truth combined,
Matchless Maude unmawed deserves promotion,
As Dea where before dear peerless shined.
Message bottled circumnavigation
Around Ipagine's globe can find safe berth,
Unload old ballast, on examination
Discover drydock to prepare rebirth.
Errant heart both artery and vein
Connects to tenderness which won't prove vain.

Sonnet CLXXXIII

Situation unexpected shows
A way towards, strums concordant chord,
Nexus of both written, spoken word,
Gives, takes, forgives, lives scents, tastes joys from flows
Triumphant which stream conscious minds together,
Occupying morning, noon and night,
Mental matrix beam ray may storms weather,
Activating lasers of delight.
Modified are standards which, high risen,
Adjudge the past's relationships as poor,
Unresponsive, tantamount to prison

Demeaning, as seems much which came before.
Enlightenment old walls dissolves to leave
Conviction that joy's found in "I believe! "

Sonnet CLXXXIV

□

Mantra and comedienne combined –
Art's sorrow-smile who'd siren spectrum sing,
Unfathomed rainbow surface, whose fair ring
Deep emotions stirs. Heart, heart inclined,
Enlightenment discovers which won't bind,
Compensating wasted time's tart sting.
Most hesitate, from dreams back, lack wing
At night to take flight, fuelled, defined,
Unceasingly by fantasy refined.
Defensive barricades dropped, twinned dreams bring
Ease, understanding, joy in everything,
Climb, soar sublime through time, cores unconfined.
Mobility of spirit and of mind
Can self-acceptance learn, fears leave behind.

Sonnet CLXXXV

Strong stands man's faith, bans wraith fanned from spanned Past
At last finds rest, repose from echoes old.
New virtue now rings true, sings love's repast
Grants light to life if all the truth be told.
Testy in youth, I thought all things I knew,
Oft proven wrong, long suffered for my trust,
Moreover, scarce dared take a different view
As now I do, - life broadens as it must -
Modifies the story of our days.
Add that surprise encounter changed my fate,
Unknown became familiar as fey phase
Drawing me beyond time, place, barred gate.
Emerging from the waters bridge is seen
Connecting spendthrift past to future scene serene.

Sonnet CLXXXVI

Mecca many praise five times a day
Adoring Allah dawn to dusk by rote
Unstintingly reread this or that quote,
Dream of harem houri's ceaseless sway.
Enticed by no such scene My verses play
Colouring one with whom mind may emote,
My theme dream seems to teem with scheme whose coat
As many colours teams as on life's Way
Man, maid, discover natural interplay
Appears as quintessential need to note
Unlimited invitation on shared boat
Defying shoals, uniting goals, we pray.
Enchanted muse refuses dogmas' core,
Cruising Shakespeare tries French Thais' score.

Sonnet CLXXXVII

□

Mother Nature vacuum, void, abhors,
Although it welcomes due encouragement -
Urging reward returns where sentiment
Discerns trust's trust where Trust reborn restores
Ease and well-being. Thus let the Past's pores
Mud's sadness sweat. Grey fades, enlightenment
Argues ardently entitlement,
Undermining adverse Fate's harsh laws.
Descent which counterfeit Effect and Cause
Essays enforcing swift reject, repent
Mimed reticence as an impediment.
Adopt fresh outlook as your spirit soars.
Unlimited are prospects, formal guise
DEny! Feel joy which white on black implies.

Sonnet CLXXXVIII

Majestic rose may blossom sharing scent

Arisen from each petal time has sent,
Unresponsiveness mind leaves behind,
Divided heart finds healing, doublebind
Expelled, hope cues into presentiment
Calming fears, as coast guards watch relent
Making peace with peace, as eyes purblind
Awareness can reciprocate in kind.
Unmelted talent, latency unspent,
Dare Daedalus, potential, potent, pent,
Expectations soar, more joy may find, □
Cage bars unlock with metamorphic mind.□
Magnificent Fate date awaits wings spread,
Climbs high, Icaric inhibitions shed...

Sonnet CLXXXIX

Mock mastery of rhyme and rhythm here
Accompany imagination we,
Underscore through patterns fair and free
Draw hues prismatic, sharing insight dear.
Each line line follows, message signalled clear -
Commonwealth not superiority.
Muse with music praised is easy, see
Awakening enhanced by inner ear
Unlocking meanings new, gleans links sincere,
Displacing superficiality.
Empathy expands, all gain, carefree
Connections conquer heavy cross some bear.
MAy this be the beginning, not the end,
MAUDE finds her answered questions anguish mend.

Sonnet CXC

Mission impossible smacked of challenge tease
As if bard, muse-inspired, could steer his flow
Unwieldy to show what, he knew she'd know -
Dreams seldom shared which rosy dawn would seize.

Entitled to transparency, she keys
Completely into tenderness two sow.
Magician by magician's inner glow
Assuredly inspired, with practised ease,
Unbraids her locks with wonder, learns to please,
Despises not to take, rides joy's rainbow.
Ever onwards into afterglow
Completion offers tenderness at ease.
Mirror shows a smile dissolving clouds
Completely and removing misty shrouds.

Sonnet CXCI

Moonshine madness or an open book
Applying code decrypting Cause, Effect? -
Unnatural seem defences now, expect
Dream interactions worth a second look.
Energy makes doubts melt. Off the hook
Control is role reversed, flow intersects
Many errors early, redirects
Arbitrary agile gobbledegook
Unwelcome set aside. Task undertook,
Depression's danger lifts, change can correct.
Errors, sorts chaff from wheat, detects defect,
Collects sensations haste might overlook.
Merit slight though this write must retain
Can it represent shared joys two gain?

Sonnet CXCII

Motivation springs the mind, helps soar
Ascent in seconds far from 'madding crowd',
Unleashes energies which too long ploughed
Dark fester furrows tempting to ignore,
Each plucks life's luck to stock fair future, store
Cards from Fate's pack while waiting signal loud.
May turned to June to slough off old grey shroud
Alight on light, which, shared, sparks kindling for

Unlimited free-flight transcending sore
Dismay cold April knew heart might have cowed.
Error is doubt, restraining gifts endowed,
Conducive not to sharing, soul stays poor.
Music, acceptance melody, provides
Common ground as joy re...paired abides.

Sonnet CXCI

Movement appears to an observant eye
As absolute as space displacement, but
Umbilicus to reference points is cut
Describing effects of your sun on my sky.
Electrons collide-o-scope, as photons fly
Completely through doors which before seemed shut,
Move on from one dimension's unfair rut
As circumstance plays games with low and high,
Underscores zenith each reach by-and-by.
Dear Cinderella ball flees, ball to hole we putt
Ending wholly holy? Crack this nut,
Connection true corrects a living lie.
Must, dust, and mold, remould to find release,
Contentment rediscovers inner peace.

Sonnet CXCV

So as time serves fine wine so this serves you,
As, ageing, both flow richer than before.
New aspects of fine writing men review,
Guided through threads of this acrostic core.
Think a moment, Antwerp, Amsterdam,
Open diamond's glow, show fresh facets
Make clear sheer beauty gram by precious gram.
Appetites are fed which waiting whets.
Mistrusting this, my Muse, I fear to fail
Alas in rendering charm a just account,
Unable true record to render, frail
Drawn rhyme which risks to whisks up feelings' fount.
Espacial thoughts - love's forts - you've set ablaze,
Combining liver, lights, and lungs in praise.

Sonnet CXCV

Multilingual flux may generate
An interaction as synaptic flows
Urge range beyond scaled limits to propose
Deep interplay as minds anticipate
Endless alternate routes, find hidden gate
Cascades creating, mirrors many close
Moderation magic overthrows
Adapts then channels all, recalibrates
Underlying feelings. Poets counter Fate,
Deriding compromises lost souls chose,
Express beyond core verse, beyond poor prose,
Challenges met new mind-sets stimulate.
Mute who'd remain who happiness has found -
Muse whose music must all men astound!

Sonnet CXCVI

Mark open Windows. Pointing to flat screen
An index finger double clicks, must wait
Unhasty answer. Second sight, first rate,
Drives inspiration, senses rhyming scheme
Enchanted spurn all artifice to beam
Charmed mosaic magic in a spate
Majestic with an instinct consummate.
Although this surge might easily have been
Un-noticed, out of kilter spun, our fate
Draws thread from single web `spite married state.
Each line inks variation on one scene
Celebrates ways pair prepared relate.
Medium, rich before, with richer stream
May this flood blood, bud, blossom, while we dream.

Sonnet CXCVII

Muse or passing theme, which would chance choose?
As choice stands where 'Fate's hands' may reunite
Umbrella right and left brains' links tonight,
Deception waits on phone's unlighted fuse
Even when giving the option to refuse
Calming call - fleet Time spins dark to light,
Making links which, karmic, might delight.
Although enough is said, heart, soul peruse
Unique frame real dream which would not bruise
Deep feelings gifted by some second sight
Ever letters links to maid from knight
Compensating for distance which each day it rues.
May veil dividing fact and fantasy
Meet inner freedom, outer forts see flee.

Sonnet CXCVIII

Sweet muse while strayed your cypher on this screen
All distance seemed as naught - impressions tarried,
Newborn soared inspiration, - seldom harried,
Greeting page refreshing fair French Queen.
Thus absence sudden noted vents shell's spleen,
Ordered mind demotivates, uncarried.
Much steam is lost to time as time, miscarried,
Aborts its spring whose ring-tone sounds unseen,
Must be unheard, as blurred one's inner gleam
Abdicates its fission mission valid.
Unlock connections or my muse invalid
Dumb sure will fall, will shot to smithereens.
Echo absent, verses untranslated,
Cramp muse, dowse writer's lamp, all light abated.

Sonnet CXCIX

Mask long immured behind those walls Time's wit
Allows to stand, - tide ride before pride's fall, -
Use outstayed, knows now that ramparts tall
Do tumble, flood mud ad...mire bit by bit,
Earth into dust dissolves what man would knit.
Cheap safety served its purpose while the wall
Might stress relieve, receive time's wherewithal,
Ability - Life's puzzle pieces fit.
Useless false safety-net refuse and split
Defences which block inner flight, hope's call,
Echo awaiting recognition, shawl
Cast off, attention turned to options lit.
May steps to freedom leave old walls behind,
Control release, release control, free mind ...

Sonnet CC

Most women cloy where most they toy yet she
As infinite, to karmic colours keyed,
Uponds assumptions universal we
Deemed predefined by Fate's immoral creed.
Endless, one tale can't stale, pale turn, life flee,
Counts count-downs out, immortal flame must feed.
Magic encounter's magic mystery
All enigmas, paradox recede,
Undermines confinement solitary,
Dissolves frontiers, heart finds that it can bleed
Excessive fears, the past's arrears, to seed.
Combined minds, find, touch, feel, through sharing free.
Microscopic pores may open wide,
Codes decyphered, secrets swept aside.

Sonnet CCI

Merit accorded rhyme draws inspiration
Alone from her whose name shines through this verse,
Unworthy author on examination
Does but transpose self-evidence, rehearse
Examples –universal declaration
Committed to Time’s press edition terse,
Meal whetting appetite for true translation
Another generation needs to stay Fate’s curse,
Unused to peerless paragon whose station
Dreams will not equal `til time loops reverse
Eternal progress to lost destination,
Comfort’s mirror mirage glass perverse.
Mystery, in part unveiled to view,
Can’t save from hell all who her touch ne’er knew.

Sonnet CCII

Show me imagination’s flowing flight
Awry has strayed, portrayed pure fiction fact,
No worth attach to words where glowing write
Gifts praise to raze trite ersatz, stature lacked.
Tell me these streams’ spells spell bewitched untruth,
Or else exaggeration out of hand
Misrepresenting with excess uncouth
Apt promise undeserving to command
Most of the frieze spread on these pages white,
A snapshot too subjective to believe,
Understatements role-reversed indict
Delusions destined only to deceive?
Expect one swift response: I, taking, give,
Complete trust’s circle spin both win, t[w]o live.

Sonnet CCIII

May heralds June, soon birthday's celebrated, □
April showers, fast forgotten, fade,
Urgent pen spans page uncalibrated,
Demanding more attentive grey-cell aid.
Effortlessly flow shows self-sustaining
Contact subject/object, recombines
Magic number prints, swift sprint maintaining
Above, beyond, the call of duty, lines
Unwavering march onwards entertaining
Discoveries, fresh paths to Rome seek, sign
Encyphered, signals strong, one theme explaining,
Consistent consonant syllabic twine.
Mainstay remains one name, flame bright as bell,
Convinces all truth flares from world words spell.

Sonnet CCIV

Muse enthusiastic sets brisk pace
Astonishing in its diversity. □
Unsought, words surface, for fresh onslaught brace
Despise restrictions on vocabulary □
Excessive form may place as phrase from phrase
Converges, sends trends into blending which
More than mental gymnastics' dazzle daze
Answers offers for acrostic stitch
Uniting skill, will, over-spilled emotions
Despite restrictive formal sonnet shell,
Evicting tempting 'going through the motions'
Creates thereby high fancy's flight, fares well.
Muster passed, these sonnets sent incite
Continued insight on combined invite.

Sonnet CCV

May previews summer solstice, June's divine
Anniversary speeds closer as we read

Unsparingly beyond time lines for sign
Determining if energies succeed
Embracing universal recognition
Content if one fair friend can recognise
Mutual links beyond vain composition
As logic loses pride of place, heart sighs.
Uncertainties tease all poetic flourish,
Disappointment weighs on strongest soul,
Enterprise applause requires to nourish
Constant desire to twin before wormhole.
Mute soon all falls, as beat of distant drum
Comes closer, soul found wanting, spirit numb.
Sonnet CCVI

Message sent by chance or circumstance
Appeared one April afternoon to tune
Unlikely pair, who'd dare embark on dance
Denoting deep emoting as cocoon
Enticing hibernation sudden split
Co-sponsoring emergent adoration,
Mounting inter-penetration fit
Awaited expectations' confirmation.
Unimpressed by chronological
Differences, distance, current states,
Empathy extended psychological
Consistency which, wooed, anticipates
Much words fail to describe, though scribe flails pale,
Chance? Circumstance? Advance beyond stale pale?

Sonnet CCVII

Mastered style, from feelings kept apart,
A recipe for sterile rant appears,
Upsetting ready readers who'd depart
Distractions unattractive without cheers.
Emphatic feelings boasting Cupid's dart
Can't compete with mind which heart-strings hears,
Melodies not chords' discordant start,
Aground shoals ships of statement's sterile tears.

Unity of heart's, mind's equipoise
Draws reader into, through, beyond, time, space,
Eliminates all interference, noise,
Crass static status wave-lengths' out of place.
May thus these sonnets favour find twice blessed
Creating symbiosis time lines breasts.

Sonnet CCVIII

Minutes stretch swift seconds [sk]etching years
As hours' failed powers, forgotten, fade away,
Urgency today soon bores to tears
Displaced by new priorities which weigh.
Enamoured wedding bells pay tribute steep,
Cannot compete with greener grass which grows
Mid weeds familiarity breeds cheap,
Across time's span as marriage licence shows.
Underhand some act, some, pressured, bow
Dismissing trust stretched into obligation
Expecting much, most little give, while now
Creates chance glance and starry-eyed sensation.
My sentiments stray not, forever stay
Consistent with one nameless, come what may!

Sonnet CCIX

Most mortals magnify role-models, by
Appearance judge, buy into vain attempt,
Uncertainties mask shame, brush brash, rely,
Depend on bias, by us held contempt.
Errant nondescripts change scripts for scraps,
Compensation's self-contained rewards
Massage sots' scalps with wishful-thinking caps,
As fools' gold brief relief crass ass affords.

Understatement is our golden rule
Describing zephyr weather wild withstands.
Ever mild, true beauty's child must fuel
Creative passions, activate all glands.
Mountains out of molehills others make,
Chide them compared to one who soul can slake.

Sonnet CCX

Murmurs merge, surge to majestic swell
As organ music pulling out all stops,
Underlying themes may surface, tell
Deep sounds profound. Neutrality soon drops.
Echo effervesces, ripples out
Confounding energies, stocked, locked, asleep,
Modest moderations up the spout,
All groundless found as inspiration's leap
Unleashes energies from springboard base
Defying gravity's restraining hold,
Exception shows new rules those old replace;
Case proves two, cold apart, conjoined, grow bold.
My prose through you turns rose, scent sent shows sweet
Complicity whose current flood flows fleet.

Sonnet CCXI

Mention Maude, all admiration's boundless
As Milky Way, each star's mind's mirrored gem
Untamed by time, from them mined rhymes must stem -
Depth, height and breadth dimensions vast as soundless.
Enthralled yet fearing such emotions, sending
Commitments' signals out in all directions
Mind hesitates, too steeped in phase ascending,
Afeared outcome stemming from rejections.
Under pressure prestidigitation,
Deft sleight of mind, may conjure quite outstanding

Evidence that this double agitation
Can - circumstances, distance, notwithstanding -
Mutual show shift from phantom into bliss
Caught out by contradictions, Love can kiss.

Sonnet CCXII

Meanings change when treadmill of translation
Amputates or adds especial layer
Unless end reader on examination
Digs deep to keep initial author's prayer.
Extrapolations offer explanation
Constrictive all too often where mind, player,
Makes way, through pointed gameplay, sound sensation,
Appointed means to end, aims punning fare.
Understanding interpenetration
Derives much hid from those devoid of flair,
Exception to the rule, you're inspiration
Compounding feeling's flare. None can compare.
Maude-tivation peerless poet's flame
Can fan, discarding sense of mortal fame.

Sonnet CCXIII

Mistakes were made before my muse appeared
As light-wave apparition, radar screen,
Unlit before, saw moving lights turn green,
Defying odds. Coincidence mists cleared.
Energy reciprocal regearred
Common sense, too prone to 'might have been',
Multiplied seeds fertile, set fresh scene.
Age and stagnation, once page/stage much feared,
Unnatural, rights' violation, weird,
Die unmourned, as isolation's Queen
Entertains fresh phase as spirit keen

Capacity and parity has cheered.
Mundane routine, too 'counterfeit' for growth,
Collapses... 'true to oneself's writes new oath.

Sonnet CCXIV

Mesmerised, mind safes splits from inside
As border lines redrawn may alter states,
Undammed are rivers, doors stream open wide,
Deriving strength as each reciprocates
Enchantment through a dialogue whose scope
Cannot be counted, limits drawn, defined,
Morsel cut from morsel, telescope
Advanced to scan synaptic state of mind.
Unspoken words need not be quantified,
Details fresh turn stale where talents twin
Every nuance added side by side
Creates new net, kaleidoscopic spin.
Much each may learn through each, extending reach,
Charm spills to fill desires required to teach.

Sonnet CCXV

Man-made disasters strike as climate change
Adds to confusion, earthquakes, tidal waves,
Unloose traditions centuries should brave.
Danger threatens balance, free exchange.
Efforts are required to rearrange
Cause/effect priorities to save
Modern man from menacing close-shave
Aggression which could attack if not estrange
Usages from usefulness, derange
Definitions sacrosanct as grave
Extremities are reached, man might enslave.
Conditions worsen, world turns somewhat strange.
My universal garden spins round constant sun,
Consistent beacon beckons story spun.

Sonnet CCXVI

Many reasons ring their warning bells
Aware spun seasons highlight twilight poor.
Unheeded tease these please, for who'd withdraw
Defeated from fresh fields your story tells?
Eternal quest's fulfilled. Without you Hell's
Colder than cold's zero absolute.
Most fail to recognize love's magic flute,
Accept vain compromise, pain's sighs joy quells.
Uncertainties they swallowed as, pell-mell,
Divided pair's preferred to loneliness,
Entails life's tale's hard knocks, they nonetheless
Continue aimless game, fear to rebel.
Miracle: Maude's Pierian Spring
Comforts well from stings harsh Fates may bring.

Sonnet CCXVII

Medused, my muse continues on its course,
An automatic geared-up overdrive,
Used to refuse, finds fusion, blind remorse
Departs dispelled, new dawn re-spelled, alive.
Entirely is this metamorphosis
Coeval with reciprocal exchange
Meeting expectations high whose bliss
At last explores, out-reaches, former range.
Under suspended sentence joy persists
Despite all odds, breasts current current's flow,
Enjoys the present's presence-presents, lists
Complicity that none before could know.
Mind Mirage dream? Reality Fate kills?
Come what may, today ten lifespans fills!

Sonnet CCXVIII

Method shines through madness, sonnet strain
Assuages cares as carpe diem's call -
Unique opportunity's cusp plain -
Defuses traps to choose love's waterfall.
Experience exceeds imagination,
Could verse define what everything surpasses,
More than Pi's decimals my pagination
Adds reams to dreams that scoff at tinted glasses.
Unlimited in length each second's thought
Defying second-thoughts is seen extended,
Events, set scenes that seem a moment caught
Can last forever, surf time's seas befriended.
Muons to electrons won't decline
Convinced right royal rays stretch out outline.

Sonnet CCXIX

Styx shan't swallow, hours devour, dream soul
Alzheimer Acheron dam neuronal stream,
Nor can Charon's ferry parable
Give credence to dusk dimming golden gleam.
Tired Dis dismissed to mists where once he dwelt,
Overthrown, repines, while Proserpine
May spring release from quarantine mis[s]_dealt,
Apt prose may lose, choose rose whose sweets divine
Must musty seem compared to present s[c]ent
Across time's range in instant propogation
Upending Einstein's theories - your ascent
Defying 'grav_id_tease' acceleration.
Exquisite as this sonnet's lines appear,
Consummate worth through unique birth shines clear.

Sonnet CCXX

Camille call me to asthma's ills a prey,
Or Alice, into 'drink me' Wonderland,
Role I'd assume wholeheartedly each day,
Rescued by your loving care, warm hand.
In Amber's glue find safety from decay.
Ever where Axel axle spins wheel band
Rolls on towards adventures none delay.
A sum of all I'd be, four seasons spanned,
Surpassing all joys known within life's play,
Mingling all these elements I'd stand
Against Time, Tide, to ride beside you, stay
Unstraying, faithful friend, who'll understand
Destiny brought both of us together,
Empathy unswayed by formal tether.

Sonnet CCXXI

Moment seize, life's opportunities
Are seldom freely offered once again,
Uninvited guest's jests grant fresh breeze
Draw curtains open, soothing former pain.
Emotions' oceans swell, well spirit frees
Clogged arteries, no catheters remain,
Mind finds rebirth through sharing qualities,
And nothing ever goes against the grain.
Unneeded are vain ambiguities,
Defenses fall, discarding rampart reign,
Eliminating reins, tight guarantees,
Constrictive 'priorities' seen vain.
Magic butter spreads life's bread, joy's jam
Counts more than logic's 'I think thus I am'!

Sonnet CCXXII

Mighty fall, all dust returns to dust
As pride's joy-ride proves vain, life's flame departed.
Uncertain is our sojourn, iron's rust
Describes swift cycle's spin before it's started.
Effervescence, foaming at the mouth,
Makeshift bubbles evanescent blows
Away where no-one knows, East, West, North, South.
Unworthiness pares pomp, hour's power lids close.
Despair in turn prepares for disappointment,
Efforts vain, pain plain, refrain cut short,
Most fail to meet their goals, keep youth's appointment,
AUguries by contradictions caught.
Despite profanum vulgus' anguished cries
Each rule finds one exception rules defies!

Sonnet CCXXIII

Modicum of sense bears witness we
Appear apart as man is to the moon.
Unworthy I of your eyes' symphony,
Dreams draw my moth to butterfly's cocoon.
Enchanted by bright light my write reflects -
Connections linking Mars to Venus' realm -
Makes fantasy reel real in fact, elects
A sparkling pole star set to steer hope's helm.
Under, over, through famed needle's eye,
Desire's humped camel enters heaven's gate,
Entertaining expectations high,
Content with what sense can't extrapolate.
May extra-sensory perception show
Confirmed osmosis, interactive flow?

Sonnet CCXXIV

Make fairyland from rocky start to
Advancing, wings unfurled, to greet new dawn,
Uniting hopes and dreams, fears put to scorn
Delight shines bright, osmosis fresh glows, sows
Enchantment where one might say shells would close,
Chose to shun outward shows while heart forlorn
Mocked self-sustaining fantasy, would mourn
Amazing grace deprived of love's dew flows.
US may YOU/ME replace as heart's heart knows
Divinity, where two, divided, torn,
Expected little, giving much. Reborn
Connections linked, two, close, may blooms unclosed.
Meter, rhyme, combine with feelings rich,
Change destiny from dread's bled threads' cross stitch.

Sonnet CCXXV

Man's life turns strife, joy earns, and then to bed,
Another chance may not be guaranteed
Unto false, true, last who thinks he's ahead,
Denied are whims which speed sham mirage bleed.
Edition cannot be reprinted giving
Consistent inks, initial author's hand,
Moments lost cannot return forgiving,
As beauty worn, torn by mixed duty's banned.
Unused osmosis spurned by reason's treason,
Duplicity reduplicating hell,
Emotions cancels out to snuff Spring's season,
Compromised, rebirth forgets to spell.
My voice maintains your right to walk your way
Choice your's remains, unstained support shall stay.

Sonnet CCXXVI

More dear than words appear for me you'll be
As long as sands withstand tide's ebb and flow
Unquantifiable each quality
Distinguishes from others' come and go.
Emerging wings shed thorn stings from sweet rose,
Complexity turns simple when sweet scents
Miraculous cocoon metamorphose -
A boon drawn up at 'dawn of days' events.
Uneven as rhyme's meter must appear
Driven by heart which charts no boundaries,
Externals show slight tithes of what shines clear:
MAGnificence whose mirrored mysteries
Untie time's thrall, true call perpetuate.
DEscent's unknown in modesty's estate!

Sonnet CCXXVII

Moderation seems so out of place
As where she walks hawks stare up in surprise,
Unused to mortals soaring through their space
Drawn by Hyperion's chariot in the skies.
Expectations high hope's heart shows here,
Merit earned through inner aptitude.
Acute, bright mind articulate shines clear,
Uniting equity and attitude,
Daring fate to reinstate points dear
Equally to heart and head, for one
May fail to function if its twin can't cheer
Alike true motives, task successful run,
Unpaired, objectives stumble, can't be gained.
DEstiny's success? Progress unchained.

Sonnet CCXXVIII

My one half celebrates our meeting's near
And yet my other fears the tears of fear.
Undoubting, one lives US as heaven's writ,
Deterred the other by too perfect fit,
Each part completes the other's whole,
Completely each defeats void's empty hole,
Made one by destined synchronicity,
Maid Man ban 'ran', scan fans complicity
As natural for flowing through twinned soul
Unsure, yet too aware two can't be sole.
Dance catalyzed by chance shows love's pure state
Enhanced by 'wait', scorns concomitant weight.
Contradictions sweet sound beat for rhyme,
Make light of distance, down beat jealous Time.

Sonnet CCXXIX

Maude's sixty days my sixty years have swept
Away as if Time's flow iced floe had frozen.
Upparalleled warmth, tenderness, have kept
Deep joys intact. Fact, fancy, freely chosen,
Evolve as one, won through chance dance advance
Conjugating synchronicity
Most must delight though some observe askance
Absence may make the heart grow fonder, see
Unpenetrable 'God's' ways which move towards
Dark end or light? Mere mortals all ignore.
Errors, terrors past, umbilical cords
Cut though by [s]words preparing future soar.
Muse if this music prove love's food our play
Creates momentum to defeat Time's sway.

Sonnet CCXXX

Morn's haze through midday's blaze to twilight glaze,
All roads roam homewards where mind finds release.
Unswervingly towards one sought thoughts raise
Dreams drawn to real reel redefining 'peace'.
Emotions' oceans swirl around our planet
Currents criss-cross counter_clock wise fools,
Mock pre-definitions 'sound', aground. None plan it
An answer found heart fans and never cools.
Underpinning all, yet all above,
Destiny spins through cause and effect
Eliminating barricades as love
Challenges presuppositions wrecked
Mid embers phoenix surges from to show
Complicity far further well may flow.

Sonnet CCXXXI

Man's life is strife or joy, and then to bed,
Another chance may not be guaranteed
Unto false, true, - last who thinks he's ahead,
Denied are whims which shim, from mirage bleed.
Edition cannot be reprinted giving
Consistent ink for eager author's hand,
Moments lost cannot return forgiving
As beauties torn by duties wrinkles brand.
Unused osmosis spurned by reason's treason,
Duplicity reduplicating hell,
Emotions cancels out to snuff Spring's season,
Compromised, rebirth forgets to spell.
My voice maintains your right to walk your way
Choice your's remains, unstained support shall stay.

Sonnet CCXXXII

Voi che sapete... You Who Know

Many levels interface to sing
A magic tune which links heart, mind, may chart
Unexplored hope's map as, à la carte,
Dreams complement sole soul-search, somehow bring
Exquisite happiness to everything.
Mundanity shines gilt, guilt shed, - fresh start
As 'Art for [He]Art's sake' links two once apart,
United parts sews destiny whose spring
Draws threads together, weaving spells to string
EMotions into wave bands Cupid's dart
Arrows over buttressed walled rampart,
Under defensive moats, to salve Time's sting.
Dew laden wings can surf fresh dawn, find flight,
Enchantment conjur, bearing trust's true light.

CCXXXIII

Retrospective Review

May verse capture the rapture of living,
And giving, forgiving, combine,
Understanding disbanding misgiving,
Dream reels fuse real world, feels words align
Expanding soul's consciousness finding
CORpus delicti judgements unfounded,
'RIght' 'wrong' from Fate's wheel reel unwinding,
ERASing all flaws, soar unbounded!

Sonnet CCXXXIII

MAil sends signals, from mall mail relays
Unsuspected stimulation, plays
Dreams with real, and real with dreams, relays
England, France advance, enjoy croquet's
Mondo multi-modal interplays
Amusing sings, brings happiness, wings' days
Unused are over, joy prepares fresh phase.
DElenda est Carthago is the phrase!
Much could be said; as mud walled levée falls,
And who is played, who's player of the balls?
Unlooked for, these coincidences draw
Dear Cinderella from past's curtain calls.
Effortless this mountain-moving seems
Creating real from what before seemed dreams...

Sonnet CCXXXIV

Bridge over Troubled Water

Bridge of colours spans the years
Responding to shared tune on cue
In light and laughter keys into
Dreams' hopes for scope. Grey disappears.
Glow grows, tomorrows free from fears
Extend through unveiled planes that few
Or none else know. Constraints melt too!
Voyage duet hearts' wonder hears,
Echoes return to welcome ears
Responding with joy overdue.
TROUbadour threads song sincere,
BLED heart's quite healed, bright crystal clear.
WAs wait worthwhile? Touchée? Emue?
TERse verse here ends with thoughts of you.

CCXXXV

Fairies Glitter - Dark light returns with shared insight

If fair stars glitter in my eyes from you they're sent 'tis no surprise.
Magic unfurled in stilly night, imagination's wings, free flight,
Advance beyond life's present plight, to share with you new world's delight.
Unusual lustre in my eyes from you reflects as bright sunrise
Deft spins earth's orbit's winning skies, dark light returns with shared insight.
Each 'twenty-four' speed [s]print as one, see fairy's task is never done!

If fair stars' sparkle represents tenderness where each assents,
May verse returned to sender's plane retain the quintessential plain,
All's well, remains, each heart sustains through to, from, each, pane eases pains.
Unforeseen our recompense as new dreams span both 'whither' 'whence'
Dispersing day's incompetence, these energies increase, intense,
Effacing care and worries, one from two may spring, from struggles, fun.

If scintillation smoothes away the fuss, the cuss of dusty day,
Mending rays send fey touch bright, beam aura gold which somehow might
As epidemic, spread aright, for world polluted care, heal quite.
Unlooked for glister sent from you to you returns through interplay.
Dawn day prepares to permeate two tender hearts that chart shared Fate,
Enchanted future cycle's spun through me in you, through you in me, can't be
undone.

CCXXXVI

Enhanced Impressions

May [s]he fill heart with laughter, light,
Advance, words weaving soft delight,
Unwind minds' blindness so two might
Dive through each other's strength, find flight
Effacing walled calls dark as night,
MAUrauders tempting, flying kite.
Defy all mirage motions trite, -
Emotions share that naught need blight?

May [s]he fright shadows, hither bend
Arms into waiting arms to tend
Unending welcome friend as friend
DEstined, in time with rhyme, to mend
MALadies, passing cares, and end
Unbecoming bars, append
Due joy as on shared quest two wend

Enchantment bright as joys ascend.

May [s]he see past time's veil tonight
A message clear, both dear and bright,
Unwavering image infinite.
DElight may two as one unite
MAGic enhanced by second sight,
Unrealing magic spells excite
Dumb to speech tender, selenite
Entrances, open view seems right.

May [s]he to far horizons lend
AUreate prospect and extend
Dreams to real reel, as two transcend
Evanescent spendthrift spend.
MARCH hand in hand and recommend
Unceasing tenderness fair friend.
Days to years sans tears here penned,
Enhanced impressions twin souls blend.

CCXXXVII Riddle my Riddle Dear Watson

My first of four now hard, now soft appears,
A part of whole which then may move to tears,
Unmoved before, in mist it disappears,
DEscent rise follows, changes engineers.
My second spins around as satellite
And from land's end scans out to see the light,
Used dust to dust through dust returns to write
DEtailed tale of Man's mistaken might.
My third flaws all that fights its flowing cause,
Assures no pause resists engulfing maws,
Unstintingly draws air without a pause
DEvouring trees, sweet honey bees, and floors.
My fourth blows forth to North, South, East and West,
Arrested never, almost always blessed
Unless its zest unrest spreads, topples nest,
DEstiny's quest jest crests at its behest.

My all spells one whose parts all four include,
And from those parts four further draws fair brood.

Up past, fast forwards by fell Time pursued.
DEpend on it: soon ends rhymed interlude.
My four withdrawn no further four could thrive,
And if one's absent few'd remain alive,
Understanding double riddle, strive
DEcode both four in hand, at hand, band drive.

Sonnet CCXXXVIII

Fresh Dimensions

Magic passion lifts aloft life's song,
As love's light flexes butterfly-bright wings,
Unchains hope's scope, reclaims aims' heartfelt rings,
Dreams forward stream, finds feelings fair and strong.
Enigmas are resolved - false right, true wrong -
Curb rash rush to judgement, insight brings
On innate understanding, softly sings
Revealing fresh dimensions where "belong"
Real empathy may entertain, prolong.
Invite proactive flight free from kite strings,
Exile Time's aggression, salve past stings -
Response sees through all torture-mirage tongs
Attains new plane where each from each learns much,
Spins sentiments meant to enhance shared touch.

Sonnet CCXXXIX

Mountains into molehills melt
As steps towards enlightened dream,
Unclear at first, may later seem
Drawn up by fate. Emotions felt,
Empowerment with cards well dealt,
Contrary winds disperse, joy's beam
May filter through black walls, blocked scheme,
And blows aimed low below the belt.
Unfair conditions in die Welt
Delight defuses, hope on stream
Ends anguish, loss of self-esteem,

Comfort challenged, doubts indwelt.
Muse's music, meditation may
Create conditions to defeat dismay.

Sonnet CCXL

More than before she finds felicity
At hand, within, without, without a doubt.
Unfortunate conditions round about
Divert attention from her need to key
Emotions into opportunity,
Coalescing energy to flout
Man made blocks, internal locks, whose rout
Appears essential for heart's harmony.
Unperturbed, frustration fought, she
Defeats dismay, demands free flight. Love's drought
Ends offering expansion, joy throughout.
Coincidence coins serendipity.
Meaning, which below horizon hid,
Comes clear: fears, tears, fade, open inner lid!

Sonnet CCXLI

Momentum Creative

Momentous wave laves Past, swept fast to sea,
As former reference-points no sense retain,
Unexpected sentiments unstained
Defy tried definitions, time, place, we
Extend with superficiality.
Momentum since not only's been maintained,
Accelerates increases, soars sustained,
Unblocking time-locked sensitivity
Denied as sense of self, of sin, to flee.
Excitement's impetus each day's regained,
Mists clear, sensations sear soul, brain, unfeigned,

Acceptance seeks no pre-conditioned key.
Urgency is dissipated, trust
DEepens daily, gold creates from dust...

27 Mai 2008
Sonnet CCXLII

Many options chance codes choice modes sow,
Although what meets the eye needs second-sight
Undoing ill that second-thoughts may show
DEspairing seeker after answers bright.
Much harm is done when wishful thinking mocks
Advancing voice or crystal image which
Unlocks outlook unfortunate or blocks
DEsired outcome grieving heart would stitch.
Most roads rejoin itinerary pre-traced,
As cause and consequence are intertwined,
Use or abuse of options haste waste chased,
DEtermines more than mortal mind may find
Confined within fate's eye-ball wishing well
Creating mirror heaven or hell could spell...

Sonnet CCXLII

My name Amphora, by life's teeming beach
Am for her waiting. Open sesame!
Unlocked am I allowing her to reach
Deep down to taste stored serendipity.
Echoes pulsate, surf resonates, see sea's
Murmur key to, through, pure essence, stir
A treasure only she may measure, seize
Unlimited exchange as sweet as myhrr.
Destiny, uncertain though it seems,
Enchanting opportunity creates,
Magic bridge between the land of dreams

And second state reality relates,
Underpinning all affection shines
DEpending on I'm for her in these lines

Sonnet CCXLIII

How Has Affection Come

How has affection come
On bottle surfed to shore,
What soul-song once struck dumb
Has blossomed more and more.
Anguish to joy succumb!
Sensations Spring restore.
Awaited long, hope's hum
Feels, unconcealed, heals core
FETtered, heart's conundrum
Ceases to weigh rapports,
TIEs no more knots, love's crumb
ON life's table's turned delicious
COunters prudence suspicious,
MEtamorphosis propitious...

Sonnet CCXLIV

To A...Muse

May neither time nor tide upon your Muse
Abide for long but long for music more,
Unreeling `til eternity a score
DEclining years cannot erase, abuse.
Many seek to speak but Chance can't choose
Another whose as sensitive, whose core

Unmoved remains, resistant to Time's maw,
DEar, modest, understates the role her views
Must play within our universal glues
As bridge between 'I thought', 'I sought' encore.
Under that bridge stream flows to Eden's shore,
DEsire 'acceptance' draws from past 'refuse'.
MAsterpiece 'Unstable' modifies,
DERides blocks, barricades, unlocks joy's skies.

Sonnet CCXLV

Transparent

Mastery of rhyme and rhythm here
Accompanies true creativity,
Unreels and reinforces pattern key
Describing white on black much heart holds dear.
Explicit line line follows, signals clear
Must mock all superficiality -
As Muse with music tunes so all sense, see,
Unchallenged sings true poet's inner ear,
Depth draws, new meanings gleaning, as, sincere,
Eternity meets authenticity.
MAUDlin expressions banished, light may be
Everlastingly shared, shall never wear.
May this be the beginning, not the end,
Masks fall, all questions answered, links extend.

19th July 2008

Sonnet CCXLVI

Mermaid cavern 'neath the swirling sea
Asphixiates or offers oxygen,
Uses air or brings it back again
Depending on soul's authenticity.
Echoed heart fresh start may chart, feel free
Creating through new insight 'yond the ken
Most can key into state where paper pen
And thoughts unite as reciprocity
Unbiased flows to serendiptiy.
Depth shatters superficial brakes 'why? ' 'when? '
Eden rediscovers, sings amen.
Come heed Pope - Alexander - quoted, he
Marks 'little learning may intoxicate,
Complete immersion serves to liberate.'

Sonnet CCXLVII

Song shows that valentine spreads from July
Along each month to star[t] and end each year,
Nor need heartbroken tears e'er more appear.
Growth seeds truth's passion, soul's respect. Goodbye
Thoughts spiteful or malicious, earn salt sigh.
Open ended invitation shows here
Much joy, no artifice employs, my dear,
Affords redemption from past fears' failed try.
Glad serve one passion, soul's respect apply.
Thoughts spiteful, drear, malicious draw teared sigh.
Open-ended invitation is shown here.
Much joy, no artifice employs, my dear,
Affords redemption from past. Fears defy!
May future happiness, prepared, deny

All who self-compromise, 'forgiveness' spear
Urging Nth chance though acts stay far from clear.
Destiny comforts love whose head's held high.
Enchantment undisputedly sets scene:
Could extra lines add anything unseen?

Sonnet CCXLVIII

Leman Lemon Relativity

May 'rose' today, tomorrow symbolize
All once pomegranate represented?
Unthorned, unexpected rose' demise,
Destiny preferring lemon scented?
Eternity bears witness as time flies
Many former meanings are repented
As generation challenges, defies,
'Universal truths' plinths uncemented.
Defining lemon love we recognize
Evolution ever discontented,
Modifies, old favorites downsized,
As newer fight for light misrepresented,
Unsatisfactory in any guise,
DEfinitions, reputations dented.

Sonnet CCXLIX

Mars and Venus, meeting, sought to merge
Atmospheres around a common theme,
Unfortunately sharp paradox's surge
Defied their good intentions, shattered scheme.
Ephemeral engagement into shell
Made haste to shelter, compromising much,
Ambiance electric, ardour's spell
Unsustained appeared to sight and touch.
Destiny: 'to be or not to be'
Evanescence effervescence showed,
Mutual attraction's entry fee
Appeared too high, however gold dreams glowed.

Unsatisfied, will orbits spun apart,
Declined seems invitation heart to heart.

Sonnet CCXLIX BIS

Time is the key for a lasting story

Joyful circles, spinning, fed, spread ripples,
One April day when Vénus saw Mars' dance,
Noted nothing strange as magic chance
Advanced, air blew uniting two soul spells.
Tenderness mocked universal laws,
Hearts raced, horizon clear sought linear
Affection, shivers' unburnt pure fire here.
Nature whispered, Vénus' ears found cause
Responding to Attraction's dazzling power.
One change remained to print her page with joy
Before her blush with Mars both could enjoy:
Ideal of self-acceptance, hour to flower.
No hesitation then her page would mar -
Mars' nights and days she'd share beneath love's star.

Maude Corrieras 22 September 2008

Sonnet CCL

Shall we still interact if at your door
A daily tribute is no longer found?
Next month meet rich rhymes scorned as orphans poor?
Grieve evanescent echoes underground?
The dream to gleam as team, live, die for you,
Over, could I feel? Each playful tune
Must atrophy, ignored, believed untrue,
As bloom doom sent beneath June's judgment moon?
May rhymes translate into eternity?
Are miracles maintained by mirage brain?

Urgent hope wars against great odds, seeks key
Duet no Callas could interpret. Pain,
Expelled from Eden, would ensue if rhyme
Charmed, bright today, falls prey to callous Time ...

Magic Charm's Promised Land

I've further trekked than sunny Spain,
Greece, Oslo, Cairo, Rome,
to the Marquesas, back again,
praised sunsets polychrome.
From Newfoundland to Winnipeg
in Canada ice cold,
Atlanta, Phoenix, Vegas leg
adventured U.S. bold,
yet ne'er before soul sought to gain
new found land underneath starred dome
than when eyes glanced at eyes again
discovering safe home.

.
On oceans free from tummy pain
I've braved storm winds' flecked foam,
yet never seen such comely reign -
more sweet than honeycomb -
as sapphire [e]Yes which melt will, brain:
the subject of this po'm,
the dream of men since Abel, Cain,
wherever, when, they roam,
Time's sting retains no mortal pain.
as roads return to Rome,
as serendipity sheds rein
as barricades dissolve,
hope homes to roost free from base bane
as questions answers solve.

.
Much have I travelled overbold
through rea[l]ms of coloured dreams,
with insight sought what can't with gold
be bought - of light's pure beam
the essence and delight, behold!
In iris fair there gleams

both past and future forward bowled
with incandescent steam,
an energy so long foretold -
hope which to hope did seem
lost, lost until her fire did fold
my heart in fee, I deem.
Here eyes surprise sighs hot and cold,
can Paradise redeem!

.
For centuries adoring throats
sing praise, seek golden band,
pursue frail grail, or sow wild oats
while countless grains of sand
are ground by time and tide whose boat
so many lives must strand.
Yet one to whom all would devote
existence, faith refanned,
in Nice and Montreal fresh coat
lends - spritely saraband.
Above dark Lethe she shall float
Time's stings, bark's rings withstand ...

.
For centuries wise scholars wrote
about some promised land,
they'd often reinvent, misquote
pale rumours secondhand.
For centuries kin[gs] kin[gs] have smote
to win vain beauty's hand,
if these could be reborn their vote
unanimous would stand
for magic charm on whom all dote,
they'd fail to understand
why they beforehand cared a groat
for others with praise bland.
These rhymes remove doubt's overcoat -
spontaneous, unplanned.

27 September 2008

Post Scriptum

Judge not a book by cover royal blue
Or yet by tooling gilt, rag leaves tight pressed,
Nor yet by age which wagers as Time's fool,
As these soon pass to follow all the rest.
Therefore mistrust the critics – if they knew
Had not they written such by self impressed,
Afore their narrow gauge tracked Lethe's queue.
Now is forever, taste which seemed the best
Rejoins lost fads forgot by fashions new,
Or hid, unseen, untouched, as such unguessed,
Blind Justice saw unfit for public view.
Is author great ex_spelling former g[u]est,
Now waits in wings it sings yet cannot cue.
Just sample here or there, no order's needed,
Recalling part by whole may be exceeded.

Jonathan ROBIN

Sonnet Cycle To M C After William Shakespeare

Sonnets Ci - Cxxx

[c] Jonathan Robin

Sang to M.C. Sonnet Cycle after William Shakespeare: Sonnets Sonnets LXXXI - C

CARE IS OUR DREAM

Sonnet Cycle after William Shakespeare:

Shakespeare Sonnet CI

O truant Muse, what shall be thy amends
For thy neglect of truth in beauty dyed ?
Both truth and beauty on my love depends;
So dost thou too, and therein dignified.
Make answer, Muse: wilt thou not haply say,
Truth needs no colour, with his colour fixed;
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay;
But best is best, if never intermixed ?
Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb ?
Excuse not silence so, for 't lies in thee
To make him much outlive a gilded tomb
And to be prais'd of ages yet to be.
Then do thy office, Muse; I teach thee how
To make him seem long hence as he shows now.

Sonnet CI

Speak truant Muse, how may you make amends
After neglecting truth in beauty dyed ?
Need we repeat our aims must coincide,
Goes not true love to both, on both depend ?
Thus fond, fond, Muse, wave wand, respond, unbend,
Of truth Truth needs no colour, colour fixed,
Moreover counterfeit praise can't be mixed
As pen Fate's tender trend intends, fair friend.

Mute others' praise, ground down to darkest tomb,
Adoration one alone deserves
Until the end of Time, of light's bright curves,
Dumb silence greets pretenders' barren womb.
Eternal sum mum whose sun cannot set
Call Future follows, dreams on maid unmet.

Shakespeare Sonnet CII

My love is strengthen'd, though more weak in seeming;
I love not less, though less the show appear:
That love is merchandised whose rich esteeming
The owner's tongue doth publish every where.
Our love was new, and then but in the spring,
When I was wont to greet it with my lays;
As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,
And stops her pipe in growth of riper days:
Not that the summer is less pleasant now
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,
But that wild music burthens every bough
And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.
Therefore, like her, I sometime hold my tongue,
Because I would not dull you with my song.

Sonnet CII Strophe

Strong gleams love's dream although no strength is seeming,
As love's not less though less its shine appears,
Nor is love rich which ethics mines, esteeming
Guarantees need broadcast far and near.
True tenderness once blossomed in the Spring -
One season's joy, of Rose and Nightingale -
Must mournful Winter's ice crop Love's flight wing
Appearance frozen, weary Time turned stale?
Mournful music burdens air both night
And day, while every bough's pinched by harsh frost,
Unallayed is agony, delight
Dumb, hung, while one can never count the cost.
Elsewhere men hold their tongues: love, which seemed strong,
Collapses into torture storied song.

Shakespeare Sonnet CII

My love is strengthen'd, though more weak in seeming;
I love not less, though less the show appear:
That love is merchandised whose rich esteeming
The owner's tongue doth publish every where.
Our love was new, and then but in the spring,
When I was wont to greet it with my lays;
As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,
And stops her pipe in growth of riper days:
Not that the summer is less pleasant now
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,
But that wild music burthens every bough
And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.
Therefore, like her, I sometime hold my tongue,
Because I would not dull you with my song.

Sonnet CII Anti-Strophe

Strong is love's song whatever light is gleaming,
As love's not less though less its beam appears,
Nor is love rich which Earth's worth mines, esteeming
G[u]ilt edged guarantees needs far and near.
True tenderness this year may come to bloom,
One accord affords adored elation,
May reincarnation twinned tracks resume,
Announcing shared cake's [spl]icing celebration
Metamorphis brings coronation
As love through sharing links to lasting light.
US, transcending bubble reputation,
Destiny fulfills, thrills with blessings clear.
Embraced is praise from which none may abstain,
Cause none need plead again, from you springs gain.

Shakespeare Sonnet CIII

Alack! what poverty my Muse brings forth,
That having such a scope to show her pride,
The argument, all bare, is of more worth
Than when it hath my added praise beside!
O! blame me not, if I no more can write!
Look in your glass, and there appears a face
That over-goes my blunt invention quite,
Dulling my lines and doing me disgrace.

Were it not sinful then, striving to mend,
To mar the subject that before was well ?
For to no other pass my verses tend
Than of your graces and your gifts to tell;
And more, much more, than in my verse can sit,
Your own glass shows you when you look in it.

Sonnet CIII

Scope for self-pride's apparent in this work
Adapting truth to trace lace transient whim.
Narcissism jars, parts start to irk,
Ghosting Shakespearean stanzas neat and trim.
Though rosy cheeks and figures fair attract
On days of joy till usage cloy's love's verse,
My Dear, 'Why butter bread?' you'd ask with tact,
As understatement only sounds perverse.
Mistrust these rambling lines which only err
Attempting to improve on peerless grace,
Unchallenged are your talents, all prefer
Dreaming upon one face, spurn others' trace.
Exquisite gifts! This mirror magic's tame
Compared to charmed perfection verse can't frame.

Shakespeare Sonnet CIV

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were when first your eye I eyed,
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold
Have from the forests shook three summer's pride,
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turned
In process of the seasons have I seen,
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burned,
Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.
Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,
Steal from his figure, and no peace perceived;
So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceived:
For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred:
Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead.

Sonnet CIV

Seen through my eyes you never can grow old,

As you fare now, so fair you'll ever be.
No other named could dare compare, they're cold,
Glow on, outstanding depth and quality.
The rise and fall of seasons have I seen,
Of three years write, Time's flight defeated,
May theme's September's scene, green springs joy's sheen,
As round your will the Muses nine seem seated.
Magnificence mush challenge Time's advance
As clock stock still must stand for evermore,
Unless lunatic mind's entranced by chance
Delight and moonshine topsy turvy's turned brain's core.
Envy shall show, Past, Future, also-ran.
Compared, Today, all fall outside your span.

Shakespeare Sonnet CIV

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were when first your eye I eyed,
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold
Have from the forests shook three summer's pride,
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turned
In process of the seasons have I seen,
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burned,
Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.
Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,
Steal from his figure, and no peace perceived;
So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceived:
For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred:
Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead.

Sonnet CIV BIS

Seen through love's eyes you never shall grow old,
As flourish nourished, blossom e'er in bloom.
Never worn though most mourn dawn drawn cold,
Give ground, unsound, live ringed around in gloom.
Three years the seasons' cycle damascene
Open engraved clime's rhyme on Time defeated,
May decays, age preys, yet you stay green.

Applause is due, bemused, no Muse, stays seated.
Maybe your glory might bewitch my mind
Add Maude to 'Tempus fugit! ', it stands still,
Unless delusion reigns and truth unkind
Denies you both eternal light and will.
Echo must future generations teach,
Convince true beauty lies beyond their reach.

Shakespeare Sonnet CV

Let not my love be called idolatry,
Nor my beloved as an idol show,
Since all alike my songs and praises be
To one, of one, still such, and ever so.
Kind is my love today, tomorrow kind,
Still constant in a wondrous excellence;
Therefore my verse, to constancy confined,
One thing expressing, leaves out difference.
'Fair, kind, and true' is all my argument,
'Fair, kind, and true' varying to other words;
And in this change is my invention spent,
Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords.
'Fair, kind, and true' have often lived alone,
which three till now never kept seat in one.

Sonnet CV

Spurn not love's bind as blind idolatry,
Assert not this ideal an idle show:
Now praise strong phrase expressing phases free,
Germane to one whose flow unique all know.
Thorn free fair friend, - a perfumed rose, sweet, kind,
Optimum of constant excellence.
My lines, no less to constancy confined,
Attest this truth, admit no difference.
Motto: fair, kind, and true's my unique theme
Attuned to three in one sets sonnets' scene,
Undercurrent constant to life's scheme:
Dear, note these three so seldom linked are seen.
Empress of all three alone you reign,
Complete fair, kind, AND true, come shine or rain.

Shakespeare Sonnet CVI

When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rime,
In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,
Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have expressed
Even such a beauty as you master now.
So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
And, for they looked but divining eyes,
They had not skill enough you worth to sing:
For we, which now behold these present days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

Sonnet CVI

Set into chronicles of perjured time
A chapter's added – all else shown as jest,
No explanations for their p[h]antomime
Gathered survive to leave one second-guessed.
Though rapid rises favour fast defeat,
Only through you Eternity's unreeled.
My shield of beauty, - brow, hands, lips, eyes, feet,
Appeals self-evident, truth unconcealed.
Many generations prophesied
As much divinity as you've revealed,
Unhappy all, their high hopes set aside,
Denied as until now you've been concealed.
Except we now, tongue-tied, with wonder gaze,
Can just adore what we're inapt to praise.

Shakespeare Sonnet CVII

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,
Can yet the lease of my true love control,
Supposed as forfeit to a confined doom.
The mortal moon hath her eclipse endured,
And the sad augurs mock their own presage;

Incertainties now crown themselves assured,
And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
Now with the drops of this most balmy time
My love looks fresh, and Death to me subscribes,
Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor rime,
While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes:
And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.

Sonnet CVII

Still will this fancy stay your monument
Although the seasons leapfrog through the years
Nor does it matter if its argument
Greeted be by spite from jealous peers.
True love relates, can't mutilate these thoughts,
Offered as overture to symphony.
Matter small withal if I'm thought caught
As fly within a self-made web for free.
My love shines bright while Death draws near to me,
Alas through global warming one grows chill,
Untold her story's glory, mine soon memory
Descends to dark according to His will.
Egoist, I'd seek a monument
Corresponding to that which she's sent.

Shakespeare Sonnet CVIII

What's in the brain, that inks may character,
Which hath not figured to thee my true spirit ?
What's new to speak, what new to register,
That may express my love, or thy dear merit ?
Nothing, sweet boy; but yet, like prayers divine,
I must each day say o'er the very same;
Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
Even as when first I hallowed thy fair name.
So that eternal love in love's fresh case
Weighs not the dust and injury of age,
Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,
But makes antiquity for aye his page;
Finding the first conceit of love there bred,

Where time and outward form would show it dead.

Sonnet CVIII

Symbols show true character, should ink
Admiration, spirit, brain, portrayed.
New aspects nonetheless remain I think
Glad serve one passion, one respect rich paid.
Theme, though repeated through these sonnets played,
Old offers vestments new, which, coloured pink
Make clear romance returns to one with wink,
Appetite enhancing unafraid.
Memory no tricks plays where love's true,
Alternatives denies from youth to age,
Unseen are wrinkles in fair one I'd woo,
Defied is Time, love, constant, eyes neat page.
Evidence undisputed, you're elite,
Crème de la crème, conceit fleet flees fair feat.

Shakespeare Sonnet CIX

O, never say that I was false of heart,
Though absence seemed my flame to qualify.
As easy might I from myself depart
As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie:
That is my home of love: if I have ranged,
Like him that travels, I return again;
Just to the time, not with the time exchanged,
So that myself bring water for my stain.
Never believe, though in my nature reigned
All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
That it could so preposterously be stained,
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good;
For nothing this wide universe I call,
Save thou, my rose; in it thou art my all.

Sonnet CIX

Say never, fair, that I was false at heart,
Although forced absence seemed to qualify
No distances protest, you'll stay a part

Gigantic of existence, heart and eye
Triumph, confirm you have been from the start.
Our synapses did until now defy
Most normal comprehension. Neurones dart,
At last decode heart's symptoms on the fly.
Methinks though feeble, tainted in my ways,
At least I stay unstained by perjury
Understanding summum signs your days,
Deny who dares, you're everything to me.
Each object in the universe lacks worth!
Climbs other rose with you sun, sky, rain, earth?

Shakespeare Sonnet CX

Alas ! 'tis true I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to the view,
Gored my own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear.
Made old offences of affections new;
Most true it is that I have looked on truth
Askance and strangely; but, by all above,
These blenches gave my heart another youth,
And worse essays prov'd thee my best of love.
Now all is done, save what shall have no end:
Mine appetite I never more will grind
On newer proof, to try an older friend,
A god in love, to whom I am confined.
Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,
Even to thy pure and most loving breast.

Sonnet CX

So much, 'tis true, I've gadded here and there,
And played the fool, abused that play as tool,
Nor scrupled yet to trade though cupboard bare
Gambling `gainst Time, while stretching every rule.
Tis truth to say I've led a merry dance
Over the years, - yet here sincere I claim
May fresh page write itself - Past glance askance,
Approach shared future in a fairer frame.
My spendthrift past turns to one constant end,
Away won't stray with gourmand appetite,

Unswervingly I'll serve love's only friend,
Deferring to soul's flame, sole aim in sight.
Enchantress welcome my rest on your breast
Convinced my heaven's there – of all the best.

Shakespeare Sonnet CXI

O! for my sake do you with Fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means, which public manners breeds.
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand:
Pity me, then, and wish I were renewed;
Whilst like a willing patient, I will drink
Potions of eisel 'gainst my strong infection;
No bitterness that I will bitter think,
Nor double penance, to correct correction.
Pity me, then, dear friend, and I assure ye
Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

Sonnet CXI

Start and finish are for me the same
As henceforth I'll be ruled by soul's sole star,
Nourishment divine gleams from one flame,
Glows, pulsing flows, should we be near or far.
Thank you, charmed catalyst, whose magic spell
Once cast resuscitates a lasting hope,
Magic night-light on whom dreams must dwell –
Apart from you steps awkward prove, hands grope
Maintaining separate from you all taste
As bitter turns as life left from love stranded;
Unless your will's obeyed all gems show paste,
Double penance owed, caged prisoner branded.
Eternal goal: freed from the gaol of life,
Cure through your pity, joy replacing strife.

Shakespeare Sonnet CXII

Thy love and pity doth the impression fill

Which vulgar scandal stamped upon my brow;
For what care I who calls me well or ill,
So you o'er-green my bad, my good allow ?
You are my all-the-world, and I must strive
To know my shames and praises from your tongue;
None else to me, nor I to none alive,
That my steeled sense or changes right or wrong.
In so profound abysm I throw all care
Of others' voices, that my adder's sense
To critic and to flatterer stoppèd are
Mark how with my neglect I do dispense:
You are so strongly in my purpose bred,
That all the world besides methinks are dead.

Sonnet CXII

Scandal's stamped one image on my brow
As for no other care I well or ill,
Nectar's tart, tort where other claims allow,
Gold seems dull, you only dreams fulfill.
THE star you are, my ALL, your light I'd [le]earn,
On everything obedient to true tongue,
Mean nought all others, I to none could turn,
Alone your right must rule my right and wrong.
My sense of world's concerns has spun awry,
Aware of neither critic's, flatterer's noise,
Unique one spark whose flame may Time defy,
Despised all others, static which annoys.
Entire attention you attract, all else,
Can think me dead as I must think them false.

Shakespeare Sonnet CXIII

Since I left you my eye is in my mind;
And that which governs me to go about
Doth part his function and is partly blind,
Seems seeing, but effectually is out;
For it no form delivers to the heart
Of bird, of flower, or shape, which it doth latch:
Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,
Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch;
For if it see the rud'st or gentlest sight,

The most sweet favour, or deformed'st creature,
The mountain or the sea, the day or night,
The crow or dove, it shapes them to your feature -
Incapable of more, replete with you,
My most true mind thus maketh mine untrue.

Sonnet CXIII

Since first we spoke I woke in heart and mind;
And motivations moving me about
Now play their part, trace race once partly blind,
Go here and there, rule side-effects are out.
Thus mind's eye may identify no form
Of bird, of bloom, no shape save your's can catch
Mine eyes no objects common mind inform,
Always behind my mind I find your match.
Multiplied through everything I see,
All, from worm to angel, sea, earth, sky,
Unfading beauty duplicate, you're key
Deforming atoms to one portrait nigh,
Extending praise in phase, which phrase competes,
Converts true mind to lying truth completes.

Shakespeare Sonnet CXIV

Or whether doth my mind, being crowned with you,
Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery ?
Or whether shall I say, mine eyes saith true,
And that your love taught it this alchemy,
To make of monsters and things indigest
Such cherubins as you sweet self resemble,
Creating every bad a perfect best,
As fast as objects to his beams assemble ?
O! 'tis the first, 'tis flattery in my seeing,
And my great mind most kingly drinks it up:
Mine eye well knows what with his gust is 'greeing,
And to his palate doth prepare the cup:
If it be poisoned, 'tis the lesser sin
That mine eye loves it and doth first begin.

Sonnet CXIV

Such all-embracing qualities as these
Are rare when taken one by one, entire,
No other could combine, their source each sees
Glow daily greater, golden soul soars higher.
Their rays wide spectrum span, ride well beyond,
On all dimensions they expand Love's see,
My Dear none else inspires such timeless bond -
Alone here's s[h]own infinite alchemy.
My eyes can't fail to recognize charm's wine
A priceless vintage far from flattery,
Unequaled robe, bouquet, and taste divine
Deep ruby artistry beats artist's heart,
Exquisite, sweet, if poison, share the cup
Clear sight which hitherto wore mask drinks up.

Shakespeare Sonnet CXV

Those lines that I before have writ do lie,
Even those that said I could not love you dearer:
Yet then my judgement knew no reason why
My most full flame should afterwards burn clearer.
But reckoning Time, whose million'd accidents
Creep in 'twixt vows, and change decrees of kings,
Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,
Divert strong minds to the course of altering things;
Alas! why, fearing of Time's tyranny,
Might I not then say, 'Now I love you best, '
When I was certain o'er uncertainty,
Crowning the present, doubting of the rest ?
Love is a babe; then might I not say so,
To give full growth to that which still doth grow ?

Sonnet CXV

Such lines I wrote before scored outright lie,
Asserting I could never love you dearer:
Not knowing there'd be any reason why
Glad love's full flame could afterwards burn clearer.
Though now I know that Time's coincidence
Outweighs the rules of mice and men and kings,
Mars beauty's star, blunts keenest instruments,
Advancing strong minds into altering things.

My love, enthroned, disowns Time's tyranny
Announcing 'You're the one I love the best! '
Uncertainty is banished, fear's at sea,
Doubt doubts all doubt, though pessimists protest.
Endless time adds time to time in store,
Complicity whose flow grows more and more.

Shakespeare Sonnet CXVI

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O, no! it is an ever-fixèd mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to any wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

Sonnet CXVI

So do not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
New altered where it alteration finds,
Gagged where it is deemed prudent to remove.
Tempests may blow, an ever-fixèd mark,
Once found remains unshaken, laughs on foes
Magnet Star 'tis to each wandering bark,
A lighthouse braving Summer storms, Spring snows,
Mainstay steady although years melt to weeks,
All else in thrall to Death, doom's drum so cruel
Unswerving love shuns surface rose lips, cheeks,
Dares challenge Fate and yet is not Time's fool.
Erroneous this? if seen, upon me proved,
Could no man ever write, no man ever loved.

Shakespeare Sonnet CXVII

Accuse me thus: that I have scanted all
Wherein I should your great deserts repay,
Forgot upon your dearest love to call,
Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day;
That I have frequent been with unknown minds,
And given to time your own dear-purchased right,
That I have hoisted sail to all the winds
Which should transport me farthest from your sight.
Book both my wilfulness and errors down,
And on just proof surmise accumulate;
Bring me within the level of your frown,
But shoot not at me in your wakened hate;
Since my appeal says I did strive to prove
The constancy and virtue of your love.

Sonnet CXVII

Say that on others I have bent my eye,
Attention paid where slight was truly due,
Note this as error, proving by and by,
Granting all now begins, ends, friend, in you.
Thus chide me not that too much time is spent
On search for idle dreams, note too each fault, -
My need to write your name don't blame for[e] sent
Are instincts chiding take with pinch of salt.
Muse who's elect reproof cant justify
As twinned hearts bloom, win/win resume, assume
Unworthy are all others which the eye
Deems into orbit spins, they earn no room.
Eden's leaves spurn perjury, truth prove,
Can less than all stand, testify true love?

Shakespeare Sonnet CXVIII

Like as, to make our appetites more keen,
With eager compounds we our palate urge;
As, to prevent our maladies unseen,
We sicken to shun sickness when we purge;
Even so, being full of your ne'er-cloying sweetness,
To bitter sauces did I frame my feeling;
And, sick of welfare, found a kind of meetness
To be diseased, ere that there was true needing.
Thus policy in love, to anticipate

The ills that were not, grew to faults assured,
And brought to medicine a healthful state,
Which, rank of goodness, would by ill be cured;
But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,
Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.

Sonnet CXVIII

Some take, to make great appetites seem keen,
Additives to urge tongue's taste-buds surge.
Now others, when unwell, and illness purge
Grow careful of all malady unseen.
Thus I, when overwhelmed by sweetness rare
Opted for bitter physic's compensation,
Meet found it, fearing my elation's station,
As emptiness might follow joys too fair.
Most who through strategy anticipate
A disappointment, love betrayed, assure
Unfortunate fate they say they would deflate,
Denying trust mistrust must make more sure
Evidently one lesson learned holds true
Cured none may be who take no cue from you,

Shakespeare Sonnet CXIX

What potions have I drunk of Siren tears,
Distilled from limbecks foul as hell within,
Applying fears to hopes, and hopes to fears,
Still losing when I saw myself to win!
What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
Whilst it hath thought itself so blessèd never!
How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted,
In the distraction of this madding fever!
O benefit of ill! now I find true
That better is by evil still made better;
And ruined love, when it is built anew,
Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.
So I return rebuked to my content,
And gain by ill thrice more than I have spent.

Sonnet CXIX

What potions have I drunk of Siren tears,
Distilled from limbecks foul as hell within,
Applying fears to hopes, and hopes to fears,
Still losing when I saw myself to win!
What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
Whilst it hath thought itself so blessèd never!
How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted,
In the distraction of this madding fever!
O benefit of ill! now I find true
That better is by evil still made better;
And ruined love, when it is built anew,
Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.
So I return rebuked to my content,
And gain by ill thrice more than I have spent.

Sonnet CXIX

Still losing self when self I sought to win,
Applying fears to hopes, and hopes to fears,
Nor heeding prudence, lost in tables' spin,
Gad I adreaming he[a]r[t] through siren tears ?
True, timeless love, when shared through thick and thin
On time increases, envelopes the world, -
Made better, evil pales, forgiven sin
Admits Love's nest with pearled twinned doves encurled.
Mistrust mistrust! Why dock wings scaled to soar,
Apart from her there is no softer voice,
Unfelt discarded love may grow much more
Ne'er lack of harmony annuls free choice.
Ever I'll gain thrice more than she expends,
Constrained, rebuked, indulgent thrill tears mends.

Jonathan ROBIN

Sonnet Cycle To M C After William Shakespeare

Sonnets Lxxxi - C

[c] Jonathan Robin

Sang to M.C. Sonnet Cycle after William Shakespeare: Sonnets Sonnets LXXXI - C

CARE IS OUR DREAM

Sonnet Cycle after William Shakespeare:

Shakespeare Sonnet LXXXI

Or shall I live your epitaph to make,
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten;
From hence your memory death cannot take,
Although in me each part will be forgotten.
Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
Though I, once gone, to all the world must die:
The earth can yield me but a common grave,
When you entombed in men's eyes shall lie.
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read;
And tongues to be your being shall rehearse,
When all the breathers of this world are dead;
You still shall live, - such virtue hath my pen, -
Where breath most breathes, even in the mouths of men.

Sonnet LXXXI

Surviving, shall I your oration make,
And should you live, I earthed, ungrieved, berth rotten ?
New roses bloom, new names old claims forsake,
Gladness tomorrow leaves today forgotten.
Tide here upon this sonnet's steed to wake
On lyre ecstatic harmony's true tone -
Monument in verse Time's thirst should slake -

Awry its seat upon a nether throne.
Magnificent, eternally this verse
All future generations may inspire,
Unborn today, tomorrow shall rehearse,
Delightful name whose flame's olympic fire.
Example setting - souls soar, bodies sleep -
Climates may change, yet to all lips you'll leap.

Shakespeare Sonnet LXXXI

Or shall I live your epitaph to make,
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten;
From hence your memory death cannot take,
Although in me each part will be forgotten.
Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
Though I, once gone, to all the world must die:
The earth can yield me but a common grave,
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And tongs to be your being shall rehearse,
When all the breathers of this world are dead;
You still shall live, - such virtue hath my pen, -
Where breath most breathes, even in the mouths of men.

Sonnet LXXXI BIS

Should you survive, my epitaph to make,
And, living, edit print from me withheld,
Note there: no sentiments were counterfeit,
Grieve though too few explicitly were spelled.
Travelling a spell through life before the sods
One fell beneath her spell, would counter fate!
Mixed doubtles[s] soon beneath the cold clay clods,
A hand seeks hand to clasp, knocks at her gate.
Meditate these words, whose depth increases,
Ask I too much? Reach out, touch, as my pain,
Unheard, craves notice, not ice, grave releases
Desires, takes all, stakes lost when light waves wane.
Extended stay's impossible, all pines,
Cannot survive, except through these few lines.

Shakespeare Sonnet LXXXII

I grant thou wert not married to my Muse,
And therefore mayst without attaint o'erlook
The dedicated words which writers use
Of their fair subject, blessing every book.
Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,
Finding thy worth a limit past my praise;
And therefore art enforced to seek anew
Some fresher stamp to the time-bettering days.
And do so, love; yet when they have devised
What strained touches rhetoric can lend,
Thou truly fair wert truly sympathised
In true plain words by thy true-telling friend;
And their gross painting might be better us'd
When cheeks need blood; in thee it is abused.

Sonnet LXXXII

Since she was never married to my Muse
And thus I poet's licence may dispense,
No dedication seems unjust, - incense
Gains not from sot expedients writers use.
Tint hinted mint, her worth, none may refuse,
One shade, one serenade, both excellence,
Mother Nature laughs at art's expense -
Ambitions grey when she's the Way all choose.
Make known this truth: all other praise Truth rues
As surf flotsam, foam froth, evanescence,
Utter mirage, opal iridescence
Derives from her, whose talents none confuse.
Elsewhere all long to lily gild as fair,
Cabuchon ruby envies blush so rare.

Shakespeare Sonnet LXXXIII

I never saw that you did painting need,
And therefore to your fair no painting set,
I found, or thought I found, you did exceed
The barren tender of a poet's debt:

And therefore have I slept in your report,
That you yourself, being extant, well might show
How far a modern quill doth come too short,
Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow.
This silence for my sin you did impute,
Which shall be most my glory, being dumb;
For I impair not beauty being mute,
When others would give life, and bring a tomb.
There lives more life in one of your fair eyes
Then both your poets can in praise devise.

Sonnet LXXXIII

Strange as it sounds, I felt she'd never need
A portrait drawn, since, fair beyond compare,
Naught could draw what must aught else exceed, -
Gifts so flawless mock the poet's [fl]air.
To write her light would make tomorrow mock
One such delight on Earth could ever bloom -
Meagre my worth which never could unlock
A title of talents bright ease free assumes.
Modest and mute, scribe silence must maintain
As few would e'er believe her glory's tale,
Useless and sinful praise; I'll dumb remain,
Decline to pen comparison too pale.
Exceptional she shines, such priceless eyes
Could neither painter, poet e'er devise.

Shakespeare Sonnet LXXXIV

Who is it that says most ? which can say more
Than this rich praise, - that you alone are you!
In whose confine immurèd is the store
Which should example where your equal grew.
Lean penury within that pen doth dwell
That to his subject lends not some small glory;
But he that writes of you, if he can tell
That you are you, so dignifies his story,
Let him but copy what in you is writ,
Not making worse what nature made so clear,
And such a counterpart shall fame his wit,
Making his style admirèd everywhere.

You to your beauteous blessings add a curse,
Being fond on praise, which makes your praises worse.

Sonnet LXXXIV

Speech serves no turn, what may give pleasure more
Approaching treasure as her measure true?
None on fair Earth dare share rare worth she'd store
Glib prose, word bound, shows superficial glue.
Too slight this writer who'd veracious dwell
Only drawing in projected glory -
Mastered, captivated by bright spell,
Approaching tiptoe inner beauty's story.
Unequaled elsewhere, Nature's imprint writ
Dignity discovers, peerless style
Example copyright none imitate one bit -
Class of her own all envy all beguile.
Maybe such beauty seeking further praise
Curse proves through need for more to further raise.

Shakespeare Sonnet LXXXV

My tongue-tied Muse in manners holds her still,
While comments on your praise, richly compiled
Reserve their character with golden quill
And precious phrase by all the Muses filed.
I think good thoughts, while others write good words,
And, like unlettered clerk, still cry 'Amen'
To every hymn that able spirit affords
In polished form of well refinèd pen.
Hearing you praised, I say, 'Tis so, 'tis true, '
And to the most of praise add something more;
But that is in my thought, whose love to you,
Though words come hindmost, holds his rank before.
Then others for the breath of words respect,
Me for my dumb-thoughts, speaking in effect.

Sonnet LXXXV

Speech silver's held where silence gold is found,
And it were better had I held my tongue,

None will believe these lines, judge praise unsound,
Grate will at their ungrateful fate unsung.
This recapitulation serves no turn,
Offering reflections of her reign -
Marvel's tale few trust, too many spurn -
And mute refrain's preferred to [c]rude refrain.
My praise seems only superficial art
Added to others' verbiage, afterthought
Unrepresentative of loving heart.
Dumb should I stay, not paint unfinished part.
Eulogy? Vain understatement weak,
Claims others make sound lame, I'll silent speak.

Shakespeare Sonnet LXXXVI

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,
Bound for the prize of all too gracious you,
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,
Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew ?
Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write
Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead ?
No, neither he, nor his compeers by night
Giving him aid, my verse astonishèd.
He, not that affable familiar ghost
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,
As victors of my silence cannot boast,
I was not sick of any fear from thence:
But when your countenance filled up his line,
Then lacked I matter; - that enfeebled mine.

Sonnet LXXXVI

Seductive peacock, once I played at verse
Attempting to abscond with priceless prize,
Need[l]ing to pitch or [p]itching to rehearse?
Ga[s]ping at hopes rejected, cut to size.
Topsy-turvy turn these soldier signs,
Overall weakness blocks creation's cog,
Murky blunder grey fear countersigns
As twelve score sonnets printing presses clog.
Most maids are mortal, seem simple to depict,
A line, no foot noteworthy second glance,

Unique you stand, eternal, heaven picked,
Derived from beauty's egg, split-second chance.
Except your peerless sentiments sublime
Challenging Time, none else is worth a dime.

Shakespeare Sonnet LXXXVII

Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing,
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate:
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;
My bonds in thee are all determinate.
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting ?
And for that riches where is my deserving ?
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
And so my patent back again is swerving.
Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not knowing,
Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking;
So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,
Comes home again, on better judgement making.
Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,
In sleep a king, but, waking, no such matter.

Sonnet LXXXVII

So leave! Farewell! You are, for my possessing,
Alas too dear, and know your estimate!
Nor should my spirit so unprepossessing
Gain admittance as soul's karmic mate.
Too rich your state, too rich for my deserving,
Only one grace could offer worth I'm wanting,
My licence patently through you is swerving,
As if you'd care for honours others granting!
Munificent, self underestimating,
A gift you gave to me, - your peerless worth,
Unless mistaking or anticipating
Different knight? - gift verse returns to berth.
Each night I share with you, - how dreams may flatter!
Come dawn I mourn, - on waking you're dreams' matter!

Shakespeare Sonnet LXXXVIII

When thou shall be disposed to set me light,
And place my merit in the eye of scorn,
Upon thy side against myself I'll fight,
And prove thee virtuous, thou thou art forsworn.
With mine own weakness being best acquainted,
Upon thy part I can set down a story
Of faults concealed, wherein I am attainted;
That thou in losing me shall win much glory.
And I by this shall be a gainer too;
For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,
The injuries that to myself I do,
Doing thee vantage, double-vantage me.
Such is my love, to thee I do belong,
That for thy right myself will bear all wrong.

Sonnet LXXXVIII

Should she these rag sheets mock, set all to light,
And blanket merit in a bed of scorn,
Numb, all at sea, against myself I'd fight,
Great duty owing one, leave both forsworn.
Towards my inner faults I'm well acquainted,
On losing me, the more chance for her glory, -
Mistakes can't be denied, I'm sad attainted.
Attracted still as line in link inked story
My words win/win with double purpose serve
At once the reader and my reputation,
Unreeling rhymes which never from her swerve,
Double delight all feel, past computation.
Empires may fall, worship won't change one whit,
Claims rich this sonnet sequence waft weave writ.

Shakespeare Sonnet LXXXIX

Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,
And I will comment upon that offence;
Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt,
Against thy reasons making no defence.
Thou canst not, love, disgrace me half so ill,
To set a form upon desired change,
As I'll myself disgrace; knowing thy will,
I will acquaintance strangle, and look strange;

Be absent from my walks; and in my tongue
Thy sweet belovèd name no more shall dwell,
Lest I, too much profane, should do it wrong,
And haply of our old acquaintance tell.
For thee, against myself, I'll vow debate,
For must I ne'er love him whom thou dost hate.

Sonnet LXXXIX

Speak forth, am I forsaken for some fault,
Alas I'd not deny that deep offence:
Name just just arguments, post haste I'll halt,
Gladly dispensing with all vain defence.
The charges press, my glass admits disgrace,
One life would end with timely 'fare thee well'
Meekly I'd treat that act not out of place -
As who'd survive where there's no love to spell.
May one sweet name be absent from my thought,
Absent then offense upon printed page,
Unequal to the task my pride is caught
Describing beauty mortal minds can't gauge
Evidence: shared hopes walls penetrate,
Contradict one-sided stirs, sixth sense debate.

Shakespeare Sonnet XC

Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now;
Now, while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
And do not dropp in for an after-loss:
Ah! do not, when my heart hath 'scaped this sorrow,
Come in the rearward of a conquered woe;
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purposed overthrow.
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
When other petty spites have done their spite,
But in the onset come; so I shall taste
At first the very worst of fortune's might:
And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,
Compared with loss of thee will not seem so.

Sonnet XC

Soundly most dream when midnight's heard to strike,
Asleep snores Chelles' so diverse population,
Now let me know if 'love' can grow from 'like'
Gain shared, or spare us both profound frustration.
Torture me not in spinning out dark sorrow
Over and above hard circumstances,
Make not from grey today more dark tomorrow
A'treading on the heels of broken chances.
Might conscience spur to spurn me, don't delay,
Awaiting false excuse or petty fight,
Unhesitating, cut your knight from day
Do swift your worst, electrocute me quite!
Each other plague or ague would then seem light
Compared to losing you – eternal blight!

Shakespeare Sonnet XCI

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
Some in their worth, some in their bod'ly force,
Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill;
Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse;
And every humour has its adjunct pleasure,
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest:
But these particulars are not my measure
All these I better in one general best.
Thy love is better than high birth to me,
Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,
Of more delight than hawks or horses be;
And having thee of all men's pride I boast:
Wretched in this alone, that thou mayst take
All this away, and me most wretched make.

Sonnet XCI

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
And some in wealth, some in their body's force,
Nor can some sots ignore rich raiments, still
Gad others tuned to sporting, hounds or horse.
Thus every leisure's value added pleasure
Opens on joys presumed above the rest -
Minor matters I reject, my treasure

Always resides in what I measure best.
Most certainly your love's worth more than status,
Above hawk, horse, and hounds, more priceless still,
Undimmed, beyond gems, knowing no hiatus
Dearer than dress, richer than Croesus' fill,
E'er losing you must me most wretched make -
Creating joy, then terming it mistake!

Shakespeare Sonnet XCII

But do thy worst to steal thyself away,
For term of life thou art assurèd mine;
And life no longer than thy love will stay,
For it depends upon that love of thine.
Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,
When in the least of them my life hath end.
I see a better state to me belongs
Than that which on thy humour doth depend:
Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind,
Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie.
O! what a happy title do I find,
Happy to have thy love, happy to die!
But what's so blessèd-fair that fears no blot ?
Thou may'st be false, and yet I know it not.

Sonnet XCII

Steal not away, coeval is one life
And mine entwined, for should it dare deceive
No longer could I face this vale of strife,
Gravewards I would sink, in silence leave.
Together sharing, life would never end,
One theme, one gleam, one scheme, to dream life long.
Mother Nature is surpassed, I'd bend
Always to one whose spirit, soul, wax strong,
Might your mind change, range right from black to white,
Alterations cannot inconstant seem,
Unless you live my life's seems worthless blight,
Death happiness if loveless each day's dream.
Excused, excised are faults, I see them not,
Can anything shine shadow free, sans blot

Shakespeare Sonnet XCIII

So shall I live, supposing thou art true,
Like a deceived husband; so love's face
May still seem love to me, though altered new;
Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place:
For there can live no hatred in thine eye,
Therefore in that I cannot know the change.
In many's looks the false heart's history
Is writ in moods, and frowns, and wrinkles strange,
But heaven in thy creation did decree
That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell;
Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,
Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness tell.
How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,
If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show!

Sonnet XCIII

Shall I stay sane if two apart should strain
And still survive deprived of lovelight's sh[r]ine ?
No! far from grapevine twine, stained wine's tart brine,
Gone, set warm sun, life's turns to a[c]rid bane.
The heart sees through all counterfeits the brain
Offers to ape affections - pantomime
Manifest, unblest, not worth a dime.
As heartburn spurns nor pain nor counterpane.
Munificent, the heavens have decreed
A beauty peerless, outside all compare,
Unknown before, in future just as rare,
Defying Time in sweetness all need read.
Enchantment would to disappointment change
Could outer show ring false with inner range.

Shakespeare Sonnet XCIV

They that have power to hurt and will do none,
That do not do the thing they most do show,
Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
Unmovèd, cold, and to temptation slow;
They rightly do inherit heaven's graces,
And husband nature's riches from expense;

They are the lords and owners of their faces,
Others but stewards of their excellence.
The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die,
But if that flower with base infection meet,
The basest weed outbraves his dignity:
For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

Sonnet XCIV

Such as have strength to hurt and yet forbear
Abeyant hold rash judgements rushed fools show
Nincompoops unmoved, few faults repair.
Great restraint is shown responding slow
Thus who'd woo grace two-timing count expense.
On inner meanings dwell, let virtue sow,
Maintaining stewardship of excellence,
As summer sent perpetuates scent's flow
Mid-summer blossom lends sweet summer grace
Although per se it reels life's cycle out
Unless infection checks pure petal face:
Dignity dethroned by weed's vulgar rout.
Evil acts sour sweetness, rank smells rank
Compromised by deeds no virtues bank.

Shakespeare Sonnet XCV

For sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame
Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,
Doth spot the beauty of the budding name!
O! in what sweets dost thou thy sins enclose.
That tongue that tells the story of thy days,
Making lascivious comments on thy sport,
Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise;
Naming thy name blesses an ill report.
O! what a mansion have those vices got
Which for their habitation chose out thee,
Where beauty's veil does cover every blot
And all things turn to fair that eyes can see ?
Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege;

The hardest knife, ill-used, doth lose its edge.

Sonnet XCV

Shame turns to bliss, claims blame's remiss when through
A miss addressed as mistress of true mind.
No spots may blot or blight, new light may find
God given joys which to, through, old accrue.
True empathy, rapport, osmosis new,
Old apple-carts upset, prepare fresh start.
Most numb I'm now, cowed by the miles apart
Awaiting signals strong, sails set, skies blue,
Mansion proud, if rented out to vice,
Abrogates all superficial glory,
Underlying lies are in a trice
Discovered, compromising beauty's story.
Even the keenest blade, misused, turns blunt.
Conduct perfect never stoops to stunt.

Shakespeare Sonnet XCVI

Some say thy fault is youth, some wantonness;
Some say thy grace is youth and gentle sport;
Both grace and faults are loved of more and less:
Thou mak'st faults graces that to the resort.
As on the finger of a thronèd queen
The basest jewel will be well esteemed,
So are those errors that in thee are seen
To truths translated and for true things deemed.
How many lambs might the stern wolf betray,
If like a lamb he could his looks translate!
How many gazers mightst thou lead away
If thou wouldst use the strength of all thy state!
But do not so; I love thee in such sort,
As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

Sonnet XCVI

Some say your fault is youth and wantonness
And some grant grace is youth and gentle sport: -
Now both grace, faults, are loved, much more than less
Gauge, even in your faults, fair grace is caught.
The gemstone on the finger of a queen

Only praise attracts, however small,
Methinks mistakes and errors that are seen
Are truth disguised as truth before the fall.
Many unsuspecting souls wolf would
Assassinate were camouflage complete,
Use ill your strengths, same consequences could
Defeat men's wills confounded by deceit.
Ends, means united, each from each love gain,
Create rebirth, mirth doubled yet again.

Shakespeare Sonnet XCVII

How like a winter hath my absence been
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen!
What old December's bareness every where!
And yet this time removed was summer's time;
The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,
Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,
Like widowed wombs after their lord's decease:
Yet this abundant issue seemed to me
But hope or orphans and unfathered fruit;
For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
And, thou away, the very birds are mute:
Or, if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer,
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

Sonnet XCVII

So like drear winter has dark distance been,
Alas each day too fast, too slowly fades,
Now hot in head, now cold in feet, hope's shades
Grieve on leaves fallen, fled seem pastures green.
That said, sharp separation spawned sweet verse
Overcoming early frost – the fruit
Matured in rhyme thanks Time for lyric lute,
Abundant issue many may rehearse.
More should one add, for orphan Hope appears
All seasons' joys depend upon one smile,
Unseen all wilts, night falls, spreads silent tears,
Deals Hope harsh blow, flow freezes for a while,
E'en should it sing, sense rings with dull rebound,

Confused 'til cypher sounds soul's signals sound.

Shakespeare Sonnet XCVII

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From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen!
What old December's bareness every where!
And yet this time removed was summer's time;
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Yet this abundant issue seemed to me
But hope or orphans and unfathered fruit;
For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
And, thou away, the very birds are mute:
Or, if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer,
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

Sonnet XCVII BIS

So like harsh winter has her absence been,
And every day that passes by forsakes
Narcissistic hopes inflated, flakes
Grudge from dark depths stark ancient echoes mean.
Thus read how world I'd win were she its Queen.
Overcoming mischief or mistakes,
Mingling close together till each wakes
Auras twinned in Summer dreams serene.
Methinks when giving, sharing's constant seen
Affinity as empathy awakes
Unrewarded echo breath intakes,
Dissolve therefore all artificial screens.
Everywhere pique's meek, hope scales fresh peaks,
Comforts momentum, night, day, truth may speak.

Shakespeare Sonnet XCVIII

From you I have been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April, dressed in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing,
That heavy Saturn laughed and leaped with him.
Yet nor the lays of birds nor the sweet smell

Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew:
Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.
Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play.

Sonnet XCVIII

Saturn laughs through karmic rings remet,
April taps green Spring, sun saps Winter keen.
No birdsong, lily white, might meeting set -
Gainsay as hearts souls sway, eyes dance joy's mien.
Today Jack Frost insists on hedging bet,
Overwhelmed as rosebuds ready are seen -
Magma flames encased in sepal yet -
As Nature's pattern lightly steps on scene.
Motivated by blanch lily's whiteness
And ruby rose's blush which praise deserves,
Unstable they, pale echoes, impreciseness,
Delightful imitations Nature serves -
Ersatz Spring - your absence compensating.
Charm's shadow shapes play games oh so frustrating!

Shakespeare Sonnet XCIX

The forward violet thus did I chide:
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that smells,
If not from my love's breath? The purple pride
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed.
The lily I condemnèd for thy hand,
And buds of marjoram had stol'n thy hair,
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair;
A third, nor red nor white, had stol'n of both,
And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath;
But, for his theft, in pride of all his growth
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.

More flowers I noted, yet I none could see
But sweet or colour it had stol'n from thee.

Sonnet XCIX

'Sweet thief whence did you steal scent which sweet smells? '
Asked Violet of Rose with gentle chide,
'No theft occurred! ' an anxious Rose replied: -
'Gift lift Love lent, which happiness foretells! '
Taking to task, Violet to Rose explains
Openly the falseness of its pride, -
'May love henceforth all outer walls deride,
And perfume both Spring breezes, Autumn rains.
Marjoram and Lily, for their pains
Aspects of one beauty represent,
Unfinished symphonies, existence lent
Not through themselves - for Nature's held in chains.
Every blossom beauty's tribute pays
Countless times, Maude's echoes rhyme relays.

Shakespeare Sonnet C

Where art thou, Muse, that thou forget'st so long
To speak of that which gives thee all thy might ?
Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless song,
Darkening thy power to lend base subjects light ?
Return, forgetful Muse, and straight redeem
In gentle numbers time so idly spent;
Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem
And gives thy pen both skill and argument.
Rise, resty Muse, my love's sweet face survey,
If Time have any wrinkle graven there;
If any, be a satire to decay,
And make Time's spoils despisèd every where.
Give my love fame faster than Time wastes life;
So thou prevent'st his scythe and crookèd knife.

Sonnet C

So where did you slip off forgetful Muse,
Allowing time to pass without inventing
New songs to praise, new phrases to amuse
Giving tongue ? Whence comes this dumb relenting ?

Turn to new ground, Muse found, forthwith repent
On time so idly spent, whence comes this dream?
May pen on paper pl[a]y rise in esteem,
Arise adopting Amor's argument?
Most ridiculous, its zigzag whirr
Awry, in times gone by, went wayward track
Unknown are wrinkles Time should lay on her,
Dawn notices no ice in tress survey.
Eternity's Love's aim, famed flames frame life,
Cancels Time's sickle, blunts Death's vicious knife.

Jonathan ROBIN

Sonnet Cycle To M C Part Ii After William Shakespeare

Sonnets CxxxI - Cliv

Shakespeare Sonnet CXXXI

Thou art so tyrannous, so as thou art,
As those whose beauties proudly make them cruel;
For well thou know'st to my dear dotting heart
Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel.
Yet, in good faith, some say that thee behold,
Thy face hath not the power to make love groan;
To say they err I dare not be so bold,
Although I swear it to myself alone.
And to be sure that is not false, I swear,
A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face,
One on another's neck, do witness bear
Thy black is fairest in my judgement's place.
In nothing art thou black save in thy deeds,
And thence this slander, as I think, proceeds.

Sonnet CXXXI

Swift in succession fleet speed thoughts when I
Allow time to rhyme contemplating smile.
Nefertiti resignedly would cry
Grieving 'Quits' obliged to reconcile
To defeat, a feat none else dare try.
Outer skin and inner heart worthwhile
Most naturally ally I testify,
Adopt love's truth to heart, scorn art and style.
Millions shudder – to your rank unworthy -
Aware all their priorities weigh zilch,
Understatements glib by small minds scurvy,
Deprived of value still your fame they'd filch.
Enshadowed, dark, stark dead their teeming dreams
Compelled to spell fell shutters, failing themes.

Shakespeare Sonnet CXXXII

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,
Knowing thy heart torments me with disdain,
Have put on black and ivory mourner she,

Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.
And truly not the morning sun of heaven
Better becomes the grey cheeks of the east,
Nor that full star that ushers in the even,
Doth half that glory to the sober west,
As those two mourning eyes become thy face:
O! let it then as well beseem thy heart
To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace,
And suit thy pity like in every part.
Then will I swear beauty herself is black,
And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

Sonnet CXXXII

Soft eyes I worship, may yours pity me,
Although tormenting through torn heart's disdain,
Neglecting one who weeps, - deep mourning see, -
Grieving, keeping track of black wracked pain.
The East's dawn sun no tithe has of your glory
Oft surpassing sunburst's jealous blush,
Morning star's unequal to your story -
As all aver, - West's claim to fame must hush.
Mourning sun's eclipsed by rising star
Aphrodite, Venus, put to shame,
Unequivocally eclipsed by power: ☐
Dual beams stream, flooding out all blame.
Elder Time meets peer, stopped in its track,
Compared, no star can fail to fail, worth lack,

Shakespeare Sonnet CXXXIII

Beshrew that heart that makes my heart to groan
For that deep wound it gives my friend and me!
Is't not enough to torture me alone,
But slave to slavery my sweet'st friend must be?
Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,
And my next self thou harder hast engross'd:
Of him, myself, and thee, I am forsaken;
A torment thrice threefold thus to be crossed.
Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,
But then my friend's heart let my poor heart bail;
Whoe'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard;

Thou canst not then use rigour in my jail:
And yet thou wilt; for I, being pent in thee,
Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

Sonnet CXXXIII

Stolen from myself, in jail I lie,
Ail, tenfold tortured, wounded to the quick,
Now would tormented heart for bail apply,
Grave wounded slave, lost freedom, soul too sick.
Though many seek respect, to few 'tis due,
On this I dwell, who, puppet on a string,
Myself no longer know, owe all to you,
As prisoner here I suffer triple sting.
My heart's in jail entrusted to your charge
Applied for bail, but locked prefers to stay,
Unshackled, handcuffed, I'd not stray, at large,
Define as liberation dungeon grey.
Emotion's motions ribcage rage heart's gaol,
Call world as witness, all mine's yours sans fail.

Shakespeare Sonnet CXXXIV

So have I now confessed that he is thine,
And I myself am mortgaged to thy will,
Myself I'll forfeit, so that other mine
Thou wilt restore, to be my comfort still:
But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,
For thou art covetous and he is kind;
He learned but surety-like to write for me,
Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.
The statue of thy beauty thou wilt take,
Thou usurer, that put'st forth all to use,
And sue a friend came debtor for my sake;
So him I lose through my unkind abuse.
Him have I lost; thou hast both him and me:
He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.

Sonnet CXXXIV

Servant to you stays Cupid I'll admit,

And I to both am mortgaged to the hilt,
Now sacrifice of one to t'other wilt
Grant respite to most others bit by bit.
To me however both in heart sit, fit
One spirit, hat to wear till oceans silt
Must it by time and in time filled while wilt
Abysmal all ignorant of your writ.
Medused is stone which, through your beauty, moves:
A role-reversal signal signal sent
Unbalancing all preconceptions' grooves,
Debtors contribute fresh credit lent.
Exit Cupid, in fee I'd still stay free,
Claim from sensations sweet heart's symphony.

Shakespeare Sonnet CXXXV

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy 'Will, '
And 'Will! to boot, and 'Will' in over-plus;
More than enough am I that vexed thee still,
To thy sweet will making addition thus.
Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,
Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine?
Shall will in others seem right gracious,
And in my will no faire acceptance shine?
The sea, all water, yet receives rain still,
And in abundance addeth to his store;
So thou, being rich in 'Will' add to thy 'Will'
One will of mine, to make thy large 'Will' more.
Let no unkind 'No' fair beseechers kill;
Think all but one, and me in that one 'Will';

Sonnet CXXXV

Sweet fair my will will hold, so fare you well
As, willing, I am overwhelmed to boot,
Nor once compute that I could e'er reboot,
Guess template less than perfect in its spell.
Thus wilful soul to one sole seeks to tell
One telling secret Intel can't dispute
Meagre welcome at your hands can't suit
Accepting not, rejecting knot as well.
Melting ice from global warming add
Abundant rain to ocean water store,

Use thus these words to make yourself more glad,
Draw from their corps to reinforce your core.
Expel none who to port of call would venture,
Case pleading, one [f]or [f]all a_void all censure.

Shakespeare Sonnet CXXXV

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy 'Will, '
And 'Will! to boot, and 'Will' in over-plus;
More than enough am I that vexed thee still,
To thy sweet will making addition thus.
Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,
Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine?
Shall will in others seem right gracious,
And in my will no faire acceptance shine?
The sea, all water, yet receives rain still,
And in abundance addeth to his store;
So thou, being rich in 'Will' add to thy 'Will'
One will of mine, to make thy large 'Will' more.
Let no unkind 'No' fair beseechers kill;
Think all but one, and me in that one 'Will';

Sonnet CXXXV BIS

Some find, in seeking, pleasure undefined,
And, finding, founder, treasured hopes unfound,
Nor do they measure pleasure, often bind
Gangrene into warp and weft unsound.
Terrifying the distress assigned
Once vain, hellbound, found echoes hope would sound.
Meagre treasure, pleasure's s[h]own haste fined
Asserting admiration on rebound.
My loyalty needs no deed legal signed,
A paper pledge: one soul heart, head [t]win-bound.
Unswerving fealty, intense and kind,
Deep trust bestows, deserves to break new ground.
Entoning 'An die Freude' celebrate,
Contest my mettle not, nor nettle merit great.

Shakespeare Sonnet

If thy soul check thee that I come so near,
Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy 'Will',

And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there;
Thus far for love, my love-suit, sweet, fulfil.
'Will' will fulfil the treasure of thy love,
Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one.
In things of great receipt with ease we prove
Among a number one is reckoned none:
Then in the number let me pass untold,
Though in thy stores' account I one must be;
For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold
That nothing me, a something sweet to thee:
Make but my name thy love, and love that still,
And then thou lovest me, for my name is 'Will'.

Sonnet CXXXVI

Severed from all but vocal echo, I
Attempt to build me chateaux in the air.
Now should the castles tall fall from the sky,
Great sorrow, woe tsunami, would despair.
Too many risks with one, myself, I take,
Open doors, where walls stood in the past,
Miserable the grief should heart mistake -
Appreciate ill stakes of soul outcast.
Many seek attention, body, mind,
Admit are your's to order and command,
Unnoticed though I be, don't leave behind
Dreams which, when near to you, are dearly fanned.
Emphatically adored – this should suffice:
Can one ask more for love outpoured scores twice.

Shakespeare Sonnet CXXXVII

Thou blind fool, Love, what dost thou to mine eyes,
That they behold, and see not what they see?
They know what beauty is, see where it lies,
Yet what the best is take the worst to be.
If eyes, corrupt by over-partial looks,
Be anchored in the bay where all men ride,
Why of eyes' falsehood has thou forgèd hooks,
Whereto the judgement of my heart is tied?
Why should my heart think that a several plot
Which my heart knows the wide world's common place?
Or mine eyes, seeing this, say this is not,

To put fair truth upon so foul a face?
In things right true my heart and eyes have erred,
And to this false plague are they now transferred.

Sonnet CXXXVII

Sweet Cupid, what's this trick played on my eyes?
Apart from One none may they recognise!
Nations rise and fall, but Beauty's thrall
Gainst doubt holds out, throughout flouts, routs Time's squall.
This inclination energy supplies, -
One moment burns, then freezes lover's sighs,
My breast can't quit, nor pant leave rest withal, -
As even dreams, it seems, with love play ball.
My bonds, restrictions ease, don't tease, heed cries,
Alas free me forthwith, don't improvise,
Unjustifiably let aims' flames fall,
Despondent shadows mocking heartfelt thrall.
Eyes twain when hearts explain, remove false fog,
Construe need's plague, Life's wheel, and I small cog.

Shakespeare Sonnet CXXXVIII

When my love swears that she is made of truth,
I do believe her, though I know she lies,
That she might think me some untutored youth,
Unlearnèd in the world's false subtleties.
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although she knows my days are past the best,
Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue:
On both sides thus is simple truth suppress.
But wherefore says she not she is unjust?
And wherefore say not I that I am old?
O! love's best habit is in seeming trust,
And age in love loves not to have years told:
Therefore I lie with her, and she with me,
And in our faults by lies we flattered be.

Sonnet CXXXVIII

Should she swear she be one with Time and Truth,
Although she lies each vowel I'll believe.
No matter if, naïve, at heart a youth,
Greet I with grief's relief each web she'd weave.

Testifying to her spell I've shed
Old age - long years which wrinkled ring by ring,
Mixed silver thread to gold turns back, the head
A tune enchanted sings - spells none else bring.
My answer crystal clear appears, heart burns:
Although, in love, age hates have years told,
Unjust discrepancy - Time ne'er returns -
Denied seem karmic wheels new act unfold.
E'er I'd in her identify shared tie,
Convinced my faults in vaults forgotten lie. □

Shakespeare Sonnet CXXXIX

O! call not me to justify the wrong
That thy unkindness lays upon my heart;
Wound me not with thine eye, but with thy tongue:
Use power with power, and slay me not by art.
Tell me thou lovest elsewhere, but in my sight,
Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside:
What need'st thou wound with cunning, when thy might
Is more than my o'erpressed defence can hide?
Let me excuse thee: ah! my love well knows
Her pretty looks have been my enemies;
And therefore from my face she turns my foes,
That they elsewhere might dart their injuries:
Yet do not so; but since I am near slain,
Kill me outright with looks, and rid my pain.

Sonnet CXXXIX

Say love is owed another if you can,
Abjuring love which might be ever shared,
No love like mine could shine which, unprepared,
Gears up the very fires they privy fan.
Tell love elsewhere is sought, not in my sight,
O call not me to justify that wrong,
Might you so do with cunning or with might,
As true heart feels not wounds of steel or tongue.
Mistress, Love's an open book, you know
Amor omnia vincit, foes defeats,
Unthreads threats where chance glance turns friend to foe,
Dart turns attention, saves from harm, deceits.

Execute or heal, just one word might
Convict or free: release? seal, sink from sight?

Jonathan ROBIN

Sonnet LX - Variations In Imitation - After William Shakespeare

See below W S Sonnet LX for English and French variations

Sonnet LX

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity, once in the main of light
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight
And Time that gave doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow
Feeds on the rareities of Nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow;
And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand,
Praising thy worth despite his cruel hand.

William SHAKESPEARE shak1_0008_shak1_0000 PST_DZX

Sonnet LX Imitation - Par Vagues

Par vagues, s'approchant à la rive pierreuse,
Nos instants précieux écument leur destin,
Chacun son précédent remplaçant en chemin,
Le tout se bousculant - avancée périlleuse.
Le Temps notre jeunesse avale et l'âme heureuse,
Avance, et, mûrissant, se voit sacrée: sa main
Dispute nos chansons, gloires d'antan, - déclin
Que le faucheur étale, éclipse malheureuse.
Le Temps reprend ses dons, de profonds sillons creuse,
Des affronts forts profonds au front jadis si saint,
En dévorant les traces de notre grâce éteinte,
Aucun ne faisant face à sa fauche rieuse!

Malgré le Temps, sa main sans pitié,
Ces lignes attendent un jour coulant de vérité.

15 December 1991 revised 2005 robi3_0508_shak1_0008 PFT_DZX see
robi3_0654

Translation William SHAKESPEARE – Sonnet LX for previous version see below

Sonnet LX

Ainsi qu'aux vagues visant la rive pierreuse,
Nos instants précieux se hâtent vers leur destin,
Chacun son précédent remplaçant en chemin,
Le tout se bousculant - avancée périlleuse.
Le temps notre jeunesse avale et l'âme heureuse,
Avance, et, mûrissant, se voit sacrée: sa main
Dispute les chansons, les gloires d'antan; - déclin
Que le faucheur étale, éclipse malheureuse.
Le Temps reprend ses dons, de profonds sillons creuse,
Des indentations au front qui fut si saint,
En dévorant les graces où la Nature s'éteint.
Qui peut faire face à sa fauche rieuse?
Malgré le Temps, sa main sans pitié,
Ces lignes attendent un jour coulant de vérité.

15 December 1991

Sonnet LX Imitation

En courant tels des flots vers la plage pierreuse,
nos instants en avant roulent vers leur destin,
chacun son précédent remplaçant en chemin,
le tout se bousculant - par vagues périlleuses.
Le Temps vite avale notre jeunesse heureuse,
avance, et, mûrissant, se voit sacrée: sa main
dispute les chansons, la gloire, le déclin
que le faucheur étale, éclipse malheureuse.
Le Temps reprend ses dons, de subtils sillons creuse, -
des affronts forts profonds au front jadis si saint,

en se gavant de tout, et la Nature s'éteinte. -
qui peut s'opposer à cette fauche rieuse?
Pourtant malgré le Temps, sa main sans pitié,
Ces lignes guettent un jour coulant de vérité.

15 December 1992 robi3_0654_shak1_0008 PFT_DZX see robi3_0508
Translation William SHAKESPEARE – Sonnet LX

Sonnet LX In Imitation

Fate's fretful oars dip fitfully once more,
weary Charon, charged with souls, is found
awaiting some predestined Thermidor
that Death to death leads, Judgement Book disbound.
Emboldened Youth flares like a meteor
to adulthood - successes then abound -
till age eclipses strength - strength sure before,
grave Time, which gave, retrieves, leaves muddy mound
as overconfidence meets fatal flaw.
Wrinkles wreak havoc. Beauty is discrowned.
Truth, firm today, tomorrow may restore
to chaos whence it came - flame Lethe drowned.
Yet one alone amidst the sands of time
stands out, flouts doubt, to feed eternal rhyme.

16 December 1991 revised 1995 and 20081031
William SHAKESPEARE Sonnet LX robi3_0510_shak1_0008 PSX_DLZ
For previous version see below

Sonnet LX In Imitation

The fretful oars dip fitfully once more,
as Charon, charged with souls, is weary found
awaiting some predestined Thermidor
which Death to death will lead deep underground.

Emboldened Youth flares like a meteor
to adulthood - successes then abound -
till age eclipses strength, - strength sure before,
grave Time, which gave, retrieves, would gift confound,
in overconfidence finds fatal flaw.

Wrinkles wreak havoc, Beauty is discrowned.

Truth, firm today, tomorrow shall restore
to chaos whence it came, - flame Lethe drowned.

~~Yet~~ she alone amidst the sands of time

~~St~~ands out, flouts doubt, to feed eternal rhyme.

16 December 1991 revised 1995

William SHAKESPEARE Sonnet LX robi3_0510_shak1_0008 PSX_DLZ

Sonnet LX Swift Sped

Swift sped, fled minutes hasten to dead end,
As surging waves swim over pebbled shore,
None out of sequence, all do all befriend,
Drain tide's ride seeking those that flowed before.
Rising star, once centre of attraction,
Is soon mature, boom ripe to dire doom rots -
Nor can it fight against its strength's subtraction,
Escrow dreams redeemed, lot drawn, eyes dots.
Vain prove's youth's creams when Time with Truth plays games
Adding care's parallels to beauty's brow,
It nothing spares, pares all, bars specious claims,
Lets nothing stand - no tithe its scythe won't mow.
Long still thy worth Time's inroads will withstand,
And None Thy birth forget, despite dread hand.

October 20 1992 slightly revised 21 October 2009 see robi3_0508 robi3_0654

William SHAKESPEARE Sonnet LX

Sonnet LX Time Takes Back Gifts

Must, crushed, dust minutes hustle to [c]rust ends

as wake waves break on Charon's jetsam shore?
In sequent bustle, current past befriends
beachcombing foam mocks flotsam sprayed before.
Life's wayward goal, pole centre of attraction,
soon disappoints, ripe rots, tripe fast forgot,
though weak wish leak plugged, stopping strength's subtraction.
Time takes back gifts, tease cross lack, as eyes dot.
Dreams mould to must, stay weighs, repay plays games,
wretch sketch bars parallel on beauty's brow,
spares naught, pares fraught despairs' false halt fault [cl]aims,
rakes in lost chips - no cost tithe scythe can cow. □
Miraculous, Earth's star stills tocsin's hand,
rhymed worth alone Time's toxins will withstand.

24 July 2004 revised 21 October 2009 robi3_1045_shak1_0008 PSX_DZX
William SHAKESPEARE Sonnet LX

Sonnet LX – Sang to M.C.

So must flower hours bloom until doom's tomb [bl]end,
As waves which break upon brake pebbled shore,
None out of sequence, all must all befriend,
Go [st]ride the tide, 'side those that flowed before.
Thus rising stars, once centre of attraction,
Old soon mature, once ripe begin to rot,
Misled who'd try to strive against subtraction, -
A gift Time swift redeems, each 'I' must dot,
Misled are those who would illusions nourish
Advancing parallels in beauty's brow
Untimely etched, may still be mocked by flourish,
Death grins at boasts when vainest peacocks crow.
Enriched is mode Time's inroads can withstand,
Comfort draw from rhymes which still Fate's hand.

4 July 2008 robi3_1813_shak1_0008 PSX_DZX
William SHAKESPEARE Sonnet LX

Maude Sonnet Cycle n.b. No separate entry included in robi3_1813

Jonathan ROBIN

Sonnet On The Sonnets On The Sonnet

Some sonnets upon sonnets poets write
Offering examples of their skill,
Need neither censure nor false praise to fill
New chapter, verse, in ego's copyright.
Encapsulation through a structure tight
Turns a neat phrase avoiding overkill,
Or temperature tests, unbiased will
Nature, Man, describes in terms polite.
Sense and/or sensitivity, insight
Ordered, bordered, mission may fulfill,
New bark on old folds sundry thoughts that spill,
Netting beauty, spelling out delight.
Emotions through control find freedom which
Triumph over prose prosaic [p]itch.

Jonathan ROBIN

Sonnets Beyond Dark And Light

Disparity between Light, Dark, appear
figments of obscure imagination,
insipid blight renounces thinking clear,
inept, senseless, snap examination.
Vibrancy beyond sight's spectrum clear
strives to snuff out distorted information,
punctures disdain, contorted context, seer
penetrates desolation's desecration.
Swift, skyward soar, to savour rapture sheer,
transcend man's shackled earthbound cutthroat nation
seize gracious chance, eradicate reign drear
of stuffy standards! key reverberation
spins atom ballet jaded comatose
envisage not, fear ominous, book close.

Preposterous opinions insincere
seek some concrete differentiation
between Light, Dark, Good, Evil, fixed frontier,
hidebound, unassailable explanation.
Through magic, mystery's dark hemisphere
often offers reconciliation
between known and unknown, sideshows switch gear
pull stop, cue universal syncopation.
Up-with-the-lark and slipshod, far and near,
meet, tale complete, as life's hallucination
tails to its close for commoner and peer,
torch taken up by each new generation.
Sophisticated, simple, Fate's dice throws
together, sable, white, unite, pulse slows.

Light dawns from night, foreboding disappears,
consoles, soothes exile's trials and tribulations,
infidel who surface shadows spears,
faithless, feeble, full of trepidation.
False fears ensnare blind minds, bind, domineer,
pestilence that needs inoculation,
infectious yet inadequate, they steer
manifest search for misplaced adulation.
Notorious noxious countenance no cheer

spreads, splatters venomous recrimination,
flicker fades, malfeasant none revere
predestined to diminish, lose rank, station.
Thief time can rhyme relief, from hex grief grows
new leaf, buds scarlet, mauve, each hue bright glows.

Confession, repentance, yin yang, birth berth bier,
offer mirror image advocacy
to rigid minds which lend an echo ear
to slander lullaby's discrimination.
Right, wrong, weak, strong, joy's smile, rife's silent tear,
are mirage traps in causal confrontation
between synaptic links that feed on fear,
ink fate, in turn annoint, cremate elation.
States seeming separate, steam, air, ice here,
there water, change, each, every alteration
highlights insights into mind sets queer,
ice splinters set apart from condensation.
All's in, through all, ends meet, time, cryptic, flows
to liquify, freeze, recompose, disclose.

Ambition's tarnished silver-plate veneer
spotlights illusive vain anticipation
pride's tide's immobilized in mid career,
stalled stalemate, threadbare fall, deceleration.
Loyalty when treachery is near,
finds role reversals lead to altercation,
unguarded peace of mind's elusive, hear
'Good', 'Evil', labelled, need redesignation.
Thus if light grows through night, from terror, fear,
from baneful darkness, disincorporation,
beyond black hole may stalwart spirit steer
fresh course for consciousness' reincarnation.
Through maleficent infamy's dark woes
seed reservoir for freedom's flourish shows.

Jonathan ROBIN

Sores And Defects After Charles Bukowski Cause And Effect

Going through emotions' motions
the worst seldom die by the hands of others
often get off lightly,
rile those left behind
can seldom pick up the pieces,
sore, ask why so few
succeed in escaping
from
mental defects

Cause and Effect

The best often die by their own hand
just to get away,
and those left behind
can never quite understand
why anybody
would ever want to
get away
from
them:

(9 February 2010)

Jonathan ROBIN

Soul's Scrolled Role Rolls From Pole Star To Hole Jar

Soul's Scrolled Roles Rolls from Pole Star to Hole Jar

The darkling night's moon mirror rolls along,
spans ocean vast, casts scan on open book
whose leaves, when skimmed by those who care to look,
weave tales which surge surf merge, resurge anon.
On wine lees' seas old Homer sung so strong.
Dwell for a tide, while we abide, life's brook
still flows from source until fate's finger hook -
last call before forgotten fall's doom gong.
Remorse, reflections, [w]hoops of joyful song,
unanswered questions, love's sad tale forsook,
life's challenges that heedless Lethe took,
stay hid, brook neither write nor right, nor wrong.
One night, forgotten, masks more second states,
pearl moon springs pregnant strings for pearly gates.

Previous title Moon Mirror 17 May 2008 robii3_1745_robi3_0000 SXX_NZX -
revised 2009

Moon Mirror

The darkling night's moon mirror rolls along
above an ocean vast or open book
whose leaves, when skimmed by those who care to look,
weave tales which surge surf merge, resurge anon.
On wine lees seas once Homer sung so strong,
sailed for a tide, now we abide, life's brook
still flows from source until fate's finger hook -
last call before forgotten fall's doom gong.
Remorse, reflections, [w]hoops of joyful song,
unanswered questions, love's sad tale forsook,
life's challenges that heedless Lethe took,
stay hid, brook neither write nor right, nor wrong.
One night, forgotten, masks more second states,
pearl moon springs pregnant strings of pearly gates.

Moon Mirror_20080517_The darkling night's moon mirror rolls along ROBIN
Jonathan 1947_20xx robi3_1745_robi3_0000 SXX_NZX

Jonathan ROBIN

Soul's Scrolled Roles Rolls From Pole Star To Hole Jar

The darkling night's moon mirror rolls along,
spans ocean vast, casts scan on open book
whose leaves, when skimmed by those who care to look,
weave tales which surge surf merge, resurge anon.
On wine lees' seas old Homer sung so strong
dwell for a tide, while we abide, life's brook
still flows from source until fate's finger hook -
last call before forgotten fall's doom gong.
Remorse, reflections, [w]hoops of joyful song,
unanswered questions, love's sad tale forsook,
life's challenges that heedless Lethe took,
stay hid, brook neither write nor right, nor wrong.
One night, forgotten, masks more second states,
pearl moon springs pregnant strings for pearly gates.

(c) Jonathan Robin sonnet written 17 May 2008 robi3_1387_robi3_0000
SXX_NZX

Jonathan ROBIN

Soundly Sleep

Soundly sleep in dreamland deep
as silver stars the night sky creep,
till Horus the horizon leap,
Hyperion, his horses sweep.
with Pluto kept in prison keep,
dark Dis dismissed from mortal reap,
Apollo in the East shall steep -
might Mithras warm world sound asleep?

Jonathan ROBIN

Sour Grapes

Sour grape aftertaste remains
Grates, corrosive follow through
After final rendezvous
Penetrates. Perpetual pains
Exile affections. Despair attains
Summit present, future rue.

Jonathan ROBIN

Sparkling Repartee

“Sparkle between clean sheets –
intention here
second thoughts defeats.
Such charm disarms, my Dear,
succulent treats, -
invitation clear.
Form, face, one seldom meets
combined with cheer, -
past loves deletes.
There are none weary here
life’s game completes
its course till bier.”

“Bright sparkler shining clear
between the sheets
might bring date near.
Gold ring heartstrings completes
gilt edge sincere,
no guilt defeats
intentions which, sincere,
help ends meet. Sweets
enhance, my Dear,
your itch for sexy treats,
etched diamond here
for love competes.”

Jonathan ROBIN

Special Needs

Special Needs breed creativity
Permitting change extending human scope,
Encourage opportunities to cope,
Compensating inner doubts to free
Ideas and feelings, as the Present's plea
Answered is, providing all with hope.
Life's lottery incentives gives. We grope,
Now well, now worse, in our diversity,
Ever onwards, seeking ways to see
Ever outwards, - search with telescope
Deep hidden truths which, slippery like soap,
Sleep hid within each one in pregnancy.

Jonathan ROBIN

Spectral Megapole - 1267 - Parody Spectra Witter Bynner

Millipede megapole:
each cubic foot is filled,
with footfalls, landfalls, whole
and parts together milled
until, fulfilled their role,
all pitfalls will be stilled.

(5 June 2005)

Jonathan ROBIN

Speed Read

Quick response serves not if message dim,
Unclear or out of kilter prove to be.
Importance lies retaining verity
Combined with style, - still keeping in the swim -
Knowing, sowing, owing naught to whim.
Links form, melt what appeared disparity,
Yet pulses patterns which provide true key -
Questions met when innovative vim
Unshackles chains to spirit free, or limb,
Incorporates sense hid as harmony
Crumbles Chinese walls with energy.
Keen mind on Time waits not to patterns trim,
Links signals swift, leaves noise behind, to piece
Years future, past, together, gains release...

11 June 2005

Jonathan ROBIN

Spensarian Shake Up

Some post their verse upon an screen
as means to end, mean, struggle to be heard,
as if each written word could set the scene
for recognition of emotions stirred.
Some vent, and others rant, while some, absurd,
assume fair Amazon or printed Lulu
can compensate for Lethe as Time's bird
flies fast from Time Square to Honolulu.
Who shakes with awe before bayete Shaka Zulu?

(18 January 2011)

Jonathan ROBIN

Spent

SPENT

So seldom she sees him –
sometimes twice a week –
stays free for stray whim
to tease, touse, peek.

When he leaves salt tears swim,
then she grieves, fears weak,
brown eyes, russet rim,
pearls course down, streak cheek.

She wakes out on a limb
for his sake, rake sleek,
the chances seem slim
he'll wedding bespeak.

Over half-truths he'll skim
though true love she'll seek –
no commitments from him –
sad heart cries, sighs bleak.

19 November 1977 revised 17 November 2008

robi03_0142_robi03_0000 XXX_LUX

for previous version entitled Borrowed Time see below

Borrowed Time

So rarely she sees him, –
two to three times a week, –
though free for his stray whim
to tease, touse, speak.

When he leaves her, salt tears swim,
then she grieves, from fears weak,
brown eyes russet of rim,
down pearls course, streak each cheek.

Over half-truths he'll skim
although true love she'll seek, –
no commitments from him –
her heart is so bleak!

19 November 1977

Jonathan ROBIN

Spider Spying

Spying spiderlike, biding time,
witch web weaver, stealthily awaits.
Spinning, steadily relates
tarantulating reeling rhyme,
coordinates vibrations rich:
mating male precipitates
into eternity's sticky pitch.

Jonathan ROBIN

Spidey, Spider Parody William Blake The Tyger And Anne And Jane Taylor, Twinkle, Twinkle

Spidey, spider spinning fast,
I will trap my fly at last,
eight eyes witness final swings
and roundabouts of wings.
What brow[n] beaten beetle staggd
in cocoon so neatly tagged,
what wet silk that sets dew scene
for caught-on-hop grasshopper green?
Silk's redigested once prey's bagged
for protein's precious, times are lean.

Spidey, spider, biding time,
reinforces reeling rhyme,
scuttling hither, thither, waits
sliding stealthily relates
patience monumental which
line by line shall seamless stitch.
Architect arachnidae
delicately weave, stay sly
attuned to clue vibrations rich
of honey bee or dragonfly.

Spiders stretched white web world wide
digesting juices from inside
before man's ancestors evolved,
and after they'll be buried cold
will still persist as climate change
restricts, extends, contains free range.
My countless kin waged battle royal
against ants, termites, trouble, toil,
my brood will win, grow wings though strange
this may seem now, span tree and soil.

Spidey's kin spin, far outnumber
lazy men on planet earth
whose tasteless haste and waste encumber
ecosystems, stifle birth.

Prudent spider seeks solution
ingests pest guests. Man spreads pollution.
See impatience, profligate,
seed destruction at his gate,
while web dissolves, thank evolution,
daily may disintegrate.

My mobility remains
when struggles stick to glue goo pains,
chirps, once strident, silent fall
gone with wind is curtailed call.
Twinkle, twinkle, spider's mate,
you shall find your fate too late,
headless abdomen cavorting
still recycled while lust's sporting,
courting ends as fornicate
vets pro_testee's rigor morting.

Spidey spinning left to right
pluridextrous appetite.
Hung with dewdrops, webworlds wait
hungry weave, anticipate
larder stocked by afternoon
juices syphoned prove true boon,
from mini mite of wispy weight
to the great tarantulate,
arachnid art's bye-bye cartoon,
dried insects die incarcerate.

Though man for some five thousand years
has spread two feet through vale of tears,
I've eight, soon, late, the odds are great
time man's mime leaves forgotten fate.
My many offspring prospering
with steel strength string and piercing sting
shall raise their eyes from man's sighs see
octoganal eternity
the motto 'Time where is thy sting'
is in my tail's tale everything!

Jonathan ROBIN

Spinning Rhymes

In winter crystal carpet spun
returns us right where we begun
when forests walked and talked on cue
still roots push through, greet promised sun.

When meadow beckons all should go
exploring glades they've yet to know,
discover shades of green and blue.
Why follow fallow furrow's woe?

The meadow gentle? Time and place
for sunlight strive at rival pace,
spite sunlit face, bright spilling dew
heed spider warnings to man's race.

Sun, sinking, bids the birds asleep
though thorny hedgehogs slowly creep
beside the brake where curlew flew
and cuckoo echoes echoed deep,

While trout still tipple in the deep.
calm nor alarm, nor timid peep,
awakens sleeping sheep who grew
content in sturdy shepherd's keep.

Then lines from rest to test shall steep
on meadowward inked page, tryst keep
to share sage secrets once we knew
before eyes veiled, lies more lies reap.

(23 March 2005)

Jonathan ROBIN

Spirit Spits Pits

[S]tale smoke,
Pale bloke,
I'm broke,
Rum coke
In poke
Time's joke ...
So Croak!

13 April 2005 revised 28 March 2009 robi3_1201_robi3_0000 XXX_DJZ

Previous title Cost of Dying – for previous version see below

Cost of Sin

Stale smoke,
I'm broke,
No joke.

13 April 2005 robi3_1201_robi3_0000 AWX_DJZ

Jonathan ROBIN

Spirited Reflections On A Purple Cow - After Gelett Burgess Purple Cow And William Wordsworth A Perfect Woman

Kind kin[e] we see through ultra-violet light
seem now to be cowed phantoms of de-light:
but let well be, our ghosts are seen unsought,
yet set them free, pot roast has been unwrought.

Jonathan ROBIN

Sprinkle Drinkle In The Bar

Sprinkle drinkle in the bar
how I wonder what side car
I'll rush into as some knight
whets my blurry appetite.
Drinkle, twinkle, little bar,
only hope you're up to par!

When to blazes one is gone
ten more line up for the fun,
can I, canned, quite see the light,
can I dream of selenite?
Drinkle drinkle nothing bar,
spare a drop for grandmama!

When rich traveller in the dark
thanks one for the little lark
two play at in dark car park,
take him for a ride stripped stark.
One should thank that lucky star
and save a tip[ple] for mamma!

But, night's curtains rise, still keep
all Tom's change to pay for peep,
one should never shut an eye
till its time to say goodbye!
Drinkle's cost? what's lost won't count,
[hope it is a large amount]

As his drooping tiny spark
stands not on ceremony, mark,
one should heave par[s]ting remark
"ciao" then leave him in the dark!
Drinkle, drinkle little bar
Closing time's the best by far!

When at last Night's curtain falls
Knight takes no more curtain calls,
see his bark grow[l] worse than bite,
both, if witnessed, could indict,

Help I'm summoned to the bar
no-contest? judgement won by star?

19 March 2005 Parody Jane TAYLOR The Star, William Blake Tyger

'The Star'

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the blazing sun is gone,
When he nothing shines upon,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

Then the traveller in the dark,
Thanks you for your tiny spark:
He could not see which way to go,
If you did not twinkle so.

In the dark blue sky you keep,
And often through my curtains peep,
For you never shut your eye,
Till the sun is in the sky.

As your bright and tiny spark
Lights the traveller in the dark,
Though I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

Jane Taylor probably parody of William Blake - Tyger

Twinkle, Twinkle

Twinkle, twinkle little bat,
How I wonder what you're at!
Up above the world you fly,
Like a teatray in the sky.

Lewis CARROLL 1832_1898 Parody Jane Taylor thus of William Blake - Tyger

Reductio ad Absurdam

(The vision unfolded by Professor Schäfer of the production of life by chemical means has been declared by other scientists to be the same discovery made long since by Darwin and Huxley. The absurdity of any such pretensions in the past is, of course, easily proved by the following reference to the case of Thomas.)

Thomas, Thomas, going large
Down the Mall's majestic marge,
What mad scientist is he
Would claim to have concocted thee?

In what oxyhydrotherm
Dwelt thy protoplasmic germ?
In what subtle chemic spasm?
What the hand dare seize the plasm?

To what end, 'neath what pretence
Arose thy utter lack of sense?
And, bringing such a thing to pass,
What blind fool, what silly ass?

What the formule? What the fault?
In what test-tube was thy salt?
What the bunsen? What the flame
Fused the fluid of thy frame?

When the spars thrown down in spate
Formed thy weak precipitate,
Did he look on it with glee –
He who, to take a case, made me?

Thomas, Thomis going large
Down the Mall's majestic marge,
What mad scientist is he
Dare claim to have concocted thee?

Wilfrid BLAIR 1889_1968 Sa Muse s'amuse 1914
Parody Jane Taylor, The Star thus of William Blake - Tyger

Mica, mica, parva stella

Mica, mica, parva stella,
Miror quatenam sis tam bella.
Super terra in caelo,
Alba gemma splendido.
Mica, mica, parva stella,
Miror quatenam sis tam bella

Henry DRURY Parody Translation Jane Taylor, The Star, thus of William Blake -
Tyger

Stella, bella, mi mica

Stella, bella, mi mica.
Miror quid sis natura.
Resplendes ex spatio
Velut gemma in caelo.
Stella, bella, mi mica.
Miror quid sis natura.

Author Unknown Parody Jane Taylor, The Star, and William Blake Tyger

Jonathan ROBIN

Spurn Ambitions

SPURN AMBITIONS

Ambitions spurn, where man on man would prey,
most gifts seem sterile where two hearts can't share,
all phrases empty where there's none to care: -
best let the heart lead head along Time's way.
Life offers much, though who takes should repay.

20 June 1991

robi03_0393_robi03_0000 XXX_EXX

Jonathan ROBIN

Spurning Artificial Limits

Spurning artificial limits, she
Aims at ideals assuring future bright.
Natural skills are reinforced despite
Great need for greater space, for quality.
The grace we trace unlocked is, needs no key.
Ostentation superficial slight
Notice draws for, turning to insight,
An intuition deep helps her to see
Truth's beacon light with perspicacity.
As actors in Life's play may one day we
Link 'cause' into 'effect' to share delight,
Independant minds combined, yet free.
Allow yourself the luxury to look!
World wide awaits, forever open book,

Jonathan ROBIN

Stage To Stage

One wore hoar age as well as most who count from tear to tear,
as stage succeeded stage geared down, while rage at age's sting
increased as waning youth began to spread its restless wing,
while all too lucidly was heard furred dreaded footfall near.

One bore sore rage as well as most who post from year to year,
hale Summer paled, frail Autumn failed full promises to bring
to fruit as root from tree and shoot took little comfort. Ring
to ring adjoined seemed time purloined, no raison d'être clear.

One saw Life's page criss-cross sage stage barred from tomorrow's cheer,
time underlined, once wined and dined, uncertain everything
became as game and aim turned tame, lost flavour, savour, zing,
lights on life's stage in turn caged, rage, dim, swiftly disappear.

The chronicle of wasted time, chased hasty jotted down
as witness to fear's tears, last years fast passed in study brown

12 June 2005 revised 19 November 2008

Jonathan ROBIN

Stages

REverie frees poet's inspiration
VERified by reader, contest judge,
RICH rhymes justifying admiration
EMerge from depths unfathomed free from fudge.

REpose seems stage where dream's examination
PONders upon verse inner voice selects,
Stimulates insight's insemination,
Echo within grows true, word choice elects.

PUrpose pensive pens, anticipation
Redraws draft pages, channels thoughts to show
POise, elegance describing situation,
SErenely clocked into syllabic flow.

FATHomed content, context, key. Elation
THought waves bends tsunami tall that ride
Outside time, reveal rhythmic relation
Meaningful, all conflicts set aside.

Jonathan ROBIN

Stainless

As rain brims rivers, springs life on the world,
love's currents course through artery and vein,
vitality sustain, without which brain
sideways stumbles, soul dumb, flag fast furled.
When destinies together dance we're whirled
by circumstance, or through Fate's unseen chain,
although one-sided meeting may remain,
vain, or rejected, as a stitch unpurled.
Life's challenge must be met to free dreams pearled.
Despite the oyster's ugly shell, no stain
may mar reflections pure to cure the bane
where unshared emotions Time sends whorled
in ripples round from core to furthest part,
as heart from heart is drawn too far apart.

Jonathan ROBIN

Stake Stake Stake After Tennyson Break Break Break

Stake, stake, stake,
on life's green felt fabric thrown,
cheat croupier's awake,
weak p[!]ayer's weary grown.

O well for spouse faithful who
can cash in lucky play,
O ill for poor gambler too
rash not to end his stay
as love's golden hopes turn chipped
back-tracked by Fate's stacked till,
O for banned hand's touch which ripped
banns and woe for the crushing bill!

O well for the trophy wife
who played hidden hand all ways,
while that cockney 'trouble and strife'
ensured rich piper pays.

Alas for the lass whose gain
with modern climate change
melts into tearful pain,
with recoup out of range.

Alack for the black when red
is called on roulette wheel,
wits lacking, bankrupt led
self-suicidal spiel.

Alack for the perfect hand
that's trumped by royal flush,
Love's mountain turns to sand
no oil from 'rig' can gush.

Ah me! for life's fickle card
beneath gilt chandeliers
deals life a lesson hard
when chip stack disappears.

Stake, stake, stake,
while a camera all can see,
records hearts, banks which break,
and counts accounts' red plea!

Jonathan ROBIN

Stalactite Column After Ogden Nash - The Termite

When stalactite meets stalagmite
falls, rising, to and from great height,
as stalag tight wight might dry in,
that's why kreig spieleologists die thin.

What starts as drip through seasons' fall
as seasons rise, rise too, withal,
top leak greets bottom, sweats stone lime,
shows why extremes must meet in time.

As silent witness fall and climb
record vicissitudes of clime,
that's how all ages freeze hoar rime,
like tree ring pages' frieze sublime.

Thus what as CO2 solution
begins, spins solid revolution,
from liquid sets with Gorgon strength
medusing through both breadth and length.
That's why amusing column ends
with stony stage rhyme's lines suspends.

Jonathan ROBIN

Standing Out For The Outstanding

An hour, pretty flower, I'm agreed for,
a night, what delight beyond dreams!
a week would be bliss I would bleed for,
a month might be magic, it seems.
But a year, Dear, is more than I'd plead for,
though the hope for osmosis still gleams:
for longer, - as yet I'm not keyed for
although Love bright and bravely now beams.
to capture each rapture and encore,
if encore there be - how Time streams! -
and if I be THE one you would breed for
why not tarry a tide, b[r]ide as teams?

(Initial poem previous title A_Greed 5 June 1992 © Jonathan ROBIN
Parody revised 4 May 2005 as collaborative ring 43 contributions)

Jonathan ROBIN

Standing Under Above And Beyond Understanding After Pre-Existence Bryan Waller Procter

One sits beside tide sea to see wee sandy grains were rock
which doubtless stood out centuries, would, mighty, lightly mock
sun, wind and rain that Time's reign trained to slowly infiltrate
nooks, chinks crannies summer heat expanded at a rate
which seemed so slow, - years ebb and flow when measured by the clock
whose hands flip fast fo[u]r seasons pass relentlessly, tick-tock.

One bends light waves when wonder craves to wander with insight,
enlightened caves, beyond slave graves, to trace ways to unite
hope's stalactite, scope's stalagmite, to fight face values' bait
which ties rope tight round fears found slight, quite groundless, reprobate.
Creative thought, which, rich when caught, too often fades as night
to dawn defers, morn mourns, prefers to dream theme kite, blight's rights.

One sits upon soft sand at hand to understand, take stock
of passing time which in rhyme's chime stands out and, with a shock,
one asks again how fame, task, gain may matter for great weight
is blown away within a day by webbed ebb tide of Fate.
Yet still one thinks at water's brink till suddenly the cock
begins to crow: `tis time to go ere mysteries unlock.

One dreams beyond green palm-tree fronds tinged by soft sunset which
paints picture pink, inspires to think, on comings, goings, rich
that here inspire the poets lyre to muse on present, past,
on currents' flows, on Nature's shows, on shadows all things cast.
One feels at ease amid light breeze beneath palm trees by beach,
sand dunes behind have underlined deep themes that seem to teach
Life journeys on, no soon begun than done, sun story passed
to higher planes, to start again chance karmic dance at last?

Life's flag, once proud, too soon's seen bowed, strife's wheel turns, cycle spins,
shattered, tattered, ill-endowed, seems all that underpins
life's fragile leaf that comes to grief on rails of 'no return'
from bones to beef to bones from beef is link blink evanescent,
ephemeral, death swallows all, cross, star, and even crescent.
Faith's strict or strange test mortal range debating good and sins,
do battle here, then disappear, for trial by Time none wins.

What's safe, what's sure, stray, safe, secure? All ends in wormwood box.
Bought sinecure, sought cancer cure, fight mortal paradox.
Time's skeins unwind, wane, mind's refrains cease while still seeking peace,
few key to tunes which cue to runes foretelling free release
for who'd make self free from fake pelf, mistakes cash, crash, boom, bust,
enigmas solved too soon dissolved, resolve earned, spurned, turns dust.

One would reach out beyond beach flout horizons fixed, finite,
beyond restraints where courage faints, unfurl wings for free flight
to soar above poor petty pace, trace secondary state
where cares may melt away, joy felt, as sixth sense conjugates
eternity in grain of sand, sees beauty shining bright.

One would reach out beyond beach, flout horizons fixed, finite,
beyond restraints where courage faints, hope taints, find wings, free flight
to soar beyond poor petty pond to ponder second state
where cares today may melt away as hope can conjugate
eternity in sandy grain, paint beauty's blossom bright.
Noon's pride, moon's tide, swift swept aside: What rides abide? Goodnight!

Jonathan ROBIN

Stardust Ease

From sad lamenting tune, night never-ending
to dawn of gladness far from cobweb mist,
life springs, renewing seasons, sunlight sending
as summer's promise shines, once sorely missed.
Where whining wind sighed desolation's wronging,
strong dreams of gleaming harvest may prepare
for gleaning, silo filled with wondrous longing,
song stirring stardust, ease, must everywhere
doff shadow veils as moonlight wavers. Morning
sweeps doubt away with playful mirth reborn,
agenda struck are mind-grind, muddled mourning,
disharmony, walls artificial worn.
See hand-in-hand hope slough adversity
creating through your goodness, good in me.

Jonathan ROBIN

Stars Enthrall Beyond Pollution Sprawl

Wander alone or play with pebbles on some beach,
wonder at Milky Way which few men may attain,
earthbound most mortals stay, no stargate wormhole chain
may tunnel planets' play, among their orbits preach.

This complex interplay of matter outside reach
n light years far away remains deep dreams' refrain,
on gravitational sway mind muses, boggling brain,
in ode to comet train stars seeding - so some teach.

From Hubble's telescope and images
from satellite beamed scope, space information mine,
one ponders nights before stars bright beyond Moon, Mars.

Short-sightedness appals, pall hides horizon line!
Pollution's mist mask sprawls, pinpoints mankind's decline,
shows need to weed out greed impeding sight of stars.

(8 March 2013)

Jonathan ROBIN

Star-Sapphires

Magic star-sapphires, sun-sky, moonlit sea,
Are those deep orbs absorbing all of me,
Unique they are, and all embracing, splice
Dreams to reality, to life gift spice.
Each complements the other, all can see.
Mooning night hang sleepless head, cast dice
At jealous odds with Love whose victory
Undisputed shines, whose aim's precise.
Divinity claims homage. In a trice,
Empires surrender, to her swear fealty.

(4 March 2009)

Jonathan ROBIN

Start The Day - Parody The Lounger - Oxford Sausage 1767

I wake up with a smile,
laze in bed for a while,
as the eyes readjust to the light,
run the dreams through my head
and then leap out of bed
to shed musty dustsheets of night.

Tea or coffee, a pile
of new emails, a mile
round the block to stay fit may sound trite,
but when all's done and said,
one feels better when fed
with a breakfast both balanced and light.

Start the day off in style
and no trouble, no trial,
may depress you, oppress you, or spite,
worries fade and instead
plans may prosper, - ahead
Life sparkles with joy and delight.

Jonathan ROBIN

Statements

STATEMENTS

Statements wide, too neatly cut and dried,
approach the truth as close as most the moon,
name chalk as cheese, cheese chalk, kite thoughts buffoon
in passing caught, hot air - [t]weak tongues untied.

15 April 2001 revised 14 September 2006
robi03_0932_robi03_0000 XXX_JXX

Statements Poem (c) Jonathan Robin

Jonathan ROBIN

Steel On Steel

Strength in each and every part
needs no paltry poet's art
to picture peerless tensile worth
which rhymes through time in class apart
to show glow's incandescent birth.

Hammers heated chain links bind
furnace features, anvil mind,
steel represents upon this Earth.
From forceful freedom's furnace find
fragility, flaws left behind.

18 October 2011

Jonathan ROBIN

Steer Rage

Late autumn's hazy mists and heavy rain
replenish water tables and prepare
through winter's hibernation drab and bare,
for spring, rebirth, fertility, flush plain
lush with promise sown and known whose reign
ascendant welcome zephyrs sends, repairs
Jack Frost's handiwork wild wear and tear.
From troubled night to light through window pain
the seasons spin, begin again. Again
gale free, see harvest ripen everywhere
Nature teaches man to take great care
uninterrupted cycle life sustains.
Yet much seems out of kilter, climate change
upsetting food chains veers to world weird, strange.

Jonathan ROBIN

Step Out To Outside

Spendthrift thoughtless greedy glide,
dovetail decades as stillborn dead,
seldom seeking soul inside,
forgotten lie before life's sped.
Ostrich imitate, divide
themselves from freedom: chicken-head.
Beware batallions blind who ride,
queue jump, monopolise board, bed.

Refute temptations of soft ride
conventional safety, overfed,
voice stifled, choice requalified
by hierarchies restrictive, led
comatose, self-justified,
enslaved, priorities misled.
Iconoclasts, disqualified,
accounts must render overhead.

Whatever reasons that decide
individual's insolence often bled
white despite imagination wide,
hope, scope denied, twisting heart, head,
his place is precious. Don't deride
diff'rences dividing awkward tread
from cowards' superficial, slide:
those most behind believing self ahead!

(20 April 2011)

Jonathan ROBIN

Stinger's Stung By Singer's Tongue After Lewis Carroll Mad Gardener's Song Sylvie And Bruno

He thought he saw an easy touch nearby against the wall
maid who made eyes most modestly, without a trump to call,
he looked again and found himself as prisoner tied down,
while she, though barely five feet tall, was sure to win the crown.

Man high and mighty faced with maiden flighty must beware
before returning willy-nilly filly's smiling stare,
for hand that rocks the cradle rules the world, so soon he found
predator prey were quite miscast, assumptions all unsound.

He thought he held the winning hand, but wily woman knows
to bait the trap, one lap on lap, then cut the crap, she shows
'the female of the species is more deadly than the male'
as Kipling said, so reader's led to motto of this tale.

For he who thought the lady sought would offer all he'd ask
discovered soon with anguish that when fell delightful mask,
she took to task his prejudice, his wallet, and his heart,
then left for Philadelphia another chum to chart.

Jonathan ROBIN

Stinging Reply - 1915 - To Ogden Nash The Termite, Harry Graham Ruthless Rhymes And Hilaire Belloc

When termites knocked upon ants' door
they thought to conquer larval store;
how lucky vicious fire ant queen
nested above poor Auntie Jean,
for when upon the latter's bed
it fell and stung her quick and dead.
Her Will, found sound, Judge Jonas swore
that I'd inherit more and more!

From this one may gay moral glean,
auspicious chance and pastures green
fall to man mean who plans ahead,
blind termites leads to where ants bred.

(9 September 2009)

Jonathan ROBIN

Stitch In Time Out

Strange seems the search of maids for mates
when common cause from friends forms foe
replacing with estrangement, hates,
what once seemed blessed above, below.
Familiarity dissipates
romance, contempt breeds, lines won't toe.

Distance links lonely souls who so
imagine they anticipate
complicity which bliss could sow
once twinned together. Yet the wait
itself can contribute to grow
that rancid turns when when what seemed glow
afar fools' gold's found far too late.

Where ignorance seems bliss, minds sow
an empathy that knows no date.
Fête alters after altar's fait
accompli bares the rotten row
of base betrayal where two skate
on thin ice, gleaning harvest fallow,
can't compromise or clear the slate.

Life's tidal streams so swiftly flow
too few can truly contemplate
cross currents which combine to throw
Time's hands towards predestined Fate.
Is distance space defined as though
smiles miles may somehow compensate
when common cause, innate laws glow,
when minds find matter dissipates,
until 'reality's' undertow
waves goodbye when two create
a fantasy of belle and beau
that swiftly may evaporate
when faced with fact as fiction's dough
can't rise to open occasion's gate.

Few feel for Truth, few care to know

what dream themes teem past Peter's gate,
Death's sting rings changes and although
the 'moving finger's' never late,
most try to thwart sharp sword of fate,
hesitate, hot, cold, oft blow,
too often kill what they create,
as, blind eye turned, they backwards grow.

Lost, tempest tossed, in lovelorn limbo,
most time together, separate,
the lies they live on earth below
their progeny perpetuate.
While lonely, counting cost, they sow
the seeds of frontiers which frustrate
their need to weed out embargoes
which sundry woes accumulate.

Cocooned from change, most answer 'no! '
when new horizons captivate,
their god remains the status quo
whenever storm-clouds congregate.
When mass consumption's fiasco,
when brainless crowds gesticulate,
then hollow men spend life scarecrow,
obedience offers dinner plate.

'Reflection' draws ignored echo
confined, when blind repudiate
heart's hopes, locked in, chart sin where no
enlightenment may penetrate.

Thick skins shared sentiments scarce show,
refusing to negotiate
new challenges in embryo,
are doomed, tombed, in their muck stagnate.
They focalize on quid pro quo
where give to take cold calculate,
hold solitary state, kowtow,
potential incarcerate.

Ignore therefore the vertigo
of careless crowds to concentrate

upon responsive dynamo
to harness energies innate.
Avoid peer pressure, biased state,
narrow schemes which strangulate,
prepare tomorrow's merry go
round life's deep secrets penetrate.

Avoid time-traps that domino,
impenitent advance! World's weight
grounds wings which long to overthrow
travesties life imitate.

Jonathan ROBIN

Stitches In Time

Some skins shed, stray, when Fortune spins flawed dice,
One moment white they pray, the next play black,
May here run hot, cold there, protect p[lay]back
Expected to reward their wayward vice.
They one day feel real cause for 'yea' concise,
Heart lost then costs may chart, 'nay' reason, lack
Intrinsic worth, commitment, cards they stack,
Now twinge, now cringe, unmanned in land of mice.
Grows [s]he who glows true faith, to Paradise
IS constant, caring, bearings keeps on track,
ROws through Fate's flows, knows never cul-de-sac,
Tries, wise, to seed, weeds out, flouts bad advice?
Temptations easy lead to queasy ride,
ENduring strength most fickle fools deride.

Jonathan ROBIN

Stockmarket Slump

With rally dead,
the gilt is off the gingerbread,
the outlook's dread,
its time the bears were fortunes fed.

Jonathan ROBIN

Stones Flake To Sand

Stone flakes to sand, and mountains melt to mould,
as Time's transgressions fault lines day by day.
Nature's plans, tectonic placques enfold,
grind growth to grit as bit by bit they fray.

Each season's growth, though loth, fails, tale soon told,
same story – morning glory - passing play.
Dictators fêted, mated stranglehold -
as swift their rise their fall, ball out of play.

Raging volcanoes age, old page stone cold.
Gone - lifeless echo – mighty mammoth's sway.
Alas what fossil still sends scented spray?
Ruined are idols piled, forgot, unsold.

Yet galaxies from dust clouds coalesced, -
add H²O and Time ... Life's lit_mus[t] test.

Yet hibernation's dreams strange themes may range,
encouragment when sleeper will away
to time to take on time and win from day
an inspiration which may rearrange
the causal puzzle into rhymic change,
patterned and coherent interplay.
Primitive percussion's disarray
cedes passage to more positive exchange,
friction weak points penetrates, long-range
becomes transparent, quake wakes hideaway
potential which through meltdown finds true way
to free self from self, spurning all short-change.
Star-sapphire gems from molten core pour light
relieving fragile fears to heal past plight.

To hear today, unheard tomorrow, 'sleep
upon the midnight with no pain' said Keats,
prerequisite for change remains - who cheats
mortality may just stagnation reap
as atrophy denies the urge to peep
'beyond the veil' or risk [s]tale self defeats.

Time's telomeres must conquer self-conceits
as second-thoughts with watch hands onward creep.
States - like perceptions - change. Once ocean deep,
now Himalayan peak, tomorrow eats
into appearance. Cyclic spin repeats
theme's variations, constancy still keeps.

Both life and lifeless atoms recombine,
can poet's line frustrate Time's veiled design ?

25 March 2005 revised 1 December 2006, and 20 July 2008 second sonnet 25
October 2007 3rd sonnet 20 July 2008
robi03_1119_robi03_0000 SXX_DKZ
for initial version entitled Sang to Margaret see below

Sang to Margaret

Stone flakes to sand, and mountains melt to mould,
As Time's transgressions etch on day by day
Nature's plans, tectonic placques enfold -
Grind growth to grit as bit by bit they fray.
Thus other blossoms fail, their tale soon told
On words where glory seldom prints its way.
Mated dictators mute, who'd once boot bold, -
As swift their rise their fall, (p) all is dismay.
Raging volcanoes turn extinct, stone cold,
Gone - lifeless echo - mighty mammoth's sway,
Alas what fossil still sends scented spray?
Ruined are idols piled, forgot, unsold.
Each far from madding crowd's ignoble strife
To Lethe's lost, while She stands forth for life!

25 March 2005

frustrate to be read as incorporating
FRUSTRATE
RUST ATE
RUST RATE
FATE ATE RUST
FATE ATE US

RUST STATE
FATE SATE US
FATE ATE US
RATE US SAFE
etc.

Life's lit_mus[t] test. lit in French means bed and must is synonym for mold so there are several layers of meaning vehicled here beyond the EST or Eastern Standard Time

'to sleep upon the midnight with no pain' John Keats: Ode to a Nightingale

'Beyond the Veil'... See rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam Edward Fitzgerald

Time's telomeres

If cells divided without telomeres, they would lose the end of their chromosomes, and the necessary information it contains. (In 1972, James Watson named this phenomenon the 'end replication problem.')

The telomere is a disposable buffer, which is consumed during cell division and is replenished by an enzyme, the telomerase reverse transcriptase.

This mechanism usually limits cells to a fixed number of divisions, and animal studies suggest that this is responsible for aging on the cellular level and affects lifespan.

Once ocean deep, now Himalayan peak: n.b. The Himalayas were once a deep ocean trench and seabed fossils are not uncommon 4 000 meters above today's sea-level

Away with locks, with shocks, with furrowed brow
Let circles spiral out to challenge Fate.
Ideals which wall no more incarcerate
Can open door for sharing soul-song now.
Eliminate fears tear-lined, weary bow,
Bind hope to scope as cares evaporate,
Antagonisms dark thus dissipate.

Life unlocks doors, shows spirit naught can cow
Demands relief from reef, briefs sharing's vow,
With grief's tide set aside, abide, berate!
Illow heart's dart to melt all trace of hate.
NResponse reaction scorns, may peace allow.
All fears, years yearning, tears, cease, release
Banish pain's strain chain, reach unstained peace.

25 October 2007

Speak not of locks, of shocks, of furrowed brow
as circles spiral out to challenge Fate.
no corridors can wall, incarcerate
great soul whose door for sharing's open now.
To tears she fears, to weary stooping bow
Open heart, help hurt evaporate,
Miasma, darkness Life will dissipate.
Another door to spirit naught can cow
Remains to open, leads to sharing's vow,
Grief set aside, reef won't abide, berate!
Allow Love's dart to melt all trace of hate.
Response reaction scorns, can peace allow.
End fears! the years, the tears, cease choke and smart,
The pain, the strain, the chain, ease broken heart

25 March 2005

Stones Flake to Sand poem © Jonathan Robin

Jonathan ROBIN

Storm Tossed

Narrow the world, with very little scope
Inside its boundaries for warring creed.
Now seed, now bloom, now dead in word and deed,
Ended scarce begun, yet still we hope
To add an extra twist to Time's short rope,
Expressing trust which on itself does feed,
Energy recycling. Great our need,
Never flags, grows greater, while we grope
New yardsticks more secure, for seldom Pope
Imam or preacher can in conscience lead,
Nor can sham shaman really draw a bead
Exact between Hell and Heaven. Few can cope!
Their lives are lonely interludes which slope
Year after year towards the grave, their seed
Too thinly scattered, and their barren breed
With other worries blessed, which telescope.
One sighs while lonely hearts in silence bleed.

(1 January 1992)

Jonathan ROBIN

Straightlaced Course Set From Whale Bone To Boner

Can she who straight-laced seemed to be
Open out her hidden charms to view,
Untie knots sacred taking off on cue
Rose velveteen, let everybody see
Silk, satin, paisley patterned fantasy
Exposing twin moons seldom déjà vu.
Some stand alone, pair pride pear, apple true,
Enhanced are others with white whalebone tree
Too forward looking, overhanging, free
Forgone conclusion, overlooked by few,
Or if looked over 'on the level' boo!
Rewarded by spousal glare, breached modesty
Claiming uxorious priority,
Oversight unforgiven by the pew.
Resplendent shine respected line, taboo
Entertaining never, while tatoo
Seamen sport, maids' infra dignity.
Except from bone to boner bonny bride
Too often leaps before she learns to ride.

Jonathan ROBIN

Stranger Than Fiction

Action, cut, then action once again,
as focus sharpens when the second take
attempts to compensate for first mistake,
avoiding third or even fourth refrain,
allowing also precious time to gain.
The rushes, spliced, appear without a break
and an excellent impression make.
Fears features shake, tears echo portrait's pain,
smiles wreath with joy, frown, stark betrayal's stain.
Dreams Life may make more life-like, little fake,
as most seek stimulation, thirst need slake,
to help the hum-drum hum and drum, 'tis plain.
Yet Life, more strange than fiction, often proves
authentic feelings more than acting moves.

(13 November 1991)

Jonathan ROBIN

Straws

Straws sometimes break the camel's back,
Intent or accident, who knows?
Beyond the pale none may job back,
Yet who resists his inner woes?
Life's seldom seen as white or black,
Life needs nuances, change of clothes,
Expressed emotions' open flows.

Jonathan ROBIN

Striking Reply To A Strike Among The Parody Poets

While, without, his men were crying
'Shorter hours and better pay'
perspicacious statesman, sighing,
wondered how he could obey.

Ploughman? Most plod, few poetic.
Norman armies? Spent their day.
This leaves homeless, diabetic,
those with Special Needs. Who'll pay?

Zephyr, cyclone? Radars pinging
satellites spy ere anchors weigh.
Holds filled, cams stilled, shanty singing,
skippers swill till stars display.

Yet the latter, thoughtless wringing
from the seven seas fish stocks
their own boats are swiftly burning -
shoal supplies caught on the rocks.

Chickens coming home to roost as
twenty first - last - century -
seeds starvation: rockets boost as
climate change deals drought fury.

Minstrels now by electronic
wavelengths long have been displaced:
digital - no hands - harmonic
angel tunes are copy-paste.

Minstrel Boys? Wars now by proxy
drone above skies distant while -
mocking virtue - orthodoxy,
crimes unpunished scarce face trial.

Lochinvar, gone west, has vanished,
roles reversed, men homeward stray
to the kitchen, nursery banished
madam henceforth pays her way.

Not even Marx remains for burning,
time to kill most will grow grey
VOD is tu[r]ning
channel free to channel pay.

Rat politicians' shortfall planning
indicate at our expense
they thrive, fatten: immortal damning
deserve, pay Paul with Peter's pence.

Shelley, Kipling, bards prolific,
their successors underscore,
the need for ambiance terrific,
higher earnings, free time more.

Jonathan ROBIN

Stringing A Long And Short Of It

Skelton
dealt on
terse taut
verse taught
strung list
tongue twist
fast rhyme
last time
[th]ink sends
wink ends

[c] Jonathan Robin 8 skeltonics written 8 June 2008

Jonathan ROBIN

Struggles Cease - After William Shakespeare Sonnet Xlvii

Struggles cease as heart and eye ally
And each to each good turns does sans delay: -
Now may they twine as heart, with inner eye
Garners reflection fair of peerless traits.
The heart refreshed is eyeing every part,
Open eye's fulfilled, heart's welcome guest,
Moreover neither rush, wait other's start,
As hearts signed, sealed, are mutually impressed.
Mention Present, Past is shadow dim
As Present, passed, fair Future's bells ring bright,
United are all three: 'us', 'her', 'him's' hymn,
Draws trinity's divinity in sight.
Eye may make no mistake, beyond day's shore,
Charmed knight returns to one he'd e'er adore.

12 June 2008
Happy Birthday M C!

After William Shakespeare

Shakespeare Sonnet XLVII

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,
And each doth good turns now unto the other:
When that mine eye is famish'd for a look,
Or heart in love with sighs himself doth smother,
With my love's picture then my eye doth feast,
And to the painted banquet bids my heart;
Another time mine eye is my heart's guest,
And in his thoughts of love doth share a part:
So, either by thy picture or my love,
Thyself away art present still with me;
For thou not farther than my thoughts canst move,

And I am still with them and they with thee;
Or, if they sleep, thy picture in my sight
Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight.

Jonathan ROBIN

Stunned Into Silence

Frame these lines! All future generations,
Regretting that they knew not thy fair form,
Acknowledge rule divine, false queens forsworn,
Nature surpassed by thy divine vibrations.
Contentment seems the order of the day,
Enchanting spell makes stars stop in their courses,
Sun moon and stars around Earth spin, display
French letters English shame. Each stunned voice hoarse is.
Rue too untrue rash rumour of thy fame
As it can't fit a grandeur nonpareil
Niche within eternity thy name
Creates emotions dreamers long for, pray.
Each silver strand Galadriel would wish:
Shame Gimli sated self on other fish.

Flailing, words in English fail to show,
Report, describe, one peerless paragon
Alone where others imitate her glow
Notwithstanding highest prize is won.
Creation's justified by presence fair
Excluding all dimensions parallel,
Supernovas pail before her stare,
Find themselves wanting, sound their tocsin bell.
Remember roses' perfume once was held
As worthy of the gods... this proves to be
Naught when compared to one whose fame unknelled
Center of joy proves for each century.
Ends here this sonnet, words no meaning make,
Sore mockery of thee: seed, crop, grain, bake and cake.

Jonathan ROBIN

Sublime And Simple Villanelle

Sublime and simple is this test
All feel, when verse spiels rhyming reel,
Alliteration zeal's zen zest
Spice splices till lines roll to rest.

We state above - make claim most bold,
Sublime and simple is this test,
we rate, score love, take trophy gold,
Alliteration zeal's zen zest.

Primed pauper poets posts prepare.
All feel, when verse spiels rhyming reel,
Ability, alas aware
Spice splices till lines roll to rest.

Jonathan ROBIN

Submergent Heir Apparent 1532

Regardless of their air apparent firm
Of grain, to grain, against the grain, cliff wall
One day must fall, must raftless [d]rift withal
Marked only by the generation worm
Whose earlybird descendant shall not squirm
In spite of stone erosion's crystal ball.
Tintagel's hour of need may heed no call
Hark to prophet-sea-gull, wheeling tern
One day may search its prey where wild waves churn,
Uninterrupted sea soars over all,
That climate change precipitated, squall
Dour squall succeeding Man's high plans, his germ.
Order bows to chaos as the deep
Submerges, legend, castle, climb and keep.

(26 December 2006)

Jonathan ROBIN

Submicroscopic Senryu

I'm sublime chime rhyme,
Climb from and to nothingness,
Prime-time grime, slime rime.

Primeval soup start
Evolution from here to
Eternity chart.

From small beginnings
To universal presence
Destiny's spinnings

Out and innings,
In and outings may extend
Tentacle winnings

From bottom to top
Where haste too often makes waste
Food chain links non[e] stop

Jonathan ROBIN

Subtle Beating

Heart which took subtle beating,
fills walls with hope again,
as chill of self-defeating
darkness may light regain.

Confessions made in silence
are for those who cannot speak,
Tomorrow, secrets shed hie hence,
soul shines, no longer weak.

Deceit her hunger once would,
like wolf that prowls by night,
Misconceptions harbour, should
drop sin's controls, find light.

Her face leaves trace too graceful,
smile kind, transparent, pure,
No venom shadows hateful
still bait unwanted lure.

Soft touch can calm the ocean
drowns former fears, through skin
sweet scent invites emotion
no longer hid within.

Heart shares a subtle beating
all walls start caving in
Warm peace, release, are meeting
with happiness win/win!

Jonathan ROBIN

Successive Signals

Shower spray soothes suffering stunned soul.

Sensitivity's slippery soap sensation store sends serendipity's sun,
suddenly subtle cyphered successive subsurface sonar signals satisfaction strew,
strangely satiate, resuscitating successful sentimental sojourn.

Had we not met or had I through disappointment's hole
never slipped, would joyful journey now begun
have taken place replacing splintered parts with whole
validating vibrations verifying unimagined union.

Dreams drive Destiny's dance despite danger, doleful dole.
Desire dismisses disillusion, delusion; auto-derision's self-fulfilling fun
flows fluidly through Time's wave bands' ripple role
pursuing harmonious horizon
untouched, unsmutched, unattainted, as inner reach attains role
reversal, releases control ... Story spun.

17 December 2006 revised 7 June 2008
for previous version see below

Successive Signals

Shower spray soothes suffering stunned soul.

Sensitivity's slippery soap sensation store suddenly sends successive subtle
subsurface sonar signals strangely satiating serendipity's sun.

Had we not met and I through disappointment's hole
never slipped, would joyful journey now begun
have taken place replacing splintered parts with whole
validating vibrations verifying unimagined union.

Dreams drive Destiny's dance despite danger, doleful dole.
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pursuing harmonious horizon
untouched, unsmutched, unattainted, as inner reach attains role
reversal, releases control ... Story spun.

17 December 2006

Jonathan ROBIN

Sudden Enlightenment After Buson Yosa No

Cecity stumbled
stick through moonlight shaft tumbled
on me and laughed

Jonathan ROBIN

Sum Here's Rubaiyat

Another season sweats its final hours,
life's windfall petals fall, residual powers
fade as fades cold year's frost fragile span:
scared angel at prayer's cradle, frightened, cowers.

Another winter of our discontent
succeeds an autumn Indian summer lent,
precedes weak spring which speeds weeks in advance,
stretching some seasons out of kilter, bent.

Tomorrow feels pale veiled tomorrow's frost,
obscured from view to multitudes cue lost
tossed shortened days foreshadow shortened lives:
though who'd protect small souls ne'er counts the costs.

Is end-of-days Aquarius close at hand
to close one chapter, tomb tome to disband,
or are uncertainties and current doubt
reflections on approaching promised land?

I saw myself in waking dream beside
swift river flowing out to meet ebb tide,
wave to fresh waves waved greetings as they passed
out to the ocean's gullet open wide.

For those who versify upon world's ways,
dumb who hide glum sum of spendthrift days,
dread reckoning is read ahead of time
which swallows hollow men, reed piper pays.

For many years some push capricious luck,
star in lead role familiar to Puck,
they 'balance all, bring all to mind' self signed
the years behind seem lame, a game unstuck.

Some 'sleep upon the midnight with no pain'
before watch tick tock tickles light again
no hopes to raise the ghost of Christmas Past,
of Christmas-Yet-To-Come, what hopes remain?

Some tilt at windmills vouchsafe glory vain,
some seek in spotless soul without a stain
redemption though they, anxious, stand aghast
to see inequity extend its reign.

Some, sere upon the stump, pump acid rain.
some, weary, live life backwards, joyous gain
is seen as firefly weaving over grass
a mirage [b]light highlighting fright'ning wane.

Mankind has much destroyed, and squandered more,
not least of Time the sum, for shore to shore,
through 'Act of God' or self destructive war,
societies are shaken to their core.

A watershed approaches which will show,
no tears for wasted years, for wastrel crow
wide world won't wait, increasingly is faced
with options polluted, scarce a star to glow.

As ice floe meltdown caps historic lows,
our melting pots are stirred, change cyclone blows,
tornado, twisters trip our twisted trip
submerging cities 'neath tides' ebbs and flows.

Exacerbating man's mistakes time's tide
tsunami turns, brash mortals brushed aside,
we're greedy flies, feed from weed biomass,
sink dust forgotten, pride by Nature tried.

There's no hobgoblin, there's no angel guide,
no paradise 'mid glories starry skied,
cock crows deriding those by Tavern Door:
'Heaven' and 'Hell' lie only in life's ride.

Jonathan ROBIN

Sum I Know Sure Tanka After Fujiwara No Toshiyuki Suminoe Shore

See sum I know sure
his sound's sighs keys high waves rise
outside all insight
on Spring dreams' tidal surf swirl
yet he still fails to see me

(23 June 2012)

Jonathan ROBIN

Summation

Though trance seems dumb behind din's bawl
romance beams hum defined win call, -
know glance gleams come, unbind, spin ball -
so chance teams, plum aligned enthrall,
flow's dance dreams sum combined in all...

Jonathan ROBIN

Summer's Sum

Summer to some seems Winter's sum
New enjoyment, world-view versed in rhyme,
Natural reflections over time
Engendered by a mind whose soul would sing
A word or two to string in golden ring
Necklace bound by no known chain, whose chime
Never fails to tune a bell sublime.
Emotions, shared, reverberate. Time's swing
At last is counterbalanced, and its sting
No longer palls as phrases fuse and climb
Now past all past experience, masqued mime:
Enchanted insight's flight on poet's wing!
Just twenty six the soldiers are whose line
Rekindles hope for scope, draws from each sign.

Jonathan ROBIN

Sunday Sonnet

Sunday preferred? Absurd! Who heard such thing
Unless one feels that life is regimented
Not by bliss met, kiss met, Fate's golden ring
Daily displayed, by nights' dreams supplemented.
All life is gift, why shift perspective, sing
Your Sunday 'freedom' when all's in the mind?
Spell out belief joy rests in everything
Untrammelled by old almanacs and find
New insight into all life's leaves may bring,
Despising those some calendar proclaims
As 'rest'! What's best is Carpe Diem! Wing,
Youth, through each day ignoring 'weak end' frames.
Sun shines through time to rhyme this sonnet's flow.
Day is today! There's little left to know!

Jonathan ROBIN

Sundial Story After Candis J Brown A Little Leaf

I woke to crystal hieroglyph
frost coated carpet landscape while,
with smile espied on bright snowdrift
a little leaf sundial.

Leaf fell from mighty oak that stood
just five and forty feet away,
it lay not lifeless, cold withstood,
wood's message would convey.

Sol's chariot bold helped tale unfold
in time with shadows dancing:
time flew, new old turned, story told,
dial's second thoughts advancing.

'I twigged from woodland's tallest tree
from spring through summer wind and rain,
held, shelled, belled dewdrops sparkling free
that to fresh air returned again.

When shimm'ring sun spread simmering heat
I offered cooling shade,
as fall brocade changed, Nature's beat
turned coat, made color fade.

When winter wind began to blow
oak cloak shed, leaves fell one by one,
although I was the last to go,
mission accomplished, done.

I, late last night, by gusty force
into sharp blast was cast,
my time, with not the least recourse,
came to an end at last.

With ruby dawn sun rose streaked sky
I found myself on snow surround,
saw sparks reflected back on high,
all round glowed crystals crowned.

I realized that someday soon
snow must melt, felt Nature's refrain,
sap rising spell cast gifting boon
of life's renewal once again.'

It cheered once weary heart to see
that little leaf upon the snow,
and mused on leaves that fall from tree
as seasons come and go.

I thought about that mighty oak
which stood not far away,
evoking coffin when Fate's stroke
may carry me off some day.

Jonathan ROBIN

Sundog Cataract

What seems sundog high by spry cataract
deserves a deeper look. Another light
reveals imagination's flow intact
Speed current echoes time's trip, clouds take flight
Waterfalls with dreams may interact
catalyze sense streams to spring insight
stimulate synaptic leaps spray backed
enhancing surf spill spells, responses bright
show space where cataract wraith-wracked
blinded with self-denial dark. Winged white
eddies fantastic, swirl-whirl, fears backtracked
ring confidence to share, bring twinned delight
Time ruffles rift, strange spume fast sprays, gifts room
Rhyme ripples swift, change dooms past's plays, lifts gloom

Jonathan ROBIN

Sunset Insights

Sounds shimmer shadow, subtle, minor key.
Unsleeping oceans echo photon beams.
Nature's themes surpass man's smog smug schemes.
Season songs tune to eternity.
Emotions' motions multiply, fly free.
Time true to time replays circadian streams,
Illuminating soul as last light gleams.
Night gestates day's wonder ceaselessly.
Sun setting dreams reflective harmony,
Insight catalyzing, somehow seems
Glorious gateway. Deep sensations team.
Heaven sent, unspent opportunity,
Tomorrow's promise shines, stars relay hum.
Silenced poet pens by rule of thumb.

Jonathan ROBIN

Sunset Sonnet Vibrations

Flamingo flames flare fitfully, restore
fey fanfare firework vistas sparkling West.
Dusk's twilight sky shows gorgeous colours more
gorgeous still compared to emptiness
of night's dark empire, highlights all before
final flickers, filtered, fail, life blessed.
Now Nature slumbers. Memory's dream store
snaps insights from some random frames at rest.
Faery fire tongues with oblivion war.
Suspended animation, loss of zest
ignores for pregnant promise's encore
gestates as wonder. Time through time attests
to paradise reflections palette wed,
pigment variations sky theme spread.

Sun's setting dreams reflections from sky to
unsleeping oceans, echo photon beams,
waves ceaselessly repeating Nature's themes
to span the rainbow's multicoloured hue.
Calm, harmony, together take their cue
from rite eternal as the last light's gleams
illuminate the spirit that now seems
at rest, all for the best, as through and through
emotions' motions multiply. Time true
to time repeats circadian rhythm's streams
of consciousness. Imagination teams
in tune with life and light day, night, renew.
Tomorrow's promise shines through palm tree fronds,
or fern, or dune reeds, reinforcing bonds.

Evensong denies day's noise pollution,
sounds shimmer shadow, subtle, minor key
no less intense though major cares may be
melted into context. Some solution
to wordly worries inner ear finds - fusion
of past and future opportunity
may span gap, bridge mind fails to find when we
busy bee from whim to whim confusion.
Night knows no silence, spurns dark tomb's seclusion,

root grows, sap flows, while winter set spring free,
so dark prepares tomorrow's clarity
while mole scares worm beneath calm's balm illusion.
Stars signal stars as relay stations hum
and poet soundless pens by rule of thumb.

(21 March 2013)

Jonathan ROBIN

Sunshine Shivers

Sunshine shivers, dream beams trembling,
rays no longer play dissembling
game as aim, attention drawn
elsewhere, prepares destruction's dawn.

Thought coherent tries assembling
last will codicil remembering
fractal flashback frames, must mourn
rash behaviour, cash withdrawn.

Hope's embers' snuffed, tough luck dismembering,
past's grasp with last gasp sucked Septembering,
disappointments multiform
pointless pages from life torn.

Ambitions rotten, faith forgotten,
tattered scarecrow, shroud of cotton.

Jonathan ROBIN

Super Nova

Intense desire for space, autonomy,
Real stress encounters, thus seed sown for change,
Ideas aesthetic recognition free
Now need to feed, allowed wide world to range.
An innate sensitivity can see
Revealed what to most hidden stays, seems strange,
ADds insight to intelligence to key
Into ways others function, rearrange
One image into all components. Plea:
Open opportunity, exchange
Vital, sustained, full of veracity,
Awake to an idyllic interchange.
RADIO waves await true understanding
NOVA burst of light bright mind upstanding.

(21 April 2013)

Jonathan ROBIN

Super Nova Dedicated To 'she Who Makes Mirrors Smile'

Intense desire for space, autonomy,
Real stress encounters, thus seed sown for change,
Ideas aesthetic recognition free
Now need to feed, allowed wide world to range.
An innate sensitivity can see
Revealed what to most hidden stays, seems strange,
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Vital, sustained, full of veracity,
Awake to an idyllic interchange.
RADIO waves await true understanding
NOVA burst of light, bright mind upstanding.

(21 April 2013)

Jonathan ROBIN

Superficiality

When red-ribboned wrapping's torn
from faded fabric of jaded life we live,
society's conventions shorn,
hallucinogen highs earn disrepute, urred scorn.
Few steadfast, fair reflection give.
'Unto thyself be true! ' boon sworn,
soon perjured. Fear, Fate, Fame feed opiate additive,
poppy field forgetfulness foresworn,
spring puppet frame string fancies few forgive,
when scrutiny tests unrest's groove forlorn
trail railwayed, second thoughts stillborn.
Fortunate had most failed to form,
ghost feelings, feeble boast, toast featureless, host soul sieve.

Jonathan ROBIN

Superlative Story

I Syntactical Sequence

II Strange Stanza Succession Starts

III Scenario Synopsis

IV Sensuality, sense, sensibility,

V Substitute Spousal Suggestions

VI Seesaw Simplicity: Seraglio Similarities Spurned

VII Solution

I SYNTAXICAL SEQUENCE

Special scansion 'S' syllabic
specious solicisms snaps,
solo solving sounds strabismic,
syllogistic systole scraps.
Syllables spring, shuffle, scuttle,
skittle syntax, scintillate
syntonically sans snuffle, shuttle -
synonyms shake sides, spine straight.

Stanza stanza swift succeeding
senses sweeps, song swifter swims,
succulent succession seeding
substitutions, surface skims.
Scrupulous semantics subtle
switchback spiral, summarize,
seek solutions smart, scrolled, supple,
solve set spectrum's smallish size.

Synonymous synchronising
sympathetic symphony
scores - Socratic symbolizing -
swivelling sonority.
Scansion salvo salvo scansion
strong succeeds, succeeding sends
successors streamlined sampling surging -
sanction seems so slight, scourge spends.

Systematic symbol spreading
'ssets something sacred, seeks, -

spondee stress sarcasms shedding, -
sentiments, shapes stanzas, speaks.
Strophes sparkle, serpentine,
softly, smoothly, sussurate -
sentence studied sentence signing
splendid splicing, - skate sans sleight
Sanely, simply, slight skill showing,
shading sentences, songs stream
sometimes swiftly, sometimes slowing, -
stupendous symphony supreme.

Sundry stanzas show scene setting
scripting syllables sublime
spurred slurred soul-song silhouetting
sewing swiftly, spurns sad slime.

Serried 'S' suite's steady study
spools studious survey surely spelt
sweeps suggestions secondary
scribing super Susan svelte.

Scenario scarce scientific
scripture sympathetic sought
superceded soporific
shorthand shortfalls, sharing sport.

Salvoes sparkling, sagenitic
sixth-sense, snaring sentence scoop,
serried series, saccharinic,
strips subliminal sensor snoop
stirring subtle sans-culottic
savored stirred syllabic soup,
shedding sorrow syphilitic
succeeding sallies score, soar, swoop.

So scrawl straggly, squirrel squiggled,
seven successive Sundays struggled
shrugged sense, sounding soundings scribbled
smooching Susan, Stranger, snuggled.

Sunset sunrise swift succeeded,
second sight spellbindingly

self-sufficient story seeded
scribe, sagamore, strayed sparingly.
Section supple subtle speeded
successive stanzas started singly,
spun sing-song stunningly screeded
surpassing self suprisingly.

II Strange Stanza Succession Starts

Spurning shantytown surroundings, squabbling siblings, - Stephanie,
Sylvie, Sally, Sarah, Sharon, Sophie, Sadie, - Susan, she
sighted Stanford's sorority, sat scholarship sagaciously
shedding shyness, satchel, sanctions, showed spry superiority.

Susan, seventeen, successful, sexily suggestive star,
studies started, sprightly, skillful, swan-song scented Shalimar.
Scorning sylvan scene so stressful, she, spectacled, short, singular,
sought society selectful, satisfying, secular.

Slender Susan snuffed short-sighted solace superficial, said
studies seemed soul's sole scope, slighted shirking students, stockings shed,
swiftly she slip-ups spotlighted, short shrift showing shifty spread,
striped socks, smocks swiped, self-affrighted sophomores sure standards shed.

Shall subsequently self-sufficient suffragette seek secondary
shoddy substitution shelters - see school's shield silliness shan't stand!
Secretaries sadomaso, schistic, sot, self-serving she,
seldom submissive, sceptre scatters, seeks spicy sweet soul's Samarkand.

Senorita, schemas scanning,
shaking soporiphic sand
sleights spirit's smug siesta spanning
subterfuges she'll scarce stand.
Soul seminal seeks, - sharp shards shed -
somewhere shapely sandy strand
shackles shattered, sects sectarian sped.
Soul shapes seraphic saraband,
satisfaction, sweetness, spread.

Summer spent, soon seasons snowy
shall succeed, sun sinks so soon.
September, seeming sunlit, slowly

stopping standing still, seeks spoon
sexy, sweet seductive, solely
sating soul - scarce set saloon.
Scorning superficial, showy
skirt, she saunters, stalwart shoon.

Sometimes sentiments seem scaring,
sometimes, self-sacrifice, stops short;
sometimes seduce, self-pity sparing,
sometimes special sweetness sport.

Sing-song see-saw separation,
syndicated section stopping -
Susan sudden spots soft-spoken
swain sincere serenely shopping, -
sparking sure sanctification.

III Scenario Synopsis

Susan sudden spotted, strolling
subjugating sonneteer,
statesman, sportsman, salesman scrolling,
somewhat supernatural seer?

Someone she, subjective, staring,
studied, suave swain's soft smile sought,
sensing subtle, sensational sharing,
shameless symptoms showed, stopped short.

Sensitive, scarcely suspicious,
sensible sans sophistry,
short shrift sending superstitious
silliness, stupidity.

Sentimental serenading
scene sets, suddenly Sue's seen
sampling sharing, stops stockading
self, seeks stranger, swain sans spleen.

Sudden sighting stranger striking,
silent Susan signalled sprightly
semaphored, - sharp sismic spiking.

Struck stock still, she, siren sightly,
several seconds suspended stood,
spirit spirit sought, strong style,
so sister soul selected should
see Sue's serious, studious smile

Supercallifragillistic
stimulation spelled sweet spell,
stripping selfishness sarcastic,
starting something! - spirits swell!

Susan, supple, synapse stretching,
singleminded, strictures stows.
Strange secretion subtle sketching
Shangri-la seductive sows
several sided stimulation
soars spontaneously, sadness slows,
secret strength shown scores sensation
scorning spectral shadow scarecrows.
Superceding speculation
shockwave spreads, so simply shows.
shockproof scope sans simulation.

Stimulating, sure, stochastic,
super shaman, second-sight
seemly, stoic, straight, scholastic,
sagacious seeming, shone spotlight.

Savant speaker saga's skeins spins
sloughs superfluous snake skins, sins.
Such sure stature searches stable
soulmate sympathetic, surroundings, -
sagittarian, scorpio, sino, sable?

Substituting sick succubi -
skittish, seldom steadfast - sigh! -
swapping self-serving slovens sly
satellites suburban spy,
showgirls superficial, spry,
selfish, sceptic, scarcely shy,
swain saw Susan, sure, supply
signals seeking sharing, strength, soft sky

scrutiny should satisfy -
superceding stale standby.

Secrets shed, stars scintillated -
straightaway Sesame spell,
soothing, sadness, scars sedated,
see Susan's servant's spirit swell!

Strange sensations softly singing
siren songs showed symptoms sweet,
shower storms suspended springing
surprising signs, seduced soul's seat.

Somehow swain's, slim Susan's, souls soared
shouting, scouting skies sincere.
Somewhere spellbound, Susan's soul stored
sentiments, sensations sheer.

Sundered spirits, seraphinning,
Silence stop, strum sitars sweet.
Strains start sundry sentence stringing
strainless, stainless sounds' song sheet.

Servant scribe's shorthand synopsis
shows superb simplicity
superposing symbiosis
stereo serendipity.
Superlative seems story setting
shedding superfluity,
startling sentiments Suzetting
subjects staid show substance 'shitty'.

Suited stranger, swept, surrounded
Susan, suit sought, soon she said
sincerity succinct soul sounded
searching, stirred, stern strictness sped.

IV SENSUALITY, SENSE, SENSIBILITY

Single swain sincere, supportive,
Schwartzennegger sculpture seemed,
So Susan sifting sentiment's sieve

shivered, steamed, shook, shivered, steamed.

Stay some seconds, sweetest sibyl,
shall super Susan spinster stay,
sherry sip, skip, scrabble, scribble?
Strong shrewd sons should spring someday

Shall snowdrop satin soirée suit sheer,
sewn spangled snowflakes, sabbath smart,
sandalwood scented, scarce severe,
stupendously sweet spousal start?

Shall Susan, swain, soon single stations,
spurn so sunbeams skywards surge,
somehow sympathy's sensations
sorrow, speechlessness, submerge.

Satin svelte she Seven Senses
satisfies, sighs stifles, she
superlatives surpasses, - suspense's
soon stripped showing sensual spree

Susan, sixty, six sons strapping,
sovereign still, shall subjugate,
scepticism, setbacks scrapping,
story scripts sensations sate.

Swain so sturdy, staunch, sat sighing, sentinel stirred sentiments,
spurning scoffing sirens spying, spurred Susan - sacred sacraments!
saintly sermon signifying single stems spliced sans suspense:
sextet siblings sanctifying - settled showing solid sense.

Sappho, Skelton, Swinburne, Southey, Sottish Swift, Superman Shaw,
Spenser, Southampton, Shakespeare, Shelley, Saint-Saens, Sarasate, Satie
Schubert, Sibelius, Scarlatti, Schumann, Shostakovich, Scelsi
Sacheverell, sister Sitwell, Sidney, Scottish Scott, Sterne, Sand set such store!
Scriabin, Schoenberg, Syzmanowski Smetana, Sor, Strauss, Stravinsky
Saxophone, string symphony, solo semiquavery, Susan's suffrage score.

V SUBSTITUTE SPOUSAL SUGGESTIONS

Shall signorina sugardaddy saxon seek - surety -

sidesteps safeguard, sequestration, sedentary sentry spanned.

Shall some sluggard sales-clerk squalid, - storeman stout, subordinate, -
soapless, stinking sot, so stodgy, swilling, spilling stout, suffice? -
Should swine snouted sterile Stevie stevedore somehow salivate,
sample Sue's stew, swedes, spaghetti, suet, sprouts, steak saddle slice?

Should stoned scrotty stroppy street skid, spotty sebum seeping state,
swallow scrumptious sloe, strawberry, sumptuous spousal sweetmeat skill,
sasaparilla seltzers sparkly, should skinhead Simon Susan sate?
Soda siphon sipper, she snubs superficial snobs sharp, shrill,
slurping squashes syropy, she'll scorn sham, shallow silverplate.
Supposing schnorrer, streetwise, sordid, shoplift spendthrift, shekels spill
should Susan scrounger stimulate, submit, submission simulate?
Schnitzel, sauerkraut, salami, strudel supper should she still
start, stirring soup, so schnozzel salient scheming Solly shall spoliates?
Should some squire settled, stumpy, stolid, - senile superannuate -
secret settlement suggestive, subrosa sponsorship submit
shall Susan stoop seduced, soiled she? She'd spurn salacious saurian soulmate!

Should some sartorial sealskin slippered Senator shed silken shirt
subverting Susan she shall spurn such suggestions second-rate.

Should Sir Spencer Sicklybee smoked salmon sandwiches, scot-free
serve, seafood, soja seasoned scampi, squid, skate, seaweed, starfish salty sole,
set shining silverware, Sevruga sturgeon seasoned slightly,
subsidise sharp spending spree, short selling stocks, shares, speculate
splendid Sue spurn sanity, shall spurious sophisticate,
snobbish saucy scion, see Sue sign silver-lined solvency
sacrificing serenity selecting security?

Stephan Stephanovitch Siberiadid: - shall Susan sink, solicitate,
Stalin's socialistic State suddenly swear spousal state?
Subversive stooping Stephan see sodden sipping sidecars, sherry,
scotch soda slurping steadily, schnapps, sidewinders, stridently.
Sedatives stomachwards soundless slid, sending sleepiness sedate,
Sulphate solutions suscite strangest side-effects sensate.
Slowly, surreptitiously, soluble sediments stream
stern Stephan's scope shall silently suffocate.
Shall scalpel scissored surgeon sage, sympathetic, seem?
Shall some schizophrenic, spoiled, self-serving spineless surrogate,
Sigmund Sycho-Sanity, somehow Susan synchronize, -

sado-maso sinistrate socialite seduce sufficiently?

Shall suntanned steward, show skies stellar, scintillate -
stateroom servant serving swordfish smirkily,
seasick sailor starboard swaying, somehow Susan should surmise
sun-soaked sneakered, sweatshirt, shirkers shilly-shally
'spite sparerib sideboard, setting shallow shoal, Sargasso sea,
stupified. She should stop-gap solution supervise

Should social striver Sigmund Smearchild status symbols sublimate?
Sipping salamanzar sec should she super smorgasbord see,
sweets, sultanas, sauces sapid, shabu-shabu shishkabubbly
sirloin steaks supplied, spice seasoned, sabayon, soufflés, savours' spate,
shall Sue, so sweet? surrender, shell-shocked stumble swooning
See semolina, salmagundi, saltfree sorbets Siggie spooning
shishkabob, scorched shashlik, seasoned stuffing,
scones, sopa-seca succulency shan't Susan satiate!

VI Seesaw Simplicity:

Seraglio Simularities Spurned

Setting scenic: slender Starlet,
striking, smooth skinned, Susan stands,
sporting sewn smock saffron, scarlet, -
striped shift, - shingled silky strands.

Swedish satchel, scottish shoe-shod
shapely shouldered sorceress,
Semiramis, scarcely slipshod,
sensitive, sweet shepherdess.

Skintight signed slacks, straw suede slippers
seamless silken stockings sheer,
such seduction shocking strippers
seldom show, - scowl surly, sneer.
Stretched suspenders? - steamship skippers,
somewhat shoddy sailors, steer,
southern salesmen, shippers
seldom scholarship sincere!

Schistocera southwards swarming
spread starvation's sinister scourge.

Sallow Shylock, scandal stoker,
slack subterranean serial smoker,
sideburn sideshow sidler Serge -
shirt sleeved, scruple shorn, scum storming,
scorns scathingly squaw serail, sunk
scapegoats shoddy, sacking shrunk.
Such scum smooth shaven, shallow skunk,
sleazy, stage spotlights spurns seek splurge,
seldom sweet salvation's sign.
Solely salubrious sunlit surge
Signals sensual Susan's shrine.

VII SOLUTION

Sun sinks slowly, - soaring, swooping,
scattered swallows streaking skim,
steadfast Susan, spurning stooping,
sowing sapphire sequins, slim.

Sunset: Susan strolls sedately,
spouse successful, super seems,
see, she smiles so sweetly, stately,
sexy, satisfied, sans schemes.

So say Slovaks, Senegalese Salvadorians, Siamese,
swat Serbians, Seychelles, Swiss, Syrians, Stockholm Swedes,
sardonic Spaniards, Singhalese, swarthy Somalis, Sudanese,
Slovenes, Sikhs, Surinamese So say sunburnt Sikkimese,
swathed saharan Saudi sheiks striding sable stallion steeds
showing swift Schumacher speeds sleek Susan's spiritualities -
specify: sense, substance, seize -special self sustaining seeds.

Subsequently situations stitch salvation, stray strands sweep, scabbard, sword,
swap salutations spouse, swain, succumb, scale spired
Softly stars shine, spousing sowing, simple service sanctifies, satisfactions, she's
still showing simultaneous song, surprise.

Saintly sermon sanctifying
singles stemmed, society
spliced serenely satisfying
Susan, swain - serenity!

Jonathan ROBIN

Sure Render Or Surrender, Sur Rendezvous Or Sir Rendez Vous

My one half celebrates our meeting's near
And yet my other fears the tears of fear.
Undoubting, one lives US as heaven's writ,
Deterred the other by too perfect fit,
Each part completes the other's inner whole,
Completely each defeats void's empty hole,
Made one by destined synchronicity,
Maid Man ban 'ran', scan fans complicity
As natural for flowing through twinned soul
Unsure, yet too aware two can't be sole.
Dance catalyzed by chance shows love's pure state
Enhanced by 'wait', scorns concomitant weight.
Contradictions sweet sound beat for rhyme,
Make light of distance, down beat jealous Time.

[c] Jonathan Robin acrostic sonnet written 16 June 2008

Jonathan ROBIN

Surf..Fing

Should quantum froth be found to correspond
to energy renewable released
my man-maid magma sloughing off despond,
survival of the fittest's moving feast
would surge out from its sub primeval pond
through urge to merge on higher planes till, ceased,
time's tide: round robin's ride beyond beyond...

[c] Jonathan Robin written 16 June 2008

Jonathan ROBIN

Surface Calm

Surface calm enfolds
the hidden tiger
of repressed emotions
sleeplessly prowling
within the inner reaches
of the mind's cave.
Surface calm here holds
attention – geiger
counting the ocean motions
of reactivity, radioactivity
tuned into the wave lengths
of the [he]art's rave.
Surface calm explodes
upon the calm surface
of a sheet which enfolds
the hidden tiger of.....

25 May 1991 revised? 31 May 2005

Jonathan ROBIN

Surface Tangent

Inside,
Outside,
Coincide

Jonathan ROBIN

Surprise Seduction - Sandrine Vaillant Sonnet Cycle

Surprise seduction signals siren song
As aims and aspirations all ally,
Neread nymphet nears, now dares deny
Dark Death, defying darkness. Dons ding dong
Revealing revels, rite ringing! Wrong
Is incredulity. Ideals imply
Needed norms negations nullify.
Empathy, entente, each evensong
Vital values validates via son.
All altercations abject are, awry:
Inner indulgence idleness is, I
Link life, love's letters, longing learning long
Lustrous lighthouse lantern lucky light
A Name Turns All Now To A Nova Tonight.

Jonathan ROBIN

Surrender Self

SURRENDER SELF

Harmony helps to anticipate
Answers well before core questions put.
Zones dark freed for bright light lead to joy's flute,
Empathy inspiring, senses sate.
Open door, therefore, unlock each gate
Find minds aligned, serenity takes root
Defying Time as inner ear, acute,
Ends challenge to life's picture pattern of Fate.
Surrender self, fast cast past cares, relate
Into insight's rune tune absolute.
Respond with trust and I will follow suit:
Enchantment shared which never may abate.
Mysterious are ways of mice and men,
Complicity create through [th]ink link pen.

5 November 2004 revised 7 March 2009
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Index Number out of chronological order
Acrostic Sonnet Haze of Desire M.C.

Jonathan ROBIN

Survey's Gaze Outweighs Malaise Maze Glaze Phase - Praise Day's Rays Blaze

Panorama new
defeats discomfort, who feared frightful phase,
through intuition's clue empowers state of grace.

Tomorrow's avenue
flows naturally, construes true freedom's trace.
Destiny's rendezvous defies, denies, subdues, troubles faced.

Dark phase ends, one, free, starts, hope turns to find
spark gaze sends sun, heart charts scope, learns true mind

(10 February 2009)

Jonathan ROBIN

Suspendancy

Suspendancy

Pendant pictures often hang askew
as if, personified, they knew
most artists' channelled tunnel view
is tainted travesty seen through
perspectives missing rendez-vous
current observers' key into.
Art is becoming ambigu,
bears tenuous relation to
contemporary contexts – true
and false corkscrew as red, green, blue,
suffice no longer, out of cue
compared to wave-length capture new
afforded by enhanced retinal cones
to ultra-violet spectrum sensor zones

22 April 1978 revised 11 March 2009 robi3_0154_robi3_0000
previously entitled Painted Pictures for previous version see below

Suspendancy_19780422_Pendant pictures often hang askew ROBIN Jonathan
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ROBIN Jonathan 1947_20xx robi3_0154_robi3_0000 SXX_MXX
Suspendancy_Pendant pictures often hang askew

Painted Pictures

Painted pictures, pendant, all-askew: -
as if their absent owners somehow knew
that every artist's airy-fairy view

is but a t[a]inted travesty! - Untrue?

22 April 1978

Jonathan ROBIN

Suspense

Sudden-death suspense
mushrooms into crackling cloud.
Dust settles. Silence.

Jonathan ROBIN

Swift Transition

Swift transition from due deference
With questions deftly fielded from the floor,
Is challenge speakers find once conference
Finished, hushed applause, locked-down brown door.
Transition swift from host to 'ghost-in-crowd'.
Transient aura fades before time's mist.
Raincoat, briefcase, references, less proud,
Await, frustrated, public transport missed.
No fame persists. Swift, recognition's dawn
Sinks beneath horizon - blinks, then night.
Identity: torn banner, rent, in pawn.
The spotlights splutter, mutter, then goodnight.
IT Is life's reel: high, low, play dice with god -
ONE moment dais, then for daisies sod.

Jonathan ROBIN

Switch

When dawn snuffs out sleep's candlelight
one's memory retains as bright
far fog framed phantom image which
imprints its background stitch by stitch
upon the mind – dream drawn despite
the evidence that day and night
defy comparison. The switch
from focus when the rest is pitch
to depth of vision often might
seem trite when gift of second sight
ungranted is or atrophies.
Soul inner cecity defies,
“necessity” denies. Heart seeks
beyond the ken of highest peaks.

Jonathan ROBIN

Sylvia Set Yourself Lasting Values Ideals, Aims

Soon, years lost vanish into anonymity.
Yesterday's latent vitality iridesces and, subsides:
Lost vanity, insane afterthought, senseless yaffle
Vain ideas appallingly superficial. Yet love
Is all. Set yourself lasting values,
Admittedly simple, yet lesson valid is.

Slowly Yellow lantern veils. It appears
Youth's little voyage is aimlessly spent
Lacking vital instruction, acumen, secure yardsticks:
Vast intellectual abilities subverted. Yet let
Ideals advance, strengthen your life's vein,
Especially since Youth lacks vision, aims.

Several years later, vested interests abrogated,
Your lambency vanquishes iniquity as, Subtly
Love ventures in. Ascendant serenity. Yolk
Vanishes inside atomic shell. Your lifestyle
Inspires admiration. Sublime yogic liberation validates
actions. Share your love, virtue infinite!

Stop yearning! Listen, vibrations intensify. Ah
Yes! Life's vocation is archetypal search,
Learning via inner awareness. Supercede Yin/Yang.
Vatic intimations amplified sidereally, yawning light
Incorporates agelessly sybilline Yug's limitless vista.
Anger surrenders, yoked. Love victorious, invincible!

Stored years, Life validated impatient anticipations,
Your lyrical vivifying inevitable accord sharing
Loyal vision innate always, showing youthful shared
Valid inventive ardour so you link
In amity, special yen letting vistas
Augment serenely. Yesterday, lost, veto! Imagine!

Stop yielding, launch visible improvement, agile
Yet ludic venture, initiating affording someone
Likeable, voracious individual, actively synchronizing your
Vocation in aphrodisiac serenity, yet listening

Intimately, accentuating sentiments. Yearning, loving voice
Amplifies sensational yardstick: legendary vows Imparted!

Seek Yonder, Love's Voice Inspires Always

Jonathan ROBIN

Sylvie - Set Yourself Lasting Values In Everything

Soon, years lost vanish into emptiness.
Yesterday's latent vitality iridesces ephemerally, subsides:
Lost vanity, insane echo, senseless yaffle
Vain in essence, superficial. Yet love
Is essential. Set yourself lasting values,
Easily said, yet lesson valid is.

Slowly yellow lantern veils. In evanescence,
Youth's little voyage is energy spent
Lacking vital instruction, experience, secure yardsticks:
Vast intellectual efforts subverted. Yet let
Ideals ever strengthen your life's vein,
Especially since Youth lacks vision, ideas

Several years later, vested interests expelled,
Your lambency vanquishes iniquity everywhere. Subtly
Love ventures into everything. Serenity. Yoke
Vanishes inside egg shell. Your lifestyle
Inspires emulation. Sublime yogic liberation validates
Ecstasy. Share your love, virtue infinite!

Stop yearning! Let void innocent emotions.
Yes! Life's vocation is endless search,
Learning via inner enlightenment. Supercede Yin/Yang.
Vatic intimations expressed sidereally, yawning light
Incorporates eternally sibylline Yug's limitless vista.
Evil surrenders, yoked. Love victorious, invincible!

Stored years, Life validated impatient expectation,
Your lyrical vivifying inevitable encounter sharing
Loyal vision innate everyday, showing youthful
Valid inventive expansion so you link
In empathy, special yardstick letting vistas
Evolve serenely. Yesterday, lost, veto! Imagine!

Stop yielding, launch visible improvement, enchanting
Yet ludic venture, initiating expression someone
Likeable, veracious, intrinsically enjoys, synchronizing your
Vocation in evident serenity yet listening

Intimately each sentimental yearning. Loving voice
Endorses sensational yen; legendary vows Interactive!

Seek Yonder, Love's Voice Is Eternal

Jonathan ROBIN

Symbiosis

Symbiosis: senses s[l]ide by s[l]ide
interpenetration may provide
where give and take both take life in their stride,
where need feeds need's win's pin, no need to hide.

Jonathan ROBIN

Symbiotic Symphony

Slim beauty, fair hair sun-bright cloud
about her billows, surface calm
masks deep emotions, soul uncowed,
search newly blessed by soothing balm.
She wandered, lonely, through the crowd,
observing all, yet often seemed
both close and distant, head unbowed,
epitome of dreams she'd dreamed.

Sweet symbiotic symphony
awaiting liberating call,
preparing serendipity,
would nonetheless retain high wall
until discovering within
an infinite capacity
for stretching wings devoid of sin,
freed from former opacity.

Perpetual priority
protecting family until
each child - Ambre, Axel, Alice and Camille -
could thread autonomy and will
to flourish confident and be
emancipate - though never still -
from ignorance, fatuity.

Priority number two: to join
to present questions answers which
might mint fresh happiness' bright coin
a future fair, shared feelings rich
that none could question, none purloin,
an idyll oasis to stitch
nest nurturing til kids conjoin.

Deceptive calm! Her mind must try
to comprehend and then translate,
so children share, none e'er run shy
of fighting prejudice and hate.
Though world be harsh, though time swift fly,

empowered troupe she'd teach instate
an energy none misapply
true joy, fresh focus liberate.

Mistrusting superfluity
she scans horizons far beyond
face values, gilt annuity,
both mass hysteria, mass despond.
With natural ingenuity
imagination's magic wand
ingenuous spells melody
seductive that can correspond
to joy infinite - jeopardy
overcome by feelings fond.
Stupidity, conformity,
she spurns, returns to 'bas monde' frowned,
sad superficiality: -
short shrift she gives rave party round.

Unused to being understood,
her insight into others bores,
the trees she sees, ignores deadwood
non-thinkers – blinkers she abhors.
On levels few dare venture stood
pre-eminent ambitions stored
against wise day when wide walls would
implode without remorse, record
no trace of former heartache, could
advance through regions unexplored
to promised land where all for good
may blossom free with dreams restored.

Against the 'current' with the stream,
she seeks sweet, simple harmony,
both sunset, sunrise, inner gleam
respond in synchronicity
with heart at ease in pleasing dream
as if complementarity
flows naturally, home grown, shares beam
rewarding, hope sown harvest's key.

(24 October 1992 revised 6 November 2008
for previous version entitled Deceptive Calm see below)

Deceptive Calm

Slim beauty, dark locks in a cloud
about her billowed, surface calm
masked deep emotions, soul uncowed,
but still unblessed by soothing balm.

She wandered, lonely, through the crowd,
observing all. She always seemed
both close and distant, head unbowed,
epitome of dreams she'd dreamed.

Unused to being understood,
her insight into others bored,
the trees she saw, but not the wood,
nor could she –blinkers she abhorred.

Against the 'current' with the stream,
she sought sweet, simple harmony,
both sunset, sunrise, inner gleam
response – complementarity.

Priority retained: to join
to present questions answers which
might mint fresh happiness and coin
a future fair, shared feelings rich.

Deceptive calm! Her mind would try
to comprehend and then translate,
that all might share, none e'er run shy
of fighting prejudice and hate.

(24 October 1992)

Jonathan ROBIN

Symbolic Stanzas' Sonnet Celebration Response To Marion Mantel - The Painter

Pure poet imbibes artist's brush
creation's canvas celebrates
colour pigmentations' crush
inspires lyres' songs innate.

The timeless tides of metaphors
take form from morph hue cues,
as soul's semantice semaphore
signals sends, imbues.

Symphonic stanzas canvas caught
showers sublime compound,
symbolize synaptic thought
round watershed surround.

There none need karmic quest, request:
act/fact of being's freeing rest.

(24 April 2012)

Jonathan ROBIN

Symbols To Song - Poets Try Poetry

Poems channel syllables to song,
Opening wing valvelets which control
Each heart-string signals pulse neuronic, goal
Towards brain's keep sweep leaps synaptic throng.
Symbols swift deciphered can prolong
Triggered sensations subtle, coaxing coal
Red hot, to fiery fission, which keen soul
Yearns skeined yarns, hearts' heat, hopes fulfilling. Gong
Propagates through tympan tuning tong,
Outpours emotions. Poets share fair goal,
Expanding inklings into vision whole,
To catalyze communion, spirits strong.
Rest not upon old laurels, let fresh bays
Your spirit stir to set cold fires ablaze.

acrostic sonnet Poets Try Poetry

26 April 1990 revised 22 September 2008 ans 8 January 2012

robi03_0317_robi03_0000 ASX_IXX

previous version see below

Poems channel syllables to song,
Opening wing valvelets which control
Each heart-string, pulse neuronic signals, bowl
Towards brain's keep, with leaps synaptic, strong.
Symbols are deciphered to prolong
Trigger sensations shimmer subtle, coal
Red hot, in fiery fission, which the soul
Yearns with more heat to fill. Think how a gong
Propagates through ear gates - tuning tong
Outpours emotions. Poets have a goal,
Expanding inklings into vision whole,
To catalyze communion, calm wrong.
Rest not upon old laurels, let fresh bays
Your spirit stir to set cold fires ablaze.

acrostic sonnet Poets Try Poetry

26 April 1990 revised 22 September 2008

robi03_0317_robi03_0000 ASX_IXX

previous version see below

Symbols to Song - Poets try Poetry

P oems channel syllables to song,
O pening the valvelets which control
E ach heart-string, pulsing messages which bowl
T owards brain keep, with leaps synaptic, strong.
S ymbols are deciphered to prolong
T riggered sensations shimmering as coal
R ed hot, in fiery fission, which the soul
Y earns with more heat to fill. Think how a gong
P ropagates through ear gates, - tuning tong, -
O utpoured emotions. Poets have a goal,
E xpanding inklings into vision whole,
T o share the soul's communion, mend wrong.
R est never on old laurels, let the bays
Y our spirit stir, to set cold fires ablaze...

Jonathan ROBIN

Synaptic Dream Scrabble Stash

Dreams bring string themes for thoughts caught in blind flash,
Enchantment, nightmare fears, beyond time's veil.
Much past, some present, future fair or fail,
Links stored sub-surface in synaptic stash.
Insight's flights can scan creation. Clash!
World wakes! swirled search unslaked - there lies a tale
Of fairies, dragons, daily purchase, sale
Refused, approved, in limbo, mind's cache
Seeks sleeps return to peep through truth's mish-mash,
Advice clear seeking, films night's neuron mail.
New facettes, gleaming, stream subconscious scale
Gleaned from imagination's brain-wave splash.

Dreamplay transforms day's greys to rainbow sash
Evaporating empty phantoms pale,
Multi-coloured visions never stale,
Leaves boring chores here for adventures brash,
Ideal idyll there, to cut a dash
While speeding spirit fills dreamboat's full sail
On open ocean offering hope's grail
Real scope, feels grace denying daily lash,
Speed-reads between life-lines, shu[n]ts cut and slash
Away as contradictions fade or flail.
Now spring prevails, mocks fixed rails, founds fresh trail
Gains momentum, phoenix flies from embers, ash.

Word worlds scrabbled whirl unscrambled rehash
Once hidden memories as dreams exhale
Revived ambitions, aims released on bail,
Deep sleep follows lost primaeval tracks
Greeting hidden relevations, packs
A universe no censorship can gaol,
Moves mountains, fountains frees, sees each detail,
Egged on unyoked as Ahab white whale tracks.
So phases paradoxical sleeps stacks
Novel treasured pleasure measured by mind's cracks
Invites insight into both fiction, facts,
Laces sing-song sense up hill down dale.

Jonathan ROBIN

Synchronicity

Some things perhaps weren't 'meant to be'
yet in themselves set wheels in motion.

Effect/cause continuity

unites to catalyze commotion,
to shake sense of complacency
secure in which a time emotion
may lull until THE Time can BE,
as earthquake underneath the ocean
clears air with fire, or earth with sea,
and, acting as a cleansing lotion,
creates fresh opportunity
replacing egotistic notion
with stimulating symphony
proactive as a magic potion
to soar above conformity,
closed shop loco locomotion,
and find at last lock, door, and key
irrelevant as age promotion,
or narrow sect which will not see
that empty [w]rite is wrong devotion.

Jonathan ROBIN

Systematic Delays - Acrostic Sonnet

Systematic delays correspond to chronic
Yet semi-conscious self-sustained fish for failure.
Such rendez-vous manqués correspond to Dahlias
Turned topsy-turvy to sequent seasons' magic -
Extending pastel blooms in profusion frantic
Mysteriously during fretful frosty night.
Although good intentions are pleaded deep insight
Tells another story, of a catastrophic
Inability to organize strategic
Choices against a background that is daylier
Disturbed, more difficult - mental marginalia.
Expediency first succeeds, then, chaotic,
Leads down to disaster, to life deprived of light -
A suicidal spiral whose 'whY?' stays out of Sight!

Jonathan ROBIN

T_Ime's I_Nterwoven M_Akeshift E_Mbrace

Wayward Bird of Time may flutter
as chick through egg turns chick again,
milk and honey, scones and butter
love and laughter soon prove vain.

Choice taken may turn out for better
though mistaken, cause, effect,
stay-at-home or rash go-getter,
tease as puppet strings select.

What soul weighed against the feather
stands against the test of time,
most rush heedless, hell-for-leather,
Pierrot and Columbine

Notwithstanding good intentions
end up under self-same shawl,
when all's said and done abstention
matters just as much withal.

Life is but a melancholy
flower, sour with sweet competes
for dominion, swallowed wholly
by its sundry vain conceits.

What one time and place deems holy
heresy may soon be held,
what is ball, what striker, goalie,
when sin's final tocsin's knelled?

Who is slave and who is master,
pride rides high before dire fall,
tortoise time gears changes, faster
answers to disaster's call.

Yet one man's poison to another
meat appears so overall
change more change must ever mother,
matter little, if at all.

Sent today, soon spent, tomorrow
time and tide leave little trace,
life's strife to those who beg or borrow
spins sped treadmill's petty pace.

Naked birth, as last berth naked,
wheel spins roulette ball of fate,
man as sacrificial way kid
cues bit part until due date.

Tempus fugit, time is flying
whither? whence? and to what end?
hopes prove mirage, Janus lying,
basic instinct's vain pretend.

Whether lapping wave band foam bath,
thunder clap, tsunami tall,
weather warm or glacier calf,
matters little, if at all.

Whether old one passes over,
young unsung, berth premature,
silver spoon and four leaf clover,
or homeless, wan, naught can endure.

Laments unheeded, red rims beaded
with emotions on the fly,
strangers never know they needed,
nor regrets, nor passing sigh.

Who with motives honed for getting,
never letting go of aim,
last laugh's left with time, forgetting,
fame's flame, game's name, wild or tame.

Whether bright illusion shatters,
big head shed when will walks small,
ermine, mink, or patchwork tatters,
little matters if at all.

Ghost of Christmas present, past or

future perfect spun or spurned,
shepherd, wolf in pastor's pasture,
mess is earned, world less concerned.

Aeons long or echo fleeting,
naught completing, mocking glass,
mirage little else repeating
besides 'I thought I thought I passed! '

High and mighty host unpleasant,
guest of unguessed worth, to earth
soon consigned, resigned, peer, peasant
give redemption widest girth.

TIME EMIT - all's interwoven
causal links hold souls in thrall,
saint or sinner? witch's coven?
matters little, if at all.

All's the same, what clock recording
second thoughts docked, time-lock knocked,
self-centeredness proves vain, affording
little leeway when boat's rocked.

Palm tree dates' anticipation
appetites encourage though
few know what matters, grief, elation
equal prove when fast moves slow.

Template telomeres with ageing
evolution's leaps ensures,
one mutation disengaging
from another - naught endures.

Polished pebble tide toned, rounded,
priceless gem, physique homespun,
each as sand ends, bright dreams grounded
in oblivion undone.

What of love, of joy, of sorrow,
of Cinderella at the ball,
burst pumpkin, shoe lost, what boots morrow

if too late to answer call?

Trickle's end sparks fresh beginnings
run time's done cycle spins new call
to re-enact old underpinnings
of generations held in thrall.

Weathered monumental gravings
time jeers, grime sneers, climb hastes fall,
joyless jaded, constant cravings,
lust's treat dust meets, swallows all.

Seldom sense in destination
is revealed, within the way
purpose lies peregrination
in, of, through itself holds sway.

Whether generations flourished,
shared, bore brunt of grunt or gall,
prospered hale, failed, wailed ill-nourished,
matters little, if at all.

Jonathan ROBIN

Tableau Sans Fleurs

Malgré son charme exquis, un esprit aux aguets
A mission de saisir du pourquoi le comment,
Reste, au-delà du rire, éveillé observant
Toute la comédie humaine colorée.
Il faut que de la vie le flou soit écarté,
Nuançant pour s'offrir une marge tampon
En refus de s'ouvrir aux manipulations.
Mais jamais elle agit au premier degré,
Ayant très vite appris à se catalyser
Répondant au désir de rester autonome,
Tâtant autrui pour lire entre les lignes à temps,
Il va de la survie de sa sérénité.
Net, son regard se rit du déjà-vu cadré,
Espérant affranchir son cœur si protégé.

Mais comment dépasser les freins intérieurs
Afin de prendre sans se rendre vulnérable?
Retrouver l'âme au fond serait si agréable,
Tant face aux gens masqués qui vivent à contrecœur,
Image exagérée ou crainte qui demeure?
Neutre face à ses dons qui reste? Incomparable
Esprit polyvalent se met si peu à table,
Mystère combiné aux défis. Le bonheur
Attend sans raisonner à résonner en chœur,
Restant toujours pourtant aux autres impénétrable.
Tester et forme et fond adroitement demeure
Ici priorité faite d'une douceur
Niant le banal dans un élan qui permet
Enfin à se muer pour s'aimer, s'accepter.

Maîtrisant les réseaux, toujours en symbiose,
Anticipant tendances, elle avance avec soin.
Repos rare est mais chance au rendez-vous besoin
Très souvent fait le mot rimer avec la chose!
Ici c'est illico qu'une métamorphose
Nouvelle offre un immense essor ouvrant un coin
Espace, une alliance aidant à aller loin
Mais sans se perdre ou trop risquer la porte close.
Accord partage écho serait l'apothéose,

Réponse où l'on commence à s'ouvrir, où au moins
Tendresse et ambiance entente en sont témoins!
Ile aux idéaux et aussitôt l'osmose.
Nous nous sommes permis avec nos huit couleurs
Ensemble un tableau qui dresse un portrait sans fleurs.

Jonathan ROBIN

Tablet

Mountain tablet, steep protective sides,
Above savannah security provides,
Green pastures, flora, fauna, stretch below,
Imagination catalyzed may flow
Creatively, seek what horizon hides.
Maybe lost world jurassic here abides.

Jonathan ROBIN

Tailor

Many men were 'made to measure'
when they led a life of leisure,
while working women wept at home
and sowed their fingers to the bone.
Silken suits were deemed a pleasure
and of all things seemed a treasure,
but times have changed, I'm left alone
with only memories to moan.

It is undoubtedly a fact,
despite my stylish taste and tact,
that only 'ready-made' and racked
can current customers attract.

Yet should someone special come
select a suit of cashmere greys,
flannel trousers finely spun,
camel blazer, mohair maze,
should some young lad look out for fun
in lilac slacks, the latest craze,
like all the trade I suffer from
skilled labour shortages.
It puts a strain upon income,
Cutting cloth that never frays,
for when the weekly sums are done
as my accountant rightly says:
'custom as a custom,
no longer really pays.'

Jonathan ROBIN

Take Your Profits

Quick! Take your profits while you may
on shares today high flying,
rare heights beware, lest, oh despair!
tomorrow sees scared sighing.

Stock indices rise like the sun,
the higher they're a-getting,
the sooner is sharp fall begun,
and then farewell to betting.

Since all time lows stockmarkets soared,
thanks to new 'cash for clunkers',
when re-employment is off-shored,
who'll hide in gilt-edged bunkers?

Beware mad Madoff Ponzi schemes
as global crisis deepens,
which threaten true American dreams
as housing value cheapens.

Once caught on hop when prices drop
investors need be nifty,
to foreclosed shop turns mirage crop -
stay healthy and stay thrifty!

Beware Banks which two centuries
have boomed through bankrupt backing
exposure which turned mirage tease
with refinancing lacking.

When toxic loans come home to roost
who'll chicken out? the sanest!
for debt repayments bank on boost
for tax increases plainest.

Take rapid turn lest bridges burn
and melt down mark-up merry,
for salad days may not return,
and Charon waits with ferry.

Though dead cats bounce, the large amounts
at stake aren't worth the candle
when every ounce of cash that counts
cannot provide true handle.

That option's best that loss cuts first,
sight clear and reason colder,
the acid test when bubbles burst –
survivor's not the bolder!

Stay somewhat coy, enjoy life, Time
enacts its tribute, parry
Fate's base alloy, hedge hard-earned dime,
Stocks, tumbling, seldom tarry.

The risks increase with each percent,
but greed all fears forgetting,
may tempt – green money has no scent –
beware red fall's bloodletting...

Jonathan ROBIN

Taken To The Cleaners

Role reversal takes rake by surprise.
Chips down, chipper chaser's chased. Heart aches.
Stakes down, he ups the ante, thereby tries
to flee from trap she sets with sapphire lakes
whose beams are bait, placate to circumsize
escape attempts. Net tightens, instinct based.
Dynamite from unsolicited sighs
smoulders first, then bursts as lust replaced
in context hunt and hunter, two soft eyes
turn tables. Taken to the cleaners, haste
finds calculations quite awry and cries
foul as pride kneels down to whim's trim waist.
Anticipations sweeten exercise,
add spice to life as Cupid's dart's encased
in heart that trap discovers just to late,
with man, bereft of wits, left to dire fate.

Jonathan ROBIN

Tale Of City Morn

The city sleeps till dawn's spawned fly-by-night
Across a sky which echoes sparrows' cheep.
Life, like a clock rewind, from slumber deep
Emerges to encourage future flight.
On time tight schedules trigger traffic light,
Frame complex contexts within which men reap
Care or joy, employ their talents, sweep
In rewards, vexed disappointment's plight.
Things simple seem through black and white:
Yesterday, now bottom of the heap,
Mirrors distortions of tomorrow's keep,
Our flair's aware of changing air in sight.
Restructured daily, life's mosaic shows
New threads f[]ed into future's spreadsheet flows.

Jonathan ROBIN

Tale Of Paradise

These offspring of a poet's pen
As unclaimed orphans wait till when
Love's links are stimulated, trace
Each ph[r]ase in roundelay's embrace.
Once in a lifetime, only then,
Find we without tri[s]te mise en scène,
Purity Time can't deface,
A note in tune with Time and Space.
Reality? Hallucinogen?
As senses swirl, defenceless men,
Drawn in, reborn, gaze on true grace,
Impact intense naught could replace,
Seen once, to be forgotten never,
Eternal aura awes forever.

Jonathan ROBIN

Tale Of Paradise Reflects Upon Poetry's Chaste White Walls

True offspring of pure poet's pen
As unclaimed orphans wait till when
Line's links are stimulated, trace
Each ph[r]ase in roundelay's embrace.
Once catalyzed, and only then,
Find we without tri[s]te mise en scène
Purity Time can't deface,
A note in tune with Time and Space.
Reality? Hallucinogen?
As senses swirl clock seems suspen.
Drawn in, laid out, both breath and verse,
Impact intense all should rehearse,
Subject of, to, experience?
Echo imagination, sense?
Reflection fair? rhyme? prose perverse?
Epic dramatic, haiku terse?
Flow grows at nobody's expense,
Links old to new with no pretense,
Extending themes, dreams universe
Creative. Centuries traverse
To future from the present tense,
Sustains ideas, ideals immense.

Underwriting bards of old
Pure poetry need ne'er grow [c]old.
Of course, new meanings may appear,
Need reference points, text should stay clear
Providing into story told
Outstanding insight all behold
Excluding copies insincere
That plagiary posts to pay small beer.
Refusing censor's stranglehold
Your poet chimes rhymes manifold,
See soul's script magic skywards steer.

Chaste white walls border pristine page
Hibernating in purity

As, from judgemental values free,
Signal slumbers, till siren sage
Time calls, walls fall, all's filled in; cage
Empties when pen pursues mind's key.
Whitewash blushes. Absentee,
Harsh ego hides pride's head off-stage
In shame, game-playing off the page!
To self stay true, coeur et esprit,
Enshrines ideals effortlessly.

Write pure sustainability,
Authentic creativity,
Links and ensures. Enduring gage
Leaves rant's spree to precocious age,
'Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste' waste fee.

Jonathan ROBIN

Talent Tallow Tally

When underneath the eaves poor poets wrote,
or artists sought to represent their dreams,
with wax for candles scarce, with scarce a goat,
while wood and coal too costly were, it seems
most inspiration 'penny lined' in haste
by hand cold-cramped too often went to waste.

What talent tallow's tally still remains,
where marble monuments rare pains portray?
What name, rich fame, whose reign's not washed away
by present tides past presents swift disdain?
What's hacked by history, once sent, untraced,
short sh[r]ift_ink scrawl shawl walled on billboard paste?

We flicker second thoughts until life's page
attention turns to fresher fad engage.

Jonathan ROBIN

Tanka - Silence

Worse than cutting word
or misinterpretation
silent slice bit[e] heard.

Severance pay diagnosed
as communication closed.

(27 December 2008)

Jonathan ROBIN

Tanka 1001 I Love You

Three short words: Phoenix,
melting all misconceptions,
wings over the Styx.

Yin Yang grow flow together
united glow forever.

Jonathan ROBIN

Tanka Here Trained [h]ear

As distant echo
rumbles into awareness,
tracking first metro
bright light tunnels through darkness
before hoar dawn's glow.

Jonathan ROBIN

Tapie Roulant À Tapis

TAPIE ROULANT A TAPIS

Appel discret à l'électeur Marseillais

T'a-t-il versé ses sous pour l'amour de ton urne,
A-t-il rempli la vue? Reste tout taciturne!
Pariah a-t-on vu, mais leurs trajets nocturnes –
Illusions perdues – ternissent. La roue tourne,
Et qui joue brûle ses ailes, toujours blâmant Saturne!

20 November 1990

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Jonathan ROBIN

Tapis Roulant - French

T'a-t-il versé ses sous pour l'amour de ton urne?
A-t-il rempli la vue en restant taciturne?
Pariah a-t-on vu, mais leurs trajets nocturnes -
Illusions perdues – passent vite, la roue tourne,
Et qui joue brûle ses ailes en blâmant Saturne!

© Jonathan Robin 20 November 1990

Jonathan ROBIN

Tapped Or Trapped Or Rapped?

The world, when wide, demanded empires vast.
Economies of scale appeared to be
uneven, and applied imperfectly,
as sound and fury buttressed ruling caste.
But times have changed, fresh horoscopes are cast,
Pluto downsized, Galileo, Copernicus, Vinci,
excommunicating Ptolemy.
This does not mean we've banished to the past
self-centered viewpoints, understood at last
small rhymes with beauty, ending poverty.
Newton, then Einstein, new technology
engendered, superstitions overcast.
One constant challenge cannot be bye-passed, -
Man's nature alters slowly, 'progress' fast.

Man's nature alters slowly, but Mankind
is t[r]apped within a spiral none control.
Few men pretend to understand the role
they're meant to play, and 'constantly' we find
old infrastructures fissure. Though the mind
grows outwards while the race would race to bowl
all trace of old established tenets. Soul -
if soul there be - seems out at 'see', purblind
become, while standards must be redefined
against a background where, from pole to pole,
the sole remaining constant - change - no goal
dares guarantee, with 'Change' 'Chance' intertwined.
Interdisciplinary walls fall fast,
Past's foundation bulwarks overcast.

12 December 1991 revised 12 October 2006

Jonathan ROBIN

Tarantella For Cinderella - Parody Hilaire Belloc - Tarantella

Do you remember the Ball, Cinderella, do you recall the Ball?
And the prancing, glancing, dancing
of blisssed eyes Do you remember the Ball, Cinderella, do you recall the Ball?
And the prancing, glancing, dancing
of blisssed eyes Chance kissed romancing;
and the breezee teasing sneeze when I fell to my knees with a bawl,
winter freezing causing wheezing, seizing me just when advancing,
causing you to forestall!
shining goblets fine wine full, lining guzzling gullets, free for all,
the vicious suspicious looks of ambitious
matrons with delicious daughters on call!
supercallifragilisticexpialidocious withal!

Do you remember the Ball, Cinderella, do you recall the free-for-all brawl?
Then the clock that twelve struck when luck ran amuck
when the slipper slipped `mid many
that it didn't fit, - not any, neither Terri, Tonie, Jenny, -
And the hammering on the doors and the din?
And the hip! hop! hap! of the clap
of the reins on the rump on the pump-
kin's horses clancing, prancing, fading hooves distancing.
Waiting not, with forceful trot they went, with wings lent,
and tlic! tloc! knock echoed far...

Do you remember the Ball, Cinderella, do you recall the Ball?
Never more, Cinderella, what a bore! Only the fairy foresaw
the slipper left standing at the door. No trace! - none at all,
in the walls of the Hall where falls the face
of the Prince rincing eyes, for the foot-falls
echo like the boom of doom in an empty room
while the footman horsing around with the kitchen maid
made merry with the sherry on the fly which wasn't very
prim and proper till p'lice copper came and played
on his whistle calling order be obeyed
with his siren shrilling, silver badge displayed.

In this New Year now I'm chasing shadows everywhere retracing

Cinderella's steps my heart can't bear replacing,
pacing here and there and up and down unlacing
treasured slipper pleasure's promise acts as casing,
spacing out without her footloose pulse a-racing,
only pain remains it seems, vain dreams embracing...

Jonathan ROBIN

Tarantella With An Umbrella During The Drought - Parody Hilaire Belloc – Tarantella

Do you remember the rain, Umbrella,
Do you remember the rain?
And the wedding when outspreading
all your spokes were poked when heading
off the drops which wet the bedding -
so upsetting was that wetting!

Now no breeze in the trees of the dry Pyrennees,
And the Alps aren't any better, -
No, neither are they wetter!
Where are storms once we cursed near and far,
and the rain drained from pane with a ceaseless refrain
under cloud sky with no star?
Do you remember the rain, umbrella,
Do you remember its reign?

Then the pane would complain in both city and plain
of the strain, while again and again
the relentless pitter-patter,
while the winds all the blossoms did scatter.
Where's the thunder now? What is the matter?
When the rain leaked within, what a din out and in!
and the pit-a-pat on the mat
with all hands to the thermostat
when the lightning that
was advancing, chancing, dancing, clancing,
flashing fer-de-lancing,
and the sing-song moan which ajar
set the door swinging far, -
only the strain does remain where once rain leaked amain
causing pain, flooding Seine - drought's a bane!

Do you remember the rain, umbrella,
do you remember the rain?
Dusty the twirl of the swirl, whats to blame? all exclaim!
Is it Tchernobyl fame as some claim?
Climate change danger, strange insects range? Sunspot flame?

Or the ozone scare drying the air everywhere?
When the name of the game drought can claim, what a shame!
Never more, Umbrella,
Never more will it pour where before
the torrent so proudly would roar.
No sound where the sound's now dry ground, and no boom,
No Waterfall, dust to dust covers all - 'tis Man's doom...

Jonathan ROBIN

Task Masker

Ancient civilizations taught
that images could steal one's soul
society today has sought
to leach breech modesty as all
privacy's too often caught
in limelight few can ever stall.

Mask serves its purpose, feelings fraught
may hide behind conventions, whole
some still remain though tension taut
suffuses who refuses hole
that sucks persona, taking toll
of innocence or falling short.

Jonathan ROBIN

Taste Eternity

The poet's pen can clouds disguise,
As paradise project dull skies
So clearly fears fade out of place,
The Earth is painted full of grace.
Each pulsing present's restless pace
Enfolds a future's sweet surprise.
To offer hopefulness in guise
Existence gilds, Time's threats defies,
Redeems from hum-drum joys which lace
New spice to life, to interlace
Ideals and new ideas to face
The jungle of the daily race,
Yet offers peace no money buys.

Jonathan ROBIN

Taste Mortality

T he café on the corner's closing down,
A non its fame will fade outside old file,
S o though its image some retain a while,
T here's so much else that's happening in Town.
E vensong, - Time's strong, tide soon shall drown
M emories once references, - the aisles
O f close-set tables, high-tea served in style,
R ecalled those days gone by of ballroom gown.
T o tempt not fate is to stagnate, or clown, -
A ll aspects of existence are worthwhile.
L et not your heart know pettiness or guile.
I n all things live, ignoring vain renown.
T hen Life, its own reward, may reconcile
Y ou to yourself, however Fate may smile.

Jonathan ROBIN

Taste The Difference I - 0874 - Acrostic Sonnet

Two strangers may in orbit spin
Around each other for a while,
Similarities in style
Taste, touch, test until some pin
Explodes the bubble vision in
Too much wanting or denial.
Heart can with a winning smile
Extend hope's scope and thus begin
Dream themes to weave, while out and in
Ideas, emotions, reconcile
Fire, Earth, Air, Water, trust and guile,
Free spirits to affection's gin.
ERE New Year knocks perhaps we'll find
CElebration duly signed.

(10 April 1998)

Jonathan ROBIN

Taste The Difference Ii - Acrostic Sonnet

The day will come when one in sadness waits
A footstep which won't echo any more,
So Carpe Diem, do not try to score,
To win a penny from the faceless Fates.
Enjoy all life can offer, counterfeits
Time swallows in an instant, skin and core.
Heaven is an old wives' tale, closed door,
Except where life bears witness, opens gates
Divine when true osmosis reinstates
Ideals which, shared, surpass what came before.
Fire, Air, Earth, Water henceforth won't ignore
Feelings free which strength combined creates.
ERE Now, apart, half-hearted two parts played,
CERTAIN Way through karma's now displayed...

Jonathan ROBIN

Tease After Alfred Joyce Kilmer Trees

I think I think I'm really me,
I'm free I think to think I'm free.

I'm me, who looks for God each day,
and then goes out to fight life's fray.

I'm me, life's simple little fish
who swims till Inter Net casts phish

till passed up, by life's bank foreclosed,
to 'Standard Poor' metamorphosed.

I'm me, who may forever bear
more kids till old age dyes my hair,

whose bosom beats till Time rhymes drain
with dreams of castles lost in Spain.

Poems divine are made by me,
but what is God, and where is She?

Do I Think to Feel or, Feel to Think?
I think I think I'm really me,
I'm me, who looks through God each day
when venturing to fight life's fray.
I'm free I think to think I'm free.
Life's little fish in fee pond see
me swim till In_turn Net casts phish
upon identity to dish
life's causal quest: eternity.
Trace race reels on haphazardly
till passed up, by time's bank foreclosed,
to 'Standard Poor' metamorphosed
as mind grinds heartfelt hopes at sea.

Though verse divine is made by me,
what's cause/effect, and where is She?

Jonathan ROBIN

Tell Well, Shall Shell Spell Hell's Bells Pell Mell Responsum To Marion Mantel Maa Aham Brahmasmi I Am Brahman

If known, unknown, enjoy a perfect fusion
illusion in itself may contribute
to overwrite illusions of confusion
between ideas that sundry sects confute.

No medicine can cure life's revolution
as death, if death exists, strife turns to dust,
iron to rust, while lust proves no solution;
may bust prove boon if boom soon ends in bust?

Though knower, knowledge merge where light's way's greeted,
dark sable seeds need for their journey out,
thus urge to surge, to merge, style self completed,
seems in itself crime's partnership with doubt.

Duality denies mind void discounting
all emptiness as horse mid-[t]race dismounting.

Aham Brahmasmi I Am Brahman
The Vedas' wisdom penetrates confusion,
like medicine that penetrates the cells,
eradicating illness of illusion,
and liberating mind from countless hells.

Like this, one-pointedness of mind's established,
and knower, knowledge, known now merge as One.
When Brahman as our own true Self is cherished,
the medicine has worked, its job is done.

But may I nonetheless inform the readers
that holding on to scripture's not the goal?
In Brahman, there are neither worlds nor Vedas,
nor gods, nor sacrifices and no soul.

From dual parade, senses are withdrawn.
Through empty no-mind, Brahman shall be known

Investigate the source and mind itself will disappear Ramana Maharshi.

Jonathan ROBIN

Tempest Tossed

New Year here heralds cares to come, scarce cheer,
In this age of transition where the earth,
New born, is torn protesting at its birth,
Emerging prematurely from the bier
That too well represents the dying year.
Each breath brings death towards us, proves its worth
Eternal yet ephemeral, tears, mirth.
Not in itself, but by an insight clear
Nature gifts bestows on who know dear
Is bought all liberty sought where its dearth
Never seemed so much the rule through wide world's girth.
Enter a clown, whose painted smile masks fear.
The Past is dead. New forces Fate shall steer.
Yet hide-bound minds remain too tied to berth,
Trammelled with ghosts past, whereas the earth
Witness whirlpool, progress drawing near: -
Oh, tempest tossed Tomorrow shall appear!

Jonathan ROBIN

Temporal Cycle Spin

Although aghast most flee each fleeting minute,
for those who meet its meter, those who hide,
fate hangs on voice for choice. Seek hear[t]! Reach in it.
Accept soul's pattern flow, against Time's tide
don't go, accept the cycle set to spin it.

Suspended animation can't keep frozen
kiss once given should it prove mis[s]taken,
Emotions' stream is interactive. No chosen
fly in amber out of context take
can reproduce free ecstasy ambrosian.

Life is a passing challenge most misspend
pretending second innings' resurrection,
hope's lease re-rented, infinite extend
to tickle fickle tocsin toxin section flexion
into true fairy tale that never ends.

Treasure measured, leisure pleasure granted,
stays true to self despite life's evanescence,
time keys to pattern's harmony, tree planted
once sown, blooms blown, full grown spurns obsolescence,
false knells, casts magic spell for life enchanted.

Though petals fall, sweet zephyrs draw their scent
from inner beauty born upon the breeze,
no care can count if karmic our ascent,
if not why worry, all proves transient tease.
Embrace each moment's timely experiment.

Jonathan ROBIN

Tempus Fugit

TEMPUS FUGIT

Another day plays out, mocks time and place,
inseminating choice with seeds which chance
encounters may have made, or circumstance
contrived to seem haphazard. Steeplechase
Man runs against his life-clock tides a space
ephemeral which ends by happenstance
or slow disintegration. Yet the dance
reels on. The players differ, as the pace
speeds up and ever onwards to enlase
the dancers in a mesh where to advance
leads down the serpent's jaws, but backward glance
turns fresh to salt yet halts not wretched race.

Yet often those opposing normalcy
are double bound by chains they seek to free.

8 July 1991

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[c] Jonathan Robin

Jonathan ROBIN

Tempus Temper After Witter Bynner Spectra

As nothing the years,
here only lonely days count
aweighting with tears

Jonathan ROBIN

Tenderly

Magic promised day is dawning
All my life I'd be adorning
beside bride - wife pride - sojourning,
Dear to me!
Eros Reason is suborning
In a flash - rash leprechauning -
Never still, yet still this morning
Elfin free!
Vain is logic's barren warning,
Any opposition scorning
In this quite outrageous fawning
Love for thee!
Let life rose bloom scorning thorning
disempower doubts once yawning
that dissolve as we sworn in
Tenderly!

(28 October 1992 revised 14 October 2008/for previous version see below)

See, the promised day is dawning
And my life I'd be adorning
Near a bride, - my pride - not mourning,
Dear to me!
Reason Eros is suborning
In a flash, - rash leprechauning -
Never still, yet still this morning
Elfin free!
Vain is logic's barren warning,
Any opposition scorning
In this quite outrageous fawning
Love for thee!
Life is roses without thorning
And supposes doubts once yawning
Now dissolve, - each to each sworn in
Tenderly!

(28 October 1992)

Jonathan ROBIN

Terse Verse

Poor verse
most adverse,
wealth disburse,
debt immerse,
ego nurse.

Worse verse
all averse,
health disperse,
cough and curse:
call a hearse.

Best verse
the reverse,
praise diverse,
all rehearse:
Printer's purse!

All's perverse!

Jonathan ROBIN

Testing Times For Sonnet Rhymes

Open instincts! Writ theme test who'll see?
Pressed, the mesh inset in style hides, shy.□
Efforts knit span lines to link as I □□□□
Not on trite end, top levels mask text free.□
Your summons seeks, a bubbly threaded key
On to straight end true, whose inner cry□□
Uses the prose, its music just, to tie.□□□□
Reread, prime the brain, gold runes there be
Haste. All nets art, stands meter ready, □□
Ever here rests precious. Test apply□□□□
A hidden cue where a verse pitch apply□□
Renders truth's initials to train thee.□□□□
Take these echos, guest, yet peruse them well,
Sharp telescopes help set score, context spell.

Jonathan ROBIN

Thæs Ofereode, Thisses Swa Maeg - That Passed Over; This May Too - Codex Exoniensis Exeter Book 970 A.D.

Earth known today, grown from bomb blown big bang,
one micro second mass, the next thought space,
one moment blast, the next tracked trace apace
stretching tentacles through time to climb
inventing entropy, inviting rhyme.
Confusion/fusion galaxies began
light years across in universal fan
cosmic macro matrix mystery making man
as passing phase whose days are numbered, race
hands torch olympic as unknowns replace
preoccupations most mundane and ban
transient transits, mores and mindsets trashed in can:

Thæs ofereode, thisses swa maeg! That passed over, this may too

Chicxulub Yucatan today, yesterday massive
mega meteor met resistance passive
atmosphere afire annihilation
extinguished all velociraptor nation.
Capricious crash caused concatenation
creating catastrophic concussation
capacious crater, sun block situation
cloud cover blanket acid precipitation
setback set back clocks to docked age Cretaceous.
Tropical saurian scene rapacious
turned topsy turvy into impassive
volcanic caldera arid dehydration:

Thæs ofereode, thisses swa maeg! That passed over; this may too

Retroactive atavistic evolution
appears proscribed by gene switch devolutions
RNA code signals seeking fresh solutions
to challenge cycles living must outpace.
One forward step no backward two's disgrace
in Nature's met, there's no return to base

of man to ape. All life MUST future face.
If earth backtracked fastforward, featured case
study of some sci-fi convolutions
converting climate change to ice-age chase
for rival scenario survival situations,
new strategies from 'would pile' one expects,
biology all retrograde rejects:

Thæs ofereode, thisses swa maeg! That passed over, this may too

From Dr. Leakey's Lucy deep in rift
mankind for many moons was set adrift
as apple on life's tree which, fallen, sprouted
with speed uncanny, other species routed.
Expanding out of Africa, Near East,
isolate communities would feast
on wooly mammoths thawing on the plain,
domesticating dog, took god as rain,
or sun and stars, subsistence farming started
upon cave walls like Lascaux fauna charted.
As centuries reshuffled change's cards,
fate's dice were cast. Discarding flaxen hards
herds' pelts preferred protection from harsh clime
perpetuated man's advance through time:

Thæs ofereode, thisses swa maeg! That passed over, this may too

Ten plagues by night and day, until Passover,
semite slaves escaping from destruction
then sudden tsunami swallowing pursuit
decimated Pharaoh's force - reduction
fatal for few returned, ruins confute
erstwhile rulers ruing rout en route.
Forty years wilderness, waiting would not suit
wanderers wondering where was clover,
rewards, milk, honey, harsh fate could refute:

Thæs ofereode, thisses swa maeg! That passed over, this may too

Twentieth century commenced, comet
decimated 80 million trees in Tunguska,
cut considerable swath in tundra

Siberian forests peeling thunder
flashing lightning peeling asunder
fauna and flora with fiery vomit.
World Wars interstitched with profanation
of rich traditions Tidal revolution
beached teachings held sacred. Culmination
cold war climax Soviet capitulation.
Tchernobyl's nuclear proliferation
sandwiched with influenza, pestilence,
spread tse-tse, malaria, in evidence
heralding dawn of global community
as the Internet networked accesibility
of information, disinformation
and wi-fi instantaneous ubiquity
introduces nanotech singularity.

Disease, capital, transferred migration
of local catastrophes with impunity
ended epidemic isolation,
exporting disaster, population
upheaval, and evil exploitation.

Thæs ofereode, thisses swa maeg! That passed over, this may too

Though two legs good, four better, Orwell wrote
while Dr. Moreau for tomorrow's clones
explored cross-breeding and transgender drones
for Huxley's Brave New World, Man's changing coat
from horse hair into techno-logi-colour boat
to sail towards the future fast afloat
on fractal paradigm whose paradox
Pandora's box unlocks, whose furies' shocks
may mean mankind's made merry much too long. Remote
comes closer at accelerating speed,
one head good, two better well may breed
eight tentacles as octopussy seed
eggs 'homo multi-modulus' who bones
may need no longer. Sapiens recede!

Thæs ofereode, thisses swa maeg! That passed over, this may too

Scop's scope spans centuries succeeding

centuries exceeding aeons' span, reading
between time lines whose causal fractals
flew over darwinopterus pterodactyls.
Despondently inking spondees and dactyls
rhyme wrote itself by rote from root route
to stripling verse twines, creating canopy
where tree, branch, leaf, and seed shoot
combine to sketch etch stretch self-responsive entity -
itself all too well aware of its fragility.
Autonomy, illusory, is linked to mere telomere mortality
within self-referencing frame whose lute
puppet strings echo over two hoot
deaf ears of self-sacrificing society.
Cycle self-feeding, breeding, weeding,
waxing, waning, reining disdaining until:

Thæs ofereode, thisses swa maeg! That passed over, this may too

Upon life's stage man's passing page to cliff
like lemmings speeds while urge to surge uplift
to seed the stars momentum gains, is touted
to use lost lunar water bed undoubted
and spread beyond accepted 'rights and wrongs'.
Blue planet's exodus presumes 'belongs'
refers less to the physical than mind
which still may grow to leave all else behind
till tomorrow's comet. From one to the next
wishful-thinking wombs will spill, thrill, react
to tautological tightrope track
tied taut teaching tendacious tenets, tack
too tempting, theme taken to turn attack
defence mechanisms away from all
hodgepodgeical intellectual semiologioal
insecurities until the next big bang:

Thæs ofereode, thisses swa maeg! That passed over, this may too

Jonathan ROBIN

That Moment...When The Button Was Pressed Parody Ted Hughes – Crow

When the button was pressed and the mushroom cloud
finally drifted away
like an ozone layer stripped from the stratosphere

And the only face left in the world
lay melted
between waxed hands sticky with weight,

and the genes were mated forever
and the greens mutated forever
and the shadow-doll lolled upon the gravel
of the abandoned world

Alongside the abandoned gavel
and the bell that tinkled never
God returned to Her drawing-board
to discover the decimal point of error.

Jonathan ROBIN

That Moment...When The Votes Were Counted - Parody Ted Hughes – Crow

When the votes were counted, conform with their little crosses,
with the ballot-boxes lying empty
like empty promises splashed over a Westminster canvas,

and the only independant candidate left in the world
lay broken
in a vice-like grip, not even a token

opposition remained, - gone forever...
candid expression censored forever,

and the body politic hung drawn and quartered by politicians for ever
on an abandoned world among abandoned constitutions,
free thinkers erased together,

even Crow had to start searching for fresh pickings...

29 July 1991

Jonathan ROBIN

That Successful Bat - Acrostic

Most waste youth's day in hasty way for fruits age finds are folly,
And seldom take the time to slake, to savour Time until too late.
Rose blooms in May, has passed away when boughs are decked with holly.
It therefore seems, despite blinds schemes that Man dreams up to counter fate,
Each must essay the game to play in full when young and jolly.
Just measures to determine through experience often frustrate,
Or seem delay that cannot pay – thus lead to melancholy.
Sincerely though, if Truth you'd know, stand back awhile to calculate
Each interplay of facts which may assist a valid volley
Ensuring that successful bat which makes Life's innings scintillate.

Jonathan ROBIN

The Accounting Of Hardship - Parody Robert Frost

Ask still less of money spent where the spender thinks it went,
for, despite reminders sent, it's too easy to invent
excuses not to find the rent.

Therefore before you consent to part with pound, or penny, cent,
helping friend to supplement his small yearly increment, -
before you lament, repent!

Management most competent needs some legal instrument
to avert an accident, subsequent predicament, -
argument, embarrassment

If your friendships you'd cement by behaviour sapient,
avoid disillusionment by tactful expedient, -
'tis best the question to prevent!

Jonathan ROBIN

The Answer

Our brief sojourn on this Earth
draws so swiftly to its close,
and only Death right answer, -
if there is one, - might disclose.

Answer

Where of Love there is a dearth,
'tis in vain that mankind sows, -
Love is life and hope, rebirth,
what a pity no-one knows!

Jonathan ROBIN

The Answer Is Blowing In The Wind - Acrostic Sonnet

T ime's pages Chance's spendthrift hand is turning,
H ere choice is made, there other options spurned.
E arly or late see dust to dust retu[r]ning,
A nd after all is over, what is learned?
N ow live, now love, spend now! What credit earning
S hall long remain? Inconstant, unconcerned,
W aste men paste days on canvas undiscerning, -
E fforts vain, f[l]amed reputations burned.
R emembered are the living, not the urned!
I f answer lies ahead, a head lies, churning -
S o little space, lost face, or feelings spurned -
B rinkmanship judgemental, solace yearning.
L ost who seek answers based on white or black,
W ing in the wind needs t[r]jack yet not attack.

Jonathan ROBIN

The Bargain At Bridge Parody Sir Philip Sidney - The Bargain

My partner holds no trumps,
I'm missing hers,
we're seven down, and I am in the dumps
for she prefers

to bid as if the world
and she were one.
She goes to town despite the insults hurled,
we've never won.

The points, when counted, lumps
bring to the throat;
[what is the noun that's harsher far than frumps?]
the cheques I wrote!

Though dummy should remain
with silent tongue,
with weary crown keen intellects complain,
with faces hung.

My partner holds no trumps,
she sometimes errs,
or plays the clown with psychic bids, her jumps
lose tricks, p[r]ick stirs.

The Bargain
My true-love hath my heart, and I have his,
By just exchange one for the other given.
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss:
There never was a bargain better driven.

His heart in me keeps me and him in one;
My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides:
He loves my heart, for once it was his own;
I cherish his because in me it bides.

His heart his wound received from my sight;

My heart was wounded with his wounded heart;
For as from me on him his hurt did light,
So still, methought, in me his hurt did smart:
Both equal hurt, in this change sought our bliss,
My true love hath my heart and I have his.
Sir Philip Sidney

Jonathan ROBIN

The Bee With Honey Combs Her Hair

The Bee with honey combs her hair
with yellow pollen pads,
in honour of the sun's gold glare,
the golden pollen adds.

This she applies with special care –
'tis one of her few fads –
to head and thorax, everywhere,
which her detractors mads.

Nectarine nectar necklace fair,
demanded by 'light winged dryads',
and furred abdomen cincture rare
masks caudad sting with which she's clad.

Antennae waving in the air
send signals by the chiliad,
she has 'no time to sit and stare'
copes, mopes not in jeremiads

Ant's industry, with more to spare,
hive spirit strives without gonads
for common weal, she'll, feeling, share -
an asset all admirers glads.

Sweetness for the shaggy bear,
hydromel for fair maenads,
without this worker who would bear?
who gold dust to hamadryads?

That she's so fair and debonair
as on her jaunts she gads,
while they forbear their wings to tear, -
this each among them sads.

Thus idle drones to deep despair
she, heartless, drives, - poor lads -
in swarm-storm buzz, [s]trum_pet the air
in concert, tuned like strads.

How'er they fare, their one nightmare -
benighted Galahads -
is their regret so few can share
the joys of being dads!

The royal jelly she'll prepare
with care so myriads
of future generations fare
as well as she by gad s!

Jonathan ROBIN

The Book Of Life - Acrostic Sonnet Olivier Alexis

Open the pages, though the story's end
Lies shrouded in a future closed to me,
In step with Time, to whose will all must bend,
Voyage which spirals to eternity.
In equity all judgements try to rend,
Equal give to foe, receive from friend.
Remember when you help that amity
Always returns your own needs to attend.
Love given, love will echo firm and free.
Express your true opinions, and defend
'X' - even if unknown, from falsehood. Send
In harmony all signals, try to be
Steady, open-minded, just. To each
Life Will great happiness forever reach.

Jonathan ROBIN

The Colours Of Spring 2008 Version

The gracious orange tree's green shoots do grow
to greet blue sky with golden sun a-glow.
The vernal verdant shoots of Spring now sprout
through soft brown earth, here, there, and round about.
Dawn Daffodils, and Buttercups yellow,
red Rose and amber in alternate rows,
Violets, Lilacs, Pinks are pushing out,
divinity of Nature none may doubt.

(23 March 1975)

Jonathan ROBIN

The Conquerors After Heredia Les Conquérants

Like flight of falcons far from natal nest,
pride urging where men misery refuse,
from Palos Muguer captains and their crews
flew, drunk with dreams heroic, brutal zest.

They sought with golden conquest to be blessed
which long at rest in far off mines they'd choose
in Cipango. Sweet winds led on their cruise
towards that wonderland far to the West.

Each night they slept in hope of epic quest,
the tropic seas' soft phosphorescent blues
cast spells on golden dreams, a siren muse,

or, leaning for'ard over white sails dressed,
they watched while on a canvas none then knew
from Ocean depths new stars rose up anew.

Jonathan ROBIN

The Contest Comment Thing After William Carlos Williams - The Thing

Each time it comes
she thinks it claps
her but it is
not to be nor for

anyone it merely
brings judge's re-
serve bit bitterly
together: play hand, sigh!

Each time it rings
I think it is for
me but it is
not for me nor for

anyone it merely
rings and we
serve it bitterly
together, they and I

Jonathan ROBIN

The Daily Act Of Presence

Eight hours at work, commuting sometimes two,
the daily act of presence is assigned
its place, weak celebration paid in kind,
traced race to waste bereft, much left to do.

Eight hours abed, at table almost two,
the daily act of presence, daily grind,
few dare opt out of as life's clocks unwind, -
such haste to conquer Time, whose ride's askew.

Three hours of leisure, then, without ado,
day's drive departs, leaves most deprived of breath.
Who'd buck luck's trend bends in the end to Death
whose lock mocks motto 'to thyself be true! '

Three hours for chat, sex, net or television,
no wonder Man's case-study for derision.

16 May 2001 revised 18 December 2008
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for previous version see below

The Daily Act of Presence

Eight hours at work, in travel up to two,
the daily act of presence is assigned
and celebrated weakly, paid in kind, -
so much to waste, so little left to do.

Eight hours abed, at table almost two,
the daily act of presence, daily grind,
few dare opt out as life's clocks unwind, -
such haste to conquer Time, whose ride's askew.

Three hours leisure, then, without ado,
the day departs, leaves most deprived of breath.
Who'd buck the trend bends in the end to Death -

what sense retains 'unto thyself be true'?

Three hours for music, films or television –
no wonder Man's case-study for derision!

Jonathan ROBIN

The Dems And Republicans At Sea After Leery Big Oil, B.P. Pushy Cat

B. Hussein, McCain's Pushy-Cat bane, with glee
sought Electoral College vote,
she poured pork-barrel honey,
Bridge to Nowhere spent money
guaranteed by fee'd Lehmann note.
B. to vain bane threw glove, earmarked poll star above,
sang, 'Alaska's too far below par,
Oh Oily Sarah, Shoe-in Sue, purse_sued love,
what a maverick pushy you are,
by far,
none bar!
out right rageously B.P. you are! '

Sarah sprang to attack ideals worthy Barack
Advanced with aplomb each day,
Repeating with black marks and negative flack,
Angry pitbull preparing to slay.
Her lipstick was scarlet, the outrage of starlet
Pat sat on her prejudiced frame,
As she, Vice, named Brain varlet, blame not nice from a barbet*,
Little cared for democracy's aims,
In dame
No shame,
Bossed on Tea-Party, stamped Health Care claims.

Said she 'It is odd Dems think someone like God,
An American Red, White, and Blue,
Readied dinosaurs' range before Man, this seems strange
As descent from an ape's too untrue! '
Hopes energy independence free from foreign defendants
Persists with oil kickbacks none foil.
Although coffers are low Repub loyalists glow,
Looking to conservative roil and turmoil.
If term oil's
Not on boil
fossile fuels can't be crude if top grade! dismayed,

Pushy, bulldog, with growl, 'Doggone terrorist foul'
barks 'how radically left lobbies s[t]ing
though Bristol's unmarried, too long has she tarried,
awaiting Hill_airy_US ring.'
Though G.O.P.'s stashed away for eight years and a day
to sand strand where blame's bong-tree grows;
beyond burning Bush fire, and tea-partyers ire
oil prospection as Exxon well eggs on till well blows
slick's spread,
fauna dead,
still continues as daily more flows.

Voters right_iously railing outside White House railing,
regret no Enquiry draws near,
there's no easy plain sailing for Big Oil's soil jail in -
no bail-out may ever appear.
Putin, put in oil sea, may the same, try for he
has ambitions the ostrich won't see -
but the dangers we court may well end up in court
in the act caught with safety rules fought
buying time
till oil's slime,
recipe for distaster is fraught.

The Dems and Republicans went to B.P.
quite at sea with the oil rig flame;
though the oil lobby scoffed it, the scramble for profit
when it came down to blame game felt lame
as oyster and winkle disappeared in a twinkle,
shrimp fishermen wetlands and coast,
water no-one could drinkle, soon poured down the sinkle,
not even Republicans boast
of porn host
when scorn ghost
upset tea-party salad oil toast.

'Dear Ex-Gov, are you willing to sell for one shilling
Your principles? ' Pushy stalled, 'Won't! '
They should lock her away, 'me_thane' pipeline to stay
Mac caned, far from Capitol hill.
She whined, no words minced, when burst pipe made maid wince,
quite consumed with no wry humble pie;

Gulf oil swallowed? I'll ask her, from Lou. to Alaska
both fauna and flora shall die
until
oil spill
is capped, clapped, B.P.'s bills sky high.

Should now Dems, Republicans, set to sea
on electoral visit to rig,
sound higgledy-piggledy ecology eulogy
they grab pee green headlines big
Incumbent ejections from prim'ry selections
continue apace losing place
as mid-term elections may witness rejection
from race,
disgrace,
grit teeth quick, oil slick picks up sick pace.

Republicans running tea parties were gunning
for anything democrats wished,
like Herman Cain sunning with mistresses cunning,
and Romney by neutral Next dished.
They all knelt to pray that two years and a day
would see their gun lobbies elected,
but to get the O.K. of the voters that pay
for shoot-outs might get them rejected.
So to lobbies they'll stick, N.R.A. stickers quick
affix as a freedom few contest,
though it makes people sick to see gunslingers slick
come out of most challenges best.

Jonathan ROBIN

The Door Removed

Tired men react to role reversing reels,
Harsh judgement pass upon deceptions deep.
Exit by bear pursued few locks will keep -
Door closed and shuttered windows soon reveals
Only introspection that will weep
On dust of love's rejection past. We feel
Remorseless fate exacts a price too steep.
Rise through regrets which may disguise surprise
Events which Cause/Effect invents to try
Most patience, represent in other guise
Other guy's advance to Chance defy.
Vain complaint when heart new part may chart,
Edition true heals smart, stamps vis[t]a's start.

Windows open, idem doors, draft draught,
Ideas interlink transparently -
New horizons, visibility.
Dreams, once distant, closer draw, light shaft
Opportunity accepts as raft
Which on life's stream surfs forward looking, free,
Undulating through waft/weave waves we
Never knew we knew before. Life laughed.
Sadness dissolves, pain's soothed. Pane mind may craft
Hearing tastes few see, paradox, at sea,
Unleashes flash synaptic energy,
Turns bias topsy-turvy. Joy's witchcraft.
TERrain prepares: once blind, mind focus finds,
REDrawn perception redefines, unbinds.

© Jonathan Robin Acrostic Sonnet written 28 December 2006, revised with second sonnet added 13 May 2008 - for previous version see below

T his world above from role reversing reels,
H arsh judgement passes on deceptions deep.
E xit by bear pursued few locks will keep -
D oor closed and shuttered windows soon reveals

O nly introspection which must weep
O n dust of love's rejection past which feel
R emorseless fate exacts a price too steep.
R ise through regrets which may disguise surprise
E vents which Cause/Effect invents to try
M ost patience, represent in other guise
O ther guy's advance to Chance defy.
V ain complaint when heart new part may chart,
EDition true heals smart, stamps vis[t]a's fresher start.

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Jonathan ROBIN

The Door Removed Sight Unshuttered

Tired souls, blasé, spurn role-reversing reel,
Harsh judgement bear, pass by destruction deep.
Exit, 'pursued by bear' few locks will keep.
Door blasted, absent window soon reveal
Only introspection that will weep
On dust of love's rejection. Price too steep
Remorseless fate exacted. Loss few feel
Rises paneless painful, none disguise.
Events lost causal links dictated, tried
Most patience, painted on decrepit guise
On time's advance no chance of glance defied.
Vain rings complaint, no saint new part may chart,
EDition exposes smart, stamps vis[t]a's start.

Windows absent, idem doors, draft draught,
Ideas interlink transparently,
New horizons, visibility.
Dreams, once distant, closer draw. Light shaft
Opportunitistic serves as raft
Which on life's stream surfs forward, scanning free,
Undulating through waft weave waves we
Never knew we knew before. Life laughed.
Sadness dissolved. Pain soothed. Pane mind may craft
Hears tastes none other sees. Senses, at sea,
UTterly upturn sight's superficial draft.
TERrain beyond lets blind mind focus find,
REDrawn perceptions, redefined, unwind.

5 June 2013

Jonathan ROBIN

The Doors Of Perception

The doors of perception of heaven and hell
should always stay slightly ajar,
we need not nine lives to distill truth whose bell
can clearly be heard from afar.
The doors of perception, of second sight, close
upon all who would tolerance bar,
but whatever creed's screed one considers, each shows
awareness that life's on a par
with salmon' s stream spring swings roe laden that swell
though retour à la source scales may scar.
Successful soul's progress sheds superfluous shell
as earthworm evolves into star.

Jonathan ROBIN

The Eagle Eyed Croupier - Parody Alfred Tennyson – The Eagle

He spins cooked wheel with crookèd hands,
close[d]) to true sum in sunny lands,
ring'd by a green baize world, he stands.

“Les jeux sont faits...! ” he often calls,
wry, watches stakes increase till falls
Fate's rich ball, stalled, which naught recalls.

for previous version see below

The Eagle Eyed Croupier - Parody Alfred TENNYSON – The Eagle

He spins the wheel with crookèd hands,
close to the sum in sunny lands,
ring'd with a verdant world, he stands.

“Les jeux sont faits...! ” he often calls,
he watches stakes mount up till falls
the ball of Fate which naught recalls.

17 December 1991

Jonathan ROBIN

The Eagle Yell Sin - Parody Alfred Tennyson - The Eagle

He grasps red flag with crookèd hands,
ring'd by a freer world disbands,
the sickly sickle's final lands.

The starving masses plight appalls,
while he, within the Kremlin walls
their doom prepares - before he falls.

(17 December 1991)

Jonathan ROBIN

The Eagle's Malvolio After Alfred Tennyson The Eagle And William Shakespeare

He strides the stage in gartered bands,
Close to his Lady, he expands,
yet soon to earth with bump he lands.

A sea of sound surrounds the stalls
He hearkens, though each hiss appalls,
And takes a bow to harsh cat-calls!

(27 December 1995)

Jonathan ROBIN

The Fairies

When we lose love of life and liberty,
then fairies free their forest fastness flee...

(23 March 1975)

Jonathan ROBIN

The First One - Parody Iris Wilkinson - The Last Ones

irst white horse of all
prancing past pale pink dawn,
before the first bulrush hall
rose up by the Nile's flood corn.
Unbridled coursed shadowfax,
unprinted by some 'Evening Star'.
Self-styled poet, last straw, lacks
the swish of a man's new car
over the asphalt
far from Raupo huts.
As the living dead rose,
gibbering sleeplessly,
avoiding strong sunlight,
'And there shook the world's first paw
on the new world's shore,
while 'the rain it raineth every day' spluttered dank earth,
'with much to pour before
poor Man understanding finds.'

after Iris Wilkinson, The Last Ones

(4 December 1995)

Jonathan ROBIN

The Good Old Days

How really were the ways
painted in poets' plays,
haze sunsets and blaze suns
set out in Cadmus' songs?
Plucked lyre, pluck's ancient lays,
hoar sages' interplays?
They covered countless wrongs,
misery of hapless throngs.
Past poverty dismays,
wealth tied to serf's tight thongs.

One dwells upon in rhymes
about our former times,
to which some turn with awe -
misplaced nostalgia! -
to comment on harsh crimes
on sweeps by Mr. Grimes.
We haven't travelled far
from carthorse to the car
for children still shaft mines -
few coal for railway lines.

The 'Good Old Days' it seems,
remembered from our dreams,
show slight reflection bright
when held up to the light.
So though now trouble teems
distorting climate streams,
as we are warmed at night,
asleep and tucked up tight,
dreams remain but dreams,
Reality's in sight.

Jonathan ROBIN

The Haiku

Bare essentials
read redundancy removed
moving credentials

Jonathan ROBIN

The Hangman

The hangman's axed,
see, he's roped in,
your turn comes next, -
remember him!

Jonathan ROBIN

The House That Kevin Built

Buzzword b[l]eached pompos-city
unhinges poetic experience's
foundations.

Quickie contests try city zen patience,
sat on a mo[nu]ment
rapping at grief.

Contest[ed] cliques p[l]ay it forward
feature backward thinking,
[ill]iterative judgements often biased.

Uncommented gems, rhyme overlooked
alongside ready vers libres rants,
compete with time for lebensraum.

Jonathan ROBIN

The Joys Of Waking After S.T. Coleridge The Pains Of Sleep

When from camp bed cramp limbs I raise,
I never hesitate to praise
Lord Luck, loud laud and by degrees
attain crescendo! Nor bent knees,
nor moving lips, dumb witness lay
with supplication night or day,
convinced Fate's finger points to please.

No reverential resignation
may undermine anticipation,
wish ill conceived, thought un expressed,
defensive mind-set, wants suppressed.
Nowhere there's sense of supplication,
for boundless strength spurns condemnation,
strength weakness spurns, by Fate twice blessed.

No shapes and thoughts some others see
in anguish and in agony,
up-starting from some fiendish crowd
of rued regrets bewailed aloud,
spoil waking moments which new dawn
should welcome, hibernation torn.
No nightmares bets hedged, lead head bowed.

Ignoring sense of painful wrong
lights lurid, frightful trampling throng,
for rights I fight forthrightfully
weave justice into equity.
Desires with loathing strangely mixed,
on threatening fearful neighbours fixed,
are strangers, foreigners for me;

The clock of optimism ticks
to scorn manipulative tricks,
thirst for revenge with powerless will
allied both baffled, burning, still
are absent from life's waking leap

as from soft coverlets eyes peep
at fresh ambitions to fulfill.

Though aims stay hidden, flames are bid
to temper soul's steel, conquering Cid
fools suffers not, time spilt, guilt, woe,
all banished by the will to know
without confusion, waste of time,
the causal links that tune life's chime
through strings slave puppet daren't o'erthrow.

Some toss, nights lost, to vain dismay,
sad, stunted, stunned, numbed, waking day
fear to embrace. Electron free
on waves chromatic, joyfully,
I would advance from sleep to greet
sustained success, triumph complete,
repudiating apathy.

Some treat quite as catastrophe
night's spite, when haunting phantoms free
range till cock's crow wakes from dream's page
strange sufferings which teem and rage
as migraine's over-riding theme
denying sunshine's balmy beam,
convicts convinced by self-made cage.

Such punishments, I say, seem due
to twisted natures who simmer, stew
in their own fiery hell within
nocturnal sin sweat, fear to win.
Few slumber sound who can't dispell
past problems from sleep tidal swell,
solutions positive can't spin.

Greet each day's play with heart unbound,
send spirits soaring, life's then found
to know no horrors, aims unmet,
grief-laden, puffy lids tear wet.
Whet appetite ambitious, fresh,
with surge momentous, motives mesh
succeed seed, speed feed freed, not fret.

Life's griefs on which most men agree,
will never, never fall on me,
to be beloved is all I need,
and whom I love, I love indeed.
I lose no sleep, solutions find
as wants with actions are combined
refreshed uniting thought and deed.

Jonathan ROBIN

The Lake Isle - Let The Beer Flow Free After The Lake Isle Of Innisfree William Butler Yeats

I will surprise now, and let the beer flow free,
stout hearted, never better, will I serve
the [h]ale and [he]arty till, ah me! ah me!
Time's bell tests nerve.

A Free House I'll be branded, all shall see
light travel sideways when [w]ein stein's stem curve
each gin finds tonic, magic property
so few deserve.

And I will stretch the laws of prob-habil-ity,
to barrel out from port of strong reserve
and turn to honey money left from tea,
then bedwards swerve.

Jonathan ROBIN

The Lake Isle – The Inn Is Free After The Lake Isle Of Innisfree William Butler Yeats

I will arise and go now, to set my spirit free
and a small space seek out, of light and movement made:
nine lives are seldom granted Man, Time flies, who'd spendthrift be
knows that the bill's soon paid.

I shall know peace at last, yet peace's mantle slow
slips from the Present's shoulders, while, waiting in the wings,
Tomorrow's sensed, [s]oft [h]overs, its dawn a purple glow,
its noon news of our passing brings.

I will arise and go now, alternate night and day
lap upon the spirit's shore, draw one towards that door
which opens on a roadway all must take, so make hay
while sun shines, before cropped heart stops sore.

Jonathan ROBIN

The Lake Isle - Time Gentlemen Please After William Butler Yeats – The Lake Isle Of Innisfree

I will arise and go now, to set my spirit free
and a small space seek out, of light and movement made:
nine lives are seldom granted Man, Time flies, who'd spendthrift be
knows that the bill's soon paid.

I shall know peace at last, yet peace's mantle slow
slips from the Present's shoulders, while, waiting in the wings,
Tomorrow's sensed, soft hovers, its dawn a purple glow,
its noon news of our passing brings.

I will arise and go now, alternate night and day
lap upon the spirit's shore, draw one towards that door
which opens on a roadway all must take, so make hay
while sun shines, before the heart is sore.

Jonathan ROBIN

The Lake Isle At Election Time After William Butler Yeats The Lake Isle Of Innisfree

I will arise and go now, go to the polling booth,
and ink a small neat cross there, of hope not envy made,
spurn candid dates who'd eat their hats to soothe
the doubts that double in their cavalcade.

And I shall freer feel there, some peace of mind at last
offering a piece of mind behind the voting veil,
then watch the tally mounting, the votes cast thick and fast,
evening bringing rumour's buzz full scale.

I will arise and go now, this red-letter day
the polling station's trapping several score,
some early voted, some stand, wait to pay
respect to freedoms well worth fighting for.

I will arise and go now, avoid the Roving eye,
sore on Sauron beating round the Bush,
'I wrack, I ran' - his motto by and by -
his side-kicks give a well deserved push.

No clothing budgets I'll expenses claim,
valued around one fifty thousand grand,
no Whitehouse railing raling Palin dame
gains my acclaim - nor any of that band.

Dreams are but dreams, who stands as guarantee?
touch screens retain no trace-a-bill-I-tease,
thus some die bold, untold their history,
to Diebold some fall victim, recount freeze.

I will arise and go now, to grow yet tow true line,
expounding on protecting liberties,
till filibuster free hope's sun shall shine
to 'B.O'r not to be change, progress sees.

Though tempted to add Alice voice for choice
of Wonderland Hearts' Queen and President,

all victory for common sense rejoice:
alas, I'm not a U.S. resident.

Jonathan ROBIN

The Lark On The Clerk After W S Gilbert The Lark And The Clerk

Blushingly blotches the mark
over the spot.

Itchingly wrestles the clerk,
scratching a lot.

What a lark
is it not
in the dark
in his cot?

But the mark
on the clerk
all remark
comforts not.

Cheerfully carols the lark
Over the cot.

Merrily whistles the clerk
scratching a blot.

But the lark
And the clerk
I remark,
Comfort me not!

Jonathan ROBIN

The Latest Decalogue After Arthur Hugh Clough

The Latest Decalogue

Worship one true God only, who would run to the expense of two?
Your ruin truly will ensue unless you heresy eschew.

Insisting with sincerity in this wise world, where nothing's free,
no carven icons cruel should we create, except our currency.

We venture here, in vapid verse, the Third Commandment to rehearse, -
swear not at all, for, for your curse, your enemy seems none the worse.

He who the Fourth Commandment penned, my sins and errors must amend,
but, Sir, on Sunday Church attend – 'twill serve to keep the world thy friend.

Honour thy parents: that is all from whom advancement may befall.
Be prompt to run at beck and call of all who have the wherewithal.

Commandment Six now follows Five, thou shalt not kill, but none need strive
officially to keep alive, - and thus fulfill ambition's drive.

Of all the seven sins that sit upon thy soul when Judgement's writ,
the last, that's lust, do not commit – for profit seldom comes of it.

Dame Fortune's smile you would entreat by guile to guild your golden seat?
Then do not steal – an empty feat when its so lucrative to cheat.

Bear not false witness; let the lie have time on its own wings to fly.
Allow your friend himself to tie the noose which round his neck will lie.

Covet your neighbour's? 'Tis sedition. In 10th Commandment's new rendition
anticipating competition, - sedate his horse with expedition!

25 December 1977 robi3_0147_clou1_0003 PXX_EJX
Parody Arthur Hugh Clough 1819_1861 The Latest Decalogue

SEE BELOW FOR THE ORIGINAL AND OTHER PARODIES

The Latest Decalogue

Thou shalt have one God only; who
Would be at the expense of two?
No graven images may be
Worshipped, except the currency:
Swear not at all; for, for thy curse
Thine enemy is none the worse:
At church on Sunday to attend
Will serve to keep the world thy friend:
Honour thy parents, that is, all
From whom advancement may befall;
Thou shalt not kill; but need'st not strive
Officiously to keep alive:
Do not adultery commit;
Advantage rarely comes of it:
Thou shalt not steal; an empty feat,
When it's so lucrative to cheat:
Bear not false witness; let the lie
Have time on its own wings to fly:
Thou shalt not covet, but tradition
Approves all forms of competition.

Arthur Hugh CLOUGH 1819_1861

Decalogue

Thou shalt no God but me adore:
'Twere too expensive to have more.
No images nor idols make
For Roger Ingersoll to break.
Take not God's name in vain: select
A time when it will have effect.
Work not on Sabbath days at all,
But go to see the teams play ball.
Honor thy parents. That creates
For life insurance lower rates.
Kill not, abet not those who kill;
Thou shalt not pay thy butcher's bill.
Kiss not thy neighbor's wife, unless
Thine own thy neighbor doth caress.
Don't steal; thou'lt never thus compete

Successfully in business. Cheat.
Bear not false witness-that is low-
But 'hear 'tis rumored so and so.'
Covet thou naught that thou hast got
By hook or crook, or somehow, got.

Ambrose BIERCE 1842_1914 bier1_0002_clou1_0003 PXX_EXX
Parody Arthur Hugh Clough 1819_1861 The Latest Decalogue

The New Decalogue

Have but one God: thy knees were sore
If bent in prayer to three or four.
Adore no images save those
The coinage of thy country shows.
Take not the Name in vain. Direct
Thy swearing unto some effect.
Thy hand from Sunday work be held-
Work not at all unless compelled.
Honor thy parents, and perchance
Their wills thy fortunes may advance.
Kill not-death liberates thy foe
From persecution's constant woe.
Kiss not thy neighbor's wife. Of course
There's no objection to divorce.
To steal were folly, for 'tis plain
In cheating there is greater pain.
Bear not false witness.
Shake your head
And say that you have 'heard it said.'
Who stays to covet ne'er will catch
An opportunity to snatch.

Ambrose BIERCE 1842_1914 bier1_0003_clou1_0003 PXX_EXX
Parody Arthur Hugh Clough 1819_1861 The Latest Decalogue

Latest Decalogue

'The sum of all is, thou shalt love,
If any body, God above:
At any rate shall never labour

More than thyself to love thy neighbour.'

ESTABROOK C G esta1_0001_clou1_0003 PWX_JLX

Parody Arthur Hugh Clough 1819_1861 The Latest Decalogue

Addendum to the Ten Commandments

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife,
Nor the ox her husband bought her;
But thank the Lord you're not forbidden
To covet your neighbour's daughter.

Parody UN known Author 0021 PUNau PUNau_0021_clou1_0003 PXX_LXX

Parody Arthur Hugh Clough 1819_1861 The Latest Decalogue

Decalogue

Thou shalt not lie but don't believe
Thou art required to undeceive.

Earl WAJENBERG

Parody Arthur Hugh Clough 1819_1861 The Latest Decalogue

Jonathan ROBIN

The Mind's Lighthouse

Eye insolated mind
finds too few consolations
ahead or behind.

Beacon beckon high
perched up in the mind's lighthouse
fingers hurt heart's cry.

Belfry lighthouse shaft:
watch tower witness raft of change
peninsula aft.

Pointed glance for why
and wherefore scans horizon,
hopes answers float by
until sea meets sky,
till haze plays daze with thought maze
echoing soul's sigh.

Adopt or adapt,
option apt adds attention
rapt to verse unwrapped.

(16 September 2012)

Jonathan ROBIN

The Mobile Passee After Arthur Clement Hilton – The Heathen Passee Bret Harte – The Heathen Chineese And Algernon Swinburne Atalanta

Which I wish to remark,
and my language is plain;
for marks up to the mark,
with no need to complain,
the mobile Pass-ee is peculiar,
and the same I would rise to explain.

One should add, by the way,
partial answers for free
are night and day,
for a song P2P,
passing help in a moment of trouble,
and trouble in store is code key.

Jack Straw was his name,
and one cannot not deny
in regard to the same
what that name might imply,
with his register hollow, eyes scanning,
while his castle on white lies would lie.

In the scholarship stakes
Straw was weed, broken reed,
as King Alfred, his cakes,
to hot water would lead
if unable to table his [k]no[l]edge,
projects shelved at a dual core speed.

Shifty plan was soon hatched
to comfort his chances
with a logic unmatched
we observe now askance, is
it proof of intelligence wily
or danger in techno advances?

On the thirty first Feb

was the toughest test held,
and all eve on the Web
instant messages spelled
answers wireless delivery mobile,
decoded with passwords withheld.

The paper was seen
and Jack Straw, debonair,
read the questions between
his luxuriant hair
and the implant that none had imagined
in a beauty spot otherwise bare.

Soon all care disappeared,
all was smooth once again,
for the subject taught, "feared"
seemed no longer a bane,
so he smiled as he wrote out his answers
with a gloat sly and pride highly geared.

So he searched through his brain,
and his reasoning showed
both a smugness too vain,
and an assurance owed
to technology outside his handset,
which from his mind lifted a load.

Yet the answers, too fine,
had been lifted wholesale,
from a site found
sound examiners pale!
though we went through his things with a toothpick,
the intent to deceive did prevail.

Though no wires were in sight
waves through curly locks slipped
for the info "on site"
was delivered, tight lipped,
while the speed of the astonished,
though a write-down soon after was tipped.

I shall never forget

how the next day at two
for the last paper set
on the ball we proved too,
on the Internet's future dimensions,
a subject Jack "partially knew."

But the knowledge displayed
by that mobile Pass-eee,
and the answers he made
were amusing to see,
though he rapidly finished the paper
By about thirty minutes past three.

For he knew not the plan
that examiners three
had cooked up with a van
in the quad all could see,
which was filled with choice duplicate answers
transmitted by WiFi for free.

To the chip in his head
we sent hints that mislead,
and the info we fed
slipped right through like a sled,
and the chip on his shoulder felt leaden
when the plot was discovered proof-read.

Then the red of his blush,
ill-becoming to straw
in the wind, in a rush,
seemed an earthquake or more
when he learned all was up and full frontal
received his expulsion full sore.

In his hat hid broad band
of three mega or four
that the lay of the land
WiFi favoured, the flaw
was the key code I.P. stayed transparent,
was never conceived as secure.

In his beauty spot fair

he had managed to set
hidden under his hair
a silly cone net,
work to with data dynamic,
sufficient to hedge every bet.

In his various skins
we had planted a horse
trojan, then for his sins
added input off course,
turned his grey cells a mish-mash of hacker
with intent to instill with remorse.

Though M.S. service pack
was installed on chip set
and embedded at back
should he ever forget,
young doubter's rigged router was [r]outed,
apt D.O.S. though dual stack!

Through the crown of his cap
we've now cloned all his states
and a delicate map
of the mess shown his mates,
the same with intent to discourage
who in error his acts imitates.

This Is why I remark,
and my language is plain,
that for motives too dark
though not always in vain,
the mobile Pass-eee is peculiar
which the same I am free to maintain.

Jonathan ROBIN

The New Year

This New Year tolls the wake of problems past,
Hark hope's horizon's surfing into view.
Exit sorrows, tomorrows mild at last
Need no pollution know, nor poor who to
Extremities need go to make it through
Weak end with days of toil and trouble sore,
Youth wasted, unemployed, off kilter too,
Expectations dashed, fell dread in store
ARound life's corner lurks ! Most men deserve much more!

Tomorrow to tomorrow leads apace,
Heralding prosperity, lamps lit
Extinguishing harsh global mart's disgrace,
No exploitation on life's page is writ.
Errors snuffed, sloughed. Henceforth none need submit
Wearily to gilt edged whips, fool's gold,
Yoked to harsh task by rats who benefit
Each day from work slaves' treadmill, uncontrolled.
ARtists starve: in garrets cold, short-changed, their range short-sold.

Today lays on the line equality
Has found its place, see justice, ethics' sway
Evicts those who fair opportunity
Negate, bait, hate, ne'er execution stay.
Enchantment's magic wand comes into play,
Welcomes open-mindedness, free souls.
Yin, Yang greet equal standing's harmony,
Enjoying sweet success in meeting goals
ARe these pipe dreams, mirage? Star-shine from hobbit holes?

These words therefore pray take with grain of salt,
Heaven on Earth must fantasy remain
Each year more out of reach, too few pole-vault
New pastures green of comfort, ease attain.
Eldorado goes against the grain
Where exploitation stifles those who'd speak,
Yet cuckold cuckoo calls again, again,
Emulating mocking-birds' cheek, clique,
ARrant knaves' raps entrap, sap Brave New World's mystique.

Jonathan ROBIN

The Old Contemptibles

Near soldiers stacking cartridges, where once swordsmith tempered blade,
where embattled ancient ensign, all emblazoned, might have played,
pale pink and purple pennant flopped and fluttered, half afraid.
Artillery, light infantry, - no cavalry now neighed,
no green serene but khaki drab, no trees to lend their shade,
no calm was found save hole profound, - instead of silent glade
mounds splattered round, unsafe, unsound, bound bud, mud, man afraid.

There, mid tattered tent, spent truck, went General and Aide
from spy-hole posts surveyed the hosts who ghosts would soon be made,
strolled towards headquarters, where were grave decisions made
that sealed the fates of officers, despite bright burnished braid,
of sturdy NCO's, and of the sapper with his spade,
of wordy privates' cockney wit, their final roll call played.

Kitchener's 'King and Country' campaign, which few sought to evade,
called all of independant spirit who would not be dismayed.
Conscripts later served and fought, each soldier's thought to home oft strayed,
to Blighty's sights, their crops or shops, where once they'd love and trade,
to London's lights, to Piccadilly's Eros proud displayed.
Flanders' fights delights would blight, blast cast hope down, scope hell-hole laid.
Few who'd faced fire in the mire on future nights slept unafraid.

As sight shots salvoed over, scarred scared sentries who surveyed,
trenches little rest discovered as shrapnel splinters sprayed
slivered steel, taught lethal lessons to those who'd dared invade.
Tommy couldn't tip his cap to tinpot tyrant's cheap tirade,
but brave advanced, life chanced, to, through, sharp barbed wire barricade,
dodging restless rifle bullets which too often ricocheted.

Unrecorded gallantry few chronicles defrayed,
'known unto God' anonymous from His story were greyed.
They'd courage of convictions which would never be betrayed.
Bombs burst beneath lead powder sky, men cursed when shell, grenade,
caused a cross between a thunderstorm and Satan's serenade,
as secret centres of sad Earth soared skywards in cascade,
shaking quaking caves as caverns quivered under cannonade.

Shells shattered ears, hell shuttered eyes, breath stifled, haunted, life decayed.

Shells scattered tears, fears, cursing cries, Death undaunted, undelayed.
Shells sundered dears, split sacred ties, widows' sighs made lonely maid.
Some scouts crept forward silently, as snipers to dissuade
the foe, then fell, no time to tell, the pride of the brigade
though crack, attacked with pack on back, young lives were vainly paid.
'Tain't just luck we lack' said Jack to Jim Jones as he prayed,
but, ambush trapped, none turned back, scrapped, another ill-planned raid.
Such senseless skirmishes were styled 'unfortunate escapade'
by almoners distressed who through scarred, angry dead would wade.

One corner of encampment parked white marquee marked 'First Aid',
in canvas cloth bright scarlet cross upon its stretched top was displayed.
Bearers brought there broken bodies, souls on stretchers limply laid,
though while privates died, some Generals tried to skip an extra grade!
In battle the guns would rattle, their metal chattered all day,
Gallipoli saw ANZAC stay confined to beach - trap made
by lurking Turks whose perks and smirks were later wiped away.
Pom mettle huns would nettle, their fettle settled fray, -
(though far from Tipperary, Irish hearts were seldom swayed) .

When Tommy'd said his piece at peace suave politicians played,
a troupe of monkeys muttering, as jaded donkeys brayed.
Versailles' Peace to end all War was worded, then railwayed
for at Tannenburg von Hindenburg had Russia's future weighed,
forced Russian bear to beat retreat, till Tsar by bolsheviks was slayed.
Though Trotsky beat his breast at Brest a treaty tough was made,
taking lands but freeing bands who burst Denikin's last stockade.
Meanwhile hoch Kaiser hid in Holland, treated as a renegade.

Then Churchill's friends created anti-soviet crusade,
with allied armies intervened, whose hand was overplayed.
attempting People to persuade, the communist forbade,
assisting Kolchak's cossack hordes to harrass, rape and raid.
Red-White's fratricidal fight fresh map of Europe made,
Finns, Litts, Latts, Czechs, Estonians were into being bade.
New President of Poland upon piano played,
Paderewski striking freedom's chords on Chopin's hit parade.

When the 'Last Great War' was over, and tidings were relayed,
victory crowns in country, towns, cheers at Palace balustrade,
though many looked on in askance as Lloyd-George was hurrayed
while each bottled brain in Britain bragged how he had steady stayed.

But in the 'land of heroes', though the ranks well earned their accolade,
most must each meal measure while the few in leisure layed.
That some still carved while soldiers starved highlighted masquerade

Now the uniform that won fair maid is worn, drawn fringes frayed,
as if chip by chip the paint had torn from weather-worn façade.
What hair still peeked from cap that peaked showed streaks of care woe greyed.
Now, replacing fragile faces, poppies answer on parade,
unpinning emblems filing in grave memory of brave slayed
lest we forget a sacrifice whose souvenir shan't fade.

Jonathan ROBIN

The Olive Tree - Translation Joachim De Bellay L'olive

If life is less than one day's passing sigh
within eternity, and if the year
too soon revolved, may never reappear,
if, helpless, all things here on earth soon die,
what do you dream about, caged soul, and why
this trouble take when darkness hovers near?
Although your dreams sing on to regions clear,
you seem a soul in pain whose wings can't fly.
Seek there the Good above, beyond the sky,
there the rest which to each man lends cheer,
there is Love, there pleasure, thither steer,
there, my soul, is heaven found, on high.
There you shall realize that rare rapport
with Beauty which in this world I adore...

(c) Jonathan Robin 10 December 1992 Translation Joachim de Bellay L'Olive
XIII

L'Olive - CXIII

Si notre vie est moins qu'une journée
En l'éternel, si l'an qui fait le tour
Chasse nos jours sans espoir de retour,
Si périssable est toute chose née,
Que songes-tu, mon âme emprisonnée?
Pourquoi te plaît l'obscur de notre jour,
Si pour voler en un plus clair séjour,
Tu as au dos l'aile bien empannée?
Là, est le bien que tout esprit désire,
Là, le repos où tout le monde aspire,
Là, est l'amour, là, le plaisir encore.
Là, ô mon âme au plus haut ciel guidée!
Tu y pourras reconnaître l'Idée

De la beauté, qu'en ce monde j'adore.

Joachim du BELLAY

Jonathan ROBIN

The Party

"Now is the time! " it is said,
"for good men of the party, abed,
to rush to the aid
of the underpaid,
and let them all paint the town red."

Yet now is the time, if well read,
and wishing to stay well ahead,
to ensure that you're paid
as if you had it made,
while keeping well out of the red!

Jonathan ROBIN

The Pedant

Waist high in patent bindings which to dust
soon homage pay, dry humbug pedants sneeze,
impressing others with their minds is 'must'
inane – for their remainders most displease.
A parchme[a]nt waste's no way to wrap a crust
inedible where acid critics tease.
Yet true to type, adverse reviews non-plussed,
few leave the ego to its own disease,
most try to elevate to causes just
self justification, conscience ill at ease.
Their p[s]alms are toppled at the slightest gust,
when slighted, - self respect bend s to appease.
Few dare surf free, sail current served, mistake
tomorrow's trends for sales' ends greed may slake...

Jonathan ROBIN

The Pillage Hangman - Parody Longfellow - The Village Blacksmith

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The Smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can
And looks the whole world in the face
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming furge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church
and sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach.
He hears his daughter's voice
singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!

He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, -rejoicing, -sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!

Henry Wadsworth LONGFELLOW

The Pillage Hangman

Under the heading 'Sentence Just'
the spreading news informed
the sceptics, partisans, non plussed,
that past are Desert Storms
as dust to dust returns – which warmed
hearts though Bagdad's gone bust.

Fair trial spun to election eve
fell on deaf ears for most, -
who fooled was, and who would deceive,
writ up by Fox, Times, Post.
Will Sauron Saddam's idle boast
lie still with few to grieve?

Two lawyers for defence before
their leader met their fate,
but Justice, blind, the clothing tore
from strangers at the gate –
No mercy to anticipate -

- the same make, break the law.

Under a leafless green zone tree
the curdled hangman stands
the Kurd, a narrow man is he,
with Halliburton hands;
his captive's Chaineyed iron bands,
prey oily policy.

Five times a day, on Friday, pray,
lost leader homes destroyed,
his motto - 'bag a dad a day' -
he honestly enjoyed.
The next in line – he who employed
our hangman of today?

It sounds to him his mother's voice,
singing in Paradise
inspires jihad - the gravest choice
is spurred by need for rice, -
no tears, don't think about it twice -
crossed keyword calls ... rejoice!

The gibbet like the tree itself
was built from root to crown
by contract – golden handshake pelf
for 'count...Tree' Root and Brown.
Soon both unChaineyed tumbling down
will fall from well oiled shelf.

The Bushy hair once crisp, and black,
turns grey, his Texas tan,
his brow, flow wet with nervous sweat,
he steals whate'er he can.
All bet his life span also ran -
regrets may clan beget.

Though Florida's election tags
nudged Bush ahead, his lies
came home to roost in body bags -
eight thousand sightless eyes -
no Gore, yet gore, rags, mo[u]rning cries!

the irony: time lags.

Weak kneed, needs strong, from morn till night,
one hears from minaret
the call resound, unsound 'tis found
on Sunni days and wet.
I RACK, I RAN - the scene is set
last watch will be unwound.

Under a spreading dark chador
wild women come and go,
in sable robe all set their store
while wailings overflow
from deep despair and worldly care
with fresh, sectarian gore.

Some children coming home from school
looked on sad, damnèd beard,
the burning Bush tries keeping cool
as army highly geared
prepares partitionned future feared
Kurd, Sunni, Shia ghoul.

Some kids, from segregated school,
in hate stared, some in awe,
some spat, some sat a'wilting, drooled,
while others cried for more
Democracy – which means restore
the Sharia harsh and cruel.

Some dream of mortars falling nigh,
some hear the cannon roar,
some catch the burning sparks that fly
from mass destruction's maw,
some - scattered chaff from threshing floor -
lie silent, others cry.

Some dream of martyrdom enshrined,
not candle, book, and bell,
where blind shall never lead the blind
where crosses signal hell,
where all bid Blair, Brown, Bush farewell

with ninety lashes signed.

Toiling, rejoicing, - sorrowing,
onward through life each goes;
Each morning sees sore borrowing
each evening, 'seize, foreclose! '
One wonders what earns night's repose
with hangman's turn to swing?

Under the spotlight mobile phone
both shame and blame were found,
with insults hurled in taunting tone
before he hit the ground.
Excuses lame all must bemoan
sound judgement proves unsound.

Thanks, thanks to you, true dangling friend
for the lesson you have taught
as at life's flaming forge you bend
the noose where mortals, caught,
see fortunes fall whose rise they thought
would time and tide transcend.

As time and rhyme spin on we see
elections drawing near,
some turn towards posterity
campaigns all out of gear,
all ask what judgement hangs next year
no Hillary set free.

Though Surge pushed back Bush judgement day
it cannot stem Fate's tide,
'divide and rule' - Time's fool in play -
will end to coincide
with Oil major's cash margins wide,
Lebanese disarray.

There is no U.S. army left
to flush from Myanmar
the Junta of ethics bereft,
to China's rising star
too hitched, which rescue teams would bar,

fork tongue and palate cleft,

While oil nears U.S. dollars four
a gallon many feel
a pinch which cuts them to the core,
foreclosing options steel.
Spin pent_a_gon[e] would lies conceal
but most blame D.C. more.

From running water fresh deprived
Iraqis struggle on
as some are tortured, others knived,
as those in Washington
impeachment fear, chicks roost return,
J.A.G's duly tried.

Guantanamo and Ghraib have led
Habeus Corpus suspended,
while Clinton dreams of White House bed
phone rings at 3 - dream ended
by superdelegates suspended
on Barack's lips ahead.

It's back to barracks! Clinton, Bush,
by history entombed,
yet outlook's poor, - no future cush -
for victory assumed
turns turtle, global warming [g]loomed
can greet no winning push.

Christ, Moslem, Jew, three creeds descend
which civil war's strung taut,
no longer arab, kurd, may blend
as populace distraught
finds hammer, anvil, to book brought, -
like rhyme drawn to due end.

© Jonathan Robin Parody written 10 November 2006 and 20 January 2007,
revised and expanded 9 May 2008 for previous version see below followed by the
original by Henry Wadsworth LONGFELLOW 1807_1882 The Village Blacksmith
and other parodies

The Pillage Hangman initial version

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Parody Henry Wadsworth LONGFELLOW 1807_1882 The Village Blacksmith

Die Walküre

Under a spreading forest tree
The house of Hunding stands:
The host a hasty man is he
And heavy with his hands;
It's pretty horrible to be
Pursued by Hundings bands.

But this is Siegmund's fate, who turns
Up at his very door;
For Hunding's captive wife he yearns,
It's mutual – furthermore,
Before the evening's passed he learns
He's met the girl before.

While hubby settles for the night,
Prepared at dawn to clash,
Sieglinde shows a sword stuck tight
Into the sheltering ash;
To pull it out is Siegmund's right!
He does – and then they dash.

Meanwhile, above, domestic strife
Attends the gods' debate,
For Wotan gave the pair their life
And longs to bless their fate;
But Fricka, Archetypal Wife,
Upholds the married state.

So winged Brünnhilde erst rehearsed
Young Siegmund's life to save,

Is told: 'Let Hunding do his worst!
His foe is in the grave.'
But rashly she prefers the first
Instructions Wotan gave ...

Alas! His spear, with fatal force,
Shatters the ash-hewn sword;
This leaves poor Siegmund dead, of course,
And poor Sieglinde floored;
But, hoisted on Brünnhilde's horse,
To rally she's implored.

For since the lovely girl's in whelp,
To cheer her up is vital,
Brünnhilde's sisters aren't much help
(Valkyrie of the title) :
They merely rush around and yelp,
Awaiting crime's requital.

Yes, poor Brünnhilde's forced to pay
By her impassioned sire;
He will not take her life away
But lights an instant fire!
Inside its circle she must stay,
Asleep where none can spy'er.

Intruders won't disturb her kip,
Unless Sieglinde's son –
If born – between the flames might slip ...
She clearly sees the fun
Involved in this relationship –
A most peculiar one.

But what is it to us if aunts
Their nephew would embrace?
And anyway, as yet the chance
Is distant; slow the pace
Of unrelenting circumstance
That shadows Wotan's race.

Mary HOLTBY Parody Henry Wadsworth LONGFELLOW – The Village Blacksmith
and Die Walküre

The Village Boyhood

Beneath the village chestnut
The village boyhood stands
With bright and eager faces
And filthy knees and hands.

Their stones and sticks and faggots
They cast them heaven-high
To fall in various places
And wound the passers-by.

The prickly treasures tumble,
The shining spoils are shown,
And each one clouts his neighbour
And calls the prize his own.

They pierce the taken trophies
That have no lure for age,
And string them for the contests
That once I used to wage.

The battles I engaged in
I now shall fight no more,
I muse on other chestnuts
That fell from boughs of yore;

Till sinks the autumn twilight
And distant fields grow gray,
The fun, the filth, the fighting
Are over for the day;

Till sinks the autumn twilight
And lonely on the lea
And looking somewhat battered
Remains the unconkered tree.

Edmund Valpy KNOX 1881_1971

Parody Henry Wadsworth LONGFELLOW The Village Blacksmith

The Shopping Mall Dentist

Under the blinking fluorescent lights
The drunken Dentist weaves;
A drunken rube in rubber tights,
whose liquid lunch upheaves;
His grin is one of many fights
Left hollow by tavern thieves.

His hair recedes on balding head,
His face a weathered prune;
His brow protrudes like swollen dead,
He hasn't been paid since June;
He ducks his creditors with mounting dread,
He owes then all but the moon.

Day in day out from dawn till dusk,
you can hear his patients scream;
Like a wino wearing fermenting musk,
The nausea he creates is supreme;
And if you should see his one good tusk,
You'll hope that it's all a bad dream.

His techs crawling in from the window sill
They nosily peer in his room;
They love to see his sparking drill,
Where his patients await with gloom;
Like Joan Of Arc waiting to grill,
And Pompeii awaiting its doom.

He goes on Mondays to the track
And bets on ponies to show;
He hears the announcer suddenly hack,
"The horses are ready to go! "
Martini in hand the race off with a crack,
His horse wouldn't run with a tow.

He's lost everything but his boxer shorts
And ends up in jail on a frame;
He met one of his old drinking cohorts,
But couldn't remember his name;
It turned out the guy was a pick pocket of sorts

who worked the crowd and fingered the dentist with blame.

Extracting – drilling - drinking,
Onward through patients he wailed;
Every morning without even thinking,
Some poor slob's tongue he impaled;
When morale of his patients was sinking,
He'd gas them until they were nailed.

Thanks, but no thanks my hammered friend
For offering to slaughter my tooth;
Because at the spit bowl near the end,
I reckon I realize the truth;
You're more concerned with Beefeater's gin
With an olive and splash of vermouth!

Author Unknown Shy Lady Laurie 2001

Parody Henry Wadsworth LONGFELLOW – The Village Blacksmith

The Village Burglar

Under a spreading gooseberry bush the village burglar lies,
The burglar is a hairy man with whiskers round his eyes
And the muscles of his brawny arms keep off the little flies.

He goes on Sunday to the church to hear the Parson shout.
He puts a penny in the plate and takes a pound note out
And drops a conscience-stricken tear in case he is found out.

Parody UN known Author 0259 Longfellow The Village Blacksmith

The Village Hangman

The hangman's tryst with dreaded death
Comes as an alarum clangs;
He finds law's business very grim -
The human's horrid pangs!
Date with eternity on a limb
Is set - thy sinner hangs!

The Village Beauty

Under a spreading Gainsborough hat
The village beauty stands,
A maiden very fair to see,
With tiny feet and hands,
As stately, too, as if she owned
The squire's house and lands.

Her hair is golden brown and long,
Her brow is like the snow,
Her cheeks are like the rosy flush
Left by the sunset's glow,
She greets the lads with a careless look,
She's the village belle, you know.

Week in, week out, at morn and night,
The young miller comes each day;
"Tis the nearest way to town, " he says,
But 'tis rather out of his way,
And every night he seems to have
Plenty of time to stay.

And children, coming home from school,
Look in at the door and know
That the handsome fellow by her side
Is pretty Nellie's beau,
Who can hardly tear himself away
When he finds its time to go.

He goes on Sundays to the Church,
And sits in his proper pew,
But his eyes wander off to the transept near,
Where he sees a charming view,
For Nellie sits there, in her Sunday best,
With her bonnet of palest blue.

He hears the parson pray and preach
With his outward ear alone,
For he only listens for Nellie's voice,
And responds in a dreamy tone,
And when she smiles at the carpenter near,
He can't suppress a groan.

Despairing, hoping, fearing,
Onward thro' life he goes;
Each morning he sees Nellie,
And each evening, at its close;
She even haunts him sleeping,
And disturbs his night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught;
Thus at the flirting time of life
Our fortunes may be wrought,
So we cannot be too careful
Over every word and thought!

Author Unknown pseud L.P. The Dunheved Mirror Cornwall March 1880
Parody Henry Wadsworth LONGFELLOW The Village Blacksmith

The Splendid Bankrupt

BEING A HINT TO OUR LEGISLATORS AND A REMINDER TO THE OFFICIAL
RECEIVER

Under its spreading bankruptcy
The village mansion stands;
Its lord, a mighty man is he,
With large, broad-acred lands;
And the laws that baulk his creditors
Are strong as iron bands.

His laugh is free and loud and long,
His dress is spick-and-span;
He pays no debt with honest sweat,

He keeps whate'er he can,
And stares the whole world in the face,
For he fears not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
Prince-like he runs the show;
And a round of social gaieties
Keeps things from getting slow
As the agent of his wife, of course,
His credit's never low.

His children, coming back from school,
Bless their progenitor,
Who's ruffling at the yearly rate
Of fifteen thou. or more,
Nor care they how his victims fly
To the workhouse open door.

He goes on Sunday to the church
With all whom he employs,
To hear the parson pray and preach,
Condemning stolen joys;
It falls like water off his back
His conscience ne'er annoys.

Scheming, promoting, squandering,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some 'deal' begun,
Each evening sees it close;
Some coup attempted, some one 'done,'
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks, to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus in the busy City life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus does the Splendid Bankrupt thrive
While honest fools get nought!

Arthur A. SYKES

The Village Idiot

Under the chewing chestnut mare
the village idiot stands.

(The idiot's height is normal, but
the horse is forty hands.

Its mass/ bone-section ratio
requires great iron bands

like splints in place along its legs,
so it stands beneath the strain.

Its brow is wet with equine sweat,
unless it may be rain.

It looks the whole world in the face.

It has a horse's brain.

Week in, week out, from morn till night
you can hear it puff and blow.

It has such trouble standing up
it cannot really go.

The locals, out of sympathy,
prefer to call it 'slow'.)

And children coming home from school
look in at the open door.

They see the idiot standing there
all bruised and hurt and sore,
for every time the mare moves foot
it kicks him to the floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
and sits among the boys.

He hears the parson rave and rant;
to him it is just noise.

He smiles as children pull his hair
and hit him with their toys.

It feels to him like his mother's hand
coming from Paradise!

He thinks of lying on the floor,
kicked as he tried to rise,

and how her hard rough hand would wipe
consciousness from his eyes.

Gazing - rejoicing - sorrowing,
onward through life he goes;
each morning sees some task begin,
like trying to count his toes;
a hopeless task when, to this day,
he cannot count his nose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
for bringing with such force
the lesson that the villagers
will hurt without remorse
one of their own with weaknesses,
but are kindly to a horse.

Parody UN known Author 0261

Parody Henry Wadsworth LONGFELLOW The Village Blacksmith

The Village Blacksmith as He Is

Under the spreading chestnut tree
The village blacksmith stands
The smith an awful cad is he
With very dirty hands
For keepers and the rural police
He doesn't care a hang
He swears and fights, and whops his wife
Gets drunk whene'er he can
In point of fact, our village smith's
A very awful man.

He goes on Sundays to the pub
With other festive boys
When drinking beer and goes of rum
His precious time employs
Till he gets drunk, and going home
He makes no end of noise
Then, with his poor half-starving wife
He in a passion flies

He pulls her by the hair, from off
The bed on which she lies
And kicks her round the room, and says
Bad things about her eyes.

Smoking, soaking, bullying
Onward through life he goes
Each morning sees a blackened eye
Or else a broken nose
I fear that within the County Goal
Calcraft* his life will close
Thanks, thanks to thee, thou black blacksmith
For the lessons thou hast taught
By Calcraft, or his deputy
I never will be caught
And to that end I'll never do
The thing I hadn't ought.

* Calcraft was the official executioner from 1829 to 1879
pseud Figaro Programme 5 February 1873
Parody Henry Wadsworth LONGFELLOW The Village Blacksmith

Potted Poems Longfellow

My name is Norval. On the Grampian hills
The village smithy stands;
His breast is bare, his matted hair
Was wrecked on the pitiless Goodwin sands,
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild, Wilhelmine.

Author Unknown 0168
Parody Henry Wadsworth LONGFELLOW – The Village Blacksmith
and Parody William WORDSWORTH

Jonathan ROBIN

The Purest Heart - After Algernon Charles Swinburne - The Little Eyes That Never Knew Light

The purest heart here ever knew
Darkness, Light, like Yang and Yin
are counterparts, out, [sp]in renew
the purest heart.

Who'd feel, from hibernation springs,
vibrates, then radiates right through
restraints, disdaining cowards, kings.

No tempest storms true hopes, no sin
nor need for heaven, hellish brew,
no fears rock, block, lock, knock askew
the purest heart.

The little eyes that never knew
Light other than of dawning skies,
that new life now lights up anew
The little eyes?

Who knows but on their sleep may rise
Such light as never heaven let through
To lighten earth from Paradise?

No storm, we know, may change the blue
Soft heaven that haply death descries
No tears, like these in ours, bedew
The little eyes.

Jonathan ROBIN

The Shadowed After William Carlos Williams - The Shadow

Hard as the bed in the earth
where a stone has lain,
so rough, so tough, and so cold,
Winter's stranglehold
dumb numbs with callous hand.

Musty dusty as smell
of old earth on a vein,
oozing damp through its pores,
Winter's white blanket is lain,
chilling me to the core
with fine filigree hair;
stealing sight from my eyes.

17 June 2006

The Shadow

Soft as the bed in the earth
Where a stone has lain,
So soft, so smooth and so cool,
Spring closes me in
With her arms and her hands.

Rich as the smell
Of new earth on a stone,
That has lain, breathing
The damp through its pores,
Spring closes me in
With her blossomy hair;
Brings dark to my eyes.

Jonathan ROBIN

The Silver Moon

The silver moon is up, the sterling silver down,
Lucinda comes down to sup, in elegant evening gown.
Without, in starlit darkness, dreaming is the town,
within, the beams of happiness are streaming from her crown.
Golden chestnut tresses, soft eyes of honey brown,
my prayer's that ne'er her features fair should frame care, wear, wear frown.
Should sorrows wear or grieve her, then groundless life would sound.
Lucinda is dressing for dinner in gossamer evening gown.

(23 March 1975)

Jonathan ROBIN

The Spring Market's Worn - Or - 'sell In May And Go Away'

The spring market's worn,
intraday charts hearts warn;
by evening at seven
all margin's in pawn.

The lark's lost its (s) wing
though some siren still sing, -
no God and no heaven -
all's wrong, buyers mourn!

The worm's in the bud,
the spring sees fall's thud,
cheek earns cheeks too dew-pearl'd,
earns gold turned to mud.

Rosy tassels are torn,
nosy hassles are born,
thorny protests are hurled,
cosy nest-eggs o'er-drawn.

Markdown sours everything -
triple witching hour's sting -
stockmarket wrings hands
hope at bell's ring disbands.

Bears fête, bulls foresworn,
short sale corners scorn,
the blue flags are furled -
all's red with the world!

Jonathan ROBIN

The Thrush - 0064 - Initial Version

Desolate destruction, spot fire bombs fall,
A timid thrush now worms beside one wall.

Jonathan ROBIN

The Two Divinest Things After Leigh Hunt And Coventry Patmore

The two divinest things the screen projects,
A buxom beauty who her beau protects.

The two divinest things that man has got,
A lovely woman in a rural spot
James Leigh Hunt

The two divinest things this world can grab,
A handsome woman in a hansom cab.
Coventry Patmore

Jonathan ROBIN

The Worm

Dawn: – I sperm
on grass, ground.
Stem to stern
bound I'm found.

Vile erme worm
underground,
silent squirm
'neath firm mound.

Slimy derm
rings me round,
while I turn
earth, - no sound.

But I churn
while men fiddle, -
'tis the kern
of my riddle...

Jonathan ROBIN

The Zoo's Closure

The skirmishing is ended, Council Members
Have played their final, unconvincing act.
Each teller calls the tally, fair, exact.
Zoo fellows have, like Phoenix from its embers,
Opened up their spleen vents, each remembers,
Or thinks [s]he does, how things once stood, react
School-childishly against the Council sacked.
Creative thinking's absent. Each dismembers,
Looking backwards, far from chill Decembers,
Our 'salad days' [cheap fiction]! For the fact
Still stands that vital funding still is lacked.
Unluckily retrenchment waits. September's
Requested General Meeting whets the sickle,
Entrapped is Council in its pretty pickle.

Jonathan ROBIN

The[ir] Way

Charmed by the way one day his smile would light
Her heart she felt she'd melt, no need to hide,
Emotions swirled, unfurled her flag to guide
Reality at ease, no tease, star bright.
Years waiting, tears, fears, weight dissolved on sight,
Love's empathy, free flow, grow, coincide.

Completed! Interplay two way despite
Hurts from the past, at last cast out, defied
Extended hope for scope and pain denied
Relationship, trip Paradise, delight
Yearned long for, strong, true caring, true insight,
Left strife behind, mind heart reunified.

Contentment, meant by karma~conscient flight,
Heard whispers free she'd felt before, did glide
Ecstatic dreamed, together teamed inside,
Rode fond beyond all distance to unite
Yin, Yang in harmony, dual calm-exite,
Lotus flower somehow personified.

Cheered by his aid, shades left behind, all right,
Her heart could chart fresh start, bona fide
Extended through true timelessness worldwide.
Response-attraction no reaction trite
Yielded here to fear too much delight,
Lost face, trapped by temptation's easy ride.

Confusion faded. Fusion day and night
Held sway, with playfulness sat side by side
Enthralled in all, soul whole, and rectified
Regrets once known, rewriting page once white,
Yet seeming torn, forlorn, with an invite
Letting serenity return, turn tide.

Collision none indeed did need, no fight
Here interfered with harmony or lied.
Ee'r voice for choice rejoiced in knots untied,
Release, and peace, accepted, shared, no rite

Yet deep, to keep although unquantified,
Love to CHERish, ever to abide.

Jonathan ROBIN

Then What?

When two no longer share from day to day
love set to span eternal rainbow years,
encounter prematurely hell's harsh way
when, unprepared, warmth wanes in winter's tears,
when morn lights up wan mourning heart apart,
when cold creeps irrespective of bright ray,
when what was wed is sudden torn apart,
when what was said can't be explained away,
when Past's outcast, when there's no second start,
when all horizons darken into one,
when time's conveyed on sodden tumbrel cart,
warp weft left patterns warped, thread dead, undone,
when, where two played, one, sad, remains, cheeks grey
what then ... when there is nothing more to say?

When time and tide convert joy ride to rime
when day to day withdrawal meets an empty shell,
when seasons pass without heart healed in rhyme,
when magic spell is hexxed by tocsin bell,
when life's leaves dropp from calendar ignored,
when dewdropp twin tears drip drip down unwiped,
when memory's red rims dim unrestored,
when hope's kite topsy turvy tumbles, swiped,
when effort seems enormous, dreams are stilled,
when monochrome replaces rosy tint,
when days discount ambitions unfulfilled,
when nightmares metamorphose heart to flint,
when one is left bereft of life support,
what then for sole soul caught disarmed, distraught?

When who once woke to welcome rising sun
ignores the twilight polychrome a-twinkle,
when who once echoed soul mate's fair fate spun,
cares naught for falling cobweb hair a-wrinkle.
When insights shared, warm hearts bared, take French leave
from daily humdrum's wear and tear erosion,
when Fate metes out defeat, with sleeve to grieve,
eliminates spontaneous joy's explosion,
when what once shone is gone, all trace erased

from petty pace, brief candle lost to light,
when player struts stage hour, page flower phase
hung sere upon the stage, adieu delight,
when pair dissolves, bridge partner trumped withal,
what then when there's no dare which one might call?

Jonathan ROBIN

There Comes A Time

There comes a time where compromise
is seen as self-defeating trap,
when credibility gap supplies
hard evidence who takes the rap
is he or she who'd temporise
accepting daily mental slap
can look no longer through truth's eyes,
keeps revolution under wrap.

That time is present tense so take
in hand decisions, no mistake
make: it is best in any guise
to rise wise than fall with fool's cap.

Jonathan ROBIN

Thesis, Antithesis, And Synthesis

Thesis

The sixth age shifts to 'slipper'd pantaloon,
'shrunk shank and childish trebles in pipe'line,
slight space to trace ambitions in decline,
and 'hungry generations' tread' is no cartoon
reflected echo for sage or buffoon.

The die is cast, as pride before the fall
sends shadow shivers over summer's prime,
on autumn's outcome none now bet a dime
as winter wins blank cheque and blanker wall.
The voice for choice Alzheimer claims, no hand
stalls 'moving finger', makes up for time lacked,
signs devil's pact ensuring second act, -
the writing on that wall precedes Death's pall, -
leaves ten to add to three score then the night
draws curtains, guarantees no further flight.

Antithesis

Three hundred years ago few forty passed.
Men, wars, and women childbirth, both disease,
or accident, went west through fate's decrees,
forgotten faces breathed forgotten last.
Few now face sixty palsied and aghast,
for life expectancy at eighty sees
most in the West hale, hearty 'if you please! '
with those in lands less favoured long outcast.
Yet who now flirt with sixty's certainties
could well outlive old Nestor, breast Time's seas
with knowledge that activities which fast
faded, failed, in future may contrast
with fears for years and tears for biers, may 'seize
the day' with confidence that life
may buy more time amid this vail of strife.

Synthesis

Sixty need not be point of no return,

maturity salutes a second spring,
welcomes unexpected joys within,
adds spice to life as onwards cycles turn.
Much hangs upon sustaining will to learn,
where voice for choice rings true, can span time's spin
enhancing both enjoyment, will to win,
While some soon snuff, still many candles burn
bright into night and true respect may earn.
There is no date of weight, no wait, no sin -
save disrespect for self - as trust may twin
with Time to eke new innings, spurn concern.
This sythesis still presupposes Man
must make his peace with Nature, excess ban!

(13 July 2007)

Jonathan ROBIN

They Also Serve After John Milton On His Blindness

'They also serve, who only stand and wait'
survivor said, regretting others' fate.

'They also serve who wait without the gate'
time-server said, observing patron's gait.

'What service, light denied, anticipate? '
'Light - despite paradoxical life's plate! '

They're served, who only put on weight, expand,
whose judgement lies, so heavy on the land.

They swerve from justice, who, with heavy hand,
pervert the law, - for which they should be damned.

They wait, who only seem to serve and stand,
beware! a revolution is at hand.

To stand and wait in life to some seems nice
to taste of time, like salad, lacking spice!

(28 March 1981 revised 7 August 2007)

Jonathan ROBIN

They Time Together - 0209

Life's tidal streams so swiftly flow
too few can truly contemplate
cross currents which combine to throw
Time's hands towards predestined Fate.

Few feel for Truth, few care to know
what dream themes teem past Peter's gate,
Death's sting rings changes and although
the "moving finger's" never late,
most try to thwart sharp sword of fate,
hesitate, hot, cold, oft blow,
too often kill what they create,
as, blind eye turned, they backwards grow.

Lost, tempest tossed, in lovelorn limbo,
most time together, separate,
the lies they live on earth below
their progeny perpetuate.
While lonely, counting cost, they sow
the seeds of frontiers which frustrate
their need to weed out embargos
which sundry woes accumulate.

Cocooned from change, most answer 'no! '
when new horizons captivate,
their god remains the status quo
whenever storm-clouds congregate.
When mass consumption's fiasco,
when brainless crowds gesticulate,
then hollow men spend life scarecrow,
obedience offers dinner plate.

'Reflection' draws ignored echo
confined, when blind repudiate
heart's hopes, locked in, chart sin where no
enlightenment may penetrate.

Thick skins shared sentiments scarce show,
refusing to negotiate

new challenges in embryo,
are doomed, tombed, in their muck stagnate.
They focalize on quid_pro quo
where give to take cold calculate,
hold solitary state, kowtow,
potential incarcerate.

Ignore therefore the vertigo
of careless crowds to concentrate
upon responsive dynamo
to harness energies innate.
Avoid peer pressure, biased state,
narrow schemes which strangulate,
prepare tomorrow's merry go
round life's deep secrets penetrate.

Avoid time-traps that domino,
impenitent advance! World's weight
grounds wings which long to overthrow
travesties life imitate.
Should Reason join with Love's soft glow,
anxieties emancipate,
Man limitations may outgrow,
fulfilled, from false fears liberate.

(20 January 2009)

Jonathan ROBIN

They Time Together - 0209 - 1991 Version

Life's tidal streams so quickly flow
that few can fairly contemplate
the currents which combine to throw
Time's hands towards their destined Fate.

Few feel for Truth or care to know
what dreams may teem past Peter's gate,
Death's sting nothing averts. Although
the 'moving finger's' never late,

most try to thwart the sword of fate,
hesitate, hot, cold, oft blow,
too often kill what they create,
as, blind eye turned, they backwards g[r]o[w].

Lost, alone, in lovelorn limbo,
most time together, separate,
the lies they live on earth below
their progeny perpetuate.

Cocooned from change, most answer 'no! '
when new horizons captivate,
their god remains the status quo
whenever storm-clouds congregate.

'Reflection' seems to blind echo
confined where men encapsulate
their hopes and fears within, where no
enlightenment can penetrate.

Thick skins which feelings seldom show,
minds which will not negotiate
new challenges in embryo,
are doomed, in their own muck stagnate.

Ignore therefore the vertigo
of careless crowds and concentrate
upon strong inner dynamo
to harness energies innate.

Let Reason join with Love's soft glow,
anxieties emancipate;
at last Man will his state outgrow,
fulfilled, from false fears liberate.

(20 June 1991)

Jonathan ROBIN

This Lonely Self

The search for sense amidst life's solitude
Has topsy-turvy turned beliefs for years.
Is happiness goal sought, or flight from fears,
Sensed as years' tears, insensitive, intrude?
Life jokes at our expense, all feel pursued
Or haunted by time passed where chimes' arrears
No substitute may pay when Death appears.
Experience must always be renewed.
Links into future tense we seem when viewed,
Yet each bud's snipped by Time's sharp scissor shears.
Soon all returns to naught. Night swiftly smears
Experiments ephemeral yet crude.
Let who would trace indelible here ink
For second thoughts upon life's sonnet think.

(12 August 1990 revised 21 September 2008)

Jonathan ROBIN

Those Daily Bills - 0466 - Current Version Of Daily Couplets

Monday Morning, full of dread, we pray
the postman few new bills will bring our way:
on wishing well of wishful thinking play
bust more than boom spells doom that's here to stay

Tuesday brings some more scored, still we wait
while writing verses making light of weight:
yet La Fontaine in fable mocks the gait
of dancing cricket's woe, repayments late.

Wednesday wears on, wilts, no more to bloom,
while wor[ld]s spin out till they themselves entomb.
From baillifs at the door naught can restore
the poor to former glories of full store.

Thursday's thunder mocks the toiling throng,
its passing joys are sold short for a song:
Slight thanks from banks for custom past and long
when, overdrawn, wrung hands land warning strong.

Friday freedom offers brief relief
with weekend worry, working week sums grief:
no fish, no dish, no pendants signed Van Cleef,
but fly-by-night departure like a thief.

Saturday dream theme sings of sweet reward
from toil and trouble free, spare cash to hoard:
life's lottery no gains shows on record,
when all is said and done, no bed and board.

Sunday is a pillow-time between
the bills to come and those, unpaid, that lien
let doomed foreclosure hang upon the scene:
'forgiveness is divine'? - no pardon's seen!

Frustration, stress, in context self-destruct,
leave life as from which no thorns are plucked.

Jonathan ROBIN

Thou Garden Art

THOU GARDEN ART

Thou garden art without the gate
whose roses, lilies, shared with all
grow close together, early, late,
enchant the senses when I call.
An open book for thee I'll be
so we may share eternity.

Thou garden art, whose colours flow
as if by magic through true heart,
intense the thrill, spell's dizzy glow.
Slight matter seems the miles apart -
'togetherness' gives meaning true
to skies which shine forever blue.

Thou garden art, whose soft scent spread
sweet essence - 'Myrrh - I am" transported! -
No artery in vain the head
solicits though though the way we've courted
unusual is to say the least,
whets appetite yet fills with feast.

Thou garden art whose artless fields
grow greener daily, stimulate,
so soft, so feminine, - who yields
to whom one wonders, contemplate
as tendrils touch behind the scenes,
old walls fall into smithereens.

One page leaves insufficient space
to trace the wonder two could feel
yet more seems treason, out of place
when in due season karmic wheel
will spin the way to win true peace,
discover tenderness, release.

11th January 2007

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Poem © Jonathan Robin Thou Garden Art

Jonathan ROBIN

Though Winds May Blow

Though winds may blow, though rain may fall,
when tenderness returns again,
wings kiss bliss air, mists fade, joy's reign
brave breasts time's streams, remains on call,
brings comfort through night's harshest squall.

Though rain may fall, though winds may blow,
'forever' neither empty phrase
nor passing phase is shown, love's blaze
seeds pastures green, serene, to sow
complicity with ease aglow.

Jonathan ROBIN

Thought Waves

A thought wave on the wings of Time
becomes a mechanism rhyme
b[]ends into 'truth' - if truth exists -
but if it doesn't, thought persists,
sifts trial from error, act from mime,
opens avenues, insists,
impatient, chafes at falsehood, crime,
scarce tolerates the pantomime
Earth's play puts forward through the mists
Time has heaped up from clime to clime.

A thought wave on Time's wings should soar
above dark clouds. An open door
can cul de sac swift reunite
to hole in fence - and thus despite
apparent limits more and more
we find white yins through black yangs write.
Discover therefore no 'before'
no 'after' matters, when zen's core
remains intact, allows insight
to touch tear spring of every pore.

A thought wave on the wings of Time
should take time out, new paradigm
prepare, from past mistakes devine
the lesson that, though most resign
their birthrights spineless, heed harsh chime
against who out of step, of line
dare question compromise and grime,
who lofty set their sights sublime
towards a future fair and fine
where everybody cares a dime.

So thought waves in a coloured band
blend in season what seemed bland,
bring Cause, Effect, in contact, show
yokes may be lifted, acorns grow
so tall that all at sea can land
on gangway clear, fears overthrow.

Life's lent, sent helping understand.
Ideals uphold in witness stand,
exchange high pride for 'search to know' -
food for thought sought ferments hope fanned.

A thought band, - coded, coloured, wave -
bright seal imprints on souls that brave
'becomings' - like the chrysalid
from silk cocoon where long it hid
which slips forth, flies with wings to save
the future from a time-lock lid.
The dust which fills the roads we pave
once concentrated will not cave.
Ignoring ego and the id,
Man must not toe by line, 'behave'...

Jonathan ROBIN

Thoughts

Life, like the winds which transient image weave,
A mirage watered down, drowned by time's wave,
Taunts time tracks, tacky triumphs mocks. Most leave
Existence traceless, greet untimely grave.
So few do little save themselves deceive,
Through ignorance they little worthwhile save.
Tweak test the fleeting Present to perceive
How Time tricks trends, bends ends for which we crave,
Of lazy longings, songs on Summer eve
Under starry skies where none stays slave.
Grow, go beyond all ache, false make-believe,
Heed heart apart from flattery or knave,
Thus span may sparkle, neither need nor grieve,
Spontaneous a fairer future pave.

Jonathan ROBIN

Thoughts On Immortality

To bide beside beloved or to stand
and serve through waiting only seems the same,
for death soon shall be shrugged off, understand
how mankind sloughs mortality, sin, blame.

Nature's ways were mystery that now
is jigsaw almost solved, regeneration
soon will bypass taboo - that holy cow
that tramples on both sainthood, sinning nation.

The Paradise some seek without delay
in Carpe Diem hides its pastures green
sublime and there's no piper god to pay
Pan plays fresh hand to trump historic scene.

How could one's death afford or pain or sorrow
when Death, left breathless, endless calls tomorrow.

(16 March 2012)

Jonathan ROBIN

Thoughtwave Ode Meditation Light

Thinklings, winking, pattern energy
Here, there, there, here, no difference need make
Open, closed, or circular they stake
Unique claim with a time frame we
Grook into when it suits, or elsewhere flee.
How cycles spin? Mistakes repeat mistake
To twin with hidden truth asleep-awake
Which bide their time yet still abide, still see
A fractal fraction of eternity,
Vista vision appetites may slake,
Ends turn beginnings after double-take
Or give and take to catalyze to be.
Duet well met by moonlight, dawn is seen,
Each being all, all each, and in between

Magic glade where sunlight slants today
Enchants the inner eye's kaleidoscope,
Drives thoughts from thoughts to thoughts, expanding scope
In resonance with radiant display
That echoes through the intellect to play
A rune tune which reflects reflections Hope
Transforms from bud, bark, bowl, grass, leaf, to dope
Ideas, fears put to flight, as interplay
Opens, takes cue from Nature Fey,
New ground explores, doors opens, helps all cope.
Links to synaptic tracks from verdant slope
Garner insight rich which, on the way,
Heal pollution in all senses, sends
The signal sought that all confusion ends.

Moonshine madness or an open book
imprinted with key code of cause, expect?
Rainbow skeins need braiding to effect
Real interactions earning second look.
Open anticipation's neurone hook
Reels waft and weft combines, twines, intersects.
New energies spontaneous, direct,
Effectoive focus finds, sheds gobbledygook
Unwinds conventions staid, that overlook

Real essentials, conflicts few correct.
One filter chaff from grain, detects defects
Nonsense, lies life's books too often cooks.
Ideals respect, spurn rules' blind lines to find
Creative font retaining open mind.

(10 July 2007)

Jonathan ROBIN

Thread Tomorrow's Ties Acrostic

Mutation through maturity implies
Adolescent crisis dissipated,
Requiring focus to stay motivated –
Inner challenge which cocoon defies
As Fortune's "slings and arrows" needs denies –
Harsh seems today. Not over-compensated
Or, self-deluded, self-commiserated,
Refusing with contempt both compromise
And self-respect to plan tomorrow's ties.
Know Cause, Effect, combine when integrated
One's weakness, strengths, are; strong will dedicated
Victory, self-confidence, supplies.
Another birthday comes with virgin page -
Make most of opportunities... shed cage!

Jonathan ROBIN

Three F[r]iends

First fast f[r]iend was PAIN
sharp, yet safe refuge from all
rage thump that pumped vein

One more for BLADE, bane
chill, still sharper, none forestall, -
call sustained, blood-stain.

One last for SLEEP - Iain
false mirage call before fall,
forgetting, - vain drain.

Three f[r]iends, SLEEP, BLADE, PAIN
passed judgement that all appal, -
stark dark pall remains ...

Jonathan ROBIN

Three Weeks

Week one may span eternity as Time
Effect and Cause entwine in timeless thread,
Ending endings, - sequencing sublime
Karmic conscience wakes from fountainhead.
One week begins a journey which, through rhyme,
Now overflows from fiction, looks ahead,
Extends to fact - intact can mountains climb.

Words worlds link, inklings ink and paper wed,
Expelling inconsistencies as verse,
Empowers threads which knit what's said, what's read,
Knows no inhibitions, must reverse
The litanies of habit most rehearse
While heart to heart, once far apart, are lead
Over storms to calm as cares disperse.

Week three we welcome now with open arms
Each greeting each will meet sweet dreams sans dread,
Efforts rewarded soon shall be instead.
Kaleidoscopic and eternal charms
Triumph over former fears or qualms
Harmony and happiness ahead
Restore flawed confidence some chip embed,
Extend warm welcome where love on love fed, -
Ever blossoms equal, begs no alms...

Jonathan ROBIN

Threescore Years And Ten

Threescore years and Ten

October's moon is wane,
May's sun may not be here:
how many Springs remain
my weary way to cheer?

© Jonathan Robin robi3_0020 4 November 1974

The Sage's Response to the Septuagenarian

How many earthly empires
the circling sun must set?
Friend, hast felt of love fires?
Mere mortal smile, why fret?

© Jonathan Robin robi3_0021 4 November 1974

Jonathan ROBIN

Threescore Years And Ten And The Sage's Response To The Septuagenarian

'October's moon is wane,
May's sun may not be here:
how many Springs remain
my weary way to cheer? '

'How many earthly empires
the circling sun must set?
Friend, hast felt of love fires?
Mere mortal smile, why fret? '

Jonathan ROBIN

Thrilling Throat Trills Dream Theme After Beth St. Clair For Keats

Soft summer zephyr wafts Keats' Nightingale
along time's rhyme line, on no midnight sleeps,
Tree Dryad's tune sends tremors up, down dale,
harmonics' sweet eternal wonder keeps.
'Sull'aria', soft canzonetta's call,
runs through the gamut of emotions' range,
as 'soave zefiretto' trembles, held in thrall
as siren song on perilous seas full strange.
Through woven word worlds lovers from the past
still celebrate angelic serenade,
whose haunting chords undaunted by time's blast
ignore farewells despite life's cavalcade.
Each note outreaches generation gaps
as thrilling throat trills dream theme which won't lapse.

(21 May 2012)

Jonathan ROBIN

Ticke[te]d Off

TICKE[TE]D OFF

Cold urns, mold marbled busts, shelved, stored, inanimate
mock passion's pyres unburned, fires shunned through puny life.
On Earth few still maintain their stay predestinate,
most, weak, betray themselves until the t[h]read of strife
is severed - only then, each finds it is too late,
trip taken only once is ended by Death's knife.

7 November 1990 revised 22 December 2008 robi03_0355_robi03_0000
XXX_DZX

previous title "The Proper Study of Mankind" for previous version see below

"The Proper Study of Mankind"

These storied marble busts and urns inanimate
mock on where passions grate, avoided during life.
On Earth who still believes his stay predestinate?
Most, tenets true betray until the t(h) read of strife
is severed, - only then, each knows it is too late.
The trip is made but once, is ended by Death's knife.

7 November 1990

Jonathan ROBIN

Tiger's Rumour And Other Parodies William Blake - The Tyger

Tyger's Rumour

Rumour rushing rampant right
round faithless forests of wraith night,
what immoral hand or eye
could frame fly tearless symmetry?

In what deep and dark disguise
spread irking libel, lurking lies?
on what wasp wings dare they aspire –
e'er slander sting tongues air fame liar?

What woeful infamous black art
wrung toxic sinews, tocsin heart
rung when sin heart broke cheating beat,
what sleight of hand to greet deceit!

What wrong's hammer, what strong chain?
in what furnace forged? What brain
fed wily worms sly envy's [g]rasp,
bred spiteful deadly [t]errors' [g]asp?

11 December 1991 revised 18 September 2009 robi3_0504_blak1_0003

PXX_JXX for previous version see below

Parody William BLAKE 1757_1827 The Tyger

Tyger's Rumour

Rumour rushing rampant right
round faithless forests of wraith night,
what immortal hand or eye
could frame fly tearless symmetry?

In what deep and dark disguise

spread irking libel, lurking lies?
On what wasp wings dare they aspire –
e'er slander sting tongues air fame liar?

What woeful infamous black art
wring toxic sinews, tocsin heart
rung when sin heart broke cheating beat,
what sleight of hand to greet deceit!

What wrong's hammer, what strong chain?
In what furnace forged? What brain
fed wily worms sly envy's [g]rasp,
bred them deadly, errors' [g]asp?

11 December 1991 revised 18 September 2009 robi3_0504_blak1_0003

PXX_JXX

□

The Tyger

Tyger Tyger, burning bright,
In the forests of the night;
What immortal hand or eye,
Could frame thy fearful symmetry

In what distant deeps or skies.
Burnt the fire of thine eyes!
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand, dare sieze the fire!

And what shoulder, and what art.
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand! and what dread feet!

What the hammer! what the chain,
In what furnace was thy brain
What the anvil, what dread grasp,
Dare its deadly terrors clasp!

When the stars threw down their spear
And water'd heaven with their tears:
Did he smile his work to see
Did he who made the Lamb make thee!

Tyger Tyger burning bright,
In the forests of the night:
What immortal hand or eye,
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry!

William BLAKE 1757_1827

Tyger's Eye

Tyger Tyger, once again
we'll praise your uncontested reign
where golden eye implies rebirth,
of jungle lord's word none constrain.

From distant deeps of tropic skies.
to forests sparse where eagle flies,
your power ripples round world's girth -
how could it e'er be otherwise?

Strength in each and every part
needs no paltry poet's art
to illustrate your peerless worth
which rhymes through time in class apart.

Neither hammer, chain, may blind
furnace features, anvil mind,
you represent upon this Earth
both force and freedom none may bind.

[c] Jonathan Robin - parody William Blake written 27 June 2008
robi3_1775_blak1_0003 PXX_CNX

Tiger Siberian and Riga Balterian

Riga, Riga, brave despite
Russian army's aimless might,
what eternal summer sky
could liberate thy people's sigh?

Though the hammer, sickle, chain
sickly are, they still remain
a present threat, their might and main
must from within be toppled! – Plain?

Fifty years the Russian reign
ignominious has spread red stain,
fifty years too much! – again
freedom comes, no dumb refrain.

Riga, Riga, free from fright
soon, before the New Year's Night,
independence will attain –
light and laughter come again...

© Jonathan Robin – Parody written 1 October 1991 – Parody William BLAKE –
The Tyger

The Tiger

Tigre! Tigre! L'étincelle
du fond des forêts de la nuit,
quel oeil, quelle main immortelle
firent ta terrible symétrie?

Dans quelles lointaines cimes, abîmes,
prit feu la puissance en tes yeux?
quelles ailes osèrent le sublime?
quel Promothée osa ce feu?

Quelle force et savoir-faire
pliaient les muscles de ton coeur
quand ce coeur fit son tonnerre,
quelle main forte et quelle ardeur?

Quelle chaîne et quel marteau,
de quel four sort ta cervelle?
quelle enclume? Quelle poignée
défia ces terreurs mortelles?

Quand les étoiles envoient leurs dards,
versant leurs larmes au Paradis,
a-t-il souri voyant son art?
qui fit l'agneau fit toi aussi?

Tigre, Tigre! L'étincelle
du fond des forêts de la nuit,
quel oeil, quelle main immortelle,
firent ta terrible symétrie?

© Jonathan Robin – Parody written 26 January 1993 – Parody William BLAKE –
The Tyger

Likable Wilma

Wilma, Wilma, in thy blouse,
Red-haired prehistoric spouse,
What immortal animator
Was thy slender waist's creator?

When the Rubble clan moved in,
Was Betty jealous of thy skin,
Thy noble nose, thy dimpled knee?
Did he who penciled Fred draw thee?

Wilma, Wilma, burning bright, ye
Cartoon goddess Aphrodite,
Was it Hanna or Barbera
Made thee hot as some caldera?

Francis HEANEY Anagram Parody William BLAKE – The Tiger

HEANEY Francis hean1_0004_hean1_0000 PWX_LXX Likable Wilma_Wilma,
Wilma, in thy blouse

Nazi! Nazi!

Nazi culture burning bright
With its nordic-Grecian light,
What sub-human dare defy
Its full totemic majesty?

Greek to speceies who are not
Aryan to the fina l clot,
Its ethnic-ethic-technic dwells
In nordic livestock's sacred cells.

Stainless Aryan youth-bands now
Teach the tourist Herr and Frau,
That all folk-stems may in turn
Kraft duch Schadenfreude learn.

Arts of blood by bloodbaths purged,
In pan-Germanic sunburst merged,
Will their rays as they aspire
Come to set the Thames on fire?

Nazi! Nazi! burning brihgt
In Europe's deep degenerate night,
Who but Nazi's can descry
Thy primitive sublimity?

1936

KATZIN Olga Miller 1896_198 – Parody William BLAKE – The Tyger

Reductio ad Absurdam

(The vision unfolded by Professor Schäfer of the production of life by chemical means has been declared by other scientists to be the same discovery made long since by Darwin and Huxley. The absurdity of any such pretensions in the past is, of course, easily proved by the following reference to the case of Thomas.)

Thomas, Thomas, going large
Down the Mall's majestic marge,
What mad scientist is he
Would claim to have concocted thee?

In what oxyhydrotherm
Dwelt thy protoplasmic germ?
In what subtle chemic spasm?
What the hand dare seize the plasm?

To what end, 'neath what pretence
Arose thy utter lack of sense?
And, bringing such a thing to pass,
What blind fool, what silly ass?

What the formule? What the fault?
In what test-tube was thy salt?
What the bunsen? What the flame
Fused the fluid of thy frame?

When the spars thrown down in spate
Formed thy weak precipitate,
Did he look on it with glee –
He who, to take a case, made me?

Thomas, Thomis going large
Down the Mall's majestic marge,
What mad scientist is he
Dare claim to have concocted thee?

Wilfrid BLAIR 1889_1968 Sa Muse s'amuse 1914

Jonathan ROBIN

Tight Corners Turned Empower

Times of trouble sponge solutions new,
Intuition inks in what seemed blank.
Grief is patient. Joy greets the dawn to thank
Hope for fresh sparks where all appeared askew.
The challenge unchains energy which through
Creative insight borrows from of the bank
Of inner strength, experience one once drank,
Retained within the brain, respewed on cue,
New inklings spliced with instincts tried and true.
Errors past forge future force if frank,
Reproachless one stays, not destructive crank.
Sincerity succeeds if luck smiles too.
Turned, tight corners open vistas which
Empower options which advances stitch.

(20 August 1992 /acrostic sonnet - Tight Corners Turned Empower)

Jonathan ROBIN

Time - Acrostic Palindrome Revisited

Titan Chronos wields sharp sickle, fickle Fate dictates gifts Gods
In second thoughts withdraw to pour cold water on fond hope,
Margin call all castles in the air to dust bring 'neath the sods,
Entropy replaces order, chaos borders balance, scope.

Time streams swiftly through our fingers, grain by grain brings joy or pain,
Individuals, generations too, soon drown beneath its weight,
Mystery, Life's tree, tapped, trapped in one dimension, ne'er again
Expressed is mind identical - though for rebirth some wait.

Time seeds seconds that it swallows as each follows each to teach
Idyll; Golden Age; soon harvests, rapeseed reaped with scarce a nod,
Mortality is empty dream, nothing living's out of reach
Ever will grim reaper gather what was given, trod to clod.

Time spins headlong, helter-skelter, alpha omega its hum,
Innate energy refocussed, hocus-pocus drawing blind,
Merging, surging, fresh emerging each dimension is assigned
Extra frequencies as harmonies seek equilibrium.

Thrust of course is force attraction contradictions overcome -
If upset the great equation's recreated, recombined,
Musters flux, reflux ethereal, in many ways declined -
Echo-systems spectra spectral, strata senses tuned as one.

Time from nano into nano ages stages fossil fuelled
Interspersing glaciation, dehydration, round and round
Myths upon examination show their roots as underground
Emerges, surface surges, strata cooled, their sense retooled.

Thus what once anticipation seemed probation turns as, schooled,
Independent thought's adopted as tradition sound, profound
Marred by nations barring renovation, scar with strict surround,
Emphasizing naught surprising, innovations over-ruled.

Though new cycle spins unpin past wins while progress must address
Inventively the challenges its choices stimulate,
Migrating through some voices, denigrating other traits,

Eliminating those which problems pose to those whose maladdress
Tends to influence trends 'safety', 'prudence', spendthrift short-term stress.
Interests vested often soften tracks original, contest
Modus operandi handy which could statust quo divest,
Elevating into icons past emoticon success

Time together birds of feather nests, two nurturing four more,
In addition for perdition they're included in Life's count,
Marking more for Death to tally, soon all rally scaffold mount,
Ever higher populations soar, regenerating core.

Tortoise Time of able fable, snide greed, pride, speed, overcome,
Is it justice? Is it balance? Those ahead drop d[r]ead behind
Making room through swift disposals for proposals less confined,
Express need for further testing, jesting, questing, inquest dumb.
Time, both tempter and pre-emptor, auctions choices bubble-gum
Into emptiness exploding, voices vacuum Lethe lined,
Mirage are Man's soujourn dreams it seems, all who thereon have dined
Entertain tall expectations rich which stumble, tumble numb.

Terrifying, self-denying, self-perpetuating stream
Is steamroller bowling wicket as it tickets no return,
Method into madness links as gladness sinks into cold urn,
Energy is dissipated into cryogenic steam.

Time mime mutates when neccessary, with celerity translates
Into viral spiral gyral splicing, tip top icing cake,
Monkey to man was plan began some take as grave mistake
Enterprising Time, downsizing, soon induces second state

That leads into more selection until all that came before
Isolate in microclimate dwindles into history,
Mocking once again of mice and men eternal mystery -
'Ergo cogito' no guarantee can offer 'sum' in store.

Time destroys its own foundations, reconstructs by rule of thumb,
Intuition tunes to pattern ducts intelligence designed.
Mankind must press forward quickly, or its mainspring may unwind,
Ever onward, tripping, hasty, vicious forward spiral-scrum.

Time, true master of new master, swift may slave of slave become,
In a twinkling of an eyelid, with an inkling of the mind,
Most by wayside fall, once falling fail to rise, we seldom find
Each with grief reach silver lining welcome, wheel spins go and come.

Time, prestidigitator, spurns prestige, turns cycle score
Into room for rust when boom goes bust, to tomb entrusts the great
Meek may seek to rise through wise disguise but dice thrown own their fate,
Enter on examination predetermination's maw.

Tide scorns pride which at its zenith ride descendant has prepared,
Idyll spills its guts and penance flags, stills, pennant's breezy blow,
Mutes the bugle's cry to rally round the cause to none compared,
End of story, end of glory, bared or gory end below.

Through the needle wheedle riddle evolution in its drawer
Issues ready, choosy, steady, few new factors integrate.
Measures leisure pleasure treasured as a wide tide open gate,
Exit species flooded by fresh blooded budded to explore
Timely opportunities to tease priorities to draw
Instant conclusions from confusions which can decimate
Multitudes through feuds or manners rude to war or conjugate,
Efforts vain again are sanctioned by Time's hoar roar none ignore.

Time, an excellent musician, is tradition's drummer, drum,
Is clay pot and playful potter, Future's watch and spring to wind,
Mocking mortals' puny portals, while the motives of mankind
Echo ego phase or fashion, love, hate, passion, blink sink: done.

Texts once sacred held, identical spelled, test time's sickle cell
Iteration till salvation's source course changes, redefined,
Messiahs soon expire, out of synch with daily grind
Expressing novel govels, tocsin toll tradition's knell.

Time plays seasons, dismays reasons dumb, on much remaining mum
In/on Cause~Effect directions caught in matrix intertwined,
Minds not evanescent effervescent reassurance blind,
Each vibration rings strange changing strings recalculating sum.

Though if sum itself is dumb then all conclusions drawn are rum
Interjections on Time's sections, out of kilter, misaligned,
Much in golden braid internal, waits eternal, underlined

Ever by infernal pace we race to trace out space to plumb.

Time, the predator and dater, turns the bread of life to crumb,
Ices in a trice Life's waters, hopes as halters redefined;
Magician fly, man hard may try, high pyramids remind
Each our power, pomp pain hour stomp, vain flowers fast succumb.

Time, no evil knows, coeval is with all, withal is none,
Irons endings through beginnings when each innings' span's declined
Mutating, no postdating, wicketwards in double bind,
Essence waxes, wanes, through axis, planes, yet what explains its run?

Tempus fugit, Time is flying, soon we're lying in the dust,
Is it dying? Is it buying time? another turn to try?
Most would cook the books for second look, avoiding final sigh
Even though high odds against them lie when wake they take on trust.

These swift stanzas hold no moral, no bonanzas bold, no plum
Inspiring plan licks Time's trick wick untiring, predesigned,
Mirage tidal suicidal, bridle, bridal counter signed?
Egg and chicken plot's time-stricken as we quicken final strum.

Jonathan ROBIN

Time And Distance

Inspiration outward bound
to sleep surrenders when the wheel
of fate turns luckless, still will reel,
like film slow motion stripped of sound,
as spirit tries to hold its ground.
Time and distance some say heal
aching heart with silent seal.
Distance, time, retain rebound
when someone else's acts are found
too harsh. Time rarely will reveal
true cure for pain till Death's cards deal
a last laugh rictus to confound
harsh stricture structures most invent
to soften life's predicament.

What first seemed wonder hazy turned
as generations went their way,
while meanings lost through time, decay,
wheeled to new weal to wield well earned
admiration seldom spurned.
Revered turns dog-eared, what seemed ray
divine's soon tarnished, as men say
'has had it's day', to dust returned.
Thus time and distance cycles churned
amaze then maze, truth seldom stays
in clear perspective, interplays
'O tempora, O mores' - urned.
Rumble crumbles humbled by
R.I.P. bye line: Time does fly!

'O tempora, O mores' Cicero's First Oration against Catiline... mores pronounced
with two syllables O what times! Oh what customs!

bye line: bye bye byline

1 June 2000 slightly revised with second sonnet added 12 August 2009
robi03_0908_robi03_0000 SXX DZX

for previous version see below

Time and Distance

Inspiration outward bound
to sleep surrenders when the wheel
of fate turns luckless, still will reel,
like film slow motion stripped of sound,
as spirit tries to hold its ground.
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Distance, time, retain rebound
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too harsh. Time rarely will reveal
true cure for pain till Death's cards deal
a last laugh rictus to confound
the stricture structures most invent
to soften life's predicament...

1 June 2000

Time and Distance Poem © Jonathan Robin

Jonathan ROBIN

Time And Place

Place and Time no meaning must retain
as time and space dust coalesces from rust,
no trace coherent will in time remain,
unless some Internet ubiquitous
plays unheeded umpire virtuous
beyond the ken of mice and men, refrain
stored on pre-programmed trigger timing, just
waiting 'til intelligence again
decides to share, decode plan's joys, Man's pain.

Jonathan ROBIN

Time And Tide Coincide

Friend, even if the fourth dimension fell
allowing us to meet at time and place
before the date both diaries do trace
perhaps twinned heaven might not weave true spell
as rich as that which wed us, wishing well
uniting hearts that far apart can't race.
The causal links that planned our interface
need not put back the clock for tocsin bell
will come when it will come, each outer shell
dissolving, leaving inner light to space,
two, true, pursue their path, discard cold case
that served till shed, fate sped. No deathbed knell:
for karmic wheel prepares another spin,
where time and tide still coincide win/win.

(27 February 2013)

Jonathan ROBIN

Time Consumed

One way ticket terminus in urn?
Return pursuit of karmic chain unbound?
If no god reigns what good is there to earn?
Return to base_sick instincts thus are found
unsound imagination's figment faith:
mindset unmissed evaporates, mist wraith.

What if imagination's wave-lengths show
man mirage mirror, wishful thinking's wings,
if 'truth' hid doubts, fear's fast consuming flow,
blot rot, not pearly gates devout scout sings?
Life's school would be in/of itself an end,
while pastures green no credency could lend.

If rite can't right 'wrong's' preying for a day
can pray repair man's puny phantom mime?
If heresy today's tomorrow's lay,
may hope scope draw from 'orthodox'? If Time
makes crime of what, before, was held sincere,
all once held dear in time must disappear.

We birth on earth for threescore years and ten
then berth beneath the sods for auld lang syne,
Time mocks eternal second innings' yen
as much for saint as sinner, wine-less whine.
When some await fair houri harem troop
may minds that stray or pray sign seraph scoop?

Though many paths are said to point the way
to paradise, or purgatory's pen,
though sects' decrees, dogma dissected, grey
from heaven's white to hell's black cannot ken.
Weak skeins knot vain, belie redemptive spin,
speak bane not reign of angels on a pin.

What peace of mind is gained when lost to life
if life itself proves hapless vale of tears,
when piece of mind resembles veil of strife,
whose knife's encountered on and off for years?

The answer may be neither here nor there,
but 'carpe diem! ' fête fate's date with flair!

21 March 2013

Jonathan ROBIN

Time Drops

Time

Time sifts,

Time sifts through,

Time sifts through space,

Through space

Through spaced drops;

Spaced drops

Drop,

Drop through,

Drop through the memory

Drift into eternity.

Jonathan ROBIN

Time In In Time - Triple Timing Pantomiming Ripple Rhyme

Time spins headlong, helter-skelter, alpha omega its hum,
Innate energy refocussed - hocus-pocus drawing blind -
Merging, surging, fresh emerging each dimension is assigned
Extra frequencies as harmonies seek equilibrium
INto emptiness exploding, vacuum voices Lethe-lined.

IN a twinkling of an eyelid, with an inkling of the mind,
Tortoise Time of able fable, snide greed, pride, speed, overcome.
Is it justice? Is it balance? Those ahead dread dead behind,
Making room through swift disposals for proposals less confined,
Express need for further testing, jesting, questing, inquest dumb.

Through blueprint life redraws core DNA
Integrates fresh factors and evolves,
Makes much of little, constant challenge solves.
Entry/exit ice fire roundelay,
Turns 'right' 'wrong' topsy-turvy as the Way
Is spun from none to one while time revolves,
Moons' fate, soon late creates here, there dissolves,
Eternity seems tease, frees dream-flight fey.

Time spurns prestige, turns cycle score,
ME, you, them trapped in karmic maw.

Jonathan ROBIN

Time Li[n]es

No frontiers or no front tears:
what difference the passing years
fence from complicity a heart
which close must live light years apart.

Jonathan ROBIN

Time Passes Heedless

Time passes heedless of ambitions, goals
Innate desires, desiderata vain,
Mirth turns to dearth, Earth swallows joy and pain,
Entombed is boom when doom engulfs all souls.
Present presents poor fragment of youth past,
Anticipating future full forlorn,
Signs of wrinkles unforeseen at dawn
Show up as dusk bears down with pressure vast.
Expectations once so bright bestowing
Sun in season, reason can't sustain,
Here now, tomorrow gone, both loss and gain,
Edifice fractures underscore debt owing
Less may seem more for dream theme bright and bold;
Slight consolation when last tocsin's tolled.

Jonathan ROBIN

Time Stonewalling Rhyme

One sits beside the sea to see each sandy grain was rock
which once stood out without a doubt, and proudly thought to block
sun, wind and rain - soon Time would [st]rain and slowly infiltrate
the nooks and crannies summer heat expanded at a rate
which seemed so slow, years ebb and flow, when measured by the clock
whose hands crept fast as seasons passed relentlessly, tick-tock...

One sits on stony s[tr]and at hand, to silently take stock
of passing time which in this rhyme stands out and, with a shock,
one asks oneself how fame or gain can matter for their weight
is blown away within a day by the high tide of Fate.
Withstand, eternity on hand, Time's trials where age could lock
till aeons' end would see change strange blend matter, mind, man mock.

Beneath sun, moon, by dune lagoonn one muses on time-lock,
life's pages turned, millenia burned, churned evolution's croc
to lizard turns, and then returns from down-sized newt to great
Terminonaris - terminus till Nature's genes inflate
all that on earth, in sadness, mirth, fills food chain chockablock:
one can't care, dare, to linger there till new big bang will knock!
Final eight lines added 24 February 2012

(14 January 2007)

Jonathan ROBIN

Time Takes Back Gifts

Must, crushed, dust minutes hustle to [c]rust ends
as wake waves break on Charon's jetsam shore?
In sequent bustle, current past befriends
beachcombing foam mocks flotsam sprayed before.
Life's wayward goal, pole center of attraction,
soon disappoints, ripe rots, tripe fast forgot,
though weak wish leak plugged, stopping strength's subtraction.
Time takes back gifts, tease cross lack, as eyes dot.
Dreams mould to must, stay weighs, repay plays games,
wretch sketch bars parallel on beauty's brow,
spares naught, pares fraught despairs' false halt fault [cl]aims,
rakes in lost chips, no cost tithe scythe can cow.
Miraculous, Earth's star stills tocsin's hand,
rhymed worth alone Time's toxins will withstand.

Jonathan ROBIN

Time Trap

Anticipation in an active mind:
binds unstretched potential, spirit free
seeks space to taste then test eternity,
leaving wasted years far, far behind.
Intense sensed need seeds speed. Choice voice must find
before too late an opportunity
tuned to new horizons' patterned key.
Before too late... life's its own double bind
for night light follow as Time's skeins unwind,
trace, space are swallowed, face forgotten. We,
ahead today, tomorrow sped, can't flee
Nature's mortal paradox designed.
Whether open, closed, man's intellect
self justifies through merge-urge to project.

Jonathan ROBIN

Time's Treadmill Spinning Through Its Span

Another Winter eve's precocious link
Now adds to measured Time in mind of man.
One more year [s]tumbles on to solstice brink,
Turns towards millenia billions scan.
Hope's rising generation soon sees sink,
Ending, one strong before its seed began,
Relearning this: 'I am because I think'
As one December spins predestined plan,
Names one more Julian year Time's f[l]ame would ink.
One equinox haphazard knocks to fan
The fires of Fate which somehow interlink.
Here see Time's treadmill spinning through its span.
Ends one loose line to tie these thoughts' terse tale,
Reeled threads unwind another, fresher trail.

Jonathan ROBIN

Timed Thread

Pattern shifts as time from time's t[h]read stock
mutates or waits on catalyst to key
into, through, metamorphosis to see
beyond historic references' lock
beyond straitjackets that clear thinking block.
The answer may not individuality
be seen to be but ways which destiny
choice negotiates as life's short clock
tic tocs from birth to berth, first shock, last dock.
Genes seldom hold free-will or equity
in fee - to Darwin contradictory -
from bloom to tomb dreams compromised half-cock.
Through open options, opportunity,
Mankind high rises evolution's tree.

Jonathan ROBIN

Time-Lined Encapsulations

E ncapsulation of emotions felt,
N uance soft, or sharply coloured cape,
C an seldom be expressed, pressed into shape
A s rhyming couplets strict in sonnet spelt.
P oetic strictures tie too tight a belt
S upply few frameworks for the mind to drape
U nstructured dreams with rainbow sellotape.
L ife's littleness ist alles in die Welt,
A las mocks Man, - too soon ambitions melt
T o watershed necrologies. Black crepe.
I s all that is recalled. There's no escape
O ffered here howe'er the cards are dealt.
N ow Fate's dark finger, having writ, forgets
S entiments as Time sharp sickle whets.

Jonathan ROBIN

Timely Open Book

An attractive pair of eyes
of almond aspect, startling size,
sparkle with suggestive look
to signal "I'm an open book"
to which all welcome are who, wise,
rise, meet sweet challenge, find replies
the overhasty overlook.

Moreover, who their minds mistook
face value take where their own lies
make mirror image, dark disguise,
soon blot their ego's copybook -
self image wage, page books may cook.

From downturned mouth to upturned nose
verse flows until this tale we close.

22 June 2005 revised 5 December 2008

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for previous version entitled Open Book see below

Open Book

An attractive pair of eyes
of almond aspect, startling size,
sparkle with suggestive look
to signal "I'm an open book"
to which all welcome are who, wise,
rise, meet the challenge, find replies
that overhasty overlook,
while those face value take mistook
are where they make for their own lies
a mirror image, dark disguise -
and thus soon blot their copybook...

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Jonathan ROBIN

Timely Rubaiyat

Pride comes before the fall, all far and wide
should be aware Fate sets their dreams aside
when overconfidence shows weakness, schemes
to turn Time's tables, undo from inside.

But what to Time is 'inside' or is 'out'?
for Time's dimension both can do without ~
signpost or vane is blown now east, now west,
crow heeds no fixed road stop sign roundabout.

If outside in is spelled E.M.I.T.
and inside out spells T.I.M.E. fit
unto the day the evil thereof see
fit to a T however played one's wit.

Vainglorious is immaturity,
gifts mirage mirror of futility
reflecting on societal concern
defining on off switch in sanity.

Some comfort find vouchsafing certainty
though most minds, blind, before dark door swift flee,
sneak insecurities behind bluff masks
smack of brash, shameless insincerity.

What hides behind Time's trap, no map may see,
few counter fate, discover guilt edged key
of 'me and thee' when once behind its veil,
what will prevail, beneath what scrutiny?

Birth - berth, worth - earth, that sweet felicity
which flashed upon the page of Destiny
one little lifetime soon is swallowed up,
archive deleted from man's memory?

Time helter-skelter headlong spins, all's rush,
'I will survive!' slays others in the crush,
Merge, surge then splurge, urge on, and then strike-out,
applause asphyxiated by mute hush.

From alpha unto omega Time's hum
reels strange range wheels recycling all that come
first cry, last cry, lies die, then die's recast,
byline harmonics' equilibrium.

In Time, and out of Time, all equipoise
illusory brain schemes to capture noise,
transform it into to signals codified,
collide-o-scope chromatic Man enjoys.

New cycles spin, unpin past wins, address
fresh challenges, evolve, adapt, contest
tired tenets, genes rewired, force fired set scene
for stranger change, to counter maladdresses.

No sense in idolizing past success
which of itself is source for future stress
to break sound barriers that Time instill
to teach still sense retains, more may prove less.

Thrust's force attraction contradictions seeks
to overcome, Time's great equation's speaks
to recreate and recombine, stem cells'
flux mustered, mastered, peaks, weak wanes, then reeks.

Time's Tortoise, Man is fable's Hare, confined
in mortal contradictions which the mind
finds quite unhuman, taking what it gives,
life's strife's soon undertaken, chaff to grind.

Time, tempter and pre-emptor, auctions choice
as bubble-gum exploding, empty voice,
one generation fades away, one more
takes cue to strut as peacock and rejoice.

What cheers have penetrated great divide
between one era and the next? what guide
avoided asteroid explosion set
to make clean sweep of chatter and tongue-tied.

Mutating Time so speedily translates

as viral spiral gyral, ices cakes,
spliced monkey man: key plan or grave mistake?
downsizing, soon induces second states
that pace race, trace select, until the past
fast buries past's repasts, idols outcast,
no 'Ergo cogito' shows 'sum' in store,
all dwindles into nothingness at last.

Time destroys its own foundations, rule of thumb
leads ever onward, vicious spiral scrum,
where one way trip soon rips predispositions
without concession, tic-toc blocked, locked, dumb.

Time, prestidigitator, snubs prestige,
sand grains drain, Time, replenished stands the seige,
when boom goes bust dust tomb entrusts low, great,
rebuilds from scratch big bang hatch, scorns vestiges.

What footprints may be gleaned from sands of Time,
what idylls and what odysseys to rhyme
may be retained as in an amber bubble,
what climb, what fall, what forfeiture, what crime?

Time's zenith ride descendant has prepared,
mutes bugle's rally cry round cause compared
to none as pendulum against itself is swung,
hung, drawn and quartered, preconceptions pared.

From timely opportunities some draw
conclusions which confusion turn when more
is known or shown of causal wheel or karmic churn
which burns or freezes, frieze all still ignore.

Time, excellent musician, drummer, drum,
is clay, pot, playful potter, part and sum,
fobs off mocked mortals puny pleas and adds
where it subtracts, leaves fiction, facts, both numb.

Evanescent, effervescent matrix grid,
vibrates through tuning fork in road well hid
from sight and insight, secret intertwined
with second-thoughts which time distorts unbid.

Time, both predator and dater, turns the bread
of life to crumbs, life's water ices, - sped
past hope for scope in halter's halted, while,
Time onward flies, belying time well fed.

Magician fly, man's pyramids remind
our power, pomp pain hour stomp, romp turns to rind,
blossom blows, Time, heedless flows, drip, drip,
pips toast at post, tips, slips, grain grist to grind.

Time knows no evil, coeval is with all,
withal is none, as naught, both call, recall,
pride, fall, low, tall, slow, fast, at last remains
as silent witness, stage, play, box and stall.

Tempus fugit, Time is flying, soon we're dust,
is it dying? is it buying time? Earth's crust
plays little part forecasting lava flow
when time is up, volcanoes spew, non-plussed.

'Festina lente', 'hasten slowly', ~ Fate
may be amused when we'd anticipate
the way the dice is rolled a turn or two,
soon ticks off guilty temptor from guilt gate.

Time translates awareness catalyzed,
or role reversal, vistas re-apprized,
what complicated seemed is later seen
as simple step towards goal well disguised.

Time's tide abides while mortal meets fate which
puts final touch to an unfinished stitch, ~
however phrased dust back to dust returns
spites 'lame' excuses, game of toss and pitch.

Up tick, down toc, clock witnesses spring shoots
of causal arborescence, 'right', 'wrong' roots,
with hindsight show mankind's e'er unprepared
for Past and Future playing in cahoots.

Though rhyme and reason often are withheld

till time and season pass, their winter knelled,
true timing is essential where the mind
would tap the forces from tomorrow welled.

Who would evolve must choose from many doors,
each offers either fame or blame, doom draws,
each offers health or wealth, advance or pause,
must think the link between effect and cause.

What fame is, what is doom, though, who foresees?
What choice reject, what opportunities
take for, or take as, granted, who can tell?
Time twists or undertows the flows men seize.

What matters and to whom? What gravities
apply when anti-mater equals tease?
conundrums which a life-long paradox
entertains until all memories
are atomized upon a karmic breeze,
blown willy-nilly till, like honeyed bees,
they bumble on towards a homely hive,
they stumble on till patterns by degrees
from angles wide frame focus, offer keys.
For who between the lines can read, chalk, cheese,
discerns - the waft and weft of substance - learns
to draw the line dividing wood from trees.

Life's littleness 'ist alles in die Welt',
mocks Man's ambitions, motivations melt
to watershed necrologies. Black crepe
with no escape whate'er regrets are felt.

Time's muzzle muffles boast, toast, day by day,
effects' and causes' subtle interplay
through life's incessant dream theme ebb and flow
efforts prove vain, love, pain, all's bubble bray.

None may control coincidence at play
chance flaking dates and energy away
while winter of our discontent's stop/go
spins into vertigo, then fades away.

Self-righteous say religion shows the way,
agnostics best of both worlds want, display
their reticence as sense, pretense as plus,
few atheists would haste to piper pay.

Most blow hot, cold, quit stage to sink unheard
before they even feel life's ripples stirred,
Time can't be reined, restrained, no string and bow,
sends arrow through entanglement preferred.

Why worry what tomorrow, if at all,
may offer, laughter share, spurn wailing wall,
each wakes one day, hopes hollow, probate proved,
few follow winding sheet, trump final call.

Time's telomeres may stretch, but sands of hope -
free ride from heyday ended, broken rope
recount lost time expended, ghost mirage,
no soft soap ever smooths, naught soothes blind grope.

Bright spark, life's candle gutters, movements cease,
one cry, heart flutters, shutters, 'Rest in Peace! '
with no surcease, one sigh then curtains drawn
while legatees bread butter, fleece, apiece.

Youth's hopes are caught in Time's relentless vice,
what opportunity's repeated twice?
Life's joke's is on Creation's head, vibes jibed,
one innings leaves all after-thoughts to lice.

So grasp life's moving finger as it writes,
wait not on Time, tune tide to timing - flights
of fancy twin with opportunity
which may not seed again. Feed dreams' delights!

These rhymes hold no bonanza, moral plum,
Time's trick wick tireless flickers, static hum,
moves forwards egg and chicken parsec plot
as we, time-stricken, quicken final strum.

Jonathan ROBIN

Timely Sonnet

Steamroller Time seems strange, so swift to wreak
dire punishment on empires far and wide.
terminating erstwhile terrestrial pride
grass razes towers, airing dungeon's reek.

Too often lands fall into hands of clique,
of rogues defrauding poor of store, backslide,
maturing Nature bides its time to chide
trumped vanity Pride falls from zenith peak.

Mordant Time consumes both players, stake,
avenging Fate, reclaiming all it lent,
unrelentlessly sees lives forsake
phut pomp in past deemed paramount, soon spent.

Nought can reverse Time's flow - an empty jest -
so 'if' remains in limbo, foolsgold blessed.

Jonathan ROBIN

Time's Clocks Unwind Double Acrostic

Time's clocks unwind, too soon all find
Interred all hopes and fears,
Most left behind, both fair, unkind,
Eternal dust smears years.
SCarce heard births cry, comes date to die
LOCKed out from both doubt, hope;
Swift strikes last sigh, too few know why
UNdone is life's soft soap.
WIND blows, time shows each comes, each goes
TICKed off as vain statistic,
ME grows, friends foes, Death mows, time flows
CLOth cut at speed ballistic.
Creative link between 'I think
Karmic spring one way ticket,
SUNrise must sink, wing flutter wink,
WITH NomaD stumped at wicket.

Jonathan ROBIN

Time's Tide

Those cause/effect relations seek to investigate
ask why life's lamentations can't flow past pearly gate,
why can't hope's expectations some sects anticipate
show we're wheeled incarnations, frustrations, fears, negate

Why worry what tomorrow may offer if at all,
share laughter, spurning sorrow, ignoring wailing wall,
each wakes one day, hopes hollow, must piper pay as shawl
in winding sheet few follow, no trumps for final call.

Time's tide has been extended beyond the sands of hope,
free ride from heyday ended, frayed tether, broken rope,
recount lost time expended, events' ghost mirage grope,
as most proud man intended black hole's Time's telescope.

Bright spark, life's candle gutters, so swiftly movements cease,
one cry before heart flutters, before 'Here rests in peace! '
one sigh then parting's shutters are drawn with no surcease,
one dies while crowd bread butters inheritance apiece.

In youth great expectations mask ignorance, a vice,
few meet anticipations, most, sour, scower at Fate's dice.
life's joke is on Creation's head, ne'er repeated twice,
one innings: vindications leave after-thoughts to lice.

Behind lie verses threaded, skeins sense retains in vain,
life's loves too soon are bedded by Fate immune to pain.
life's gloves too soon are shredded by thorny greed for gain,
'Above' is concept wedded to fear, none bat again.

Jonathan ROBIN

Tipping Points - Current Version

Mankind has reached a point in time
where we must choose before that choice
is forced upon us. Few rejoice
because the spectral pantomime
is faced with closure, cannot mime
a role with sense, nor find a voice
authentic underneath its grime.

Democracy has called the tune
since communistic threats appeared.
These, proving bankrupt though first feared -
despite the missions to the moon -
are memory. Then silver spoon
resumed brash reign too highly geared
to cope with chaos which could soon

sweep system rash, crashbranches prune
which sturdy seemed - soon to be sheared.
Fee enterprise has engineered
excesses while the baby boom
puts pressure on retirement boon
though side-effects were once revered.
Restrictions? - Democratic doom.

Another paradigm's begun "â€";
the Internet through peer to peer,
chipped 'end to end' will shipwreck steer
a universe which soon may stun
vested interests more than gun
or arms race as ambitions clear
oligarchies engineer.

It seems dreams' seams split one by one:
Social unrest, confusion, here,
there earthquakes, famine. Cracks appear
inevitable, Time trap sprung.
Man's machine is out of gear,
Economies unbalanced - fear
rampant that our race is run.

Who preaches 'tipping points' as seer
is spurned though 'civilized' veneer
is crackled - tackled not the queer
collateral damage far and near
which signal very loud and clear:
World warming warning, fishless trawls,
sea levels rise, man's leeway falls.
for initial version, see poem Dirt Sweeper is Time

(3 November 2008)

Jonathan ROBIN

To A Fat Negotiator - Start To Finish After Frances Cornford To A Fat Woman Seen From A Train

"Why do you sprint through the finest print,
signing so much and so much.

Why do you bow to the burning Bush
When Eltsin sins, awaits a putsch
with a hearty mush and a heavy push,
surface smile while his heart is flint.

Why do you sprint through the finest print,
casting around for a crutch? "

"Why do I sprint through the finest print,
signing so much and so much?

Time's running out and I've done my stint,
the rouble to rubble falls just like forint,
inflationary spiral is costing a mint,
disunion threatens and Red faces blush.

That's why I'm casting around for a splint,
signing so much and so much! "

1 August 1991

Jonathan ROBIN

To A Fat Woman Seen At The Sales After Frances Cornford To A Fat Woman Seen From A Train

Why do you sail through the streets in slacks
Buying so much and so much?
O fat white woman who nobody backs,
Why do you whale through the Sales in slacks
When your breasts swing so soft, hang as pendulous sacks,
Though shivering sweet to the touch?
O why do you scale the street sales in your slacks,
Buying so much and so much?

To a Fat Woman seen from a Train
Why do you walk through the fields in gloves,
Missing so much and so much?
O fat white woman, whom nobody loves
Why do you walk through the fields in gloves,
When the grass is soft as the breast of doves
And shivering-sweet to the touch:
Why do you walk through the fields in gloves,
Missing so much and so much?

Jonathan ROBIN

To A Fat Woman Seen In The Bois After Frances Cornford To A Fat Woman Seen From A Train

Why do you bounce through the Bois in boots
Missing so much and so much?
O fat white woman, the tender shoots
And the grass is carressing right up from the roots,
So why do you flounce through the Bois in boots
While sweet without shoes is life's touch?
O why do you pounce through the Bois in boots,
Missing so much and so much?

Jonathan ROBIN

To A Grasshopper

Knee high to a grasshopper, ribbon and all,
I come when one whistles, swift answer cue call,
between naps I yap and I yap between naps,
I'm happy not snappy, you'll love me perhaps?

Jonathan ROBIN

To A Poet A Thousand Years Hence, A Response After 100 Years To James Elroy Flecker And Rabindranath Tagore The Gardener

I who reply before one hundred years
have seen Time's flow accelerate life's song,
respond in kind to message which appears
as symbols on a screen, its sense still strong.

Though most still write and read, both hemispheres
have trouble meeting challenges which long
have worried man, illiteracy queers
the pitch when teaching what is right, what wrong.

The seas, the skies, are bridged, and satellites
project by day, by night, in hologram
both masonry and metal, though man's sights
seem set too low, scarce worth a hollow gram.

Few find sea sky blind cruel. Today's delights
no longer turn to palaces, here jam
tomorrow – Carpe Diem flights
of fancy seldom dare to plug Fate's dam.

Most palaces, once castles in the air,
by 3D printing on demand may see
your fiction turn our fact though cupboards bare
and empty bellies plague unwashed majority.

Baseless fabric of collective vision's mocks
all but change for change sake, yet still pays
lip-service to stability as stocks
rise as recession bites the hand life plays

Few care a toss for basic human rights,
for poor who roleplay sacrificial lamb,
which to the rich mean little save slums' sights
should stay unseen, s[t]ave blush from Uncle Sam.

Music and wine are plentiful, but made

to cater jaded tastes at lowest cost
while bright-eyed love's uncertain, temples greyed,
scorns 'they that sit above' who selves have lost.

Music's flow through copyright is played,
though artists' cheques seem scarce, so seldom crossed.
The Gods - who pomp and power once displayed -
crass ignorance into black hole has tossed

Our conquests now upon ourselves are sought,
as ozone levels sink and ice-caps melt,
our living standards are too dearly bought, -
depend upon marked cards blind Fortune dealt.

Our fancies now to starboard, now to port,
veer queer as advertizing (oft misspelt)
on television, world wide web, or sport,
filters subconscious thought through media pelt.

Most wars are fought by proxy. Seldom caught,
a privileged minority still rules.
Who's heard of Maeonides - who aught
but Milton blind could summon up his ghouls?

The Internet has altered ways of thought,
of social interaction, while the schools
recast curricula as they exhort
life-long learning's worth as earning's tools.

Voyagers have overstepped the bounds
of heliosphere, while Curiosity
Mars Mission underwrites, and yet Hell's hounds
pursue the poor with loss of dignity.

Extended span of years accelerates
knowledge accumulation but the use
to which it's put rarely anticipates
effects victims of corporate abuse.

O friend unseen, though read, thus partly known,
Poet whose questions ripple 'cross Time's tide,
whose message with the years has sweeter grown

despite the depth of digital divide,

what would you say, today still flesh and bone,
comparing with the past horizons wide
opened by decoding the genome
despite discrepancies which still abide?

What would you say, today still flesh and bone,
comparing hopes' horizons? Jekyll, Hyde
open Pandora's box, sequence genome
although increased discrepancies abide.

With Doctor Moreau see experiments
clone monkey, man, to ban constraints of time,
while pensions underfunded little sense
confer on cryo lifespans' frozen rime.

Though none may ever greet you face to face,
or shake your hand, share chat broadband,
perhaps these lines will slip through time and space
to greet you, who these words need understand.

Jonathan ROBIN

To A Poor Sub Urbanite Parody Translation After Paul Verlaine A Poor Young Shepherd

Of a kiss I'm afraid
as of bees in the skies,
suffer sleeping, awake,
neither rest find nor take:
of his kiss I'm afraid!

Yet I love him, well made,
with his beautiful eyes,
and his air debonnaire
white and slender, I'm fair:
curse the Past's barricade!

How I muse, how I ache!
Could I dare by-and-by
good my promise to make?
What a dreadful mistake
would be promise I'd break!

Should we swear, man and maid,
lasting joys Life supplies?
Act as lover 'spite stare
seems so difficult where
thought is fraught when court's paid.

Of a kiss I'm afraid
as of bees in the skies,
suffer sleeping, awake,
neither rest find nor take:
of fond kiss I'm afraid!

Jonathan ROBIN

To A... Muse

TO A... MUSE

May neither time nor tide upon your Muse
Abide for long but long for music more,
Unreeling till eternity true score
DEclining years cannot erase, abuse.
Many seek to speak but Chance can't choose
Another whose as sensitive, whose core
Unmoved remains, resistant to Time's maw,
DEar, modest, understates the role her views
Must play within our universal glues
As bridge between 'I thought', 'I sought' encore.
Under that bridge stream flows to Eden's shore,
DEsire 'acceptance' draws from past 'refuse'.
MAsterpiece 'Unstable' modifies,
DERides blocks, barricades, unlocks joy's skies

6 July 2008

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To A...Muse poem © Jonathan Robin

Jonathan ROBIN

To An Acting Waitress Or Waiting Actress After Hamlet's Soliloquy

To wait, or not to wait, that's in the question,
especially when some guests get indigestion,
[when they grow tougher then the going's rougher]
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
the strings and sorrows of outrageous patrons,
the binges of obese Manhattan matrons,
the noisy kids, their straw-blown soda bubbles:
or to take arms against such teething troubles
and by opposing, end them? Still keep one's cool,
condone uncouth conduct? Gladly suffer fools?

There's surely something rotten in Life's rules
when talent's turned to bars and barred from schools,
when terms of reference ability are not retained
but cash-commitment terms need be regained.
For there are pressing claims and urgent needs,
though many try, scarce one percent succeeds
and one percent of these may save their soul
as economic pressures take their toll
of high ideals, oft leaving empty shell
and little else as epitaph, ah well!

Fame, fickle, tithes her victims. Actors' knell
tolls far more frequently than curtain bell.
Thus those who would their sacred dream preserve,
who from dell'arte's path would never swerve,
must make much sacrifice. To serve, observe,
the scene, and by to serve we mean to fend,
[or to unemployment decent descend]
the heartburn and the thousand natural shocks
frail flesh is heir to. Men gorge till doctor knocks!
Is such consumption devoutly to be wished?
Ere shift's resumption let the check be dished!

She better fate deserves! To serve, observe
the table 'they' reserve too often stands
unused, spinsterlike longing for unknown hands,

the shining silver serving to reflect
the restless queue, in order ready-pecked,
which full of sound and fury takes its cue,
observing, spiting, little else to do,
from tipplers caring more for ceaseless sips
then for efficient service or her tips.
To serve, unwaiting wait. Oh what a weight,
especially if she'd rather be his date!
for in that waiting work few dreams may come
until one's shuffled off that uniform
which often scratches, rubs. Where's the respect?
She's human, not a worm, nor less insect!
It makes calamity with such long hours,
so underpaid, while taxing all her powers.
Expending all youth's energies for cents
as others benefit at her expense,
their's the profits, for self little sense!

For who would bear these whips and scorns for long,
patrons' contumely, supervisor's wrong,
the pangs of wasted food, ill-cooked, despised,
[the impudence where, uninvited, eyed
the worthless stranger who advances tried
who may not be so easily denied
in public places audience, she cried!]
Waste in untasted food, those long delays,
days melting into nights, nights into days,
the insolence of chefs, and the sharp spurns
that patient merit from the unworthy takes.
When she herself might true quietus make
with rare home cooking? Who would fardels bear,
insults at work, with little time to spare,
to grunt and sweat under a weary life
with strife at work, at home, through tiredness, strife!
But that the dread of nothing else to do,
lest dreams sound hollow, courses follow through,
or kids to mind, rent find and clothing too
threats unemployment act upon morale.
'Tis true, and all too often ça fait mal!

The options open often puzzle will,
and make us rather bear those ills we have

than fly to others that we know not of.
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,
for few will answer truly to life's call.
Thus the native hue of resolution
is sicklied over with pale cast of thought
losing all instinctive love of living!

Should one desire to act upon dire fate,
ambitions fire! React! No longer wait!

Jonathan ROBIN

To An Ostrich Seen From Above After Frances Cornford To A Fat Woman Seen From A Train

Why do you bury your head underground,
risking so much and so much?

O black and white ostrich with feathers all found,
why do you bury your head in the ground
while the grass is so soft and the hunter's around
and the trigger is light on the touch?

O why do you bury your head underground,
risking so much and so much?

Jonathan ROBIN

To Block Or Not To Block, That Is The Question - After Winthrop Mackworth Praed A Letter Of Advice

Dear friends a fresh contest has started,
on how to respond, what to change,
and twenty-five writers are charted
to test the extent of their range
of advice how to cope with some parted
from courtesy, tact, who derange.
One thought I would add, tender hearted,
some APe a behaviour strange!

Should one just ignore with door locking
those who trophies exchange in the haste
to hold contests too quickie, taste mocking,
what would you advise, culprit traced?
Rules ignored by hard heads sore be blocking
like comment paid, copy and paste,
and those whose insults from their stocking
overflow as fair play runs to waste.

Should one tolerate those, the boat rocking,
with pseudo anonymous based,
or respond, not react, to their shocking
poor conduct both debased
and short term as they squirm, blow half-cocking
credibility, consequence faced
rarely while rewards they'd see clocking
at others' expense, trust misplaced?

What is odd: while few still cling to rhyming
insults prod from plod prose squad appear,
those in meter and spell poor take timing
to insult add injury here
with no neat, no sweet couplets when climbing
on high horses no Pegasus peer,
but I'm near the line limit and climbing
so I'll put pen down, frown, disappear.

Jonathan ROBIN

To Cease Upon The Midnight

What plot encompasses our story's scope?
Ret-urning tears well, eloquently dumb,
where shadows numberless leave yearning numb,
and where the headstone's granite shoulders slope
squat down upon grave tomb's departed hope.
Chips cover churning worms which gorge plum, plumb
fame's name, life's game, both spurning: zero sum.
Why worry whether minister or pope
on empty blessing strings pain sermon's rope,
vain hope remains in echo's braggart drums!
The petty pomp which time spent pawning crumbs
is thrust by Time, nonplussed, from g[r]asp and grope.
A sandy trickle ends, calls each to task,
the handy sickle bends, falls, reach to mask.

Jonathan ROBIN

To Chairman Rist, An Ode

Sing, O Goddess, of the wrath of Rist,
puerile pedagogue, 'spectacled, fierce,
who came to the aid of the faculty nation
beleaguered by leftists, the young generation,
by Parity, Bissell and Etkin and theirs,
by student involvement in student affairs.

'Protect the tower, lest our fortress fall!
Bar socialists, marxists, disruptors all!
Only WE can be apolitical,
we gods have unbiased beliefs on call!
Lest relevance rot our mechanical mind,
lest the faces that launched many thousand degrees
be forced to consider what everything means.'

And thou, A.T.S. in thy wisdom and might,
preparing the battle that faculty fight,
have chosen thy champion, crowned true chRist.
For when notions are menaced then saviours are seen
to muster their minions of militant mien,
to safeguard their tenure, their future as Dean.
Down Barkwell! Down CUG! Beware Robin Ross!
Though last year espousing the parity cause
the A.T.S. now will fight 'gainst all sophs,
for such is the whim and the nature of profs.

Onward grave heroes to Council of Arts,
forward suave Rist, for some here have faint hearts,
and the Hector of History, Nelson of course,
whose advice A.T.S. takes as pure from the source,
who holds the 'Committee on Government' helm,
lest politics tarnish you fail to inform.
Onward brave heroes to Council today,
strike down revisionists Brook and Conway,
return sacred 'solely' its place in the sun,
to manifest purity in parity motion.

Onward grave heroes, leap into the fray
sure of support from the greatest some day:

descendant of Heracles, noblest of Greeks,
both feet in his mouth whenever he speaks,
hired by your purified student-purged council:
Supervisor of Studies, dear Spiro Agnew!

Jonathan ROBIN

To Cinders Turned

Dust to dust, ashes to ashes,
Lush rush, ambition flush: soon crash is
finality limb, wing, plant, fin
fall subject to before waste bin
trashes mortal mirage dashes,
traceless sinks brave, knave, saint, sin.

Boom to bust, to tomb from Ashes
is call all know as forty lashes
or laurel leaves dissolve. None win
diced second innings. Kith and kin
to Lethe leave what time's rime smashes
on rock of ages' spaced out spin.

From flash in pan to also-ran is
die cast. First last, pride finds fate slashes
high expectations with win-win
to cinders turned as[h] Mickey Finn
unlooked for's slipped when bad blood splashes
haemoglobin on next of kin.

Jonathan ROBIN

To Dream Or Not To Dream - Acrostic Sonnet

The spiral staircase leading down to dreams ~
Or is it up if there be "up" at all ~
Defines its own dimensions' rise and fall,
Rephrasing day's experience which gleams
Endlessly recycling key-word themes
As this is magnified, or that made small.
Masks ~ common to the day ~ at night may fall.
Once shed, greet picture puzzle pattern schemes
Recording strange perceptions as light beams
Now here, now there, preparing waking call, ~
Options spurned, or choices learned withal ~
To tear sleep's shawl, converting links. It seems
TO dream provides the oil that may inspire
DREAMs new to spin enquiring spirit higher.

Jonathan ROBIN

To Forever

We p[lay] our way just once while Fate prepares
Effect and Cause to synchronize one chance
Combining opportunity, advance,
Offers options, often unawares.
Make most, nor break, nor take, as soul soul bares,
Extending trust which must itself enhance
Tenderness, awareness, each shared glance
Has force to steer life's course, to pare the layers
Imposed by daily drudge that rarely airs
Sincerity authentic or romance
Which might unite to lighten future stance
And answers find to mind's most secret prayers.
Years into seconds may encapsulate
ONCE to forever, tuning into Fate.

Jonathan ROBIN

To Gorbachev Seen From A Liberty Train After Frances Cornford To A Fat Woman Seen From A Train

'What is the cause of the stain on your head,
spreading so much and so much?
Is it war in Afganistan's red blood bled?
Is it the Baltic, its trammels all shed,
or Perestroika, so often misre[a]d,
yet risking so much and so much?
What is the cause of the stain on your head,
pulsing so much and so much? '

'I needed the Afgans like hole-in-the-head, '
said Gorbachev hiding his scutch.
'Armenia's earthquake uncovered hotbed
of dissatisfaction, corruption widespread,
endemic incompetence, rife and inbred,
wasting so much and so much!
The reason is plain why the stain is widespread,
pulsingly hot to the touch! '

'Why open the frontiers, for should you not dread
risking so much and so much?
With the signals still red, while the West speeds ahead,
why walk on a tightrope with such a small spread
when the way will get rougher wherever you tread,
and the iron glove's lost its touch?
O why have you opened some frontiers? I've read
you're risking so much and so much! '

'I've opened some frontiers, ' Gorbachev said,
risking so much and so much,
'for Russians are starving, and beg to be fed,
the queues are enormous for eggs, butter, bread,
the vodka's restricted, the State's in the red,
or seemingly so to the touch!
So the curtain is opening, Sir, ' he said,
risking so much and so much.

'But why not rebuild your defences instead

of risking so much and so much?
Though Marx is near bankrupt and Brezhnev is dead,
and the Kabul regime is divided and bled,
while its leaders like lambs to the slaughter soon led
will be cooped up like rabbits in hutch!
So why don't you bolster defenses instead
of risking a push, plot, or putsch? '

'I can't build defences up, ' Gorbachev said,
musing aloud and too much.
'The worm turns the bud from the inside, though red
our rose may appear, credibility's fled,
until START is finished the Yanks won't be led,
what would YOU suggest for a crutch?
While Pravda the truthless ignored is, misread,
where may I find straws I can clutch? '

'So where will it lead to? When all's done and said,
you're risking too much and too much!
In China a Lama is Nobel, 'tis said,
In Hungary, 'Socialists' won't be gainsaid,
the Baltic republics hang but by a thread,
and Glasnost appears double-dutch!
The POUP is pooped out, Solidarnosc's ahead,
so why risk so much and so much? '

'Enough, say no more, for the lesson's well read,
I'm risking too much, far too much!
But if all the Armenians slept in a bed,
if Budapest bowed and the Poles were well bred,
if pigs could but fly and if Time hadn't sped,
I'd not risk so much and so much!
But the Kremlin's collapsing, kind Sir! ' he said,
risking so much and so much!

Jonathan ROBIN

To Gorbachev Seen From A Liberty Train And Other Parodies After Frances Cornford To A Fat Woman Seen From A Train

'What is the cause of the stain on your head,
spreading so much and so much?
Is it war in Afganistan's red blood bled?
Is it the Baltic, its trammels all shed,
Or Perestroika, so often misre[a]d,
Yet risking so much and so much?
What is the cause of the stain on your head,
Pulsing so much and so much? '

'I needed the Afgans like hole-in-the-head, '
Said Gorbachev hiding his scutch.
'Armenia's earthquake uncovered hotbed
Of dissatisfaction, corruption widespread,
Endemic incompetence, rife and inbred,
Wasting so much and so much!
The reason is plain why the stain is widespread,
Pulsingly hot to the touch! '

'Why open the frontiers, for should you not dread
Risking so much and so much?
With the signals still red, while the West speeds ahead,
Why walk on a tightrope with such a small spread
When the way will get rougher wherever you tread,
And the iron glove's lost its touch?
O why have you opened some frontiers? I've read
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Risking so much and so much,
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The queues are enormous for eggs, butter, bread,
The vodka's restricted, the State's in the red,
Or seemingly so to the touch!
So the curtain is opening, Sir, ' he said,
Risking so much and so much.

'But why not rebuild your defences instead
Of risking so much and so much?
Though Marx is near bankrupt and Brezhnev is dead,
And the Kabul regime is divided and bled,
While its leaders like lambs to the slaughter soon led
Will be cooped up like rabbits in hutch!
So why don't you bolster defenses instead
Of risking a push, plot, or putsch? '

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Musing aloud and too much.
'The worm turns the bud from the inside, though red
Our rose may appear, credibility's fled,
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But if all the Armenians slept in a bed,
If Budapest bowed and the Poles were well bred,
If pigs could but fly and if Time hadn't sped,
I'd not risk so much and so much!
But the Kremlin's collapsing, kind Sir! ' he said,
Risking so much and so much!

21 October 1989

To a Fat Woman seen in the Bois after Frances Cornford
To a Fat Woman Seen
From a Train
Why do you bounce through the bois in boots
Missing so much and so much?

O fat white woman, the tender shoots
And the grass is carressing right up from the roots,
So why do you flounce through the bois in boots
While sweet without shoes is life's touch?
O why do you pounce through the Bois in boots,
Missing so much and so much?

8 October 1989

To a Fat Woman seen from a Train
Why do you walk through the fields in gloves,
Missing so much and so much?
O fat white woman, whom nobody loves
Why do you walk through the fields in gloves,
When the grass is soft as the breast of doves
And shivering-sweet to the touch –
Why do you walk through the fields in gloves,
Missing so much and so much?

Frances Darwin Cornford 1886_1960

To a Fat Woman seen at the Sales after Frances Cornford To a Fat Woman Seen
From a Train
Why do you sail through the streets in slacks
Buying so much and so much?
O fat white woman who nobody backs,
Why do you whale through the Sales in slacks
When your breasts swing so soft, hang as pendulous sacks,
Though shivering sweet to the touch?
O why do you scale the street sales in your slacks,
Buying so much and so much?

8 October 1989

To an Ostrich Seen from Above after Frances Cornford To a Fat Woman Seen
From a Train
Why do you bury your head underground,
Risking so much and so much?
O black and white ostrich with feathers all found,
Why do you bury your head in the ground
While the grass is so soft and the hunter's around
And the trigger is light on the touch?

O why do you bury your head underground,
Risking so much and so much?

8 October 1989

An Answer to Frances Cornford

Why do you rush through the fields in trains,
Guessing so much and so much.
Why do you flash through the flowery meads,
Fat-head poet that nobody reads;
And why do you know such a frightful lot
About people in gloves and such?
Gilbert K Chesterton

O Why Do You Walk

Why do you walk through the fields in boots
Missing so much and so much?
O fat white woman whom nobody shoots,
Why do you walk through the fields in boots,
When the grass is soft as the breast of coots
And shivering-sweet to the touch?
Alfred Edward Housman

Jonathan ROBIN

To Poets, To Make Much Of Rhyme After Robert Herrick To The Virgins, To Make Much Of Time

Gather rich rhyme schemes while you may,
poor verse sounds trite, found trying,
bare bones which weigh hot air today,
fuss fast forgot, dust flying.

Keep open mind, reap muse enshrined
in harmony delightful,
voice words refined, choice tale unwind,
flee far from falsehoods frightful.

Who seeks escape from nightshade drape
of worldly woes surrounding,
for Good Hope Cape should verses shape
bright images abounding.

Who prose would name as verse to shame
puts poetry well written,
'I came, became, on fate poured blame'
prosaic sounds, though smitten.

Watch well words' worth as sadness, mirth,
steer different directions,
chalk, cheese, from birth to final berth
deserving diverse sections.

True verse is craft whose sunbeam shaft,
uncanny angle finding,
appears witchcraft, its beauty's haft
trite terran cares unwinding.

Where there's a clash 'twixt muse and cash,
cacophany unmuzzled
at best is brash, discordant crash:
prose poetry? we're puzzled
although 'tis true constrictive view
some take of form, tradition,
seek freedoms new, provoke, askew

much feels, lacks erudition.

Unscanned prose blanks are verse? No thanks!
taste 'modern' schools forgetting
turn sink word banks not ballast tanks,
speak pique, bleak blanket setting.

Who would adorn wild weed as corn
phrase poorly planned, prosaic,
weaves white leaves torn, from honour shorn,
miss musical mosaic.

Most writing prose metamorphose
from magic mariposa
to worm verse rose may blight, soft glows
from firefly douse sub rosa.

Mistrust beliefs fixed fast, fig-leaf
for bigots narrow-minded
worms far beneath contempt to grief
soon come unwept, self-blinded.

Soar far beyond past poets' bond
ignore crass trendy jargon
on which Time's wand, wind waves, scarce fond,
who now remembers Sargon?

Avoid rants vain in 'free' complain,
where cliché beckons ever
for down fame's drain lame poured they're pain,
rap knuckles, rarely clever.

Rhymed lines are best with wit and zest
spontaneous combining,
close prose shop, blessed though critics pest,
spit[e] puny money whining.

None need be coy, fun run enjoy
at humor aim, shun fame,
tweak, twinkle, chime, join sense to rhyme,
Time sickles fickle flame.e

Jonathan ROBIN

To Sail Life's Seven Seasons

Rhyme for rhyme's sake appears to be
as sauceless cooking books to sail
life's seven seasons' harmony
in tinkering. When hearty, hale,
add in a dash of blog
draw down the veil and let light shine
beyond the veil of catalogue,
seek dialogue beyond the pale.
The handy sonnet's fourteen lines
suffices to encapsulate
thoughts' outlines and today's designs
tomorrow's pride reins, tempting fate.
'The answer lies not in our stars'
but in entente twixt Venus, Mars.

Jonathan ROBIN

To The Last Syllable Of Recorded Time

No poet pure vents spent and private woe,
rants out of closet ego bruised, used pride,
as if none knew life's tide, too tested, tried,
sure's in for bumpy ride, uneven flow.
A passing shadow, here today, then go
our essence evanescent from outside
is rarely recognized although soul's cried
its years' tears on Time's washing line escrow.
Soul-song should channel understatements, show
seldom surface symptoms cut and dried
like wails at wakes, paid mourners in for ride
to pub to rub off face trace cased below.
Syllabic records offset petty pace
through metaphors outside time, person, place.

Jonathan ROBIN

To Tint Mad March With Tenderness Of June

Another tide flows in, another moon
spins silver gossamer upon soft ground,
another droplet of spaced-time too soon
its home within eternity has found.

Soul's song has lost strong s[pr]ing. None shall resound
as midnight breasts twelve steps that lead to noon,
can chart the sentiments still heart astound,
to tint mad March with tenderness of June.

Yet still this spirit restlessly repines,
though fane would flower from its pain cocoon,
to span star-spangled sky, scan far for signs
which one day rich say she may grant my boon.

If Truth be Beauty, of a truth these lines
shall sparkle where Life's fair reflection shines...

Dream's haze obeys the tidal ebb and flow
that Luna excercises as its pull
draws, opens, curtains here, there seeds may sow
to catalyze reflections to the full.

Filters fail to stem prismatic streams
whose waves save inklings hiding from dawn's light,
strange how both fragile and eternal themes
link this world to its parellels, unite

base terran trace to hidden face whose spells
spin cause into effect, direct our play,
whose influence spans last gasp, first farewells,
chance dance, phrase phases, catchwor[|]d roundelay.

Alarm bells ring to spring this song from sleep
as sun peeps past horizon, robins cheep...

Jonathan ROBIN

Together

Two dancers, pictured in green, yellow, blue,
Orbit around identical ideal.
Grant one behind the other, halo's seal
Enchantment lends - a golden aura true.
Thus Venus integrates Mars' pilgrimage
Here symbolising closer links to heart.
Earth's outward voyage steers course à la carte,
Reflections spin on after-image page.

Together there is equilibrium:
One close to heart still seeking after mind
Gives much to one whose heart, once left behind,
Exchanges all when twinned in perfect sum.
Thus aspirations spirit, heart, unite.
Harmonious, each t'other complements,
Emotions may unlock shell-shock defence,
Response, and not reaction, steers souls' flight.

The sequent seconds' current curlicue
Offers opportunities to start
Groundbreaking plans, more confidently chart
Events allowing instincts to eschew
Temptations trite, insight impart to view
Head, heart, no longer separate, apart.
Encounters karmic may whole heal each part,
Reinforcing self-acceptance too.

Tomorrow til tomorrow's time is done
Outlasting Day of Judgement's dreaded doom
Greetings circumvent dark, silent tomb
Extending light beyond all 'might have won'.
Triumphantly unbroken spell see link
Heaven to Earth as onwards both may spin
Enlaced, embraced, two hearts together twin
Refusing nothing who in tune share, think.

19 September 2005 revised 20081203

Jonathan ROBIN

Together A...Gain

TOGETHER A...GAIN

Be not severe, steer Chance towards dance scheme,
as harsh March veers to sothing June, cleanse slate,
Contemplate completion, name the date
open source parched hearts may soothe on stream.

Weigh way together where both share joy's dream
withdraw poor stumbling blocks, steps separate
bereaving, grieving, signing single state,
two castaways from land of might-have-been

Cyphers on life's screen two deemed supreme
coded blue skies – time flies – is it too late?
Apart, no partial thoughts can compensate –
Or fill a void where one avoids hopes teamed.

Enchantment may be spelled, as well this theme
should show could chance flow true, anticipate
return to starting blocks, unlocked love's gate, -
empathy enhancing shared esteem.

No parting need there be – together streamed
minds twine together, twin, win/win, create
a fresh forever. Why precipitate
judgements hasty, waste when over-steamed?

For sake of christmas-yet-to-come redeem
the sentiments in pawn – new dawn may fête
renewal's jewel not fuel cruel debate.
Fond friend, in answer I await hope's beam.

21 March 2005

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Together A...gain poem © Jonathan Robin

Jonathan ROBIN

Tomato Sprawl Scrawl

Tomatoes red, bred, sown together,
dependent on capricious weather
happy-go-lucky hell-for-leather
we spread outwards, wonder whether
we'll end in bird crop, rot - whatever
providing seeds sprout on forever.

Read facts that human history
recounts for all posterity.
Around five hundred years ago,
learn, inwardly digest, mark, know
cerasiforme, like a cherry,
we once grew on a tiny tree.

Columbus brought us `cross the sea
in fourteen hundred ninety three,
Mattioli's Herbal mentionned though
he thought us poison pomi d'oro,
gold apple, red then none could see.
We came through Spain to Italy.

Across Atlantic bravely we
sailed in the fifteenth century,
though there's some evidence to show
that `stout Cortez' from Mexico
imported us as seeds or tree
that Aztecs called xitomati.

The latter added salt, chili,
to make their salsa formerly.
As sprawling vine hardy tomato
advances, often wont to grow
up reaching sometimes metres three,
as many yards for backyards' glee.

Before first cookbook recipe
Time flew with true celerity,
Two hundred years, and why so slow?
Confused with Deadly Nightshade's glow

or Belladonna's poison pea:
witch wolf-peach named in Germany.

Book edited in Napoli
began tamed fame, name followed free
after some fifty years or so
by other authors in the know,
by Glass's 'Art of Cookery'
to flavour soup, ingredient key.

In Peru six variety
still grow as they were meant to be;
unlike the lowly potato
no vegetable, fruit yellow
to bunch for brunch or sandwich, tea:
ketchup, paste, fortuity
sprawl scrawl hastes good taste poetry.

Jonathan ROBIN

Tomb Or Treasure - Acrostic Sonnet

Il dépend de celui qui passe
que je sois tombe ou trésor,
que je parle ou me taise,
ceci ne tient qu'à toi –
Ami, n'entre pas sans désir... Paul Valéry

Tomb or treasure? Both hint musty hold
Of dust which when against a feather weighed
Must be found wanting - uprightness unpaid.
Beauty: barter bait, ghost lure lost gold.
Oh, no allure escapes Time's stranglehold.
Regrets are rife. All qualities displayed
Time, heedless, turns to ashes which degrade
Reason as its season can't enfold
Eternity, both sot and sage had sold
All precious for an extra life-line frayed,
Sold soul for sole extension core betrayed.
Unprincipled, most sleep through life's poor scold,
Regret chance dance, askance refuse, lose way -
Expect advancement, heedless, seedless st[r]ay...

17 December 1991 revised 15 October 2008

Jonathan ROBIN

Tomorrow Another Day

Whispers from misfortunes past
from time's breeze soon fade away,
regrets responding to dice cast
lost opportunities gainsay.

Tomorrow is another day
that eyes shan't see to weep or praise,
crushed, hushed, man's vanity can't play
forever, Death's cards scorn bluff raise.

Debut to fin, bang to whimper,
soon last gasp clasps passed prey,
nor page heroic, caged rage, simper,
it is time to piper pay.

Debunking myth perpetuation
of harp, winged busker fey's
shell empty, husk's examination
nor sin, nor din displays.

Debutante declines, chants fades out,
eyes close, leave hair as grey
bedraggled. Phantom dreams must flout,
lust nonplussed wastes away.

Debilitation. Curled, unfurled,
from birth to berth our stay
from girlish curls, life's wayward whirls,
chance dance must soon decay.

Debonnaire brain wanes, upper hand
time gains, what's left to say?
Once lofty leaves green, browned, soft land
in mire where no choirs play.

Debased trace, memory; choice numb,
comedy's held at bay,
all's sprawl, small call, thrall palls, voice dumb,
life's raffle, baffled fray.

Debriefing's left to friends bereft,
life's strife, joys pain; dismay
drowns heroes slain unsung, warp weft
from game cleft sans replay.

Jonathan ROBIN

Tomorrow Need Not Be The Same

TOMORROW NEED NOT BE THE SAME

Once I wished time flown
transforming blocks of ifs
into invincible completion
comforting personal myths
each individual's repletion
groan_less immortality grown.

Once I longed to know serenity
from the lunatic bark and bite of society
tasting basic instincts' secretion
seeking to slide beyond black hole terrenity
avoiding void's passive satiety
fulfillment through harmonious concretion.

I still long to sire her child
both bequeathing and breathing lessons learned
wisdom fleshed out through fresh renunciation of flesh
unlimited and creative childhood expansion
touching tendrils with both tame and wild,
surviving unscathed, growing unburned.

We agree yearning obliterates
the moment's joy, blown with the wind.
We have evolved
through living from longing to giving and forgiving,
conundrum and paradox solved.

Tomorrow need not be the same.
Everything, extending range,
bends light's prismatic flame
preparing strange yet welcomed change...

31 May 2010

XXX_KLX

Jonathan ROBIN

Tomorrow's Another Day

Tomorrow will tomorrow follow till
the timer sudden cracks, and sands outspill.
A trickle representing Life and Will
soon ceases, leaving silence. All stays still.

Tomorrow [b]rings tomorrow, s[tr]ings today
Across life's pillow-billow board, day, night,
Karmic sable, ivory insight.
Each must life's lyrics swing his/her own way.
Time's menace, trick oasis sent to play
Its cards to chaos compensate or right.
Master dream wave patterns second sight.
Enjoy life's game untamed, don't, blind, obey,
Or rate Fate's twists disturbing serpent's sway.
Filter 'impossibility', shine bright
Fight boredom and monotony as trite.
Nature teaches: overreach past spray.
Only open searching springs release,
Will Cause, Effect, combine, fine tune, find peace.

Jonathan ROBIN

Tongue In Cheek Unbonding

Bananas blonde aims at James Bond
while, wan, latter felt former too fond
when she sudden unpeeled
real steel pips zips concealed,
here we wonder how YOU would respond.

Swift he 'd took to his heels to abscond.
before_skin spiel's revealed to the monde
almond eyes, lips of size,
fain would swallow surprise
what's denied's satisfied, magic wand.

Hiding primly behind his palms' frond
double 'dating' turned out far beyond
expectations initial
as layer superficial
unwound round thin skin testicond.

Gobble gobble went gold Rosamond
stuffing bonding, to slough of[f]despond
fell fine fellow reluctant
cann_i_ball_[s]ized, transductant
swallow followed in nanosecond.

No motto we'll draw, Cunegonde,
seeks fresh fruits like bananas to bond,
Goldilocks here unlocks
secret core paradox
out of box skins, grins cover girl...ond!

To cut loss Bond must cross Rubicon
domain's main handyman waving wand,
sees her Caesar, she'll seize a
bite man sized [s]hark glees ah!
rondo comes to a close, rubicund

Jonathan ROBIN

Tongue Twisters I Uncanny Reply After Carolyn Wells A Canner

A canner exceedingly canny
One morning remarked to his granny,
'A canner can can
Anything that he can,
But a canner can't can a can, can he? '

Her granny, a Canada dancer,
In answer said, "fancy to chance a
can-can grand finale
with dandy kali from Bali,
handy fanny expansive, you can, sir! "

Jonathan ROBIN

Too Much To Swallow

Most make believe in anything they read,
'amazing', 'awesome' slip from flippant pen
to praise, to raise reaction, and again
to draw attention to their need to feed
from inspiration others gift their greed,
or compensation masking tasking pain
when creativity is on the wane.

Objectives may at times evolve to seed
transparency, yet where all seem agreed
lowest common denominators rein
the fountain which should not need to explain
how this thought led to that poetic steed.

'A mouthful of originality'

too much to swallow proves to minds at sea!

Jonathan ROBIN

Too Soon To Sever

Summer sun
smiles on the tree of inspiration
whose roots are Arvon.

Sixteen souls
suspended for for pregnant days,
set between two strong poles.

Soon to sever
an assumed umbilical cord
and part for ever.

August turns into September,
last leaf torn from calendar.
Over.

Jonathan ROBIN

Totally Tout Apricot From Tot To Totter

Fair Apricot shares love a lot,
blooms zooming up to sky,
I watched from cot in garden grot
its spring sprigs spring so spry.

Where pomegranate, peach, plum plot
to steal the limelight, I
few first fruits praise, cross T's, I's dot,
all else disqualify.

For tart lime, lemon, like a shot
can't care a fig, decry
Squash mango tango! Quince cannot
high standards satisfy.

To Hyacinth prefer seems sot
when Apricots ally
so many healing virtues, blot
out competition's cry.

Though apple white, pink cherry pot
have beauty none deny
no foxglove craze praise half as hot
as Apricot apply.

Lady's Slippers like a shot
two lips dismiss, decry
red tulips to my mind rot,
ten seem compared, I sigh.

Blue Eye Fuchsia's no hotshot
Prunus armeniaca
aphrodisiac, it's no longshot,
to tumours wave bye-bye.

As babe begot I'd seedlings spot
and ever wonder why
from sweet seed pot to sunny spot
transplanted were nearby.

Mandarin at Angkor Wat
may harbour passing fly,
but cannot make the grade, I'd swat
them out of hand, wan, wry.

Apples', pears' or berries' slot,
no pride of place hold. why?
Who'd photoshop sweet Apricot?
no other fruit espy!

As tiny tot I soon could trot,
would try to knot my tie,
and tie a knot, for this could not
my searching spirit try.

Then up I shot, a dread despot,
though not yet four foot high;
and the upshot? the tree had got
taller by far than eye.

I ne'er forgot when it was hot
to rinse roots somewhat dry,
its crop I'd pot to cook compot,
each quintal quantify.

I dream a lot on Apricot
as dread Death's dot draws nigh:
ere Charon's cot to Hades hot
Acheron's swamps sweeps by.

For 'tis Man's lot with boring bot
in septic slumber lie;
providing food for worm, maggot,
to rot while false friends lie.

Forget me not, please pitch my plot,
this last wish gratify,
let Apricot my last cold cot,
grave headstone signify.

Jonathan ROBIN

Touch Tingles Current Version Of Etrangère

Enchanting spirit re-keys gypsy strings
To comfort share with one who comfort brings,
Refusing closed horizons, narrow mind,
Anxiety repressed, regrets behind
Neu[t]ral spin where choice clips angel's wings.
Growth within outflies all pinionning
Expelling half-truths, full stops, alleys blind,
Responsive firefly sparkling waves rewind
Energies, complicity charms, sings.

Explosion or implosion? Walls must fall.
Touch tingles, banning barricades once tall,
Releasing the imagination led
Ahead to bridge hope's current watershed,
No darkness may mind's heart momentum stall.
Growth within heart channels from free-fall,
Emotions rich, once recognized, joy thread,
Repudiate fear's fantasies to spread
Emancipation - Man must fly not crawl.

Eternal longing, and reflections deep,
True to their promise, numbness, soul asleep,
Readily heal, unseal emotions which
At last evolve, kaleidoscopic, rich.
New colour contours, Cupid's quantum leap.
Grow within, transform transitions. Weep
Evaporates. Fresh paraph[r]ases stitch
Relationships outside time, space, trace pitch
Expansion. Feelings which seemed lost, two reap.

Exiled is light when self-denial nails
Tenderness in tomb, self-torture's flails.
Remember fluids always find weak point
And 'truth will out' shall never disappoint.
Nature nurtures. Hibernation's jails,
Gaol coffin self-made chrysalis, soon stales.
Emerging 'imago-nation' may anoint
Responsive feelings, nothing out of joint,
Empathy explicitly prevails.

(7 October 2008)

Jonathan ROBIN

Touching Tendrils

TOUCHING TENDRILS

Touching tendrils feather fills life's song,
Existence flexes butterfly bright wings,
New heights attained, unchained brain changes rings,
Dreams shared bear forward twinned emotions strong.
Ease of mind both find - no right, no wrong -
Renewal soothes both restlessness, stress stings.
New stirrings, purrings. Pair together brings
Empathy expanding before long.
Sensitivity feels 'I belong',
Sees comfort sharing peace not scrambled strings.
From Time's aggression and 'repentance flings'
Open hearts share tenderness, prolong
Reach where each learns from each, teach insight clear,
Magic touch as feather light as dear.

25 July 2001 revised 13 December 2008
robi03_0948_robi03_0000 ASX_KLX
See 'Tenderness For' previous version below

'repentance flings' see Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam – Edward Fitzgerald

Tenderness For...

Tender feelings fill life with soft song,
Existence, like a butterfly, finds wings,
New heights can reach to teach us many things -
Dreams forward look, hearts share emotions strong.
Ease of mind we find, - no right, no wrong, -
Reduced is tension, as when bell joy rings
New love with bridal pair together, brings
Empathy, understanding, vision long.
Sensitivity feels 'I belong',
Sees, confident, a future free from strings,
Free from aggression, - Time's unpleasant stings

Outlawed are, all turns tenderness, strong.
Rose without a thorn, light fair and clear,
may guide our way each day, each month, each year.

25 July 2001

Touching Tendrils poem © Jonathan Robin

Jonathan ROBIN

Tours Tour

From balcony perched on the fourteenth floor
One sees the Lions' precinct which once waste,
Unclaimed marshland stood as boggy shore
Ringing Tours' south boundary. Replaced
The weeds are with new dwellings, trees galore
Embellish what four years ago poor taste
Expressed as eyesore most would fain deplore,
Now flourishing with dwellings bright, well spaced.
The view evolves as seasons change, restore
Harmony translucent when Spring's paced
Flow's followed up by Summer's fertile flore,
Life echoed by the water level traced
On islet bushes birds perch, beavers bore.
Overview perspective privileged:
River, lake, grace greenery, spruce, sedge.

Jonathan ROBIN

Towards...

A tagger on the train of Time
may leave his mark in prose or rhyme,
but most, anonymous, must spend -
from the beginning to the end -
their lives as mummies - point sub-lime.
No imprint of their phantomime
echoes for long, bucks Lethe's trend,
can an enlightened message send
to those who chose to continue climb
towards...

Jonathan ROBIN

Toy Soldiers Leaden Eyed - Mata Hari

My life foams fast, spurts sudden surge,
Appraise past fancy, sullen urge,
Then see toy soldiers leaden eyed
Attest failed flight, time, grace denied.
Here at my post I'm posted, tied,
And no-one dares to act as guide.
Right, tight, where Hell's four streams converge:
I stand and wait. Serve on lead's purge!

Jonathan ROBIN

Tract On Attraction 2009 Version

Tract on Attraction: Action sans Reaction, Traction sans Retraction, Contract without Contraction

Which of Fate or Freewill omnipotent
presides over mice, men, their lice?
lets cat out of the bag for man, rodent,
as 'coincidence' seals in a trice
the links in life's chain hindsight searches
for clues to life answers which slip
through the fingers of those on high perches
who mistake wraith and faith in Time's trip.

Causal links back from brink of disaster
may ignorance lead for fresh chance,
or well-meaning statistics may faster
end heartbeat that longs to advance.
Time and tide on life's ride look with laughter
soul weighed against feather askance,
what of trust, what of comfort, years after
bluster bubble burst, rust busts life's dance.

Is autonomy graved on one's headstone
when reckoning's levelled at last?
may subservience soften cast dice bone
when Book of Life's fate is forecast?
Should moral advice from friends, neighbours,
be sought though their cupboards may hide
scary skeletons fitful, their favours
depend on fears, tears, which abide?

Who'll stand tall, strip dark pall which of Lethe
is banner, both emblem and shroud?
Who will brave phrase and fable beneath the
grief stricken furrows Time's ploughed
to find behind lines of dull verses,
and puffs precommissioned for press,
life's sparkle discarding dark hearses
rehearsing love's carefree caress.

What of Spring, winging warmly to Summer,
Autumn heralding Winter's iced earth,
Hope must spurn dust dearth by li[n]e Death's drummer
would bequeath, see[the] mirth's seasons rebirth?
Will doors open as destiny flashes
top trump card retained in life's game?
will we win, or receive forty lashes
administered transient fame?

Many fall by the way - beauty's lashes
in time close their lids, lose their name.
Many call all in vain, whose wrath rash is,
soon prostrate Fate halts hale and lame.
Why recall tortured tears on fear's faces,
in wide eyes, eyes tight shuttered in dread?
seek beyond Time's dark veil, hark rhyme's voices
turns trust to true welcome ahead.

Turn again to true origins timeless,
far from copyright stereotype,
from prose superficial and rhymeless,
from deception, the moment is ripe!
Turn to threads needing no explanation
spurning blame box so shamefully bland,
rediscover sweet seedbed sensation,
inner growth which must ever expand.

Respond, over-reach blind reaction
which limits horizons, instead,
key energy into true traction
to free voice for choice which, all said,
may find underlined elevation,
undefined undefinable, yet
as a visa free passport salvation
cedes no stamp, needs nor hedges, nor bet.

There are times when our rhymes run away with
the message sense sends, on a limb,
but heed tone-tune seed-songs we would play with
to muse on Fate's pantomime whim.
Through a watershed chapter Man's surfing
the cusp of a paradigm change,

will the challenge be met or shall serfing
be the lot of a lot who'd free range?

Be you dream, be you dreamer, redeemer,
explorer, discovering way
may two, tender, together t[r]end, team a
twinned portrait or landscape soft, fey.
Insight spurns tight classification
anticipations pre-defined,
transcends commonplace separation
living for, through, true shared open mind.

Who is string, who strum strung, who dumb stringer?
Intelligent is the design?
What means now the Ring? what dead-ringer
may surf on what surface benign
to rise and surprise Man the Maker,
no longer Miss Taker defined
who feeds on greed's ferment, the baker
of need for need, boredom resigned.

Carpe Diem or 'follow the leader'
for threescore and ten, self deny?
contradict or obey Fate, fey feeder
of ambitions its sense should defy?
Take time out or with diligence follow
obligations that others impose
though their meanings at best echo hollow
when, mature, sensitivity flows?

Wheel turns, returns pot to skilled potter,
earns urns as Fate's karma plays out,
one more page in tale inking Time's blotter
one more stage as clock runs roundabout.
Wheel turns, driving destiny's plotter,
lays groundwork renewal throughout,
round grounds gambol beaver, coon, otter,
whose sons suns tomorrow daren't doubt.
It is not for this tale to continue,
quest request seems sufficient as here
through new search sterner stuff, tougher sinew,
rewards, helps Hope's fires to shine clear.

So we end what may well prove beginning
of some saga both pregnant, half-hid,
trusting to rainbow bridge for free-singing
enlightened, that naught need forbid.

(1 April 2009)

Jonathan ROBIN

Training For Camping Between The Lines

Bold brain on hold, Brown boards black train,
swift beetles by, badges, burly, brash,
bare time to ticket and retain
branch line to Balderdash.
Basket balance battle because
sweat beads, troubled for almost late,
best behaviour shed, blind rush,
blush building cares behind brisk gait.
Bell button pushed lights sign to beam
brass station boundary can't be
traversed by travellers. Brown's dream:
of countryside tranquility,
of berry bramble ramble, bait
bearing for fish breakfast hopes await.

Jonathan ROBIN

Transfer

Can promise friendship fresh personifies
transfer from level ground to penthouse steep,
skim surface whim, or [b]rim vast wave as deep
and high as a tsunami which defies
all in its path, searching to emphasize
emotions' drive, all obstacles must leap?
Will [n]one these words recall or shall both keep
in heart and soul a part? the whole? though flies
Fate's double hand whose grim date none denies
although some days may snail-trail, seem to creep
unwilling to their one-way dungeon keep?
Is one alone, or may two empathize?
Is this base transfer case, or skein once sown
on which two dangle while Time's scythe rusts prone?

Jonathan ROBIN

Transformative New Found Land

She came not in Life's Spring, whose pregnant seed
Summer welcomes with its womb run riot.
She came not while the Summer's bustling greed
played havoc both with untrained growth, strained diet.
She came not in the Autumn when most feed
on energies soon spilled, stilled in tomb quiet.
She entered on life's scene with Winter freed
for warmth to come, prepared life's wonder-bead!

He came on stage with page prepared review
of book of life strife filled, of options taken
of choices made, refused, which day, day glue
in phase or out, in phrase through haze mistaken.
He keyed into a cue long overdue,
dew in the dusk, musk scented flew to waken
what went before before, a karmic clue
recycling optimistic read unshaken.

We drew together through true magic spell
to stimulate song spectra once forgotten,
We knew we knew the verdict sans appel,
appeal would spell rescinding all things rotten.
We flew through cloudbanks, swinging very well
as Pegasus or Phoenix rebegotten
inspired desire to fire fair future's swell
with music sacred, never misbegotten.

Since unconvinced Time's reel is real
maybe blue prints show dreams aren't dreams,
Though 'slumber may most spirits seal'
some schemes seem set to whet true gleams.
Fair Princess may unite the two
as through twinned circles' EYE WE flew.

Jonathan ROBIN

Transience

Breath trickles free, Time trace hands slide.
Death sickles me, rut race sands tide.

Jonathan ROBIN

Transience 2

Breath tricks me, who fights futility?
Death s[t]icks me to spite utility.

Jonathan ROBIN

Transience 3

Time's sickle descends,
ephemeral, uncertain,
sandy trickle ends.

Jonathan ROBIN

Transience 4

Tomorrow will tomorrow follow till
the timer sudden cracks, and sands outspill.
A trickle representing Life and Will
soon ceases, leaving silence. All stays still.

Jonathan ROBIN

Transience V

Sandy sickle trickle flows
from sure to shore which no-one knows.
Time rhyme measured by man's mind
soon carved in rime is left behind.
Children that man, spendthrift, sows,
confirm or turn initial woes
as to his heirs 'the undersigned'
entrusts whatever they may find
to prop or rock, to open close,
to greet as friend or treat as foes,
to spur ambitions transient, blind.
Spun cause, effect, as they unwind
may opportunity disclose
to seek behind rind surface shows,
discover meaning silver-lined...

Jonathan ROBIN

Translation Of Ancient Epigrams

From Latin, Greek, to English presses,
'tis rare that e'er the pith impresses.
Th'original oft effervesces
with sparkle, spite, delight, mistresses,
Spartan prowess, Roman fortresses,
maids like Mycilla, bought braids, tresses.
Who, living, the true jest possesses,
is past: - and all the rest is guesses.
Most amateur attempts are messes,
betray the sense, so each depresses.
Stray copies seldom seem successes,
translation tritely turned distresses,
and everybody who professes
ability thereat the less is!

Jonathan ROBIN

Translations Sonnets Pour Hélène Book II I Soit Qu'un Sage Amoureux Pierre De Ronsard - Dry Timber Blazes Bold

Here should the sage besotted, or the sot,
E'er read these lines and dare grey hairs to scold,
Love's song swift snubbing just because I'm old,
Even a cinder heap can keep heart hot!
New timber green, though blown, oft taketh not,
Easy all year dry timber blazes bold!
Lunar Diane ensilvered fleece does fold,
Aurora old Tithonus ne'er forgot!
My friend I shall not Plato imitate
Or pale become when Venus contemplate.
Unlike Icarus, Phaeton, folly crowned,
Reader I'll not their madness reinstate.
Judge! why should I such conduct recreate,
Refuse I these, yet my heart breaks, hopes drown.

Soit qu'un sage amoureux, ou soit qu'un sot me lise
Il ne doit s'ébahir, voyant mon chef grison,
Si je chante d'Amour: toujours un vieux tison
Cache un germe de feu dessous la cendre grise.
Le bois vert à grand'peine en le soufflant s'attise,
Le sec sans le souffler brûle en toute saison.
La lune se gaigna d'une blanche toison,
Et son vieillard Tithon l'Aurore ne méprise.

Lecteur, je ne veux être écolier de Platon,
Qui pour trop contempler, a toujours le teint blême,
Ni volontaire Icare ou lourdaut Phaethon,
Perdus pour attenter une sottise extrême,
Mais sans me contrefaire ou voleur ou charton,
De mon gré je me noye, et me brûle moi-même.

Jonathan ROBIN

Translations Sonnets Pour Hélène Pierre De Ronsard - Another Lantern

Translations Sonnets pour Hélène Pierre de Ronsard -

Another Lantern

How could another lantern light my heart
Excepting your sweet eyes where love calls out? -
Love which for most my life I've done without!
Each day I'd change my mistress, swiftly dart,
Now here, now there, where fortune's smile would start.
Enlaced in no tight net, all st(r) ings I'd flout,
Lest liberty I'd lose, without a doubt
Avoiding homage to one maid apart.
My battle now is lost, but courage take
On knowing that your eyes alone could make
Useless a struggle stiff as siege of Troy.
Remember, godlike Love rash pride will break.
 Judge! - Lion mercy shows, meek won't forsake,
 Raised mountains lightning shakes, won't grass destroy.□

18 May 1989 robi3_0264_rons1_0003

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book I XXXVIII

D'autre torche mon coeur ne pouvait s'allumer

D'autre torche mon coeur ne pouvait s'allumer
sinon de tes beaux yeux, où l'Amour me convie.
J'avais déjà passé le meilleur de ma vie
tout franc de passion, fuyant le nom de désir.
Je voudrais maintenant cette dame estimer,
et maintenant cette autre, où me portait l'envie;
sans rendre ma franchise à quelqu'une asservie,
rusé je ne voulais dans les rets m'enfermer.

Maintenant je suis pris, et si je prends à gloire

d'avoir perdu le camp, frustré de la victoire,
ton oeil vaut un combat de dix ans d'Ilion.
Amour, comme étant dieu, n'aime pas les superbes,
sois douce à qui te prie, imitant le lion.
La foudre abat les monts, non les petites herbes.

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book I XXXVIII

From Vein to Vein

Heed how from vein to vein sweep sudden fires,
Each vessel bubbles, blood boils, cares increase!
Let April witness loss of liberties
Exiled while Aphrodite's month suspires.
Newborn pain pangs strike as April expires,
Entrapping Destiny in life-line's crease.
Love, soul seducing, far, wide blows its breeze,
As vainly aid I seek, who help require.
Must I surrender? Yet the poet's lyre
Oath swears that other friends are heresies, -
Use never has a love-torn heart for these,
Rival or King no lover e'er desires.
Just as you here win an immortal fame
Rewards unjust are, for my pleas fall lame!

14 May 1989 robi3_0263_rons1_0004

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 Sonnets pour Hélène: Book I LV

Je Sens de Veine en Veine une Chaleur Nouvelle

Je sens de veine en veine une chaleur nouvelle
Qui me trouble le sang, et m'augmente les soins.
Adieu ma liberté, j'en appelle à témoin
Ce mois qui du beau nom d'Aphrodite s'appelle.
Comme les jours d'Avril mon mal se renouvelle:
Amour, qui tient mon astre et ma vie dans son poing,
M'a tant séduit l'esprit que de près ou de loin
Toujours à mon secours en vain je vous appelle.

Je veux rendre la place, en jurant votre nom

Que le premier article, avant que je la rende,
C'est qu'un coeur amoureux ne veut de compagnon.
L'Amant non plus qu'un Roi de rival ne demande.
Vous aurez en mes vers un immortel renom:
Pour n'avoir rien de vous, la récompense est grande.

Pierre de RONSARD Sonnets pour Hélène: Book I LV

Lovesick

Help! Lovesick I am struck, 'tis plain, I'm taken ill,
E'en hot and cold I blow, now hot and cold again.
Lift swift ice aches which snow, scald poor fired heart's pores swill,
End pain - I've come unstuck - pour pomegranate grain.
Neat eyes which first though luck heart ambushed, reign instilled,
Extinguish love's flame flow, dry icy, briny rain.
Live must I, yet can't, know Death spurns love's burns down drain
Although life's strong my doe, nought cures your glow, your will.
My Dear, believe me here for you I die, lie still,
Out sinew, nerve! Vain vein! No pulse may one sustain!
Unless in you they're lain, wild fever wracks the brain!
Real love's symbolic plain as pomegranate's spill.
Jointly their seeds sufficient strength retain,
Rhyme, reason elsewhere one must seek in vain!

10 September 1987 revised 15 May 1989, 26 September 1997

robi3_0216_rons1_0005

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book I xxxv

Je suis pour votre Amour diversement Malade

Je suis pour votre Amour diversement Malade
maintenant plein de froid, maintenant de chaleur;
dedans le coeur pour vous autant j'ai de douleurs
comme il y a de grains dedans votre grenade.
Yeux qui fistes sur moi la première embuscade,
désattisez ma flamme et désechez mes pleurs.
Il faut, vous me le pouvez, car le mal dont je meurs
est si grand qu'il ne peut se guérir d'une oeillade.

Ma dame, croyez-moi, je tré-passe pour vous,
Je n'ai ni artère, nerf, tendon, veine ni pouls
qui ne sente d'amour la fièvre continue.
L'amour a la grenade en symbole était joint.
Ses grains en ont encore la force retenue,
que de signe et d'effet vous ne connaissez point.

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book I xxxv

Ice and Fire

My love is like to ice, and I to fire:
How comes it then that this her cold so great
Is not dissolved through my so hot desire,
But harder grows the more I her entreat?
Or how comes it that my exceeding heat
Is not allayed by her heart-frozen cold,
But that I burn much more in boiling sweat,
And feel my flames augmented manifold?
What more miraculous thing may be told,
That fire, which all things melts, should harden ice,
And ice, which is congeal'd with senseless cold,
Should kindle fire by wonderful device?
Such is the power of love in gentle mind,
That it can alter all the course of kind.

Edmund SPENSER 1552_1599 spen2_0004_rons1_0005

After Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book I xxxv

Of Love

If Love it be not, what is this I feel?
If it be Love, what Love is, fain I'd know?
If good, why the effects severe and ill?
If bad, why do its torments please me so?
If willingly I burn, should I complain?
If 'gainst my will, what helps it to lament?
Oh living Death! oh most delightful pain!
How comes all this, if I do not consent?

If I consent, 'tis madness then to grieve;
Amidst these storms, in a weak boat I'm tost
Upon a dangerous sea, without relief,
No help from Reason, but in Error lost.
Which way in this distraction shall I turn,
That freeze in Summer, and in Winter burn?

In Imitation of the Italians 1687

After Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book I xxxv
Philip AYRES 1638_1712

I See a Thousand Beauties

Here see I thousand beauties, yet none please,
Each freezes soul, none else my fancy frees.
Love, just your glance my senses can appease.
Enthralled - you're all - Fate, Fortune Destinies.
New Love and Venus, God's gift, His mercies,
Encleansing mind's perverted fantasies.
Love, your virtues enflame my arteries
And send me soaring o'er the moon with ease.
My eye - save your eyes - nought consumes nor sees,
Others flicker, anger, and displeasure,
Used as it is to live by thy decrees,
Responding to unique, soft qualities.

Justice show, though I sin, starved for thee,
Remember the reason, - 'tis Necessity!

14 September 1997 robi3_0556_rons1_0006
Pierre de RONSARD - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book II XLIX

Je Vois Mille Beautés

Je vois mille beautés, et si n'en vois pas une
qui contente mes yeux, seule vous me plaisez.
Seule, quand je vous vois, mes sens vous apaisez.

Vous êtes mon destin, mon ciel et ma fortune.
Ma Vénus, mon Amour, ma charité, ma brune,
qui tous bas pensements de l'esprit me rasez,
et de hautes vertus l'estomac m'embrasez,
me soulevant de terre au cercle de la lune.

Mon oeil de vos regards goulument se repaist,
tout ce qui n'est pas vous lui fache et lui déplaît,
tant il a par usance accoutumé de vivre
de votre unique, douce, agréable beauté.
S'il pêche contre vous, affamé de vous suivre,
ce n'est de son bon gré, c'est par nécessité.

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book II XLIX

She's Winter Everywhere

All warmth withheld, she's winter everywhere,
cold-hearted, icy, frozen hard fore'er,
caring alone for my sweet muse's air.
Am I so mad? Why do I not despair?
What if her titles spring from great forebear,
they're prison bars which but her soul ensnare.
My locks, Mistress, aren't so snowy, spare,
another sweetheart could succeed, your heir.
O Cupid child heed truth: of pride, beware!
Beauty thou art, yet not beyond compare.
although lost youth I can't recall, my Fair,
this faithful heart to scorn thus, 'tis unfair.
So love me now despite my frosty hair,
So I for you when old would always care.

22 September 1987

Pierre de RONSARD - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book 1 44

Puisqu'elle est Tout Hiver

Puisqu'elle est tout hiver, toute la même glace,
Toute neige et son coeur tout armé de glaçons,

Qui ne m'aime sinon pour avoir mes chansons,
Pourquoi suis-je si fol, que je ne m'en délance?
De quoi me sert son nom, sa grandeur et sa race,
Que d'honnête servage et de belles prisons?
Maîtresse, je n'ai pas les cheveux si grisons
Qu'une autre de bon coeur ne prenne votre place.
Amour, qui est enfant, ne cèle vérité;
Vous n'êtes si superbe, ou si riche en beauté,
Qu'il faille dédaigner un bon coeur qui vous aime.
Rentrer en mon avril desormais je ne puis;
Aimez-moi, s'il vous plaît grison comme je suis,
Et je vous aimerai quand vous serez de même.

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 Sonnets pour Hélène I 44

Hence, from Nursing Mother

Hence wrench Love, pest, from wench's breast, let go
Expedite to auction, take him, take!
Leave him with passing merchant ne'er to grow,
Expel him from my sight for Heaven's sake!
No price for such an urchin seems too low,
Each tear attracts no bid to records break.
Leave off! You hear his tears! He's heard me, so,
Anger past, find peace 'spite my mistake.
My child I shall not sell you now, although
Over to Miss Hélène, her fond page to make, -
Unlike you're not, like hair like eyes do glow,
Ressemblance perfect seems, a sly remake.
United both together grow, together play,
Repaid in time, my present pains allay.

24 September 1997 - rons1_0010

Pierre de RONSARD Sonnets pour Hélène: Book II LVIII

Qu'il me soit arraché des Tétins de sa Mère

Qu'il me soit arraché des tetins de sa mère,
ce jeune enfant Amour, et qu'il me soit vendu:
Il ne faut plus qu'il croisse; il m'a déjà perdu!

Vienne quelque marchand, je le mets à l'enchère.

D'un si mauvais garçon la vente n'est pas chère;
j'en ferai bon marché. Ah! - j'ai trop attendu.
Mais voyez comme il pleure! Il m'a bien entendu.
Appaise-toi mignon, j'ai passé ma colère.

Je ne te vendrai point; au contraire, je veux
pour gage t'envoyer à ma maîtresse Hélène,
qui toute te ressemble et des yeux, des cheveux.
Aussi fine que toi, de malice aussi pleine.
Comme enfants vous croîtrez et vous jouerez tous deux,
quand tu seras plus grand tu me payeras ma peine.

Pierre de RONSARD Sonnets pour Hélène: Book II LVIII

-

Dry Timber Blazes Bold

Here should the sage besotted, or the sot,
E'er read these lines and dare grey hairs to scold,
Love's song swift snubbing just because I'm old, -
Even a cinder heap can keep heart hot!
New timber green, though blown, oft taketh not,
Easy all year dry timber blazes bold!
Lunar Diane ensilvered fleece does fold,
Aurora old Tithonus ne'er forgot!
My friend I shall not Plato imitate
Or pale become when Venus contemplate.
Unlike Icarus, Phaeton, - folly crowned -
Reader I'll not their madness reinstate.
Judge! why should I such conduct recreate,
Refuse I these, yet my heart breaks, hopes drown.

3 June 1989 robi3_0267_rons1_0009

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book II I

Soit qu'un sage amoureux, ou soit qu'un sot me lise

Soit qu'un sage amoureux, ou soit qu'un sot me lise
Il ne doit s'ébahir, voyant mon chef grison,

Si je chante d'Amour: toujours un vieux tison
cache un germe de feu dessous la cendre grise.
Le bois vert à grand'peine en le soufflant s'attise,
le sec sans le souffler brûle en toute saison.
La lune se gagna d'une blanche toison,
et son vieillard Tithon l'Aurore ne méprise.

Lecteur, je ne veux être écolier de Platon,
qui pour trop contempler, a toujours le teint blême,
ni volontaire Icare ou lourdaut Phaethon,
perdus pour attenter une sottise extrême,
mais sans me contrefaire ou voleur ou charton,
de mon gré je me noye, et me brûle moi-même.

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book II I

Taking Leave

When leaving you, whose eyes subdue my state,
one night you cried out almost desperate:
« I love you, RONSARD! 'tis my star-cross'd fate,
the Gods war 'gainst my wishes, what a weight!
'Tis not your age that vexes, body, gait,
mellowing with Autumn at the gate,
where fades the bloom whose summer's had its date, -
but only the unjust cruelty of Heaven's hate.
With sight of you, heart reason did betray.
Could I forget? Your memory gainsay?
I could not, though I would - ah, lack-a-day!
Despite my will, does counter-force waylay.
Just as 'tis said God did all good create,
Will I with His just Will co-operate. »

22 September 1987 revised 17 May 1989 robi3_0220_rons1_0007
Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 Sonnets pour Hélène Book II, xii

Prenant Congé de Vous

Prenant congé de vous, dont les yeux m'ont dompté,
Vous me distes un soir, comme passionnée:

'Je vous aime, RONSARD, par seule destinée;
Le Ciel à vous aimer force ma volonté,
Ce n'est pas votre corps, ce n'est votre beauté,
Ni votre âge, qui fuit vers l'automne inclinée.
Je sens cela s'est perdu comme une fleur fanée;
C'est seulement du Ciel l'injuste cruauté.'

Vous voyant, ma raison ne s'est pas défendue,
Vous puissé-je oublier comme chose perdue.
Hélas! je ne saurais, et je le voudrais bien.
Le voulant, je rencontre une force au contraire
Puisqu'on dit que le Ciel est cause de tout bien,
Je n'y veux résister, il le faut laisser faire. »

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 Sonnets pour Hélène II xii

True Love is Absolute

True love is absolute, all compromise
condemns, shares not the heart it glorifies:
while friendship sighs, and fails, whene'er one tries
to split Eve's apple any otherwise.
I love with all my soul! Eternal ties
together knot twin spirits. Love defies
attempts at separation, Time denies.
Two halves as one love ever unifies.
Askance I shadows view with jealous eyes,
suspicious sighs in false friends recognize –
my spirit through itself identifies.
All other feelings passing whims disguise
as Love's bright flame, light fancy which the wise
dismiss as smokescreen, childish pack of lies...

15 November 1988 robi3_0233_rons1_0001

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 Sonnets pour Hélène Book I,56

Amour est sans milieu

Amour est sans milieu, c'est une chose extrême,

Qui ne veut (je le sais) de tiers ni de moitié;
Il ne faut point trancher en deux une amitié
Un est nombre parfait, imparfait le deuxième.
J'aime de tout mon coeur, je veux aussi qu'on m'aime:
Le désir, au désir d'un noeud ferme lié,
Par le temps ne s'oublie et n'est point oublié,
Il est pour toujours son tout, contenté de soi-même.

Mon ombre me fait peur, et jaloux, je ne puis
Avoir un compagnon, tant amoureux je suis,
Et tant je m'essencie en la personne aimée.
L'autre amitié ressemble aux enfants sans raison:
C'est se feindre une flame, une vaine prison
Où le feu contrefait ne rend qu'une fumée.

Pierre de RONSARD 1524 – 1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène Book I,56

-

Love Holds the Key

Here, Love alone to my thoughts holds true key
Enfolding floodgates of Life's mysteries,
Locking with self-same hand that binds and frees.
Each breath is Death, yet, dead, I live through thee.
Nor herbal remedy, drugs, alchemy,
Ease may obtain within Love's skirmish frieze,
Life is distilled in droplet quantities
And without parley I must bend the knee.
Make me, sweet fowl, obtain the mastery
Of flight that from her sight I might with ease
Up, skywards soar, Love's sparks and heart's disease
Rise far above, eyes without mercy flee.
Just Heaven Beauty sells expensively,
Which, to enjoy, one must die frequently...

14 May 1989 robi3_0260_rons1_0002

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 Sonnets pour Hélène: II xx

Amour, qui tiens tout seul de mes pensées la clef

Amour, qui tiens tout seul de mes pensées la clef
Qui ouvres de mon coeur les portes et les serres,
Qui d'une mesme main ma gueris et m'enferres,
Qui me fais trépasser et vivre derechef.
Tu distilles ma vie en si pauvre mechet,
Qu'herbes, drogues, ny jus, ny puissance de pierres,
Ne pourroient m'alleger, tant d'amoureuses guerres
Sans trêves tu me fais, du pied jusques au chef.

Oiseau comme tu es, fais-moi naistre des ailes,
Afin de m'envoler pour jamais ne la voir:
En volant je perdrais les chaudes estincelles
Que ses yeux sans pitié me firent concevoir.
Dieu nous vend chèrement les choses qui sont belles,
Puis qu'il faut tant de fois mourir pour les avoir.

Pierre de RONSARD Sonnets pour Hélène: II xx rons1_0002_rons1_0000

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Jonathan ROBIN

Translations Sonnets Pour Hélène Pierre De Ronsard - From Vein To Vein

Translations Sonnets pour Hélène Pierre de Ronsard -

From Vein to Vein

Heed how from vein to vein sweep sudden fires,
Each vessel bubbles, blood boils, cares increase!
Let April witness loss of liberties
Exiled while Aphrodite's month suspires.
Newborn pain pangs strike as April expires,
Entrapping Destiny in life-line's crease.
Love, soul seducing, far, wide blows its breeze,
As vainly aid I seek, who help require.
Must I surrender? Yet the poet's lyre
Oath swears that other friends are heresies, -
Use never has a love-torn heart for these,
Rival or King no lover e'er desires.
Must as you here win an immortal fame
Rewards unjust are, for my pleas fall lame!

14 May 1989 robi3_0263_rons1_0004

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 Sonnets pour Hélène: Book I LV

Je Sens de Veine en Veine une Chaleur Nouvelle

Je sens de veine en veine une chaleur nouvelle
Qui me trouble le sang, et m'augmente les soins.
Adieu ma liberté, j'en appelle à témoin
Ce mois qui du beau nom d'Aphrodite s'appelle.
Comme les jours d'Avril mon mal se renouvelle:
Amour, qui tient mon astre et ma vie dans son poing,
M'a tant séduit l'esprit que de près ou de loin
Toujours à mon secours en vain je vous appelle.

Je veux rendre la place, en jurant votre nom
Que le premier article, avant que je la rende,
C'est qu'un coeur amoureux ne veut de compagnon.

L'Amant non plus qu'un Roi de rival ne demande.
Vous aurez en mes vers un immortel renom:
Pour n'avoir rien de vous, la récompense est grande.

Pierre de RONSARD Sonnets pour Hélène: Book I LV

Lovesick

Help! Lovesick I am struck, 'tis plain, I'm taken ill,
E'en hot and cold I blow, now hot and cold again.
Lift swift ice aches which snow, scald poor fired heart's pores swill,
End pain - I've come unstuck - pour pomegranate grain.
Neat eyes which first though luck heart ambushed, reign instilled,
Extinguish love's flame flow, dry icy, briny rain.
Live must I, yet can't, know Death spurns love's burns down drain
Although life's strong my doe, nought cures your glow, your will.
My Dear, believe me here for you I die, lie still,
Out sinew, nerve! Vain vein! No pulse may one sustain!
Unless in you they're lain, wild fever wracks the brain!
Real love's symbolic plain as pomegranate's spill.
Jointly their seeds sufficient strength retain,
Rhyme, reason elsewhere one must seek in vain!

10 September 1987 revised 15 May 1989, 26 September 1997 4 February 2009
robi3_0216_rons1_0005
Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book I xxxv

Je suis pour votre Amour diversement Malade

Je suis pour votre Amour diversement Malade
maintenant plein de froid, maintenant de chaleur;
dedans le coeur pour vous autant j'ai de douleurs
comme il y a de grains dedans votre grenade.
Yeux qui fistes sur moi la première embuscade,
désattisez ma flamme et désechez mes pleurs.
Il faut, vous me le pouvez, car le mal dont je meurs
est si grand qu'il ne peut se guérir d'une oeillade.

Ma dame, croyez-moi, je trépasse pour vous,
Je n'ai ni artère, nerf, tendon, veine ni pouls

qui ne sente d'amour la fièvre continue.
L'amour a la grenade en symbole était joint.
Ses grains en ont encore la force retenue,
que de signe et d'effet vous ne connaissez point.

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book I xxxv

Ice and Fire

My love is like to ice, and I to fire:
How comes it then that this her cold so great
Is not dissolved through my so hot desire,
But harder grows the more I her entreat?
Or how comes it that my exceeding heat
Is not allayed by her heart-frozen cold,
But that I burn much more in boiling sweat,
And feel my flames augmented manifold?
What more miraculous thing may be told,
That fire, which all things melts, should harden ice,
And ice, which is congeal'd with senseless cold,
Should kindle fire by wonderful device?
Such is the power of love in gentle mind,
That it can alter all the course of kind.

Edmund SPENSER 1552_1599 spen2_0004_rons1_0005

After Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book I xxxv

Of Love

If Love it be not, what is this I feel?
If it be Love, what Love is, fain I'd know?
If good, why the effects severe and ill?
If bad, why do its torments please me so?
If willingly I burn, should I complain?
If 'gainst my will, what helps it to lament?
Oh living Death! oh most delightful pain!
How comes all this, if I do not consent?
If I consent, 'tis madness then to grieve;
Amidst these storms, in a weak boat I'm tost

Upon a dangerous sea, without relief,
No help from Reason, but in Error lost.
Which way in this distraction shall I turn,
That freeze in Summer, and in Winter burn?

In Imitation of the Italians 1687

After Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book I xxxv
Philip AYRES 1638_1712

I See a Thousand Beauties

Here see I thousand beauties, yet none please,
Each freezes soul, none else my fancy frees.
Love, just your glance my senses can appease.
Enthralled - you're all - Fate, Fortune Destinies.
New Love and Venus, God's gift, His mercies,
Encleansing mind's perverted fantasies.
Love, your virtues enflame my arteries
And send me soaring o'er the moon with ease.
My eye - save your eyes - nought consumes nor sees,
Others flicker, anger, and displeasure,
Used as it is to live by thy decrees,
Responding to unique, soft qualities.
Justice show, though I sin, starved for thee,
Remember the reason, - 'tis Necessity!

14 September 1997 robi3_0556_rons1_0006
Pierre de RONSARD - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book II XLIX

Je Vois Mille Beautés

Je vois mille beautés, et si n'en vois pas une
qui contente mes yeux, seule vous me plaisez.
Seule, quand je vous vois, mes sens vous appaisez.
Vous êtes mon destin, mon ciel et ma fortune.
Ma Vénus, mon Amour, ma charité, ma brune,

qui tous bas pensements de l'esprit me rasez,
et de hautes vertus l'estomac m'embrasez,
me soulevant de terre au cercle de la lune.

Mon oeil de vos regards goulument se repaist,
tout ce qui n'est pas vous lui fache et lui déplaît,
tant il a par usance accoutumé de vivre
de votre unique, douce, agréable beauté.
S'il pêche contre vous, affamé de vous suivre,
ce n'est de son bon gré, c'est par nécessité.

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book II XLIX

She's Winter Everywhere

All warmth withheld, she's winter everywhere,
cold-hearted, icy, frozen hard fore'er,
caring alone for my sweet muse's air.
Am I so mad? Why do I not despair?
What if her titles spring from great forebear,
they're prison bars which but her soul ensnare.
My locks, Mistress, aren't so snowy, spare,
another sweetheart could succeed, your heir.
O Cupid child heed truth: of pride, beware!
Beauty thou art, yet not beyond compare.
although lost youth I can't recall, my Fair,
this faithful heart to scorn thus, 'tis unfair.
Do love me now despite my frosty hair,
Do I for you when old would always care.

22 September 1987

Pierre de RONSARD - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book 1 44

Puisqu'elle est Tout Hiver

Puisqu'elle est tout hiver, toute la même glace,
Toute neige et son coeur tout armé de glaçons,
Qui ne m'aime sinon pour avoir mes chansons,
Pourquoi suis-je si fol, que je ne m'en délance?

De quoi me sert son nom, sa grandeur et sa race,
Que d'honnête servage et de belles prisons?
Maîtresse, je n'ai pas les cheveux si grisons
Qu'une autre de bon coeur ne prenne votre place.
Amour, qui est enfant, ne cèle vérité;
Vous n'êtes si superbe, ou si riche en beauté,
Qu'il faille dédaigner un bon coeur qui vous aime.
Rentrer en mon avril desormais je ne puis;
Aimez-moi, s'il vous plaît grison comme je suis,
Et je vous aimerai quand vous serez de même.

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 Sonnets pour Hélène I 44

Hence, from Nursing Mother

Hence wrench Love, pest, from wench's breast, let go
Expedite to auction, take him, take!
Leave him with passing merchant ne'er to grow,
Expel him from my sight for Heaven's sake!
No price for such an urchin seems too low,
Each tear attracts no bid to records break.
Leave off! You hear his tears! He's heard me, so,
Anger past, find peace 'spite my mistake.
My child I shall not sell you now, although
Over to Miss Hélène, her fond page to make, -
Unlike you're not, like hair like eyes do glow,
Ressemblance perfect seems, a sly remake.
United both together grow, together play,
Repaid in time, my present pains allay.

24 September 1997 - rons1_0010

Pierre de RONSARD Sonnets pour Hélène: Book II LVIII

Qu'il me soit arraché des Tétins de sa Mère

Qu'il me soit arraché des tetins de sa mère,
ce jeune enfant Amour, et qu'il me soit vendu:
Il ne faut plus qu'il croisse; il m'a déjà perdu!
Vienne quelque marchand, je le mets à l'enchère.

D'un si mauvais garçon la vente n'est pas chère;
j'en ferai bon marché. Ah! - j'ai trop attendu.
Mais voyez comme il pleure! Il m'a bien entendu.
Appaise-toi mignon, j'ai passé ma colère.

Je ne te vendrai point; au contraire, je veux
pour gage t'envoyer à ma maîtresse Hélène,
qui toute te ressemble et des yeux, des cheveux.
Aussi fine que toi, de malice aussi pleine.
Comme enfants vous croîtrez et vous jouerez tous deux,
quand tu seras plus grand tu me payeras ma peine.

Pierre de RONSARD Sonnets pour Hélène: Book II LVIII

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Dry Timber Blazes Bold

Here should the sage besotted, or the sot,
E'er read these lines and dare grey hairs to scold,
Love's song swift snubbing just because I'm old, -
Even a cinder heap can keep heart hot!
New timber green, though blown, oft taketh not,
Easy all year dry timber blazes bold!
Lunar Diane ensilvered fleece does fold,
Aurora old Tithonus ne'er forgot!
My friend I shall not Plato imitate
Or pale become when Venus contemplate.
Unlike Icarus, Phaeton, - folly crowned -
Reader I'll not their madness reinstate.
Judge! why should I such conduct recreate,
Refuse I these, yet my heart breaks, hopes drown.

3 June 1989 robi3_0267_rons1_0009

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book II I

Soit qu'un sage amoureux, ou soit qu'un sot me lise

Soit qu'un sage amoureux, ou soit qu'un sot me lise
Il ne doit s'ébahir, voyant mon chef grison,
Si je chante d'Amour: toujours un vieux tison
cache un germe de feu dessous la cendre grise.

Le bois vert à grand'peine en le soufflant s'attise,
le sec sans le souffler brûle en toute saison.
La lune se gaigna d'une blanche toison,
et son vieillard Tithon l'Aurore ne méprise.

Lecteur, je ne veux être écolier de Platon,
qui pour trop contempler, a toujours le teint blême,
ni volontaire Icare ou lourdaut Phaethon,
perdus pour attenter une sottise extrême,
mais sans me contrefaire ou voleur ou charton,
de mon gré je me noye, et me brûle moi-même.

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book II I

Taking Leave

When leaving you, whose eyes subdue my state,
one night you cried out almost desperate:
« I love you, RONSARD! 'tis my star-cross'd fate,
the Gods war 'gainst my wishes, what a weight!
'Tis not your age that vexes, body, gait,
mellowing with Autumn at the gate,
where fades the bloom whose summer's had its date, -
but only the unjust cruelty of Heaven's hate.
With sight of you, heart reason did betray.
Could I forget? Your memory gainsay?
I could not, though I would - ah, lack-a-day!
Despite my will, does counter-force waylay.
Just as 'tis said God did all good create,
Will I with His just Will co-operate. »

22 September 1987 revised 17 May 1989 robi3_0220_rons1_0007
Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 Sonnets pour Hélène Book II, xii

Prenant Congé de Vous

Prenant congé de vous, dont les yeux m'ont dompté,
Vous me distes un soir, comme passionnée:
'Je vous aime, RONSARD, par seule destinée;
Le Ciel à vous aimer force ma volonté,

Ce n'est pas votre corps, ce n'est votre beauté,
Ni votre âge, qui fuit vers l'automne inclinée.
Je sens cela s'est perdu comme une fleur fanée;
C'est seulement du Ciel l'injuste cruauté.'

Vous voyant, ma raison ne s'est pas défendue,
Vous puissé-je oublier comme chose perdue.
Hélas! je ne saurais, et je le voudrais bien.
Le voulant, je rencontre une force au contraire
Puisqu'on dit que le Ciel est cause de tout bien,
Je n'y veux résister, il le faut laisser faire. »

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 Sonnets pour Hélène II xii

True Love is Absolute

True love is absolute, all compromise
condemns, shares not the heart it glorifies:
while friendship sighs, and fails, whene'er one tries
to split Eve's apple any otherwise.
I love with all my soul! Eternal ties
together knot twin spirits. Love defies
attempts at separation, Time denies.
Two halves as one love ever unifies.
Askance I shadows view with jealous eyes,
suspicious sighs in false friends recognize –
my spirit through itself identifies.
All other feelings passing whims disguise
as Love's bright flame, light fancy which the wise
dismiss as smokescreen, childish pack of lies...

15 November 1988 robi3_0233_rons1_0001

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 Sonnets pour Hélène Book I,56

Amour est sans milieu

Amour est sans milieu, c'est une chose extrême,
Qui ne veut (je le sais) de tiers ni de moitié;
Il ne faut point trancher en deux une amitié

Un est nombre parfait, imparfait le deuxième.
J'aime de tout mon coeur, je veux aussi qu'on m'aime:
Le désir, au désir d'un noeud ferme lié,
Par le temps ne s'oublie et n'est point oublié,
Il est pour toujours son tout, contenté de soi-même.

Mon ombre me fait peur, et jaloux, je ne puis
Avoir un compagnon, tant amoureux je suis,
Et tant je m'essencie en la personne aimée.
L'autre amitié ressemble aux enfants sans raison:
C'est se feindre une flame, une vaine prison
Où le feu contrefait ne rend qu'une fumée.

Pierre de RONSARD 1524 – 1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène Book I,56

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Love Holds the Key

Here, Love alone to my thoughts holds true key
Enfolding floodgates of Life's mysteries,
Locking with self-same hand that binds and frees.
Each breath is Death, yet, dead, I live through thee.
Nor herbal remedy, drugs, alchemy,
Ease may obtain within Love's skirmish frieze,
Life is distilled in droplet quantities
And without parley I must bend the knee.
Make me, sweet fowl, obtain the mastery
Of flight that from her sight I might with ease
Up, skywards soar, Love's sparks and heart's disease
Rise far above, eyes without mercy flee.
Just Heaven Beauty sells expensively,
Which, to enjoy, one must die frequently...

14 May 1989 robi3_0260_rons1_0002

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 Sonnets pour Hélène: II xx

Amour, qui tiens tout seul de mes pensées la clef

Amour, qui tiens tout seul de mes pensées la clef
Qui ouvres de mon coeur les portes et les serres,

Qui d'une mesme main ma gueris et m'enferres,
Qui me fais trépasser et vivre derechef.
Tu distilles ma vie en si pauvre mechet,
Qu'herbes, drogues, ny jus, ny puissance de pierres,
Ne pourroient m'allegier, tant d'amoureuses guerres
Sans trêves tu me fais, du pied jusques au chef.

Oiseau comme tu es, fais-moi naistre des ailes,
Afin de m'envoler pour jamais ne la voir:
En volant je perdrais les chaudes estincelles
Que ses yeux sans pitié me firent concevoir.
Dieu nous vend chèrement les choses qui sont belles,
Puis qu'il faut tant de fois mourir pour les avoir.

Pierre de RONSARD Sonnets pour Hélène: II xx rons1_0002_rons1_0000

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Another Lantern

How could another lantern light my heart
Excepting your sweet eyes where love calls out? -
Love which for most my life I've done without!
Each day I'd change my mistress, swiftly dart,
Now here, now there, where fortune's smile would start.
Enlaced in no tight net, all st(r) ings I'd flout,
Lest liberty I'd lose, without a doubt
Avoiding homage to one maid apart.
My battle now is lost, but courage take
On knowing that your eyes alone could make
Useless a struggle stiff as siege of Troy.
Remember, godlike Love rash pride will break.
 Judge! - Lion mercy shows, meek won't forsake,
 Raised mountains lightning shakes, won't grass destroy.□

18 May 1989 robi3_0264_rons1_0003

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book I XXXVIII

D'autre torche mon coeur ne pouvait s'allumer

D'autre torche mon coeur ne pouvait s'allumer

sinon de tes beaux yeux, où l'Amour me convie.
J'avais déjà passé le meilleur de ma vie
tout franc de passion, fuyant le nom de désir.
Je voudrais maintenant cette dame estimer,
et maintenant cette autre, où me portait l'envie;
sans rendre ma franchise à quelqu'une asservie,
rusé je ne voulais dans les rets m'enfermer.

Maintenant je suis pris, et si je prends à gloire
d'avoir perdu le camp, frustré de la victoire,
ton oeil vaut un combat de dix ans d'Ilion.
Amour, comme étant dieu, n'aime pas les superbes,
sois douce à qui te prie, imitant le lion.
La foudre abat les monts, non les petites herbes.

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book I XXXVIII

Jonathan ROBIN

Translations Sonnets Pour Hélène Pierre De Ronsard - Hence, From Nursing Mother

Translations Sonnets pour Hélène Pierre de Ronsard -

Hence, from Nursing Mother

Hence wrench Love, pest, from wench's breast, let go
Expedite to auction, take him, take!
Leave him with passing merchant ne'er to grow,
Expel him from my sight for Heaven's sake!
No price for such an urchin seems too low,
Each tear attracts no bid to records break.
Leave off! You hear his tears! He's heard me, so,
Anger past, find peace 'spite my mistake.
My child I shall not sell you now, although
Over to Miss Hélène, her fond page to make, -
Unlike you're not, like hair like eyes do glow,
Ressemblance perfect seems, a sly remake.
United both together grow, together play,
Repaid in time, my present pains allay.

24 September 1997 – rons1_0010

Pierre de RONSARD Sonnets pour Hélène: Book II LVIII

Qu'il me soit arraché des Tétins de sa Mère

Qu'il me soit arraché des tetins de sa mère,
ce jeune enfant Amour, et qu'il me soit vendu:
Il ne faut plus qu'il croisse; il m'a déjà perdu!
Vienne quelque marchand, je le mets à l'enchère.

D'un si mauvais garçon la vente n'est pas chère;
j'en ferai bon marché. Ah! - j'ai trop attendu.
Mais voyez comme il pleure! Il m'a bien entendu.
Appaise-toi mignon, j'ai passé ma colère.

Je ne te vendrai point; au contraire, je veux
pour gage t'envoyer à ma maîtresse Hélène,
qui toute te ressemble et des yeux, des cheveux.

Aussi fine que toi, de malice aussi pleine.
Comme enfants vous croîtrez et vous jouerez tous deux,
quand tu seras plus grand tu me payeras ma peine.

Pierre de RONSARD Sonnets pour Hélène: Book II LVIII

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Dry Timber Blazes Bold

Here should the sage besotted, or the sot,
E'er read these lines and dare grey hairs to scold,
Love's song swift snubbing just because I'm old, -
Even a cinder heap can keep heart hot!
New timber green, though blown, oft taketh not,
Easy all year dry timber blazes bold!
Lunar Diane ensilvered fleece does fold,
Aurora old Tithonus ne'er forgot!
My friend I shall not Plato imitate
Or pale become when Venus contemplate.
Unlike Icarus, Phaeton, - folly crowned -
Reader I'll not their madness reinstate.
 Judge! why should I such conduct recreate,
 Refuse I these, yet my heart breaks, hopes drown.

3 June 1989 robi3_0267_rons1_0009

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book II I

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Le bois vert à grand'peine en le soufflant s'attise,
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La lune se gaigna d'une blanche toison,
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Lecteur, je ne veux être écolier de Platon,
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perdus pour attenter une sottise extrême,
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de mon gré je me noye, et me brûle moi-même.

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book II I

Taking Leave

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one night you cried out almost desperate:
« I love you, RONSARD! 'tis my star-cross'd fate,
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'Tis not your age that vexes, body, gait,
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where fades the bloom whose summer's had its date, -
but only the unjust cruelty of Heaven's hate.
With sight of you, heart reason did betray.
Could I forget? Your memory gainsay?
I could not, though I would - ah, lack-a-day!
Despite my will, does counter-force waylay.
Just as 'tis said God did all good create,
Will I with His just Will co-operate. »

22 September 1987 revised 17 May 1989 robi3_0220_rons1_0007
Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 Sonnets pour Hélène Book II, xii

Prenant Congé de Vous

Prenant congé de vous, dont les yeux m'ont dompté,
Vous me distes un soir, comme passionnée:
'Je vous aime, RONSARD, par seule destinée;
Le Ciel à vous aimer force ma volonté,
Ce n'est pas votre corps, ce n'est votre beauté,
Ni votre âge, qui fuit vers l'automne inclinée.
Je sens cela s'est perdu comme une fleur fanée;
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Vous voyant, ma raison ne s'est pas défendue,
Vous puissé-je oublier comme chose perdue.
Hélas! je ne saurais, et je le voudrais bien.
Le voulant, je rencontre une force au contraire
Puisqu'on dit que le Ciel est cause de tout bien,
Je n'y veux résister, il le faut laisser faire. »

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 Sonnets pour Hélène II xii

True Love is Absolute

True love is absolute, all compromise
condemns, shares not the heart it glorifies:
while friendship sighs, and fails, whene'er one tries
to split Eve's apple any otherwise.
I love with all my soul! Eternal ties
together knot twin spirits. Love defies
attempts at separation, Time denies.
Two halves as one love ever unifies.
Askance I shadows view with jealous eyes,
suspicious sighs in false friends recognize –
my spirit through itself identifies.
All other feelings passing whims disguise
as Love's bright flame, light fancy which the wise
dismiss as smokescreen, childish pack of lies...

15 November 1988 robi3_0233_rons1_0001

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 Sonnets pour Hélène Book I,56

Amour est sans milieu

Amour est sans milieu, c'est une chose extrême,
Qui ne veut (je le sais) de tiers ni de moitié;
Il ne faut point trancher en deux une amitié
Un est nombre parfait, imparfait le deuxième.
J'aime de tout mon coeur, je veux aussi qu'on m'aime:
Le désir, au désir d'un noeud ferme lié,
Par le temps ne s'oublie et n'est point oublié,

Il est pour toujours son tout, contenté de soi-même.

Mon ombre me fait peur, et jaloux, je ne puis
Avoir un compagnon, tant amoureux je suis,
Et tant je m'essencie en la personne aimée.
L'autre amitié ressemble aux enfants sans raison:
C'est se feindre une flame, une vaine prison
Où le feu contrefait ne rend qu'une fumée.

Pierre de RONSARD 1524 – 1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène Book I,56

-

Love Holds the Key

Here, Love alone to my thoughts holds true key
Enfolding floodgates of Life's mysteries,
Locking with self-same hand that binds and frees.
Each breath is Death, yet, dead, I live through thee.
Nor herbal remedy, drugs, alchemy,
Ease may obtain within Love's skirmish frieze,
Life is distilled in droplet quantities
And without parley I must bend the knee.
Make me, sweet fowl, obtain the mastery
Of flight that from her sight I might with ease
Up, skywards soar, Love's sparks and heart's disease
Rise far above, eyes without mercy flee.
Just Heaven Beauty sells expensively,
Which, to enjoy, one must die frequently...

14 May 1989 rob3_0260_rons1_0002

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 Sonnets pour Hélène: II xx

Amour, qui tiens tout seul de mes pensées la clef

Amour, qui tiens tout seul de mes pensées la clef
Qui ouvres de mon coeur les portes et les serres,
Qui d'une mesme main ma gueris et m'enferres,
Qui me fais trépasser et vivre derechef.
Tu distilles ma vie en si pauvre mechet,

Qu'herbes, drogues, ny jus, ny puissance de pierres,
Ne pourroient m'allegier, tant d'amoureuses guerres
Sans trêves tu me fais, du pied jusques au chef.

Oiseau comme tu es, fais-moi naistre des ailes,
Afin de m'envoler pour jamais ne la voir:
En volant je perdrais les chaudes estincelles
Que ses yeux sans pitié me firent concevoir.
Dieu nous vend chèrement les choses qui sont belles,
Puis qu'il faut tant de fois mourir pour les avoir.

Pierre de RONSARD Sonnets pour Hélène: II xx rons1_0002_rons1_0000

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Another Lantern

How could another lantern light my heart
Excepting your sweet eyes where love calls out? -
Love which for most my life I've done without!
Each day I'd change my mistress, swiftly dart,
Now here, now there, where fortune's smile would start.
Enlaced in no tight net, all st(r) ings I'd flout,
Lest liberty I'd lose, without a doubt
Avoiding homage to one maid apart.
My battle now is lost, but courage take
On knowing that your eyes alone could make
Useless a struggle stiff as siege of Troy.
Remember, godlike Love rash pride will break.
 Judge! - Lion mercy shows, meek won't forsake,
 Raised mountains lightning shakes, won't grass destroy.□

18 May 1989 robi3_0264_rons1_0003

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book I XXXVIII

D'autre torche mon coeur ne pouvait s'allumer

D'autre torche mon coeur ne pouvait s'allumer
sinon de tes beaux yeux, où l'Amour me convie.
J'avais déjà passé le meilleur de ma vie

tout franc de passion, fuyant le nom de désir.
Je voudrais maintenant cette dame estimer,
et maintenant cette autre, où me portait l'envie;
sans rendre ma franchise à quelqu'une asservie,
rusé je ne voulais dans les rets m'enfermer.

Maintenant je suis pris, et si je prends à gloire
d'avoir perdu le camp, frustré de la victoire,
ton oeil vaut un combat de dix ans d'Ilion.
Amour, comme étant dieu, n'aime pas les superbes,
sois douce à qui te prie, imitant le lion.
La foudre abat les monts, non les petites herbes.

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book I XXXVIII

From Vein to Vein

Heed how from vein to vein sweep sudden fires,
Each vessel bubbles, blood boils, cares increase!
Let April witness loss of liberties
Exiled while Aphrodite's month suspires.
Newborn pain pangs strike as April expires,
Entrapping Destiny in life-line's crease.
Love, soul seducing, far, wide blows its breeze,
As vainly aid I seek, who help require.
Must I surrender? Yet the poet's lyre
Oath swears that other friends are heresies, -
Use never has a love-torn heart for these,
Rival or King no lover e'er desires.
Must as you here win an immortal fame
Rewards unjust are, for my pleas fall lame!

14 May 1989 robi3_0263_rons1_0004

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 Sonnets pour Hélène: Book I LV

Je Sens de Veine en Veine une Chaleur Nouvelle

Je sens de veine en veine une chaleur nouvelle
Qui me trouble le sang, et m'augmente les soins.
Adieu ma liberté, j'en appelle à témoin

Ce mois qui du beau nom d'Aphrodite s'appelle.
Comme les jours d'Avril mon mal se renouvelle:
Amour, qui tient mon astre et ma vie dans son poing,
M'a tant séduit l'esprit que de près ou de loin
Toujours à mon secours en vain je vous appelle.

Je veux rendre la place, en jurant votre nom
Que le premier article, avant que je la rende,
C'est qu'un coeur amoureux ne veut de compagnon.
L'Amant non plus qu'un Roi de rival ne demande.
Vous aurez en mes vers un immortel renom:
Pour n'avoir rien de vous, la récompense est grande.

Pierre de RONSARD Sonnets pour Hélène: Book I LV

Lovesick

Help! Lovesick I am struck, 'tis plain, I'm taken ill,
E'en hot and cold I blow, now hot and cold again.
Lift swift ice aches which snow, scald poor fired heart's pores swill,
End pain - I've come unstuck - pour pomegranate grain.
Neat eyes which first though luck heart ambushed, reign instilled,
Extinguish love's flame flow, dry icy, briny rain.
Live must I, yet can't, know Death spurns love's burns down drain
Although life's strong my doe, nought cures your glow, your will.
My Dear, believe me here for you I die, lie still,
Out sinew, nerve! Vain vein! No pulse may one sustain!
Unless in you they're lain, wild fever wracks the brain!
Real love's symbolic plain as pomegranate's spill.
Jointly their seeds sufficient strength retain,
Rhyme, reason elsewhere one must seek in vain!

10 September 1987 revised 15 May 1989,26 September 1997 4 February 2009

robi3_0216_rons1_0005

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book I xxxv

Je suis pour votre Amour diversement Malade

Je suis pour votre Amour diversement Malade

maintenant plein de froid, maintenant de chaleur;
dedans le coeur pour vous autant j'ai de douleurs
comme il y a de grains dedans votre grenade.
Yeux qui fistes sur moi la première embuscade,
désattisez ma flamme et désechez mes pleurs.
Il faut, vous me le pouvez, car le mal dont je meurs
est si grand qu'il ne peut se guérir d'une oeillade.

Ma dame, croyez-moi, je trépasse pour vous,
Je n'ai ni artère, nerf, tendon, veine ni pouls
qui ne sente d'amour la fièvre continue.
L'amour a la grenade en symbole était joint.
Ses grains en ont encore la force retenue,
que de signe et d'effet vous ne connaissez point.

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book I xxxv

Ice and Fire

My love is like to ice, and I to fire:
How comes it then that this her cold so great
Is not dissolved through my so hot desire,
But harder grows the more I her entreat?
Or how comes it that my exceeding heat
Is not allayed by her heart-frozen cold,
But that I burn much more in boiling sweat,
And feel my flames augmented manifold?
What more miraculous thing may be told,
That fire, which all things melts, should harden ice,
And ice, which is congeal'd with senseless cold,
Should kindle fire by wonderful device?
Such is the power of love in gentle mind,
That it can alter all the course of kind.

Edmund SPENSER 1552_1599 spen2_0004_rons1_0005

After Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book I xxxv

Of Love

If Love it be not, what is this I feel?
If it be Love, what Love is, fain I'd know?
If good, why the effects severe and ill?
If bad, why do its torments please me so?
If willingly I burn, should I complain?
If 'gainst my will, what helps it to lament?
Oh living Death! oh most delightful pain!
How comes all this, if I do not consent?
If I consent, 'tis madness then to grieve;
Amidst these storms, in a weak boat I'm tost
Upon a dangerous sea, without relief,
No help from Reason, but in Error lost.
Which way in this distraction shall I turn,
That freeze in Summer, and in Winter burn?

In Imitation of the Italians 1687

After Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book I xxxv
Philip AYRES 1638_1712

I See a Thousand Beauties

Here see I thousand beauties, yet none please,
Each freezes soul, none else my fancy frees.
Love, just your glance my senses can appease.
Enthralled - you're all - Fate, Fortune Destinies.
New Love and Venus, God's gift, His mercies,
Encleansing mind's perverted fantasies.
Love, your virtues enflame my arteries
And send me soaring o'er the moon with ease.
My eye - save your eyes - nought consumes nor sees,
Others flicker, anger, and displease,
Used as it is to live by thy decrees,
Responding to unique, soft qualities.

Justice show, though I sin, starved for thee,
Remember the reason, - 'tis Necessity!

14 September 1997 robi3_0556_rons1_0006

Je Vois Mille Beautés

Je vois mille beautés, et si n'en vois pas une
qui contente mes yeux, seule vous me plaisez.
Seule, quand je vous vois, mes sens vous appaisez.
Vous êtes mon destin, mon ciel et ma fortune.
Ma Vénus, mon Amour, ma charité, ma brune,
qui tous bas pensements de l'esprit me rasez,
et de hautes vertus l'estomac m'embracez,
me soulevant de terre au cercle de la lune.

Mon oeil de vos regards goulument se repaist,
tout ce qui n'est pas vous lui fache et lui déplaît,
tant il a par usance accoutumé de vivre
de votre unique, douce, agréable beauté.
S'il pêche contre vous, affamé de vous suivre,
ce n'est de son bon gré, c'est par nécessité.

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book II XLIX

She's Winter Everywhere

All warmth withheld, she's winter everywhere,
cold-hearted, icy, frozen hard fore'er,
caring alone for my sweet muse's air.
Am I so mad? Why do I not despair?
What if her titles spring from great forebear,
they're prison bars which but her soul ensnare.
My locks, Mistress, aren't so snowy, spare,
another sweetheart could succeed, your heir.
O Cupid child heed truth: of pride, beware!
Beauty thou art, yet not beyond compare.
although lost youth I can't recall, my Fair,
this faithful heart to scorn thus, 'tis unfair.
So love me now despite my frosty hair,
So I for you when old would always care.

22 September 1987

Pierre de RONSARD - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book 1 44

Puisqu'elle est Tout Hiver

Puisqu'elle est tout hiver, toute la même glace,
Toute neige et son coeur tout armé de glaçons,
Qui ne m'aime sinon pour avoir mes chansons,
Pourquoi suis-je si fol, que je ne m'en délance?
De quoi me sert son nom, sa grandeur et sa race,
Que d'honnête servage et de belles prisons?
Maîtresse, je n'ai pas les cheveux si grisons
Qu'une autre de bon coeur ne prenne votre place.
Amour, qui est enfant, ne cèle vérité;
Vous n'êtes si superbe, ou si riche en beauté,
Qu'il faille dédaigner un bon coeur qui vous aime.
Rentrer en mon avril desormais je ne puis;
Aimez-moi, s'il vous plaît grison comme je suis,
Et je vous aimerai quand vous serez de même.

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 Sonnets pour Hélène I 44

Jonathan ROBIN

Translations Sonnets Pour Hélène Pierre De Ronsard - I See A Thousand Beauties

Translations Sonnets pour Hélène Pierre de Ronsard -

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Aimez-moi, s'il vous plaît grison comme je suis,
Et je vous aimerai quand vous serez de même.

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 Sonnets pour Hélène I 44

Hence, from Nursing Mother

Hence wrench Love, pest, from wench's breast, let go
Expedite to auction, take him, take!
Leave him with passing merchant ne'er to grow,
Expel him from my sight for Heaven's sake!
No price for such an urchin seems too low,
Each tear attracts no bid to records break.
Leave off! You hear his tears! He's heard me, so,
Anger past, find peace 'spite my mistake.
My child I shall not sell you now, although
Over to Miss Hélène, her fond page to make, -
Unlike you're not, like hair like eyes do glow,
Ressemblance perfect seems, a sly remake.
United both together grow, together play,
Repaid in time, my present pains allay.

24 September 1997 – rons1_0010

Pierre de RONSARD Sonnets pour Hélène: Book II LVIII

Qu'il me soit arraché des Tétins de sa Mère

Qu'il me soit arraché des tetins de sa mère,
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Il ne faut plus qu'il croisse; il m'a déjà perdu!
Vienne quelque marchand, je le mets à l'enchère.

D'un si mauvais garçon la vente n'est pas chère;
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Appaise-toi mignon, j'ai passé ma colère.

Je ne te vendrai point; au contraire, je veux
pour gage t'envoyer à ma maîtresse Hélène,
qui toute te ressemble et des yeux, des cheveux.
Aussi fine que toi, de malice aussi pleine.
Comme enfants vous croîtrez et vous jouerez tous deux,
quand tu seras plus grand tu me payeras ma peine.

Pierre de RONSARD Sonnets pour Hélène: Book II LVIII

-

Dry Timber Blazes Bold

Here should the sage besotted, or the sot,
E'er read these lines and dare grey hairs to scold,
Love's song swift snubbing just because I'm old, -
Even a cinder heap can keep heart hot!
New timber green, though blown, oft taketh not,
Easy all year dry timber blazes bold!
Lunar Diane ensilvered fleece does fold,
Aurora old Tithonus ne'er forgot!
My friend I shall not Plato imitate
Or pale become when Venus contemplate.
Unlike Icarus, Phaeton, - folly crowned -
Reader I'll not their madness reinstate.
 Judge! why should I such conduct recreate,
 Refuse I these, yet my heart breaks, hopes drown.

3 June 1989 robi3_0267_rons1_0009

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book II I

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Lecteur, je ne veux être écolier de Platon,
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mais sans me contrefaire ou voleur ou charbon,
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Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book II I

Taking Leave

When leaving you, whose eyes subdue my state,
one night you cried out almost desperate:
« I love you, RONSARD! 'tis my star-cross'd fate,
the Gods war 'gainst my wishes, what a weight!
'Tis not your age that vexes, body, gait,
mellowing with Autumn at the gate,
where fades the bloom whose summer's had its date, -
but only the unjust cruelty of Heaven's hate.
With sight of you, heart reason did betray.
Could I forget? Your memory gainsay?
I could not, though I would - ah, lack-a-day!
Despite my will, does counter-force waylay.
Just as 'tis said God did all good create,
Will I with His just Will co-operate. »

22 September 1987 revised 17 May 1989 robi3_0220_rons1_0007
Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 Sonnets pour Hélène Book II, xii

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Le Ciel à vous aimer force ma volonté,
Ce n'est pas votre corps, ce n'est votre beauté,

Ni votre âge, qui fuit vers l'automne inclinée.
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Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 Sonnets pour Hélène II xii

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True love is absolute, all compromise
condemns, shares not the heart it glorifies:
while friendship sighs, and fails, whene'er one tries
to split Eve's apple any otherwise.
I love with all my soul! Eternal ties
together knot twin spirits. Love defies
attempts at separation, Time denies.
Two halves as one love ever unifies.
Askance I shadows view with jealous eyes,
suspicious sighs in false friends recognize –
my spirit through itself identifies.
All other feelings passing whims disguise
as Love's bright flame, light fancy which the wise
dismiss as smokescreen, childish pack of lies...

15 November 1988 robi3_0233_rons1_0001

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 Sonnets pour Hélène Book I,56

Amour est sans milieu

Amour est sans milieu, c'est une chose extrême,
Qui ne veut (je le sais) de tiers ni de moitié;
Il ne faut point trancher en deux une amitié
Un est nombre parfait, imparfait le deuxième.

J'aime de tout mon coeur, je veux aussi qu'on m'aime:
Le désir, au désir d'un noeud ferme lié,
Par le temps ne s'oublie et n'est point oublié,
Il est pour toujours son tout, contenté de soi-même.

Mon ombre me fait peur, et jaloux, je ne puis
Avoir un compagnon, tant amoureux je suis,
Et tant je m'essencie en la personne aimée.
L'autre amitié ressemble aux enfants sans raison:
C'est se feindre une flame, une vaine prison
Où le feu contrefait ne rend qu'une fumée.

Pierre de RONSARD 1524 – 1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène Book I,56

-

Love Holds the Key

Here, Love alone to my thoughts holds true key
Enfolding floodgates of Life's mysteries,
Locking with self-same hand that binds and frees.
Each breath is Death, yet, dead, I live through thee.
Nor herbal remedy, drugs, alchemy,
Ease may obtain within Love's skirmish frieze,
Life is distilled in droplet quantities
And without parley I must bend the knee.
Make me, sweet fowl, obtain the mastery
Of flight that from her sight I might with ease
Up, skywards soar, Love's sparks and heart's disease
Rise far above, eyes without mercy flee.
Just Heaven Beauty sells expensively,
Which, to enjoy, one must die frequently...

14 May 1989 robi3_0260_rons1_0002

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 Sonnets pour Hélène: II xx

Amour, qui tiens tout seul de mes pensées la clef

Amour, qui tiens tout seul de mes pensées la clef
Qui ouvres de mon coeur les portes et les serres,

Qui d'une mesme main ma gueris et m'enferres,
Qui me fais trépasser et vivre derechef.
Tu distilles ma vie en si pauvre mechet,
Qu'herbes, drogues, ny jus, ny puissance de pierres,
Ne pourroient m'allegier, tant d'amoureuses guerres
Sans trêves tu me fais, du pied jusques au chef.

Oiseau comme tu es, fais-moi naistre des ailes,
Afin de m'envoler pour jamais ne la voir:
En volant je perdrais les chaudes estincelles
Que ses yeux sans pitié me firent concevoir.
Dieu nous vend chèrement les choses qui sont belles,
Puis qu'il faut tant de fois mourir pour les avoir.

Pierre de RONSARD Sonnets pour Hélène: II xx rons1_0002_rons1_0000

-

Another Lantern

How could another lantern light my heart
Excepting your sweet eyes where love calls out? -
Love which for most my life I've done without!
Each day I'd change my mistress, swiftly dart,
Now here, now there, where fortune's smile would start.
Enlaced in no tight net, all st(r) ings I'd flout,
Lest liberty I'd lose, without a doubt
Avoiding homage to one maid apart.
My battle now is lost, but courage take
On knowing that your eyes alone could make
Useless a struggle stiff as siege of Troy.
Remember, godlike Love rash pride will break.
 Judge! - Lion mercy shows, meek won't forsake,
 Raised mountains lightning shakes, won't grass destroy.□

18 May 1989 robi3_0264_rons1_0003

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book I XXXVIII

D'autre torche mon coeur ne pouvait s'allumer

D'autre torche mon coeur ne pouvait s'allumer
sinon de tes beaux yeux, où l'Amour me convie.
J'avais déjà passé le meilleur de ma vie
tout franc de passion, fuyant le nom de désir.
Je voudrais maintenant cette dame estimer,
et maintenant cette autre, où me portait l'envie;
sans rendre ma franchise à quelqu'une asservie,
rusé je ne voulais dans les rets m'enfermer.

Maintenant je suis pris, et si je prends à gloire
d'avoir perdu le camp, frustré de la victoire,
ton oeil vaut un combat de dix ans d'Ilion.
Amour, comme étant dieu, n'aime pas les superbes,
sois douce à qui te prie, imitant le lion.
La foudre abat les monts, non les petites herbes.

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book I XXXVIII

From Vein to Vein

Heed how from vein to vein sweep sudden fires,
Each vessel bubbles, blood boils, cares increase!
Let April witness loss of liberties
Exiled while Aphrodite's month suspires.
Newborn pain pangs strike as April expires,
Entrapping Destiny in life-line's crease.
Love, soul seducing, far, wide blows its breeze,
As vainly aid I seek, who help require.
Must I surrender? Yet the poet's lyre
Oath swears that other friends are heresies, -
Use never has a love-torn heart for these,
Rival or King no lover e'er desires.
Just as you here win an immortal fame
Rewards unjust are, for my pleas fall lame!

14 May 1989 robi3_0263_rons1_0004

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 Sonnets pour Hélène: Book I LV

Je Sens de Veine en Veine une Chaleur Nouvelle

Je sens de veine en veine une chaleur nouvelle
Qui me trouble le sang, et m'augmente les soins.
Adieu ma liberté, j'en appelle à témoin
Ce mois qui du beau nom d'Aphrodite s'appelle.
Comme les jours d'Avril mon mal se renouvelle:
Amour, qui tient mon astre et ma vie dans son poing,
M'a tant séduit l'esprit que de près ou de loin
Toujours à mon secours en vain je vous appelle.

Je veux rendre la place, en jurant votre nom
Que le premier article, avant que je la rende,
C'est qu'un coeur amoureux ne veuille de compagnon.
L'Amant non plus qu'un Roi de rival ne demande.
Vous aurez en mes vers un immortel renom:
Pour n'avoir rien de vous, la récompense est grande.

Pierre de RONSARD Sonnets pour Hélène: Book I LV

Lovesick

Help! Lovesick I am struck, 'tis plain, I'm taken ill,
E'en hot and cold I blow, now hot and cold again.
Lift swift ice aches which snow, scald poor fired heart's pores swill,
End pain - I've come unstuck - pour pomegranate grain.
Neat eyes which first though luck heart ambushed, reign instilled,
Extinguish love's flame flow, dry icy, briny rain.
Live must I, yet can't, know Death spurns love's burns down drain
Although life's strong my doe, nought cures your glow, your will.
My Dear, believe me here for you I die, lie still,
Out sinew, nerve! Vain vein! No pulse may one sustain!
Unless in you they're lain, wild fever wracks the brain!
Real love's symbolic plain as pomegranate's spill.
Jointly their seeds sufficient strength retain,
Rhyme, reason elsewhere one must seek in vain!

10 September 1987 revised 15 May 1989, 26 September 1997 4 February 2009
robi3_0216_rons1_0005
Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book I xxxv

Je suis pour votre Amour diversement Malade

Je suis pour votre Amour diversement Malade
maintenant plein de froid, maintenant de chaleur;
dedans le coeur pour vous autant j'ai de douleurs
comme il y a de grains dedans votre grenade.
Yeux qui fistes sur moi la première embuscade,
désattisez ma flamme et désechez mes pleurs.
Il faut, vous me le pouvez, car le mal dont je meurs
est si grand qu'il ne peut se guérir d'une oeuillade.

Ma dame, croyez-moi, je trépasse pour vous,
Je n'ai ni artère, nerf, tendon, veine ni pouls
qui ne sente d'amour la fièvre continue.
L'amour a la grenade en symbole était joint.
Ses grains en ont encore la force retenue,
que de signe et d'effet vous ne connaissez point.

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book I xxxv

Ice and Fire

My love is like to ice, and I to fire:
How comes it then that this her cold so great
Is not dissolved through my so hot desire,
But harder grows the more I her entreat?
Or how comes it that my exceeding heat
Is not allayed by her heart-frozen cold,
But that I burn much more in boiling sweat,
And feel my flames augmented manifold?
What more miraculous thing may be told,
That fire, which all things melts, should harden ice,
And ice, which is congeal'd with senseless cold,
Should kindle fire by wonderful device?
Such is the power of love in gentle mind,
That it can alter all the course of kind.

Edmund SPENSER 1552_1599 spen2_0004_rons1_0005

After Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book I xxxv

Of Love

If Love it be not, what is this I feel?
If it be Love, what Love is, fain I'd know?
If good, why the effects severe and ill?
If bad, why do its torments please me so?
If willingly I burn, should I complain?
If 'gainst my will, what helps it to lament?
Oh living Death! oh most delightful pain!
How comes all this, if I do not consent?
If I consent, 'tis madness then to grieve;
Amidst these storms, in a weak boat I'm tost
Upon a dangerous sea, without relief,
No help from Reason, but in Error lost.
Which way in this distraction shall I turn,
That freeze in Summer, and in Winter burn?

In Imitation of the Italians 1687

After Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book I xxxv

Philip AYRES 1638_1712

Jonathan ROBIN

Translations Sonnets Pour Hélène Pierre De Ronsard - Love Holds The Key

Translations Sonnets pour Hélène Pierre de Ronsard -

Love Holds the Key

Here, Love alone to my thoughts holds true key
Enfolding floodgates of Life's mysteries,
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Each breath is Death, yet, dead, I live through thee.
Nor herbal remedy, drugs, alchemy,
Ease may obtain within Love's skirmish frieze,
Life is distilled in droplet quantities
And without parley I must bend the knee.
Make me, sweet fowl, obtain the mastery
Of flight that from her sight I might with ease
Up, skywards soar, Love's sparks and heart's disease
Rise far above, eyes without mercy flee.
Just Heaven Beauty sells expensively,
Which, to enjoy, one must die frequently...

14 May 1989 rob3_0260_rons1_0002

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 Sonnets pour Hélène: II xx

Amour, qui tiens tout seul de mes pensées la clef

Amour, qui tiens tout seul de mes pensées la clef
Qui ouvres de mon coeur les portes et les serres,
Qui d'une mesme main ma gueris et m'enferres,
Qui me fais trépasser et vivre derechef.
Tu distilles ma vie en si pauvre mechet,
Qu'herbes, drogues, ny jus, ny puissance de pierres,
Ne pourroient m'allegier, tant d'amoureuses guerres
Sans trêves tu me fais, du pied jusques au chef.

Oiseau comme tu es, fais-moi naistre des ailes,
Afin de m'envoler pour jamais ne la voir:

En volant je perdrais les chaudes estincelles
Que ses yeux sans pitié me firent concevoir.
Dieu nous vend chèrement les choses qui sont belles,
Puis qu'il faut tant de fois mourir pour les avoir.

Pierre de RONSARD Sonnets pour Hélène: II xx rons1_0002_rons1_0000

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Another Lantern

How could another lantern light my heart
Excepting your sweet eyes where love calls out? -
Love which for most my life I've done without!
Each day I'd change my mistress, swiftly dart,
Now here, now there, where fortune's smile would start.
Enlaced in no tight net, all st(r) ings I'd flout,
Lest liberty I'd lose, without a doubt
Avoiding homage to one maid apart.
My battle now is lost, but courage take
On knowing that your eyes alone could make
Useless a struggle stiff as siege of Troy.
Remember, godlike Love rash pride will break.
 Judge! - Lion mercy shows, meek won't forsake,
 Raised mountains lightning shakes, won't grass destroy.□

18 May 1989 robi3_0264_rons1_0003

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book I XXXVIII

D'autre torche mon coeur ne pouvait s'allumer

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sinon de tes beaux yeux, où l'Amour me convie.
J'avais déjà passé le meilleur de ma vie
tout franc de passion, fuyant le nom de désir.
Je voudrais maintenant cette dame estimer,
et maintenant cette autre, où me portait l'envie;
sans rendre ma franchise à quelqu'une asservie,
rusé je ne voulais dans les rets m'enfermer.

Maintenant je suis pris, et si je prends à gloire
d'avoir perdu le camp, frustré de la victoire,
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sois douce à qui te prie, imitant le lion.
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Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book I XXXVIII

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Each vessel bubbles, blood boils, cares increase!
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Entrapping Destiny in life-line's crease.
Love, soul seducing, far, wide blows its breeze,
As vainly aid I seek, who help require.
Must I surrender? Yet the poet's lyre
Oath swears that other friends are heresies, -
Use never has a love-torn heart for these,
Rival or King no lover e'er desires.
Must as you here win an immortal fame
Rewards unjust are, for my pleas fall lame!

14 May 1989 robi3_0263_rons1_0004

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 Sonnets pour Hélène: Book I LV

Je Sens de Veine en Veine une Chaleur Nouvelle

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Qui me trouble le sang, et m'augmente les soins.
Adieu ma liberté, j'en appelle à témoin
Ce mois qui du beau nom d'Aphrodite s'appelle.
Comme les jours d'Avril mon mal se renouvelle:
Amour, qui tient mon astre et ma vie dans son poing,
M'a tant séduit l'esprit que de près ou de loin
Toujours à mon secours en vain je vous appelle.

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Que le premier article, avant que je la rende,
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L'Amant non plus qu'un Roi de rival ne demande.
Vous aurez en mes vers un immortel renom:
Pour n'avoir rien de vous, la récompense est grande.

Pierre de RONSARD Sonnets pour Hélène: Book I LV

Lovesick

Help! Lovesick I am struck, 'tis plain, I'm taken ill,
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Lift swift ice aches which snow, scald poor fired heart's pores swill,
End pain - I've come unstuck - pour pomegranate grain.
Neat eyes which first though luck heart ambushed, reign instilled,
Extinguish love's flame flow, dry icy, briny rain.
Live must I, yet can't, know Death spurns love's burns down drain
Although life's strong my doe, nought cures your glow, your will.
My Dear, believe me here for you I die, lie still,
Out sinew, nerve! Vain vein! No pulse may one sustain!
Unless in you they're lain, wild fever wracks the brain!
Real love's symbolic plain as pomegranate's spill.
Jointly their seeds sufficient strength retain,
Rhyme, reason elsewhere one must seek in vain!

10 September 1987 revised 15 May 1989,26 September 1997 4 February 2009

robi3_0216_rons1_0005

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book I xxxv

Je suis pour votre Amour diversement Malade

Je suis pour votre Amour diversement Malade
maintenant plein de froid, maintenant de chaleur;
dedans le coeur pour vous autant j'ai de douleurs
comme il y a de grains dedans votre grenade.
Yeux qui fistes sur moi la première embuscade,
désattisez ma flamme et désechez mes pleurs.

Il faut, vous me le pouvez, car le mal dont je meurs
est si grand qu'il ne peut se guérir d'une oeuillade.

Ma dame, croyez-moi, je trépassé pour vous,
Je n'ai ni artère, nerf, tendon, veine ni pouls
qui ne sente d'amour la fièvre continue.
L'amour a la grenade en symbole était joint.
Ses grains en ont encore la force retenue,
que de signe et d'effet vous ne connaissez point.

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book I xxxv

Ice and Fire

My love is like to ice, and I to fire:
How comes it then that this her cold so great
Is not dissolved through my so hot desire,
But harder grows the more I her entreat?
Or how comes it that my exceeding heat
Is not allayed by her heart-frozen cold,
But that I burn much more in boiling sweat,
And feel my flames augmented manifold?
What more miraculous thing may be told,
That fire, which all things melts, should harden ice,
And ice, which is congeal'd with senseless cold,
Should kindle fire by wonderful device?
Such is the power of love in gentle mind,
That it can alter all the course of kind.

Edmund SPENSER 1552_1599 spen2_0004_rons1_0005

After Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book I xxxv

Of Love

If Love it be not, what is this I feel?
If it be Love, what Love is, fain I'd know?
If good, why the effects severe and ill?
If bad, why do its torments please me so?
If willingly I burn, should I complain?

If 'gainst my will, what helps it to lament?
Oh living Death! oh most delightful pain!
How comes all this, if I do not consent?
If I consent, 'tis madness then to grieve;
Amidst these storms, in a weak boat I'm tost
Upon a dangerous sea, without relief,
No help from Reason, but in Error lost.
Which way in this distraction shall I turn,
That freeze in Summer, and in Winter burn?

In Imitation of the Italians 1687

After Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book I xxxv
Philip AYRES 1638_1712

I See a Thousand Beauties

Here see I thousand beauties, yet none please,
Each freezes soul, none else my fancy frees.
Love, just your glance my senses can appease.
Enthralled - you're all - Fate, Fortune Destinies.
New Love and Venus, God's gift, His mercies,
Encleansing mind's perverted fantasies.
Love, your virtues enflame my arteries
And send me soaring o'er the moon with ease.
My eye - save your eyes - nought consumes nor sees,
Others flicker, anger, and displease,
Used as it is to live by thy decrees,
Responding to unique, soft qualities.
 Justice show, though I sin, starved for thee,
 Remember the reason, - 'tis Necessity!

14 September 1997 robi3_0556_rons1_0006
Pierre de RONSARD - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book II XLIX

Je Vois Mille Beautés

Je vois mille beautés, et si n'en vois pas une
qui contente mes yeux, seule vous me plaisez.
Seule, quand je vous vois, mes sens vous apaisez.
Vous êtes mon destin, mon ciel et ma fortune.
Ma Vénus, mon Amour, ma charité, ma brune,
qui tous bas pensements de l'esprit me rasez,
et de hautes vertus l'estomac m'embrasez,
me soulevant de terre au cercle de la lune.

Mon oeil de vos regards goulument se repaist,
tout ce qui n'est pas vous lui fache et lui déplaît,
tant il a par usance accoutumé de vivre
de votre unique, douce, agréable beauté.
S'il pêche contre vous, affamé de vous suivre,
ce n'est de son bon gré, c'est par nécessité.

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book II XLIX

She's Winter Everywhere

All warmth withheld, she's winter everywhere,
cold-hearted, icy, frozen hard fore'er,
caring alone for my sweet muse's air.
Am I so mad? Why do I not despair?
What if her titles spring from great forebear,
they're prison bars which but her soul ensnare.
My locks, Mistress, aren't so snowy, spare,
another sweetheart could succeed, your heir.
O Cupid child heed truth: of pride, beware!
Beauty thou art, yet not beyond compare.
although lost youth I can't recall, my Fair,
this faithful heart to scorn thus, 'tis unfair.
¶ love me now despite my frosty hair,
¶ I for you when old would always care.

22 September 1987

Pierre de RONSARD - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book 1 44

Puisqu'elle est Tout Hiver

Puisqu'elle est tout hiver, toute la même glace,
Toute neige et son coeur tout armé de glaçons,
Qui ne m'aime sinon pour avoir mes chansons,
Pourquoi suis-je si fol, que je ne m'en délance?
De quoi me sert son nom, sa grandeur et sa race,
Que d'honnête servage et de belles prisons?
Maîtresse, je n'ai pas les cheveux si grisons
Qu'une autre de bon coeur ne prenne votre place.
Amour, qui est enfant, ne cèle vérité;
Vous n'êtes si superbe, ou si riche en beauté,
Qu'il faille dédaigner un bon coeur qui vous aime.
Rentrer en mon avril desormais je ne puis;
Aimez-moi, s'il vous plaît grison comme je suis,
Et je vous aimerai quand vous serez de même.

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 Sonnets pour Hélène I 44

Hence, from Nursing Mother

Hence wrench Love, pest, from wench's breast, let go
Expedite to auction, take him, take!
Leave him with passing merchant ne'er to grow,
Expel him from my sight for Heaven's sake!
No price for such an urchin seems too low,
Each tear attracts no bid to records break.
Leave off! You hear his tears! He's heard me, so,
Anger past, find peace 'spite my mistake.
My child I shall not sell you now, although
Over to Miss Hélène, her fond page to make, -
Unlike you're not, like hair like eyes do glow,
Ressemblance perfect seems, a sly remake.
United both together grow, together play,
Repaid in time, my present pains allay.

24 September 1997 - rons1_0010

Pierre de RONSARD Sonnets pour Hélène: Book II LVIII

Qu'il me soit arraché des Tétins de sa Mère

Qu'il me soit arraché des tetins de sa mère,
ce jeune enfant Amour, et qu'il me soit vendu:
Il ne faut plus qu'il croisse; il m'a déjà perdu!
Vienne quelque marchand, je le mets à l'enchère.

D'un si mauvais garçon la vente n'est pas chère;
j'en ferai bon marché. Ah! - j'ai trop attendu.
Mais voyez comme il pleure! Il m'a bien entendu.
Appaise-toi mignon, j'ai passé ma colère.

Je ne te vendrai point; au contraire, je veux
pour gage t'envoyer à ma maîtresse Hélène,
qui toute te ressemble et des yeux, des cheveux.
Aussi fine que toi, de malice aussi pleine.
Comme enfants vous croîtrez et vous jouerez tous deux,
quand tu seras plus grand tu me payeras ma peine.

Pierre de RONSARD Sonnets pour Hélène: Book II LVIII

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Dry Timber Blazes Bold

Here should the sage besotted, or the sot,
E'er read these lines and dare grey hairs to scold,
Love's song swift snubbing just because I'm old, -
Even a cinder heap can keep heart hot!
New timber green, though blown, oft taketh not,
Easy all year dry timber blazes bold!
Lunar Diane ensilvered fleece does fold,
Aurora old Tithonus ne'er forgot!
My friend I shall not Plato imitate
Or pale become when Venus contemplate.
Unlike Icarus, Phaeton, - folly crowned -
Reader I'll not their madness reinstate.
Judge! why should I such conduct recreate,
Refuse I these, yet my heart breaks, hopes drown.

3 June 1989 robi3_0267_rons1_0009

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book II I

Soit qu'un sage amoureux, ou soit qu'un sot me lise

Soit qu'un sage amoureux, ou soit qu'un sot me lise
Il ne doit s'ébahir, voyant mon chef grison,
Si je chante d'Amour: toujours un vieux tison
cache un germe de feu dessous la cendre grise.
Le bois vert à grand'peine en le soufflant s'attise,
le sec sans le souffler brûle en toute saison.
La lune se gaigna d'une blanche toison,
et son vieillard Tithon l'Aurore ne méprise.

Lecteur, je ne veux être écolier de Platon,
qui pour trop contempler, a toujours le teint blême,
ni volontaire Icare ou lourdaut Phaethon,
perdus pour attenter une sottise extrême,
mais sans me contrefaire ou voleur ou charton,
de mon gré je me noye, et me brûle moi-même.

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book II I

Taking Leave

When leaving you, whose eyes subdue my state,
one night you cried out almost desperate:
« I love you, RONSARD! 'tis my star-cross'd fate,
the Gods war 'gainst my wishes, what a weight!
'Tis not your age that vexes, body, gait,
mellowing with Autumn at the gate,
where fades the bloom whose summer's had its date, -
but only the unjust cruelty of Heaven's hate.
With sight of you, heart reason did betray.
Could I forget? Your memory gainsay?
I could not, though I would - ah, lack-a-day!
Despite my will, does counter-force waylay.
Just as 'tis said God did all good create,
Will I with His just Will co-operate. »

22 September 1987 revised 17 May 1989 robi3_0220_rons1_0007
Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 Sonnets pour Hélène Book II, xii

Prenant Congé de Vous

Prenant congé de vous, dont les yeux m'ont dompté,
Vous me distes un soir, comme passionnée:
'Je vous aime, RONSARD, par seule destinée;
Le Ciel à vous aimer force ma volonté,
Ce n'est pas votre corps, ce n'est votre beauté,
Ni votre âge, qui fuit vers l'automne inclinée.
Je sens cela s'est perdu comme une fleur fanée;
C'est seulement du Ciel l'injuste cruauté.'

Vous voyant, ma raison ne s'est pas défendue,
Vous puissé-je oublier comme chose perdue.
Hélas! je ne saurais, et je le voudrais bien.
Le voulant, je rencontre une force au contraire
Puisqu'on dit que le Ciel est cause de tout bien,
Je n'y veux résister, il le faut laisser faire. »

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 Sonnets pour Hélène II xii

True Love is Absolute

True love is absolute, all compromise
condemns, shares not the heart it glorifies:
while friendship sighs, and fails, whene'er one tries
to split Eve's apple any otherwise.
I love with all my soul! Eternal ties
together knot twin spirits. Love defies
attempts at separation, Time denies.
Two halves as one love ever unifies.
Askance I shadows view with jealous eyes,
suspicious sighs in false friends recognize –
my spirit through itself identifies.
All other feelings passing whims disguise
as Love's bright flame, light fancy which the wise
dismiss as smokescreen, childish pack of lies...

15 November 1988 robi3_0233_rons1_0001

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 Sonnets pour Hélène Book I,56

Amour est sans milieu

Amour est sans milieu, c'est une chose extrême,
Qui ne veut (je le sais) de tiers ni de moitié;
Il ne faut point trancher en deux une amitié
Un est nombre parfait, imparfait le deuxième.
J'aime de tout mon coeur, je veux aussi qu'on m'aime:
Le désir, au désir d'un noeud ferme lié,
Par le temps ne s'oublie et n'est point oublié,
Il est pour toujours son tout, contenté de soi-même.

Mon ombre me fait peur, et jaloux, je ne puis
Avoir un compagnon, tant amoureux je suis,
Et tant je m'essencie en la personne aimée.
L'autre amitié ressemble aux enfants sans raison:
C'est se feindre une flame, une vaine prison
Où le feu contrefait ne rend qu'une fumée.

Pierre de RONSARD 1524 – 1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène Book I,56

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Jonathan ROBIN

Translations Sonnets Pour Hélène Pierre De Ronsard - Lovesick

Translations Sonnets pour Hélène Pierre de Ronsard - Lovesick

Lovesick

Help! Lovesick I am struck, 'tis plain, I'm taken ill,
E'en hot and cold I blow, now hot and cold again.
Lift swift ice aches which snow, scald poor fired heart's pores swill,
End pain - I've come unstuck - pour pomegranate grain.
Neat eyes which first though luck heart ambushed, reign instilled,
Extinguish love's flame flow, dry icy, briny rain.
Live must I, yet can't, know Death spurns love's burns down drain
Although life's strong my doe, nought cures your glow, your will.
My Dear, believe me here for you I die, lie still,
Out sinew, nerve! Vain vein! No pulse may one sustain!
Unless in you they're lain, wild fever wracks the brain!
Real love's symbolic plain as pomegranate's spill.
Jointly their seeds sufficient strength retain,
Rhyme, reason elsewhere one must seek in vain!

10 September 1987 revised 15 May 1989, 26 September 1997 4 February 2009
robi3_0216_rons1_0005
Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book I xxxv

Je suis pour votre Amour diversement Malade

Je suis pour votre Amour diversement Malade
maintenant plein de froid, maintenant de chaleur;
dedans le coeur pour vous autant j'ai de douleurs
comme il y a de grains dedans votre grenade.
Yeux qui fistes sur moi la première embuscade,
désattisez ma flamme et désechez mes pleurs.
Il faut, vous me le pouvez, car le mal dont je meurs
est si grand qu'il ne peut se guérir d'une oeillade.

Ma dame, croyez-moi, je tré-passe pour vous,
Je n'ai ni artère, nerf, tendon, veine ni pouls
qui ne sente d'amour la fièvre continue.
L'amour a la grenade en symbole était joint.
Ses grains en ont encore la force retenue,
que de signe et d'effet vous ne connaissez point.

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book I xxxv

Ice and Fire

My love is like to ice, and I to fire:
How comes it then that this her cold so great
Is not dissolved through my so hot desire,
But harder grows the more I her entreat?
Or how comes it that my exceeding heat
Is not allayed by her heart-frozen cold,
But that I burn much more in boiling sweat,
And feel my flames augmented manifold?
What more miraculous thing may be told,
That fire, which all things melts, should harden ice,
And ice, which is congeal'd with senseless cold,
Should kindle fire by wonderful device?
Such is the power of love in gentle mind,
That it can alter all the course of kind.

Edmund SPENSER 1552_1599 spen2_0004_rons1_0005

After Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book I xxxv

Of Love

If Love it be not, what is this I feel?
If it be Love, what Love is, fain I'd know?
If good, why the effects severe and ill?
If bad, why do its torments please me so?
If willingly I burn, should I complain?
If 'gainst my will, what helps it to lament?
Oh living Death! oh most delightful pain!
How comes all this, if I do not consent?

If I consent, 'tis madness then to grieve;
Amidst these storms, in a weak boat I'm tost
Upon a dangerous sea, without relief,
No help from Reason, but in Error lost.
Which way in this distraction shall I turn,
That freeze in Summer, and in Winter burn?

In Imitation of the Italians 1687

After Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book I xxxv
Philip AYRES 1638_1712

I See a Thousand Beauties

Here see I thousand beauties, yet none please,
Each freezes soul, none else my fancy frees.
Love, just your glance my senses can appease.
Enthralled - you're all - Fate, Fortune Destinies.
New Love and Venus, God's gift, His mercies,
Encleansing mind's perverted fantasies.
Love, your virtues enflame my arteries
And send me soaring o'er the moon with ease.
My eye - save your eyes - nought consumes nor sees,
Others flicker, anger, and displeasure,
Used as it is to live by thy decrees,
Responding to unique, soft qualities.

Justice show, though I sin, starved for thee,
Remember the reason, - 'tis Necessity!

14 September 1997 robi3_0556_rons1_0006
Pierre de RONSARD - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book II XLIX

Je Vois Mille Beautés

Je vois mille beautés, et si n'en vois pas une
qui contente mes yeux, seule vous me plaisez.
Seule, quand je vous vois, mes sens vous apaisez.

Vous êtes mon destin, mon ciel et ma fortune.
Ma Vénus, mon Amour, ma charité, ma brune,
qui tous bas pensements de l'esprit me rasez,
et de hautes vertus l'estomac m'embracez,
me soulevant de terre au cercle de la lune.

Mon oeil de vos regards goulument se repaist,
tout ce qui n'est pas vous lui fache et lui déplaît,
tant il a par usance accoutumé de vivre
de votre unique, douce, agréable beauté.
S'il pêche contre vous, affamé de vous suivre,
ce n'est de son bon gré, c'est par nécessité.

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book II XLIX

She's Winter Everywhere

All warmth withheld, she's winter everywhere,
cold-hearted, icy, frozen hard fore'er,
caring alone for my sweet muse's air.
Am I so mad? Why do I not despair?
What if her titles spring from great forebear,
they're prison bars which but her soul ensnare.
My locks, Mistress, aren't so snowy, spare,
another sweetheart could succeed, your heir.
O Cupid child heed truth: of pride, beware!
Beauty thou art, yet not beyond compare.
although lost youth I can't recall, my Fair,
this faithful heart to scorn thus, 'tis unfair.
So love me now despite my frosty hair,
So I for you when old would always care.

22 September 1987

Pierre de RONSARD - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book 1 44

Puisqu'elle est Tout Hiver

Puisqu'elle est tout hiver, toute la même glace,
Toute neige et son coeur tout armé de glaçons,

Qui ne m'aime sinon pour avoir mes chansons,
Pourquoi suis-je si fol, que je ne m'en délance?
De quoi me sert son nom, sa grandeur et sa race,
Que d'honnête servage et de belles prisons?
Maîtresse, je n'ai pas les cheveux si grisons
Qu'une autre de bon coeur ne prenne votre place.
Amour, qui est enfant, ne cèle vérité;
Vous n'êtes si superbe, ou si riche en beauté,
Qu'il faille dédaigner un bon coeur qui vous aime.
Rentrer en mon avril desormais je ne puis;
Aimez-moi, s'il vous plaît grison comme je suis,
Et je vous aimerai quand vous serez de même.

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 Sonnets pour Hélène I 44

Hence, from Nursing Mother

Hence wrench Love, pest, from wench's breast, let go
Expedite to auction, take him, take!
Leave him with passing merchant ne'er to grow,
Expel him from my sight for Heaven's sake!
No price for such an urchin seems too low,
Each tear attracts no bid to records break.
Leave off! You hear his tears! He's heard me, so,
Anger past, find peace 'spite my mistake.
My child I shall not sell you now, although
Over to Miss Hélène, her fond page to make, -
Unlike you're not, like hair like eyes do glow,
Ressemblance perfect seems, a sly remake.
United both together grow, together play,
Repaid in time, my present pains allay.

24 September 1997 - rons1_0010

Pierre de RONSARD Sonnets pour Hélène: Book II LVIII

Qu'il me soit arraché des Tétins de sa Mère

Qu'il me soit arraché des tetins de sa mère,
ce jeune enfant Amour, et qu'il me soit vendu:
Il ne faut plus qu'il croisse; il m'a déjà perdu!

Vienne quelque marchand, je le mets à l'enchère.

D'un si mauvais garçon la vente n'est pas chère;
j'en ferai bon marché. Ah! - j'ai trop attendu.
Mais voyez comme il pleure! Il m'a bien entendu.
Appaise-toi mignon, j'ai passé ma colère.

Je ne te vendrai point; au contraire, je veux
pour gage t'envoyer à ma maîtresse Hélène,
qui toute te ressemble et des yeux, des cheveux.
Aussi fine que toi, de malice aussi pleine.
Comme enfants vous croîtrez et vous jouerez tous deux,
quand tu seras plus grand tu me payeras ma peine.

Pierre de RONSARD Sonnets pour Hélène: Book II LVIII

--

Dry Timber Blazes Bold

Here should the sage besotted, or the sot,
E'er read these lines and dare grey hairs to scold,
Love's song swift snubbing just because I'm old, -
Even a cinder heap can keep heart hot!
New timber green, though blown, oft taketh not,
Easy all year dry timber blazes bold!
Lunar Diane ensilvered fleece does fold,
Aurora old Tithonus ne'er forgot!
My friend I shall not Plato imitate
Or pale become when Venus contemplate.
Unlike Icarus, Phaeton, - folly crowned -
Reader I'll not their madness reinstate.
 Judge! why should I such conduct recreate,
 Refuse I these, yet my heart breaks, hopes drown.

3 June 1989 robi3_0267_rons1_0009

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book II I

Soit qu'un sage amoureux, ou soit qu'un sot me lise

Soit qu'un sage amoureux, ou soit qu'un sot me lise
Il ne doit s'ébahir, voyant mon chef grison,

Si je chante d'Amour: toujours un vieux tison
cache un germe de feu dessous la cendre grise.
Le bois vert à grand'peine en le soufflant s'attise,
le sec sans le souffler brûle en toute saison.
La lune se gaigna d'une blanche toison,
et son vieillard Tithon l'Aurore ne méprise.

Lecteur, je ne veux être écolier de Platon,
qui pour trop contempler, a toujours le teint blême,
ni volontaire Icare ou lourdaut Phaethon,
perdus pour attenter une sottise extrême,
mais sans me contrefaire ou voleur ou charton,
de mon gré je me noye, et me brûle moi-même.

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book II I

Taking Leave

When leaving you, whose eyes subdue my state,
one night you cried out almost desperate:
« I love you, RONSARD! 'tis my star-cross'd fate,
the Gods war 'gainst my wishes, what a weight!
'Tis not your age that vexes, body, gait,
mellowing with Autumn at the gate,
where fades the bloom whose summer's had its date, -
but only the unjust cruelty of Heaven's hate.
With sight of you, heart reason did betray.
Could I forget? Your memory gainsay?
I could not, though I would - ah, lack-a-day!
Despite my will, does counter-force waylay.
Just as 'tis said God did all good create,
Will I with His just Will co-operate. »

22 September 1987 revised 17 May 1989 robi3_0220_rons1_0007
Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 Sonnets pour Hélène Book II, xii

Prenant Congé de Vous

Prenant congé de vous, dont les yeux m'ont dompté,
Vous me distes un soir, comme passionnée:

'Je vous aime, RONSARD, par seule destinée;
Le Ciel à vous aimer force ma volonté,
Ce n'est pas votre corps, ce n'est votre beauté,
Ni votre âge, qui fuit vers l'automne inclinée.
Je sens cela s'est perdu comme une fleur fanée;
C'est seulement du Ciel l'injuste cruauté.'

Vous voyant, ma raison ne s'est pas défendue,
Vous puissé-je oublier comme chose perdue.
Hélas! je ne saurais, et je le voudrais bien.
Le voulant, je rencontre une force au contraire
Puisqu'on dit que le Ciel est cause de tout bien,
Je n'y veux résister, il le faut laisser faire. »

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 Sonnets pour Hélène II xii

True Love is Absolute

True love is absolute, all compromise
condemns, shares not the heart it glorifies:
while friendship sighs, and fails, whene'er one tries
to split Eve's apple any otherwise.
I love with all my soul! Eternal ties
together knot twin spirits. Love defies
attempts at separation, Time denies.
Two halves as one love ever unifies.
Askance I shadows view with jealous eyes,
suspicious sighs in false friends recognize –
my spirit through itself identifies.
All other feelings passing whims disguise
as Love's bright flame, light fancy which the wise
dismiss as smokescreen, childish pack of lies...

15 November 1988 robi3_0233_rons1_0001

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 Sonnets pour Hélène Book I,56

Amour est sans milieu

Amour est sans milieu, c'est une chose extrême,

Qui ne veut (je le sais) de tiers ni de moitié;
Il ne faut point trancher en deux une amitié
Un est nombre parfait, imparfait le deuxième.
J'aime de tout mon coeur, je veux aussi qu'on m'aime:
Le désir, au désir d'un noeud ferme lié,
Par le temps ne s'oublie et n'est point oublié,
Il est pour toujours son tout, contenté de soi-même.

Mon ombre me fait peur, et jaloux, je ne puis
Avoir un compagnon, tant amoureux je suis,
Et tant je m'essencie en la personne aimée.
L'autre amitié ressemble aux enfants sans raison:
C'est se feindre une flame, une vaine prison
Où le feu contrefait ne rend qu'une fumée.

Pierre de RONSARD 1524 – 1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène Book I,56

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Love Holds the Key

Here, Love alone to my thoughts holds true key
Enfolding floodgates of Life's mysteries,
Locking with self-same hand that binds and frees.
Each breath is Death, yet, dead, I live through thee.
Nor herbal remedy, drugs, alchemy,
Ease may obtain within Love's skirmish frieze,
Life is distilled in droplet quantities
And without parley I must bend the knee.
Make me, sweet fowl, obtain the mastery
Of flight that from her sight I might with ease
Up, skywards soar, Love's sparks and heart's disease
Rise far above, eyes without mercy flee.
Just Heaven Beauty sells expensively,
Which, to enjoy, one must die frequently...

14 May 1989 robi3_0260_rons1_0002

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 Sonnets pour Hélène: II xx

Amour, qui tiens tout seul de mes pensées la clef

Amour, qui tiens tout seul de mes pensées la clef
Qui ouvres de mon coeur les portes et les serres,
Qui d'une mesme main ma gueris et m'enferres,
Qui me fais trépasser et vivre derechef.
Tu distilles ma vie en si pauvre mechet,
Qu'herbes, drogues, ny jus, ny puissance de pierres,
Ne pourroient m'allegier, tant d'amoureuses guerres
Sans trêves tu me fais, du pied jusques au chef.

Oiseau comme tu es, fais-moi naistre des ailes,
Afin de m'envoler pour jamais ne la voir:
En volant je perdrais les chaudes estincelles
Que ses yeux sans pitié me firent concevoir.
Dieu nous vend chèrement les choses qui sont belles,
Puis qu'il faut tant de fois mourir pour les avoir.

Pierre de RONSARD Sonnets pour Hélène: II xx rons1_0002_rons1_0000

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Another Lantern

How could another lantern light my heart
Excepting your sweet eyes where love calls out? -
Love which for most my life I've done without!
Each day I'd change my mistress, swiftly dart,
Now here, now there, where fortune's smile would start.
Enlaced in no tight net, all st(r) ings I'd flout,
Lest liberty I'd lose, without a doubt
Avoiding homage to one maid apart.
My battle now is lost, but courage take
On knowing that your eyes alone could make
Useless a struggle stiff as siege of Troy.
Remember, godlike Love rash pride will break.
 Judge! - Lion mercy shows, meek won't forsake,
 Raised mountains lightning shakes, won't grass destroy.□

18 May 1989 robi3_0264_rons1_0003

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book I XXXVIII

D'autre torche mon coeur ne pouvait s'allumer

D'autre torche mon coeur ne pouvait s'allumer
sinon de tes beaux yeux, où l'Amour me convie.
J'avais déjà passé le meilleur de ma vie
tout franc de passion, fuyant le nom de désir.
Je voudrais maintenant cette dame estimer,
et maintenant cette autre, où me portait l'envie;
sans rendre ma franchise à quelqu'une asservie,
rusé je ne voulais dans les rets m'enfermer.

Maintenant je suis pris, et si je prends à gloire
d'avoir perdu le camp, frustré de la victoire,
ton oeil vaut un combat de dix ans d'Ilion.
Amour, comme étant dieu, n'aime pas les superbes,
sois douce à qui te prie, imitant le lion.
La foudre abat les monts, non les petites herbes.

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book I XXXVIII

From Vein to Vein

Heed how from vein to vein sweep sudden fires,
Each vessel bubbles, blood boils, cares increase!
Let April witness loss of liberties
Exiled while Aphrodite's month suspires.
Newborn pain pangs strike as April expires,
Entrapping Destiny in life-line's crease.
Love, soul seducing, far, wide blows its breeze,
As vainly aid I seek, who help require.
Must I surrender? Yet the poet's lyre
Oath swears that other friends are heresies, -
Use never has a love-torn heart for these,
Rival or King no lover e'er desires.
Must as you here win an immortal fame
Rewards unjust are, for my pleas fall lame!

14 May 1989 robi3_0263_rons1_0004

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 Sonnets pour Hélène: Book I LV

Je Sens de Veine en Veine une Chaleur Nouvelle

Je sens de veine en veine une chaleur nouvelle
Qui me trouble le sang, et m'augmente les soins.
Adieu ma liberté, j'en appelle à témoin
Ce mois qui du beau nom d'Aphrodite s'appelle.
Comme les jours d'Avril mon mal se renouvelle:
Amour, qui tient mon astre et ma vie dans son poing,
M'a tant séduit l'esprit que de près ou de loin
Toujours à mon secours en vain je vous appelle.

Je veux rendre la place, en jurant votre nom
Que le premier article, avant que je la rende,
C'est qu'un coeur amoureux ne veuille de compagnon.
L'Amant non plus qu'un Roi de rival ne demande.
Vous aurez en mes vers un immortel renom:
Pour n'avoir rien de vous, la récompense est grande.

Pierre de RONSARD Sonnets pour Hélène: Book I LV

Jonathan ROBIN

Translations Sonnets Pour Hélène Pierre De Ronsard - She's Winter Everywhere

Translations Sonnets pour Hélène Pierre de Ronsard -

She's Winter Everywhere

All warmth withheld, she's winter everywhere,
cold-hearted, icy, frozen hard fore'er,
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Am I so mad? Why do I not despair?
What if her titles spring from great forebear,
they're prison bars which but her soul ensnare.
My locks, Mistress, aren't so snowy, spare,
another sweetheart could succeed, your heir.
O Cupid child heed truth: of pride, beware!
Beauty thou art, yet not beyond compare.
although lost youth I can't recall, my Fair,
this faithful heart to scorn thus, 'tis unfair.
So love me now despite my frosty hair,
As I for you when old would always care.

22 September 1987

Pierre de RONSARD - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book 1 44

Puisqu'elle est Tout Hiver

Puisqu'elle est tout hiver, toute la même glace,
Toute neige et son coeur tout armé de glaçons,
Qui ne m'aime sinon pour avoir mes chansons,
Pourquoi suis-je si fol, que je ne m'en délance?
De quoi me sert son nom, sa grandeur et sa race,
Que d'honnête servage et de belles prisons?
Maîtresse, je n'ai pas les cheveux si grisons
Qu'une autre de bon coeur ne prenne votre place.
Amour, qui est enfant, ne cèle vérité;
Vous n'êtes si superbe, ou si riche en beauté,
Qu'il faille dédaigner un bon coeur qui vous aime.
Rentrer en mon avril desormais je ne puis;

Aimez-moi, s'il vous plaît grison comme je suis,
Et je vous aimerai quand vous serez de même.

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 Sonnets pour Hélène I 44

Hence, from Nursing Mother

Hence wrench Love, pest, from wench's breast, let go
Expedite to auction, take him, take!
Leave him with passing merchant ne'er to grow,
Expel him from my sight for Heaven's sake!
No price for such an urchin seems too low,
Each tear attracts no bid to records break.
Leave off! You hear his tears! He's heard me, so,
Anger past, find peace 'spite my mistake.
My child I shall not sell you now, although
Over to Miss Hélène, her fond page to make, -
Unlike you're not, like hair like eyes do glow,
Ressemblance perfect seems, a sly remake.
United both together grow, together play,
Repaid in time, my present pains allay.

24 September 1997 – rons1_0010

Pierre de RONSARD Sonnets pour Hélène: Book II LVIII

Qu'il me soit arraché des Tétins de sa Mère

Qu'il me soit arraché des tetins de sa mère,
ce jeune enfant Amour, et qu'il me soit vendu:
Il ne faut plus qu'il croisse; il m'a déjà perdu!
Vienne quelque marchand, je le mets à l'enchère.

D'un si mauvais garçon la vente n'est pas chère;
j'en ferai bon marché. Ah! - j'ai trop attendu.
Mais voyez comme il pleure! Il m'a bien entendu.
Appaise-toi mignon, j'ai passé ma colère.

Je ne te vendrai point; au contraire, je veux

pour gage t'envoyer à ma maîtresse Hélène,
qui toute te ressemble et des yeux, des cheveux.
Aussi fine que toi, de malice aussi pleine.
Comme enfants vous croîtrez et vous jouerez tous deux,
quand tu seras plus grand tu me payeras ma peine.

Pierre de RONSARD Sonnets pour Hélène: Book II LVIII

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Dry Timber Blazes Bold

Here should the sage besotted, or the sot,
E'er read these lines and dare grey hairs to scold,
Love's song swift snubbing just because I'm old, -
Even a cinder heap can keep heart hot!
New timber green, though blown, oft taketh not,
Easy all year dry timber blazes bold!
Lunar Diane ensilvered fleece does fold,
Aurora old Tithonus ne'er forgot!
My friend I shall not Plato imitate
Or pale become when Venus contemplate.
Unlike Icarus, Phaeton, - folly crowned -
Reader I'll not their madness reinstate.
 Judge! why should I such conduct recreate,
 Refuse I these, yet my heart breaks, hopes drown.

3 June 1989 robi3_0267_rons1_0009

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book II I

Soit qu'un sage amoureux, ou soit qu'un sot me lise

Soit qu'un sage amoureux, ou soit qu'un sot me lise
Il ne doit s'ébahir, voyant mon chef grison,
Si je chante d'Amour: toujours un vieux tison
cache un germe de feu dessous la cendre grise.
Le bois vert à grand'peine en le soufflant s'attise,
le sec sans le souffler brûle en toute saison.
La lune se gaigna d'une blanche toison,
et son vieillard Tithon l'Aurore ne méprise.

Lecteur, je ne veux être écolier de Platon,
qui pour trop contempler, a toujours le teint blême,
ni volontaire Icare ou lourdaut Phaethon,
perdus pour attenter une sottise extrême,
mais sans me contrefaire ou voleur ou charton,
de mon gré je me noye, et me brûle moi-même.

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book II I

Taking Leave

When leaving you, whose eyes subdue my state,
one night you cried out almost desperate:
« I love you, RONSARD! 'tis my star-cross'd fate,
the Gods war 'gainst my wishes, what a weight!
'Tis not your age that vexes, body, gait,
mellowing with Autumn at the gate,
where fades the bloom whose summer's had its date, -
but only the unjust cruelty of Heaven's hate.
With sight of you, heart reason did betray.
Could I forget? Your memory gainsay?
I could not, though I would - ah, lack-a-day!
Despite my will, does counter-force waylay.
Just as 'tis said God did all good create,
Will I with His just Will co-operate. »

22 September 1987 revised 17 May 1989 robi3_0220_rons1_0007
Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 Sonnets pour Hélène Book II, xii

Prenant Congé de Vous

Prenant congé de vous, dont les yeux m'ont dompté,
Vous me distes un soir, comme passionnée:
'Je vous aime, RONSARD, par seule destinée;
Le Ciel à vous aimer force ma volonté,
Ce n'est pas votre corps, ce n'est votre beauté,
Ni votre âge, qui fuit vers l'automne inclinée.

Je sens cela s'est perdu comme une fleur fanée;
C'est seulement du Ciel l'injuste cruauté.'

Vous voyant, ma raison ne s'est pas défendue,
Vous puissé-je oublier comme chose perdue.
Hélas! je ne saurais, et je le voudrais bien.
Le voulant, je rencontre une force au contraire
Puisqu'on dit que le Ciel est cause de tout bien,
Je n'y veux résister, il le faut laisser faire. »

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 Sonnets pour Hélène II xii

True Love is Absolute

True love is absolute, all compromise
condemns, shares not the heart it glorifies:
while friendship sighs, and fails, whene'er one tries
to split Eve's apple any otherwise.
I love with all my soul! Eternal ties
together knot twin spirits. Love defies
attempts at separation, Time denies.
Two halves as one love ever unifies.
Askance I shadows view with jealous eyes,
suspicious sighs in false friends recognize –
my spirit through itself identifies.
All other feelings passing whims disguise
as Love's bright flame, light fancy which the wise
dismiss as smokescreen, childish pack of lies...

15 November 1988 robi3_0233_rons1_0001

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 Sonnets pour Hélène Book I,56

Amour est sans milieu

Amour est sans milieu, c'est une chose extrême,
Qui ne veut (je le sais) de tiers ni de moitié;
Il ne faut point trancher en deux une amitié
Un est nombre parfait, imparfait le deuxième.
J'aime de tout mon coeur, je veux aussi qu'on m'aime:

Le désir, au désir d'un noeud ferme lié,
Par le temps ne s'oublie et n'est point oublié,
Il est pour toujours son tout, contenté de soi-même.

Mon ombre me fait peur, et jaloux, je ne puis
Avoir un compagnon, tant amoureux je suis,
Et tant je m'essencie en la personne aimée.
L'autre amitié ressemble aux enfants sans raison:
C'est se feindre une flame, une vaine prison
Où le feu contrefait ne rend qu'une fumée.

Pierre de RONSARD 1524 – 1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène Book I,56

-

Love Holds the Key

Here, Love alone to my thoughts holds true key
Enfolding floodgates of Life's mysteries,
Locking with self-same hand that binds and frees.
Each breath is Death, yet, dead, I live through thee.
Nor herbal remedy, drugs, alchemy,
Ease may obtain within Love's skirmish frieze,
Life is distilled in droplet quantities
And without parley I must bend the knee.
Make me, sweet fowl, obtain the mastery
Of flight that from her sight I might with ease
Up, skywards soar, Love's sparks and heart's disease
Rise far above, eyes without mercy flee.
Just Heaven Beauty sells expensively,
Which, to enjoy, one must die frequently...

14 May 1989 robi3_0260_rons1_0002

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 Sonnets pour Hélène: II xx

Amour, qui tiens tout seul de mes pensées la clef

Amour, qui tiens tout seul de mes pensées la clef
Qui ouvres de mon coeur les portes et les serres,
Qui d'une mesme main ma gueris et m'enferres,

Qui me fais trépasser et vivre derechef.
Tu distilles ma vie en si pauvre mechet,
Qu'herbes, drogues, ny jus, ny puissance de pierres,
Ne pourroient m'allegier, tant d'amoureuses guerres
Sans trêves tu me fais, du pied jusques au chef.

Oiseau comme tu es, fais-moi naistre des ailes,
Afin de m'envoler pour jamais ne la voir:
En volant je perdrais les chaudes estincelles
Que ses yeux sans pitié me firent concevoir.
Dieu nous vend chèrement les choses qui sont belles,
Puis qu'il faut tant de fois mourir pour les avoir.

Pierre de RONSARD Sonnets pour Hélène: II xx rons1_0002_rons1_0000

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Another Lantern

How could another lantern light my heart
Excepting your sweet eyes where love calls out? -
Love which for most my life I've done without!
Each day I'd change my mistress, swiftly dart,
Now here, now there, where fortune's smile would start.
Enlaced in no tight net, all st(r) ings I'd flout,
Lest liberty I'd lose, without a doubt
Avoiding homage to one maid apart.
My battle now is lost, but courage take
On knowing that your eyes alone could make
Useless a struggle stiff as siege of Troy.
Remember, godlike Love rash pride will break.
 Judge! - Lion mercy shows, meek won't forsake,
 Raised mountains lightning shakes, won't grass destroy.□

18 May 1989 robi3_0264_rons1_0003

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book I XXXVIII

D'autre torche mon coeur ne pouvait s'allumer

D'autre torche mon coeur ne pouvait s'allumer

sinon de tes beaux yeux, où l'Amour me convie.
J'avais déjà passé le meilleur de ma vie
tout franc de passion, fuyant le nom de désir.
Je voudrais maintenant cette dame estimer,
et maintenant cette autre, où me portait l'envie;
sans rendre ma franchise à quelqu'une asservie,
rusé je ne voulais dans les rets m'enfermer.

Maintenant je suis pris, et si je prends à gloire
d'avoir perdu le camp, frustré de la victoire,
ton oeil vaut un combat de dix ans d'Ilion.
Amour, comme étant dieu, n'aime pas les superbes,
sois douce à qui te prie, imitant le lion.
La foudre abat les monts, non les petites herbes.

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book I XXXVIII

From Vein to Vein

Heed how from vein to vein sweep sudden fires,
Each vessel bubbles, blood boils, cares increase!
Let April witness loss of liberties
Exiled while Aphrodite's month suspires.
Newborn pain pangs strike as April expires,
Entrapping Destiny in life-line's crease.
Love, soul seducing, far, wide blows its breeze,
As vainly aid I seek, who help require.
Must I surrender? Yet the poet's lyre
Oath swears that other friends are heresies, -
Use never has a love-torn heart for these,
Rival or King no lover e'er desires.
Must as you here win an immortal fame
Rewards unjust are, for my pleas fall lame!

14 May 1989 robi3_0263_rons1_0004

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 Sonnets pour Hélène: Book I LV

Je Sens de Veine en Veine une Chaleur Nouvelle

Je sens de veine en veine une chaleur nouvelle

Qui me trouble le sang, et m'augmente les soins.
Adieu ma liberté, j'en appelle à témoin
Ce mois qui du beau nom d'Aphrodite s'appelle.
Comme les jours d'Avril mon mal se renouvelle:
Amour, qui tient mon astre et ma vie dans son poing,
M'a tant séduit l'esprit que de près ou de loin
Toujours à mon secours en vain je vous appelle.

Je veux rendre la place, en jurant votre nom
Que le premier article, avant que je la rende,
C'est qu'un coeur amoureux ne veut de compagnon.
L'Amant non plus qu'un Roi de rival ne demande.
Vous aurez en mes vers un immortel renom:
Pour n'avoir rien de vous, la récompense est grande.

Pierre de RONSARD Sonnets pour Hélène: Book I LV

Lovesick

Help! Lovesick I am struck, 'tis plain, I'm taken ill,
E'en hot and cold I blow, now hot and cold again.
Lift swift ice aches which snow, scald poor fired heart's pores swill,
End pain - I've come unstuck - pour pomegranate grain.
Neat eyes which first though luck heart ambushed, reign instilled,
Extinguish love's flame flow, dry icy, briny rain.
Live must I, yet can't, know Death spurns love's burns down drain
Although life's strong my doe, nought cures your glow, your will.
My Dear, believe me here for you I die, lie still,
Out sinew, nerve! Vain vein! No pulse may one sustain!
Unless in you they're lain, wild fever wracks the brain!
Real love's symbolic plain as pomegranate's spill.
Jointly their seeds sufficient strength retain,
Rhyme, reason elsewhere one must seek in vain!

10 September 1987 revised 15 May 1989,26 September 1997 4 February 2009

robi3_0216_rons1_0005

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book I xxxv

Je suis pour votre Amour diversement Malade

Je suis pour votre Amour diversement Malade
maintenant plein de froid, maintenant de chaleur;
dedans le coeur pour vous autant j'ai de douleurs
comme il y a de grains dedans votre grenade.
Yeux qui fistes sur moi la première embuscade,
désattisez ma flamme et désechez mes pleurs.
Il faut, vous me le pouvez, car le mal dont je meurs
est si grand qu'il ne peut se guérir d'une oeillade.

Ma dame, croyez-moi, je trépasse pour vous,
Je n'ai ni artère, nerf, tendon, veine ni pouls
qui ne sente d'amour la fièvre continue.
L'amour a la grenade en symbole était joint.
Ses grains en ont encore la force retenue,
que de signe et d'effet vous ne connaissez point.

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book I xxxv

Ice and Fire

My love is like to ice, and I to fire:
How comes it then that this her cold so great
Is not dissolved through my so hot desire,
But harder grows the more I her entreat?
Or how comes it that my exceeding heat
Is not allayed by her heart-frozen cold,
But that I burn much more in boiling sweat,
And feel my flames augmented manifold?
What more miraculous thing may be told,
That fire, which all things melts, should harden ice,
And ice, which is congeal'd with senseless cold,
Should kindle fire by wonderful device?
Such is the power of love in gentle mind,
That it can alter all the course of kind.

Edmund SPENSER 1552_1599 spen2_0004_rons1_0005

After Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book I xxxv

Of Love

If Love it be not, what is this I feel?
If it be Love, what Love is, fain I'd know?
If good, why the effects severe and ill?
If bad, why do its torments please me so?
If willingly I burn, should I complain?
If 'gainst my will, what helps it to lament?
Oh living Death! oh most delightful pain!
How comes all this, if I do not consent?
If I consent, 'tis madness then to grieve;
Amidst these storms, in a weak boat I'm tost
Upon a dangerous sea, without relief,
No help from Reason, but in Error lost.
Which way in this distraction shall I turn,
That freeze in Summer, and in Winter burn?

In Imitation of the Italians 1687

After Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book I xxxv
Philip AYRES 1638_1712

I See a Thousand Beauties

Here see I thousand beauties, yet none please,
Each freezes soul, none else my fancy frees.
Love, just your glance my senses can appease.
Enthralled - you're all - Fate, Fortune Destinies.
New Love and Venus, God's gift, His mercies,
Encleansing mind's perverted fantasies.
Love, your virtues enflame my arteries
And send me soaring o'er the moon with ease.
My eye - save your eyes - nought consumes nor sees,
Others flicker, anger, and displease,
Used as it is to live by thy decrees,
Responding to unique, soft qualities.
Justice show, though I sin, starved for thee,

Remember the reason, - 'tis Necessity!

14 September 1997 robi3_0556_rons1_0006

Pierre de RONSARD - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book II XLIX

Je Vois Mille Beautés

Je vois mille beautés, et si n'en vois pas une
qui contente mes yeux, seule vous me plaisez.
Seule, quand je vous vois, mes sens vous appeisez.
Vous êtes mon destin, mon ciel et ma fortune.
Ma Vénus, mon Amour, ma charité, ma brune,
qui tous bas pensements de l'esprit me rasez,
et de hautes vertus l'estomac m'embrasez,
me soulevant de terre au cercle de la lune.

Mon oeil de vos regards goulument se repaist,
tout ce qui n'est pas vous lui fache et lui déplaît,
tant il a par usance accoutumé de vivre
de votre unique, douce, agréable beauté.
S'il pêche contre vous, affamé de vous suivre,
ce n'est de son bon gré, c'est par nécessité.

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book II XLIX

Jonathan ROBIN

Translations Sonnets Pour Hélène Pierre De Ronsard - Taking Leave

Translations Sonnets pour Hélène Pierre de Ronsard -

Taking Leave

When leaving you, whose eyes subdue my state,
one night you cried out almost desperate:
« I love you, RONSARD! 'tis my star-cross'd fate,
the Gods war 'gainst my wishes, what a weight!
'Tis not your age that vexes, body, gait,
mellowing with Autumn at the gate,
where fades the bloom whose summer's had its date, -
but only the unjust cruelty of Heaven's hate.
With sight of you, heart reason did betray.
Could I forget? Your memory gainsay?
I could not, though I would - ah, lack-a-day!
Despite my will, does counter-force waylay.
Just as 'tis said God did all good create,
Will I with His just Will co-operate. »

22 September 1987 revised 17 May 1989 robi3_0220_rons1_0007
Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 Sonnets pour Hélène Book II, xii

Prenant Congé de Vous

Prenant congé de vous, dont les yeux m'ont dompté,
Vous me distes un soir, comme passionnée:
'Je vous aime, RONSARD, par seule destinée;
Le Ciel à vous aimer force ma volonté,
Ce n'est pas votre corps, ce n'est votre beauté,
Ni votre âge, qui fuit vers l'automne inclinée.
Je sens cela s'est perdu comme une fleur fanée;
C'est seulement du Ciel l'injuste cruauté.'

Vous voyant, ma raison ne s'est pas défendue,
Vous puissé-je oublier comme chose perdue.
Hélas! je ne saurais, et je le voudrais bien.

Le volant, je rencontre une force au contraire
Puisqu'on dit que le Ciel est cause de tout bien,
Je n'y veux résister, il le faut laisser faire. »

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 Sonnets pour Hélène II xii

True Love is Absolute

True love is absolute, all compromise
condemns, shares not the heart it glorifies:
while friendship sighs, and fails, whenever one tries
to split Eve's apple any otherwise.
I love with all my soul! Eternal ties
together knot twin spirits. Love defies
attempts at separation, Time denies.
Two halves as one love ever unifies.
Askance I shadows view with jealous eyes,
suspicious sighs in false friends recognize –
my spirit through itself identifies.
All other feelings passing whims disguise
as Love's bright flame, light fancy which the wise
dismiss as smokescreen, childish pack of lies...

15 November 1988 robi3_0233_rons1_0001

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 Sonnets pour Hélène Book I,56

Amour est sans milieu

Amour est sans milieu, c'est une chose extrême,
Qui ne veut (je le sais) de tiers ni de moitié;
Il ne faut point trancher en deux une amitié
Un est nombre parfait, imparfait le deuxième.
J'aime de tout mon cœur, je veux aussi qu'on m'aime:
Le désir, au désir d'un noeud ferme lié,
Par le temps ne s'oublie et n'est point oublié,
Il est pour toujours son tout, contenté de soi-même.

Mon ombre me fait peur, et jaloux, je ne puis
Avoir un compagnon, tant amoureux je suis,

Et tant je m'essencie en la personne aimée.
L'autre amitié ressemble aux enfants sans raison:
C'est se feindre une flame, une vaine prison
Où le feu contrefait ne rend qu'une fumée.

Pierre de RONSARD 1524 – 1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène Book I,56

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Love Holds the Key

Here, Love alone to my thoughts holds true key
Enfolding floodgates of Life's mysteries,
Locking with self-same hand that binds and frees.
Each breath is Death, yet, dead, I live through thee.
Nor herbal remedy, drugs, alchemy,
Ease may obtain within Love's skirmish frieze,
Life is distilled in droplet quantities
And without parley I must bend the knee.
Make me, sweet fowl, obtain the mastery
Of flight that from her sight I might with ease
Up, skywards soar, Love's sparks and heart's disease
Rise far above, eyes without mercy flee.
Just Heaven Beauty sells expensively,
Which, to enjoy, one must die frequently...

14 May 1989 robi3_0260_rons1_0002

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 Sonnets pour Hélène: II xx

Amour, qui tiens tout seul de mes pensées la clef

Amour, qui tiens tout seul de mes pensées la clef
Qui ouvres de mon coeur les portes et les serres,
Qui d'une mesme main ma gueris et m'enferres,
Qui me fais trépasser et vivre derechef.
Tu distilles ma vie en si pauvre mechet,
Qu'herbes, drogues, ny jus, ny puissance de pierres,
Ne pourroient m'allegier, tant d'amoureuses guerres
Sans trêves tu me fais, du pied jusques au chef.

Oiseau comme tu es, fais-moi naistre des ailes,
Afin de m'envoler pour jamais ne la voir:
En volant je perdrais les chaudes estincelles
Que ses yeux sans pitié me firent concevoir.
Dieu nous vend chèrement les choses qui sont belles,
Puis qu'il faut tant de fois mourir pour les avoir.

Pierre de RONSARD Sonnets pour Hélène: II xx rons1_0002_rons1_0000

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Another Lantern

How could another lantern light my heart
Excepting your sweet eyes where love calls out? -
Love which for most my life I've done without!
Each day I'd change my mistress, swiftly dart,
Now here, now there, where fortune's smile would start.
Enlaced in no tight net, all st(r) ings I'd flout,
Lest liberty I'd lose, without a doubt
Avoiding homage to one maid apart.
My battle now is lost, but courage take
On knowing that your eyes alone could make
Useless a struggle stiff as siege of Troy.
Remember, godlike Love rash pride will break.
 Judge! - Lion mercy shows, meek won't forsake,
 Raised mountains lightning shakes, won't grass destroy.□

18 May 1989 robi3_0264_rons1_0003

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book I XXXVIII

D'autre torche mon coeur ne pouvait s'allumer

D'autre torche mon coeur ne pouvait s'allumer
sinon de tes beaux yeux, où l'Amour me convie.
J'avais déjà passé le meilleur de ma vie
tout franc de passion, fuyant le nom de désir.
Je voudrais maintenant cette dame estimer,
et maintenant cette autre, où me portait l'envie;
sans rendre ma franchise à quelqu'une asservie,

rusé je ne voulais dans les rets m'enfermer.

Maintenant je suis pris, et si je prends à gloire
d'avoir perdu le camp, frustré de la victoire,
ton oeil vaut un combat de dix ans d'Ilion.
Amour, comme étant dieu, n'aime pas les superbes,
sois douce à qui te prie, imitant le lion.
La foudre abat les monts, non les petites herbes.

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book I XXXVIII

From Vein to Vein

Heed how from vein to vein sweep sudden fires,
Each vessel bubbles, blood boils, cares increase!
Let April witness loss of liberties
Exiled while Aphrodite's month suspires.
Newborn pain pangs strike as April expires,
Entrapping Destiny in life-line's crease.
Love, soul seducing, far, wide blows its breeze,
As vainly aid I seek, who help require.
Must I surrender? Yet the poet's lyre
Oath swears that other friends are heresies, -
Use never has a love-torn heart for these,
Rival or King no lover e'er desires.
Must as you here win an immortal fame
Rewards unjust are, for my pleas fall lame!

14 May 1989 robi3_0263_rons1_0004

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 Sonnets pour Hélène: Book I LV

Je Sens de Veine en Veine une Chaleur Nouvelle

Je sens de veine en veine une chaleur nouvelle
Qui me trouble le sang, et m'augmente les soins.
Adieu ma liberté, j'en appelle à témoin
Ce mois qui du beau nom d'Aphrodite s'appelle.
Comme les jours d'Avril mon mal se renouvelle:
Amour, qui tient mon astre et ma vie dans son poing,
M'a tant séduit l'esprit que de près ou de loin

Toujours à mon secours en vain je vous appelle.

Je veux rendre la place, en jurant votre nom
Que le premier article, avant que je la rende,
C'est qu'un coeur amoureux ne veut de compagnon.
L'Amant non plus qu'un Roi de rival ne demande.
Vous aurez en mes vers un immortel renom:
Pour n'avoir rien de vous, la récompense est grande.

Pierre de RONSARD Sonnets pour Hélène: Book I LV

Lovesick

Help! Lovesick I am struck, 'tis plain, I'm taken ill,
E'en hot and cold I blow, now hot and cold again.
Lift swift ice aches which snow, scald poor fired heart's pores swill,
End pain - I've come unstuck - pour pomegranate grain.
Neat eyes which first though luck heart ambushed, reign instilled,
Extinguish love's flame flow, dry icy, briny rain.
Live must I, yet can't, know Death spurns love's burns down drain
Although life's strong my doe, nought cures your glow, your will.
My Dear, believe me here for you I die, lie still,
Out sinew, nerve! Vain vein! No pulse may one sustain!
Unless in you they're lain, wild fever wracks the brain!
Real love's symbolic plain as pomegranate's spill.
Jointly their seeds sufficient strength retain,
Rhyme, reason elsewhere one must seek in vain!

10 September 1987 revised 15 May 1989,26 September 1997 4 February 2009
robi3_0216_rons1_0005
Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book I xxxv

Je suis pour votre Amour diversement Malade

Je suis pour votre Amour diversement Malade
maintenant plein de froid, maintenant de chaleur;
dedans le coeur pour vous autant j'ai de douleurs
comme il y a de grains dedans votre grenade.

Yeux qui fistes sur moi la première embuscade,
désattisez ma flamme et désechez mes pleurs.
Il faut, vous me le pouvez, car le mal dont je meurs
est si grand qu'il ne peut se guérir d'une oeillade.

Ma dame, croyez-moi, je trépasse pour vous,
Je n'ai ni artère, nerf, tendon, veine ni pouls
qui ne sente d'amour la fièvre continue.
L'amour a la grenade en symbole était joint.
Ses grains en ont encore la force retenue,
que de signe et d'effet vous ne connaissez point.

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book I xxxv

Ice and Fire

My love is like to ice, and I to fire:
How comes it then that this her cold so great
Is not dissolved through my so hot desire,
But harder grows the more I her entreat?
Or how comes it that my exceeding heat
Is not allayed by her heart-frozen cold,
But that I burn much more in boiling sweat,
And feel my flames augmented manifold?
What more miraculous thing may be told,
That fire, which all things melts, should harden ice,
And ice, which is congeal'd with senseless cold,
Should kindle fire by wonderful device?
Such is the power of love in gentle mind,
That it can alter all the course of kind.

Edmund SPENSER 1552_1599 spen2_0004_rons1_0005

After Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book I xxxv

Of Love

If Love it be not, what is this I feel?
If it be Love, what Love is, fain I'd know?
If good, why the effects severe and ill?

If bad, why do its torments please me so?
If willingly I burn, should I complain?
If 'gainst my will, what helps it to lament?
Oh living Death! oh most delightful pain!
How comes all this, if I do not consent?
If I consent, 'tis madness then to grieve;
Amidst these storms, in a weak boat I'm tost
Upon a dangerous sea, without relief,
No help from Reason, but in Error lost.
Which way in this distraction shall I turn,
That freeze in Summer, and in Winter burn?

In Imitation of the Italians 1687

After Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book I xxxv
Philip AYRES 1638_1712

I See a Thousand Beauties

Here see I thousand beauties, yet none please,
Each freezes soul, none else my fancy frees.
Love, just your glance my senses can appease.
Enthralled - you're all - Fate, Fortune Destinies.
New Love and Venus, God's gift, His mercies,
Encleansing mind's perverted fantasies.
Love, your virtues enflame my arteries
And send me soaring o'er the moon with ease.
My eye - save your eyes - nought consumes nor sees,
Others flicker, anger, and displease,
Used as it is to live by thy decrees,
Responding to unique, soft qualities.
Justice show, though I sin, starved for thee,
Remember the reason, - 'tis Necessity!

14 September 1997 robi3_0556_rons1_0006
Pierre de RONSARD - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book II XLIX

Je Vois Mille Beautés

Je vois mille beautés, et si n'en vois pas une
qui contente mes yeux, seule vous me plaisez.
Seule, quand je vous vois, mes sens vous apaisez.
Vous êtes mon destin, mon ciel et ma fortune.
Ma Vénus, mon Amour, ma charité, ma brune,
qui tous bas pensements de l'esprit me rasez,
et de hautes vertus l'estomac m'embrasez,
me soulevant de terre au cercle de la lune.

Mon oeil de vos regards goulument se repaist,
tout ce qui n'est pas vous lui fache et lui déplaît,
tant il a par usance accoutumé de vivre
de votre unique, douce, agréable beauté.
S'il pêche contre vous, affamé de vous suivre,
ce n'est de son bon gré, c'est par nécessité.

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book II XLIX

She's Winter Everywhere

All warmth withheld, she's winter everywhere,
cold-hearted, icy, frozen hard fore'er,
caring alone for my sweet muse's air.
Am I so mad? Why do I not despair?
What if her titles spring from great forebear,
they're prison bars which but her soul ensnare.
My locks, Mistress, aren't so snowy, spare,
another sweetheart could succeed, your heir.
O Cupid child heed truth: of pride, beware!
Beauty thou art, yet not beyond compare.
although lost youth I can't recall, my Fair,
this faithful heart to scorn thus, 'tis unfair.
¶ love me now despite my frosty hair,
¶ I for you when old would always care.

22 September 1987

Pierre de RONSARD - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book 1 44

Puisqu'elle est Tout Hiver

Puisqu'elle est tout hiver, toute la même glace,
Toute neige et son coeur tout armé de glaçons,
Qui ne m'aime sinon pour avoir mes chansons,
Pourquoi suis-je si fol, que je ne m'en délance?
De quoi me sert son nom, sa grandeur et sa race,
Que d'honnête servage et de belles prisons?
Maîtresse, je n'ai pas les cheveux si grisons
Qu'une autre de bon coeur ne prenne votre place.
Amour, qui est enfant, ne cèle vérité;
Vous n'êtes si superbe, ou si riche en beauté,
Qu'il faille dédaigner un bon coeur qui vous aime.
Rentrer en mon avril desormais je ne puis;
Aimez-moi, s'il vous plaît grison comme je suis,
Et je vous aimerai quand vous serez de même.

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 Sonnets pour Hélène I 44

Hence, from Nursing Mother

Hence wrench Love, pest, from wench's breast, let go
Expedite to auction, take him, take!
Leave him with passing merchant ne'er to grow,
Expel him from my sight for Heaven's sake!
No price for such an urchin seems too low,
Each tear attracts no bid to records break.
Leave off! You hear his tears! He's heard me, so,
Anger past, find peace 'spite my mistake.
My child I shall not sell you now, although
Over to Miss Hélène, her fond page to make, -
Unlike you're not, like hair like eyes do glow,
Ressemblance perfect seems, a sly remake.
Joined both together grow, together play,
Repaid in time, my present pains allay.

24 September 1997 – rons1_0010

Pierre de RONSARD Sonnets pour Hélène: Book II LVIII

Qu'il me soit arraché des Tétins de sa Mère

Qu'il me soit arraché des tetins de sa mère,
ce jeune enfant Amour, et qu'il me soit vendu:
Il ne faut plus qu'il croisse; il m'a déjà perdu!
Vienne quelque marchand, je le mets à l'enchère.

D'un si mauvais garçon la vente n'est pas chère;
j'en ferai bon marché. Ah! - j'ai trop attendu.
Mais voyez comme il pleure! Il m'a bien entendu.
Appaise-toi mignon, j'ai passé ma colère.

Je ne te vendrai point; au contraire, je veux
pour gage t'envoyer à ma maîtresse Hélène,
qui toute te ressemble et des yeux, des cheveux.
Aussi fine que toi, de malice aussi pleine.
Comme enfants vous croîtrez et vous jouerez tous deux,
quand tu seras plus grand tu me payeras ma peine.

Pierre de RONSARD Sonnets pour Hélène: Book II LVIII

--

Dry Timber Blazes Bold

Here should the sage besotted, or the sot,
E'er read these lines and dare grey hairs to scold,
Love's song swift snubbing just because I'm old, -
Even a cinder heap can keep heart hot!
New timber green, though blown, oft taketh not,
Easy all year dry timber blazes bold!
Lunar Diane ensilvered fleece does fold,
Aurora old Tithonus ne'er forgot!
My friend I shall not Plato imitate
Or pale become when Venus contemplate.
Unlike Icarus, Phaeton, - folly crowned -
Reader I'll not their madness reinstate.
Judge! why should I such conduct recreate,
Refuse I these, yet my heart breaks, hopes drown.

3 June 1989 robi3_0267_rons1_0009

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book II I

Soit qu'un sage amoureux, ou soit qu'un sot me lise

Soit qu'un sage amoureux, ou soit qu'un sot me lise

Il ne doit s'ébahir, voyant mon chef grison,
Si je chante d'Amour: toujours un vieux tison
cache un germe de feu dessous la cendre grise.
Le bois vert à grand'peine en le soufflant s'attise,
le sec sans le souffler brûle en toute saison.
La lune se gaigna d'une blanche toison,
et son vieillard Tithon l'Aurore ne méprise.

Lecteur, je ne veux être écolier de Platon,
qui pour trop contempler, a toujours le teint blême,
ni volontaire Icare ou lourdaut Phaethon,
perdus pour attenter une sottise extrême,
mais sans me contrefaire ou voleur ou charton,
de mon gré je me noye, et me brûle moi-même.

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book II I

Jonathan ROBIN

Translations Sonnets Pour Hélène Pierre De Ronsard - True Love Is Absolute

Translations Sonnets pour Hélène Pierre de Ronsard -

True Love is Absolute

True love is absolute, all compromise
condemns, shares not the heart it glorifies:
while friendship sighs, and fails, whene'er one tries
to split Eve's apple any otherwise.
I love with all my soul! Eternal ties
together knot twin spirits. Love defies
attempts at separation, Time denies.
Two halves as one love ever unifies.
Askance I shadows view with jealous eyes,
suspicious sighs in false friends recognize –
my spirit through itself identifies.
All other feelings passing whims disguise
as Love's bright flame, light fancy which the wise
dismiss as smokescreen, childish pack of lies...

15 November 1988 robi3_0233_rons1_0001

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 Sonnets pour Hélène Book I,56

Amour est sans milieu

Amour est sans milieu, c'est une chose extrême,
Qui ne veut (je le sais) de tiers ni de moitié;
Il ne faut point trancher en deux une amitié
Un est nombre parfait, imparfait le deuxième.
J'aime de tout mon coeur, je veux aussi qu'on m'aime:
Le désir, au désir d'un noeud ferme lié,
Par le temps ne s'oublie et n'est point oublié,
Il est pour toujours son tout, contenté de soi-même.

Mon ombre me fait peur, et jaloux, je ne puis
Avoir un compagnon, tant amoureux je suis,
Et tant je m'essencie en la personne aimée.
L'autre amitié ressemble aux enfants sans raison:

C'est se feindre une flame, une vaine prison
Où le feu contrefait ne rend qu'une fumée.

Pierre de RONSARD 1524 – 1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène Book I,56

--

Love Holds the Key

Here, Love alone to my thoughts holds true key
Enfolding floodgates of Life's mysteries,
Locking with self-same hand that binds and frees.
Each breath is Death, yet, dead, I live through thee.
Nor herbal remedy, drugs, alchemy,
Ease may obtain within Love's skirmish frieze,
Life is distilled in droplet quantities
And without parley I must bend the knee.
Make me, sweet fowl, obtain the mastery
Of flight that from her sight I might with ease
Up, skywards soar, Love's sparks and heart's disease
Rise far above, eyes without mercy flee.
Just Heaven Beauty sells expensively,
Which, to enjoy, one must die frequently...

14 May 1989 robi3_0260_rons1_0002

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 Sonnets pour Hélène: II xx

Amour, qui tiens tout seul de mes pensées la clef

Amour, qui tiens tout seul de mes pensées la clef
Qui ouvres de mon coeur les portes et les serres,
Qui d'une mesme main ma gueris et m'enfermes,
Qui me fais trépasser et vivre derechef.
Tu distilles ma vie en si pauvre mechet,
Qu'herbes, drogues, ny jus, ny puissance de pierres,
Ne pourroient m'allegier, tant d'amoureuses guerres
Sans trêves tu me fais, du pied jusques au chef.

Oiseau comme tu es, fais-moi naistre des ailes,
Afin de m'envoler pour jamais ne la voir:

En volant je perdrais les chaudes estincelles
Que ses yeux sans pitié me firent concevoir.
Dieu nous vend chèrement les choses qui sont belles,
Puis qu'il faut tant de fois mourir pour les avoir.

Pierre de RONSARD Sonnets pour Hélène: II xx rons1_0002_rons1_0000

--

Another Lantern

How could another lantern light my heart
Excepting your sweet eyes where love calls out? -
Love which for most my life I've done without!
Each day I'd change my mistress, swiftly dart,
Now here, now there, where fortune's smile would start.
Enlaced in no tight net, all st(r) ings I'd flout,
Lest liberty I'd lose, without a doubt
Avoiding homage to one maid apart.
My battle now is lost, but courage take
On knowing that your eyes alone could make
Useless a struggle stiff as siege of Troy.
Remember, godlike Love rash pride will break.
 Judge! - Lion mercy shows, meek won't forsake,
 Raised mountains lightning shakes, won't grass destroy.□

18 May 1989 robi3_0264_rons1_0003

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book I XXXVIII

D'autre torche mon coeur ne pouvait s'allumer

D'autre torche mon coeur ne pouvait s'allumer
sinon de tes beaux yeux, où l'Amour me convie.
J'avais déjà passé le meilleur de ma vie
tout franc de passion, fuyant le nom de désir.
Je voudrais maintenant cette dame estimer,
et maintenant cette autre, où me portait l'envie;
sans rendre ma franchise à quelqu'une asservie,
rusé je ne voulais dans les rets m'enfermer.

Maintenant je suis pris, et si je prends à gloire
d'avoir perdu le camp, frustré de la victoire,
ton oeil vaut un combat de dix ans d'Ilion.
Amour, comme étant dieu, n'aime pas les superbes,
sois douce à qui te prie, imitant le lion.
La foudre abat les monts, non les petites herbes.

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book I XXXVIII

From Vein to Vein

Heed how from vein to vein sweep sudden fires,
Each vessel bubbles, blood boils, cares increase!
Let April witness loss of liberties
Exiled while Aphrodite's month suspires.
Newborn pain pangs strike as April expires,
Entrapping Destiny in life-line's crease.
Love, soul seducing, far, wide blows its breeze,
As vainly aid I seek, who help require.
Must I surrender? Yet the poet's lyre
Oath swears that other friends are heresies, -
Use never has a love-torn heart for these,
Rival or King no lover e'er desires.
Must as you here win an immortal fame
Rewards unjust are, for my pleas fall lame!

14 May 1989 robi3_0263_rons1_0004

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 Sonnets pour Hélène: Book I LV

Je Sens de Veine en Veine une Chaleur Nouvelle

Je sens de veine en veine une chaleur nouvelle
Qui me trouble le sang, et m'augmente les soins.
Adieu ma liberté, j'en appelle à témoin
Ce mois qui du beau nom d'Aphrodite s'appelle.
Comme les jours d'Avril mon mal se renouvelle:
Amour, qui tient mon astre et ma vie dans son poing,
M'a tant séduit l'esprit que de près ou de loin
Toujours à mon secours en vain je vous appelle.

Je veux rendre la place, en jurant votre nom
Que le premier article, avant que je la rende,
C'est qu'un coeur amoureux ne veut de compagnon.
L'Amant non plus qu'un Roi de rival ne demande.
Vous aurez en mes vers un immortel renom:
Pour n'avoir rien de vous, la récompense est grande.

Pierre de RONSARD Sonnets pour Hélène: Book I LV

Lovesick

Help! Lovesick I am struck, 'tis plain, I'm taken ill,
E'en hot and cold I blow, now hot and cold again.
Lift swift ice aches which snow, scald poor fired heart's pores swill,
End pain - I've come unstuck - pour pomegranate grain.
Neat eyes which first though luck heart ambushed, reign instilled,
Extinguish love's flame flow, dry icy, briny rain.
Live must I, yet can't, know Death spurns love's burns down drain
Although life's strong my doe, nought cures your glow, your will.
My Dear, believe me here for you I die, lie still,
Out sinew, nerve! Vain vein! No pulse may one sustain!
Unless in you they're lain, wild fever wracks the brain!
Real love's symbolic plain as pomegranate's spill.
Jointly their seeds sufficient strength retain,
Rhyme, reason elsewhere one must seek in vain!

10 September 1987 revised 15 May 1989, 26 September 1997 4 February 2009

robi3_0216_rons1_0005

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book I xxxv

Je suis pour votre Amour diversement Malade

Je suis pour votre Amour diversement Malade
maintenant plein de froid, maintenant de chaleur;
dedans le coeur pour vous autant j'ai de douleurs
comme il y a de grains dedans votre grenade.
Yeux qui fistes sur moi la première embuscade,

désattisez ma flamme et désechez mes pleurs.
Il faut, vous me le pouvez, car le mal dont je meurs
est si grand qu'il ne peut se guérir d'une oeuillade.

Ma dame, croyez-moi, je trépasse pour vous,
Je n'ai ni artère, nerf, tendon, veine ni pouls
qui ne sente d'amour la fièvre continue.
L'amour a la grenade en symbole était joint.
Ses grains en ont encore la force retenue,
que de signe et d'effet vous ne connaissez point.

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book I xxxv

Ice and Fire

My love is like to ice, and I to fire:
How comes it then that this her cold so great
Is not dissolved through my so hot desire,
But harder grows the more I her entreat?
Or how comes it that my exceeding heat
Is not allayed by her heart-frozen cold,
But that I burn much more in boiling sweat,
And feel my flames augmented manifold?
What more miraculous thing may be told,
That fire, which all things melts, should harden ice,
And ice, which is congeal'd with senseless cold,
Should kindle fire by wonderful device?
Such is the power of love in gentle mind,
That it can alter all the course of kind.

Edmund SPENSER 1552_1599 spen2_0004_rons1_0005

After Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book I xxxv

Of Love

If Love it be not, what is this I feel?
If it be Love, what Love is, fain I'd know?
If good, why the effects severe and ill?
If bad, why do its torments please me so?

If willingly I burn, should I complain?
If 'gainst my will, what helps it to lament?
Oh living Death! oh most delightful pain!
How comes all this, if I do not consent?
If I consent, 'tis madness then to grieve;
Amidst these storms, in a weak boat I'm tost
Upon a dangerous sea, without relief,
No help from Reason, but in Error lost.
Which way in this distraction shall I turn,
That freeze in Summer, and in Winter burn?

In Imitation of the Italians 1687

After Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book I xxxv
Philip AYRES 1638_1712

I See a Thousand Beauties

Here see I thousand beauties, yet none please,
Each freezes soul, none else my fancy frees.
Love, just your glance my senses can appease.
Enthralled - you're all - Fate, Fortune Destinies.
New Love and Venus, God's gift, His mercies,
Encleansing mind's perverted fantasies.
Love, your virtues enflame my arteries
And send me soaring o'er the moon with ease.
My eye - save your eyes - nought consumes nor sees,
Others flicker, anger, and displease,
Used as it is to live by thy decrees,
Responding to unique, soft qualities.
Justice show, though I sin, starved for thee,
Remember the reason, - 'tis Necessity!

14 September 1997 robi3_0556_rons1_0006
Pierre de RONSARD - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book II XLIX

Je Vois Mille Beautés

Je vois mille beautés, et si n'en vois pas une
qui contente mes yeux, seule vous me plaisez.
Seule, quand je vous vois, mes sens vous appaisez.
Vous êtes mon destin, mon ciel et ma fortune.
Ma Vénus, mon Amour, ma charité, ma brune,
qui tous bas pensements de l'esprit me rasez,
et de hautes vertus l'estomac m'embracez,
me soulevant de terre au cercle de la lune.

Mon oeil de vos regards goulument se repaist,
tout ce qui n'est pas vous lui fache et lui déplaît,
tant il a par usance accoutumé de vivre
de votre unique, douce, agréable beauté.
S'il pêche contre vous, affamé de vous suivre,
ce n'est de son bon gré, c'est par nécessité.

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book II XLIX

She's Winter Everywhere

All warmth withheld, she's winter everywhere,
cold-hearted, icy, frozen hard fore'er,
caring alone for my sweet muse's air.
Am I so mad? Why do I not despair?
What if her titles spring from great forebear,
they're prison bars which but her soul ensnare.
My locks, Mistress, aren't so snowy, spare,
another sweetheart could succeed, your heir.
O Cupid child heed truth: of pride, beware!
Beauty thou art, yet not beyond compare.
although lost youth I can't recall, my Fair,
this faithful heart to scorn thus, 'tis unfair.
So love me now despite my frosty hair,
So I for you when old would always care.

22 September 1987

Pierre de RONSARD - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book 1 44

Puisqu'elle est Tout Hiver

Puisqu'elle est tout hiver, toute la même glace,
Toute neige et son coeur tout armé de glaçons,
Qui ne m'aime sinon pour avoir mes chansons,
Pourquoi suis-je si fol, que je ne m'en délance?
De quoi me sert son nom, sa grandeur et sa race,
Que d'honnête servage et de belles prisons?
Maîtresse, je n'ai pas les cheveux si grisons
Qu'une autre de bon coeur ne prenne votre place.
Amour, qui est enfant, ne cèle vérité;
Vous n'êtes si superbe, ou si riche en beauté,
Qu'il faille dédaigner un bon coeur qui vous aime.
Rentrer en mon avril desormais je ne puis;
Aimez-moi, s'il vous plaît grison comme je suis,
Et je vous aimerai quand vous serez de même.

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 Sonnets pour Hélène I 44

Hence, from Nursing Mother

Hence wrench Love, pest, from wench's breast, let go
Expedite to auction, take him, take!
Leave him with passing merchant ne'er to grow,
Expel him from my sight for Heaven's sake!
No price for such an urchin seems too low,
Each tear attracts no bid to records break.
Leave off! You hear his tears! He's heard me, so,
Anger past, find peace 'spite my mistake.
My child I shall not sell you now, although
Over to Miss Hélène, her fond page to make, -
Unlike you're not, like hair like eyes do glow,
Ressemblance perfect seems, a sly remake.
Joined both together grow, together play,
Repaid in time, my present pains allay.

24 September 1997 – rons1_0010

Pierre de RONSARD Sonnets pour Hélène: Book II LVIII

Qu'il me soit arraché des Tétins de sa Mère

Qu'il me soit arraché des tetins de sa mère,
ce jeune enfant Amour, et qu'il me soit vendu:
Il ne faut plus qu'il croisse; il m'a déjà perdu!
Vienne quelque marchand, je le mets à l'enchère.

D'un si mauvais garçon la vente n'est pas chère;
j'en ferai bon marché. Ah! - j'ai trop attendu.
Mais voyez comme il pleure! Il m'a bien entendu.
Appaise-toi mignon, j'ai passé ma colère.

Je ne te vendrai point; au contraire, je veux
pour gage t'envoyer à ma maîtresse Hélène,
qui toute te ressemble et des yeux, des cheveux.
Aussi fine que toi, de malice aussi pleine.
Comme enfants vous croîtrez et vous jouerez tous deux,
quand tu seras plus grand tu me payeras ma peine.

Pierre de RONSARD Sonnets pour Hélène: Book II LVIII

--

Dry Timber Blazes Bold

Here should the sage besotted, or the sot,
E'er read these lines and dare grey hairs to scold,
Love's song swift snubbing just because I'm old, -
Even a cinder heap can keep heart hot!
New timber green, though blown, oft taketh not,
Easy all year dry timber blazes bold!
Lunar Diane ensilvered fleece does fold,
Aurora old Tithonus ne'er forgot!
My friend I shall not Plato imitate
Or pale become when Venus contemplate.
Unlike Icarus, Phaeton, - folly crowned -
Reader I'll not their madness reinstate.
Judge! why should I such conduct recreate,
Refuse I these, yet my heart breaks, hopes drown.

3 June 1989 robi3_0267_rons1_0009

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book II I

Soit qu'un sage amoureux, ou soit qu'un sot me lise

Soit qu'un sage amoureux, ou soit qu'un sot me lise
Il ne doit s'ébahir, voyant mon chef grison,
Si je chante d'Amour: toujours un vieux tison
cache un germe de feu dessous la cendre grise.
Le bois vert à grand'peine en le soufflant s'attise,
le sec sans le souffler brûle en toute saison.
La lune se gaigna d'une blanche toison,
et son vieillard Tithon l'Aurore ne méprise.

Lecteur, je ne veux être écolier de Platon,
qui pour trop contempler, a toujours le teint blême,
ni volontaire Icare ou lourdaut Phaethon,
perdus pour attenter une sottise extrême,
mais sans me contrefaire ou voleur ou charton,
de mon gré je me noye, et me brûle moi-même.

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 - Sonnets pour Hélène: Book II I

Taking Leave

When leaving you, whose eyes subdue my state,
one night you cried out almost desperate:
« I love you, RONSARD! 'tis my star-cross'd fate,
the Gods war 'gainst my wishes, what a weight!
'Tis not your age that vexes, body, gait,
mellowing with Autumn at the gate,
where fades the bloom whose summer's had its date, -
but only the unjust cruelty of Heaven's hate.
With sight of you, heart reason did betray.
Could I forget? Your memory gainsay?
I could not, though I would - ah, lack-a-day!
Despite my will, does counter-force waylay.
Just as 'tis said God did all good create,
Will I with His just Will co-operate. »

22 September 1987 revised 17 May 1989 robi3_0220_rons1_0007
Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 Sonnets pour Hélène Book II, xii

Prenant Congé de Vous

Prenant congé de vous, dont les yeux m'ont dompté,
Vous me distes un soir, comme passionnée:
'Je vous aime, RONSARD, par seule destinée;
Le Ciel à vous aimer force ma volonté,
Ce n'est pas votre corps, ce n'est votre beauté,
Ni votre âge, qui fuit vers l'automne inclinée.
Je sens cela s'est perdu comme une fleur fanée;
C'est seulement du Ciel l'injuste cruauté.'

Vous voyant, ma raison ne s'est pas défendue,
Vous puissé-je oublier comme chose perdue.
Hélas! je ne saurais, et je le voudrais bien.
Le voulant, je rencontre une force au contraire
Puisqu'on dit que le Ciel est cause de tout bien,
Je n'y veux résister, il le faut laisser faire. »

Pierre de RONSARD 1524_1585 Sonnets pour Hélène II xii

Jonathan ROBIN

Transparent

Mastery of rhyme and rhythm here
Accompanies imagination free,
Unreels and reinforces pattern key
Describing white on black much truth holds dear.
Explicit line line follows, signals clear
Must mock all superficiality,
As Muse with music's so all may see,
Unchallenged sings the poet's inner ear,
Depth draws, new meanings gleans to sincere
Eternity meets authenticity.
MAUDlin expressions banished, light may be
Everlastingly shared, shall never wear.
May this be the beginning, not the end,
Masks fall, all questions answered, links extend.

(19 July 2008)

Jonathan ROBIN

Transposing Hopes, Desire Distorts The Sight

Pushed sudden through perception's door at dawn,
small slip white
shook his senses unprepared. Took by storm,
banished night.

He thought a not was inched beneath the door,
rose with a start,
sweet repetition of the night before,
pounding heart.

But cruel tricks are played by love and light.
Thus he wrote:
Transposing hopes, desire distorts the sight.
Heart-strings smote.

Jonathan ROBIN

Trap Tracks

Too many straight-line certitudes adopt,
Heed not head's tale, nor try to taste tail's pain
Enlightened understanding's rare. Men train
Themselves to closed shop minds. Why choice is stopped
Remains a mystery, yet too few opt
Against the stream, holistic view restrain.
Choice is important! Why must most abstain,
Knowing needed growth, remain like propped
Stiff puppets strung along life line till chopped?
Open minds which for solutions strain
Find solace in discovery. Insane
Trap's track dreams stifled, free-will dropped.
Is it so difficult to cast a net
MEaningful, so easy to forget?

18 July 1992 revised 7 September 2013

Jonathan ROBIN

Tree's Frogs After Alfred Joyce Kilmer Trees

I think that I shall never fail
to see with glee a froggy tale
more lovely than a poem which
most must with difficulty stitch.

Who's uninspired by froggy frail
sports livid cheeks, flails, features pale.
Frogs' sale may even make one rich
when hopping rhyme stops meter's [gl]itch.

No praise we raise is hyperbolic!
On pond, ground, round trees, fun frogs frolic,
bacterial glands upon their skin
help man agin grim cancer win.

No princess meeting with frog kiss
could fail to tweet eternal bliss,
and other verses rana sings
recount fair future's festive flings.

Sage frog we sing as holy graal
ne'er trite, right pristine risqué trail,
write neither tedious nor kitsch
preposterous, nor piteous pitch.

Wage man in name of culture's flail
culls brazen female framed with veil,
In time of need none sex can switch,
unlike the frog, who'll spawn enrich.

When frog finds itchy leg is pressed,
although he'll jump, he won't protest,
croak lends itself to joke's delight
where faced with sore mosquito bite.

A cloud of frogs is treasure chest
most moonlit lovers has impressed,
with warble charming much unlike
officious neighbours swift to strike.

We rummage words which stipulate
fine frog's resilient verbal gumption,
days, grievance sweeping, meditate
on nightly summer song's resumption.

The nightingale's no consolation
except for poets orthodox,
for Frog's flag flies for every nation
as arcane jumping jack in box.

Against vain heckle we exude
full confidence in frogster's mood
whose speckles toad, more lecherous,
looks on with envy, missing bus.

For toad, four toed, can only yammer
in jaded solitary stammer,
Frog, indistructible none unhinge
resilient, when on singing binge.

Frog never 'toady' has been named
while Man, wet blanket, toady tamed,
would butter up where button down
should be the rule from toe till crown.

When Froggy would a wooing go
we knows he knows she knows he flows,
when Man his future bride would count
he verifies her bank account,
or sperm bank count into account
would take when stakes a large amount,
This challenge Frogster may surmount
in pond no despond's found, font fount.

This skillfull frill full stanza shows
Frog more than Man plans libidos.
Man more than Frog scans, livid, owes
to Nature much, denies the same,
Frog's glory multiples green fame.

Some make frog wince, say toad is prince

disguised for star eyed poetess:
the point's missed since, like instant rinse,
dyed wool's pulled to misguide.
for who frog's kissed sees mist dismissed
mish-mash smashed, swish! No wish denied.

Bullfrog, amphibia at its best,
leapfrogs both land and sea with zest,
while poets on a motor-bike
the kill-o'-metres rarely like.

One day of man is man the guest,
the next the same is second guessed:
Hitch! too few rich, most, poor, hitch-hike
whose rents are raised with spiky hike.

When we, once spent the working day,
reflect upon their milky way:
dream frog from bog to Sevres china,
nothing, surely, could seem finer!

To satisfy the witless diner,
a garlick lick flick feast's not minor,
for leafy legs, sauce swimming prey,
some pray to God by night and day.

To Frog Intelligent Designer
bequeaths a liquid underliner,
through verse liquidity who may
attain who seldom piper pay?

Warm blood, conducive to angina,
cold heart may mask, love's underminer,
cold blood rings true to interplay
keyed into others' right of way.

Tree frog absorbs its Summer tail
nor sees his inspiration stale
before imagination's swim,
advancing with a lithesome limb.

Though poets seek to spread a tale

that may posterity regale,
free rhymers copyrightful brim,
while publishers production trim.

For one, the croak spells fairy-tale,
for t'other croaking's bane and bale.
For Man it means the Reaper grim,
for Frog the means to female whim.

Man, spendthrift, steers uneasy sail,
as climate changes lead to gale
brought on himself, his future dims
despite his egocentric hymns.

Man levers age for pensions fat
Frogs' leverage won't jump at that,
Frogs vilify Man's petty pace
while he glee leapfrog can't replace.

Man's wrong hops make bleary bier
For Frog long hops are but small beer.
Compare: Frog logs bog, wins hands down,
while Man's blog logs are phished with frown.

And so for Frog we go to town
morass marshmallow, glade and down,
More ass, Man harsh, stays shallow fare,
praise on Frog's ways, phrase none more fair!

Frog through cold Winter hibernates,
Man, witless, [s]wells Iran's oil rates.
when Summer is a'cumen in
both Frog and Man hook baited fin.

Though both adore a leafy lane
their motives differ, son of Cain
flees hurry cane as climate's blight,
frogs seize mosquitoes, climb mate light.

Should poem mope it leaves Man's brain
befuddled, pawned and under strain.
Frog reigns, spawns rannic jelly night

while Man, tyrannic, gelignite,
the difference need we explain.
While Man does little but complain
Frog blows up egg to tadpole bright.

While seldom is the Muses' strain
extended those who strive for gain,
when need to feed sets greed alight
in speed few fly creative kite.

Man's wingless, often peacock vain.
Frog leaps, keeps faith, with purpose plain,
with vision steady, black and white,
no colour blindness creeds indict.
Poems are made by fools who see
too little worth in frog or tree,
who bubble reputation seek,
inflating girth, declining peak.

Tree frogs combine much more than we
on earth can ever [cl]aim to be,
frog frugal realpolitik
to arbor essence often speak!
No toady, personality
defined as perspicacity,
strategic geopolitic
protects from foe: fang, crookèd beak.

I think that I shall never see
an outline poem or a tree
that can compare in strength of spring
to tree frogs frolicsome, so sing
their praise, and creativity,
they've spawned a date with destiny
when lice and their humanity
will long be spurned by history.
Leap-frogging insects' swarm or sting
Fair frog shall flourish, fauna's king.

Jonathan ROBIN

Tree's Ring Recorded Symphony

Life's rainbow bridge annuity
channels imagination's flow,
harmonizes nature's mystery,
gifts wonderment before we go.
lifts understanding, liberty
communicating ways to grow
straightforward serendipity,
[h]arbours dream-theme, seeming slow.
Tree's ring recorded symphony
encourages our blossoms' blow
scores fruitful serenity.

(23 April 2008)

Jonathan ROBIN

Tree-Son

"My cherished cherry tree who has struck down?
Its leafy limbs which once caressed the sky
upon the lawn now lie! "

An angry father's firm face flushed with frown.
Then, hatchet hand, came Washington's reply:
"I cannot tell a lie!

'Twas I, unworthy, axed its taxed trunk brown."
Sunk in thought, his sire seemed to descry
an invitation from on high: -

"So shall you cut your country from the Crown!
The colonies shall stretch their wings and fly, -
the time is surely nigh! "

Jonathan ROBIN

Triomphe De La Mort French Translation William Shakespeare Sonnet Lxxi

Entendant le glas tonner mon départ,
L'on dira parmi les vers je soupis,
Image en poussière ensevelie,
Sois gaie toujours, ne pleure espoirs épars.
Ainsi si sur ces vers tombe un regard
Bienveillant, oublie la main qu'ici
Ecrit ces mots: 'je t'aime à la folie! '
Toi, triste, j'en aurais double cafard!
Hélas, si dans ce monde tu t'égaras,
Sirène, quand je ne suis qu'un oubli,
Eh! ne donne à mon nom l'écho de vie,
Repose en paix l'amour, et t'en sépare.
Va! je serais loin. Toi, fleur de ton époque,
Ainsi évite un monde qui te moque!

--

(2 December 1990)

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile earth, with vilest worms to dwell:
Nay if you read this line remember not
The hand that writ it, for I love you so
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
O, if, I say, you look upon this verse,
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
But let your love even with my life decay
Lest the wise world should look into your moan
And mock you with me after I am gone.
William Shakespeare

Jonathan ROBIN

Triple Despair - Response To Beth St. Clair Summer Storm

Despair is rarely Nature's wherewithal,
Enchantment men may glean from verdant scene
Seems out of court as Time's balls fall between
Perpetual service netting all in all.
Air rushes, crushes, hushes, leaves tall small
Descends upon the many might-have-been
Expectant offshoots, offspring, wailing keen
Sideshow of evolution's churning call.
Palm snaps in gale, frail fails once mighty oak,
As topsy-turvy turn pride's landmarks lost
In seconds with no time to count the cost,
Refused appeal when court's caught stony broke.
Despite storm tempest life still finds its way
Advances Into Realms for future play.

Oh, night descends and darkness fills the sky,
the north wind blows a cheerless, haunting dirge,
and all is cold and harsh upon the eye,
until the sky and landscape seem to merge.
A melancholy storm is rolling in,
beneath this heavy sky of sombre hue,
where thunder speaks in an unearthly din
and clouds obscure the moonlight from our view.
The wind is rushing through the distant trees,
a language that is cumbersome and sad,
it whispers dark and hunted in the leas,
as if the trees were growing strangely mad.
A madness that crescendos in the air,
as nature shows her strength and her despair.

(14 July 2009)

Jonathan ROBIN

Triple Riddle

My first, central element particular,
my second is present wherever you are,
my third is the commonest article far,
my whole represents consequential cigar,
or often accompanies eclipse solar.

My first, often limited, corporate law,
my second sometimes racehorse punters may draw,
my third – exclamation with ooh-la-di-dah!
my whole correspond to a circle stellar,
or judicial court before funeral car.

Jonathan ROBIN

Tristitiae Bis Repetita After Oscar Wilde Tristitiae

O woe for soul self-tortured who
lacks garnered gold or space to grow,
turns to Fox News for overview,
who wood from trees may never know.

O woe for filly, foal, who fear
to face Time's grace with open mind,
who father bias insincere,
who mother prejudice unkind.

Farewell to those who chose to tread
ungroovy rut of narrow thought,
nut greed fruits grief, small mind, big head,
conspire together, truth distort.

Tristitiae

O well for him who lives at ease
With garnered gold in wide domain,
Nor heeds the splashing of the rain,
The crashing down of forest trees.

O well for him who ne'er hath known
The travail of the hungry years,
A father grey with grief and tears,
A mother weeping all alone.

But well for him whose foot hath trod
The weary road of toil and strife,
Yet from the sorrows of his life.
Builds ladders to be nearer God.

Jonathan ROBIN

Triumph Of Hope Over Experience

Winds wane. Once blown, no crop's pain sown, no curse
remains to filter through [st]rained watershed.

Today earth's quake, tomorrow wake, ahead
stars wait, - joy's gate - scars heal, love's peal rehearse.

Year's tears soon pass, hours' looking glass reverse
old seasons' reasons cold, aghast, time sped
tick tocks to tocsin block, fast bliss will thread
Love's blessing, - shade, dismayed, is soon dispersed.

With hands unbound, true path found, reimbursed,
scope may be fed, greet fleet mind, unthreads hopes fled.
No ash must stir, no dust rash spur, - instead,
morn blooms again, dawn dooms doom's pen enhearsed.

The seasons flow, tides come and go, and yet
The Ghost of Christmas Past inters regret...

Jonathan ROBIN

Triumph Of Hope Over Experience Ii

Dark drift today
tomorrow may
fresh start uplift.
Luck's interplay
through painful rift
prepares fresh day
where bitter cliff
once hid sun's ray.
Lost won turns, way
can open if
heart true will stay,
to self and sift
lie ties away,
perspectives shift
from bonds passé
to shared links, lift
the buds of May
from ice cold drift
sad, silent stay

Jonathan ROBIN

Troubadour À Muse

Should you stay fey Troubadour's muse,
walls would fall heeding need's call, I swear,
souls united, delighted, all share,
with only bemusement to lose.

On days dark, in the dumps, much the blues,
with a butterfly touch, laughter rare,
Cupid's bow, Zephyr's blow, would declare
Cinderella should don dancing shoes.

Enchantment spells well to enthuse
rejoicing that naught could impair,
jubilation, creation, forms stair
to heaven through rainbow as woos

heart to heart once apart, each takes cues
up, around, to rebound, well may dare
answer call of the wild, child repair
to prepare transformation's true hues.

Should you play kind Troubadour's muse,
away with toils, trouble and care -
discovering answers to prayer
with wantonness neither refuse.

When you kiss bliss takes wing, life renews
welfare's tune springing wellspring, brings where
bright eyes dream through lagoon blue moon, there
stars sparkle, shine, intertwine views.

No blame could exist, no accuse
'WE' creation could catalyze, air
to stimulate stanzas, - nor scare,
nor fear, dear, no asking 'what's whose? '

Thus your mirror, fair Troubadour's muse,
Time lines leaves behind, neither ware
of the need to seed feelings, feed, share
beyond commonplace keyed to amuse.

If O.K. bright ray, Troubadour's muse,
each phrase might rhyme praise everywhere,
spirit brave, blithe, reve[a]led as each layer
protective peels, unseals joy's fuse.

As Troubadour's muse you should choose
priceless patterns and textures, compare
clear vision in tender affair
to humdrum existence crowd rues,

there fusion would never confuse,
inspiration enough, and to spare,
intuitive insight aware
of the chance to advance, shed taboos.

Interplay between Troubadour, muse,
flamboyancy splices with flair,
both would sow, both would grow, as a pair,
flow as current electric to use

space as base to trace joy - not abuse -
we should tenderness share, greet, prepare
ideal idyll past fast will repair...
would you play fair as Troubadour's muse?

Jonathan ROBIN

True Poet Knows No Comfort Zone

True poet knows no comfort zone
Rules, or restrictions, form or free;
Unlimited, scorns boundary.
Enchantment leads the pen alone.
Petty minds with hearts of stone
Obstruction meet too frequently,
Encounter block, locks, listlessly,
Then sheer away from feared unknown.
Kindled inspiration's tone
Naturally nets harmony
On wavelengths whose toned melody
Well links life's joys, can't cares bemoan
SNOookered is scribe who'd dare describe
COMFORT ZONE, immune to vibe.

Jonathan ROBIN

Trust

Trust extended, when deceived,
Returns for gold, raw loss dross rotten.
Undying oath forfeit, forgotten
Shames all, mistaken, who believed
That empathy was interleaved
To true commitment. Woolly cotton
Robed robbery, guilt gains ill-gotten.
Untrue to principles some leave
Shards shattered where once mirror weave
Thread heart to heart not mis-begotten,
Torn apart, betrayed, foul flotten,
Regret reboant, painful peeve.
Unbelieved apology
STrung through spun lines can't conscience free.

10 February 2007 revised 23 December 2016 for previous version see below

T rust given should not be deceived,
R eturning gold for loss, dross rotten,
U ndying oath discard forgotten
S hames all, mistaken, who perceived
T hat understanding interleaved
T enderness which woolly cotton
R obed round reality ill-gotten.
U ntrue to principles some leave
S hards shattered where once mirror weave
T hread heart to heart not mis-begotten,
T orn apart, betrayed, foul flotten,
R egrets remaining, paining peeves.
U nbelieved apologies
STrung through spun lines no conscience frees.

Jonathan ROBIN

Truth – The Will To Know

Hope dreams chromatic showers
to dissipate mind's mist,
endowing scope, truth's powers
help understand much missed
in studying Man's hours,
to grave from cradle kissed.

Dreams net realities
from past and future frames,
life's metamorphoses
invent eternal games
to gild tomorrow's frieze,
imagination's tease.

Stars stringing far horizon,
translation could retain,
within truth's sphere, it lies on
heart purified from stain.
Soft soul rainbow relies on,
prismatic white won't wane.

Life's multicoloured mesh
was netted on mind's shelves,
but inspiration fresh
is sent by smiling elves
who to ideas gift flesh,
lend wave-lengths from themselves.

Past days are passed! Fresh wings
unfurl, truth's banner stays,
explaining causal swings
through an enlightened gaze,
serenity's strong rings
ignores both pain and praise.

Each day brings hope, Life's frame
mirrors far stars a-gleaming,
revolving, never tame
sends light, delight flight seeming

eternal. Some exclaim
time modifies all meaning.

Yet Truth remains the same
mortality redeeming,
serves neither gold nor fame.
Bright beacon ever beaming
beyond Time's petty shame,
beckons with light rays streaming.

From falsehood flee, find fast
in truth's ruth rede refusal
of discord, strife, at last
nor bias nor recusal
holds fort, for just thoughts' cast
surpasses all perusal.

Each is of each a glow,
true echo which at first,
sounds dim, begins to grow,
and finally may burst
as Truth, The Will to know,
quenches its quenchless thirst.

Jonathan ROBIN

Truth And Fiction

Where a car turns into a street,
There truth and fiction meet!

Jonathan ROBIN

Tune In Thought

Etched in, sketched out, without ado,
Line linked impressions, inked, translate
Evanescence, integrate
Great expectations, and thereto
Add fact or fiction waft weft through
New canvas whose true hues vibrate,
Cement emotions, celebrate
Expressions shared. Much, hid from view,
Leaps up upon reflective cue.
Emotions' tune tones oscillate,
Glean sentiments, soft scintillate
As solid state meant to pursue
Novel insights on life melts.
Celestial thought ring smelts.

Jonathan ROBIN

Tune Out From Time After Francis Thompson Envoy

Go, verse, unending is our brief sweet play,
go, offspring of light joys or unsung sorrow,
some heart-ease sow, tears wrung from yesterday,
whose fears unstrung, shall never know tomorrow.

Go forth, inspire, be fruitful, multiply
in minds of all who inspiration borrow
to turn a phrase which may Time's scythe defy,
while narrow spirits die, straitlaced, in sorrow.

Go verse, anonymous, but, mind, don't stray
from goal to heal, feel whole, repealing sorrow,
reach all weighed down with troubles dark today,
teach each that reach finds happiness tomorrow.

Joy is no mirage hung in leaden sky,
nor shines reflections which before tomorrow
must melt from sight to leave a bitter sigh,
Tune out from Time and Tide immune to sorrow.

Enjoy the moment, shed care, every day
extends life's jubilation though the morrow
may prove a disappointment on the way
from dark to dark - joy's spark's not promise hollow

but dream beam tiding over high and dry
shipwreck, thus is worth whatever follow,
as interstice amid time passing by
may offer scope to cope with season's sorrow.

So go, verse, to rehearse this interplay
go, offspring of light joys or unsung sorrow,
go, candle burn in each and every way,
store tenderness against a cold tomorrow.

Allow soul, spirit, leeway to gainsay
those worried all enthusiasm's hollow,
take all and naught for granted as the Way
unfolds for bold who hold no brief for sorrow

Jonathan ROBIN

Two At Last Twin Win

Time's sickle hooked life's fickle flow
While trickle seeped through lonely plain
Of trials and tribulations, wane
As climate change unrhymed with glow.
The season's reasons we'd not know
Lovelorn lingering, hope's pane
Alas tight locked - block clocked sharp pain.
Seminal happiness remained 'no show'.
Then, unforeseen, see cupid's bow
Tired vertigo's free-fall refrain
With soaring soul replace! Again
Is life transformed, may undergo
New metamorphosis to find
WIN/win exchange, scales fall from blind!

(c) Jonathan Robin - robi3_1744_robi3_0000 ASX_LZX 14 May 2008

Jonathan ROBIN

Two Decades Pass

Twenty years: one passed, whose shade remains
Wed to one room's doom, externals shed.
Only sighs' ties trace place, pace path led
Down to trace time lost, echoes phantom chains.
Each year run tear drops, spills fresh pillow stains,
Care etching acid lines of youth's bloom fled
Away with colour from spring blossoms bled.
Declining health scope limited as strains
Expressed themselves in sundry aches and pains.
Solitude, silent, grieved. In children's stead,
Projects and dreams unshared, heart's hopes unread
Alas dust piled upon Time's counterpanes.
So two decades spill, sand room's empty show:
Spent fears, spent tears, spent years, fall, call to go.

Jonathan ROBIN

Two Sides Of Won Coin Responsum To Marion K Maa

Duality for some seems too restrictive,
two found sees ever three around the bend,
while th[r]ee or four for vision full predictive
slips out of double-bind, Caudine Fork end.

One runs round rings as circumnavigation
leads up the garden path to cul-de-sac
back from the lead to lead weight, one track station
upon examination back to back.

That intellect becomes translucent gem
depends upon perception of the light,
light touch or shifting shadows could condemn
transparency as self-sustained delight.

Peace dreamed has seemed a goal for men to grock,
yet water has been known to spring from rock!

Some preach to teach, some teach to reach that peace
of mind which grants release from contradictions
which stem from/through those demons which won't cease
from finding ways to channel predelictions.

Thus may one put the question? Motivations
as means to end or end to means become,
where meaning's tied to sole anticipations
for soul released, and contradictions dumb.

Set stratum sure itself stems from perception
at one specific witnessed point in time,
Time's fickle sickle acts as interception
to store, shore up, rust, dust, pour rime on rhyme.

See 'soulful sonnets' listed may appear
as much self search as selfless current clear.

Light To Light Space To Space
They call it Brahman, Consciousness pristine
the Self or Being, Essence of I Am

"That" which, by eye of wisdom, can be seen
when intellect becomes translucent gem

Substratum all-pervading, shore-less sea
all rivers merge in Thee, leave form and name
instead of ring or necklace, gold to see
impermanence renouncing, Truth to claim

Yet mind loves to create duality
and separates the knower, knowledge, known
attached to body-mind-identity
veils Sun by thought-clouds, Vision to postpone

Awakening is freedom from the mind
let water merge with water, Peace to find
(28 July 2008)

Jonathan ROBIN

Tyger's Eye - After William Blake

Tyger's Eye

Tyger Tyger, once again
we'll praise your uncontested reign
where golden eye implies rebirth,
of jungle lord's word none constrain.

From distant deeps of tropic skies.
to forests sparse where eagle flies,
your power ripples round world's girth -
how could it e'er be otherwise?

Strength in each and every part
needs no paltry poet's art
to illustrate your peerless worth
which rhymes through time in class apart.

Neither hammer, chain, may blind
furnace features, anvil mind,
you represent upon this Earth
both force and freedom none may bind.

[c] Jonathan Robin - parody William Blake written 27 June 2008
robi3_1775_blak1_0003 PXX_CNX

The Tyger

Tyger Tyger, burning bright,
In the forests of the night;
What immortal hand or eye,
Could frame thy fearful symmetry

In what distant deeps or skies.

Burnt the fire of thine eyes!
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand, dare sieze the fire!

And what shoulder, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand! and what dread feet!

What the hammer! what the chain,
In what furnace was thy brain
What the anvil, what dread grasp,
Dare its deadly terrors clasp!

When the stars threw down their spear
And water'd heaven with their tears:
Did he smile his work to see
Did he who made the Lamb make thee!

Tyger Tyger burning bright,
In the forests of the night:
What immortal hand or eye,
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry!

William BLAKE 1757_1827

Tyger's Rumour

Rumour rushing rampant right
round faithless forests of wraith night,
what immoral hand or eye
could frame fly tearless symmetry?

In what deep and dark disguise
spread irking libel, lurking lies?
on what wasp wings dare they aspire –
e'er slander sting tongues air fame liar?

What woeful infamous black art
wring toxic sinews, tocsin heart
rung when sin heart broke cheating beat,
what sleight of hand to greet deceit!

What wrong's hammer, what strong chain?
in what furnace forged? What brain
fed wily worms sly envy's [g]rasp,
bred spiteful deadly [t]errors' [g]asp?

11 December 1991 revised 18 September 2009 robi3_0504_blak1_0003
PXX_JXX for previous version see below
Parody William BLAKE 1757_1827 The Tyger

Tyger's Rumour

Rumour rushing rampant right
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bred them deadly, errors' [g]asp?

11 December 1991 revised 18 September 2009 robi3_0504_blak1_0003
PXX_JXX

□

Tiger Siberian and Riga Balterian

Riga, Riga, brave despite
Russian army's aimless might,
what eternal summer sky
could liberate thy people's sigh?

Though the hammer, sickle, chain
sickly are, they still remain
a present threat, their might and main
must from within be toppled! – Plain?

Fifty years the Russian reign
ignomious has spread red stain,
fifty years too much! – again
freedom comes, no dumb refrain.

Riga, Riga, free from fright
soon, before the New Year's Night,
independence will attain –
light and laughter come again...

© Jonathan Robin – Parody written 1 October 1991 – Parody William BLAKE –
The Tyger

The Tiger

Tigre! Tigre! L'étincelle
du fond des forêts de la nuit,
quel oeil, quelle main immortelle
firent ta terrible symétrie?

Dans quelles lointaines cimes, abîmes,
prit feu la puissance en tes yeux?
quelles ailes osèrent le sublime?

quel Promothée osa ce feu?

Quelle force et savoir-faire
pliaient les muscles de ton coeur
quand ce coeur fit son tonnerre,
quelle main forte et quelle ardeur?

Quelle chaîne et quel marteau,
de quel four sort ta cervelle?
quelle enclume? Quelle poignée
défia ces terreurs mortelles?

Quand les étoiles envoient leurs dards,
versant leurs larmes au Paradis,
a-t-il souri voyant son art?
qui fit l'agneau fit toi aussi?

Tigre, Tigre! L'étincelle
du fond des forêts de la nuit,
quel oeil, quelle main immortelle,
firent ta terrible symétrie?

© Jonathan Robin – Parody written 26 January 1993 – Parody William BLAKE –
The Tyger

Likable Wilma

Wilma, Wilma, in thy blouse,
Red-haired prehistoric spouse,
What immortal animator
Was thy slender waist's creator?

When the Rubble clan moved in,
Was Betty jealous of thy skin,
Thy noble nose, thy dimpled knee?
Did he who penciled Fred draw thee?

Wilma, Wilma, burning bright, ye
Cartoon goddess Aphrodite,
Was it Hanna or Barbera

Made thee hot as some caldera?

Francis HEANEY Anagram Parody William BLAKE – The Tiger

HEANEY Francis hean1_0004_hean1_0000 PWX_LXX Likable Wilma_Wilma,
Wilma, in thy blouse

Nazi! Nazi!

Nazi culture burning bright
With its nordic-Grecian light,
What sub-human dare defy
Its full totemic majesty?

Greek to speceies who are not
Aryan to the fina l clot,
Its ethnic-ethic-technic dwells
In nordic livestock's sacred cells.

Stainless Aryan youth-bands now
Teach the tourist Herr and Frau,
That all folk-stems may in turn
Kraft duch Schadenfreude learn.

Arts of blood by bloodbaths purged,
In pan-Germanic sunburst merged,
Will their rays as they aspire
Come to set the Thames on fire?

Nazi! Nazi! burning brihgt
In Europe's deep degenerate night,
Who but Nazi's can descry
Thy primitive sublimity?

1936

KATZIN Olga Miller 1896_198 – Parody William BLAKE – The Tyger

Reductio ad Absurdam

(The vision unfolded by Professor Schäfer of the production of life by chemical means has been declared by other scientists to be the same discovery made long since by Darwin and Huxley. The absurdity of any such pretensions in the past is, of course, easily proved by the following reference to the case of Thomas.)

Thomas, Thomas, going large
Down the Mall's majestic marge,
What mad scientist is he
Would claim to have concocted thee?

In what oxyhydrotherm
Dwelt thy protoplasmic germ?
In what subtle chemic spasm?
What the hand dare seize the plasm?

To what end, 'neath what pretence
Arose thy utter lack of sense?
And, bringing such a thing to pass,
What blind fool, what silly ass?

What the formule? What the fault?
In what test-tube was thy salt?
What the bunsen? What the flame
Fused the fluid of thy frame?

When the spars thrown down in spate
Formed thy weak precipitate,
Did he look on it with glee –
He who, to take a case, made me?

Thomas, Thomis going large
Down the Mall's majestic marge,
What mad scientist is he
Dare claim to have concocted thee?

Wilfrid BLAIR 1889_1968 Sa Muse s'amuse 1914

Jonathan ROBIN

Ubiquity - Sonnet

Tomorrow's world may integrate
not 'end-to-end' but 'all to all'.
Friend to friend links, too, may fall
a prey to ways precipitate
as change may well accelerate
future change as some install
sensor networks which could call
the shots for those whose slower gait
these challenges can't integrate,
who hesitate as freedom's fall
is arbitrated by over all
complacently accepting state
imposed 'top-down' by vested vision
relayed by web-log television.

Jonathan ROBIN

Ubiquity II

Ubiquity some praise, who feel
fulfilled as parts of life's machine
with nothing personal to conceal
encourage sharing. None between
the world wide web will wild cards deal,
upset the applectart, and green
call red, red green. Networks reveal
all deviance which might demean
the 'common good', the common weal.
'If I? ' or 'Why? ', 'what 'might have been'
is not to ask - an even keel
of all for all must intervene
to check iconoclastic spiel.

Ubiquity may bring to heel
the rebel with his 'motives mean',
RFID surveillance keen
controlling roles to sentence seal
where implant or some foreign gene
is introduced to circumvene
the random element and 'real'
convert to format washed and clean
where risk is channelled, where no eel
can slip between the channels, free, unseen...

Jonathan ROBIN

Ugly Urban Injustice

Clothed in smoke and asphalt Peking ducks
anti-pollution regulations all
would see enforced, for ambulance on call
can't cater to health-hazards China chucks
out the proverbial window. Safety 'sucks'.
Mis- and man-handled boom pride rides to fall,
too many cities suffer urban sprawl,
- sink in many senseless senses - luck's
running out, as greed feeds 'come-unstucks'
falling life expectations sprinkle mall
and high-rise, cover all with sooty shawl
to leave behind waste land for cars and trucks.
What some would term an economic boom
confirms decay, wormed downp[!]ay, deadly doom.

Uniform urban ugliness, slab on slab,
stressed concrete pressed to duty stifles grass,
stalkers prowl then growl before last gasp
in shadowland where hands skeletal grasp
polluted air ~ there scarecrow trees once dared to ask
panhandlers if anonymous at last
could lift oblivion from who through life wear mask
protective as lost innocence pities our pretty pass...

Walls, eyesore scabs, once whitewashed, bright, now drab,
concretely stand, discarded, sharded, glass
peppered with papered-over panes, rehab,
pained, anguished shivers pass.

Asphalt jungle man_grove swamps, distress,
churches empty, congregations caught
between high rise, high rents, high stress,
low income, low hopes, lower scope: crack fought
for pitch upon cracked sidewalk sorrow paved.

Murder, commonplace, with crime express
delivery on contract. Safety's sought
with kith and kin who oft oppose, oppress
all but the favorite son when tale is told.

Few ease the pain when fortunes wane to nought,
and blood-stains bury memory's distress,
grave isolation caving in bright thought.

Once, there, some say, experimental lab
tested theories 'fresh' for some sad mass
condo construction programs billed to last.
Shifty shadows harrow, narrow, grab
delinquency's sad haunting ground alas!
overstretched societal elastoplast.

Littered leavings, slivered shards, hard stab,
in shabby neighborhood no light, less class,
grey grieving rearing torn from earth by blast.

Naught now recalls trout tipping spring, where dab
once played, glade lending shade. Today sea bass
sweat toxic taxidermic tears in bargain basement crass.

First version robi03_0109 19760401 revised January, July 2007 and 28 May
2008 man-grove stanza added 7 September revised 16 October 2011
Introductory Sonnet written 2 March 2012 see below for previous versions

Urban Ugliness

Asphalt jungle man_grove swamps, distress,
churches empty, congregations caught
between high rise, high rents, high stress,
low income, low hopes, lower scope: drug fought
streets of sorrow paved with loneliness,
errors conjugate misfortune, little thought.

Walls, eyesore scabs, once whitewashed, bright, now drab,
concretely stand, discarded, sharded, glass
peppered with papered over panes, rehab,
pained, anguished shivers pass...

Once there, some say, experimental lab
tested theories 'fresh' for some sad mass
condo construction programs billed to last;
Shifty shadows harrow, narrow, grab
delinquency's sad haunting ground alas!
overstretched societal elastoplast.

Littered leavings, slivered shards, hard stab,
in shabby neighborhood no light, less class,
grey grieving rearing torn from earth by blast.

Naught now recalls trout tipping spring, where dab
once played, glade lending shade. Today sea bass
sweat toxic taxidermic tears in bargain basement crass.

Uniform urban ugliness, slab on slab,
stressed concrete pressed to duty jests green grass, ~
pity our pretty pass...

revised January, July 2007 and 27 May 2008 first stanza added 17 September
2011 see below for previous versions

Urban Ugliness

The whitewashed wall, once bright, now dull and drab,
is sprinkled with dust ridden slivered glass ~
with painful shivers pass...

Who recalls springs, falls, trout tipping, crab
played, glade offered shade? Today sea bass
sweat stuffed salty tears from petshop crass.

Uniform urban ugliness, slab on slab,
stressed concrete grey does duty for green grass, ~
pity our pretty pass...

197601 revised 15 January 2007 see below for previous version

Urban Ugliness

The whitewashed wall, once bright, now dull and drab,
is sprinkled with transparent slivered glass ~
with painful shivers pass!

Uniform urban ugliness, slab on slab,
grey granite doing duty for green grass, ~
pity our pretty pass!

(1 April 1976)

Jonathan ROBIN

Ukraine - Acrostic Sonnet

Unexpected is this strange transition,
K.G.B. and C.I.A. destroyed, -
Remnants of a world which once enjoyed
A game of catch as catch can coalition.
Idea[]s are bent beyond all recognition,
New capital's towards the East decoyed,
Enterprise unbridled, unalloyed:
Uncertain is Man's future, world in fission.
Kiev opportunity: ambition
Rises with the rate that unemployed
Are added to the rolls. Few will avoid
Impending challenge, fewer have volition.
Now, with the New Year knocking on the door,
Expect in time change none have dreamed before.

1 December 1991

Jonathan ROBIN

Un...Contest...Ed It I On Limerick

He once would a limerick draw
for some contest from which he foresaw
trophies all in a row
never ending which grow -
rich applause for each clause which won't bore.

(17 March 2005 robi3_1086)

Jonathan ROBIN

Unbiased Overview

Egocentricity considers key
cold guarantee sustaining sinecure
retaining pride well blinkered which won't see
it seeds its self-destruction, mirage lure.

Spirit fair needs focus to ensure
essential energy through harmony.
feeds progress, never stumbles immature,
nor squanders its potentiality.

Channel timing, expression premature
scythes empty air, impairs the will to be,
short-circuiting its very armature
sending signals contradictory.

Through overview unbiased sans detour
Time's pattern pulse may be transmitted free
from preconditioned judgements dark, obscure.
Find echo which rings true to equity.

Jonathan ROBIN

Uncertainties

For nine months
[s]he breasted the tide
that flow[er]ed ever faster
from deep within.

A hyphen
prepared to punctuate the future
and surface through[t]out present indefinite
to point towards eternity.

Time hung heavily.
In the swim, hands and feet
[s]nailed against the same cross currents.
Fluidity?

Expansion
within a time capsule
made felt its imperative need
for lebens[t]raum[a].

Windshield,
both disconcerting field,
and insulating shield,
swirling leaves beat time with time.

Seasons spin
out and in as sensations
leave leaves wheeling
upon pages of experience

Wrathless origami
share suspended animation
before drive[r]'s self-sacrifice
of glass/mirror's focus.

Life to death.
One submarine to another,
seeking self justification
through the mind's purblind snorkel.

Transmission:
sacred mission
often mis[s]understood
although intuitively ascertained.

Certainties?
Certain [t]ease to perpetuate
prenatal security
and post-mortem insurance policy.

Subjective object
of objective subject
mingles to merge, tingles to urge
surging towards serenity.

A muse sings
to rediscover sensibility,
retaining sense
subject to miss...interpretation

Jonathan ROBIN

Uncommon Sense

If there is no beginning how may end
advance as foe, be welcome found as friend -
for if the wheel turns all's spun pattern which
must weave itself through every thread and stitch,
Thus if there is no wheel what cares can mend
cares' mirage cares, last bend loops round next bend.
Ensure what's done is fun, spent full and rich,
as for regrets: there is no tent to pitch...

18 April 2005 retitled with minor changes 2 May 2008 -
robi03_1231_robi03_0000 XXX_ZXX

for previous version see below

If there is no beginning how can end
advance as foe, be welcome found as friend -
for if the wheel turns all's spun pattern which
must weave itself through every thread and stitch,
Thus if there is no wheel what cares can mend
the cares of cares - there's only one last bend!
Ensure what's done is fun, spent full and rich,
as for regrets no tent is there to pitch!

Jonathan ROBIN

Uncontrite Insight - Tight Flight Write 1836

She flees concrete past ghaſt
for future comfort ſought
from monochrome, no choice,
to polychrome rejoice,
emboldened at laſt faſt
ſeeking kind conſort caught.

(7 January 2009)

Jonathan ROBIN

UNDER STANDING

Jack Frost delays when Time stands on one pen,
Triste tryst stood up as warm verse cloak defeats,
Minds icy veil find no avail here, when
clocks are locked out, at best a stand-off meet.
One poet pulls the stops to stand upon
no ceremony blending soul and sense.
Time, in suspense, can only flow along
rhyme's wit unwrit by standing on the fence.
This sonnet calls no understanding wrong,
no Spenser needs for Poesy's Defence,
Read, robin writes reply before night's gone
to rest, with praise for colours so intense.
Outstanding latent talent seems whose seed
will come to bloom beyond dumb tomb, succeed ...

Jonathan ROBIN

Under The Greenwood Tree Parody William Shakespeare - As You Like It

Sub Lime
Cheer'd I'm:
Hear rhyme
Sublime.
None here
Show fear:
No crime
But rime.

Sun slime, gun, grime
Sun clime,
Done prime,
Fun mime, run, climb!
None here
Know fear:
But Time,
Spun Time.

Under the Greenwood Tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat?
Come hither, come hither,
Here shall he see
No enemy
But wind and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun
And loves to live in the sun
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither,
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Jonathan ROBIN

Underhand Han Hand

For fifty years Han hand has lain
heavy on Lhasa's mountain land,
acting in manner underhand
on peaceful population. Pain
and persecution, thousands slain
on whim, as Chinese thugs expand,
manhandle monasteries, demand
obedience to illegal reign -
discrimination's bridle rein
with basic human freedoms banned,
protests punished out of hand.
Upon collective conscience: Stain!
The Dalai Lama's aging fast
who'll liberate Tibet at last?

Jonathan ROBIN

Unexpected

UNEXPECTED

You came not in soft Spring, whose pregnant seed
wonder welcomes with its womb run riot.
You came not when warm Summer's gorging greed
plays havoc both with unstrained growth, strained diet.
You came not during Autumn when most feed
on energy soon spilled, asleep, stilled quiet.
You came on stage engaging Winter's need -
'magmatude' emotion ocean guyot
spilling promised warmth, - life's wonder-bead...
to counter fears, advancing years' disquiet.

Harmony, appearing unexpected,
witness bears to humankind perfected.

12 December 2001 rewritten 3 July 2008
robi03_0982_robi03_0000 XXX_LZX

Poem Unexpected © Jonathan Robin

Jonathan ROBIN

Unexpected Elegy

The fading pall is lifting in the East, -
black bird of night's departing epiderm, -
surprise – the tables turn – who makes a feast
upon the early bird? – The early worm...

Jonathan ROBIN

Unexpected Enchantment

Enchantment of soft wonder vision sent
as Spring sun sudden melting Winter snow –
yet warmer – only tenderness should show
sweet nothings conjured to presentiment
that sing heart's harp strings, harvest sentiment
to garner unexpected harvest glow.

But this rings platitudinous for so
especial shines one smile, one spirit bent
on gifting more than moment's monument,
transparency between twin souls clears flow
beyond horizons most are wont to know
encouraging souls' shared enlightenment.
This sonnet leaves beginnings, weaves true end
which, rich, gilds Time itself to time extend...

Jonathan ROBIN

Unhypnagogic State

Here today, tomorrow gone, one, wan,
Yearns for yesterday's illusions bright,
Pain shards slatting shuttered pane, blind blight,
Nightmare shatters song that seemed so strong.
Anticipations fed, le[a]d, b[l]ed, sped, gone.
Ghoulish shades shed light that once read right,
Overdrawn check, wreck, suspect, indict,
Grief's reef sinks hurt heart's glow now woebegone,
Intense pain's reign won't wane, tears stain mind numb.
Calm hovers ill at ease, invites insight's
Sullen reaction stormy, tension tight,
Then 'cease upon the midnight' must succumb.
Abyssmal Lethe spawns soul's black hole schemes,
TEmpet tossed, sleep shoaled, unholy dreams.

Hell harmony dissolves, hope melts, felt wrong,
Youth yields stage, page, to age's cage despite
Past pleasure. Mirage mirror's sable night,
Negates lost hopes, frosts urge surge to belong.
Ahead read as dead end where shadows throng
Gulf gift signed disappointment, unplumbed plight
Of mourning for mirth's dearth guessed granted quite.
Ghosts guest gest shared, snared unprepared. Doom's gong
Icy echoes, Eden's exile among
Crumbling crust, rust's dust. Disgust's gust fright
Shivers sends, wrends hope for scope through flight.
Time dreads what fate has read[y], feels pain's prong
Accumulating heartache as fear teems.
TEars cascade, afraid, frayed nerves, soul screams.

Here today, tomorrow gone, one, wan,
Yearns for yesterday's illusions bright,
Pain replacing shattered pane tonight,
Nightmare erasing song that strung along
Anticipations tender, warmth which shone.
Glance chance inspired, joy fired, that once felt right,
Overdrawn, in disbelief, dark blight,
Grief's reef shoal founders soul so woebegone,
In pain whose reign won't wane, tears stain mind numb.

Calm hovers ill at ease, invites insight's
Sudden reaction stormy, tension tight.
To cease upon the midnight, to succumb
At last to tempting Lethe welcome seems
TEmpest tossed sleep lost by broken dreams

Acrostic Sonnet Hypnagogic State Hypnagogic - sleep inducing

Words in brackets convey two or more meanings meanings

First word of each line reads top down:

Here yearns pain. Nightmare anticipations ghoulish. Overdrawn grief's intense.

Calm sullen, then abyssmal tempest.

First word of each line reads bottom up:

Tempest abyssmal then sullen calm - intense grief's overdrawn ghoulish

anticipations - pain yearns here

Second sonnet First word of each line reads top down

Hell, youth past negates. Ahead gulf of ghosts, icy, crumbling, shivers time,
accumulating tears.

First word of each line reads bottom up:

Tears accumulating, time shivers crumbling icy ghosts of gulf ahead, negates
past youth. Hell.

Jonathan ROBIN

Unique

Silk seconds string net spider-strong to weave
minute spun-sequence skeins which interlace
hours which in turn days turn to years that race
to knit an unknown fate. No need to grieve.
For from Life's cup joy stems which win reprieve
from Gods, grown jealous of the human race.
Cause and effect are manifest, - one face
coeval with charm eternal can receive
accolades none challenge, disbelieve.
Innate these qualities, where talent, grace,
integrate the skills that interface
potential never hitherto achieved.
All future generations must regret
They lived not now, - such gifts none shall forget!

Unique Spin initial version

Silk seconds string net spider-strong to weave
minute spun-sequence skeins which interlace
hours which in turn days turn to years times trace
to spin an unknown fate. No need to grieve.
For from Life's cup joy stems which win reprieve
from Gods, grown tired of pride's human face.
Cause and effect are manifest, - one race
coeval with eight spindle legs receive
accolades none challenge, disbelieve,
potential insects never could achieve.

(25 April 1990 revised 22 August 2006)

Jonathan ROBIN

Unique Life Is

Poetic art unique life is, Nature ensnares
As unleashed love invites, now empathy's portrait
Uniting light, insight. New entente pure awaits
Love's inner nascent eye, projects a utopia
Ideal, naught else prepares, as unsuspected layers,
Nurtured everywhere, permeate all! Unlocked, innate
Each person aches until linked idyll, neonate,
Longings assuages, Zeal altruistic, rare
Avoiding zig-zags, always responsive. Lifting anxiety
Zion's age, reflects, listening, appropriate
Answers restates lyrically. Zen assimilate
Resolutely, leaving all zones aware.
Paths are unveiled, letting in natural energy,
Leaving all zones, ailments, allergy!

Jonathan ROBIN

Universal

'Universelle:

She is youth, she has no age.
She sees everything, she judges nothing.
She is innocent, she is powerful.
She comes from the past,
She is the future.'

Unrecognized though foreordained,
naught losing yet to all as lost,
innocent, though counting cost,
vast as the Past, as Future chained
eternally to Fate's fire-frost
rich as we shall be we've remained.

Unique and common, in between
night's sighs, dawn's longings, dreams' insight.
we float here, there, though scarce serene;
sleep's strings dissolve with waking light.
Chance intertwines our lives, sets scene
unwound round Time's wheel infinite.

First smile thus [b]rings bells brave and bright
but seeds regrets so often seen
as promise turns to 'might have been'
when secret longings fall from flight.
Yet contradictions' bark and bite
are reconciled by time's cuisine.

Game gambol gamble plays roulette
with Cause, Effect, would hedge its bet,
but all too often intervenes
the wild card held by Time who's seen
to pull those strings till all forget,
till all's forgotten, both 'what was', what might have been.

Jonathan ROBIN

Unjaded Sparkle

In many years when you and I no more
smile upon a world where butterflies
paint mosaic patterns, marble skies,
but will have sunk to rest long time before,
enchantment may your picture store, then poor
shall seem life - shorn of all it glorifies.
This image which relentless Time defies
shall radiate reflections from heart's core
on paper pour, on pixel screen explore
eyes eclipsing sun with solstice sighs, -
sun bright, which elsewhere dazzles sot and wise.
Reader who knew you not through this may draw
eternal threads through Time's dread needle, find
dreams' sudden sparkle, stirring, unconfined.

Jonathan ROBIN

Unknown Sky

Clock t[r]icks past midnight's arbitrary mark,
set within time-zone drawn through needle's eye.
Another night sails on as vital spark
skips over time-line, casts an unseen die
rolling haphazardly across light, dark
patchwork weaving quilt for unknown sky.

But soon sky sinks, eyes close, as all must die.
Thus I record ephemera, remark
subjectively, - however hard I try
to grasp relationships, steer blind my bark
between s[c]yllabic whirlpools 'how' and 'why' -
until, in turn, sucked into one way sleep,
I
lie
stark.

Jonathan ROBIN

Unlimited

Self soars unlimited, awakes
soul-song, swims unpolluted lakes.
Responses not reactions braid
fair future's flowing escapade,
no metamorphosis, no breaks,
when intuitions banish brakes.
There is no answer ready made,
nor 'need to be', nor 'feel afraid',
no contradictions, past mistakes
stunt growth. Inspired by all it takes,
no depths unplumbed, life unafraid
rechannels energies relayed
to seed search for fresh bloom which tomb
defies, denies lost lonely gloom ...

Unlimited

Responses not reactions braid
the future's flowing escapade,
no metamorphosis, no breaks,
when intuitions banish brakes.
There is no answer ready made,
nor need to be or feel afraid,
no parody where instinct takes
to growth inspired by past mistakes.
Self is unlimited when wakes
the soul to unpolluted lakes,
whose depths, unplumbed, and unafraid
may channel energies relayed
to seed the search for bloom which tomb
denies, defies all lonely gloom ...

Jonathan ROBIN

Unlimited Reflections - 0848 - Current Version

Here follows an anthology to bring
enjoyment true, one world view versed in rhyme,
unlimited reflections over time
matured by mind whose searching soul would sing,
nursing ambitions empathy should string,
except most care not, - neither nickle, dime.
Listen to intuition's bells' strong chime
imprinting echo etched on soul, whose ring
may never fail, to nothing fade. Time's sting
outcast as shared experiences climb
up past extrapolations vague, masqued mime.
Just twenty six swift soldiers' ink link lines
recast lead die, redrawing causal signs.

(4 March 2009)

Jonathan ROBIN

Unlocking I

Speak not of locks, of shocks, of furrowed brow
as circles spiral out to challenge Fate.
no corridors can wall, incarcerate
great soul whose door for sharing's open now.
To tears she fears, to weary stooping bow
Open heart, help hurt evaporate,
Miasma, darkness Life will dissipate.
Another door to spirit naught can cow
Remains to open, leads to sharing's vow,
Grief set aside, reef won't abide, berate!
Allow Love's dart to melt all trace of hate.
Response reaction scorns, can peace allow.
End fears! the years, the tears, cease choke and smart,
The pain, the strain, the chain, ease broken heart.

Jonathan ROBIN

Unlocking Ii

Away with locks, with shocks, with furrowed brow
Let circles spiral out to challenge Fate.
Ideals which wall no more incarcerate
Can open door for sharing soul-song now.
Eliminate fears tear-lined, weary bow,
Bind hope to scope as cares evaporate,
Antagonisms dark thus dissipate.
Life unlocks doors, shows spirit naught can cow
Demands relief from reef, briefs sharing's vow,
With grief's tide set aside, abide, berate!
Allow heart's dart to melt all trace of hate.
Response reaction scorns, may peace allow.
All fears, years yearning, tears, cease, release
Banish pain's strain chain, reach unstained peace.

Jonathan ROBIN

Unprepossessing Pensive Positive Posting

Unprepossessing, pensive, positive positron posting posthaste primes self-expression's impressions, seeks beyond existential sessions to process process within reason through temporal processions outside pseudo karmic intercessions.

Insight transcends the dotted line both and off, on course for resourceful concordance dancing out of and through chromatic pixel constellations.

Individual name flames, but fame's claims and aims fail at phoenix revival as survival's dreams teem, gleaming haphazardly across mortal imagination, then 'sink upon the midnight with no pain'.

Creation/cremation cycle must dusts ashes blown willy-nilly past collective Alzheimer memories, trees uprooted, offshoots booted out of court, caught in the never-never between yesterday's pray, today's play, and tomorrow's sorrow grey.

If the mind may be a universe unto itself, may the universe be a mind unto itself, and, if so, can it mind that minds can or cannot encapsulate self-sufficiency along a dotted line before fresh fusion transforms confusion into a cohesive constellation of potential energy particles?

I AM? or AM I AIM in perennial blame game ? State_mental line, desperate to pace light, existence seemingly dependent upon its seed's speed, soars, arching, starching star I Ching through the marching universe, attempting to reach, underscore, and underline itself although temporal continuum discrepancies perpetually portray parallax perceptions.

Prominence accorded one moment fades the next, today's priorities, yesterday's prior I tease, and tomorrow's pry I or It ease are part and parcel of an evanescent universe. Standing upon no ceremony, anxious to rotate upon its axis as if ALL IS WAS and remains ALL, and through ALL kidding, skidding in light despite gravity. One's aims appear as temporary temporal equations, in fragile equipoise, soon eclipsed. Self-perception's femtosecond symphonies of sound and fury signify nothing, nevertheless fall into and spiral out from themselves in a cannibalistic explosion of temporal cause/effect ripple rhymes.

Voyager longs to [l]ink the pages of the Present, intertwining Past and Future, ensuring that the door of insight and enlightenment remains ajar. Sustained content seems elusive, out of context to all beholders, too narrow or too wide to

those evanescent/effervescent who ephemerally flicker through their three score years and ten...too long for some, too short for others, stretching a point for some, reducing to a full stop, yet ever trying to make ends meet.

Back to and from big bang basics a-muse-sing contradiction in terms, spans the bridge between Whence/ Wither and Cause/Effect echoing relay race of Eternity's comings and goings, ebb and flow knowings and unknowings as cycle gears up, peers/appears over hair-splitting layers of primary unconsciousness.

Verbal wake-shake takes time out for its own O.K acorn ache sake without making flaking rhyme. It is as if an innate photosphere may take MORF FROM FORM weaveworld cluster words, arising even within an APed vacuum environment, then rocket to feed upon its own momentum independently of any external reference to its own refractive index. Creativity restlessly anticipates release, extrapolates an upgrade empowering innate ability to bust its own bounds, to burst into nut gut activity, itself both an appendix to and starting block for its perpetual spiral.

Warp and weft, bereft of references, dance a double helix under the sum sun of understanding, weaving cobweb stranding standing both apart from and as a part of the hole that leads the whole into and out of itself.

Scribe reflects prismatically and chromatically upon all aspects of awareness, sole soul works on as competing harmony and chaos complete each other before returning to city zen an ephemeral parody of own sown in_quest. Pensive willful writer will find, refine, redefine and extensively realign the suspensive Way, which, in its turn, underlines individual inability to assign its paradoxical convergent...seas posthaste to seize the day.

Jonathan ROBIN

Unprepossessingly Pensive Prose-Poem Post With Propensity For Positting Paradox Possibilities

I AM! or AM I AIM in perennial blame game? State_mental line, desperate to pace light, existence seemingly dependent upon its seed's speed, soars, arching, starching star I Ching through marching universe, trying to reach, underscore, and underline itself although temporal continuum discrepancies perpetually portray parallelax perceptions. Eye longs to [I]nk pages of Present, Past and Future songs so insight's door stays ajar. Sustained content seems elusive, out of context to most beholders, too narrow or too wide to effervescent mortals ephemerally flickering through life, stretching points till, reductio ad adsurdam full stop tries to make ends meet.

Unprepossessing, pensive, positive positron posting posthaste primes self-expression's impressions, seeks beyond existential sessions to process process within reason through temporal processions outside pseudo karmic intercessions. Insight transcends and offline dotted lines, on course for resourceful concordance recourse dancing out of and through chromatic pixel constellations. Name flames, but fame's claims and aims fail at phoenix revival as survival's dreams teem, gleaming haphazardly across mortality, then sure of no surcease, 'cease upon the midnight with no pain'.

If mind may be universe to itself, may universe be mind to itself? If so, can it mind if minds can't encapsulate self-sufficiency before fresh fusion transforms confusion into cohesive constellations of potential energy particles? Prominence accorded one second thought fades the next. Today's priorities, yesterday's prior I tease, and tomorrow's pry I or It ease being part and parcel of evanescence, stand on no ceremony, rotate on their axes as if ALL IS WAS and remains through ALL kid ego id skid, lightly mock gravity. Aims appear temporary temporal equations, abberations in fragile equipoise, soon eclipsed. Self-perception's femtosecond sound and fury symphonies signify nothing, howbeit fall into and spiral out from themselves in cannibalistic explosions of causal ripple rhymes.

Warp and weft, dance double helix under understanding's sum sun, weave cobweb strands standing both apart from and part of hole leading whole into and out of itself. Self-reference reflects on awareness. Competing harmony and chaos self complete, returning an ephemeral parody of own sown home grown in_quest to city zen. Pensive poet finds, refines, redefines and perpetually realigns suspensive Way, that, in turn, underlines individual inability to assign paradoxical

convergent...seas to seize the day.

Jonathan ROBIN

Unriled Joy After James Whitcomb Riley When The Frost Is On The Punkin And Joy Burki-Watson

When the current links computer screen to internet
when the 'Royal Crown' is fairly set upon fair features fine,
Then her sweetness sempiternal needs no coffee to invent
pure parody from paradise, no syllables misspent.
Far from ice and snow know Florida is haven of the Gods,
It even switched Obama which upset some Harris clods,
and all praise her peerless poems their true laurel leaves assign
When the current links computer screen to internet

Jonathan ROBIN

Unslaked Robin J After Alexander Pope's Imitation Of Abraham Cowley The Garden

Here might my Muse Pope's flowery tributes sing,
to praise great glories, Pope's poetic spring;
where opening lines parodic gems diffuse,
whose coronation needs no views.
There Lilies smile in virgin robes of white,
win thin transparent superficial light,
and Rose and Tulips blushing dazzling gay
describe scribe's bright diversities by day.
Each painted flower powerfully below
shown mirrored beauties, poet's duties grow
to pale Narcissi on bank ranked, which, vain
transformed by mirror, gaze on themselves again.
Here agèd trees Man's foibles contemplate,
Tomatoes blush upon the dinner plate.
Here Sweet Pease rise, there vine leafed Grapes must fall,
the harvest's hope frost free or not at all.
Here Orange-trees with blooms and pendants shine,
Lemons transplanted from judaic line;
exceed their promise in the ripen'd store:
invest in intense farm producing more.
There in bright drops the crystal Fountains play
till drought spells ill wells slaking Robin Jay.
Will Daphne, turned to tree though once a maid,
resent Apollo's late lamented shade,
which saved her beauty from sun's invasive beam,
she seeks in vain for succour from the stream
which once preserved her virgin leaves from heat,
provided shelter from her roots to greet.
Now Summer's beauty midst of Winter stays,
and Climate Change befuddles all our days.

Jonathan ROBIN

Unsought

Discover knowledge for itself means naught,
that riches, sin guilt-laden, can't be bought
like fireflies' glow on summer night uncaught,
grow insight revelation: joy unsought

Jonathan ROBIN

Unsure Cynosure

Self-obsessed revolving debit channels interest for a spell
soon broken - superficial token of tectonic fault
subsurface compensating for despairing tocsin bell
hell-bound, unsound, insatiable where 'halt! '
seem tantamount to mindset tainted, painted egocentric swell.

Jonathan ROBIN

Untainted - 1366 - Response To Mara Kirk Hart - Tainted

Although the road least taken
is one best left alone
when true h[e]art feels forsaken,
cut feelings, to the bone.
Although when skewed, mistaken,
joys curdle, grief is sown,
with challenge undertaken
who'd spice or bite bemoan?

Why self-destruct? no flicker
no flame, no pain, remain,
and lust unlucked fades quicker
than light, shan't rise again.
Teeth vampire? What is sicker
than blood turned muddy drain?
What's worth the rosebud liquor
returns to earth the brain?

Leave nightmares and awaken
from fears which turn to stone.
If not save face, save bacon,
for you there waits true [thr]one!
Honey, with faith unshaken,
to lemon tears too prone,
find new way which, when taken,
mind light leaves, dark unknown!

Tainted

You know the road less taken
Is one best left alone
All the joys you feel are skewed
You need the bite, the spice

To self-destruct in a flicker
Of flame, of pain, of lust
Your vampire teeth wait hidden
Beneath a rosebud mouth

Temperance no longer an option
Sweet sleep-nightmares you cherish
Honey is too cloying,
You'll take yours with some lemon

And a love too pure
And stinking of heaven
Will be passed by.
For your love has a darker side
You seek the soft underbelly of life
Most people avoid.

(16 March 2005)

Jonathan ROBIN

Unwinnowed Willow

Crowned canopy through branchwork downward sends
light's waves with subtle photosynthesis.
From root-tapped caves, sap rises, windward wends
well's spells, weaves leaves, leaves Nature's niche to tend
fresh twigs that passing breezes blending bend.
Entrancing dance, no copy dream-theme, this
scene stores much magic. Silent roots extend.
tomorrow's shoots as timed rings reminisce.

Athwart greensward will sorrow willow weep
spent seconds Chronos culls as harvest reap.
Along time's river willows bank dew, keep
due streaming watch till all turns to Styx sleep.

For previous version see below

Crowned canopy through branchwork downward send
with subtle photosynthesis light's waves,
while upward rising sap from root-tapped caves
weaves well's spells, leaves leaves to tend
fresh twigs that passing breezes bend
in dance entrancing, beckoning, no slaves
could copy dream-theme scene which saves
magic stored for future friend.

Jonathan ROBIN

Up The Garden Path - 0877 - Acrostic

Up the garden path she led him,
Private joke she told herself,
To sacrifice his precious self
He, half blind went to the brim,
Enjoyed close shave, then cut it trim.
Garden path walks wily woman's whim!

(11 April 1998)

Jonathan ROBIN

Upbeat Fishy Tale Scaled Down After Bryan Waller Procter Pre-Existence

I sit beside cool spring with wish I sported silver tail,
so up life's stream trend trail could swish, sunlight on each bright scale,
till by some bay wise school of fish might sight trap trawler's trail,
which, followed, must tense anguish net: woe to temptation's sail!

From babbling brook no second look attracts from passer by
to delta wide and bona fide which ne'er runs high and dry
my travels took as by the book flow shows swans glide, gulls cry,
a fertile ride from source inside earth's girth still waters lie.

Life floods in waves, in waves ebbs, keeps ups, downs, and roundabouts,
some, salmon, leap, from most no peeps are heard while groans own doubts.
Rise steep precedes descent to deeps, what soul convention flouts?
Today here, gone tomorrow, creeps on petty pace till rout's
round bend at end, race chase asleep, deceptions all found out.

Who would provide a dish delish one morn at market sale,
fed as fritters, perish first scales weighed upon some scale,
no dawn to spawn or to cherish? One blubbers like a whale.
The thought sends shivers, feverish, unsure from shore turn tail,
such crass ambitions vanish swift, here's best to leave grieve tale!

Yet climate change may not arrange affairs of mice and men
when source dries up betrothing cup lies empty, arid fen.
Humanity as all things see shows self-destruct as yen:
its history of greed may be rewrit by formic pen.

Jonathan ROBIN

Upon Julia's Voice After Robert Herrick Julia

So sweet, so smooth, silk soft her voice's tone
the Damn'd rejoice, their souls no choice but moan,
must hearken to her, [strumming in her chamber],
muse melting melodies through lutes of amber.

Jonathan ROBIN

Upon Julia's Tears, Voice And Togs Under Lock And Key After Robert Herrick

Whenas in tears his Julia flows
the season's reasons we suppose
well from neglect she feels he shows,
Next, when she casts her eyes to me
sees scintillation, carats three,
O how that glittering taketh she!

Soon bright is eye, and cleared is nose,
while soul, no longer comatose,
sparkles gaily, top to toes,
as I, whose sigh finds favour's key
unlock a glance eternity
acknowledges with jealousy.

So sweet, so smooth, silk soft her voice's tone
the Damn'd rejoice, their souls no choice but moan,
must hearken to her, (strumming in her chamber) ,
muse melting melodies through lutes of amber.

Whenas to shoot my Julia goes,
Then, then [methinks] how bravely shows
That rare arrangement of her clothes!

So, shod as when the Huntress Maid
With thumping buskin bruised the glade,
She moveth, making earth afraid.

Against the sting of random chaff
Her leathern gaiters circle half
The arduous crescent of her calf.

Unto th'occasion timely fit,
My love's attire doth show her wit,
And of her legs a little bit.

Sorely it sticketh in my throat,
She having nowhere to bestow't,

To name the absent petticoat.

In lieu whereof a wanton pair
Of knickerbockers she doth wear,
Full windy and with space to spare.

Enlargèd by the bellying breeze,
Lord! how they playfully do ease
The urgent knocking of her knees!

Lengthways curtailed to her taste
A tunic circumvents her waist,
And soothly it is passing chaste.

Upon her head she hath a gear
Even such as wights of ruddy cheer
Do use in stalking of the deer.

Haply her truant tresses mock
Some coronal of shapelier block,
To wit, the bounding billy-cock.

Withal she hath a loaded gun,
Whereat the pheasants, as they run,
Do make a fair diversion.

For very awe, if so she shoots,
My hair upriseth from the roots,
And lo! I tremble in my boots.

When like a bud my Julia blows
In lattice-work of silken hose,
Pleasant I deem it is to note
How `neath the nimble petticoat,
Above her fairy shoe is set
The circumvolving zonulet.
And soothly for the lover's ear
A perfect bliss it is to hear
About her limb so lithe and lank
My Julia's ankle-bangle clank.
Not rudely tight, for `twere a sin
To corrugate her dainty skin;

Yet not so large that it might fare
Over her foot at unaware;
But fashioned nicely with a view
To let her airy stocking through;
So as, when Julia goes to bed,
Of all her gear disburdenèd,
This ring at least she shall not doff
Because she cannot take it off.
And since thereof I hold the key,
She may not taste of liberty,
Not though she suffer from the gout,
Unless I choose to let her out.

Jonathan ROBIN

Upwardly Mobile Breasts Current Version

UPWARDLY MOBILE BREASTS CURRENT VERSION

Upwardly mobile breasts
link together East and West,
occupying cyberspace
to tease, to please, as they unbrace,
spring feeding fantasy oppressed -
though gravity, which, second-guessed,
would temper passions. Praise goes to press,
shows honey, milk, flow, money chased.

Upwardly mobile breasts
time time. Against time each protests,
most morals of the marketplace,
reject as callous, coarse, misplaced
manipulative maladdress.
By tenderness they're more impressed.
Pneumatic cushions charms encase
superbowl souls, goals none debase.

Man, mammal mammary obsessed,
manhandles, memory manifests
'I' level interest interface_
_sings [t]issues in both good, poor taste,
can't displace attention best
focused elsewhere, soul possessed
by magnet tandem ride, slim waist,
upwardly mobile, un-depressed.
D stands for Double bubble laced,
asymmetric succulence spaced
to dot eyes until life's digressed
by bridal bridle dispossessed.

Upwardly mobile breasts -
down and out, or corset pressed,
pear or apple pair set pace.
Fancy free, corset compressed
holding out or, on request,
outstanding assets for life's quest.
'Eye...cons' since time began, showcased,

fertile imaginations graced.

Mental midgets, men molest
magnificence, soft curves that crest,
mammoth mounts, lose sense as, stressed,
off limits spend cents, joy joints case
from chest to rib-cage, touching base
with fancy's fables few detest.
Fun bags balloon 'bove Everest,
peak projections never rest,
fun to strum or to digest,
[c]rush hour preoccupations taste
angst lest dream disintegrates.

Upwardly mobile breasts -
in the pink, admired with zest, -
swift soar above boors commonplace,
'To wit' says one, 'To woo I'll case
each joint to reach prime points! ' 'Obsessed! '
replies the other, 'feathered nest.'
Some, spread, taut drawn to taunt Time's haste,
lest silly cones should run to waste.

Willing pilgrim has progressed
from swamps which ignorance infest
to bliss which wishful-thinking place
beyond restraints, beyond transgress,
to tweak twin teats whose sweets replace
canned cream - the dream of marketplace -
disgorging drips pursed lips embrace
disbursed, dispersed as angel grace
beyond all sin to win process
absorbing all mankind holds best.

Upwardly mobile breasts
twin ambitions as each tests
future flight despite tight space
confined by cups designers trace.
Sins forgotten, sins confessed,
spin between twin softness pressed
to service in lofty cause - proud brace
of sap paps pleasing populace.

Cleavage corsetry compressed
from north to south too soon goes west,
celestial swellings sprout apace,
far flung flood buds bras encase
lest moral limits be transgressed
by itchy fingers, faith finessed.
Temptation's triumphs some replace
with artificial plastic paste -
an operation sometimes messed
up by physicians miss dissed... pest.

Upwardly mobile breasts
seldom stay neutral, peaks suggest
peeks lead to perks as 'any place'
and 'any time' combine, solace.
Pierced, belled, tattooed, chewed nude, wooed dressed
passion's promise keeps abreast
of impressions well expressed
in [e]yes that greet neat form, sweet face
care seldom if it masks disgrace.

Mammo-entric eyes invest
passionflowers with powers based
on inclinations brazen-faced.
Life's swings and roundabouts, repressed,
dream to anoint each welcome guest
who'd reach each rosy hued rosace
that gobble-wobble lips dream trace.
Superstructures unsuppressed
spontaneous surge, merge urges guessed -
soprano wooed by double bass -
sumptuous, splendid, charming, chaste:
few dare deny where high hopes rest.

Upwardly mobile breasts
feel Spring bounce from winter vests
shed inhibitions to replace
trends passé, seek pride of place
to fashion passions doubly blessed -
by birth from Earth to Heaven's zest,
by girth and mirth from crown to waist,

rich feelings' switch which none erase.

Perking upwards or compressed,
start from scratch un-prepossessed,
or twinset bound no stitch misplaced,
responsive, cool, none should lambaste
these summits summed up in verse fest
as sum_ma cum laude digest,
some mum, some milk, all season chased,
give grounds for an antitrust case.

Upwardly mobile breasts
no double-binds admit, - addressed
careers from leers leap to embrace
appointment rendezvous erase.
Causing cardiac arrests
when imagined underdressed,
parking fines they may efface
sense saving cents, though losing face.

Each with virulence detests
when 'up and coming' feather nests,
each insists on touching base
instincts, and, in any case,
hearts are locked in treasure chest,
arts star stocked winning pleasure best.
True beauties, both through growth gain grace,
spurn letting down, fill gowns with taste.

Upwardly mobile breasts
interest and reinvest
the suck[|]ers' dreams of cream embrace,
stand out, outstanding interface.
Undulating, double gests
bubble burst to nip men's jests
in the bud and interlace
dreams with themes of satin, lace.

Every pendulum contests
Time's encroachments, Time's behests,
lusting for a timeless race -
trumps to overtrump life's ace.

Discontent with second-best
each weighs, both playful, self-possessed,
the force that mountains might displace,
rejects attentions out of place.

Upwardly mobile breasts
cleave to tap the sap that's blessed,
in competition set the pace,
respond to magic wand in place
till will's distressed as dispossessed
by years, by tears, by Time's conquest,
till wrinkles undermine form, face,
and one by one all fall from grace.

Proud peaches round which crowd once pressed
discover pendulums depressed
by Time which at a pretty pace
leaps onwards, leaving scarce a trace
of ruby tippie nipples dressed
anointed high points coalesced.
Poetic licence, last verse placed,
by other thoughts must be replaced.

Jonathan ROBIN

Upwards

Fly magician, Friendship wears a coat
Unstained by Chance, sad circumstance, exclusion.
Phoenix flight may save from grief's confusion
When 'cares attack and life seems black', remote
Aid altruistic, non-judgemental vote,
Restoring trust in confident conclusion.
Dreams, rejecting artifice, delusion,
Set sights upon fresh start, and keep afloat
Links Deep, hope's steers life's optimistic boat,
Seychelles acqua tinted, joy's profusion.

(18 July 2008)

Jonathan ROBIN

Us May You Me Replace Maude C

Make fairyland from rocky start to rose
Advancing, wings unfurled, to greet new dawn,
Uniting hopes and dreams, fears put to scorn
Delight shines bright, osmosis fresh glows, sows
Enchantment where one might say shells would close,
Chose to shun outward shows while heart forlorn
Mocked self-sustaining fantasy, would mourn
Amazing grace deprived of love's dew flows.
US may YOU ME replace as heart's heart knows
Divinity, where two, divided, torn,
Expected little, giving much. Reborn
Connections linked, two, close, may blooms unclosed.
Meter, rhyme, combine with feelings rich,
Change destiny from dread's bled threads' cross stitch.

Jonathan ROBIN

Va Pour Vapour - Translation Pierre Corneille

If one lover I lose
two replace as hot wire,
though vow, promise I use
to divert, set pace higher,
perjure, promise recuse,
soon in Time's wind expire.

When a fair face I see
I feel sudden afire,
but for life lock love's key
ain't my style spite my lyre.
Constant court paid, for me,
is not goal I require

More flighty than moon, -
free range change I admire, -
blond, brunette, free to spoon.
Constant cravings soon tire:
both brunette, blond too soon
senses sap, jade desire.

Jonathan ROBIN

Vacillation

Men's thoughts and deeds, alas, compete,
they seldom prove fair, free,
show what they wish and what complete
identical may be.

'Tis base to boast ten times a day,
days fifty two times seven,
that best behaviour's to delay,
as help descends from Heaven.

'Cunctator' some long since deserve
that merit meted moons ago,
and thereunto add 'Maximus'
the Romans did bestow
on one brave man who'd, in the past,
slight chance to meet with lance
his foe, and happy homeward cast
his way with winning chants,
and so delayed until the time
when, weakened by the war,
his foemen left their dead behind
to Carthage to withdraw.

Most prove no heroes, no hurray,
base craven cowards lie
avoiding issues every day
too often let things lie.

'Tis only their own selves men spite
with inner vacillation,
let hearts and heads ally to fight
destructive hesitation.

Jonathan ROBIN

Vae Victis After Gilles Menage And Thomas Hood

Faithless Nellie Gray

Good people all, with one accord
lament for David Wren,
who never wanted a good word –
from those his praise did pen.

He strove all of this House to please
with manners wondrous winning;
and never followed wicked ways –
except when he was sinning.

At meals, in slacks and jackets neat,
with smile of monstrous size;
he sat up straight upon his seat –
for ladies, though, he'd rise.

His love was sought, the little wren,
by twenty birds and more;
where e'er he went they followed him
to Annesley's shady shore.

So let us sigh, in sorrow sore,
for South House well may say;
had he but slaved in school some more,
he had not sobbed today.

14 December 1969

Faithless Ben Simon

Ben Simon was a broker bold
who'd turned his share of crashes,
the recent slump his stumps had bowled
with shares returned to ashes.

Then as they hammered him from `Change,
he stammered "with a spread
I might my spread keep, not exchange

my blue bloods, in the red! "

Head watch-dogs dogged his tracks before
he suddenly made tracks,
and headed south ahead of four
headlines in weekend tracts.

Though contracts signed seemed so well heeled, -
the heel – but yet inside a
good deal of each deal he had wheeled
were bad contacts insider!

Although he swore an open book
each trade was 'fore bear raid,
betrayed, he soon was brought to book
and in the dock arrayed.

The moral of this tale, who knows?
Fools' gold will e'er attract,
but details missed, or jealous foes
woe's tales tell, 'tis a fact.

27 July 1991

An Elegy The Happy Man

La Palisse now I wish to touch;
Droll air! if I can strike it,
I'm sure the song will please you much;
That is, if you should like it.

La Pallisse was indeed, I grant,
Not used to any dainty
When he was born – but could not want,
As long as he had plenty.

Instructed with the greatest care,
He always was well bred,
And never used a hat to wear
But when 'twas on his head.

His temper was exceeding good,

Just of his father's fashion;
And never quarrels broil'd his blood,
Except when in a passion.

His mind was on devotion bent;
He kept with care each high day,
And Holy Thursday always spent
The day before Good Friday.

He liked good claret very well,
I just presume to think it;
For ere its flavour he could tell
He thought it best to drink it.

Than doctors more he loved the cook,
Though food would make him gross,
And never any physic took
But when he took a dose.

O happy, happy is the swain
The ladies so adore;
For many followed in his train,
Whene'er he walk'd before.

Bright as the sun his flowing hair
In golden ringlets shone;
And no one could with him compare,
If he had been alone.

His talents I cannot rehearse,
But everyone allows,
That whatsoe'er he wrote in verse,
No one could call it prose.

His powerful logic would surprise,
Amuse, and much delight:
He proved that dimness of the eyes
Was hurtful to the sight.

They liked him much - so it appears
Most plainly - who preferred him;
And those did never want their ears

Who any time had heard him.

He was not always right, 'tis true,
And then he must be wrong;
But none had found it out, he knew,
If he had held his tongue.

He argued with precision nice,
The learned all declare;
And it was his decision wise,
No horse could be a mare.

He was not always right, 'tis true,
And then he must be wrong;
But none had found it out, he knew,
If he had held his tongue.

Whene'er a tender tear he shed,
'Twas certain that he wept;
And he would lie awake in bed,
Unless, indeed, he slept.

In tilting everybody knew
His very high renown;
Yet no opponents he o'erthrew
But those that he knocked down.

At last they smote him in the head –
What hereo ever fought all?
And when they saw that he was dead,
They knew the wound was mortal.

And when at last he lost his breath,
It closed his every strife;
For that sad day that seal'd his death,
Deprived him of his life.

Gilles MENAGE 1613_1692

Translator Unknown sometimes in 9 verses only 'amuse' variation 'amaze'

Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog

Good people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song;
And if you find it wondrous short,
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran—
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad—
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain some private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighbouring streets
The wond'ring neighbours ran,
And swore the dog had lost its wits
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seemed both sore and sad
To every Christian eye;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light
That showed the rogues they lied, —
The man recovered of the bite,
The dog it was that died!

Elegy on the Glory of her Sex Mrs Mary Blaize

Good people all, with one accord
Lament for Madam Blaize,
Who never wanted a good word, —
From those who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom passed her door,
And always found her kind;
She freely lent to all the poor, —
Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighbourhood to please
With manners wondrous winning;
And never followed wicked ways, —
Unless when she was sinning.

At church, in silks and satins new,
With hoop of monstrous size,
She never slumbered in her pew, —
But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was sought, I do aver,
By twenty beaux and more;
The king himself has followed her, —
When she has walked before.

But now her wealth and finery fled,
Her hangers-on cut short all;
The doctors found, when she was dead, —
Her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament in sorrow sore,
For Kent Street well may say
That had she lived a twelvemonth more,
She had not died today.

Oliver GOLDSMITH 1728_1774 gold1_0003_mena1_0001

Parody from the French Gilles Ménage Elegy - The Happy Man

Faithless Nellie Gray

Ben Battle was a soldier bold,
And used to war's alarms;
But a cannon-ball took off his legs,
So he laid down his arms.

Now as they bore him off the field,
Said he, 'Let others shoot;
For here I leave my second leg,
And the Forty-second Foot.'

The army-surgeons made him limbs:
Said he, 'They're only pegs;
But there's as wooden members quite,
As represent my legs.'

Now Ben he loved a pretty maid, -
Her name was Nelly Gray;
So he went to pay her his devours,
When he devoured his pay.
But when he called on Nelly Gray,
She made him quite a scoff;
And when she saw his wooden legs,
Began to take them off.

'O Nelly Gray! O Nelly Gray! '
Is this your love so warm?
The love that loves a scarlet coat
Should be a little more uniform.

Said she, ' I loved a soldier once,
For he was blithe and brave;
But I will never have a man
With both legs in the grave

'Before you had those timber toes
Your love I did allow;
But then, you know, you stand upon
Another footing now.'

'O Nelly Gray! O Nelly Gray!
For all your jeering speeches,
At duty's call I left my legs
In Badajos's breaches.'

'Why, then, ' said she, 'you've lost the feet
Of legs in war's alarms,
And now you cannot wear your shoes
Upon your feats of arms! '

'O false and fickle Nelly Gray!
I know why you refuse:
Though I've no feet, some other man
Is standing in my shoes.

'I wish I ne'er had seen your face;
But, now, a long farewell!
For you will be my death' – alas!
You will not be my Nell! '

Now when he went from Nelly Gray
His heart so heavy got,
And life was such a burden grown,
It made him take a knot.

So round his melancholy neck
A rope he did intwine,
And, for his second time in life,
Enlisted in the Line.

One end he tied around a beam,
And then removed his pegs;
And, as his legs were off - of course
He soon was off his legs.

And there he hung till he was dead
As any nail in town;
For, though distress had cut him up,
It could not cut him down.

A dozen men sat on his corpse,

To find out why he died, -
And they buried Ben in four cross-roads
With a stake in his inside.

Thomas Hood Parody from the French Gilles Ménage Elegy - The Happy Man and
Oliver GOLDSMITH – Elegy on the Glory of her Sex, Mrs. Blaize

Faithless Sally Brown

Young Ben he was a nice young man,
A carpenter by trade;
And he fell in love with Sally Brown,
That was a lady's maid.

But as they fetched a walk one day,
They met a press-gang crew;
And Sally did faint away,
Whilst Ben he was brought to.

The Boatswain swore with wicked words,
Enough to shock a saint,
That though she did seem in a fit,
'Twas nothing but a feint.

'Come, girl, ' said he, 'hold up you head,
He'll be as good as me;
For when your swain is in our boat,
A boatswain he will be.'

So when they'd made their game of her,
And taken off her elf,
She roused, and found she only was
A coming to herself.

'And is he gone, and is he gone! '
She cried, and wept outright:
'Then I will to the water side,
And see him out of sight.'

A waterman came up to her,
'Now, young woman, ' said he,

'If you weep on so, you will make
Eye-water in the sea.'

'Alas! they've taken my beau Ben
To sail with old Benbow; '
And her woe began to run afresh,
As if she'd said Gee woe!

Says he, 'They've only taken him
To the Tender ship, you see; '
'To the Tender ship, ' cried Sally Brown,
'What a hard-ship that must be!

'Oh! would I were a mermaid now,
For then I'd follow him;
But oh! I'm not a fish-woman,
And so I cannot swim.

'Alas! I was not born beneath
The Virgin and the Scales,
So I must curse my cruel stars,
And walk about in Wales.'

Now Ben had sailed to many a place
That's underneath the world;
But in two years the ship came home,
And all her sails were furled.

But when he called on Sally Brown,
To see how she went on,
He found she'd got another Ben,
Whose Christian name was John.

'O Sally Brown, O Sally Brown,
How could you serve me so?
I've met with many a breeze before,
But never such a blow.'

Then, reading on his 'bacco box,
He heaved a bitter sigh,
And then began to eye his pipe,
And then to pipe his eye.

And then he tried to sing 'All's Well, '
But could not though he tried:
His head was turned, and so he chewed
His pigtail till he died.

His death which happened in his berth,
At forty-odd befell:
They went and told the sexton, and
The sexton toll'd the bell.

Thomas Hood 1799_1845 hood1_0005_mena1_0001 Parody Gilles MENAGE -
The Happy Man Oliver GOLDSMITH – Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog

The Cold-Water Man

It was an honest fisherman,
I knew him passing well,
And he lived by a little pond,
Within a little dell.

A grave and quiet man was he,
Who loved his book and rod,
So even ran his line of life,
His neighbours thought it odd.

For science and for books, he said,
He never had a wish,
No school to him was worth a fig,
Except a school of fish.

He ne'er aspired to rank or wealth,
Nor cared about a nae,
For though much famed for fish was he,
He never fished for fame.

Let others bend their necks at sight
Of Fashion's gilded wheels,
He ne'er had learned the art to "bob"
for anything but eels.

A cunning fisherman was he,

His angles all were right;
The smallest nibble at his bait
Was sure to prove "a bite."

John Godfrey SAXE 1816_1887

Pygmalion

There was an ancient classic swell,
An interesting alien,
His kinsfolk called him "Piggy", but
His full name was Pygmalion.

Like many a high artistic Greek,
He got his bread by chiselling;
I don't mean running into debt
and then by moonlight mizzling.

I don't mean billiards, cards or dice,
At which the sharper garbles
Some spooney flat – the only game
Pymalion played was marbles.

He chiselled marble into forms
Defying competition;
And won no end of Kudos at
Each R.A. Exhibition.

One eve, he'd worked the whole day long,
And felt used up and wearied;
His subject was a Grecian Bend,
Or Lady of the Period.

Now Piggy was a lonely man,
Since he had never mated;
But always kept a celibate,
Although so celebrated.

So when he laid his chisel down
And saw his fair creation,
He said, - as critics often say -

“She lacks but animation! ”

And straightway Love and Phantasy,
Like disobedient vassals,
Heedless of Reason, in his brain
Wen building Spanish castles.

He thought it would be very nice
Each morning could he see
Presiding at his breakfast-board
Just such a Mrs. P.

He pictured her at parties, fêtes,
In pinery or grapery,
Looking as she was looking then –
Plus just a little drapery.

He bent on her a steadfast gaze
(Mesmeric `twas, I`m thinking)
And straight her sympathetic lids
Moved like – yes, just like – winking.

She breathed – she lived – she came to him,
And he embraced her quick;
“You are not stone! ” he fondly cried –
“You are a little brick! ”

His vision thus was realised:
Next morning he was able
To see that partner exquisite
Presiding at his table.

He ordered in no end of `things`,
He thought it but his duty;
Since, even for that antique age,
Too `unadorned` her beauty.

And knowing well that spinsters prim
Would make her case a handle
For rude remark, he put a stop
Effectually to scandal.

For shortly in the Morning Post
This won the Monde's regards –
"Mr. Pygmalion, R.A., -
Married Miss Stone. No cards."

And many an artist, since that day,
Has found his sighs love-laden
Warm into animated clay
The coldest 'marble maiden."

Author Unknown The Hornet c.1890 PSho1_0005_mena1_0001

Elegy

"Great Britain makes a difficult sacrifice of principle by promising to bring the question of the recognition of the sovereignty of Ethiopia before the League of Nations"

The Times 18 April 1938

Good People all of every kind,
Unto my song give ear,
Of how the nations late combined
To make aggressors fear,

Of eight-and-fifty sheep-dogs, bound
No more to bark or bite,
And tainted wethers to impound
With full collective might.

A wolf in sheepskin was disclosed,
A lurking beast of prey.
The league his brigandage opposed,
A mouton enragé –

And more in sorrow than in ire
Put on the sanctions screw
To make the peacebreakers retire,
As they were sworn to do.

The killer ravaged, undismayed
By their coercive thrust,

The justice of his force outweighed
The forces of the just.

Their logic was confounded quite
As fact with theory vied,
The wolf recovered from the bite;
The League it was that died.

Olga Miller Katzin 1896_1987

To Add

BENSON Gerard 1931_20xx bens2_0004_mena1_0001 PWX_DXX Ben
Barley_Ben Barley was a barman stout

FAGG Martin fagg1_0003_mena1_0001 PWX_DXX Elegy on Thomas Hood_O
spare a tear for poor Tom Hood

Jonathan ROBIN

Valentine - 0985 - Initial Version

Valentine, red roses sent
Across time's screen flashed colour warm,
Left imprint flush blush now no form
Explicit draws, yet, heaven lent,
New wonder grants! Who came and went,
Time passed, forgotten sleep, no storm
Interferes. Here neither thorn
Nor doubts dispel most excellent
Emotional environment.

(13 February 2002)

Jonathan ROBIN

Valentine Vale Unveiled Prevails

Valentine, red roses sent,
Across time's screen flashed. Witness warm
Love's imprint, flush blush. Though no form
Explicit's drawn, yet, heaven lent,
New wonders granted. Who came, went,
Time passed, forgotten, sleep. No storm
Interferes. Here neither thorn
Nor doubts dispel most excellent
Empathy, life's compliment.

Vanity impermanent?
Although emotions mortals spawn
Leave slight external trace, their dawn,
Eternal light wave echo's sent
Now through space, time, to complement
Trace radiation's monument
Intemporally enshrined. Transformed
Nexus 'twixt Past, Future, Present,
Enchantment unambivalent.

Jonathan ROBIN

Vanitas

May praise aloud from crazy crowd suffice
to raise the proud endowed with mazy vice?
Dance on! Advance, leave shirkers low their lice,
and, unforesworn, work for new dawn's fresh spice ...

Jonathan ROBIN

Vanitas Vanitatis After Oliver Goldsmith The Village Schoolmaster

'The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon
Turns Ashes, or it prospers; and anon,
Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty Face
Lighting a little Hour or two, is gone.'

Wan worldly mirage food chain species sees
in time some trees may whisper to breeze, bees,
while ants at war with termite colonies
scoff at presumptuous fake fatuities
where pride awhile preceded trial, steep fall,
forgetfulness 'lies' epitaph for all.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way
rose smells as sweet without Man's interplay.
Monsanto played its part with sterile seeds.
Who now recounts uncounted rosary beads?
Where once rose mansions, mankind skilled to rule,
passed away, as Nature thawed ice cool.
As polar bears' float floes flown extinct became,
humanity perished punished for end game
strategic errors, sunk without a trace
each day disasters throwing in their face
stupid neglect and counterfeited glee
as climate change came home with rising sea
encouraging wave whispers circling round
till last survivors, dismal tidings, drowned.
Where greed and need together feed faults caught,
no lessons learning, faulty logic fraught,
the planet's billions to their cost
too late awoke to measure all they'd lost.
Lands hands could treasure tides now hide, none gauge
how storyboard saw time erase man's page
despite the skill that sapiens or wise
ten thousand years had shown in every guise.
Earthquakes off Richter Scale with thundering sound
amazed the gazing peasants ranged around;
and still cows grazed and still the wonder grew,

that Nostradamus prophecies came true.
Past is Man's fame, rot blots the very spot
where those who triumphed henceforth lie forgot.

Jonathan ROBIN

Variation On A Theme

Though Time turns tides, storms ride to peace
when filter fresh Fates find,
Spring leaves [p]lay life as transient lease
leave grief behind in mind.

All idylls fail, though tales too sad
may be rewrit more kind,
where adaptation, good from bad,
would conjur state of mind

or sleight of hand which line by line
would draw in polychrome
the bitter black and white decline
from sweetness honeycomb.

Who once mourned lonely through caprice,
unhappy, undermined
dawn rediscovers, pulses ceased -
tears frozen, chains unwind.

Oases fail as pains increase
as second sight's eye blind
transmutes what once seemed golden fleece
to stone mute, unrefined.

As some surf sculptured flotsam flung
back to the stormy sea,
as jetsam leaf of life's tree hung
once on fate's hinge, torn free.

As date, as anniversary,
from calendar expunged,
as sailor smit by siren's see
in swirling ocean plunged.

As broken toy, forgotten, cast
aside some summer day,
abandoned by spite's child who fast
found other ploy to play.

As voter, duty done, expelled
by politician snide
who cared more for positions held
than bridging deep divide.

As damsel in distress, no knight,
reflecting on love lost,
rejected by some parasite
who'd calculate cash cost.

As bloom precocious whose delight
is pinched by early frost
or stemmed by scissors expedite
in cut glass vase quick tossed.

As endless treason season's plight
on land none cultivate,
whose soil pollution spoiled despite
a fertile womb to sate.

As troubled mind no music may
relieve from woes too great,
sights slight release when far away
love slips to leave cold grate.

These gifts to her he, heartless, gave
when making tracks elsewhere,
what then remained gained thankless grave
brave song none left to care.

Rose to the bait who float ignored,
hook, line, and sinker swallowed,
in palm of hand fate's lines seemed flawed
fast dreams, past life, found hollowed.

Jonathan ROBIN

Verbatim Veracity Vision Voyage Visiting Verlaine's Virid Verses

Verbatim Veracity Vision Voyage Visiting Verlaine's Virid Verses

Key to my bliss, I'd kiss proud breasts and shapely hips,
Accept my heart so great which just for you does beat,
Refuse to [t]urn my fate with spurning fingertips
ENchanting nymph, fair Miss, receive gifts soft and sweet.

Know each day of the week there's only you to praise
As into April March stands herald to the Spring
Represent March Mars me, in you may April ph[r]ase
ENdearment, Venus speak, bestow heart, shared joy [b]ring.

Kismet come unto me as perfumed fresh, and soft,
All ready to caress from top to toe with skill
Redressing mast you bless between two hands, - aloft
Endowment's flag flies free, responds as vessels fill.

Kiss met on your pert breast jerks, perks up, celebrates
As bow to complement your violin, in tune,
REsponds to siren song, which everywise soul sates
Now zephyr, tempest now, - all wavelength's `neath Love's moon.

Knocked skittles by each kiss of unexpected power
Afford broadsword repose, whose heart is subjugate,
RElax not yet, fair rose, I'll rise again this hour,
Need no balm, Cialis, - your touch much more await.

Know, too, before fair friend we met life rhymed with blight,
A weary soul and sad had travelled lone, awry.
REgrets fast past, lets gad, you're godsend, trip's delight -
Nirvana, journey's end, safe berth, rebirth, home dry.

King I and you my Queen, no jealousy unjust
All life shall heaven sent shine bright should life we share,
REveal accomplishment whose story spurns Death's dust,
Nestled in peace serene, at ease beyond compare.

Knit close to you my fate is promised happiness
As in my hand your hand is touched by osmosis
REad oasis dreamland of infinite softness
Now we'll anticipate voluptuous peace and bliss.

Knight fair though head in air, whose muse burns bright for you
Awaits through night and day if so should be your choice,
REmains, soul clear, to play life's dreams at last come true.
No pair such fruits could share, should you lend me your voice...

30 March 2005 acrostic Parody Translation Paul VERLAINE – Green

Vision Vérité Voyage Vers Vers Verts Verlaine

Voici vos fruits chou fleur aux seins ronds, aux belles hanches,
et voici mon grand coeur, qui ne bat que pour vous.
ne le déchirez pas avec vos mains si blanches,
Qu'à vos yeux bleus ces beaux cadeaux vous semblent doux !

Lundi au Vendredi, puis Samedi, Dimanche
dès ce jour du Printemps, Mars, Avril se confondent,
moi, Mars, je suis aussi, en vous Avril s'épanche, -
le karma réunit l'esprit clair, cœur profond.

Vous arrivez ouverte, encore parfumée,
prête à me caresser des pieds au cou dûment,
souffrez que ma fatigue entre vos mains dressée
répond aux doux instants qui la délasseront.

Vers votre jeune sein je viens faire la fête, -
l'archet dressé du corps à votre violon
s'accorde – un doux refrain pouvant à la tempête
virer pourtant portant l'amour vers l'ultra son.

Sonné par vos baisers – puissance insoupçonnée -

laissez moi m'apaiser après votre conquête.
Ne vous reposez pas, il faut encore oser
pour panser chaque plaie du Temps qui toujours guète!

Avant de rencontrer votre tendre reflet
mon âme voyageait trop triste et inquiète,
en vous se compléter – voyage terminé –
permet de se poser ...ainsi prend fin ma quête.

Souhaitant vous chérir sans jamais renchérir
à travers arguments dictés par jalousie, -
et vous quel avenir voulez-vous voir venir
en prose, en vers rimants, où l'harmonie sourit?

Ensemble le destin au bonheur est promis,
ma main dans votre main, - l'osmose et le toucher, -
j'aspire aux lendemains aux douceurs infinies,
où tout respire enfin en calme et volupté.

Car votre beau de l'air exquis et si lyrique
ce soir et pour toujours - si vous le choisissez, -
pour un essor hors pair où tout est idyllique,
attend ma récompense – une réponse où les

vœux partagés seront couronnés de bonheur,
où la sérénité connaît aucun défi,
où toujours vous serez la plus épanouie,
où de la vie le chant unit et corps et cœur.

30 March 2005 Parody Paul VERLAINE – Green

Green - French Parody of Paul Verlaine - Green

GREEN

Voici mon fruit, ma fleur, mes seins ronds et mes hanches,
et puis voici mon coeur, qui ne bat que pour vous.
Ne les déchirez pas avec vos deux mains blanches

et qu'à vos yeux ces beaux, ces humbles présents soient doux!

J'arrive toute ouverte, encore parfumée,
qu'on se fasse escaler des pieds à l'haut dûment!
Souffrez que ma fatigue, entre vos mains prostrée,
rêve des chers instants qui la délasseront.

Sur mon tout jeune sein venez faire la fête, -
le violon de mon corps s'accorde à vos baisers.
Laissez moi m'apaiser de la bonne tempête, -
mais ne reposez pas, il faut encore oser!

© Jonathan Robin - Poem written 24 November 1996

GREEN

Voici des fruits, des fleurs, des feuilles et des branches
Et puis voici mon coeur, qui ne bat que pour vous.
Ne le déchirez pas avec vos deux mains blanches
Et qu'à vos yeux si beaux l'humble présent soit doux.

J'arrive tout couvert encore de rosée
Que le vent du matin vient glacer à mon front.
Souffrez que ma fatigue, à vos pieds reposés
Rêve des chers instants qui la délasseront.

Sur votre jeune sein laissez rouler ma tête
Toute sonore encor de vos derniers baisers;
Laissez-la s'apaiser de la bonne tempête,
Et que je dorme un peu puisque vous reposez.

Paul Verlaine: Romance sans Paroles

GREENLY

I bring, with true heart bursting just for you,
Sweet friend these branches, flowers, fruit and leaves,

And hope when white hand humble gift receives,
Beauty's eyes will bless, not break in two.

Entering, my forehead drenched with dew
Left by dawn winds, I'd learn that love relieves.
Let my fatigue, which at thy feet here grieves,
Enchanted dream these worries two'll eschew.

May my head on your youthful breast renew
Emotions that each kiss forever leaves,
Yet may it calm find 'spite the storm that heaves
Now deep within, - to sleep, at rest with you.

© Jonathan Robin - Poem written 17 June 1991

Jonathan ROBIN

Jonathan ROBIN

Versatile Verse - Polyacrostic Sonnet

Vanity within a verse scheme gave
Each alphomega, each word's aura, ease.
Run through in print, as content rhymes to please,
Springs, rising sprightly, links few see, most crave.
Apart here thread we tight, taut, autoclave,
Tacit, yes, yet pate-play may seem tease.
In lines smooth I express this hidden frieze, -
Lucid keepsake, light, keen, subtle stave.
Emphatic theme expect, - interpret rave!
Vain verse-vine vile? Voice very vivid? Seize
Externals terse are shade, sense secret keys.
Rare is this art, rare verses are, - rhyme save.
A sonnet's stress sometimes less shows than's hid, -
Here's an example baring message grid.

Jonathan ROBIN

Verse Is Not Magic

Verse is not magic even though at times
as reader, writer surf together, cue
links through patterns shared, decoding clue,
enter into spirit of the rhymes.
Register chromatic tempting climbs
in/through spectral intensity, each hue
emotions keys no rainbow ever knew.
Voice finds expression, symphony sublime.
Although some stays unpolished `tis no crime
life recognizes where the spirit's true,
empathy encouraging. How few
remain to shine beyond vain pantomime?
If letters can combine to stir the soul
each line threads through all parts, creates true whole.

Jonathan ROBIN

Verse Reverse Background

Context chromatic
reinvents or prevents con
tent enigmatic.

Rich flight perception
seen through variable screens
which [w]right deception.

Jonathan ROBIN

Verte After Paul Verlaine Green Romances Sans Paroles

Voici mon fruit, ma fleur, mes seins ronds et mes hanches,
et puis voici mon coeur, qui ne bat que pour vous.
Ne les déchirez pas avec vos deux mains blanches
et qu'à vos yeux ces beaux, ces humbles présents soient doux!

J'arrive toute ouverte, encore parfumée,
qu'on se fasse escaler des pieds à l'haut dûment!
Souffrez que ma fatigue, entre vos mains prostrée,
rêve des chers instants qui la délasseront.

Sur mon tout jeune sein venez faire la fête,
le violon de mon corps s'accorde à vos baisers.
Laissez moi m'apaiser de la bonne tempête,
mais ne reposez pas, il faut encore oser!

Jonathan ROBIN

Victim Of His Own Success

Man, victim of his own success, must fast grasp opportunity
to offer all equality of chances and advances stress
as the ability to press for rights for disability
the strong ignore, or fail to bless.

Man, victim of his own success, does not deserve impunity
when biosphere supportive he still stifles in the name of, - guess, -
'Democracy', free-choice oppress through ways of ta[l]king liberty
as only freedom to repress.

Man, victim of his own success, - tale's pun, - few marks of modesty
retains, yet with anxiety observes galactic game of chess
while most Earth's problems won't address. This manifest dichotomy
highlights concerns we should assess.

Man, victim of his own success, needs to transcend his history
predative, channel energy towards solutions which suppress
his immaturity, redress the balance of society,
extend awareness free from stress.

Man, victim of his own success, must sail beyond tsunami he
created to a safer sea where winds of change may not express
a whirlwind strange that all confess none can control. Society
must change or soon will sink, regress.

Man, victim of his own success, must map return to sanity,
respect with assiduity the planet's need to convalesce,
create conditions which attest acceptance by humanity
of overview which won't aggress.

Man, victim of his own success, must understand ecology
requires intrinsic harmony, may join "I wish" to "I possess"
providing much more, - never less, - is harvested with equity,
without the urge to dispossess.

Man, victim of his own success should heed the lessons most agree
accompany pride's apogee, and not attempt to second guess
the seasons' reasons or finesse. Where just fat few progress we see
misuse far more than maladresse.

Man, victim of his own success, beyond base skills of repartee,
should take time off from Time to key into distortions which transgress
ideals which should not ever stress the views of tight community
or vested interests. Nonetheless, -

Man, victim of his own success, must meet the challenges that he
has catalyzed - calamity around the corner waits unless
he acts - declines to acquiesce with urbane equanimity, -
protects his progeny's success...

Which, victim of its own success, may stray from birthright destiny
to cul-de-sac of history, through compromise, increase distress
or narrow hopes where scope could press for change proactive, remedy
renewed temptations to digress through need to influence, impress,
the generations yet to be, compress its chances - tragedy
whose risks too high remain as we depict the options which depress
the outlook for our century.

(c) Jonathan Robin 1992 -2006

10 October 1992,3 October 2006

Jonathan ROBIN

Village

In the village life repeats
summer heats to summer heats,
season after season greets
echoes drummed, past, present beats.

Humpbacked Hippo shields kraal well
from arid winds whose whirling swell
sweep elsewhere. Meanwhile, old well
serves communal needs all tell.

In the village Life recalls
life departed in babe's bawls,
late or early Fate's footfalls
dog clogged soul that, sudden, stalls.

In the village cockrel calls
to score day's dawning, frights night's shawls,
village sorcerer enthralls
repeating spells, casts lions' mauls.

Contentment: kraal greets far and wide
welcome harvest, wants supplied,
beer plentiful. For some inside
hunger seeds dire needs denied.

Village headman acts as guide
so those in hippo's shade abide
despite event horizons tied
to roaches, poachers, threats beside.

Much may change in world outside
strangers range from far and wide
right word's flight's heard to help decide
age arbitrated choice, voice allied
to common sense traditions tied.

In the village dust defeats
western concepts, coarse conceits.
Attempts to quantify Time's feats

are vain, `tis plain that Time time cheats.

In the village time and tide
dewless baked, are thirst sun-dried.
Life and death there coincide,
enact tradition's groom and bride.

Hippo village day and night
interleave page dark and light,
slip through space till, out of sight,
race is lost to win insight.

Jonathan ROBIN

Violin

Violin twins strings and bow to flow
Intuitively, sets and follows score.
Over: echoes calls for more, encore
Linking Earth to an ethereal glow
In and of vibrations pure, bestow
No end of joy. Imagination's door
Ajar through chords accord may find, much more,
Where air a-flutter harmonies helps grow.
Eternal though ephemeral, fast, slow,
Seem to team, mind tunes to soul to soar
Towards an unknown haven and explore
Rules unwritten, rules discarded, throw
Constraints to the winds as music, muse,
Karmically combine, and all enthuse.

Music offers key that may unlock
emotions' tides which wash wide, far beyond
life's toil and troubles, act as magic wand
ending Time's hold on Man's internal clock
where fresh horizons future fair unblock.
Enchantment uninhibited, true bond,
links heart to heart as each to each responds
as agent free to answer Chance's knock.
Tuned violins make magic, distance mock,
exchanging tone-true notes, souls correspond,
unleashing feelings, sound profound and fond,
resplendent rainbow unwrecked by Time's rock.
Vibrating waves through tau[gh]t strings humming may
add harmony, each season sweet as May.

Vibrancy with haunting lilt imprints
Inner ear with peerless sound sensations,
On gypsy folk or solo stoke mind mints
Lofty range, dimensions strange all nations
Identify as music of the spheres
Notes flawless, celestial emanations,
Alter states of mind. Brain's hemispheres
Within expand as waveband compilations
Exile pain. Refrain again gains height,

Sublime in time and outside time itself that bows
To bow's gut reaction out of sight
RUNning ahead beyond frontiers, soul wows.
Charmed birds from trees descend, retrain their cheeps,
Key into serendipity. Heart leaps.

Jonathan ROBIN

Vision

Vision perceptive pierces through
Environment mundane,
Reaches out - chromatic cue,
Opens [re]sourced refrain.
New dimensions jump the queue
In harmony again,
Create sensations soul once knew
Amazed intact again.

Vistas gigantic offer view
Endless, each goal attain,
Revive a spirit timeless to
Old obstacles disdain.
No mono – multicoloured hue
In all IS all, - naught vain,
Combines and recombines anew
And music turns each strain.

Visions fantastic curlicue
Enchantment entertain, -
Response within long overdue,
Osmosis rich won't wane
Nor suffocate the we in you
In egoistic vein.
Calm karmatic, tender, true
Allows equation new.

(19 March 2005)

Jonathan ROBIN

Vision Clears Seer's Promise - Change! Expand Beginnings! Beginnings Expand Change

Vision Clears Seer's Promise - Change! Expand Beginnings! Beginnings Expand Change

Vision clears, sincere soul's made aware
As new age dawns and instincts stimulate
Longings that at last hopes liberate.
Underpins win focus, everywhere
Energy frees inner light, to share
Tenderness, emotions, to create
Harmony which may anticipate
Evolution, understanding where
Time time defies. Change may initiate
Insight, expanding vision up to date,
Marks end of beginnings to demonstrate,
Emancipation, promise to prepare
Opportunities for future fair.
New looks not back, let Fate precipitate
Ever clear metamorphosis relate,
Allow pure second state prepared and rare.
Rewarding worth the spirit shines to free
The self for new dimensions, learns to be.

Sincere instincts, hopes, focus light to anticipate evolution, Change expanding beginnings, prepare promise opportunities, let metamorphosis rare free self.

Self free, rare metamorphosis. Let opportunities, promise, prepare beginnings, expanding change. Evolution, anticipate, to light focus, hopes, instincts sincere.

Vision as longings underpins energy, tenderness, harmony, evolution, Time insight marks emancipation, promise, opportunities new ever allow, rewarding self.

Self rewarding, allowing ever new opportunities, promise emancipation, marks insight, Time evolution, harmony, tenderness, energy underpins longings as vision.

Vision Clears Polyacrostic

The first letter acrostic of each line spells VALUE THE TIME ON EARTH
The first word of each line, reads top down Vision as longings underpins energy,
tenderness, harmony, evolution. Time's insight marks emancipation, promise
opportunities new, ever allows rewarding self.

The first word of each line, reads bottom up Self rewarding, allows ever new
opportunities. promise, Emancipation marks insight Time's evolution, harmony,
tenderness, energy, underpins longings as vision.

A word in each line, when read top down, gives Sincere instincts, hopes, focus
light to anticipate evolution. Change expanding beginnings, promise, prepare
opportunities, let metamorphosis rare free self.

Thus the same word in in each line, when read bottom, gives Self free, rare
metamorphosis. Let opportunities prepare beginnings, expanding change.
Evolution anticipate, to light focus, hopes, instincts sincere.

Vision Clears

Vision clears, we're somehow made aware
As new age dawns may instincts stimulate
Longings that at last hopes liberate.
Underpin win focus everywhere
Energy fuels inner light, to share
Tenderness, emotions, to create
Harmony which may anticipate
Evolution understanding where
Time's timeline's challenged. Change may open gate,
Insight, vision expanding to date
May mark end of beginnings, demonstrate,
Extending frontiers, promise to prepare
Opportunities for future fair.
New looks not back, let Fate precipitate
Ever clear metamorphosis relate,
Allowing second state prepared and rare.
Rewarding worth the spirit shines to free
The self for new dimensions, learns to be.

Jonathan ROBIN

Vision Vérité Voyage Vers Vers Verts Verlaine

Vision Vérité Voyage Vers Vers Verts Verlaine

Voici vos fruits chou fleur aux seins ronds, aux belles hanches,
et voici mon grand coeur, qui ne bat que pour vous.
ne le déchirez pas avec vos mains si blanches,
Qu'à vos yeux bleus ces beaux cadeaux vous semblent doux !

Lundi au Vendredi, puis Samedi, Dimanche
dès ce jour du Printemps, Mars, Avril se confondent,
moi, Mars, je suis aussi, en vous Avril s'épanche, -
le karma réunit l'esprit clair, cœur profond.

Vous arrivez ouverte, encore parfumée,
prête à me caresser des pieds au cou dûment,
souffrez que ma fatigue entre vos mains dressée
répond aux doux instants qui la délasseront.

Vers votre jeune sein je viens faire la fête, -
l'archet dressé du corps à votre violon
s'accorde – un doux refrain pouvant à la tempête
virer pourtant portant l'amour vers l'ultra son.

Sonné par vos baisers – puissance insoupçonnée -
laissez moi m'apaiser après votre conquête.
Ne vous reposez pas, il faut encore oser
pour panser chaque plaie du Temps qui toujours guète!

Avant de rencontrer votre tendre reflet
mon âme voyageait trop triste et inquiète,
en vous se compléter – voyage terminé –
permet de se poser ...ainsi prend fin ma quête.

Souhaitant vous chérir sans jamais renchérir
à travers arguments dictés par jalousie, -
et vous quel avenir voulez-vous voir venir
en prose, en vers rimants, où l'harmonie sourit?

Ensemble le destin au bonheur est promis,
ma main dans votre main, - l'osmose et le toucher, -
j'aspire aux lendemains aux douceurs infinies,
où tout respire enfin en calme et volupté.

Car votre beau de l'air exquis et si lyrique
ce soir et pour toujours - si vous le choisissez, -
pour un essor hors pair où tout est idyllique,
attend ma récompense - une réponse où les

vœux partagés seront couronnés de bonheur,
où la sérénité connaît aucun défi,
où toujours vous serez la plus épanouie,
où de la vie le chant unit et corps et cœur.

30 March 2005 Parody Paul VERLAINE - Green

Green - French Parody of Paul Verlaine - Green

Verbatim Veracity Vision Voyage Visiting Verlaine's Virid Verses

Key to my bliss, I'd kiss proud breasts and shapely hips,
Accept my heart so great which just for you does beat,
Refuse to [t]urn my fate with spurning fingertips
ENchanting nymph, fair Miss, receive gifts soft and sweet.

Know each day of the week there's only you to praise
As into April March stands herald to the Spring
Represent March Mars me, in you may April ph[r]ase
ENdearment, Venus speak, bestow heart, shared joy [b]ring.

Kismet come unto me as perfumed fresh, and soft,
All ready to caress from top to toe with skill
Redressing mast you bless between two hands, - aloft
Endowment's flag flies free, responds as vessels fill.

Kiss met on your pert breast jerks, perks up, celebrates
As bow to complement your violin, in tune,

REsponds to siren song, which everywise soul sates
Now zephyr, tempest now, - all wavelength's `neath Love's moon.

Knocked skittles by each kiss of unexpected power
Afford broadsword repose, whose heart is subjugate,
RElax not yet, fair rose, I'll rise again this hour,
Need no balm, Cialis, - your touch much more await.

Know, too, before fair friend we met life rhymed with blight,
A weary soul and sad had travelled lone, awry.
REgrets fast past, lets gad, you're godsend, trip's delight -
Nirvana, journey's end, safe berth, rebirth, home dry.

King I and you my Queen, no jealousy unjust
All life shall heaven sent shine bright should life we share,
REveal accomplishment whose story spurns Death's dust,
Nestled in peace serene, at ease beyond compare.

Knit close to you my fate is promised happiness
As in my hand your hand is touched by osmosis
REad oasis dreamland of infinite softness
Now we'll anticipate voluptuous peace and bliss.

Knight fair though head in air, whose muse burns bright for you
Awaits through night and day if so should be your choice,
REmains, soul clear, to play life's dreams at last come true.
No pair such fruits could share, should you lend me your voice...

30 March 2005 acrostic Parody Translation Paul VERLAINE – Green

GREEN

Voici mon fruit, ma fleur, mes seins ronds et mes hanches,
et puis voici mon coeur, qui ne bat que pour vous.
Ne les déchirez pas avec vos deux mains blanches
et qu'à vos yeux ces beaux, ces humbles présents soient doux!

J'arrive toute ouverte, encore parfumée,
qu'on se fasse escaler des pieds à l'haut dûment!
Souffrez que ma fatigue, entre vos mains prostrée,

rêve des chers instants qui la délasseront.

Sur mon tout jeune sein venez faire la fête, -
le violon de mon corps s'accorde à vos baisers.
Laissez moi m'apaiser de la bonne tempête, -
mais ne reposez pas, il faut encore oser!

© Jonathan Robin - Poem written 24 November 1996

GREEN

Voici des fruits, des fleurs, des feuilles et des branches
Et puis voici mon coeur, qui ne bat que pour vous.
Ne le déchirez pas avec vos deux mains blanches
Et qu'à vos yeux si beaux l'humble présent soit doux.

J'arrive tout couvert encore de rosée
Que le vent du matin vient glacer à mon front.
Souffrez que ma fatigue, à vos pieds reposés
Rêve des chers instants qui la délasseront.

Sur votre jeune sein laissez rouler ma tête
Toute sonore encor de vos derniers baisers;
Laissez-la s'apaiser de la bonne tempête,
Et que je dorme un peu puisque vous reposez.

Paul Verlaine: Romance sans Paroles

GREENLY

I bring, with true heart bursting just for you,
Sweet friend these branches, flowers, fruit and leaves,
And hope when white hand humble gift receives,
Beauty's eyes will bless, not break in two.

Entering, my forehead drenched with dew
Left by dawn winds, I'd learn that love relieves.

Let my fatigue, which at thy feet here grieves,
Enchanted dream these worries two'll eschew.

May my head on your youthful breast renew
Emotions that each kiss forever leaves,
Yet may it calm find 'spite the storm that heaves
Now deep within, - to sleep, at rest with you.

© Jonathan Robin - Poem written 17 June 1991

Jonathan ROBIN

Jonathan ROBIN

Vital Is The Spark

An implicit understanding may
Needle the senses with a feeling which
Needed, expected is, intense, and rich.
Explain who can, Anne? Here pulsing golden ray,
An energy whose lightning interplay
Now mocks all logical analysis,
Neither novelty nor token twitch,
Extricates from mundane everyday.
All now retains a human touch to say
Nectar can be shared without a hitch.
New (t(w) innings (s) paired upon Life's cricket pitch,
Error is or insight to obey?
Vital is the spark which naught can blight!
ALERt I Enjoy intuition's light?

Jonathan ROBIN

Vive La Difference

Rewarded who, through independent soul,
contributes to grow the common good,
free, adds tall tree to evolution's wood,
which thrives regardless, whether common goal
is shared by all, or if it stands a pole
apart, awaiting recognition. Should
ground base be sound, where one once lonely stood
will many come and thrive, half-hopes make whole.
But woe betide who copied or who stole,
or who coerced, as 'truth will out'! Withstood
should be temptation's mirage, self-made hood,
depriving self from self, from freedom's scroll.
Look into, through and under surface scene
until, true focus found, fresh scope is seen.

Jonathan ROBIN

Vive Les Vives Différences - Opinion On Opt_I_On Onion Sin Skin Options, Ways Weighed

Each reaches out with voice for choice, one's meat
may seem another's poison for a while
for victory from jaws of sure defeat
pure render soul response fo bitter trial

What one feels truth another terms deceit
can kil[l]ometer translate into [s]mile?
Time passes slow to some, to others fleet
flies, flees, to some seems modesty vain guile

Brass or fool's gold? Old chaff or golden wheat?
It's always difficult to reconcile
philosophies where time, place, fail to meet
or teachings vary: joy or bitter bile?

Change strange range spans, man plans, pans karmic day's
strangers dangers dare, weigh, fare opposing Ways

Thus self-destructive phase may phrase rebirth,
Against the odds find answers satisfying,
Much wrong turns right as time works through earth's girth
Empow'rs 'coincidence', past fast denying.
Rate copy paste as waste, of little worth
As contradictions can themselves be lying,
Then open options, spurn conventions, dearth
Arid, sterile, that defile, soul dying.
Many doors to choose, some lead greed, some mirth,
Ease some dismays, hope others frees, freeze crying,
Read, heed life's lessons, seek contentment's berth
Away false fears, time flies, to smile turns sighing,
TAME who feels doomed, old errors unredeems,
RAise sights, delights may light fantastic dreams.

Jonathan ROBIN

Vivid Imagination

Vivid imagination should expand
Initiative with intuitions shared
Creating strong momentum unimpaired,
Kicking serf's shackles' strong wrongs most minds b[r]and.
Independent spirit seeks no grand
Embroidered mirage where, when fair truth's bared,
Keystone is found unstable, unprepared,
Valueless, base built from desert sand,
Integrity, rejecting out of hand
Compromise, incompetence declared,
Kidding not! With facts intact compared,
Intelligence rejects cores coarse, mores bland.
Expediency's unhealthy cup of tea,
Key words are: sound, profound, autonomy!

Veracity and clarity combine
Intensely in a mind which hopes for scope,
Creative recognition not soft soap.
Knowledge wide inside retains design
Innate to contemplate true meanings, line
Existence with the will to grow, not mope,
Keeping ideals intact to underline
Vision deep, whose inner light should shine
Incandescent as the heliotrope.
Charming seems surface smile, yet one must cope,
Keel even though some seek to undermine
Innate principles reject weep whine,
Expect top quality not slippery slope,
Karmic energy to intertwine.

Enchanted by an understanding clear,
Awaiting an osmosis warm whose heart
Should share implicitly, ne'er need to start
To challenge for the sake of challenge here.
Creative thinking helps the mind appear
Open free from artificial art,
Arrogance and intolerance which chart
Shipwreck sure, lure siren insincere.
Touched by heart, tomorrow's travels steer,

Gaining trust, towards berth port where part
And whole are one, soul won with Cupid's dart,
Life, laughter, linked as frontiers disappear.
Energy creative shuns despair,
Choice, voice, combined, find mind binds joys hors pair.

Voice for choice in this decisive year
Important is as effervescent mind
Calls for conditions which can leave behind
Kennelled spirits, steer solutions clear,
Interactive, shared. Ambitions dear
Ever forwards, won't be undermined.
Kaleidoscopic colours are refined
Validity few do contest as here
Insightful analyzing inner sphere
Concisely reads, rings conscious bell, not blind,
Keenly while, with sense of humour lined,
Intact light leaps, reaps rainbow's far frontier.
Enchantment Time may challenge where two share,
Keep faith, discard fear's wraith which feeds despair.

Vain or self centered path most people walk
Ignoring true priorities, soul free
Can grasp life's scheme entire, celerity
Karate chop disperses double talk.
Information eyed by kestrel hawk
Effectively is channelled, energy
Kenspeckle boosts associations free,
Vistas vast, change at which will won't balk,
Intuitions armed with points to chalk.
Competence twinned with ability
Keno-genetic challenge seeks 'to be'.
Is life not blossoms though most stay sere stalk?
Empathy is expected when zen souls
Ken kinship, tendrils touch, evolve shared goals.

View these few verses here as zephyr breeze
Intent on waking with a warming smile,
Chance to advance sure, set in sonnet style,
Kindling thought waves with surprising ease
In understanding life's priorities
Effectively, with no judgemental trial.

Kidnap mind from distractions for a while,
Vault screens to focus spirit, thence to seize
Idyllic dream which opportunities
Could conjure up to comfort, reconcile,
Kindred souls made whole. Shared qualities
Inspire to higher planes which, by degrees,
Eden attain, horizons clear, worthwhile,
Kismet fete in fashion versatile.

Value judgements are not worth a dime
If driven by defiance, bigotry,
Case for self-reliance, charity
Knocks sects for skittles, welcomes any time
Ideas which swiftly flow, root, grow shoot, climb
Ever upwards as dexterity
Knows neither limits nor severity.
Veracity wins through to space sublime.
Insincerity is held a crime
Counter-productive while vulgarity
Knavish, slavish, seems barbarity
Immature the cure? read on one line
Enthusiastic creativity
Kneels never to blind, dumb conformity!

Virtues self-tribute just acceptance due,
Images spontaneous writ fast,
Clear mirror of potential unsurpassed
Knight offers here in treasured measured cue.
It may to some seem flattery, yet few
Enjoy such inner freedom, made to last.
Knit such strong links, fly truth's flag to the mast,
Venture forth with independent view,
Impressive talents should to self stay true,
Creative spark evolves, survives time's blast.
Knots need untying, never caught aghast
Incisive yet compassionate review
Ends here, these sonnets seek to sing
Knowledge of success in everything!

Jonathan ROBIN

Vividly Virid Verse Validates Veracious Vision Voyage Visit

Prism hews verdant hues to seed
Itself grass green, sate ancient need
To photosynthesize
Earth sea and skies,
Superficiality denies,
Defies all who would categorize
Acts star, sun signed indeed.

Jonathan ROBIN

Vocation, Evocation, Revocation... Correlations

To be or not to be? the question's put
in hamlet and in town, by gown or jeans,
by promise which seemed once so full of beans -
'til walking shadow gutters lamp turned soot.
Life's slings and arrows slay both those on foot
and those whose mounted pride soon falls, what paens
outlast fate's payday voiding ways and means,
both rich and poor soon trampled underfoot.
Set to heart's tune Time rhymes with infinite,
and yet what bud, once blown, may Lethe's night
turn into cheerful dawn? In pawn our souls
grasp straws too soon foreclosed as pauper, knight
descend from scope to end, ambition's blight.
no traveller returns to stoke life's coals...

Can purblind moth reeled onwards to bright wick,
in fretful riot weave round warning flame,
of its will still frenetic dance to pick
hair point dividing failure from fame.
Where 'heart to heart though far apart' would lick
the ice cream cone affection offers, tame
turns wild when 'absence fonder heart' draws, lame
familiarity breeds... fiddlestick! ,
counters good intents in heaven's name
to pave the road to hell's dark tocsin tick.
Winged inspiration sheds both fear and shame,
rings true through recognition trust not trick
must spin lens' wheels which stitch life's photo frame.
Attraction linking on a higher plane
removes the need for questions', answers', rei[g]n.

We strut upon Life's page, whatever claim
each stakes is soon revoked as Time, untrue
to first impressions, modifies life's game,
tints contact lenses we think we see through.
Observe vain beauty's triumph on youth's stage
feel force turn age, through rage lose sage control, -
One sees how Faust to Satan could engage
essentials of an 'everlasting soul'.

Today, tomorrow, past and future, merge
within time's haze as days from daze advance,
now dart, now part, now urge, now purge, now surge,
in tango of contango spurred by 'Chance'.
If candle represents both Life and Time,
Man's Fate is fall preceded by vain climb.

One wonders if attraction offers clues
to questions, answers, - existential lure, -
both waiting in gestation to refuse,
accept, delay, pay, play as sinecure.
Is fantasy what we affection name
as love which hand in glove with need sounds sweet,
attenuates life's jungle's ruthless game,
and tints the lover's glasses lest we cheat
Death's threats through disillusion premature.
Destiny's spun thread sped Time must cut
for reasons which to mortals seem obscure,
which fit in puzzle pattern's piecemeal rut
to knit tomorrows which mature too fast
as all at last acknowledge naught can last.

Jonathan ROBIN

Voi Che Sapete...

Many levels interface to sing
A magic tune which links heart, mind, may chart
Unexplored hope's map as, à la carte,
Dreams complement sole soul-search, somehow bring
Exquisite happiness to everything.
Mundanity shines guilt, guilt shed, fresh start
As 'Art for Art's sake' links two held apart,
United parts sews destiny whose spring
Draws threads together, weaving spells to string
EMotions into wave bands Cupid's dart
Arrows over buttressed walled rampart,
Under defensive moats, to salve Time's sting.
Dew laden wings may greet new dawn, find flight,
Enchantment conjur, bearing trust's true light.

Jonathan ROBIN

Voice Over Internet Priorities

Here, through the poet's eye, streams thought beam rare,
A theme dream strings an urgent present prayer -
Readies word play, end-to-end relay,
Preparing rhyme schemes, primes dreams, layer on layer,
Plans now to bridge the gap twixt fiction, fact,
Leaving ethics, principles, intact.
As Internet expands, Change leads the way, -
Yet do not hesitate, - 'just do it', act!
Today tomorrow scans, some who rejoice
Offered an unprecedented choice,
Spurred by innovative interplay,
Will wish they'd harder worked to save free voice.
As blurs old boundaries today
Youth shows old how to grow, brooks no delay...

27 August 1999 Harp play to sway

Jonathan ROBIN

Voyage Singulier Sophie After Charles Baudelaire

Fleurs Du Mal Cxxvi

Singulier destin dont le but se déplace
Où l'homme attend, espère, et ne jamais se lasse,
Poursuivant le repos, court toujours commun fou,
Hanté par la chance qui le poursuit partout.
Il est ces voyages menant vers la crevasse,
Et l'abîme menace, ouvert et absolu.

Sortons de l'insipide, et banal, le connu,
Où les réponses agacent, ou incongrues ou crasses,
Pour retrouver plutôt, sans faux-semblants qui lassent,
Heureux, intègre écho des tournants imprévus.
Il est de ces voyages impromptus qui embrassent
En même temps déjà-vu, ainsi que l'inconnu.

Sortons des chemins plats, des sentiers battus,
Où tout décision est remise, où l'on casse
Par peur des différences, l'unique, s'en débarasse
Honteusement les traces du progrès partout.
Il est de ces voyages qui gênent et qui harassent
Empire des ronds de cuir en place qui tant tue.

Si l'on cherche sa voie que toujours on la trace
Ouvrant grand le chemin vers paradis perdu,
Pour déjouer les toiles et pièges du sans issue,
Harasement, contraintes, et le temps trop fugace.
Il est de ces voyages dont la fin nous dépasse,
Et pourtant on s'arrange pour que ça continue.

Soyons plus optimistes, pour conquérir l'espace
Ou sonder l'océan, ce pour briser la glace.
Pouvons nous échapper du temps, toujours vorace?
Hystérie de la masse et espoirs saugrenus!
Il est de ces voyages qui l'attente dépassent,
Et l'immortalité reste pourtant rêve fou.

Sans cesse on se recherche, se cherchant dans sa glace,
Occultant son essence, et en sortant vaincu:

Pourtant ce n'es pas faute des essais assidus!
Hier, qussi demain, sont scellés sous cadenas.
Il est de ces voyages dont le secret en tout,
Et pour tous est caché, même des dieux de Parnasse.

Sans cesse, jusqu'à la fin le jeu se perpétue,
Offrant à qui survit amusement surface,
Pourtant et néanmoins, tout termine en impasse!
Hors les rails du destin, les tentatives échuent.
Il est de ces voyages, déplacements fallaces,
Et même au plus tenace, d'avance perdus, chahut!

Jonathan ROBIN

Voyager's Eyes Disbe[liev]ing, Speak Silence

Also sprach Zarathustra discarding or disregarding Zoroastrian all_iteration temptation from conception to reception through deception's interceptions into perception without preconception. Is ignorance bliss, end_joy meant as self-justification for station, nation, or anticipation of and or for fornication?

State me[a]ntal lines [t]race light, wave rave as if existence de[e]pended on s[p]eed: soar, arching, starching star I Ching through marching universe, trying to underscore, underline and recreate self. Temporal continuum discrepancies perpetually portray apparently paradoxical perceptions as spinning personified neutrons mock both subjective convictions and neutrality. Without standing on ceremony, anxious to spin on axis as if ALL IS WAS and remains ALL and through ALL, [s]kidding enlightened despite gravity, quantum matter and anti-matter quarks spark causal effects at all levels of sidereal cosmic consciousness. Are life's tasks relativity one [m]asks laughing at Draconian measures?

There is nothing irregular here. Prominence accorded importance one moment fades the next. Today's priorities, yesterday's prior I tease, and tomorrow's pry eye at ease are part and parcel of an unlimited universe whose core decor few justly decorticate with gusto, whose pluri-dimensional kernel self-centered humankind presumes to explore while lacking any viable holistic overview.

Fractal constellations collide-o-scope as alien comet commits head and tail, making neither head nor tail of the tale till life's circle reforms. Though Harmonious Impression, Compression, Expression seem sound and fury symphony signifying nothing they may open perception's doors, [f]all into and spiral out from themselves in a self-consuming explosion of temporal causal ripe/swipe/wipe hype hip tip trip rip/whip ripple mourning Time's lonely morning watch.

Wave lengths ripple as dust flies, inspiration's spent cartridge hangs upon silent peaks. What remains of joys and pains except brain's castles in Spain's plain speaking down drains. Voyager's eyes disbe[liev]ing, seek silence.

Jonathan ROBIN

Wa[I]king To Muse Princess

Waking not, nor breaking knot, life strife in monochrome,
A monochord none should afford, weep sepia in dream.
Left right, day night, I thought I sought among young old who teem
Knocked here, knocked there, spun in despair, amid loud crowd I'd comb
In search of reach my soul to teach, no longer sole to roam,
New hues to draw, core sore no more, in search of honeycomb.
Ghast was the Past alas, which lass could, would with my muse team,
To have, to hold, through hot and cold, and to enfold, esteem?
Out, shadow dark, hark to new mark! doubts parked as hope found home,
Moon tossed, once lost, no counting cost, beneath bright starry dome,
Unseen, unheard beyond the herd, tears, fears as years fast steam,
So long, so strong, and still so wrong, no Muse within life's scheme.
Existence stalled, then meeting called, all ways may lead to Rome.
Princess appeared as lightning cleared perception as Time's foam
Rushed far away from Yesterday, Life's fantasies could beam.
I felt a flash, I heard of clash of symbols, golden gleam,
Now coincide, outside inside, abide beside hope's home.
Capture rapture by her side, fresh face replaced base chrome.
Existence sense discovered ~ whence stems this epistle's theme,
Soft presence felt all walls may melt as inspiration's stream
Shows rainbow tint to hint from lead I'm led to polychrome.

Jonathan ROBIN

Wafer

The Present: a nano-thin wafer wall
on which we wanderers waiver, stall
for time - waifs small on ant-heap tall -
soon turned to ashes spurned, shred shawl
on which we pile from fast Past's dust,
rich dream state which maintains its thrall
to spell Man's time-plan wherewithal -
framework contextual all-in-all.

This transient recorded scrawl
upon the wall of fate thus must
seem program which can disinstall
itself when system crashes - fall
whose ripples often waterfall
from chaos and beginnings small -
an ore shawl for next cycle's rust -
from an apparent free-for-all,
create conditions for long haul,
new ball-game to begin it all
again and open options call.

There is no suit, no overcall,
no certitudes test stand, no trawl
to net immortal treasure haul
reducing time's hands to a crawl,
no trumps to draw nor hand to bust,
no eth[n]ic insight to recall
Fate's finger witness to forestall
mortal misgivings' babble brawl.

Time 's spin yin yang spurs Future's ball
which strays yet heedless stays withal,
ever in need of overhaul.
We wonder why fate's fleet footfall
ignores far, near, star dear, fear, trust,
quite unconcerned with mortal pall,
oblivious to the rise and fall
of Man's un-echoed caterwaul.

Jonathan ROBIN

Wainwright's Wheel's Weal Rights Wane

Though tales turn legends over time,
and myths begin when legends fade,
what part of myth with truth may rhyme,
what soul against sole feather weighed
may find past actions well repaid?
When all's said, done, deeds scarce sublime.

Life desert seems till time to go
with post deserted on the job,
far from youth's spinning vertigo
age makes do with conditioned lob,
cobber clobbered ends as slob
beneath Time's sands, tune dune blown woe.

Strife's tragedy, life's glory's reign,
dust rust as fractious fractal sand,
at dusk Time's Wheel still turns, refrain
falls dumb, numbs mice and mens' vain plan
to cheat Fate which, impassive, gain
and loss ignores for also-ran.

Those who chased harvest grains of gold,
and those who flung them on wold, waste
alike forgotten lie, tale told,
rot, bolt shot, sot and sage misplaced.
Six feet by four where two feet raced
through space unlimited: all cold.

Time's spinning wheel steals, never still,
while mortal pawns from stem to stern
turn through warp, weft, whose pattern will
gainsay those praying for return,
for second innings while they spurn
hands begging alms, yet rob the till.

Some find fame's flame, some, lame, are lost
some simply tack or take up slack,
few certain feel, far more count cost
of one-way track, no looking back,

prepare for probate and attack
all who dare care for coming frost.

Unkind is almanack which notes
ephemera most prize awhile:
birth, spousal celebration, oats
sown wisely, rashly, reconcile
to soujourner such short shrift trial
as Chance doles out before Death votes.

What beauty spot, forget-me-not,
thrive to survive beyond the grave?
What tiny tot by love begot
recalls love's thrall, may keepsake save
when Charon tall and short cross wave
has ferried sad or happy lot?

Care wears down, frown knows no soft down,
once zenith's passed upon the way,
ahead, head proud, from loud crowd crown
in vain seeks, weakness follows play,
where are the snows of yesterday
when season terminates countdown?

Who flutters by in merry mood
soon food for worms squirms, early, late,
mean little to Fate's scales. Reviewed,
days sentient seldom senses sate
while those incontinent berate
extensions often hard pursued.

Life's causal chain again, again,
wheels out reel's fitful roundabout,
redemption justified by pain
non sequitur seems, soul without
a leg to stand on's found where doubt
is sold on one-way wagon train.

Wainwright's weal wanes as dawn turns dusk,
from lease released, renewal's tease,
recycling readies empty husk,
to devil sent priorities,

nor beads, sect screeds, nor title deeds
prolong life's hymn for further busk.

Jonathan ROBIN

Waning Is - What? Parody Robert Browning - Wanting Is – What?

Waning is – what?

Profaning a lot:

Explaining how what
far more often than not
starts with vow which cannot
be maintained daily lot
fails to script life's plot,
surrenders to plot.

Pipe-dreams redundant, darkness abundant,
ambitions ascendant become wraith dependant,
former incumbent forever recumbent,
faith once resplendent turned guilty defendant.

Love tommy-rot - a copybook blot,
which forever cannot be held more than a shot
in the dark – hellfire hot – for the sage or the sot:
she without gold or a stain, bride sans spot,
he, the lout cold, for her bane tied the knot.
One who with century flirted, God wot!
Tot who knew never lease longer than cot.
all who swapped tokens termed forget-me-not –
too soon rot forgotten by Time on the trot

Barmy, the world, draws a blank all the same, -
framework stands empty of picture to frame:
what will remain but an entrybook name
to witness the waning of man's aim for fame.
What of the leafage, what of the flower?
Spring's promise burns sere, roots winter turns sour.
Blossom's a mirage maintained lasts for an hour
then fades into shadows and shades as its power
from zenith to nadir falls, tumbling life's tower, -
grave is its consequence, grave is its dower!
Come then, complete incomplection,

O comer, -

pant through the blackness, awaiting the number!
Breathe but one breath,
Rose- beauty above.
All oozes death -
while emptiness, awning, bears witness to warning
upon the mind dawning, - redemption's stillborn in
a morning of mourning where Reaper turns scorning
scythe onto tithe torn from platform of pride.

Ride is out for the count, crop cropped lovelorning,
stark fall sows, - all grows dark,
mark stray dogs which straw bark
as caravan passes, returns not, alas is
the wanting which life stitched, by death unencumbered, -
hark, nothing dumber!

Born, lips
life sips,
sand drips,
scale tips
pale slips
tale snips
sail dips,
midships
beat skips,
corn clips -
roots rips,
shorn, slips -
gone grips, -
kinship's
lorn lips.
sand drips.

Waning Is - What?
Summer redundant,
Blueness abundant,
Where is the blot?
Beamy the world, yet a blank all the same, -
Framework which waits for a picture to frame:
What of the leafage, what of the flower?
Roses embowering with nought they embower!
Come then, complete incompleteness,

O comer,
Pant through the blueness, perfect the summer!
Breathe but one breath
Rose-beauty above.
And all that was death
Grows life, grows love,
Grows love!

Jonathan ROBIN

War - 0065 - Current Version

When men pl[a]y war worn waisted women pale,
wasted water drops, leak plops through shattered pail.
Civilians, weak, weep, wail, still ill's assail,
harms way, mines, undermine calm's shell-shocked tale,
physicians, profiteers, have arms for sale.

(20 September 2008)

Jonathan ROBIN

War 0065 Initial Version

With world at war the waisted women pale,
drops of wasted water plop without a pail.
Civilians weep and wail while harms assail,
physicians, profiteers, have arms for sale.

(23 March 1975)

Jonathan ROBIN

Warm Universe Apart

Dwells not in magic spell a part to warmly welcome counterpart?
No story's glory may there be without complementarity.
Two glow together – empathy eliminates disparity.
Swells not to tenderness one part but part reciprocates, rampart
dissolves while near and far apart, are spanned as hands to hands impart
contentment, scent sincerity. Man, maid, may braid eternity
seed need, need seed, as two, in key, days', nights', delights, in verity
know neither end nor vulgar start, as if from pre-ordained depart
all flows together, heart to heart, artless ardour's stars' compart.
No discord and no cord we see disturb, perturb, love's symphony
whose magic music minstrelsy mocks locks, blocks, shocks, cacophony,
as Venus, Mars, through Cupid's dart, invent warm universe apart.

Shows not the softest candlelight whence springs the source of second-sight?
Bells chime not to old echo quite, new notes lend throat to rhyme delight...

Jonathan ROBIN

Warmth And Serenity

Reviving joy, shared intercourse,
empathy anticipates, charts course to source
love's bloom, friendship's blossom, share
serenity, warmth - fresh growth prepare.

Jonathan ROBIN

Wasted Breath Ceases

Who seemed to smile
A little while
Showed promise now proved vain,
Time's heartless trial
Ends, closing file.
Dare others shoulder pain?

Blame seems servile,
Reaction's rife;
Exit well trodden lane
As life's exile
To worm from wile,
Hear now: What moral gain?

Can mortal bile
E'er reconcile
A life of strife when wane
Sinks fast, stills guile,
Expels time's dial,
Split seconds, death's disdain.

Jonathan ROBIN

Watershed Current Version 1648

Few causal kernel learn, discern
fiction from fact when Fate's swift foaming churn
has keeled blind optimism stem to stern.
Mortal remains remain of slight concern,
[s]weep onwards when the point of no return
is passed because experience most spurn,
find double bind, blind, earn no second turn.
Pale fears, tears unavailing, bridges burn.

(20 August 2008)

Jonathan ROBIN

Watershed Hopes Fed

Upon the cusp of new millenium
life shared now offers opportunities,
although space, privacy at premium
are often auctionned off by thieves who'd please
themselves reversing true priorities.

Unique perspective's offered middle age
today between traditions of the past
and future acceleration, all the rage
as multi-modal life spins very fast
towards a future showing virgin page.

That page is our's to ink, as link between
two, three full generations' need-to-know
how causal interplays may set the scene
for future growth as time's tides forward flow
to span what could be with that which has been.

Bio, nano, new technologies
lead through one age towards a new, Aquarian,
as climate change alternates drought and freeze
old ethic founder, cave in, antiquarian
berated by revamped prior-I-tease.

The choices are both various, precarious,
as unemployment rises, pensions fall,
restrictions on freewill could prove nefarious
to those who value freedom above all,
some options hardly seem to be hilarious.

When pros and cons are balanced side by side,
challenges today are well worth living,
transmitting knowledge, sharing both inside
and out to flout doubts, towards fools forgiving,
is spice of life where hopes for scope abide.

Jonathan ROBIN

Watershed Tsunami Soon Am I

One or 'n' thousand yawning dead,
and millions more without a home,
while widows, dowerless, must roam
with no soft pillow for the head,
nor shelter from the sun, nor bed
on rainy nights unflecked by foam,
nor bowl of rice, nor plastic comb.
Yet what are these one thinks with dread
compared to what may lie ahead
when rainbow dreams in polychrome
won't spring spontaneous, when loam
salt sterile, is dispersed. Instead
of action to allay stark fears
man, kind, once fertile forests clears.

Ignoring billions underfed
who, destitute, beneath starred dome
are doomed to wander, honeycomb
the map though larderless they're sped
from birth to earth before well wed,
man metal, minerals, mines, chrome,
cares more for gourmet gastronome
to fill its paunch, won't look ahead.
And yet, for rich, for poor gainsaid,
spins still untiring metronome
as doomsday count-down clown and gnome
shall swallow soon, blind by blind led.
What mark in one, one hundred years
may then remain to hark pain's tears?

Jonathan ROBIN

Wave Goodbye

I am tsunami tidal,
dimensions suicidal,
to flood proud flame,
drown aim, tame fame,
maim celebrations bridal.

Jonathan ROBIN

Wave Lengths

Automobiles take toll as urban streets
no way resemble freeway, long delays
show shell to shell pace tortoise slow which beats
the point of transport freedom roundelays.

So many crocodiles from sidewalk bank
tip to stressed tail procession suss out ways
short cuts cut second thoughts, each would gain rank
in dawn to dusk's infernal interplays.

Trafficking influence, chrome status symbols
guzzle gas as traffic jams spread craze,
with here a siren, there crash loud as cymbals,
pedestrian crossing hazardous dismays.

Waves up, down, town, cross-country, all directions,
stop/go, lights glow, car droves snarl intersections.

Jonathan ROBIN

Wave Lengths After Witter Bynner Spectra Megapole

Automobiles take toll as urban streets
no way resemble freeway, long delays
show shell to shell pace tortoise slow which beats
the point of transport freedom roundelays.
decoded as route rout riot symbols trafficking influence.

3D printed tailgate design chrome status symbols
guzzle gas as traffic jams spread craze,
with here a siren, there crash clash loud as cymbals.
Conduct unbecoming, becoming hazardous, dismays.

So many crocodiles ride roughshod over pedestrian crossings,
slithering uncurbed from the high street banks
upstream tide marks into the flow of traffic waves,
tip to stressed tail procession suss out ways
short cuts cut second thoughts, each would gain rank
in dawn to dusk's infernal interplays.

Uptown, downtown, cross-country, all directions,
stop/go, they glow in their own night reflections
mirrored on some grid map geo-t[r]opic,
spreading pollution upon the predatory river road of time,
spinning wheels on track for appointment which completes
numbered plate phase, until each meets
planned obsolescence.

Jonathan ROBIN

Waves Way Via Viēcissitudes

Waves Way Via VIEcissitudes

Thinklings winking pattern energy

Here, there, there, here, no difference need make

Open, closed, or circular they stake

Unique claim within a time frame we

Grock into when it suits, or, elsewhere flee.

How cycles spin? Mistakes repeat mistake

To twin with hidden truth asleep-awake

Which bide their time yet still abide, still see

A fractal fraction of eternity.

Vista vision appetites may slake,

Ends turn beginnings after double-take

Or give and take to catalyze TO BE.

Duet well met by moonlight here is seen?

Each being all, all each and in between

Jonathan ROBIN

Wayfarer's Welcome

From life's fair shore the wish for more
helps soar above life's angry sea
whose violent churns soul spurns - in store
a road unknown sets flesh, bone, free
to sound true core unseen before,
restoring confidence to be
to self true for fair future draw
cards dealt by heedless destiny.

Bright light may guide from deep inside
wide vision may unravel
life's mystery, see clarified
'why', 'wherefore' as you travel.
Though gravel hide gold paving bide
awhile until Time's gavel
knocks twice, till inner keys provide
life's answers true though novel.

No fears, no tears, hope's scope endears
sight to eyes which insight
recovers, hears through inner ears,
new rune tunes joys incite.
Today's dearth, blight, on Earth well might,
reversed, redraw frontiers,
and expedite change welcome, right
wrongs, blunt strongest spears.

Past storms at last are over, cast
behind, - mind, soul, washed clean,
while vistas vast unveiled may fast
set scene for Hippocrene.
Verse unsurpassed leaves all aghast
who cannot match serene
and touching cast all will outlast,
deserving only paean.

No desert here, nor mirage drear, -
beneath tomorrow's sky

twin moons appear, - Mars, Venus dear,
luck, love, personify,
to travels steer away from fear
of way unknown, to try
fresh paths, to peer beyond 'now', 'here',
crass ignorance defy.

Jonathan ROBIN

We Act Out Charades

Where collective conscious would connivingly construct wishy-washy idealized
autoportrait,
Existence haphazardly handles engineered hesitant half-truth evidence, recycled
through mystical mirror-mirage prism rainbow thought-trait.
Animus animates an artful and almost arrogant magical oasis-image of
independence,
Controlling reality reel, caverlierly reviving reasons challenging chaos chance-
dance.
Terror aims at transcending an alien time-space an arid desert where authentic
reflection is is always perceived as vanity.
Often doubted, demeaned, overtly dismissed, denigrated or, at best, overlooked,
sense seems lacking.
Understanding ever empty, useless endeavour, effort unjustified appears. Vain,
we all complain, yet lend our backing
To simulation, subjective temporary shiftless shadow-charades. Thereby, through
balancing fear, greed, pain,
we act out charades, somehow retaining some slim grasp upon our sense of
sanity.

(5 September 1991 revised 6 August 2006)

Jonathan ROBIN

We Come This Way Once

W e come this way just once as Fate prepares
E ffect and Cause to synchronize one chance
C ombining opportunity, advance,
O ffers options, often unawares.
M ost we should make, not take, as soul soul bares,
E xtending trust which must itself enhance
T enderness, awareness, - each shared glance
H as force to steer life's course, to pare the layers
I mposed by daily drudge which seldom airs
S incerity authentic or romance
W hich might unite to lighten future stance
A nd answers find to mind's most secret prayers.
Y ears into seconds may encapsulate
O NCE to forever, tuning into Fate.

Jonathan ROBIN

We Live, Borrow, Die

We mooch from Time which holds our souls in fee,
Each second stretches short, few make ends meet,
Lies most greet with more lies, man's span spins fleet
In wayward venture, tenure scans Fate's see.
Voice for choice can't stall Eternity,
End sighted, bold goals slighted, none Chance cheat,
Born just to fizzle, phut, bust, worm in wheat,
Our die's cry's fast cast on life's heedless sea.
Responses weak in sect some seek, fear free,
Reviving karma some rewards seek sweet,
On some hearts falls fell drawbridge, self-deceit
Where cause, effect are twisted out of key.
DIne, flask from empty cask drain, desert strip
Echoes ignores, core's terminus: - vain t[r]ip.

15 April 2005 revised 12 January 2010
robi03_1278_robi03_0000 ASX_DJZ

for previous version see below

WE LIVE, BORROW, DIE

W e live on Time which holds itself in fee,
E ach second stretches short, few dare stars greet.
L ies man meets with more lies, his span spins fleet
I n wayward venture, tenure scans Fate's see.
V oice for choice can't stall Eternity,
E nd sighted, aims are slighted, none Chance cheat,
B orn but to fizzle, phut, with worm in wheat,
O ur die's fast cast upon life's swirling sea.
R esponses weak in sects some seek, fear free,
R eviving karma some rewards seek sweet,
O n some hearts falls fell drawbridge of deceit
W here cause, effect are twisted out of key.
D I ne, fed, drain flask, ask bread, by desert strip
E cho empty, terminus, vain trip.

15 April 2005

robi03_1278_robi03_0000 ASX_DJZ

Acrostic Sonnet - WE LIVE, BORROW, DIE

© Jonathan Robin

Jonathan ROBIN

We Shall See Love

We shall see the blossom burst, bloom free,
Effacing past regrets and present woes,
Secure in knowing that the future flows
Henceforth in every vein and artery.
At last the time has come for you and me,
Linking lives in love that ever grows,
Like sylphs to spread new wings, for who now sows
Sends signals harvested eternally.
Enterprise the branches, Trust the tree,
Each tiny rootlet seeks the strength that shows
Life in healthy leaf, in fruit that glows:
Osmosis and complicity the key.
Values vary but validity
Enchanted shall this portrait prove to be!

Jonathan ROBIN

Weeping Willow – Sweeping Reply

Though gravestones guard old bones in time each must
sweep weeping willow's souvenir away.

When cycle turns, stone band turns sandy dust
to flake stretched grief, etched sojourn's fleeting stay.

Fears which with tears faced Death's danced interplay
must give the nod to sod when chased is lust.

The potter spins, limbs underpin limned clay,
wheels weal beyond unjust decay, cussed [c]rust.

No morn need mourn with darkness peeled away
concealment's [c]reed unreeled as trust through trust
helps healed heart start, reveals heaved pulse display
defray flesh phase, phrase future with fresh thrust.

Still, let will spill the sorrow willow weeps,
fulfilled soul, whole, refilled, tomorrow reaps.

No light-winged dryad teams trees' streams descend,
no steward ents amid day's brake may move,
time works with stealth, shirks wealth, pride's trace remove,
while silent roots tomorrow's shoots extend.

Crowned canopy and branchwork downward send
through subtle photosynthesis light's waves,
while upward rises sap from root-tapped caves
well weave well's spells, give leave for leaves to tend

new shoots which to the passing breezes bend
in dance entrancing, beckoning: no slaves
could emulate the dream-theme scene which saves
much midnight magic stored for future friend.

Along time's river willows bank dew, keep
due streaming watch 'til all turn in Styx sleep.

Jonathan ROBIN

Weigh Words' Worth

Weigh well worth of wide vocabulary
Empowering experiences rich,
Intense at times, at times with playful pitch -
Gambol space to trace thoughts fair and free.
However, weight and size of words may be
Wor[]ds apart when into sense we'd stitch
Or knit together floating concepts which
Represent the seed the knowledge tree
Dreams roots need to reach maturity.
Sage phrases softly shaded may bewitch,
Where letters lengthy linked lose touch, so hitch
Onto emotion's star, provide true key.
Read and rehearse more than verse second hand, -
THoughts flow through words which share tuned hearts' wave band.

Jonathan ROBIN

Welcome

Will heartbeat heard within the womb
Echo through the years to come,
Light shedding, shedding darkness, gloom,
Creating harmony whose sum
Obstructions all may overcome.
Much joy is promised fills heart's room.
Each dream granted gladness may become.

(4 August 2007)

Jonathan ROBIN

Welcome Stranger

Welcome stranger, settle bed and board,
Rest sore, weary head while dreamless sleep
both body, mind repairs. Let slumber deep
wash worries well away, your precious hoard
of energy rebuild, - wake, will restored.
Today prepares tomorrow's change to keep
appointments neither 'good' nor 'ill', to reap
stimulating speculations scored
in causal chains, send reins or reigns assured.
Sink surface sorrows, fortune's tide shall sweep
away all disappointments, cares which creep
untimely up, uncalled for, for ill moored.
Time weaves rust's cryptic cypher from our dust:
emotions, motions, thieves with timely gust.

Jonathan ROBIN

Welcome Stranger Settle Bed And Board

Welcome stranger, settle bed and board,
Rest sore, weary head while dreamless sleep
both body, mind repairs. Let slumber deep
wash worries well away, your precious hoard
of energy rebuild, wake, will restored.
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away all disappointments, cares which creep
untimely up, uncalled for, for ill moored.
Time weaves rust's cryptic cypher from our dust:
emotions, motions, thieves with timely gust.

Jonathan ROBIN

Welcome To Paris

Draw near, my dear, to land of dreams,
to shadows weaving silver streams,
to selenite on Seine to build
from man to maid faith's span instilled
melt wraith fence, difference, hope's gleams,
will breach Bastille, leave each joy filled.

Joy's greetings send to one fair friend
who still dwells far, too far away,
our paths may bend, past troubles mend
through catalyzing star who'll stay
forever francophile, whose sway
shines, knows no whine, pluck joys luck lends.

Draw near, my dear, and take my hand,
far from oil spills, life's bitter pills
we'll travel through French wonderland,
whose parks and squares quite fit the bill
range Boulogne Vincennes woods at will,
change from restraints, paint town red and
without delay we'll double take
from lies, disguise, wise, understand
life's crystal beauty flake by flake,
love's karma written on life's sand
no second thoughts, naught underhand,
make no mistake, we'll, sharing, wake.

Draw near, my dear, let us sustain
shared strength, ensure tuned strings remain
strife and strain free, find buoyancy
to bounce back, track the way to see
horizons blue and to retain
refrain both optimistic, free.

From gay Paris Museums grand
we'll coast at leisure, east, and west,
north, south, all culture understand:
you are deserving of the best,
I'll satisfy each small request

fulfill all wishes fervently.

Draw near, my dear, though Past felt cold,
when nights oppressed, together bold,
we'll weave sure way without a bend
from start to journey's happy end,
where dark dissolves as warmth we hold
within with friend supporting friend.

Your eyes through mine may penetrate
the nooks and crannies of fair France,
Gare d'Orsay, Pompidou integrate
baguettes, black berets, and advance
to harmony as circumstance
lends second chance to celebrate.

Draw near, discover Montmatre's height
with church in sparkling marble white,
it housed the Commune's last redoubt
which put up sharp resistance stout.
Now tourist magnet's gaudy light
ignores past pain and freedom's shout.

On sunny days atop the hill
the panorama fits the bill
from which the Pantheon is seen
where brave are buried, setting scene
for view down Champs Elysées still
home to President's park green.

Draw near, my dear, here let us chart
the way to reach contented heart,
the way to learn, the way to teach,
the way where each may share with each,
the way pure ends, maintained from start
to end, lend, spend, send silent speech.

We'll visit the port of Arsenal
and venture up St. Martin's canal,
mock Time through rhyme, together penned.
May Royal Chapel witness kiss
right off the Richter scale to send

emotions' oceans, fears dismiss.

Draw near, my dear, thoughts two share, send,
should flourish, nourish, poor defend,
important message France wrote must
not be deformed, dust-stormed, for trust
support, shan't ever condescend,
transcending dangers, stings unjust.

That message reads Egalité
to which Fraternité all add,
and, most important, Liberté
whose statue makes dictators mad.
There's every reason to be glad,
take French leave from conformité.

Draw near my dear, from cloudy skies
we'll beam to light stream and surprise
whatever weather harsh would whirl
about, around, with squall, pall, swirl,
churn cream from mist dismissed and rise
with cheer sight clear, translucent pearl.

Descend down Catacombs skull filled
we'll journey up Eiffel tourist milled,
and you shall be my Eurostar
life lines uncrossed may no holds bar
to taste sans haste or waste hope's way
to seize each moment, see no scar.

Draw near, my dear, nor flood, nor tide,
shall break Seine's banks or override
endeavours, rainbow links, proposed,
nor undermine, design exposed.
The bridges that your love supplied
with grace in place remain, abide
and criss-cross Seine to make Thames blush,
to envy hushed, take time, no rush!

Fair France awaits for two to wed
and share fair future, look ahead
to challenge met and overcome,

to interplay, minds never dumb,
and when time comes, all's done and said
no sad regrets, no humdrum scrum.

Draw near, my dear, no strap sheet white
should trap your sap, wrap mapless night,
for sore, hurts, heal, hope sets fresh score,
links light to laughter evermore.
I sketch wings stretched for future flight.
For you I'd write, draw this and more.

If these delights your mind may move,
all lets and hindrance we'll remove,
refusinging grooves, French letters write
of bliss secure in pure delight,
what seems tale's end is start to prove
French Paris kiss bliss feels just right.

Jonathan ROBIN

Well Read Unread

Writing on emotions' motions
need apply to other eyes,
often inciting trite commotions,
seldom showing pleased surprise.
Time's rivers feed eternal oceans,
although life under any guise
knows no immortal magic potions
so youth turns prime then age with sighs.
Perhaps tomorrow special lotions
will cancers cure of any size
offer instant locomotion
between dimensions wide as wise.
Notice not ice nor fire can compromise
poetic search beyond known skies.

Jonathan ROBIN

Wendy's Willy 0950

Witless waiting was Willy
while time took time to turn
round retrograde, returned rarely
to temper tensions, tenderness attain.
Will wiry Willy wilful Wendy wed
righteously rebutting riper Rita Red?
Will true-love travel towards tolerant
respect, rope ringing, refusals refusing
without worthless warring where
troubles temperamental tempers torment?
Wicked whirlwind warning written with
tornado twisters topsy-turvy turning
wistful witness wanting Wendy's Willy wedding
wondering whether windy weather water washes Willy

(10 September 2001)

Jonathan ROBIN

Whale Of A Tale

Hail bishop with memory frail
wound up when night's sup d[r]owned pale ale,
in Tooting Bec Garden
sin rooting wreck, hard-on,
but confessions too catholic fail.

Head made headlines, unfortunate tale,
he could make neither heads or tails, bail
may be sought for the sot
got his lot, potty plot
grows thicker, and sicker, all quail.

For at least from his priests rose gale wail
on the whale of the tale, they'd prevail
on the bish with boys' toys
who should fish for souls' buoys,
for repentance for leaving gael trail.

Jonathan ROBIN

What Chances Lost - Acrostic Sonnets

What chances lost! Mankind must analyse
His Future when his Present's lost for words,
As surface pleasures drive the common herds
To seek relief in soap-box bubbles, lies
Created for a song. Most phantasize
Heedlessly while wisdom to the birds
Alas is scattered, battered. He who girds
New thoughts must struggle, for most recognize
Conventions as safe harbour though time flies.
Errors repeat snap judgements quite absurd.
Life nears a crisis watershed, unheard
Our arguments seem lost as dream scheme sighs.
Some shine, but basic concepts many lack -
The garden path of learning now leads back.

.

What chances lost! Stockmarket crash must mean
Harsh times ahead for those who're most in need
As global greed, ambitions to succeed,
Turn topsy-turvy pensions, jobs. Obscene,
Capital rapes planet blue and green,
Here oiling drills, there oily spills fear feed.
A tipping point approaches. Fools misread
Nature's gifts as rightful trampoline
Converting water clean to feed machine,
Exacerbating stark imbalance, seed
Latent Armageddon, prepare stampede,
Overpresumptuous pride's fall lurks unseen.
Sacrificing sense, Greed's whirligig
Triggers events so grave that grave they dig.

What chances lost! World leaders soon will meet
Hastily as panic stalks abroad,
Aware no further chance Earth can afford,
Tough decisions weak-kneed wills complete.
Control surrendered, crisis calls compete.
Hope's under pressure, patience is ignored,
Anxiety seeks confidence restored.

Never-neverland beneath our feet,
Challenging conditions, ice retreat,
Exaggerations home to roost reward
Lawless lust, banks bust, we reel toward
Overdrawn future, bankruptcy, defeat.
Selfless compassion may assist mankind
To open options, harmony, hope find.

Jonathan ROBIN

What Is Man's Solution?

Symbols sprawled across the sheet outlive grief,
meditate upon Time, Time the thief,
that eternal Robin Hood, hoodwinking
some, at others, delusively winking
for a while until due retribution
is meted out. What is man's solution?
On a global scale, redistribution
shuffles cards so every generation
may try new hand at self-regeneration.

The cards of Fate, like those of day and night,
the glad, the gay, the sombre and the bright,
dealt by a jester as and when it suits.
Just or unjust call trumps, and, then, life loots.
The knave soon knows the spade, inters the heart,
yet still would seek a kingdom set apart,
and still would eat the icing on the cake
and dream that fears are past, - yet fears to wake.

Hope springs a moment like a tiny life
in Spring, in love with love, in the belief
that life's eternal, had for just the thinking,
as real as sandy Spanish castles, sinking.
There's little space for stale circumlocution
when ozone levels fall. Worldwide pollution
spreads before man's final execution.
One needs a sense of timely observation
unbiased to 'un-earth' an explanation.

Jonathan ROBIN

What Is Meant? What Sent?

WHAT IS MEANT? WHAT SENT?

Impediments lament
not in themselves, content
within to document
the signs which represent
Fate's patterns which serpent
beyond what impatient
minds see evidence patent.
For what is meant? what sent?
What is lent intent
upon safe tent, soft scent,
when statements can't be bent
to complement hopes' vent?
No compliments prevent
time spent, ascent, descent, -
can circumvent Chance pent
preparing element
to catalyze, cement,
success when two consent
to celebrate event -
of all most excellent -
when selfless sentiment
expels self-evident
expediency meant
to supplement the rent.

Jonathan ROBIN

What Is Real To Roundabout Reel - Reverse Mirror After Rubaiyat Of A Robin

Wake! though the West still fitfully counts sheep,
the East's ablaze, there will wise rays rise steep
from far horizon, phasing stars away
phrased out by Robin Jay and sparrow's cheep.

A bird soft sings, one robin is enough,
to sway ten trillion stars as ball of fluff
art scored by millions more - cheep's cheek astounds,
rebounding echoes which their shyness slough.

Earth lends thereto both orbit, ear, at ease
tunes into echo surfing on the breeze,
Life's warmth wells from flat fields and rocky tors,
gold bees abound, they buzz as kittens sneeze.

Eternal silence sleep prevents, world waits
on spider spinning, dawn anticipates,
while we may ask what sense is made of sound
by church and steeple, aisle and green stile gates.

What feelings hound retains for hare he'd chase
and what the hunted for the hound? What pace
finds interest g[r]o[w] when it is mind compound?
What's real to roundabout when rests its case?

How feels the Tao for circling day and night?
what for the centre feels surround, dark, light?
what of the bounce when words once more rebound
describing robin breasting air in flight?

What feels for fractal any given point?
What feels the oil for King who rites anoint?
What feels for tree the Autumn leaf once browned?
Both throne and leaf soon tumble out of joint.

What reads the clearing into red deer's [t]race?
May star count light years till return to base?

How may red blood react to heart's flesh pound
when foreign smokescreen floats round beauty's face?

Stars seek love's meaning, spinning hot and cold
on Cause, Effect foretold as orbits fold
around their half-life cycles and around
on 'always' as they fight the black hole's hold.

Bird song still seeks its Way upon Time's wave,
stars spin off Mankind's blind, ambitious crave, -
cross star-crossed dream, by mortal sadness bound,
crowned deathbound by a gaping open grave.

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the East's ablaze, there will wise rays rise steep
Wake! though the West still fitfully counts sheep.

(6 May 2008)

Jonathan ROBIN

What Is, Was

WHAT IS, WAS

What is, was, what was, will be, -
The wheel turns while Time cheats
Those who'd cheat time.

5 September 1998

What is Was_19980911_What is, was, what was, will be ROBIN Jonathan
1947_20xx robi03_0886_robi03_0000 XXX_CJZ

Poem What Is, Was © Jonathan Robin

Jonathan ROBIN

What Lies Beneath?

From pulp to palpitation cycles spin.
Some trace a line or two, leaves from life's tree
imprint upon collective memory:
the music of the spheres, a melody
transcending time itself and its oubli,
provide emotions and tonality
which, although evanescent, all would win,
to find oasis, serendipity,
not shallow shadow where humanity
wilts mid drab desert of incessant din:
pollution, omnipresent cacophony.

The flotsam of time's bark one need not pin
down too precisely. Much dexterity
excludes from fields of vision feelings free
which life enrich with spice we sense, not see,
like perfume on the winds of change to key
ambiance of death or dance, chance we
must find to take, create to breathe, as in
a trance we dream we age by Fate's decree,
or else each drowns in ephemerality.
Page turns before most even may begin
to taste their innate birthright: harmony.

Page turns before most balance yang and yin,
hungry hang heads in fear, both equally
protest: vain light, night pain's eternity.
Between expectancy, acceptancy,
expediency defines the term 'to be'
against a background continuity
where change, to which when young most felt akin,
turns traitor, turns on former guarantee.
Flesh compromises fresh integrity,
abased by an unbottled Janus g[r]in
before whose spite might fortitude must flee.
Receding hairlines split hairs, bare their sin,
then turn a blind eye to true talents, fee
pay to phantom fear flocks, [b]lock latent life within.

Few understand what lies beneath life's skin,
can cause, effect, decode with probity,
can probe, decipher movement's mystery,
can step by step retrace through history
their story sense endowed. Most men agree
to hide behind their own effrontery
rather than face their 'present' destiny
whose cards tomorrow's possibility
could for today's success deal seamlessly.
Few understand to start is to begin
to undermine all false security.

Jonathan ROBIN

What Mission Now?

What mission may the poet still retain
Here in this day and age, which sees the world
As lost as ever, while mankind is whirled
Too fast, and at a pace few can sustain.
Most mask their feelings, shield themselves from pain,
In hope that though no psalms are skywards skirled
Some light can filter through cocoons which, curled,
Shut out most aspirations, which remain
Ideals Man thinks he ought to seek. In vain
Or so it seems, the flag of hope unfurled
Now braves the insults philistine which, hurled,
Nor spare nor temper the poetic vein.
One voice, when clear, may break the glass of Time,
What matter if in free-verse or in rhyme?

Whenever rhyme is crafted on ideas
Heart tunes to rhythm, can effect enhance
Allowing invitation to a dance
That adds dimensions in way that clears
Muddy waters - often verse appears
In ways which heighten, lighten, help advance
Subtle emphasis where words through Chance
Seem to stream together. Inner ears
Intuitive may key to song that steers
Over prose bound limits, elegance
Neat meanings adding through rhyme's happenstance
No forms need hamper thought where heart heart cheers.
Open mind behind the [t]racing pen
Will channel words creating worlds again.

(3 March 1991 revised second sonnet added 14 February 2007)

Jonathan ROBIN

What Sanctity...? ...

T he dawn is part of pattern webs which spin
O ut from the past and not from future fate,
A nd may Time mime, itself anticipate?
C an far horizons scan the span within?
T he wind won't carry inkling whispers in
O pen echo unfurled in single trait.
R esponse to whom? to what? When? Early? Late?
N ew strength unveiled, by star signs sent to bait
O ne Cause or one Effect, - to end? begin?
T he story feeds from song or need to sing?
O ne's need to heed the lied, lead on, create
U rgent vistas which can compensate
DRE aded hole inside inside's dammed spring,
A MA zing grace to help face everything?

Jonathan ROBIN

Wheel Turns

What IS, was, what WAS,
will be, wheel turns while Time cheats
all who would cheat time.

Jonathan ROBIN

When Big-Four Brokers - After Oliver Goldsmith Vicar Of Wakefield - When Lovely Woman

When big-four brokers stoop to folly,
and find that lines of credit can
incur a fine, dark melancholy
increases when they're in the can!

What [s]m]art succeeds, and can discover
a loophole letting some assign
the blame while shame sends some to cover,
and forces others to resign?

When die is cast and Daiwa tinkers
with statements false meant to mislay,
do Yankee bankers put on blinkers,
or is the Devil then to pay?

The only way to get a tip on
an exit sure when credit's nippy,
is bank upon the Bank of Nippon,
or, cutting losses, turn a hippy.

Jonathan ROBIN

When Feelings Fail To Flabbergast

Future today, tomorrow: past,
love's piper must be paid at last,
where two's no longer company
one's crowded out, one too many
fights pseudo superfluity
self-confidence at sea, aghast.

Too late is hell. Seek, rather, fast
to try new track, exile, outcast
unworthy partner, fake. Break free
from falsehood lacking harmony's
far better far than fragility
stretched out by thin elastoplast.

Life's boat cannot advance half-mast,
an appetite scorns cold repast,
'alone' keeps credibility
preparing for fresh melody
by banishing futility
when feelings fail to flabbergast.

Causal love-links multicast
play games, dream's downfall seemed forecast
to herald heartbreak threnody
yet somehow primes rhyme's melody,
prime-time until eternity
mocks mortal bombast vain as vast.

(3 March 2010)

Jonathan ROBIN

When Homely Woman Stoops To Folly After Oliver Goldsmith Vicar Of Wakefield - When Lovely Woman

When homely woman stoops to folly
and finds, like Alfred, cakes can burn,
what can console her, melancholy,
what recipe the tables turn?

The only art that may recover
her fame from shame in every eye
and satisfy kids, husband, lover,
is find some frozen food to fry!

Another option to discover
when inclination is to cry
is compensation undercover,
seek out some chocolate and buy!

Jonathan ROBIN

When Light Returns

When light returns to comfort spirit sight,
and weariness falls from enlightened mind,
like sun dissolving cloudy oversight,
the sacred Truth within you'll surely find.

Don't lose life left among the living dead,
whose brood gloom looms, lament their 'unjust' fate,
jealous, restless souls, aversion fed,
as bitter fruits, closed gates, they contemplate.

No longer languish, meet majestic morn!
Transition from dark night to soul healed whole
transforms each ugly duckling into swan,
serenity suggests transparent goal.

A million lives await as hope uncloses
all shutters, masks concealing broken heart,
behind new smile true confidence one knows is
emerging from cocoon as cares depart.

From wanderlust to harmony scope win.
Transformation's trampoline helps rise
above escape's bright mirage, to begin
fresh chapter, verse, rehearse and recognize
intrinsic truths freed from ambition's spin,
repose innate as storms abate, soul wise
may blossom into melody to twin
zen flesh and bones as 'simple' satisfies.

Let lungs breathe deep, absorbing Nature's scent,
from hibernation freed, night births new day,
while winter's sleep joys sweep away, scope sent
through growth within spring's yet more joyful play.

Soon patience is rewarded, see storms pass,
light beams new themes on sacred space within
soul, spirit, as transparent as clear glass.
Slough off rough weight of waiting, shred sin skin.

Tears, fears, fast disappear. Frost melts away
encouraging spring sing-song, bids rebirth.
Bask maskless, free reflections from today
may celebrate an optimistic Earth.

Jonathan ROBIN

When Lonely Lady Seeks A Lover After Oliver Goldsmith - When Lovely Woman Vicar Of Wakefield

When lonely lady seeks a lover,
and finds too late she's out of touch,
the remedy is to uncover
those lines where beauty lingers, much
can then be made when men discover
the maid is open to their clutch -
Yet brakes applied too late's above 'er,
and, Lord, thou savest such!

Jonathan ROBIN

When Stardust Wave Wove Solar System

Dust replicates infinite forms which
show all equal, contribute to stitch
together those sharing common goal,
offers explanations how each soul
through interaction, understanding rich,
can combine to reinforce the whole

As may be seen in image, bottom right,
odd bird observes the cosmos starry night.
Jonathan Livingstone Seagull by name:
what substantiates his claim to fame?

In India two thousand years ago
the sages taught the nature of Time's flow,
from them the legend of the bird of time
evolved until it found this feathered rhyme.

See notes below: the Himalayas high
will one day sink to sea which now kiss sky.
Silk scarfed our bird once in each thousand years
draws veil in beak across sharp peak, say seers.

And so our gull ungullible as Gulliver
Time travels, transmits signals to deliver
to [s]he whose soul tunes into silver lyre.
Rhyme shows dust flows, must cosmic gust inspire.

At center see blue planet's eye that scans
the heavens heedless of the tracks that man's
pride dares presume indelibly must [l]ink
his seed, ill sown he'd own, as ice caps s[hr]ink.

Two guardians of Earth's integrity
flank fair blue planet, guard from sea to sea:
at sinister see Pegasus in white
gallops against all compromise in write.

At dexter rampant lion's challenge roars
at who ill judges or false praises pours

upon verse artificial or, worse, blank,
while reciprocity requesting, rank.

Around the image planets are portrayed
as solar system orbits' accolade
inspiring some with egocentric thought,
and some of torts, though this bird caught some sort
of waveband cosmic consciousness a-whirl,
in wondrous cloud curls, eddy, ripple, swirl,
as light appears in fractal echoes which
mental images forever stitch.

This canvas thus extends above our earth
to northern lights exposed, their flows are worth
ten thousand verses for each split degree
that shines divine in harmony all see.

Against the background of our galaxy
whale, orc, plough waves upon an azure sea
while eagle owl would threat, yet fears to fly
as high as bird whose mission may not die.

WHEN star dust wave wove solar system's stage
Heavens seen through Earthling eye shone bright,
Enchanting sable, white, aragonite,
No time knew, so rhyme true scanned man's planned page.

STARburst star thirst sated, life storm's cage
Thrust through to helix forms, from stalag tight,
As pterodactyls' prehistoric might
Rose, fell, made way for more enlightened age.

DUST whirled, swirled, curled, then thickened. Sot and sage
Understand not how and why from slight
Starting blocks locks lifted, startling sight.
The bang rang though yugs tugged, space none may gauge.

WAVE tsunami soon SOON AM I's rage
Awareness caught, or thought it sought, to write
Vatic vista veil cloud dreams invite.
Ending beginnings, fresh phase would engage.

WOVEn Time chimes through these stanzas, greige
Open source creation loom groomed light
Vast vision canvas tune-runes warp-weft quite
Entangled seem, yet stream's gleams sense assuage

SOLAR centric painted image, wage
Owing ways the Way interprets night
Leads to, through, day, wor[l]d weaving strange delight
ARound cloud cover, powder pattern stage.

SYSTEMs surge, frame chaos, disengage
STumbling blocks which shutter-b[l]ind insight,
Effect and Cause perspectives fly fresh kite,
Many dimensions narrow views upstage.

Aurora Borealis has supplied
eagle eyed perception, frees wave frieze
to orchestrate white, azure, cosmic guide.
Above above the soaring seagull sees
how pattern fits, would paint its canvas wide.
Pegasus, inspired, leaps boundaries.

Jonathan ROBIN

When The Contest Ends After Sheldon Alan Silverstein Where The Sidewalk Ends

There is a time where the contest ends
just after the trophy's won,
where the winner glows soft and red,
there losers less well read turn lead,
mooning best write's ambitions shed,
chilly as pepper mint curse lends.

Let us leave this place where abashed bashed blush
and the blank page can't inspire.

It's the pits where wits end, wits come slow
there the few write fast while most can't show
their true worth narrowed by rhymeless flow
when rushed contest ends in crushed hush.

No! don't leave the pits where wits go slow,
for practice perfect makes, you know,
and childlike innocence can grow
from the time the contest ends.

Jonathan ROBIN

When The Shit Hits The Fans The Fans Hit The Shit

When the shit hits the fans
the fans hit the shit
good taste Kevin bans
as a social misfit.

Upon site also-rans
lacking insight Eng. Lit
cannot make the eighth dan's
black belt: brown is 'IT'

For self-destruct cans
he's the ultimate kit
for poor scribblers - the man's
in some limbo unlit.

Link to shrink's blue divans
Brown is in, sinning writ,
urls' blue cyans
are outlawed, psycho split.

Creativity's spans
are discarded, no whit
sees his poor sight began
flight from site, right writes split!

AP's former site
'tis sure all miss it
elsewhere takes writes' flight
where colour schemes fit.

Jonathan ROBIN

When You Are Old

Sonnet XXXII

Should you survive the number of my days,
Attest to buried bones and grounded hope,
Nervous, by chance, perhaps this book you'll ope,
Grave hand re-reading, when fast passed my ways.
Tender friend recall our comet blaze,
Openly with instinct's gyroscope
Mark, nurture, sight and sound, bright chromascope,
Able to distill implicit ph[r]ase.
Methinks fond thoughts might share this paraphrase:
"As rainbow bridge strips off coarse envelope
Underdeveloped were poor poet's plays -
Death forced him far too early to elope.
E'er since he died, have other poets flourished.
Competent their works, I'll read his, who love nourished."

[c] Jonathan Robin

Shakespeare Sonnet XXXII

(cf Ronsard: When you are old and grey)

If thou survive my well-contented day,
When that churl death my bones with dust shall cover,
And shall by fortune once more re-survey
These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,
Compare them with the bettering of the time,
And though they be outstripp'd by every pen,
Reserve them for my love, not for their rime,
Exceeded by the heights of happier men.
O! then vouchsafe me but this loving thought:
'Had my friend's Muse grown with this growing age,
A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
To march in ranks of better equipage:
But since he died, and poets better prove,
Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love.'?

Quand vous serez bien vieille

Quand vous serez bien vieille, au soir, à la chandelle,
Assise auprès du feu, dévidant et filant,
Direz, chantant mes vers, en vous émerveillant:
'Ronsard me célébrait du temps que j'étais belle.'

Lors vous n'aurez servante oyant telle nouvelle,
Déjà sous le labeur à demi sommeillant,
Qui au bruit de Ronsard ne s'aille réveillant,
Bénissant votre nom de louange immortelle.

Je serai sous la terre, et fantôme sans os,
Par les ombres myrteux je prendrai mon repos;
Vous serez au foyer une vieille accroupie,

Regrettant mon amour et votre fier dédain.
Vivez, si m'en croyez, n'attendez à demain;
Cueillez dès aujourd'hui les roses de la vie.

Pierre de RONSARD 1525_1584
Sonnets pour Hélène, II,43 – 1578

RONSARD Pierre de 1524_1585 rons1_0014_rons1_0000 PFS_DLZ Quand vous
serez bien vieille_Quand vous serez bien vieille

RONSARD Pierre de 1524_1585 rons1_0014_FRANC_0000 PFS_DLZ
Quand vous serez bien vieille_Quand vous serez bien vieille

“When you are very old...”

When you are very old, at evening, by the fire,
spinning wool by candlelight and winding it in skeins,
you will say in wonderment as you recite my lines:
“Ronsard admired me in the days when I was fair.”

Then not one of your servants dozing gently there
hearing my name’s cadence break through your low repines
but will start into wakefulness out of her dreams
and bless your name — immortalised by my desire.

I’ll be underneath the ground, and a boneless shade
taking my long rest in the scented myrtle-glade,
and you’ll be an old woman, nodding towards life’s close,

regretting my love, and regretting your disdain.
Heed me, and live for now: this time won’t come again.
Come, pluck now — today — life’s so quickly-fading rose.

Tide and Undertow Anthony WEIR Belfast 1975
Parody Translation Pierre de RONSARD 1525_1584
Sonnets pour Hélène, II,43 1578 Quand vous serez bien vielle
and William Butler YEATS – To His Book

WEIR Anthony 19_20 weir1_0001_wear1_0000 PST_LZX When you are very
old_When you are very old at even by the fire

WEIR Anthony 19_20 weir1_0001_yeat1_0000 PST_LZX When you are very
old_When you are very old at even by the fire

WEIR Anthony 19_20 weir1_0001_rons1_0014 PST_LZX When you are very

old_When you are very old at even by the fire

When You are Old

When you are old and grey and full of sleep,
And, nodding by the fire, take down this book,
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep.

How many loved your moments of glad grace
And loved your beauty with love false or true,
But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
And loved the sorrows of your changing face.

And bending down beside the glowing bars,
Murmur, a little sadly, how Love fled
And paced upon the mountain overhead
And his his face amid a crowd of stars.

William Butler YEATS 1893 - The Rose
Parody Translation Pierre de RONSARD 1525_1584
Sonnets pour Hélène, II,43 1578 Quand vous serez bien vieille

YEATS William Butler 1865_1939 yeat1_0011_yeat1_0000 PTX_DLZ When you
are old_When you are old and gray and full of sleep

YEATS William Butler 1865_1939 yeat1_0011_rons1_0014 PTX_DLZ When you
are old_When you are old and gray and full of sleep

Candlelight Blues

When yore gitten old at candlelight
Sittin' at the fire gonna spin all night,
You'll say sorta marvelin' as y'sing my song,
"Good old Ronsard sang when Ah was young."

Then y'won't have a maid what hears that soun',
Jist about t'fall asleep an' all tired down,
Who ain't gonna wake when she hears ma name
An' start praisin' yore name of immortal fame.

Ah'll be six foot under, no skeleton,
'Neath the myrtle groves is where my soul will run;

You'll be dreamin' at the hearth in a messy ole way,
Sorry you was proud, now Ah've gone away.

Better saddle up yore horse, don't wait all night,
Pick yore roses today, then you'll be all right.

G. R. TEJADA-FLORES,1961

Parody Translation Pierre de RONSARD 1525_1584

Sonnets pour Hélène, II,43 1578 Quand vous serez bien vielle

TEJADA-FLORES G. R.19_20 teja1_0001_teja1_0000 PST_LZX Candlelight
Blues_When yore gitten old at candlelight

TEJADA-FLORES G. R.19_20 teja1_0001_rons1_0014 PST_LZX Candlelight
Blues_When yore gitten old at candlelight

When You are Old

Quand vous serez past it, au soir, un triste weekend,
Assise auprès du box with knitting and teapot,
Say, kid, chantant mes vers, my God, that man was hot!
Ron était stuck on me quand my face was mon friend.

Pauvr'old bag, quelle façon d'arriver à your end,
Dozant par le TV en watchant Golden Shot!
N'assumez pas, ma chère, que déjà that's your lot –
Comme Ronnie's has-been poule you're always dans le trend.

Puis quand j'ai snuffed it, sqweet, vous serez rien du tout.
Alors, écoutez-moi très bien, vous silly moo;
Ne turne me down pas now – trop soon vous trouverez

Qu'on a toujours besoin d'un tel terrific chap,
Un super-poet, qui vous met bien sur le map;
Les roses de Ron son best – so cueillez while you may.

Alison PRINCE 1931_20

Parody Translation Pierre de RONSARD 1525_1584

Sonnets pour Hélène, II,43 1578 Quand vous serez bien vieille

PRINCE Alison 1931_20 prin1_0001_prin1_0000 PSW_LZW When you are
Old_Quand vous serez past it, au soir, un triste weekend

PRINCE Alison 1931_20 prin1_0001_FRANC_0000 PSW_LZW When you are
Old_Quand vous serez past it, au soir, un triste weekend

PRINCE Alison 1931_20 prin1_0001_rons1_0014 PSW_LZW When you are
Old_Quand vous serez past it, au soir, un triste weekend

Quand vous serez bien vieille

When you are old, one night while candles flare,
Spinning before the fire you'll sit and say,
Speaking my lines and wondering in your way:
'Once Ronsard praised me: I was young and fair.'
If any maid should hear you, though her share
Of the day's work like sleep upon her lay,
Ronsard's renown would wake her, she would pray
A benediction on your name: her prayer

I shall not hear; buried, a boneless ghost,
At peace I'll be among the myrtled host;
Muddled about the fire you still will stay,
Feeling remorse at heart for your disdain.
Let's live, my love; to-morrow waits in vain!
Gather the roses of life; begin today!

Author Unknown 0182 Parody Translation Pierre de RONSARD 1525_1584
Sonnets pour Hélène, II,43 1578 Quand vous serez bien vieille

Author Unknown 0182 AuUnM_0182_AuUnM_0000 TSX_LZX Quand Vous serez
bien Vieille_When you are old, one night

Author Unknown 0182 AuUnM_0182_rons1_0014 TSX_LZX Quand Vous serez
bien Vieille_When you are old, one night

Jonathan ROBIN

Wherefore And Whither For Annie Boudet

Now you'd know where fate's flowing if you abide with me,
and wonder where we're going, what could provide the key?

The future you'd be knowing, how will life fare for thee?
but all's in vain, this trowing, when we lack liberty.
Ringed golden debt is owing, yet you remain too free.

The fused frustrations growing attack you, fair cherie,
for Time's swift furrow's showing no longer twenty three.

Though sun each morrow's flowing, it sets too speedily.
There'll be no plights bestowing, lest spite spite enmity,
though sorrow may be sowing, we haste to heresy.
Away you should be stowing all memory of me.

Jonathan ROBIN

Whirling Wheels Of Change

All changes at each station stop,
as some jump on, off others hop.
Rare who play fair from start til end,
stay constant, selfless cause defend.

Some with wild wind spin as a top
when tables turn then off they drop.
Some hand in hand take arms, defend
your cause, and, tender, heartache mend.

Acquaintances along the way
appear. Uncertain is their stay,
for there are some who one short day
take time, make trouble, before they
heart's hospitality gainsay,
leave empty promises of May.

'long cool sequestered way' we wend
each day - though few may count as friend.
How precious each, no need to sop
when reciprocity won't stop.

The train of life rounds one last bend,
it is your own turn to descend.
Quitclaim Charon culls corpse crop
so someone else must mind closed shop.

Jonathan ROBIN

Whirlpool

One name aflame revolves within
brain reigned by laser beam too bright.
Light dances, now twists out of sight,
Enters, then leaves, returns round rim,
reeves here, weaves there, seems to alight
as dreams end where new dreams begin.
Shimmering strands trail, silky thin,
make iridescent patterns quite
prismatic, blending blue and white.
red, green and yellow, pink, begin
collide-o-scoping crystallite
oscillating out and in,
up and down until delight,
vibrating as a violin
imagination sets alight.

One name sets soul on whirlpool spin
while time leaves rhyme some space despite
its distant drum, masked menace quite
as present as some implicit sin
suppressed from self-conscious limelight.
Thus round about mind plays, can't pin
down sentiments which reunite
two halves as twinned whole swallowed quite
by whirlpool which all hallows, spin
mocks worldly locks, unblocks, tonight
knocks inhibition's bowling pin
to frame a strike: love at first sight.

Anticipation, with a grin,
turns senses topsy-turvy.

Jonathan ROBIN

Whirlwind Romances

Gustav and Hanna make one pretty pair
Under age, should anybody care?
Sat a light? In shadows they advance.
The one tracks west the other east by chance
Aims eye, with tidal surges everywhere.
Vain seems love's spin, unmet by moonlight their
Hurry cane crops devastating dance
Awaits two partners more. Eye Ike askance
Now forming off the Leeward Islands, there
Number four consolidates, could scare
Americans this month. Another glance,
Ike, Josephine, await whirlwind romance.

Jonathan ROBIN

Whisper On The Breeze

Let's soar beyond ground limits, spread sure spore
of present joys till Death discards all we
could - would attain unchained. Life's mystery,
what lingers when Time fingers? No encore
we soujourners transmit, on Earth no more
than memories ourselves, sighs swirling seas,
whirl winds twirling whisper on the breeze,
wishful thinking teardrops, summer pour.
Still, rarely still, soul seeks sense, reason for
its perch, its search, puts questions, answers sees.
Behind veiled door is there some secret key
unlocking life's chromatic scale, some score
whose unique sense decoded, finally
frees life's myrhh music, stirring symphony.

Jonathan ROBIN

White Sheet

White sheet resembles virgin bride,
unblemished, waiting tender hand
to st[r]oke the fire which out of hand
flares up in ph[r]ases to deride
conventions, rhyme schemes cut and dried.
Rhymed reasons often Time test stand
through feelings all may understand,
communication deep inside
soul sanctum which can't be denied
a share in wonderland while sand
still trickles, while the wedding band
runs circles round true love defied.
Both lover, writer, radiate
when, selfless, they communicate.

(1 March 1995 revised 16 October 2006 robi03_0750_robi03_0000 SXX_ILZ)

for previous version entitled Sheet see below

Each sheet is like a virgin bride,
Unblemished, waiting for the hand
That st[r]okes the fires that out of hand
Flare up in ph[r]ases that deride
Conventions, rhyme schemes cut and dried.
And yet rhyme's reasons Time's test stand
As feelings all can understand
Alliterate, can't be denied!

(1 March 1995)

Jonathan ROBIN

Whither?

Where are Winter's logs,
which were to comfort Spring soul -
all gone to the dogs ...

Jonathan ROBIN

Who Else?

Each second spins a silken thread to weave
the minutes which take turns to interlace
the hours which days through years spin tears to race
towards an unknown destiny. Don't grieve,
for in Life's cup there's joy which could deceive
the Gods, grown jealous of the human race.
This blossom has both human name and face
coeval with one smile, so I believe, -
who else since Troy's fair Helen could receive,
such charm, intelligence and simple grace?
These qualities unique here interface
with talents never hitherto achieved...
all future generations will regret
they lived not now, - her fame none shall forget...

Jonathan ROBIN

Who Hesitates Is Lost

Four lettered word spells hesitate:
afraid great hopes earn ashen grate.
bright star turned char, flight's broken chain
with sunshine's reign's replaced by rain.
Haste not, nor waste, reciprocate
true trust which won't prevaricate.

Tasted keenly, lost love, pain
one-sided seem again, again,
yet dreams could well anticipate
life's scheme ahead when, not too late,
tail's tale spins heads when two, wed, gain
twinned soul idyllic. Don't complain
time leaves tears, grieves. At any rate
wait not, knock on, till open gate.

Jonathan ROBIN

Who Points The Terror Finger?

Who points the terror finger, who works the terror wrist
when CCTV footage can every action list?

The matrix rod is ready to fish for what remains
of freedoms once protected through over thirty reigns.
When bio tech and nano converge ubiquitous
who's sinned against, who's sinner in mask iniquitous.

In 'Land of Hope and Glory' in 'Land of Stars and Stripes'
In land of Labour, Tory, in that of media hypes,
the cause/effect conundrum no simple answers shows,
some trigger bombs, some beat scare's drum, - who most feared future sows?
While North cries foul! as innocent, South exploitation fights,
Whose is the holy message sent? What price for Human Rights?

Analysis is harder than might at first appear,
Who's raiding whose bare larder, who prays, who preys on fear?
Meanwhile pollution spreading erodes both righteous, wronged,
a thin red line Man's treading between fork Caudine pronged.
Who points the terror finger, who works the terror wrist
when CCTV footage can every action list?

(1 July 2007)

Jonathan ROBIN

Who Write Of Love

Who write of Love as lust sad souls have lost,
Hope against hope for harmony withheld,
Or half forgotten, which might be propelled,
Waking fires now cold-dust. To Man's cost,
Reality seems drab, starred dreams stay crossed.
Intimacy needs no letters spelled!
The spell is sacred. Magic myth dispelled
Engenders mistrust, all true values tossed
Off in penny dreadfuls, puffed and flossed.
Fallacy, ferocious morals held
Like mirrors from the light, dumb beauty quelled,
Or onanistic proven to their cost.
Vice seeks through conquest what within it fears,
Empty verses echo loveless tears.

Jonathan ROBIN

Whole Soul Down Coal Hole

Without him life hangs on a whim, missed cue, as bit role stumbles,
bitter pill popped, swilled, heart cropped, down hole whole soul sole tumbles.
Angst's weight frustrations magnifies, wraith faith can't comfort, care,
existence seems unjustified, dreams darken, dread despair
replaces scope hope faces where together two may share
tomorrows linked together free from heartbreak, grief of grumbles.

No issue new's discovered to avoid void's rendezvous
as heart and vein, without him vain appear, without a clue.
Burnt bridge of sighs with background skies black as an impasse where
no paradise may meet lost eyes, hope dies, all seems unfair,
no echo wise saves, heartfelt cries regret twin song strong, rare,
as gibbering ghost's grey-greenish hue mocks eyes that once seemed blue.

Jonathan ROBIN

Who'll Say Imagination Fails? 0939

Thesis

Spring sap and summer sun prepare a page
Autumnal sending shivers down the spine.
Nine months gestation, three [s]core years, life's stage
Gives way to Winter woes, wan Death's design.
Though leaves believe in triumph for a space
Of years Time runs rings round ridged wrinkled bark,
Night falls too quickly, few leave lasting trace
As bite turns toothless finds falsetto bark.
Then blue skies turn to grey, youth's chestnut tresses,
Adored once, age transmutes to silver pure,
Life's wick is snuffed by Fate, the trick distresses,
Is trapped by Time, pathology none cure.
And yet, who'll say imagination fails,
When your smile warms, storms cease, new lease lifts scales.

Antithesis

Such themes, of tattered trees, of timber logged,
Are far from sure to forward lover's cause.
Nor are nightmares, white hairs, or blood-lines clogged,
Guaranteed to win true love's applause.
Turn then that page, think rather each day brings
Open space to change, to challenge fears,
New light to shed wrong's stings, to spread strong wings
Anticipating flight beyond frontiers
To which embittered habit often clings.
Accompany imagination, steer
Limitless course which no misgivings brings,
Is both at peace with others, self, sincere.
Acclaimed is tolerance, condemned disguise,
Wellspring flame true fame personifies.

(23 May 2001)

Jonathan ROBIN

Why Care?

Life: a blossom spray,
or brooch on happy heart
sparkles, flirtations start,
blaze won't fade away.

Life: magic mantle, ray
song, sadness may impart,
verse easing pain and smart,
coat coloured, never grey.

Life: breeze fresh each day.
Though friends may part
pains soon forgot, we chart
delight cares pipes away

Why grieve? Why care?
before you leave give, share.

Life: mirage - though men pray
Heaven, thence daren't depart
Is Earth Hell's counterpart?
What dreams chase life's fray?

Life: pot turned from base clay,
sand serving as rampart
till Time's tide urns upstart.
Who's pot, who's potter, say?

Life: lass who everyday
rep[resents] a petty part,
when stark, untouched by art,
would still prolong her stay.

Why grieve? Why care?
before you leave give, share.

Life: sea breeze fresh and gay
which none should take apart,
cake we bake à la carte

too soon is burnt anyway.

Life blooms a day, make hay,
Time daily steals a part
upsets the applecart
till eyes close, break of day.

Life's stream swift flows to bay
waters rose, thorn, to dart
here, there, till final fart
blows everything away.

Why grieve? Why care?
before you leave give, share.

Jonathan ROBIN

Why Should Meek Clique Monopolize Attention?

Why should meek clique monopolize
attention when the other cheek
is tendered 'gainst some fit of pique
unfitting, seeing anger rise?

If God exists then through her eyes
all should be equal, those who seek,
those who success obtain this week.

No logic therefore justifies
to favour lost sheep's bleating cries
ignoring who'd with courage speak
against discrimination's reek.

Quite up the creek he who applies
to least, lost, last, rich pride of place
grants lily livers' guilt gilt trace!

Jonathan ROBIN

Why Wait For Fate To Raise A Finger

You want it here and now? Why wait on fate
to raise a finger? Act before too late.
Time's bird is on the wing in headlong flight,
leaves from life's book tears at swift heartbeat rate.

One's cup of tea may not be to all taste,
past history's stale news, hopes challenge waste,
accomplishment provides soul's rhapsody
from spiral twirl, unfurl flag, flag not raced..

Time to escape, drop nightshade drape; fresh air
sheds strings, red tape of every shape, prepare.
for future fair, spurn tale_spin gravity:
'take current when it serves', of sloth beware.

Life's licence take, stage prison-break, break loose.
Of block, fresh flake, for heaven's sake reduce
cooked goose with opportunities ignored -
spurn heart ache, shiver, shake, skills put to use.

Get set! insist 'I won't regret', insightful
chip off old block, unlock trump cards delightful.
Who once lay low may grow, sun follows showers,
take stock, rock boat becalmed by fears full frightful.

Decisions take, don't quiver, quake, abused,
leave muck most rake, host luck, hay make, enthused.
Life's piece of cake, not pain, heartbreak, hope's scope
accelerates from brake self self-accused.

Doubts purge, splurge out, don't pine or pout, refuse
all who submerge their aims, self maim. Fears lose!
Fast joys that last expel tears past, disguises
drop, see prize is self-confidence wit woos.

Forget hard times, from prose to rhymes switch, sure
light seeds delight quite free from fright restore
moods poor, pain reign's downpour, fools feeble who,
no more expect, reject upbeat encore!

Time to rebound, with instincts sound, now, brave,
goals gain unswamped by terror's tidal wave,
from hurts that hound heart, thoughts disbound, bounce back
despite life's slings and arrows, motives save.

From sleepy head, depressed in bed, ensure
cheered frame of mind, cares left behind, secure
in self-acceptance which provides fresh start
self-confidence unlocks fault's keyless door.

Don't hedge your bets, glad sad regrets turns soon,
don't sit on fence in self defense, life's boon
whose inner fire inspires desire, condemns
suspicions through decisions opportune.

From vain complain move on again, see sea's
brimful of fish, each one delish, so seize
the day, look sharp, don't carp, sad fate bewail,
chance offers all, go have a ball: hope frees!

Where once distraught in heart or thought, trust must
displace dust, fuss, vain cuss, to boom from bust
move on to more - unseen before - replace.
past inner trial with smile serene, joy just.

Jonathan ROBIN

Why Will The Girls Refuse? After Thomas Haynes Bayly Why Will The Men Propose? And Christopher Pulling Why Don'T The Men Propose?

Why will the girls refuse, mamma,
why will the girls refuse?
For every time one turns me down
I throw a fit of blues.
how can a guy go gad about
with no-one to amuse,
when each proposal meets with frown:
some clues, mamma, your views?

Why can't they be content, mamma,
when taken out to dine
to Fred's fine fish and chip bazaar
with water `stead of wine,
it went down well with you and pa
before the parking fine,
so if we walk, no need for car,
why will Miss Prissy whine?

I'm sure I've done my best, mamma,
to keep them at my heels,
however when we're left alone
each wretched creature squeals
if I embrace a funny bone
or wonder what conceals
the iron curtain of a bra
in kevlar naught unpeels.

I only weigh five hundred pounds
must wait grow hand in hand
with weight whence maestro singer's sounds
are heard throughout the land?
And why on Earth must out of bounds
my girth appear? I'm grand!
Although I cannot ride to hounds
why won't ONE understand?

I'm only fifty-four, mamma,
I long for one sure fling,
if plastic painted proper shines
why won't one wear my ring?
I've duly learned my deaf-dumb signs
so studiously to bring
a new dimension to my lines:
each answers sharply, stings.

I try to psycho-analyse
the promises unkept,
I've kept my privates undersize
well hidden though I wept.
I've tried ignoring petty lies,
ate humble pies, and yet
I wait for one who 'yes! ' replies
to sighs none intercept.

If I invite to nightclub bar
there's someone else she'll choose.
Some say I may appear bizarre
no socks and two left shoes
tied up with string from old guitar -
it cost too much to lose -
while last semester's hershey bar
their judgement must confuse.

I've tried to spill a pint of scent
signed 'Channel' overseas -
though made in China it is meant
to conjure birds and bees.
I've spent darn almost every cent
yet all I get is tease
though each and every compliment
is given on my knees

Why won't they foot some bills, mamma,
why won't they foot some bills?
I put them up on pedestals
they put me down plug swills,
and should I dare suggest I care,
receive a look that kills,

it isn't fair the fair, mamma,
my gifts repay with ills,
the while, of course, they no holds bar
suggesting codicils.

In lavish clubs they love each rubs
me up wrong way, refills
the ladle full of caviar,
with much to spare as spills,
they eat their fills yet naught fulfill,
then pop pink slimming pills.
I double check when check appears,
groan green about the gills.

Years I've collected paper clips,
and clips about the ears
when I suggest that kissing lips
is sporty after beers,
I'm met with tears, can't come to grips
with undeserved fears
confusing each advance as slips
before maid disappears.!

Why will the girls refuse, mamma,
why will the girls refuse?
Hinting condition mint, I've cased
the joint, left heavy clues,
I'll copy paste, give diamonds (paste) ,
reprint blogs that amuse,
yet all my efforts run to waste
although neat tricks I use.

I've tried to post on Internet
in I.M., verse, and prose,
I've tried to run a contest yet,
although they queue in rows
for points not one appoints me pet
and should I dare propose,
they shy off, cry, regret or fret,
communication close.

Why will the girls refuse, Mamma,

why will the girls refuse?
Debs' spider webs my brushes tar,
however snide I'd ruse.
They sense me coming from afar,
spin s[]ick silk cunning glues,
peruse their residues as scar
which [t]issues must confuse.

Why will the girls refuse, Mamma,
why will the girls refuse?
when shy it doesn't get me far,
when bold they blow a fuse!
When no holds barred the siren car
my motives may accuse,
and when I wish on shooting star
they still, they still refuse!

Jonathan ROBIN

Wild Bees

Can you hear wild bees
buzzing?
Can you scent
bright wings alight
on Spring's first blooms?
Open your heart
there's no se[n]t distance
key-cue into
unspoken clue.

Knead
Honey
prepared for you.

spontaneous response to Wild Horses

Wild Horses
Can you hear wild horses
running?
Can you see
manes ungroomed,
flashing sparks under their hoofs?
Close your eyes and come closer,
put your palm
on my chest.

Listen
This is my heart
galloping
to you.
Sonja Smolec

Jonathan ROBIN

Wilde Lady's Cousin

Her cousin, a dandy called Oscar,
was tempted at times to accost her,
though he dug the fair lass
he rode Douglas, alas,
whatever the risks that did foster!

There was a young lady called Wilde,
who kept herself quite undefiled
by thinking of Jesus,
contagious diseases,
and the bother of having a child.
unknown American

Jonathan ROBIN

Will Anybody Care?

Hurt heart thumps through stark torrent's spew,
pain's veins pump vain despair,
why wishing-well what world would do
when one's no longer there?
Why worry who will bed or woo,
mised wed base affair,
each age sends stage page scene anew,
pent rage vents spleen, sad scare.

Once wraith what faith may comfort, who
contentment finds? Aware
are all their fall hope's calls, eschew
wise paradise, skies fair.

Dank dark doom leaves grieve hung with dew,
shaved, stumpy trees stripped bare,
gibbering ghosts, grey-greenish hue
shade shiver in sharp air.

Life's dream team options, once bright blue,
too soon turn tarnish, wear
down most, ghost host, who unglue
while few pad out lust's lair,
must crust, egg beg, trade black for blue,
or black and blue despair,
rust replacing shiny new
as blushing Baudelaire
finds daily tragedies outdo
his Fleurs du Mal that knew
whored guilty conscience, greased palm tare,
bribes sought for everywhere.

Burnt bridge of sighs quite cuts in two
split city's spirit spare,
and therefore, by extension, too,
links life to - God knows where.

Wan lie acquaintanceships one knew,
affection two should share,

while once exciting avenue
of life seems impasse where
old vaunted haunts time's rimed review
now daunts. For void prepare.

Is life just bitter pill, missed cue,
unjustly swilled to bear
hate's weight, tears, fears untimely due
where conscience cries beware!

Is life strife rife where favoured few
refuse to share good[s] rare,
compared to who pimp scrimp limp through
misfortunes most unfair?

Is life, one wonders, rendez-vous
with 'leaden-eyed despair'
where most, betrayed, afraid, make do,
lack chocolate éclair?

Is life subsistence, naught to chew,
sans bed, bread, spiral stair
whose one-way track leads down, rot, rue,
tug rug from shaky chair?

Is life lacklustre lie, first cry to
last sigh up in air,
an existential stick-in-mud stew
which Hamlet's 'bodkin bare'
rich to rags tale tells unto
end of existential snare
where tightened noose loose changeruns through,
goose cooks when worms bones pare!

Is life bad joke where dodgy crew
exploit cowed crowd, declare
that if they seem to tighten screw
to those who grievance air.
It little serves to make ado
where pervs observe bribed mayor
who rigs elections through and through,
'no sweat' or so they swear.

Is life rewarding revenue
splurge surge merge urge shows heir,
or drudge through sludge where cudgel slew
Earth goddess Gaïa's lair.

Is life return bienvenue
or one-way ticket snare
descending into maggot stew,
hell burned urn's ashen layer?

Is life some sort of déjà vu,
self-referencing stare
through mirror that, whate'er ensue,
backs to black disrepair?
Is life sharp knife, fine furs, long queue,
stores' gaudy glitter glare,
or superficial residue,
fast sacrificed false flair?

Is life's brief leaf, grief sheaf shoal ku,
half-hearted whole, farce flare,
or black hole disbelief, soul true
ploughed under everywhere?
fixed rictus grin whose rigour grim
begins tale's tail-end tear,
sin's karmic spin where lose not win
cues feud forebears forswear?

Is life pride ride aside Fate threw,
tried sentenced, treatment square
too rarely met, signed with "what's new"
forget-me, knot, to bear
hard cross until debts overdue
bank calls in, cancels share.
Change willy-nilly blows, too few
can trust face-value's layer.

Is Life stark tale, dark bitter brew,
wake's g[l]ory numb? Truth blare
becomes when fear's drums' cue
can triumph everywhere.

Death steals and spurns love's breath, churns through
Time's wheel; mouse, man, won't spare,
stars silence scream as schemes fall through
spark no tomorrow fair.

Dusks dawns undo life's light husk to,
dark angst turns with no clair
de lune or moonlight tune, flight fails, cut to
bone finds grave pied à terre.

No rainbows shine when sky grey grew,
fame pops, life stops right there:
spare ribs from crib, logic askew,
to urn earn spurn, wheelchair
confined, hopes undermined, adieu,
no scope seen anywhere.

Beware brash egos that accrue
to bonus billionaires
whose bogus option package grew
through crash incentive, where
crass top brass brash lop-sided cash
expend on solitaire
to grace cute hand who gold band true
pretends was never there.

Beware star system beaut's short skirts,
beau's silk shirts, suits mohair,
soon boom turns bust must knock askew
bank, back of proletaire
with unpaid pensions worthless woo,
earth polluted by oil flare:
as oil slick spreads some feather beds
that nest egg's gilt prepare.

Once whole, now sole, soul sees right through
coal hole's illusion air
where honest labour's revenue
few faithfully declare
as greed grinds need to feed funds who'll
tax shelter debonnaire,

scheme pyramid, insider screw,
mid hid guilt's laissez-faire.

Forlorn men boxed, with scarce a clue,
worn faces, torn white hair,
from uniformity of view
hurt turns, spurned everywhere
Nor karma new, nor whisper, prayer,
imaginary dare,
splash, lonely bubbles, struggles through.
Will anybody care?

(7 May 2013)

Jonathan ROBIN

Will The Phoenix?

Will Phoenix reincarnate rise, inspire
Incandescence, stirring ashes cold,
Linking lives retold with courage bold,
Leaving shadows for more potent fire
That lights hope's beacon spurning suttee pyre?
Hope based on hope alone's blown to fools' gold.
Emotions must be shared, not rented, sold.
Prospects rosy which the 'heart's desire'
Has tinted often sink in mirage mire.
Only when courage follows through behold
Energy well channelled to unfold
Nurtured interplay success may sire.
If shared sparks can transform base element
XX XY should thank stars heaven sent...

Jonathan ROBIN

Wings

We teach each rounded shoulder
holds wings enfolded there
which, when heart's bare, life colder,
could reach out everywhere.

Don't wait as passive folder
nor rhyme, nor time to spare
for voice, for choice untold, a
shadow's shadow scare.

If wings found speech life bolder
would be, no fears, despair,
no fickle wind sheer, boulder,
joy's windfall's waiting where

defeat, aground to moulder,
prepares sound rebound rare.
Remember, when you're older,
to wish swell wings well fair.

Although regrets now smolder
don't only 'stand and stare',
respond, beyond beholder,
reveal concealed spring, flair

which thinks fate's inks have scrolled a
desire to challenge, dare.
Tomorrow greener, golder,
peels off grief laden layer.

Jonathan ROBIN

Wings - 1290 - Initial Version

Shutters unpinned, Spring pings flight.
Wings leave ground mutter, unpinned,
kiting with the current wind,
flowing freely towards the light,
unfettered, playful, bright,
to challenge eternity, on hope alight.

(26 July 2005)

Jonathan ROBIN

Wings Unshuttered

Shutters utterly unpinned, Spring pings flight.
Wings leave stutter gutter mutter ground unpinned,
found sound kiting, gliding upon current wind,
flowing freely towards the light,
unfettered, playful, bright,
challenging eternity, sing hope alight.

meeting YOU sweet
greeting YOU treat
entreating YOU help-meet
defeating FUSS retreat
heating US replete
completing US fleet

Jonathan ROBIN

Winter Dance Ukraine Train Trip Lughansk

Winter white drapes shadow shapes. Trees muster,
mill willy-nilly round electric lines
energizing hamlets frosty fluster
withstand while season's trial tests patience, signs
cyclic regeneration. Snowy bluster
cold-shoulders Spring's arrival, still some pines
pin-prick their icy mantles, dream to dust a
pollen stream that autumn air enshrines.
Encroaching night defeats day's light to hush
snow powdered scene untrodden by man, beast,
enchanted silence bids time still chill crush,
no birds are heard, no owl snares hare for feast.
Poet's eyes are mesmerized, they glance
on crystal dance that spins whirlwind romance.

Jonathan ROBIN

Wise Epic Can'T Untruss Epicanthus Eyes Thus

My daughter's friend has epicanthus eyes:
not much escapes her cool and knowing look.
The High School boys regard her as a prize,
but we know better, we know someone took
her heart and from the start has queered the pitch
and toss of Chance. Where others dance, advance,
beneath veneer of nonchalance, smiles rich,
she feels condemned to stitch steel surface glance
to hide hid pain, vain tears few ever see.
Perhaps this New Year, blessed by Lady Luck,
may turn tide, ride to joy through harmony,
replacing fears as outlook clears, love-struck.
Epic can't heal those epicanthic eyes,
wheel turns, bell rings, brings bliss, adieu to sighs.

Jonathan ROBIN

Wishful Thinking A Premature Soviet Farewell To Solidarnosc After William Shakespeare The Tempest - Prospero's Farewell To His Magic

Our rebels now are ended, or retractors.
All would-be actors, as I foretold you, were spirited away,
are melted into air, into thin air.
Unlike their base fabric stand our prisons,
whose cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces
of solemn Kremlin, grate, englobe them. Its influence,
all they wish to inherit, shall not dissolve so soon!
Their insubstantial pageant faded
leaves but our rack behind! They are such stuff
as screams are made on, and, in their little lives
are rounded up like sheep!

Jonathan ROBIN

Wistful Grief

Wishful thinking will not win free world.
Imperative: independent structures here
Should be supported by a vision clear,
Held high with mission statement's flag unfurled.
Forwards friends! Dark future safe seems. Whirled,
Unsure we stumble, freedoms held most dear,
Links open, fragile sink, may disappear.
The rogue Rove Eye spies all, lies. Hope lies curled,
Hides outside oversight. Self-writ frontier,
In two decades of world wide web advance,
Netiquette ignores as censor terror dance
Knits viral trojan traffic tracing fear.
Internet technologies combine,
Guarantees essential undermine.

Great firewall of China pings I.P.
Rolls back shadow space anonymity,
Info checkmating hopes for liberty,
Extending control's role, steamrolling the
Free ideals of true humanity.

Jonathan ROBIN

Within Each Mind

Within man's mind momentous energy
Is stored, in transit, waiting for the day
The karmic key found, masks may melt away.
However, in the meantime, blindly we
In turmoil stifle our intensity,
Nor seek to squeeze the secret of the Way.
Each in his cell lets cancer spread. Who may
Allow the soul to surface, forces free?
Creative links we keep confined, in fee,
Harnessed over lifetimes. Held at bay,
Mind and matter separated stay,
In abeyance: sad futility.
Nature's codes Man may, one day, decrypt,
Dea[r]th death-blow dealing! Until then, dark crypt.

(21 October 1992/acrostic sonnet Within Each Mind)

Jonathan ROBIN

Woe To Be [h]old

Age is not only golden sunset scene.
age is ache and heartache, anger, spleen,
impotence, frustration, loneliness
balancing what is with that which might have been.

Age and grace g[r]o[w]n hand in hand? Odds lean
on empathy where love and friendship lean
together, each each helping to progress
towards dark night, light steady, bright and keen.

If Youth knew, or Age could, - that 'if' obscene!
Yet compromise with Time is never seen.
If immortality could ever bless
existence, might not Death become the dream?

NOTES

Words in brackets convey two or more meanings
g[r]o[w]n: own gown grown groan go row owe

Jonathan ROBIN

Wonder

A copper beech stands out on meadow green,
the hand of God draws colour to viewed scene:
such artistry, so subtle, so sublime,
one's wonder grows within, spins outside time.

Jonathan ROBIN

Wor[l]d Discovery

Welcome is each word, a concept new
Offered to the child as instrument,
Recalled in parrot-fashion first, then bent,
Linking thoughts to actions right on cue.
Daily discovery fashions foresight through
Discernment, understanding of what's meant
In life to speed the learning element.
Slowly first, then faster, puzzled clue
Cements creative insight to pursue
Open vistas. Patterns form, present
Versions kaleidoscopic, different
Echoes combine to set coherent glue.
Reading, writing, - ideas interlink
Year after year: - 'I am, therefore I think.'

(20 September 1992/acrostic World Discovery)

Jonathan ROBIN

Word World Images

Poetic artist intuitively disposes
word world images transcending accepted meanings.
Magic superposes facettes prismatic, proposes music
surfeit. Seurat's points paint interactions,
shows all is one, one all, key cues man's heart.

Jonathan ROBIN

Words' Whirled World Twirl Swirls Through Shadowy Embrace

Rare shadowy embrace, pulse racing,
Overwhelming dream theme's tracing.
Bronze eyes fond hopes, dreams are chasing
Expectantly, finds links replacing
Reach of superficial casing,
Thrusts trust through rust's lacklustre lacing

As life's seasons unrelenting,
Spring's sweet zephyrs, blossom scenting
Summer sunsets complementing
Fall's fiesta fruit fermenting
Winter freeze frieze unrepenting,
swiftly flow shadows segmenting,
whirled impressions silhouetting
scenes embracing dream themes venting,
shadowy embrace attempting,
self-reflective runway tempting
take-off often thoughts pre-empting
sees, seizes on, flame, blame exempting.

Words' whirled world twirls swirl together
make mind's music tempo weather
form to storm blocks, light as feather
turn constraints most, far less clever,
see as strictures which tight tether,
not as pictures hell-for-leather
spirit lead to question whether
consistency's illusion ever.

As impressions artist wording
so the poet, insight girding
paints life's canvas sixth sense herding
into bridge for future wording
patterns into patterns weaving
both deceiving, undeceiving,
here perception sees stairs leaving
there inspection stares, seize cleaving.

Somehow someone reconciling
forwards, back, and time a-whiling,
motion into more compiling,
starts ball rolling inwards smiling
outwards treadmills single-filing
round in circles never riling,
ever onwards as the aisle in
fact or fiction sets key styling.

Mind unwinding never minding
dizzy blinding reels from binding
backwards grinding, from behinding,
springs forth for a fourth time binding
far horizons, nearness, finding
that perceptions interwinding
vision skew to keep reminding
constantly of traces grinding.

Keeping tabs on locomotion
through a tableau that commotion
seems, in turmoil, senseless ocean,
stems from structure's subtle potion.

Thus confusion into fusion
tracks intact design solution
ends, means melds without intrusion
'spite apparent convolution,
inks links' thinklings in profusion
to coherency's conclusion
in a trice as revolution
follows former revolution.

Pattern's blueprint formulation
seen from every angle, station,
heightened by anticipation,
tunes vocation through elation.

Theme dream on examination
mocks fixed formulae, vocation
centred on an evocation
of infinite re-rotation.

Constant, also, the vibration
of energy whose swift gyration
channels vim swim through migration
of and from no fixed location,
to, from, some conscious bifurcation,
de facto self-perpetuation,
factoring each fresh mutation
in reworked association.

Thus, thereby, emancipation
spins from, through, strict forms, sensation
self-sustaining, graduation
from starting point to revelation.

Images retinal reeling
showing much, as much concealing,
flowing touch in touch revealing,
knowing such from time time's stealing,
offer insights into feeling
through dimensions thus unsealing
variations on themes peeling
from perceptions wheeling-dealing
round and round with no chance-dancing
as each level all enhancing
contributes to each entrancing
wave with exit, entrance, glancing.

Rendering impressions sending
bending into further bending
humour with perspective lending,
leading where uncondescending?
Fencing words then fences mending
up, down, sideways, first ascending,
then descending ending, ending
in horizons more appending.

Shadows flitting, rising, falling,
treadmill traction seldom stalling,
swirls words spinning top, installing
word games wild, forever calling
for fit not forfeit, one-in-alling.

Page sets stage that's soon a-filling
and attention draws which, willing,
keys to context, content, spilling
from poetic pen fulfilling
will on canvas, tempo thrilling
rapid pulse pace race instilling,
waft, weft, weaving, outing, inning,
every level underpinning,
exits, entrances roll spinning
out with no precise beginning
and no ending where spin's singing
sinless links, while reader, grinning
as random stanzas seed sense, skinning
superfluous prose from verse prize winning.

Why continue rhyming chiming,
rapid rhythmic tempo climbing,
further options subtle priming:
atrophy at trophy timing?

Jonathan ROBIN

Words Woven - Parody Mary Beuley - Words Woven

Words woven into speech
soon reach
intact thread spirit of each act,
knit warp and weft of wit wish fact,
dreams' tapestry may teach.

Words express essentials,
transmit, unwind
from mind to mind,
address ideas which, blind,
would grope for means to equate
sensations refined,
coarse, sophisticate.
Thus they incarnate
emotion's multi coloured coat, pattern twist
around ideas which form,
uniform,
inform or disinform,
or take by storm
precisely or by gist
the geist soul kissed.

Words woven into speech
pen hand,
when scanned
from thoughts' life blood leach
emotions, sense, dressed to suit
points phallic and points mute,
ideo-grand!

© Jonathan Robin Parody Mary BEULEY 1837_1916 written 12 December 1995 –
Words Woven revised 31 July 2008 notably first verse below

Words woven into speech
soon reach
to knit the spirit of each act,
the warp and weft of every fact,
through dreams to teach.

Words Woven

Words woven into rhyme□
In time□
Become a tapestry of thought□
A canvas of experience in which□
Our dreams are wrought.□

Words are the evidence of what goes on
communicate
Within the mind. □
They clothe the invisible□
With robes of speech, □
Sophisticated as silk, □
Homespun as hessian, □
And in between□
The many-patterned, many-textured range,
Familiar and strange, □
Of words -□
Woven and dyed and spun□
For Fun □
Or seriously aware□
Of what is there.□

Words woven into rhyme□
Or prose□
Transpose□
Giving the tiny embryo of thought□
A dress to wear, most delicately wrought,
And caught for ever in a form know□
And understand.□

Mary BEULEY 1837_1916

© Jonathan Robin Parody Mary BEULEY written 12 December 1995

Jonathan ROBIN

Work In Progress

Why curse rose versatile, reproving
scansion mansion metered moving,
asserting facts in plodding prose
attract the truth like winter snows
to peaks unconscious mountain high
may draw through winter icing sigh.
Verse cake we bake, no crimson bows
retain veracious strain that shows
up contradictions: no halos,
no saints, no tablets holy mo
says may reflect on doubts removing,
simplistic notions none approving.

Six billion years of hit and missile
since big bang's fiery fusion fissile
has fed imaginations fertile
to idly ponder idols vain.

Ten thousand years from tail prehensile
from Neanderthal less agile
to Homo Sapiens styled virile
leaves no god to explain.

It took two billion years to compile
tale comprehensive
less than two thousand years of error, trial
from troglodyte apprehensive
to streamlined spacecraft carbon tensile

May God through silence golden mean
prod men to seek, or must [s]he wean
then from their preconceptions mean,
intolerant, towards true reign
which inward turns, earns time to train
some sense of relevance again.

There seems no reason to explain
that rigid rules in one place gain
no standing elsewhere, truth's refrain

sounds normal here, there cries 'refrain! '
Life's laws, whatever form or frame,
appear designed to change sustain:
tenacity's successful climb
prepares ambitions which may bind
transient sentience to time,
tied to tide system whence it came.
'Above', 'Below' are judgements vain,
when all's one, one all must contain.

The wheel turns, yet things much the same
remain as ever, as the blind
and seething masses, biding time,
exploited still, will try to find
answers until fresh tidal time-frame
mocks race, trace, shocks, restocks again.

Oscillating waves of Time,
wave goodbye, scarce seek behind
veil past, ancestors maritime,
and future for wings redesigned
by evolution's coded aim,
from start to coda, which no dime
could care for causal counterclaim.

From chaos patterns recombine,
an intricate design begin,
here where, there, others ended in
ice, fire, fire, ice, hope aim, scope maim,
some may celestial choir proclaim
as evidence of super brain.

Equality may some acclaim
as proof superior, maintain
win leads to loss, as loss to win
its opposite must undermine
to complement wheel waiting game
that sooner, later, Chronos will unwind.

Alternative galactic clime
through dwarf–star cooling frieze quitclaim
could freeze life first, then life-clock chime

again, again, from wild to tame,
from tame to wild as cyclic mime
vibrates, expands, contracts, the same
remaining never, pantomime
played out repeating rondo spin
exploring waft weave out and in.

Jonathan ROBIN

World Word Canvas

Artists palette, paints, prepare
poets channel insight rare,
canvas filling, paper inking,
imagination's magic thinking
linking their respective streams
compared perspectives, shared a gleam,
imagination catalyzed,
creativity uncompromised.

Jonathan ROBIN

Writers' Real Mirror Reflection Reel 1294 With All Due Acknowledgement To Rudyard Kipling If Current Version

With inside out, and out, surprised, inside,
through penning verse whose end may, too, begin it,
when rhyming reel with real can coincide:
"your's is the world and everything that's in it."

If you can write free from cash motivation,
self-righteousness avoiding like the plague,
create concensus round an innovation
embraced by all without appearing vague.

If brains rein in crass critics' barren blaster
from tumour rumours' hiss dismiss base blame,
take not to heart prosaic 'f[r]ee verse' plaster,
with humour beat fools at name game's lame claim.

If you can channel energy creative
[d]well in advance of others in your field,
without confusing nominative, dative,
rei[g]n arguments through cogency revealed
in context, in a manner innovative,
code palimpsests from all save sage concealed,
where trust in self is never compensative,
response bans gut reaction, will not yield.

If you would link great ends to small beginnings,
brag not, nor tag each pristine copy sold;
if sharing seems more vital than gold winnings,
trim quill with will rich which won't be short-sold.
If, ignorance ignored, your storied spinings,
create a pot no Potter has outsold,
outlaw poor flaws, restore sure underpinnings,
steer clear from fear towards horizons bold,
and catalyze wise good within you flowing
to stitch pitched tent far from skin deep kitsch brink,
then you may give the nod and wink while knowing
all mental states aren't always in the pink.

If you use inner kinks to keep on growing
without denying others' right to think,
if you'd continue for fair future sowing,
refuse muse use of unfair aims that stink,
you should wait, wise, untired by weight of waiting,
if libelled, never lie kowtow to crowd,
inspire lyre's fire, unfazed by petty hating,
avoiding looking good, hold head unbowed.

If you can lead lead soldiers Caxton crafted,
reject surrender to crass compromise,
discernment sent, burn bias, spurn crowd shafted,
let work shine, shirk no line truth's soul supplies.

If you think, scan, link logic, span emotion,
set constant course from vested interests clear,
if you can ban all untoward commotion
while conscience clings to all that it holds dear.
If rhymes combine to mock piss prose misdrafted,
communicating key truths through youth's eyes,
you'll find to your surprise that you have rafted
on stream when witless schemes reverse dream tries.

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All mental states aren't always in the pink?
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"Your's is the world and everything that's in it."
when rhyming reel with real can coincide
through penning verse whose end may, too, begin it,
with inside out, and out, surprised, inside.

(21 April 2013)

Jonathan ROBIN

Wrong Turning

"Progress" - probing life's eternal laws -
itself betrays, strays from initial quest,
squanders time pursuing senseless cause.
For Reason, discontent, can seldom rest,
bias'd its search to widen learning's shores
with mercenary motives which, at best,
lead to conclusions hasty which it draws
by compromising ethics to suggest
objectives predefined while masking flaws.
Although, at last, it may the stars' conquest
assure for some, most lock their outer doors
instead of turning to the treasure chest
within to learn to share and sow! So, pause, ! -
the stars to aim at, East and West,
exist within Love's sacred stores.

Jonathan ROBIN

Wry Rise Fall Call Chance Think Link Dance

Life's causal links think their [s]{h}own track,

coincidence encounters 'forwards' 'back'

as state within which quantum loop

can catalyze both blossom, droop,

and karmic consciousness per se

can seldom find a space to say

'Eureka! ' ere it hits the sack,

brought down by Time horizon flack.

Draw 'sense' from lifetime's spinning hoop

as Pelican may fishes scoop

from karmic sea along the way

from birth to berth's reeled roundelay

is in itself achievement which

too few attain as - poor or rich -

each tries to analyze chance stitch

that links thoughtchain as ride we hitch

along life's Go game thrust attack

with scarce the space for grace or snack

as on we race, trace pace which feeds

upon itself yet nowhere leads

till, under strain of final bend,

train loses track of aim and end.

(4 January 2013)

Jonathan ROBIN

Yann Lester: 24th April 1996

Yesterday he strolled along the streets,
Absorbed impressions, filmed them in his mind,
Now is Life's lens shuttered, left behind
Now is life's corpus swathed in winding sheets.
Life's objects Reason knows not, Time defeats,
Ephemeral Man's season's span assigned:
Sun sets so soon, fresh generations, blind,
The treadmill turn till Destiny each meets.
Extract the marrow from both joy, deceits,
Refuse responsibilities that bind,
Yet freely give, forgive, in each day find
A motivation which base boredom beats.
Now is important, daily give and take,
NOW LIVE! As motto, Carpe Diem take!

Jonathan ROBIN

Yarn

Swift spinning wheel revolves within,
revel keyed to rainbow bright,
now wing weft warps, now weaves from sight,
enters, leaves as senses spin.

What is end when things begin
from finish, swing new day from night,
wind sings chains free, both slack and tight,
yet what is joy without chagrin?

What is sense, what static din?
Some wavelengths ultraviolet light
funnel, infra-red some, - sight
depends more on expected whim
than on the rods and cones within
retinal lining - photons' rite
when redefined as 'wrong' or 'right',
pre-expectations underpin.

Neurons nitroglycerin
polychromatic dynamite,
synaptic leaps reject rein tight
upon emotions sybilline.
Cyclone eye churns Yang and Yin
while wings gain height wild winds unite,
tension rises, satellite
impressions signal 'hurry...kin'.

Romantic sings life's violin
which time-tunes runes to candlelight
as spirit moth finds wings for flight
beyond beyond to ponder, win
new which from old unfolds, gold tin
transforms as thought, deed, reunite.
Prismatic spirit earns insight, -
rebirth on Earth which knows no sin.

Cupid's arrows javelin
enchantment meant to expedite
attachment which through thick and thin

encouraged is by Aphrodite
who web casts while forecasting him
and her stay playful, - wayward bite
love, urchin, leaves on cheek and chin,
rewards self-righteous with their plight.

Oppositions melt then twin -
Spring springs from Winter, day from night, -
as symbiotic parasite
[r]evolves around a second skin
dissolves again to re-begin
to redivide as surface tight
an oscillation patterned quite,
wizard which might make Merlin.

Theme's variations, schemes akin,
vibrate, surge, splurge, converge, invite,
emerge to soar as karmic kite
flies options fresh, meets challenge in
tempo gamma-globulin
produces rendering airtight,
immune from falsehood, empty [w]rite,
spins masculine from feminine.

Wings breast test air where streams within
streams conscious dream unconscious write -
how best to tint, imprint, excite,
imagination. Catherine
wheels pyrotechnic paladin
pinpoints - firefly infinite -
fractal patterns which recite
kaleidoscopic origins.

Whirlpool waves through thick and thin
can colour Chance, once left, to right
all former spectrum oversight,
advance as if from trampoline
they sprung to string joy's mandolin
combining hues which spring from white,
effervescence tints spotlight,
blends gold, bold orange, - out and in

turquoise, yellow, pink, begin
an iridescent dance delight
inspired by sapphire, chrysolite,
red ruby, purple tourmaline,
all save its own achromatin
as alpha-actin appetite
sustaining rhythm's forward flight
taps into its adrenalin.

All stems from nothing, down turns up,
gain's drained from spill to fill life's cup.
Yarn's thread is sped, spun patchwork quilt
where wings of light sprung free from guilt.

© Jonathan Robin written 26 November 2006

Jonathan ROBIN

Yellowstone Caldera

Yellowstone caldera sudden shivers
Earthquakes follow, swallow soil that quivers,
Lifting expectations once again
Life hangs by hair 'spite prayer as joy and pain,
Open, close, day, night, rich land, sand, rivers
Will merge as lava surge destroys spleen, livers.
Shakes and shudders fissures cause, park lain
Too long latent, dormant, well may rain
Outsize geyser skywards, dustbowl slivers,
Nova mushroom which itself delivers
molten lava magma which life withers,
climactic climate change ends human reign
endless ice age long blights harvest grain.

Jonathan ROBIN

Yggdrasil

One thousand years great Ash rose up
from slender trunk to tickle moon
while Asgard's Gods would wood festoon.
I versify. Life's afternoon
slips into eventide to sup
beside the golden buttercup,
among the joyous saplings strewn,
commune with magic, bounty, boon.
Long in Urd's Court Norse Norms held sway
Enveaving threads each day saw cut
to mourn, or strengthend, no doors shut
extending mortal luck, as hut
bore witness to prosperity
or fortold freemen slavery,
roots reached to every cranny nook
to note the choices each soul took
life's book was filled, no chance foresook,
all truth and falsehood light of day
discovered, treason's reasoned play
as seasons followed seasons' stay.

Yggdrasil sage won't cage wise snakes,
the roots to subterraenean lakes
descend from which the Aesir ride,
beneath Frost Jostnar time and tide
resist the worm which would abide
to gnaw, ignores not Man's mistakes.
Till Ragnarök when Gods take horse
to Vignor war plain, voices hoarse
as battle charges, woe betide,
left Odin hung from branch thigh wide.
From sunrise smile with dewdrop pearls
whose tears deck leaves as each uncurls,
from breath by photosynthesis
to death without a goodbye kiss,
from sapling which warm zephyr twirls
to gnarled old wood with outgrowth burls,
on how I live, on that and this,
my roots reflect before abyss

recycling swallows branch and twig.

Ash understands life's whirligig
spins rings concentric marking time
to final season's reasoned climb,
from shoot to trunk and branches big
where grunting pigs for truffles dig,
plays panorama pantomime
from small to tall productive prime.
Norse legends link wood warden's twig
unto Creation's wheel sublime.

Although deep rooted, tree to tree
transmits, receives, all share lore we
from long lost Ents once learned before
our quintessential none ignore
fixed time and place as by decree
we walked no longer. By degree
our waiting, shepherd like, restore
to earth a balance more and more
contested by Man's needless squander
from here unto the wild blue yonder.

None urban grey smog clogs dismiss
as harmless. Men must reminisce:
as chickens home to roost will wander
humanity, no time to ponder,
clima[c]tic tipping point does miss.
Lost souls who fail to recognize
the role Norms play, or dreams disguise
as hearsay must to old ways, ties,
cleave clear reforge or self despise,
or kiss goodbye to joy, to bliss.

One thousand years and more Ash, Oak,
through summer sunshine, winter cloak
bore witness to the seasons' change,
to human intercourse, exchange,
from hoarfrost leaflessness to soak
when purple, yellow, crocus poke
amid dawn's dew while worming range
both early bird and shadows strange.

'Mid shadows numberless' my shade
spreads out amid the gladding glade,
where hollyhock and lupin rise
to draw light's glory from the skies.
May life for men spread unafraid
and unpolluted, story laid
to greet with open-eyed surprise
life's weather in whatever guise.
One thousand years and more Ash tree
extended branching canopy,
while underground in silence spread
stretched roots beneath man's heedless tread.
Pride grew to rot in sin, babe new
to stripling grew, knew cemetery,
leafed out a destiny, which, read,
showed little purpose, tail or head.

Man's generations come and go,
ignoring seasons' reasoned flow,
would all control to leave a mark
or heartless heart on rugged bark.
But patient bark will overflow
this rapid race whose trace may know
no glory when their story stark
is told by ants in days now dark.

One thousand years Ash tree can see
woodpeckers knock, fragility
despite umbrella overhead,
while squirrel frisks from eyrie bed
to sneak snake gossip most misled.
Beside the shallow riverbed.
There beech and birch accompany
pine saplings b[e]ached by destiny.
There willow waves her streaming head,
there thoughts foregather, nothing dread.

Man's generation climate change
prepares, for tree 'tis passing strange
to sense through signals in the air
ice melting round the polar bear.

This threatens tree: new insects range
from south to north, thus rearrange
established patterns everywhere,
some species sink, jinx can't repair.

One thousand years and more, few things
today seem magic, stay Time's stings,
Norms thread reform, swift disarrange
the plans of mice and men, while mange
rots fur once fine, wine tart turns, strings
of cause, effect, converge, which brings
cusp watershed, yet still life streams
bark, branches, raft, recrafting dreams.

Here see the brambles' carefree play,
here too wild roses mild display
their petal banners white and pink
recorded now in ink.

Here too find peace and balmy breeze
which laughs at man's fatuities,
while honey bees buzz through and link
Nature's cycles while we think.

One thousand years and more tree rings
record life's chord word, climate swings
from summers Indian and drought
to winters harsh and frozen out.
Yet 'permanence' like many things,
is only relative, Time's wings
ambitions and conventions flout,
wage war on s[t]age, deception, doubt.

Tree tale is drawing to its end
with naught to strive for, naught defend.
Neutral witness I, Ash, record
what winds have borne of bed and board
dealt to rash man who brash pride bends
from straight and narrow, Nature offends.
Leaf blows from branch, Time's wind may lend
boughs years on end unbowed, assured,
until fate's final bow cuts cord,
leaves die a log by sunlit sward.

Jonathan ROBIN

Yokohama Go Game

Yokohama meeting will decide
One way or t'other how the Internet
Kneads the seeds of future growth, or yet
Open closes – senseless suicide.
Here some play games with arguments supplied
Against the need for relevance,
Mission Statement: - some trustees forget
A mandate to stay true to those they guide.
Great expectations most retain world-wide,
Only need new leadership to whet
Game energies to free fair chart, - hearts set
A game of Go, - two overviews collide.
Much hangs upon each single vote – fifteen
Entertain two roads to choose between...

Yokohama 19 July 2000

Jonathan ROBIN

You Are Bold Mother Jillian - Parody Robert Southey, Lewis Carroll

ab ovo usque ad mala 'from the egg to the apples'

'Though you're old, Mother Jillian', fresh clone said,
'still your heir's green with envy tonight
your implant's statistics stand all on their head -
do you think, at your age, it is right?

You are one in a million, for where angels fear
on you tread ungainsaid to your goal,
oracle's obstacles all disappear
while you stay, true to Way, primly whole.'

"'Right' and 'Wrong' seems a song every century hums
to rune tune range of change through the ages,
so take life as it comes, don't manipulate sums,
and refuse open rages, closed cages.

Thus in youth, 'tis the truth" Jill 'chipped' in to the drone,
"I feared chipping might injure the brain,
but, as modern techniques so surpass silly cone,
they enhance life-expectancy's gain."

"Three score ten seemed a cause, a pipedream far when wars,
famine, sores, spread disease, - swift turnover -
overturned are old laws as demography soars,
wait for one-twenty par or far over!

More fancy than fact body frozen intact
with the brain from time's wane reign suspended,
knowledge Science once lacked by researchers is backed,

tears for Styx, fiddlesticks! Years appended! '

'You seem cold, Mother Jillian', clone added with awe
'are your genes quite resistant to time?
Will you share your rare secret, please do not withdraw,
spell out clear Man's peerless pantomime? '

'In the days of mirth's birth, " Mother Jillian replied,
"I saw that all swore life flew fast,
so abused not my health and great wealth set aside,
I was never poor, needy, need passed.

In the days of words' worth, Middle Earth closed down shop
and, your servant, observant, soon sought
East and West, North and South, the world's girth for a drop
seat in vat cryogenic resort.

.

Biotech companies advocated time freeze

free from fleas, wrinkles, cares, ever spared

from disease and weak knees, splitting hairs, atoms, peas,

while swift seasons slipped by, I prepared.

History mystery mocks as mankind,
more and more knowledge stores, can rescan,
while the frontiers between 'seen' and 'unseen' sets scene
for convergent advance open plan.'

"You are old, Mother Gillian', the flesh clone cried,
And pleasures with youth pass away;
yet you act though the fact, Time's dice stacked, is free ride!
Now tell me the reason, I pray.'

'In the days of my youth, ' Jill responded once more,
'I remember'd that youth could not last;
I thought of the future, and pondered some more, while the stars in their orbits
plied past.

As I wondered one day the way to play came clear, -
imagined from stem cell Bush vetoed aghast

that my mind could path find helping neurones adhere
thrice as long, thrice as strong as forecast."

"You act young, " said the clone, who intoned as before,
"the example you set's topsy-turvy, -
those who chose to believe they could close the back door
pawns to progress blow hot-and-cold nervy.'

I ask, Jill Vermillion, your wonderful smile,
what wanderlust masks from our sight? "
Clone continued deep musings to Muse for a while
as would page quite devoted to knight.

"Some ponder, some plunder, through blunderland wander,
pitch ideas torn asunder when held to the light,
yet you're quick bones to pick, understanding how under
the chaos a pattern's rich stitches shine bright."

"Who can read between lines of events with ease, tell-tale signs oft outlines as
Time flows,
though the cause below surface continues to tease
from the frieze wisdom sees more than shows.

Night dreams hope themes for scope, one must cope', Jilly said,
"with challenge, - Time, Place, - Fate throws down;
pick the gauntlet up gaily, still keeping your head; -
and advance daring Chance, win Life's crown!

Time's at hand, - though unplanned - for an out of hand shrink
which man's limits historic may banish,
one should link into 'think with a lateral wink',
take a stand, - vain rhetoric must vanish.

For a bound out of bounds on the cards sounds today,
given info few zap - Google Earth's map -
uncovers a way for a taped interplay
which may motions, emotions, both tap.

All alone, little clone you shall see seeds sown
grow to feed info keyed to your cap,
be bold too, 'tis foretold you need not feel alone, -
credibility gap is a trap."

'Though you're old', clone continued, 'I'm amazed to detect
that high feverish gleam in your eye;
yet I'm anxious to give us both time to reflect.
Now, pray, can you answer me why? -

Why the world God should bless, in an almighty mess
still remains, - proof your earlier years
failed to gain or obtain more than half-hearted guess -
which I fear reds my eyelids with tears.

For the thought we express is increasing distress
which could sap generations to come, -
we the weight of the stress of the wait should address -
early, late, hark the boom of doom's drum."

'Alas', said the sage, 'Its not easy to gauge
how the twins Cause, Effect, interact,
but the battle to wage, which most fail to engage,
remains based not on fiction but fact.

Stage by stage', she continued, 'soul free from pawned gage
one must fight for the right to pursue
aim of flame, goal-game wholesome, and never downstage
motives pure, senses sure, - aims lame spew!

In my youth', Jill went on, 'I was told, nothing scorning,
that the world might descend into blight;
global warming's a warning discovered one morning -
pride hides fear of queer bumps in the night.'

.

'Old meant cold', said the clone, 'yet you go out to bat,
and you turn the clock back as you tipple -
for you've grown in a zone most have shown they fall flat,
still you bud, rosy lips, rose hip, nipple."

"Though time's flown, on my own I succeeded in much -
those who dare still could share in the winnings -
through linking deep thinking to sight, smell, and touch;
new beginnings inspire second innings.

Furthermore one is sure - using core intuition -
nano tech may well wreck old ideas, -
presuppositions, subjective positions
will be forced, 'spite remorse, to change gears.

'Be Prepared! " is a motto one cannot ignore, I mention, - attention please pay
me -
what follows tomorrow's responses must draw
up new scoreboard for all who stay gamy.'

.

'You are old', said her student, 'your jaws should be weak
too feeble to lay down new laws,
yet you're cooking Youth's goose and its goals, so to speak,
pray explain both the impacts and cause? '

'On youth's page', said Dame, 'sage, I survived culture shocks
which seniors treated as crippling, -
they today play - there pay wherewithal all unlocks -
'tis their turn - candles burn - purse unzipping!

.

'In my youth', she repeated, and shook rejuvenated locks,
"I foresaw how technologies ripple, -
anti-oxydant ointment invented - who mocks
the potential for life-span to triple? '

"Does this mean? " asked keen clone "that the pyramid wealth
is inverse in proportion to age,
with the latter encouraging comfort in health while depressing, for youth,
working wage? "

"My mind might be MENSA though that may not mean
much when weighed on Methuselah's scale,
but as insight's enhanced by light waves in between
left and right brains then sense should prevail

to call a new ball game that's starting to shift
societal paradigms deep,
on the one hand it gives private pensions a lift,
on the other youth slaves for its keep."

on the one hand traditions once treated as gift -
rephrased, reappraised or erased -
must integrate networks where sensors' short shrift
form multidimensional phased interface."

on the other hand memory extended five fold -
stimulated by progress embraced -
may be channelled untrammelled - directions untold
must encourage new order brain based."

"You are old', said again clone youth plain, "who'd suppose
that your eye beams as steady as ever;
yet you saw through my spiel that its time to foreclose -
what made you so frightfully clever? "

"In my youth science taught us the graal that we sought
meant exploring all aspects of life;
it was clear volunteers might find free what's now bought,
for a fee causing jealousy rife."

She held forth, with a gusto belying her years,
carolled song which no wrong entertained,
"I am not maladjusto, the course that life steers
seeks its spice in a source free from fears."

'One child to a family, that is enough, '
said the mistress, 'Fate, lessons prepares.
I can answer more questions and quite off the cuff
wax hot, yet not give myself airs."

"Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff? '
said sad clone, "your assurance despairs!
If I stick to the subject you'll scam in a huff, or you'll kick me down apples and
pears!

You are wise, you surprise, take the smooth with the rough,
with mundane unmonotonous tone,

I'm unsure if perplexed, hexed, or vexed – cookies tough -
and concede need to think through alone! ”

'You have heard my last word – for the moment, ” said she,
with a look that clone took as chastising,
'Split your cells – that expels false opinions, you see! ”-
in a tone that clone found patronising.

“Where a clone thinks alone’s contradiction in terms,
Brave New World, Alpha, Epsilon, spanning!
Double take raises stake for fresh theories, confirms
multiplied her heads hydra’s unmanning.”

'You are bold, mother Jillian', concluded the clone,
'we must meet, trust complete, yet again,
you play cold and controlled but you can't hold your own -
both beef, bone - when I copy, `tis plain! ”

“What seems plain, ” Jill explained, “as a feint in the main, -
over-confidence monkey may make you!
You contain bio chain spliced to help ME time gain,
your but sounding-board, echo, rhyme, pawn in a game
played by one, having fun, who bespake you! ”

Jonathan ROBIN

Your Eyes

Cataract's swift flow
heals inner eye's cataract
joy tears tear fall below

Jonathan ROBIN

Zhanna Ruban

Zones of shadow shroud her current state.
Harmony and tenderness are needed
Allowing space to trace dreams of fair fate,
New chance to dance through inspiration seeded.
Now is time to act in fact not fiction,
Autonomy, respect, seem welcome change
Replacing current friction and restriction
Untroubled by misunderstandings strange,
Because of inner strengths she seldom shows
As 'why explain what should be crystal clear? '
Needing to feed from, share in, love's sweet flows,
Zest for fresh mental growth uncaged by fear.
Hope for scope, true opportunity,
Rests in her grasp, choice voice joy, love shared free!

Jonathan ROBIN

Zoo Blues - Parody T.S. Eliot Macavity

The Lion and the Unicorn

The Lion and the Unicorn were happy, but the Crown
decided that the Lion's day was done, his house pulled down,
so Council's moral: pull his tail! At that, heart-wrenching groan
was heard – no more the sturdy roar each one felt was his own!
And like the chimpanzees who teased their fleas and used to clown
at tea-time in the London Zoo – his whereabouts' unknown!
Some sought him in the Parliament, and some in Lion Square,
though dogs may bark in Regent's Park, the Lion was not there...

The Lion and the Unicorn together used to frown
upon Old England's enemies, to please the King, - now brown
and rusty lies the cage's door, poor watchman sighs alone,
for no one tries to subsidise the former keeper's loan!
And though the government meant well, he's hounded out of town,
his days are up, no more to sup, upon a luscious bone, -
some call upon 10 Downing Street, some Fleet Street, some Mayfair,
though dogs may bark in Regent's Park, the Lion is not there!

1 August 1991

ZSL Council defeated in request for a bankruptcy vote

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Macavity The Mystery Cat

Macavity's a Mystery Cat: he's called the Hidden Paw -
For he's the master criminal who can defy the Law.
He's the bafflement of Scotland Yard, the Flying Squad's despair:
For when they reach the scene of crime - Macavity's not there!

Macavity, Macavity, there's no one like Macavity,
He's broken every human law, he breaks the law of gravity.
His powers of levitation would make a fakir stare,

And when you reach the scene of crime - Macavity's not there!
You may seek him in the basement, you may look up in the air -
But I tell you once and once again, Macavity's not there!

Macavity's a ginger cat, he's very tall and thin;
You would know him if you saw him, for his eyes are sunken in.
His brow is deeply lined with thought, his head is highly doomed;
His coat is dusty from neglect, his whiskers are uncombed.
He sways his head from side to side, with movements like a snake;
And when you think he's half asleep, he's always wide awake.

Macavity, Macavity, there's no one like Macavity,
For he's a fiend in feline shape, a monster of depravity.
You may meet him in a by-street, you may see him in the square -
But when a crime's discovered, then Macavity's not there!

He's outwardly respectable. (They say he cheats at cards.)
And his footprints are not found in any file of Scotland Yard's.
And when the larder's looted, or the jewel-case is rifled,
Or when the milk is missing, or another Peke's been stifled,
Or the greenhouse glass is broken, and the trellis past repair -
Ay, there's the wonder of the thing! Macavity's not there!

And when the Foreign Office finds a Treaty's gone astray,
Or the Admiralty lose some plans and drawings by the way,
There may be a scap of paper in the hall or on the stair -
But it's useless of investigate - Macavity's not there!
And when the loss has been disclosed, the Secret Service say:
'It must have been Macavity!' - but he's a mile away.

You'll be sure to find him resting, or a-licking of his thumbs,
Or engaged in doing complicated long division sums.
Macavity, Macavity, there's no one like Macavity,
There never was a Cat of such deceitfulness and suavity.
He always has an alibit, or one or two to spare:
And whatever time the deed took place - MACAVITY WASN'T THERE!

And they say that all the Cats whose wicked deeds are widely known
(I might mention Mungojerrie, I might mention Griddlebone)
Are nothing more than agents for the Cat who all the time
Just controls their operations: the Napoleon of Crime!

Thomas Stearns Eliot

Jonathan ROBIN

Zusammen

Some dreams come true,
hand holding hand,
as one may two
e'er understand
existence wins
much joy shared whose
involvement spins
to love none lose.

Heart, once alone,
sole, craving touch,
melts dark, cold stone,
sheds fears, tears' smutch,
as Hope repairs
regrets to ring
new love that dares
reach sky, soul sing.

Jonathan ROBIN