

Poetry Series

David Keig
- poems -

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David Keig(1951)

I used to write poetry at school back in the 60s and then somehow lost the habit.

Only this year did i begin to write again.

Some poems are in what I call my 'country and western style', some are somewhat morose and others wistful or playful or funny..

Whatever, I get a lot out of writing them.

I rate other poems I read. Please rate mine. Feedback of any form is invaluable.

Thank you,

David

A Bitter Harvest

I have reaped a bitter harvest
I have sowed seeds that are sad
I have balanced all my wealth in life
Against the things i had
My children are away from me
My father has just died
My heart it is a'weaping
And my soul feels crucified
Each grain in that balance
Is much heavier than lead
My eyes are aged - my feelings flayed
My joy it is now dead
Oh why should all this happen?
Oh what does all this mean?
My longing for connection
Not the space that lies between.

David Keig

A Bloody Stain

I looked and saw a bloody stain as if it came from me
It was thick and red and seemed to ooze out from my own belly
Then another spot upon one leg and another on my chest
I was climbing up a stairway and just couldn't find my breath
The red! The red was all around and had me slipping on the stairs
And now it felt like raining and was running down my hair
I then looked up and then I saw the strangest sight I'd seen
Blood droplets on the ceiling falling in a steady stream
I knew it could not be my blood but it was raining down so fast
Not gentle like the rain itself but sticky and – aghast -
I saw a sluice of redness come sweeping down on me
And then I turned a corner and that blood was blinding me
I was swimming in some entrails that I could not even name
It was like being in a butcher's or in some suicidal game
I then stood straight and shouted – I shouted right out loud
'I will not retreat just for fear for I am strong and proud'
I no longer climbed all frightened – an answer I did crave
And at that the top of those red steps I did find my mother's grave
Beelzebub looked in the mirror and then he turned a page
He was now fearful for himself and of my incessant rage
I slayed him on those foot steps so he couldn't rise at all
And with his death all of that blood did vanish from the floor.

David Keig

A Broken Heart

I fought for King and country
On the battlefields in France
I'd volunteered for active service
For I saw this as a chance
To earn respect from those around me
And stare death full in the face
Being brave was nothing strange to me
And fear is no disgrace
I saw the clouds of chlorine rising
As we put those gas masks on
I saw men torn from their bodies
I've been deafened by the guns
There was mustard gas and shrapnel
And more barbed wire than in the bush
There was dysentery and typhus
And bodies oozing pus
That mud clung to your belly
And the rats they seemed to thrive
On bodies out in no-man's land
Of soldiers not alive
My mates - some of them blinded
Some of them blown apart
And others they just disappeared
When the barrages did start
Some days, it would fall silent
And you could hear the German side
I'd guess they would be blokes like us
Just trying to survive
You'd put your head up in the trenches
And the odds were pretty high
That a sniper that you couldn't see
Would send you to the sky.
Some of us were lucky
But so many badly died
It didn't seem like murder
More like wilful suicide
It was hell there in those trenches
There was no glory in that war
No victory in battle

Just stripped naked and red raw
I didn't go alone you know
I'd gone off there with some mates
We'd gone to show our bravery
And then were told to wait.
There was so much bloody paperwork
Before we could go to fight
They didn't make it easy
Because we were not white
I'm back now in Australia
Sometimes at night I wake in fear
I can hear the guns and all y'know
And they still seem very near
In the army I was Billy
I had a real name
Now, once again, I'm just an Abo
And my life is much the same
The white men, they look down on us
Then give our women rum
They often take advantage
Then threaten us with guns.
Man! If I just had my life again
And all my mates were here
I don't think I'd fight in that war
Nor lose myself in beer.
For I thought I'd be respected
By the whitefellas and such
But now I simply realise
We don't matter very much
For the war, they'd made us citizens
So we could play our part
Now it's over that's been taken back
And I have a broken heart.

David Keig

A Christmas Tree! A Christmas Tree!

A Christmas tree! A Christmas tree!
With dark green needled memories
Of childhood dreams and mysteries
Wrapped present-like in front of me.

A Christmas tree! A Christmas tree!
I glimpse a past wherein i see
The child that then grew into me
Not forward fast but haltingly.

A Christmas tree! A Christmas tree!
A time for being with family
A time that's gone so fleetingly
Yet lives for always deep in me.

A Christmas tree! A Christmas tree!
When twelfth night comes whole hauntingly
One lingered look and then i see
No Christmas tree where it would be.

A Christmas tree! A Christmas tree!
With feelings now felt longingly
No corner in my house to see
The magic of that Christmas tree.

David Keig

A Christmas Wish

This Christmas
No greater gift
Could come to me
Than just
For once
For once
To see
My own children
Just being happy.

David Keig

A Christmas Without God

God had a plan for Christmas
A plan that could not fail
Rather than indulgences
He went straight into retail
Positioned presents as a blessing
And to keep the whole thing green
Decided that we all should have
Those jolly Christmas trees
When he phoned Sears and K Mart
On his celestial phone
The response was overwhelming
And they changed their budgets when
He had explained the concept
To these quite commercial men
Lord Jesus said the salesmen
Who then took back their words
This concept is amazing
How do we start
And when?
Ahah said God quite gently
Its not that easy mate
The condition of your entry
Is that you should celebrate
The goodness thats amongst us
And not just profits seek
For while valued is the businessman
The world belongs unto the meek
At this point there was silence
I think a pin was dropped
So the businessmen decided
On a Christmas without God.

David Keig

A Fuller Figured Woman

A fuller figured woman
should never be ashamed
of the ampleness upon her
nor the need to rearrange
her wardrobe every season
as the curves fight with her clothes
oh god save me from the skinny
i've never fancied one of those.

A fuller figured woman
should not put out the light
when she gradually undresses
and prepares herself for night
for the fuller figured woman
is not someone to be scorned
for her body won't discomfort you
and she'll always keep you warm.

David Keig

A Little Devil

I have this little demon
That lives inside my head
I've never ever seen him
But I'm sure that he is red.

Those times when I feel happy
He'll stoke a fire for me
So my good mood is soon replaced by
Full-on anxiety.

When I'm asleep he's busy talking
When I wake he's in my ear
I simply can't escape him
And his chatter's all too clear.

I hate this little demon
And it's now me who's feeling red
So I'm taking all these little pills
To ensure that he's soon dead.

David Keig

A Lover From The Past

I knew you'd have a fuller figure
But never thought that you'd be bigger
Than the side of any house
And me as skinny as a mouse
The intervening years it seems
Have dashed my hopes and killed my dreams
You used to see a lot of me
Now there's a lot of you to see.

David Keig

A Past Love

Our love is like a melody
Played badly out of tune
Our love is like those plants we bought
That never seem to bloom
Our love is like an acid bath
That quickly strips away
All pretence of civility
No matter what we say.

David Keig

A Quiet Night With The Boys

Weekends weekends everywhere
And quite a lot to drink
The sobriety of weekdays
Is something that i think
Is balanced by those other days
When elephants seem pink
Monday was a sober day
And Tuesday too as well
Wednesday it got really hard
And Thursday felt like hell
Friday started peacefully
But then came Friday night
Which started off a weekend
Of not feeling too bright
Why do we even tolerate
Such obvious abuse
I spent three hours this morning
Just looking for my shoes
I felt quite young and sprightly
Last night at half past one
But come ten o'clock this morning
My head felt like a bomb
Had been let off right inside it
That clamouring of noise
When all it was just going to be
Was a quiet night with the boys.

David Keig

A Road Well Travelled

A road well travelled does not the journey ease
Nor do well placed signposts aid our itineraries
A road well travelled is rough and rutted where
Others have passed by this way overburdened with their cares
A road well-travelled may be full of risks and dangers
You keep yourself unto yourself and never talk to strangers.

This road well travelled has no final end in sight
It can be sunny in the daytime but quite frightening at night
This road well travelled can sometimes just disappear
And you stop not knowing where to go shivering with fear
This road well travelled sometimes returns you to its start
And leaves you walking round in circles with a sad and heavy heart.

My road well travelled has many toll gates on the way
Each time I ask directions there's a need to always pay
My road well travelled is a lonely road at times
It is a real road that I know it's not just a state of mind
My road well travelled is not just my road you see
It's a road that many others take and it's called anxiety.

David Keig

A Shrine To Elvis

She asked me if I had the time
To see her lounge-room Elvis shrine
In her 30's – kinda cute
We drove to her place in my ute
The house was on an acre block
Fibro front porch parking lot
Her daughter – young and tartly bland
Was pregnant from a one night stand
Her son – now twenty - moved away
When the drugs consumed him and they say
He'd hit his mum a hundred times
For objecting to his cocaine lines
But Elvis' shrine stood resolute
With pics of Elvis in gold suits
He is my hero she then said
While inviting me into her bed
He was a man that knew his way
I'd sleep with him most any day
But now he is in lame'd heaven
You must do this – so please pretend
And croon his songs while we make love
Me on my back while up above
Resplendent on my ceiling tiles
Is more of Elvis and his style
I looked close at the Elvis shrine
His hair his pout – this look not mine
I asked her why she loved The King
She softly said that anything
Was better than the life she led
So when with men within her bed
She had to dream that it was him
Who hugged her kissed her slid within
A mirror ball then caught my eye
While hound-dog played on her hi fi
I felt like a human sacrifice
A feeling i found none too nice
At this I drove off in the night
Something didn't seem quite right
I look like Buddy Holly see

Not like her Elvis – that ain't me.

David Keig

A Singular Man

He stood on the edge of Beachy Head
But this was not the sunshine day he had expected
It was windswept and rain threatened
He had wanted to smile
'This is not the way' he thought
Later in his room he began to question his resolve
So, slowly very slowly, he slit his wrists
The staff found him
At the hospital he felt happy and contented
He was still there
He was alive
The closeness of death's acquaintance giddied him
It was then he realised that he had visited Beach Head wholly unprepared
He must not escape
He must put things in order
He estimated his life's savings
He calculated his debt – largely credit cards
He decided to rid himself of all those clothes that we all keep and never wear
He destroyed his address book.
Then he went out for a meal
'Good scoff' he thought to himself walking back alone on the front at Brighton
Pebbles underfoot and the Pier's lights dancing garishly over the water
The sea beckoned
He could hear it from his hotel room and it seemed to say 'be safe be safe be safe'
And those lights kept dancing
By now, he wanted new rooms
For he had become a rather private man though still gregarious in public
The staff were beginning to annoy him
They had heard of his slashed wrists at his previous hotel
All he wanted was anonymity
So he moved
And moved again
And kept on moving
His affairs, however, were now in good order
So, he could kiss the wind and bless the sun alone at Beachy Head
He was there and then no more
And all those lights stopped dancing.

A White Australia

They had a clear policy
For letting people stay
If your face was white you fitted
If not then sent away.

They included on their census
Cattle, sheep and goats
They excluded Aborigines
As incidental folks.

It was a white Australia
An Australia so pure
It's rarely talked about these days
It's seen as immature.

But white Australia lives on
Think of all those refugees
For they are held behind barbed wire
As dangerous detainees.

This side of this Australia
Is something i implore
Everyone around the world
Not just to ignore.

David Keig

Act Of God?

A coin when dropped will
In one second, fall sixteen feet
In two, sixty four
In three, one hundred and forty four.

They were driving back from Sydney
Mum and Dad and their two kids
The freeway was a nightmare
So they took the old road that they did.

The old road's quite an old road
Been there for many years
The rain was slanting sideways
Being late home was their fear.

It was night and many lights were out
The road was dark and quite awash
Water running everywhere
The kids shrieked with every splash.

A short drive now back to the warmth
Of the house in which they lived
A short drive back now to that home
Where they brought up both their kids.

Just two and three I think they were
A precious time of life
The kids strapped in the back seat
In the front was man and wife.

A dip there in the road appeared
Just where there is a creek
But we'll be home soon they both said
Both kids were now asleep.

'Slow down now, that's deep water'
Said the man unto his wife
Those were the very final words
He would utter in his life.

One hundred feet, one hundred feet
One hundred feet or more
Was the depth of that great puddle
Into which the rain had poured.

It was at a place called Somersby
When the rain had drained away
That they winched up that death carriage
On the following grey day.

Yes, the chasm it was very deep
A Grand Canyon not a puddle
So for everyone upon that road
And every time you loved ones cuddle
Just think of those four driving home
And think of their full fright
And hold each other closely
Each and every single night
We should live for every minute
We should relish every hour
For simple stupid circumstance
Can destroy life's fragile flower.

A coin when dropped will
In one second fall sixteen feet
In two, sixty four
In three, one hundred and forty four.

It was that deep.

I met the family's best friend in a local pub yesterday. He had just got back from identifying the bodies.

David Keig

After The Party's Over

After the party's over
And the guests have all passed the door
There's a melancholy feeling
And your home you re-explore.

Where once was conversation
Where once was noise and light
There is now just empty silence
And the darkened shell of night.

After the party's over
And the friend and the relatives gone
There are spirits still within the home
And you hear a haunting song.

Where once were people standing
Where once was energy
Is not now peopled with their shadows
And the only one is me.

After the party's over
And the glasses and plates are all clean
There's a stillness that's returning
And that party is now just a dream.

David Keig

Always On My Mind

Often in my dreams I see her
She now looks older than before
And all around her countenance
Is a look that does implore
For me to grant forgiveness
And then try to understand
Why that time she chose to leave me
And return to her own land.

We'd met and become lovers
She had family down here
Myself I am Australian
And my father sheep did shear
My ancestors were convicts
But that was long ago
I met her and I thought we had
Agreed a path we would follow.

Now my dreams are tinged with sadness
And, when awake, I wonder why
She left me without warning
When she said she'd be my wife
Yes, it's hard here in the country
It's hard working on the land
But she dashed my optimism
And the future we had planned.

Now as the drought continues
And the risk of repossession's high
I now look back and wonder
If maybe she was right
I wouldn't say she was a beauty
Nor of the ornamental kind
I wouldn't say she was an angel
But she's always on my mind.

David Keig

An Old Flame

The writing faded on the page
The paper yellowing with age
An age of innocence then died
The blurring marks where once i cried
The memories flow back to me
Why did she ever have to leave?
The writing fading from the page
The sadness now becomes of age
The paper's corner now a flame
I shall not see those words again.

David Keig

An Unresolved New Year

At the hour of twelve on New Years Eve
When the old year turns into the new
Thoughts turn to what the future holds
And what goals we should pursue.

At the hour of nine on New Years Day
Or some time thereabouts
We wake with great reluctance and
Those resolutions start to doubt.

At the hour of ten on New Years Day
When we start to feel our age
By then we've written lists of things
That will benefit through change.

At the hour of twelve on New Years Day
When things start getting clear
We find we've hid that list away
To return to in one year.

David Keig

Anaesthesia

Needle sliding in the vein
Clenching fist - now clench again
Stiff starched sheets on spreading bed
Tastes of almonds in the head
Counting down - four, three, two, one
And - happy - kiss oblivion.

David Keig

Anger Feeds Upon Itself

Anger is a virus
That needs not even air
To propagate contagion
Whenever it is shared.

Anger can't be placed in quarantine
To contain its vicious spread
For anger feeds upon itself
And burns a flaming red.

Anger is all consuming
Anger does not desist
From destroying sensibilities
In that haze of its red mist.

David Keig

Another Dark Poem

Death stalks along dark empty streets
And has free access to our homes
It shakes us firmly by the hand
Most often when alone.

David Keig

Apec In Sydney

APEC

They have made this world so safe for us
That every time they meet
They travel with security
And never walk upon the street
So, now they are in Sydney
Behind a high steel fence
And like rats within their cages
They will talk about defence
And things like climate change they will discuss
Within their compound's walls
Their safety is their main concern
While ours is not at all.

David Keig

Armistice Day

I rewrote a previous poem of mine.....

Brave buildings built in honour of
The ones they left behind
With thoughts still whole unspoken
Of a sentimental kind
Of the men who go to war without
Any question of deceit
The ones that die on battlefields
And of serious disease.

For though some wars are over
And many battles lost
These buildings tower over us
So we can count the cost
Lest we forget our fallen men
So shall we every night
Remember those who held their flag
And thought their fight was right.

There's a strangeness now about the world
That's making this all seem
Like so many leaden soldiers
Just a'marching in our dreams
But though this now is commonplace
And although we hate all war
Those human boyhood soldiers
Are still dying as before.

Why do we all go through this
Time and time again
Why do we fight our politics
With the bodies of brave men
For there's a truth that lies amongst the dead
Both infidel and blessed
And they are clearly asking us
Why we can't put war to rest.

Lest we forget war's horrors

And lest we forget the pain
Then every single bloody war
Will be repeated once again.

David Keig

As I Grow Older

As I grow older I can see
Some things with greater clarity
As I grow greyer day by day
There's some things that won't go away
The aches and pains where once were none
The reading glasses I put on
But there's one point I'd like to make
Not for my own but others' sake
And that this ageing's no surprise
We're born for one thing – that's to die
So as I feel my time run out
There's something in me wants to shout
For what a life! For all I've seen!
I thank you Lord for having been.

David Keig

Ashes To Ashes

Ashes to ashes
Dust to dust
Eaten by worms
And turned into mulch
Or burnt in a fire
And sprinkled on land
Maybe it's the living
We don't understand?
For death is quite simple
We're here
Then we go
But where do we go to?
We shall never know.

David Keig

Bacon Francis

So shall i kill them slowly
Twisted knives sharp honed by fate
And lay their bodies there before them
Like fresh chops upon a plate?

So shall they kiss oblivion
So shall they learn to dread
The greyest of grim reapers
Whose words burn a bloody red.

So shall i wreak my vengeance
so shall i dim their light
their lives forever fearful
not knowing when i'll strike.

David Keig

Because The Devil Is In Me

I dreamt i saw a perfect world
A perfect world did see
But it could not be perfect
As it included me.

I dreamt i saw some angels
Some angels i did see
But they could not be angels
Because they talked to me.

I dreamt i saw the devil
The devil i did see
I know it was the devil
Because the devil is in me.

David Keig

Beer And Op Rum

They live up at the Mission
Not that far away from here
They come down in the evenings
And we give them rum and beer.

To drink they're not accustomed
And its then we have our fun
We set the men a'fighting
And bet on the outcome.

When you've no women in your township,
They are always on your mind
So the women get the harder stuff
And, drinking spirits, they go wild.

Sometimes, we fight amongst ourselves
When a younger `gin comes down
But mostly we just take our turn
As we pass the girl around.

Myself? I am a decent man
Of good strong Irish stock
But those Abo's cannot take their drink
And soon have had enough.

So we leave them in the paddock
And I must I do confess
Look at that pile of bodies
And often have to wretch.

At times some of the other men
Want to prolong the game
So they douse them all in kerosene
And with a match they start a flame.

Few of them are killed you know,
They mostly wake when they're alight
And run off madly screaming
And dancing in the night.

Some of my mates take pot shots
If they can hold a gun
They aim at all those naked feet
Seeing how fast they can run.

It's hard out in the bush, my friend
And you often feel alone
But with my beer and OP rum
It's then I feel at home.

David Keig

Between Our Dreams And Then Our Lives.

There's a little place that lies
Between our dreams and then our lives
Its a place where we should always spend some time.

Its the place where lovers meet
Its the place that on the street
Separates me from simply what is mine.

Its the place where bank accounts
And concerns about amounts
Take second place to what it is that matters.

Its sometimes hidden in the mind
But its there for us to find
If we will only just stop idle chatter.

It's a place that is our own
It's been with us while we've grown
It's the inner peace within the outer wrapping.

It's not taught to you at school
And doesn't follow any rules
It's the soul we have and without which we're lacking.

David Keig

Beyond My Fatal Shore

I walked the last and hardest mile
full me of good intent
my mind was full of great ideas
and of glorious times spent.

I'd travelled that broad swathe of land
that the ottomans called home
and i never ever turned my eyes
to the glory that was rome.
i'd spent some time in ephesus
before i made my way
towards the delphic oracle
and the words that she would say
she cursed the earth she stood upon
and with hands her hair did tear
she looked at me all strangely
as if i wasn't there
for greece and rome were built upon
a fantasy complete
and as ever shall i wander
her words - like death's own sheet
are wound and tightened round my soul.

i hear her words i've heard them loud
a thousand times or more
each time i take that fateful step
beyond that fatal shore.

David Keig

Bitter Sweet

Slowly we touched
quickly we parted
our desire was great
but then i farted.

David Keig

Box In The Corner

There's a box beside the corner
just by the entrance door
that's marked only for my eyes you see
just me and no-one more
it's a box that holds its secrets well
it's a box that tells no tales
it's a box that's with strong tape tied up
and with its lid closed tight with nails
it's a strange box that you'll find there
you'll wonder why i guard it so?
and if you ever look inside
no further meanings will you know
it's the box that's stamped for me alone
it's the box where i am me
and if you ever break this box
then i never will be free.

David Keig

Breakdown

My car is broken
Dead as a dodo
Key in ignition
Won't turn at all
I was about to
Drive down to Sydney
Now I am waiting
For mechanics to call.

My car is broken
Stuck in the driveway
Wholly immobile
Won't start at all
Now the mechanic
Is working inside it
And I am hoping
That he'll fix it all.

He says it is moisture
Got into the system
We had a big storm
Which heavy did pour
But there's no progress
In his daignosis
Now I am worried
He can't fix it at all.

My car is broken
Dead as a dodo
Key in ignition
Won't turn at all
I was about to
Drive down to Sydney
Now I don't think I'll
Be driving at all.

The man couldn't fix it
He called a tow truck
Now it is raining

So heavy again
And in the morning
To get down to Sydney
I think that i'll be
Taking a train.

David Keig

Burma

My father fought in Burma
At the time of World War Two
He didn't hate the Japanese
He just hated what they'd do
When they went into a village
That the Japanese had left
They'd find children wrapped upon barbed wire
Bayonet wounds in their chests
He rarely spoke about it
Like others of that time
He left the army as a sergeant
With damage to one eye
But the damage was far deeper
And was not easily discerned
For what lived on inside of him
Was the horror that he'd learned.

David Keig

Cafe Society

I really love my coffee
Although I like it weak
A skimmed milk cappuccino
As much as twice a week.

I love the buzz of coffee shops
And people watching too
I love café society
And my BMW.

For I live in Woollahra
And when all is said and done
The phrase that best describes me is
Cappuccino ergo sum.

April 2004

David Keig

Camp Zero

They came
Those people we had known
With strange looks within their eyes
Some of them
Said 'sorry'
But they'd not apologise
They said they had a mission
And that they had had to choose
They said that they were Germans
While we were merely Jews
They took us to the station
They helped us on those trains
They said that they would write to us
But never did again
So, were they evil in intent?
Did they know what would transpire?
Did they ever question motives
Did they know of oven fires?
There was a blindness then in Germany
And a deafness too as well
When the innocent amongst us
Were consigned to live in hell.

David Keig

Cartesian Shopping

When all of our home spun philosophies
Focus on shopping and spending and such
Then its time to redress priorities
For those things don't mean very much.

It's hard to imagine Pythagoras
Out shopping with Plato and Kant
Debating the appeal of the packaging
Of something they really don't want.

Now I know we all shop 'cos we have to eat
And we're keen on good prices it seems
But all of these retailing strategies
Seem to be trying too hard for our dreams.

So I turned to another philosopher
To understand what is going on
His words have a truth that now resonates
Like 'I shop and therefore I am'.

Well that's not precisely the words he said
He was a Frenchman and had to obscure
The truth that we now have to contemplate
When Wal Mart we have to endure.

Ah, Rene Descartes was a genius
He had matters under his thumb
When asked to go shopping he'd decline
Just saying 'cogito ergo sum'.

David Keig

Christmas Blues

Well, I woke up this morning
And i set off to the shops
But, Lord, though it's just November
They've put out all their Christmas stock.

I got the Christmas blues
A'heavy on my mind
I get the Christmas blues
Most every Christmas-time.

And as i walked along the aisles
What d'ya think i heard?
Lots of carols and 'White Christmas'
And i was lost for words.

I got the Christmas blues
Right now it's Christmas-time
Lord, it's all got so commercial
Pass me another wine.

I got the Christmas blues
A'heavy on my mind
I get the Christmas blues
Most every Christmas-time.

Hic.....

David Keig

Christmas Debris

Did we drink all those bottles?
Did we eat all that food?
Was it just the beer that made that girl
So very very rude?
Who spilt that on the carpet?
Whoever gave me that?
What's that funny smell pervading
All corners of the flat?
Was it midnight when we went to bed?
Why's the kitchen such a mess?
What's that thump thump noise within my head
That's causing me distress?
Why do i feel my age today
Quite tired and just remiss?
And does the vaccum cleaner
Always sound as loud as this?
Thank God it is now Boxing Day!
With another Christmas passed
But we did enjoy ourselves you know
And the debris never lasts.

David Keig

Christmas Memories

So can you hear those softest sounds from out the snow filled sky
A jingling and as a jangling as Santa's sleigh glides by?
So can you hear feel those joyous sounds as day replaces night
A present here a present there and children's eyes so bright?
So do you think at Christmas time of when you were a child
When magic and your simple faith had your whole soul beguiled?
So when your children have grown up or maybe moved away
We should all rejoice with memories of those entrancing days.

David Keig

Christmas Without God

God had a plan for Christmas
A plan that could not fail
Rather than indulgences
He'd go straight into retail
Position presents as a blessing
And to keep the whole thing green
Decided that we all should have
Those jolly Christmas trees
When he phoned Sears and Wal Mart
On his celestial phone
The response was overwhelming
And they changed their budgets when
He had explained the concept
To these cold commercial men
Lord Jesus said the manager,
Who then took back his words
This concept is amazing,
How do we start and when?
Ahah said God quite gently
Its not that easy mate
The condition of your entry
Is that you should celebrate
The goodness thats amongst us
And not just profits seek
For while valued is the businessman
The world belongs unto the meek
At this point there was silence
I think a pin was dropped
And then the businessmen decided
On a Christmas without God.

David Keig

Crying At The Moon

Dependence is
Dependence was
The real meaning why because
Passion's passing's ever near
And why we where it goes we fear
We could have grown apart less soon
We end up crying at the moon.

David Keig

David Hicks

I now fear the sun and open spaces
I don't see people – only faces
I don't hear meaning – just the words
As if the shriek of angry birds
These days, I hear a noise and cry
Frightened I'm about to die
Since when it happened I don't know,
For I was in Guantanamo.

David Keig

Dawn

Do you know what it's like to feel dead at dawn?
To have slept sleep fragmented and feel battered and torn?
Do you know what its like to feel cast aside?
To feel that you're nothing, no arms open wide?
Do you know how that emptiness feels?
When your own weird imaginings become more than dreams?
Do you know that weird feeling of what's going on?
When all seems a nonsense and reality's gone?
Do you know how rejection hits sharp at the heart?
And makes you feel worthless and not know where to start?
Do you think of the other or just of yourself?
When things get so painful and you're out of your depth?
Do you ever once ponder on just how I feel?
Or do you once think that my feelings are real?
Or do you define things in a different way
And just wish that those things would all go away?
Here we agree more than you'd know
These feelings I have I just wish they would go
But wish as I may it's not worth the thought
They stay there, they haunt me and torture and taunt
But, then, as you say, its my problem not yours
So, all I can do is not enter the door
That once had a welcome and feelings inside
And so it is now that we have to decide
If we should move forwards or give it all up
It's so simple you see when enough is enough.

.

David Keig

Depression

I got these pills for christmas
but not from santa claus
i got them from the pharmacy
with the greengrocer next door.

They're really very nice pills
i take them all the time
and even when its raining
i say the weather's fine.

They're very cost effective
about ten bucks a week
and for all the good they do for me
they're really very cheap.

I have to say i'm nervous
each time i get a scrip
i whisper what i'm buying
they often have to read my lips.

You see i suffer from depression
and i'm scared if people know
they think i'm all peculiar
and say 'sorry gotta go'.

It's quite lonely being lonely
it's lonely by myself
it's lonely being a victim
of imperfect mental health.

David Keig

Despite Our Dreams

Set in stone too many rules
Constrain and not much more
The way to see them is more like
The sea upon the shore.

Too many 'don't do's' do not weigh
An even balance with
The can I, should I, will I things
With which we have to live.

For of frying pans and fires
Of needs and of desires
The truest indications seem
To come to us despite our dreams.

David Keig

Did He Have A Passport?

There's a recent book that's just come out
'Bout Jesus by a Hindu
It's a really interesting read
But - if you think like I do -
It raises far more questions than
The few that it can answer
Like if Jesus went abroad
How did he get a passport?
Imagine him signing the forms
And coming to the section
Where it asks you who your father is
And his job or his profession
Now it seems that Jesus did spend time
With sub-continental gurus
So if his passport we could find
His-story would be full proved.

David Keig

Did She Ever Dance The Tango?

Did she ever dance the tango
On those clear and cloudless nights?
Did she ever wash the dishes?
While I was wondering what might
Time have made of our new loving
Or was it moving out of sight?

Did she ever fully love you?
Or did she merely say she did?
Did she sometimes feel too tired?
Or did she not have any kids?

Did you simply just forget me?
Why did you let my passion die?
Why did you never ever let me
Just be me so i could fly?

David Keig

Disneyland Dad

Of course you can see them just most of any time
So take them out for breakfast - if the weather it is fine
But this weekend it's tricky - they're busy every day
And you see them each twice daily - that's all that i will say
For you pick them up, collect them each day from home to school
It may be only just ten minutes - and you know that there are rules
You can't ask too many questions - you know that they are tired
But they say that you annoy them and that you are a liar
You say that you do love them all the time so desperately
You're a fool! You are a madman! They far more do love me!
More time with them - you say to me - is what you really need
To be a real father - now do please these words heed
They do not want to be with you despite the things i say
Oh yes - i had forgotten that we are going away
Not for too long - a mere five weeks
When we come back we're off straightway to the beach
So i guess that you won't see them much until their next term starts
Now don't call them too often and aim to break their hearts
You've ruined my life! You've ruined my life! And now you're ruining their's!
You would keep out of their way if you did really care
I do not understand you! I tell them all the times
To be nice or be whatever - now will you realise
That if you make me angry they'll really hate you for it
You loser! You bad father! You worthless piece of shit!
Now i know that you are up-set - i know that you feel sad
But i choose when you see them - you're now just a Disneyland Dad.

David Keig

Divorce And Separation

It's a hard time separation
The time before divorce
It's hard on either party
Even harder when the cause
Is something there within you
That ate you from the start
You end up with accountants
When first you gave your heart.

A whole parcel of our lives is there
Long lost inside the mail
The feelings that we once had
When we thought we could not fail
To grow old and grey together
And be dreaming of the past.
Now these fondness dreams are over
And the time for sentiment has passed

I could not be the man you loved
Nor did you want to be
The one who helped my dreaming
And just let me be me.

David Keig

Do You Just Love My Mind?

Now's the time for honesty
The time for truth or dare
When you say that you love me
Does it really mean you care
Enough to fight the battles
That do trouble me at times
Or does it simply really mean
That you just love my mind?

David Keig

Dorothy

For she grew up in Kansas
An American for real
She loved baseball, God and country
And McDonalds for a meal.

She was a true American
Loved Springsteen to the hilt
But when she was in college
And struggling with bills
She thought she'd join the army
Join up as a reserve
Two weeks a year did not seem much
The time she had to serve.

It was great there in the army
She took it in her stride
Gave her some real ambition
And a sense of National Pride.

She started off as private
They joked, as 'private parts'
Then she became a corporal
Of the military arts
Part time corporal Kansas
She said that to the men
Who now were joining up in droves
When promotion came again
So now she was a sergeant
Who'd never been to war
Then the call up for iraq came out
And opened up the door
Of full time full on soldiering
So now it was her chance
To fight those goddam'd Arabs
And stop their deadly dance.

Day one it was amazing
They were given their full kit
Some kit wasn't full at all

But they didn't mind a bit
So with her body armour
An M15 right by her side
She jumped into the transport
For a military ride.

They disembarked at Basra
Now held safe by prior troops
They raced the desert northwards
Caught Baghdad inside a loop
The war was over quickly
Those Iraqi's they just ran
And one day she was called to see
A new military man
Said she was showing promise
Would she like to a different role?
A role that's so important
And so central to our goal
These WMD's he said
Are proving hard to find
Those damned Iraqi's know so much
But they have twisted minds
We've got close on two hundred
Most of the players in the pack
So we have to exert pressure
On all the A-rabs that we catch.

Sergeant Kansas saw her future
She knew her destiny
She would be the first to find
A WMD.

We've know that they are out there
We know that from on high
And Sergeant Kansas stood there
Spangled banner in her eyes.

The dog leash was quite crazy
She told investigative men
Who questioned her so closely
And time and time again
They asked her the same question

Are you really really sure
That this was just an act of yours
And that no superior
Told you straight to do it
Or was it that this war
Made certain things permitted
Behind the gaol house door?

(pause)

'it was great there in the army
I took it in my stride
It gave me real ambition
And a sense of national pride
That is how it started
But if i the truth can tell
I now feel i'm America
And in a living hell'

30 May 2004

David Keig

Dreams

When then a child I had brave dreams of things that might just be
As I grow older so it seems those dreams are part of me
The longing and the wistfulness that out of dreams are made
Are by life's beauty lesser things and fall into the shade
Of what is real and what is not and so our dreams become
The hope that lies inside of us and forever drives us on
For dreams are dreams when all is said and dreams are wafer thin
And the magic that we have in life comes only from within.

David Keig

Each Falling Tear

I'll kiss away each falling tear
for you should never ever fear
that i will fail to be so near
as not to catch those falling tears
your grief and anguish hurt me deep
and your remonstrance i can't keep.

I'll wipe away your cares and woes
for you should never think that those
black moments are the one's i chose
to wrap your heart in swaddling clothes
for do not even think i'd ever
my closeness to you try to sever.

I want each moment magic filled
for you should never doubt my will
to fly with angels and yet still
i will so gently wait until
your tears like silent waters die
and my dear love - you stop your cry.

David Keig

Each Kiss

Each kiss
Anticipation
Of where it maybe leads
Each touch
An invitation
Of sensuality and needs
Each glance
A tender tempting
Of each kiss and touch and then
We part and wonder to ourselves
When shall we meet again?

David Keig

Etheline

Etheline

a name

like some plastic

or compound

or tangly wangly polymer.

Etheline

a writer

with some pain

and then again

with grace

and acid

in her words.

Etheline

again

short and sweet

but not so sweet as one would dare

dismiss the anger that she shares.

David Keig

Faith And Hope And Charity

Hope is forever dreaming
Faith is forever pure
While charity weighs up its lot
So its life it can endure.

Hope is forever youthful
Faith has no greying hair
While charity is ageless
So it is forever there.

For faith and hope and charity
Are of each of us a part
The measures there between them
Are what balances our heart.

David Keig

Faltered Footsteps On The Floor

Silently he turned the key
Wondering how life would be
He slowly opened up that door
Faltered footsteps on the floor
He made a pact unknowingly
That never would his history
Make him a hostage to his past
The door now open and at last
He saw a mirror on the wall
But could not see himself at all
The light the light was growing dim
He wondered 'was i ever him?
The him that i once was before?
The him now shut out by that door? '
He paused for just one moment then
He - time and time and time again -
Asked of himself a simple thing
That stirred up his imaginings
If he could not yet be himself
Why did he always seek out help
To guide him on his wanderings
When the true map lay within him.

David Keig

Farewell David Blunkett

So farewell David Blunkett
We knew you as a forthright man
With that Edwardian beard
Making you seem as if you
Were from another age of politics
In which principle not opinions counted
So farewell David Blunkett
England hopes to see your kind again
Of honest and defiant men.

David Keig

Fate And Conscience

In one corner sat my conscience
In the other stood my fate
My conscience it called out to me
Asking to negotiate
But fate refused to listen
And I lay right there between
The nagging of my conscience
And the seductiveness of dreams
When fate began to listen
And conscience ceased to rail
Against all of my weaknesses
Assuming I would fail
Then peace fell full amongst us
And these players took their place
As artefacts of reason - not fundamental to the soul
And I stood tall amongst them
And finally felt whole.

David Keig

Feathered Wings

Was i ever someone that you could call your own?
was i ever somewhere that i could call a home?
was i ever crying and you my tears would kiss?
was i ever freed from this painful loneliness?
was i ever tired and you would wipe my brow?
was i ever worried and you would tell me how
we could both fly on feathered wings and soar to heights unknown?
is it that surprising that i should feel alone?

David Keig

Fibonacci!

F.i.b..o..n....a.....c.....c.....i
i.b..o..n....a.....c.....c.....i
b..o..n....a.....c.....c.....i
o..n....a.....c.....c.....i
n....a.....c.....c.....i
a.....c.....c.....i
c.....c.....i
c.....i
i

David Keig

Fools Gold

I met a man the other day
With grey and mournful eyes
His parchment skin was wrinkled
And all his hair was white.

I asked of him why was he so
Why did he seem so frail
He looked at me with deadened sight
And it was then he told his tale.

I am, Sir, he said quietly
I am one of the undead
Who walk this earth continually
With slow and painful tread.

The problem, sir, he said to me
Was not valuing my life
Nor anything that came to me
I was not happy being alive.

I was not a poor man, not at all
He said this haltingly
But everything that I possessed
I clung to desperately.

I did not realise, he said
I had so much I did not need
And all those things I had to have
Were as fruit not grown with seed.

And then one day I saw a chance
To grow rich beyond my dreams
There was a risk in this, he said
But the gain so massive seemed.

Did I not think of others?
Did I not mind the hurt?
For every gain that I would make
Would magnify my worth.

I feely drank the Piper's drinks
I could always hear his song
I did not weigh up what was right
Against what was clearly wrong.

I lied to those who loved me
I slept uneasy in my bed
But I was now successful
He quiet and proudly said.

He fell into a silence
As tears formed within his eyes
And as if the words did pain him
Whispered 'I believed my lies'.

I believed I was immortal
I believed I could not fail
Then one day I was found out
And was sent unto a gaol.

The world had changed when I got out
I felt so very left behind
And all those things I'd valued
Were now ghosts within my mind.

I sleep on garden benches
And I shiver cold at night
I am tortured by these demons
That I now must always fight.

With this he stumbled onward
As if with a heavy load
And I stood there looking at him
This fool without his gold.

What are you seeking now I cried
He looked back and said softly
You ask me what i'm seeking, sir
I am simply seeking me.

With this his step did lighten

Though he walked with surer tread
And I could sense that he was now
Alive and not undead.

David Keig

For All You Are Worth

Throw off your shoes
Throw back your hair
Just lie and relax
As if i'm not there.

Throw off your cares
Throw off your woes
Just sit there and smile
And we'll see how it goes.

Throw off your pain
Throw off your hurt
Just sit there and be there
For all you are worth.

David Keig

For Shrill The Piper Plays His Tune

When thoughts are idle wanderings
Words tumbled round and round
When feelings they turn inwardly
Still I hear the piper's sound.

When happiness is broken
And the Kings and Queens are gone
The piper's tune keeps playing
And I hear his victory song.

For even when awoken
From the sleepiness of time
There's a distant music playing
Heard clear within my mind

For shrill the piper plays his tune
That beckons every day
And when his tune is full played out
He carries us away.

No-one has seen this piper man
And no-one has seen him play
But we all can hear his mournfulness
And fear for what he'll say
No folds of fathered cornfields
And no breaking of the bread
The piper's tune keeps playing
With his words as yet unsaid.

For shrill the piper plays his tune
That beckons every day
And when his tune is full played out
He carries us away.

We can all hear if we but try
The piper's song so sweet
The musings and meanderings
Of souls lost whole complete
No piper plays before we're born

Before we touch the earth
The piper's tunes they all begin
From the moment of our birth.

For shrill the piper plays his tune
Like happiness disease'd
And all the notes that he plays out
Are our moments ill at ease.

Not one of us pays him to play
Nor gives him any score
For every note that he blows out
Is fully paid before
We entertain our wanderings
And confusion in the mind
For the piper's very soul turns out
To be both yours and mine.

For shrill the piper plays his tune
That beckons every day
And when his tune is full played out
He carries us away.

David Keig

Forgiveness

Not to forgive is emptiness
For cold and lonely souls
Who understand forgiveness
As somewhere they can't go
They fear a loss of strength it seems
And trap others in their web
Of blame and guilt and right and wrong
And leave the truth unsaid
For truth is not their province
Nor humanity their cause
They ask others to obey them
And think they own the laws
They seek virtue in adversity
They cannot once forgive
For they have never done a wrong
In the perfect lives they live.

David Keig

Fries On The Side (#2)

o the tune of Dylan's 'God on our side'.....

And now we have breakfasts
Of chemical dust
If eat them we're forced to
Then eat them we must
One push of the button
A new menu worldwide
You can't beat a MacDonalds
With fries on the side.

I used to hate salads
And vegetables too
I would never eat them
Do you know what i'd do?
I'd wait for a moment
Then move them aside
Right under the table
With fries on the side.

But now at McDonalds
They've got healthier food
I think that it sucks
And i'm not being rude
It may even taste better
You'll have to decide
For all i want is a burger
With fries on the side.

David Keig

Gentle Women

They came in as gentle women
Of uncertain middle age
A few drinks once inside them
Seemed to summon up some rage
They turned on a poor fellow
Who had done no wrong to them
They openly derided him
As so typical of men
Everything about him
They freely criticised
But when he had the nerve to speak
They simply rolled their eyes
But since they did keep drinking
And at times began to weep
Slowly they all one by one
Did, happy, fall asleep.

David Keig

Glyndebourne

Cucumber sandwiches there on the lawn
soft English summers down at Glyndebourne.

Stage sets designed by David Hockney
slow summer evenings with some Earl Grey tea.

Driving slow back in the darkening light
narrowing lanes, the glow from twilight.

Magical music, clipped grassy lawns
these were the times when the day i was born
seemed special and sacred and all that could be
was whole captured by that one pot of hot tea.

David Keig

God Works Late

He sat down late one star-lit night
And tried to make his plans
God's schedule was demanding
I hope you'll understand
He'd made a promise to himself
One he had to keep
And that was quite ambitious
A world within one week
He'd done lots of calculations
He had a master plan
And the winner in his contest
Was this strangest thing called man
But man was very complex
And he couldn't get him right
He puzzled and he puzzled
Long into that night
Ahah said God triumphant
With a look for once deranged
I won't put him on the earth perfect
I'll give him time to change
So evolution was his strategy
Even if he felt he had
Cheated fundamentalists
Which he felt was rather sad
No worries said our God on high
I have to make things work
Even if they're in my image
There will sometimes be a jerk
That somehow pops up with bad genes
The way that he had chose
For mankind to evolve you see
Like a thorn surrounds a rose
That night he slept a troubled sleep
He had manifold weird dreams
What if his great masterplan
Was not as perfect as it seemed?
He saw the world before him
Some thousand years ahead in time
He looked at what man had become

And he searched into our minds
He looked for that rare goodness
That he had aimed to full infect
This race of God like creatures
Who had made his world a mess
God woke up with a migraine
Though he didn't know the word
He pointed to the middle east
And the first man did occur
But then he hit a problem
That he hadn't counted on
One man in the middle east
Might start to feel alone
To abbreviate this story
About God's holy writ
He rushed the job
He took short cuts
And now we suffer it.

David Keig

Grey And Mournful Stranger

Years haunted by that stranger
That dark stranger from my past
Now diminished in his influence
With his picture fading fast.

You ask me who's that stranger
And why did he have that power
To regulate my daily life
And render sweetness sour?

That stranger was false memories
That stranger was a dream
Of how I seemed to others
Not what I might have been.

That stranger would forbid me
From seeking freedom's goals
That stranger like a tourniquet
Was slow strangling my soul.

That grey and mournful stranger
Now a stranger clear to me
Was simply an illusion
And was never meant to be.

But now his picture's fading
My feelings now feel real once more
I shan't seek out that stranger
Nor invite him to my door.

For I'd mistaken that cold stranger
For a person I once knew
But that person was not ever me
And it's now time to start anew.

David Keig

Heartbeat

Heartbeat

Why do you beat when my baby kisses me?

Hearbeat

Why do you beat when i cannot find the key?

Heartbeat

Why do you beat when it seems i can't find me?

Heartbeat

Are you just a symptom of anxiety?

David Keig

Hell Hath No Fury

Those scalded words
A slow slithered scathing sentence
As anger's acrid smoke
Be-tombed that ruptured room
Those words, those words like devil darts
Took aim and slid sharp
Inside the heart of things not now unsaid
As the swirl of mess and circumstance
Took on lives full of their own
And the crash and shocks and shudders
Of nerves and feelings jangle-d with shrill metallic chimes
As if the world had opened up its wounds
Its testament of death
And then with quickened breath
Those things that had lay hidden
Rose for now and took control
Like strong steel to shard shattering
And then there was soft sound
'Hell hath no fury' said the waif
Once more Lucifer sang his wonder
Each falling back into their place
Still whole but wrought asunder.

David Keig

Hell Hath No Fury (#2)

With scalded words so slowly seeking sentences
The anger's acrid smoke stank out that up-turned room
Those words, those words like devil darts
Took aim and slid sharp inside the heart of things not now unsaid
As the swirl of mess and circumstance took on a life full of its own
And the crash and shocks and shudders of nerves and feelings jangled
With shrill metallic chimes as if the world had opened up its wounds
It's testament of death - and then with quickened breath
Those things that had lay hidden rose up and took control
Like strong steel to shard shattered and all that stood around
Hell hath no fury said the waif - as Lucifer reclaimed their wonder
And each fell back into their place still whole but wrought asunder.

David Keig

Hope

When there is no bright sun shining
when saddened words have just been said
when you find no sense in wonder
when all those tears have been full shed
when your path seems pointless forwards
when you eye the day with fear
when the black dogs will walk with you
when their howl is always near
when you fail to see the goodness
when you fail to see the hope
when you fail to see that life itself
hangs from a fraying rope
when you fail to smile at sunrise
when the dusk is in your soul
then you live your life in shadows
and its time to take control
for there is no sense in grieving
for a past that's left behind
and the wonder of the future
is that its there for us to find
so when there is no bright sun shining
when you feel you've lost your way
turn your eyes forever forwards
and bless every single day.

David Keig

Human Rights

Mankind lies whole within each man
Inside us all's where life began
Breathing life with every breath
That scores our path from birth to death
No monster man no evil deed
Should separate us from this creed
Humanity's no matter slight
We all have claim to human rights.

David Keig

Hunger

A hungered world was eating
all that God had laid before
both sinners and believers
and sad strangers on the shore.

A hungered word was spoken
a mix of greed and pain
by both sinners and believers
who would not speak again.

I listened to Mandela
i sang songs with grey Geldof
declaimed 'you too' with Bono
watched all that Live Aid stuff.

I looked at the world leaders
like Bush, Chirac and Blair
then looked at all those pop stars
and wondered why they're there.

What has happened to our conscience?
what's become of our ideals?
when the votes in our democracies
are to the music charts less real?

Could it be that when we're voting
our own self-interest
sidelines those big issues
that would really serve us best?

David Keig

I Am Not Ordinary Man*

I am death
I am destroyer
I am not ordinary man
I have kept all people faithless
Since the present world began.

I am Stalin
I am Hitler
I am everything you fear
I prey on people's consciences
And I am always near.

I am madness
I am anger
I am the cancer in the cell
I am the one that draws the line
Between what's heaven
And what's hell.

I am not
The known grim reaper
I am not called Lucifer
I am courteous to strangers
And I listen
Very well.

I am Iraq
I am Bali
I've been to 'Ghanistan.

I'm not the devil
I'm imperfect
For I am simply Man.

* Reposted from a year ago because of interest in the 'cut down version' entitled 'Vengeance'.

David Keig

I Am The C-In-C

I am the c-in-c you see
a role that perfectly fits me
my name is bush - now no more jokes
i cannot stand all you smart folks
c's for commander don't you know!
not for a woman's down below!

David Keig

I Bid Farewell To Poetry

I bid farewell to poetry
I wrote a lot that helped me see
A little deeper in myself
I guess it helped my mental health
But now the time has come I think
To face real issues, not to sink
Into a tangled mass of rhyme
That deals with problems that are mine
So my time here is at a close
And maybe i shall turn to prose.....

David Keig

I Can Only See You

In the night I'd swear you'd kissed me
And told you how much you'd missed me
As you lay beside me sleeping in the night.

Now the bed it feels cold and empty
So I'll blow a kiss so gently
It won't stir you when you're sleeping in your night.

But as the shadows darkly lengthen
From the time when we were as one
I'll see you clearly
When my eyes are both shut tight.

As the space between us strengthens
As life's passing greatly quickens
I'll just say how much I loved you
And await our secret meetings in the night.

David Keig

I Got Rythm

I got rythm
algorithm
calculating
who could ask
for anything more?

David Keig

I Grow Old

i grow old, i grow old
i shall wear the bottoms of my trousers rolled
and steal from TS Eliot
thinking no-one knows

i grow old, i grow old
i shall cease to do what i am told
and stay in bed till sunset
when the weather gets too cold

i grow old, i grow old
i shall only wear my crumpled clothes
and look disdainfully at others
when they roll up their nose

i grow old, i grow old
i shall watch events unfold
and take a greater pleasure
in an elder statesman role.

i grow old, i grow old
i shall never play lawn bowls
and never will watch cricket
that's too boring for the soul.

i grow old, i grow old
but i shall never be so bold
as to admonish others
when my views they do not hold.

David Keig

I Hate Germs

i hate germs
they're nasty things
they're spread by kissing
and mozzie stings.

so i don't kiss
nor go outside
i sit at home
with the door shut tight.

i cook my food
for hours and hours
i avoid preservatives
and wheat and flour.

it really is quite boring
and i'm not happy
but those nasty germs
they don't get me.

David Keig

I Like Cake

I like cake
I like sweet things
I like those tastes
That on my taste buds sing
But i don't like biscuits
They are far too dry
And the thought of eating mussels
Makes me really want to cry
But i do like cake
Don't even ask me why
It's not as if i haven't even had to try
All those other things that other people seem to like
For i like cake
And cake is what i like.

David Keig

I Spoke To Mondrian This Evening

I spoke to Modrian this evening
He'd just bought some Lego bricks
He really was excited
He'd found how business ticks
These paintings i've been doing
He said with a big smile
Are really not high art at all
But simply nice designs
I'm going to sue Lego
They've stolen my ideas
Then i'll set up my own business
Selling bricks and maybe wheels
I really am excited
I've ditched Theosophy
My art will live forever
And have real utility
I was so disappointed
That Mondrian had seen
Financial gain within his art work
Then i awoke as from a dream.

David Keig

I Want To Touch

I want to touch i want to see
the hands the hair the honesties
that unlike flickered memories last
moths in a flame and floating past
are hosts and hosts of glorious gold
the tales the sights the thoughts untold
the did you did i stories when
you hold onto the moments then
you smile and laugh and closely say
i am happy that you are that way.

David Keig

I Was So Loved By Him

Remove those feelings of regret
Relax - be clear of mind
Make light of loss and grief, my son
For the future will be kind.

Remember i was once like you
Young and hopeful - setting out
Then time rolls by and so you find
Some hopes replaced by doubt.

That this will happen i am sure
Those times when you may fear
That you have maybe lost your way
But i shall be always near.

It is now time to say farewell
My eyes are closing fast
Just hold my hand and look at me
For these words may be my last.

(son)

I do not like you dying now
For a part of me dies too
A feeling in my heart of pain
And not knowing what to do.

I do not want to see you there
Just lying on that slab
I want you to be young again
And continue being my dad.

(father)

But you too will get old, my son
And grey and frail of limb
So breathe in softly and just say
I was so loved by him.

I Wish I Had Some Sorcery

I wish I had some sorcery
That would en-lighten you and me
I wish I had a special spell
That would make us smile and make us tell
Stories that would make us smile
Not fine and fancy just one's that I'll
Revisit when I think of you
Not much to ask but hard to do
But life's not like that so it seems
We live our lives inventing dreams
We talk within ourselves too much
And lose the thrill of closeness' touch
We weave a wall out of our thoughts
Without the doors that open or
We gain distraction from our past
And fear to let the present last.

David Keig

I Wonder

I wonder

How many people suffer from what i suffer from

And everyone puts it down to them just being

An angry or abusive kind of a person?

So they get labelled

And misunderstood

And little sympathy goes their way

The smallest thing seems to spark them off and people steer clear

'They should learn to control themselves' these people say

So, they get angrier and angrier because they are more and more ignored when what they want is to escape the spiral they're caught in

And smile

They often say 'everything is fine' because they get scared of people, these people, suspecting that one of their 'moods' is about to happen

Better to have the pain

The pain

Of suppression

Than court rejection

But for a while, only a little while

A breathing space sort of a while

For then the pressure cooker inside begins to heat and the lid clatters loud and

the steam hisses and it bounces violent on the cooker and what's inside burns
and smokes and chars and grills and boils and spoils

And, yet, they say

Try to say

Everything's fine

Until the hands tingle and the head goes blurry and the redness takes them and
their mouth dries and they begin to tremble and nothing's fine at all.....

And people say

People say

Best avoid

Best avoid

Best avoid

People like that

And they do.

David Keig

I'D Like To Age Disgracefully

I'd like to age disgracefully
And do all the things i like
Like eating biscuits while in bed
And riding naked on my bike
I think as we grow older
Then some things are left behind
Some with regret i have to say
But i think there's greater peace of mind
There's a returning to the playful
And an opening of eyes
Even if your energies
Are sometimes compromised
So, lets all grow old disgracefully
And let the young ones say
The day that i am older
I want to be that way.

David Keig

If We Stopped Getting Ill

The sun was bright this morning
And as i lay in my bed
I smiled out at the world outside
And then within my head
A strange thought started forming
As if not of my will
What if plagues and sickness vanished
And we stopped getting ill?
A happy thought i told myself
But then as these things go
The consequences came to me
Though still thinking rather slow
What would happen to the chemists,
Doctors, nurses and the rest
If we were well all of the time
And always felt our best?
Wall Street would be mortified
Pharma companies would collapse
Unless they invented illnesses
Or, even worse, perhaps
They'd have to spread diseases
So we'd need their little pills
And all of this might happen
If we stopped getting ill.

David Keig

If You Think I'M Crazy

If you think i'm crazy
You should meet my friend
When my madness it is over
She continues to the end
I stand there open speechless
And wondering at times
Whether it is me or she or it
Who have lost their minds
If you think i'm crazy
Then i'd ask you for a while
To put false dreams behind you
And take the time to smile
For if you think i'm crazy
Then there's only one thing left
To reassure your sanity
And always always let
The providence of madness
Strike deep inside your core
For in a mad mad mad mad world
Who could want for more?

David Keig

In The Mirror

in the mirror
my past stands before me
caught like a moth around a flame
mesmerised by
who i am
who i was
who i will be
my youthful imperfections clear
my life and loves in every pore
etched
each mark
each change
a chapter
each look and thought
a footnote
a reflection
a reminiscence
a let me be moment
forget about the day to day
and stand
and glory
and be happy
in being
me.

David Keig

In This Information Age

In this information age with data everywhere
And mobile phones and wireless sending signals through the air
Its so easy to believe that what we know is what's retrieved
From endless browsing searches and data base machines
Yet there seems just one thing missing - as with facts we're overwhelmed
Its that things have far more meaning when we find them for ourselves
We rely on received wisdom - become experts over night
And take things at face value - rarely checking if they're right
We find communities of interest reinforcing our own views
And confuse uninformed opinion with the facts behind the news
We are also gossip junkies - knowing who has slept with whom
And we do this in the comfort of our lonely living rooms
We make friends we won't cast eyes on and we know most everything
Save the joy of conversation and our own imaginings.

David Keig

It Was In Tongues He Spoke

'Open your heart to the Lord', he said
Leave behind unfaithful friends
Evil spirits i command thee
To allow this soul to mend'.

Then his voice became unreasoned
And it was in tongues he spoke
Her body seemed in agony
As she screamed and cried and choked.

'Satan, you've lost this victim'
He screamed into the air
He shook the wretched supplicant
As he took her by the hair.

Outside her parents waited
For their schizophrenic child
She had once been a quiet girl
But had recently got wild.

They were fundamental Christians
And decried psychiatry
They believed that exorcism
Was the faithful remedy.

She shook and shook and screamed so loud
While her parents listened on
And with each scream they did believe
Another spirit gone.

There was madness in the air that day
The devil's smell was in that room
Then the girl gave up the struggle
As a cloud obscured the moon.

'She is cleansed and she is whole now'
The priest declared with calm
The good Lord with look after her
And shield her from all harm.

Her eyes were red and bloated
And she could no longer sleep
Then she tried to slash an artery
Later on that week.

The priest in truth was Satan
Masquerading as the church
The spirit that was broken
Was not evil - it was hers.

David Keig

It's Quiet Now In Kansas

We had Taliban for breakfast
and then bin laden broth
some muslims ripe for dinner
i couldn't get enough
and then some koran crackers
for late night nibblies
we were hungry after dinner
and craved idolatry
next day we ate the holy pope
and while we were in rome
destroyed the sistine chapel
and then we headed home.

Its quiet now in kansas
its quiet on the news
now i really really must insist
i click my magic shoes.

David Keig

I'Ve Not Been To Jerusalem

No one told me it was easy
No one told me that this life
Would be only joy and happiness
And lacking any strife.

No one told me it was easy
No one said it was a breeze
With no problems on the journey
And just doing as I please.

No one told me that my future
Would be more troubled than my past
For I was young and optimistic
And lived each day as if my last.

No one told me that those black clouds
Would not be followed by blue skies
For I believed in providence
And no failure could be mine.

No one told me that this blackness
Would come a'knocking at my door
No one told me that my circumstance
Would not be hopeful anymore.

No one told me, no one told me
And I'm past remembering
The day those storm clouds gathered
And then dark was everything.

No one sees me, no one sees me
And I do not wonder why
For I simply am a virus
That makes problems multiply.

When I see you, when I see you
When my shadow hides your sun
Please look at me as who I am
Not what I have not done.

When you see me, when you see me
And you wonder where I've been
I've not been to Jerusalem
But to somewhere in between.

David Keig

Journalism?

He was a strong and gentle man
With strong and gentle hands
He was a leading journalist
A career he had not planned
People trusted him completely
And had great respect for him
He was no cheque book journalist
He believed that truth would win
When he retired, the legal scene
Was never quite the same
But this is all a fantasy
For Lou Grant was his name.

David Keig

Just A Silly Senseless Plot

Some people talk of Hollywood
Being dominated by the Jews
They see prejudice and bias
In movies and the news
I do not respect this view at all
In fact I would suggest
That such people find conspiracies
Whatever they inspect.

I was once an academic
And studied higher maths
Things like odd infinities
And never ending paths
My God, I saw conspiracy
In the studies I did then
Many things were named after
Mathematical Jewish men.

In set theory there was Cantor
Who named the infinite
After Hebrew letters
A strategem that might
Make the infinite semitic
Gosh, what a clever scheme
Brainwash all those students
In a Zionistic dream.

Now of course all this is hogwash
Whether Hollywood or maths
We really should be grateful
For all the people that we have
Whether white or brown or purple
Whether gentile, Jew or what
All this talk of domination
Is just a silly senseless plot.

David Keig

Just Love Me As Me

There's a time of day
Before we sleep
Or when awakening
When all our thoughts are innocent
And free of many things
Like guilt and blame and anger too
We lie and we just dream
We feel a calmness in our lives
And problems do not seem
As bad as what we thought before
We wear a smile with thought
For so many times we fool ourselves
With 'should' rather than 'ought'
We cannot make another act
As if they were ourselves
Nor countenance obedience
Beyond what we can tell
The time is ripe!
The moment's now!
The past must be forgiven!
For otherwise those thoughts of yours
Will be forever sadness driven
I love you more than my own self
I love you totally
I want you to return that love
And....
Just love me as me.

David Keig

Kerry Packer

Kerry Packer was the richest man in Australia until he died the other year.....

I sometimes think of Kerry Packer
And if he's doing well
Did he make up to heaven
Or was he sent down to hell.

A strange man, Kerry Packer
He was so rich when he was born
Yet what he loved to eat in life
Was just burgers and pop corn.

Not a nice man – I don't think so
Nor of gentle sentiment
A man who wanted his own way
And didn't care on whom he leant.

A bully! And a braggart!
And with money he could buy
Those who would agree with him
When he looked them in the eye.

I still think of Kerry Packer
And if he's doing well
But I now hope that he's in heaven
Where his soul he cannot sell.

David Keig

Last Man Standing

My eldest is in China
On the way to the Li Jiang
She's seen the Terracotta Warriors
In a place that called Xian.

My youngest, she's in Sydney town
Her love in life is reading books
She has a sense of fantasy
And red curled Irish looks.

Me? I am in Pearl Beach
For others paradise
But I am on my own up here
And lead a damaged life.

I suffer from depression
And that's very clear to see
For though the sun is shining high
It looks so dark to me.

I have many close that hold me
I am lucky in that way
They love me just for me being me
And don't seem go away.

But the track of time's unwinding
Each year, past friends are lost
Sometimes illness, now a suicide
And 'gainst their names I put a cross.

For I am the last man standing
I'm like those soldiers made of clay
I am the last man standing
I am not going to go away.

I am the last man standing
For I have a hand of cards
That others wish that they did have
But being the last's becoming hard.

For my eldest is in China
My youngest still in Sydney town
Although they are away from me
My heart is with them now.

Look! My greyness, it is passing
Now I can see the sun!
I know they love me for being me
Not for what I have not done.

For this thing called life is fragile
But it has a strength within
Not brittle like those warriors
But as fine as porcelain.

David Keig

Let Me In You Believe

Come lay down close beside me now
And let me share your fears
Let us find comfort in the closeness
Of simply being near.

Come lay down close beside me now
And let me feel you breathe
Let me feel the life within you
And let me in you believe.

David Keig

Life In The Suburbs And Middle Class Living

Endless the suburbs stretch out from the towns
Upwardly mobile and not looking down
Attitudes born of self-interest
Thinking the rest of the country's a mess
All in its place and nothing untidy
Crockery matching and fresh fish on friday
Sending the kids to well priviledged schools
Asking for quiet when watching the news
Having two children a dog and a cat
Dreaming of buying a holiday flat
Driving two cars, one for him one for her
Stopping the children from using rude words
Always so busy with so much to do
Worrying 'bout that strange smell in the loo
Drinking good wine but not to excess
Uncomfortable with the mere mention of sex
Nervous about the high interest rates
Angry with tradesmen who always come late
Delighted that smoking's now banned in the pubs
Worrying 'bout the new pests on the shrubs
Buying organic 'cos you should do these days
Preparing fresh pasta in manifold ways
An Italian machine that makes cafe latte
Planning the meal for the next dinner party
Buying your clothes from label designers
Angry about the new chips on the china
Mowing the lawn with a satisfied grin
Wondering when the new neighbours move in
This life it is perfect or so they say
But nothing much happens - I hate it that way.

David Keig

Life's Journey

First you take the road to memories
that looms up on your left
then you find yourself on roundabouts
that offer life and death
then take the road to solitude
and the bypass that avoids
the steep hill down to hades
which is when you'll hear the noise
of angels near the airport
all hymns and organ sounds
then take the first road on your right
the one marked 'sacred grounds'
there's a car park there convenient
and a man who marks a card
that indicates precisely
where your car should now be parked
the man who runs this parking lot
st peter is his name
will always wish you all the best
but not invite you back again
it's a short walk to the airport
once you have left your car
you may not know where you're going
but 'departures' is a start
the airport's traffic is unique
it's essentially one way
all outbound flights none inward
all hours of night and day
no need to take your luggage
so please travel very light
just be happy you've been chosen
for God's galactic flight
the cost of one way tickets
the only one's he sells
is that promises you'll always keep
or else you'll go to hell
there's no business class nor first class
all the seats are just the same
and the flight is never-ending

it's just a part of God's great game.

David Keig

Love And Marriage

Love and marriage
Love and marriage
Go together
Like ice cream and cabbage
And i'll tell you, brother
If she don't like sex
Just blame the mother.

David Keig

Love On-Line

I sent
You received
We clicked.

David Keig

Madras

I love those curries
From Madras
But the morning after
Pleasure's passed.

David Keig

Men Are Not Efficient

Men are not efficient
They slow and ponderous too
They fail to wash the dishes
And make 'sprinkles' in the loo
Men are just a waste of space
For so much they take up
Men are disobient
And don't deserve no love
Men are bad at grammar
And their spelling is quite dire
So woe betide the hapless man
Who lights miss moya's fire.

David Keig

Men In Suits

Men in suits
Seem to be
In search of
Anonymity
What beats behind
Their double breasts
What lurks within
Suit trousers
What wicked thoughts
Lie behind
Their endless yes sir no sirs?
Men in suits
Seem to be
Unsure of
Their identity.

David Keig

Money

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David Keig

Money Money

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David Keig

Mr. Abraham Abramovitch

Mr. Abraham Abramovitch
Was very very rich
He bought a club called Chelsea
Who play football on a pitch
He purchased many players
Who were good at playing football
Then one day he just got bored with it
And didn't mind at all.

David Keig

Mrs. Murphy

I'm sad, Mrs Murphy, I'm sad
At a time when I should be glad
I've got me a wife for the rest of my life
So why sad, Mrs Murphy, am i?

I'm shy, Mrs Murphy, I'm shy
Now I guess you are wondering why
On my wedding day I confess that I'm gay
That's why shy, Mrs Murphy, am i.

I'm bad, Mrs Murphy, I'm bad
That's the reason I am so sad
Last night with the boys I discovered new joys
That's why bad, Mrs Murphy, am i.

David Keig

My Brother...

I want to be a control freak
Not all – but most days of the week
I want my commands to be the way
In which people please me everyday
I am quite calm, I will not fight
As long as you accept I'm right.

David Keig

My Castle In The Sand

I held on tightly to my child
Tightly i held on
The waves were crashing overhead
But still i did hold on.

The waters drove us up the street
Past where friends and i would meet
Dashing down their houses
And leaving not much there
But i held yes i held on
And on my lips there was a prayer
That these torrents would not make me weak
That somehow i would find
Some calm some peace some easiness
And the earthquake left behind
I held on god i held on
To that tender little hand
She was now my sole ambition
And my castle in the sand.

I caught my breath
A hundred times
A hundred times or more
All that i was grasping was
Her clothes and nothing more.

David Keig

My Fellow Americans

My fellow americans
far be it from me to sow the seeds of despair
'bout enemies that won't play fair
what we always said was always right
america, i tell you, will not shirk that fight
we shall be exercise our mighty might
and, yes goddam it, win by right
my speechmakers - they know their rhymes
my speeches always here on time
my words with meaning fully filled
my thoughts as bright as daffodils
not by idle words that simply seek
to seek false morals in being meek
no! i tell you now america
this land so blessed and so free
that a kinder gentler time won't be
if we avoid those bigger issues
like to the arabs selling tissues
now, i hope you like my little joke
i am - in truth - a simple bloke
i know whats right and what is wrong
i can't spell too good nor write a song
but i am here brave straight and tall
your c-in-c and after all
the buck stops here and let me say
i am proud that it should be that way
i hate the way those media folk
turn my speeches into jokes
for i am true america
i know the threats i have a plan
i took us there into iraq
my critics all should now take back
their weasel words and sophistry
for its so very clear to me
that while the weapons were not there
they might have been and so - i swear -
the scenes we now see on our screens
more horrid than our worst dreams
full bear me out when i did say

that their's was not our star striped way
now there's iran - now here me straight
we'll hit them soon and we won't wait
i'll now be humble for i find
some don't like my vivid mind
i will say sorry - just this time
for words that just for once were mine
'dead or alive' i think i said
about bin laden when upset
its just the way i talk you see
why won't the world believe in me?

David Keig

My Heart Belongs To Telstra

My heart belongs to Telstra
That's where my heart belongs
My heart belongs to Telstra
So let's sing the Telstra song.

There is Telstra and there's BigPond
For the `phone and internet
Their services are priceless
So it's higher bills you'll get.

And their customer service
Is so efficient, really great
Whenever there's an issue
Then it's just your problem, mate.

They say we need fast broadband
To catch up with all the rest
When only a few months ago
They said BigPond was the best.

They do lots of advertising
With a warm and friendly feel
Saying please come back to Telstra
And if you do you'll get a deal.

Their deals are quite amazing
There must be one that's right for you
To play your part Telstra's future
By increasing revenue.

My heart belongs to Telstra
That's where my heart belongs
My heart belongs to Telstra
So let's sing the Telstra song.

David Keig

My T Shirt

I loved
My maroon t-shirt
I loved the fit
The cloth
The colour
I loved it
I loved wearing it
I even bought shoes
That matched it
But I wore it
So very very often
That it continually
Got stained
From cooking
Eating and drinking
Coffee and red wine
I threw it away
So can too much love
Destroy?

David Keig

Names

There's more meaning in names
Than sometimes we know it
My name in old Manx
Is Teige - a poet!

In the world day to day
My name shall Keig be
But for poems i think
I'll use Teige for me.

(the derivation of my surname is something i only discovered this morning!)

David Keig

Native Title

You are welcome to our country
When full respect is paid
To those who souls grew out from where
Their ancestors were laid
This land is our protector
This land our path in life
This land is our great comforter
This land is hurt by strife
Feel the heart that beats within it
As the seasons come and go
Feel the energy within it
From which everything does grow
This land will guide your footsteps
This land will feed you well
This land needs loving kindly
This land is not to sell
This land is just our country
This land is just our home
For its not just who owns this land
But whom this land does own.

David Keig

Never Within Me

I am bereft through sadness
and within each light i see
a shadow of my consciousness
a shadow that is me.

i am hungry for a closeness
but within closeness do i see
mere remnants of my honesty
and a skeleton of me.

i am not known for polished words
for within those words i see
a truth that is too far away
and never within me.

David Keig

No Christmas Tree Where It Should Be

A Christmas tree! A Christmas tree!
With dark green needled memories
Of childhood dreams and mysteries
Wrapped present-like in front of me.

A Christmas tree! A Christmas tree!
I glimpse a past wherein i see
The child that then grew into me
Not forward fast but haltingly.

A Christmas tree! A Christmas tree!
A time for being with family
A time that's gone so fleetingly
Yet lives for always deep in me.

A Christmas tree! A Christmas tree!
When twelfth night comes whole hauntingly
One lingered look and then i see
No Christmas tree where it would be.

A Christmas tree! A Christmas tree!
With feelings now felt tearfully
No home, no kids surrounding me
No corner in my house to see
The magic of that Christmas tree.

David Keig

Nobody Told Me

Nobody told me that this mist
That came into my life
Would stay around so many years
No matter how hard it was I tried

At times this mist was black as death
At times as red as hell
It tore apart my hopes and dreams
And I could hear that tolling bell

Nobody told that there was no cure
No magic wand that I could use
No special pill to make it right
Nor a pair of Dorothy's red shoes

I just wanted to see things as clearly
As they had been before
But they were now all wrapped in fears
That lay beyond each door

The years went slowly one by one
The mist's red and black still there
As I grew older constantly
And began to lose my hair

I fought and fought this crown of thorns
But the more and more I tried
Those demons came back with a strength
That always multiplied

And then I looked inside myself
The sun was shining on that day
I was relaxed yet tired from fight
And the demons turned away

For they had always tried to trick me
Into always fighting back
The harder that I fought them off
The stronger they'd attack

I looked at them for what they were
And saw how small they seemed
The less I let them worry me
The less they compromised my dreams

It took some time I must confess
To adopt this way of being
It took many, many months and years
To embrace this different way of seeing

For, as morning mists can mask the land
And storm clouds too can gather
Then so is life - its not all sun
It's not all perfect weather

So smile and see and realise
The tricks played on us by our eyes
The red and black and in between
The nastiness that this can mean
But there is the calmness we all crave
We can save ourselves before the grave
So place your feet upon the ground
Be still - just see what's all around
And slowly feel each tension gone
Open your eyes and be as one.

David Keig

Noddy Holder

'Well here it is Merry Christmas'
You sang
With 'everybody's having fun'
As refrain
Shall we ever see
Such a song for this season
As gently written again?

David Keig

Nor Was I Ever Lionheart

I am not a man called infidel
nor was i ever lionheart
i never conquered islam's lands
nor set myself apart
from those who followed other faiths
so let my message now be clear
it is those with persecution minds
my shining blade should fear.

David Keig

Not Now Of Your Choosing

You can't accept my life is mine
And that those with whom i spend my time
Are now not of your choosing.

You can't accept that different ways
And different ways of spending days
Are not now of your choosing.

You can't accept its not a war
Not like it was those times before
And no-one now is losing.

David Keig

Nothing Much Happens In Sydney

Nothing much happens in Sydney
Nothing much happens at all
Unless you count all the cricket
And tennis and squash and football.

Nothing much happens in Sydney
No life on the streets or in town
That's unless you count all the tourists
But then they do stick around
The things they always call 'icons'
Like the bridge and the rocks and the beach
You see there's nothing much happens in Sydney
Not too much to do in the heat.

There's one special building in Sydney
Right on the water it stands
Its roof looks like sails made of concrete
No wonder it's stuck on dry land
They called it the Opera House somehow
Not sure why they did at the time
Its got concerts and shows does the Opera
But not that much singing in rhyme.

Nothing much happens in Sydney
We're too far away don't you see
That's unless you count all the cafes,
Restaurants and brasseries.

Nothing much happens in Sydney
Some say it's the arse end of the world
It takes a whole day to get anywhere
Anywhere else on this earth.

So why has the number of people
Who live here quite gone through the roof?
There's close on four million in Sydney
That's if they're telling the truth.

Perhaps things do happen in Sydney

Perhaps it isn't that bad
Perhaps there is life here in Sydney
But we take it for granted and have
A view that our city is lacking
And I find that really quite sad.

It's time to wake up to Sydney
It's time to open our eyes
Where else in this world that we live in
Are signs saying 'Arancini and Pies'?

The truth is this land called Australia
Was first settled by the dour pommies
Now there's every race in Australia
Yet we still feel we don't quite belong.

We think that nothing much happened
From when we got here till today
Our history's stuck in a closet
Locked up with the key thrown away.

Now two hundred years is a long time
A long time in all history books
But there's something quite strange about Sydney
We miss things 'cause we don't look
For the history that does surround us
In every part of this town
That history's living and breathing
If only we do look around.

There's the barracks and then there's the gaol house
Which for maximum impact were planned
To keep these new Australians
In line with the laws of the land.

The gaol house, it stands on a corner
On a higher part of the town
People looked up to the goal house
And the law on the people looked down.

There's clear sentiment in this story
A sentiment best not forgot

And that we won't value our future
If we don't value what we have got
From the people that were here before us
Our ancestors here on this land
If we don't get to know our own history
Then our present we won't understand.

19 October 2004

David Keig□

David Keig

Now You'Re Here

No, we don't care where you come from
Now you're here
No, we don't care where you come from
Have a beer
We don't care if you are black or white or
Of another hue
Now you're here in Western Sydney
Now you're part of Western Sydney
Now all over Western Sydney
We love you.

We are very proud of our diversity
Out on the streets it's very clear to see
We don't care if you're a Christian or a Jew
Or a Bhuddist or Islamic or Hindu
'Cos we don't care where you come from
We don't care where you come from
We don't care where you come from
Now you're here.

We're very proud of long history
And we pay respect to Aborigines
And there's just one thing I'll tell ya
Yes, to you and other fellas
That we don't care where you come from
Now you're here.

No, we don't care where you come from
Now you're here
No, we don't care where you come from
Have a beer
We don't care if you are black or white or
Of another hue
Now you're here in Western Sydney
Now you're part of Western Sydney
Now all over Western Sydney
We love you.

We're proud of where we are going

You can see
We're using all our creativity
To build a better future
And we'll get there soon we betcha
'Cos we don't care where you come from
Now you're here.

No, we don't care where you come from
Have a beer
We don't care if you are black or white or
Another hue
Now you're here in Western Sydney
Now you're part of Western Sydney
Now all over Western Sydney
We love you.

Now you're here in Western Sydney
Now you're part of Western Sydney
Now all over Western Sydney
We love you.

David Keig

On The Death Of A Magazine

So, today you are no more
Today your print will no longer
Roll hot off those printing presses
After so many years an icon so they say
But you were just a magazine
And now you've had your day
Your name itself, 'the Bulletin'
Sounds like from another age
When the only media there was
Was just the printed page.

(the Bulletin was first published in 1880 in Australia)

David Keig

On The Road To Kandahar

It was on the road to Kandahar
That the bomb was taped to me
I was left bereft of arms and legs
No elbows and no knees.

'Ah, God is great' they said to me
When I was lying in my bed
'And just think of all those virgins
That you will take unto your bed'.

Now I cannot walk nor hardly talk
My tongue it is ripped out
My body now is crippled
Yet, it's the Koran that they still spout.

They do not know of anguish
They do not know of pain
They do not know Mohammed
They are playing cruel games.

If I could see, if I could be
Just what I was before
Then I'd still give myself to God
But to end not start a war.

David Keig

On Your Birthday

I remember so well those first cries
And the look of wonder in your eyes
You seemed to smile as if to make
A promise that you'd never break
That you would love me all your days
And understand my varied ways
Memories flood back to me
When you were one and two and three
It all seems like just yesterday
When parties were just simple play
Pass the parcel – don't be slow
What are the presents - I don't know
Christmas magic – Santa's sleigh
Tooth fairies and child-like days
Now you are 14 years of age
And it's for you I write this page
I am so proud of you today
And will forever feel that way.

David Keig

One Hundred Thousand Marching

One hundred thousand marching
One hundred thousand men
One hundred thousand heading
To a place and a time when
One hundred thousand dying
One hundred thousand cold
One hundred thousand praying
Forever young and never old
One hundred thousand lives were lost
One hundred thousand felt the pain
One hundred thousand maimed and slaughtered
And yet those armies march again.

David Keig

Open Mind

The very very deepest sea
Is aptly called complacency.
The very highest mountain peak
Is something that we all should seek.

The flattest part of every land
Is the easiest to understand.
So why adventure? Why reach out?
Why whisper quietly and not shout?

Let's break the dishes and exclaim
I never want each day the same!

David Keig

Our Remembered Parts Of Time

Will you spend some time with me, my child?
Will you spend some time with me?
Will you think about me when I'm gone?
And what will be your memory?
Will the day when your first words you spoke
Be as clear for you as me?
Will the time your magic castle broke
Bring a smile for you as me?
Will the joy we felt at Christmas time
Counting needles on the tree
Bring a gladness glow within your heart
That's as warm for you as me?
When I am gone these memories
Will be yours – no longer mine
That's the gift that's left by all of us
Our remembered parts of time.

David Keig

Paradise Lost

When i said i'd die tomorrow
My whole family was there
I said i'd go to heaven
And i asked them for their prayers.

I'll admit my hands were sweaty
But i'd practised many times
The dry runs were quite frequent
Behind those hostile lines.

The check point was quite easy
They really didn't look at me
I looked the part, spoke Hebrew
Seemed like i'd got friends with me.

The restaurant was crowded
Women, kids, just having fun
I'd been trained to find the best spot
To detonate the bomb.

So i got close to a table
And looked around - well just in case
Someone might recognise me
And put a name unto my face.

'Well hi there' said this lady
'Say you're looking rather tired
Come sit with us and eat some food
Hey - you two move aside'

She looked just like my mother
The one they killed in that attack
I almost pressed the button
But then something held me back.

I told this to the soldiers
While those lights they shone on me
They looked at me and asked my age
It was then i said 'thirteen'.

David Keig

Parramatta Girls

I wouldn't say he was a bad man
But he got so violent
After my mother she fell ill
After her accident
She couldn't really do much
She looked old beyond her years
And he took to drinking most the time
And scream he was her nurse
His anger was so scary
He'd shout and bang and crash
We'd try then to avoid him
In case we all got bashed
He never touched me sexually
But sometimes seemed to leer
Whenever I got close to him
Close enough to smell the beer
At 14 I had had enough
After his mates were round
Their eyes were just undressing me
And followed me around
So I left my home next morning
Took some cash – well to be sure
That I could buy some food to eat
Where would I sleep? I'd find a floor
There were other kids just like me
I found out pretty quick
Abused at home and desperate
We'd not run away for kicks
We'd hang around together
And find empty houses where
No one else would bother us
And no one seemed to care
Whether we lived or died you know
Whether we were sick or well
And life took on an emptiness
Till the day that became hell
A knock upon the door so loud
The police came breaking in
Accusing us of many things

And committing mortal sin
The magistrate just took one look
At me standing in the dock
And ordered me into State care
Said I needed a big shock
To discipline my tendencies
For independence and being free
I stood there – not yet 5 feet tall
And cried uncontrollably
They took me to Parramatta
To the Training School out there
Stripped me naked, harshly scrubbed me
And hacked off all my hair
They stung my skin with tinctures
To prevent the lice they said
Then a grubby male doctor
Made me lie upon a bed
Open your legs he shouted
I'm checking for disease
He bruised my legs, he bruised inside
The pain paralysed my knees
While he did this he's smiling
And the warders held me down
For then I did start screaming
And in my tears I almost drowned
There was blood upon the bed sheet
There was so much blood to see
It felt like that damn doctor
Had drained all the blood from me
The warders were mostly women
But the more senior were men
They all seemed so self satisfied
As I lay there so brok-en
Not a single word was uttered
When the showers they showed to me
That I must use each morning
Supervised continually
Those showers were quite open
They did not have no doors
So you had to stand there naked
While the wardens paced the floor
And timed you to the second

That you were let to bathe
Your tender teenage body
Under their steady gaze
It was hell in Parramatta
It was worse than hell I'd say
And all of this was done to me
On that first distressing day
I cried out for my mother
I even called for dad
In my whole life that's gone on since
I have never felt so bad
But when inside the Training School
It seemed stranger than before
Everything seemed normal
Save the bars on every door
The other girls were round my age
They'd lived lives quite the same
But the warders and the Training School
Had made them all ashamed
Ashamed of what? I asked of them
When we'd whisper or we'd cry
Ashamed of simply living
Ashamed of being alive
We could not speak out loud at all
We'd be punished quick for that
And beaten by the wardens
With their fists or leather straps
The shame was mixed with anger
That our treatment was so wrong
But one day we rebelled you know
And we did things like sing songs
We climbed upon the roof as well
And threw tiles at those down there
We knew we would be punished
But – by God – we didn't care
We'd had enough of what they did
Had enough of punishment
For none of us had done no wrong
When to Parramatta we were sent
Of course we lost this battle
Of course they were angry
And we were sent into the cell blocks

For weeks of solitary
Or branded as beyond all hope
Incorrigible was what they'd say
The ringleaders were sent by train
Five hundred miles away to Hay
Five hundred miles to break our spirits
Five hundred miles to break our souls
Five hundred miles rubbed sore by shackles
Five hundred miles away from home
There was no darker hell than this
Isolated in the bush
And a trip to Hay was what they'd say
When they would threaten us
I could tell you of the beatings
I could tell you of abuse
I could tell you of the punishments
But what would be the use?
For there seems to be an ignorance
Cast upon this land
And if we don't hear these stories
Then we will not understand
This place we call Australia
And its position in the world
So listen to this story
Of a Parramatta girl.

For all this is quite recent
It's not just history
It happened in the 70s
And it all happened to me.

David Keig

Ping Pong

I killed them one by one
methodically
never looking in their eyes
gun to the head
and bang
pull the trigger
and that sound
would ping and pong around me
a musical death sound.

PAUSE

I'd been quartered near to basra
we'd got rid of most of those
sorry - god damned arabs -
wearing fundamental clothes
the truth is that it got to me
and everything i've done
i thought was for god and country
and i thought that we had won.

But now the truth is testified
and i have to make a plea
that all those things i done to them
was on orders - don't you see -
i am not a angry man
i have not a grain in me
that would really ever lead my men
into such depravity.

OK - we did things different
in that gaol house near baghdad
OK - we may have overstepped
the orders that we had
but we were never questioning
all the orders that they gave
we had heard our president
say this country we would save.

Those damned iraquis had so much
of evil weaponry
not just guns and planes and tanks
but those WMDs.

So we could never find them
and they may well not be there
but sitting in this courtroom
i am making up a prayer
why if saddam was so evil
did we have to.....

PAUSE

Ping pong those bullets raced
clean and tight behind my face.

David Keig

Poetic Licence

I've got Poetic Licence
Applied the other day
I took a little test you see
They said I was OK.

With this Poetic Licence
I now talk just in verse
But sometimes when out shopping
It feels like quite a curse.

Where some would say
'Tomatoes'
I find myself in rhyme
I ask for things at length you see
It sure eats up the time.

Not 'tomatoes' do I ask for
Nor a kilo and a half
I come out with some poem
I do get lots of laughs.

The other day was dreadful
I wanted some roast duck
But try and try as I might do
The rhyme came quite unstuck
The only word that came to me
Was really very rude
It rhymed with duck quite well you know
But didn't fit with food.

I stumbled and I stumbled
Said 'errrr' a hundred times
And ended up with sausages
For the 57th time.

'Why sausages? '
I hear you ask
It doesn't rhyme with much
But I've got into a habit that simplifies my task

I just say to the butcher
'Do you think I am a bore?
Can I have the very same
That I bought here before? '

Each day it's getting worse and worse
You see I like my beer
But try and try as I might do
It only rhymes with 'queer'.

I've given up on sandwiches
That really is too hard
And trying to buy Panadol
Would foil just any Bard.

I often think of Shakespeare
Wordsworth, Tennyson and Donne
When they went out shopping
Did they just go on and on?

Or were they simply better
And quicker on their toes
Did they just point somewhere
And ask for 'one of those'?

My Licence is provisional
I've only got P plates
I must get in more practice
And not procrastinate.

I should read up on some poets
Using more contemporary words
Maybe those guys from the West Coast
Like that howling man Ginsberg.

They didn't see the need to rhyme
Now that would free me up
They wrote in lower case as well
Now that's a bit of luck.

Their style's just right for emails
In this computer age

So I could buy my goods on line
And dissipate my rage.

Let's have a go with this right now
Now what shall I purchase
A pizza or a hamburger
Delivered to my place.

My God this is fantastic
This is going to be fun
I'll lots of music
Buy some books from Amazon.

Now will there be some problems?
It doesn't seem that hard
Oh dear for now I've hit one
Using my credit card.

It has such a long number
That doesn't seem to rhyme
No wait I think I've got it
It will simply take more time.

Let's look at that long number now
It ends with 649
Now what on earth could rhyme with that?
Be quick and be on time?

I think this is a breakthrough
I've really cracked it mate
Maybe order some champagne
So I can celebrate.

Suddenly I'm feeling lonely
Well that's fixed up real quick
I'll go to on-line dating
And chat up some nice chick.

This virtual life suits me
It suits my poetry
I'll never move outside my house
Live electronically.

What's that?
You find me boring?
My talking just in verse?
You think I find it easy?
You think I can't converse
In ordinary language
Well let me tell you straight
It's my total dedication
And desire to innovate
That drives me ever onwards
And makes me play with words
What's that I hear you say to me
You find me quite absurd?
Well let me tell you sunshine
This special and new craft
It marks me out from others
At whom you have to laugh.

It's my artistic mission
To boldly go to where
Wordsworth may have trifled
But I shall bravely dare
To turn this thing called poetry
Into a living tongue
Make other talk seem boring
And find that I belong
In the world of art and culture
Intellect and song.

Combin-ed with the internet
I'll let my message reach
All those happy surfers
Replacing normal speech.

Now, what shall I have for dinner?
Damn those delivery men
The fridge is almost empty
Oh dear, sausages again.

12 May 2004

David Keig

Poets

What on earth do you call a collection of poets?
A verse a rhyme a stanza or sonnets?

Perhaps it is best not to seek out this noun
And just to be grateful there are poets around.

David Keig

Politics I Understand

Politics i understand
Someone once said to me
Its really not that complex
Its really quite easy
If right is right
Then left is wrong
She said with confidence complete
Its no wonder that she and i
Never again did meet.

David Keig

Prayer

Do not let the past dictate
My present nor my future fate.

Do not deny how i feel
Engage with feelings - make them real.

Do not let attachments make
My life an endless give and take.

Do not let my anger flow
When first i touch it let it go.

Do not think too much or dream
Of what should be or might have been.

Feel each moment from inside
Embrace just living - being alive.

David Keig

Rabbit Proof Fence

There are two Australian fences I'd like to talk about
One runs from the north down to the south to keep the rabbits out
The other is invisible - it's in Australian's minds
It's a blinkered view of what it is to be part of humankind.

When Australia was first was colonised some two hundred years ago
The colonists they formed a view so that they could go
And claim each piece of land they found and make it for their own
Paying no respect or honour to those who had in this country grown
They stole this land directly from the Aborigines
Regarding them as savages without any dignity
Their currency was alcohol, diseased blankets and the gun
And they cleared this whole damn country fast once this clearing had begun.

They called it Terra Nullis to justify their gains
And they then gave Aborigines European sounding names
They would take all of their children and put them into homes
Of good god fearing people who would take them as their own
The aim of this was clearly born of a harsh philosophy
You cannot steal from people who have no identity
This form of cultural cleansing was fundamental to this land
And these stolen generations are now trying to understand
What it was was taken from their culture in the past
And what can now be full regained in a way that will long last.

Hundreds of their languages are now only spoken by a few
Traditions and communities need to begin anew
If the lie of Terra Nullis is to be rightfully exposed
And Australia's real history is to be more fully clothed
It's time to say we're sorry not just to say it's not our fault
If we don't understand this history then we're selling ourselves short
Of a magic in this country that sets it full apart
Of a land that has all peoples beating strongly in its heart.

The rabbits they were introduced to make Australia seem
More like the England left behind and part of that vain dream
Was to make this sunburnt country something that it never could
Be or even slow become and it's now clear that no good
Will ever come if fences stay - for Australia shall find

That as a fence cannot be rabbit proof nor can a state of mind.

David Keig

Raindrops Falling On His Hair

The people standing all around
That slight limp body on the ground.

It shouldn't be allowed you know
Said one old lady, even though
I think they bring it on themselves
They start on drugs when they're just twelve
They never have a chance it seems
Of having childlike childhood dreams.

I blame the parents, said her friend
They were not with her at the end
Nor were they there much in her life
If only someone else had tried
To bring her up a decent way
That's really all I have to say.

The crowd dispersed and standing there
Raindrops falling on his hair
Stood one sad man sad man indeed
Seeming that he couldn't leave
He wore the clothes of lonely men
Eyes heavy with abandonment
He wore the weight of someone frail
He wore the look of someone failed.

Then he knelt down and kissed the air
It was his daughter lying there.

19 September 2004

David Keig

Ravi

Never short of words
Not ever
Nor a lack of sentiment
Problem is with his all his poems
No time to think 'bout what they meant.

David Keig

Regret's A Cold Companion

Regret's no consolation
For things no longer near
Regret's no panacea
For problems that were clear
Regret's a backward looking
For things that were to last
For hopes that were to happen
Now firm stuck in the past
Regret's a cold companion
Regret's a dulling force
Regret finds its own dominion
In that process called divorce.

David Keig

Requiem

The sun shone brightly on the green
The greenest green I'd ever seen
The sun seemed brighter than before
The sea slow lapping on the shore
My eyes did see such lovely things
Then closed as my imaginings
Went calmly back to whence they came
And would not ever see again.....

David Keig

Requiem (2)

The sun shone brightly on the green
The greenest green I'd ever seen
The air seemed lighter than before
The lakeland hillsides slid to shore
My eyes did see such lovely things
Then closed as my imaginings
Went calmly back to whence they came
Such sights i'd longed to see again.

David Keig

Resurrection

Depression is my burden
I just want recovery
I want a resurrection
That's what this Easter means to me.

But I don't want pain or sorrow
Nor being nailed onto a cross
I'm numbed by medication
And the acuity I've lost.

Perhaps there's good in all this bad?
Perhaps there's sunshine at the end?
Perhaps I'm paying the full price
For not having been my friend?

Suicide keeps being mentioned
When psychiatrists I see
I would not do it! Not at all!
I don't want a Calvary.

Yet self-loathing is a cancer
More invasive than self-doubt
I feel I've been invaded
And I can't get that devil out.

People say 'just look at Churchill'
And others who inspired
They suffered from depression
And it somehow stoked their fires.

I smile with all these comments
I was the most relaxed of men
But when the smiling's over
That Black Dog comes again.

Sometimes the anger gets too much
And I start shouting at the moon
Adrenalin is shaking me
And sleep can't come too soon.

I am not the Easter Bunny
Nor am I Christ upon the cross
I used to be a normal person
But it's now the plot I've lost.

Each day I hope for resurrection
To feel the sun and smile and see
That there is hope and happiness
But it's crucifying me.

For depression is my burden
It's my crown of thorns to wear
I wake each single morning
Hoping it's not there.

David Keig

Revelation

Been `bout ten years Shell I been together,
All pretty fine, some ups and downs and whatever
Couple of kids no more had been planned
Fibro house, half an acre of land
Oh yeah, Shell is pregnant which was quite a surprise
Not sure if the house is an adequate size
But, hell, I'm now happy though was worried at first
The area round here's goin' from bad unto worse
It's housing commission and they put the dregs here
Lots of blackfellas with their swearing and beers
They drink on the footpath all times of the day
An' look at us white folk in menacing ways
I'd get rid of `em all if only I could
I've never yet met an Abo that's good
They lie and they steal and they're primitive too
Send them back to the country is what we should do.

Anyway, on this particular night
Shell's breathing heavy and didn't feel right
So I called up the doctor who told us to wait
Time the contractions and get ready mate
'Round `bout three thirty we knew it was time
Twenty k's to the hospital – not a long drive
It was windy that night and the clouds they were low
So we got in the car and drove safe and slow
It was then that the rain came – like being in the shower
What should take ten minutes was taking an hour
The creek burst its banks down near Somersby way
And the radio said there would be big delays
I got on the mobile – quite frantic by now
Then Shell's waters broke and I didn't know how
Somehow then it all happened so very quick
But the blood and the screaming made me feel sick
Then all I could hear was a tiny quiet cry
My baby! My baby! I sang to the sky
It was dark on that roadway – nobody around
And the rain it was teeming – we were stuck out of town
The ambulance got there `bout a quarter to five
I stayed with the car – I was planning to drive

I now think that it's strange I stayed with the car
I'd not yet seen my baby – the night had no stars.

"This can't be my child! " I screamed at the nurse
"You've made a mistake and to make matters worse
This baby is black so just take it away!
Now sort out this cock up or I'll make you all pay! "

I woke with a bandage surrounding my head
A drip in my arm in a hospital bed
They gave me sedation and I felt quite numb
Was this all a nightmare? What had I done?
I'd passed clean out in that hospital ward
'Cos we had the wrong baby and I'd fell on the floor
A sensible doctor then came to see me
Now just a few questions he said patiently
How is my baby? And how is my Shell?
They're doing quite nicely, he said, very well
Now tell me, the Doctor then asked seriously
Where are your parents and are they healthy?
Why is there a problem? I asked him once more
No, not really a problem just for my records
So, you were adopted? And when would that be?
I told him it was 'round nineteen seventy three
I'd lived out near Dubbo and my parents were killed
In a car crash or something on a road in the hills
That is your wife's baby, he said quietly
My blood pressure rose and I started to scream
But it can't be my child so where's the bitch been
I'll kill her! I'll kill her! That whore's cheated on me!

I took what they called a paternity test
The lawyer said it was all for the best
I now know the truth and it's been hard to take
That baby's my own and was not a mistake
I'd thought I was Irish with some Maltese genes
But I am an Abo – that's proven it seems
My parents they died just a few years ago
They'd lived in the country – they'd moved out from Dubbo
They thought if adopted then I'd have more chance
Of a prosperous life and improved circumstance
So all of those years I'd been living a lie

Regarding myself as superior white

'I don't look like a black man' I said to the lawyer

'But then nor do I, would you please sign this form sir'.

David Keig

Sadness

Its sad when things don't turn out right
But its even sadder when
You build up expectations
So that fate can't be your friend
Its sad when life's not easy
But its even sadder when
You cannot just get on with things
And you're scared to start again
Its not bad that life's a journey
For there's no formula that speaks
Of the balances we have to make
So that we can soundly sleep.

David Keig

Science Is Boring

There's something bothers all of us
And that is this thing called calculus
At school we wonder why on earth
This subject might have any worth
Yet when we use our mobile telephones
Or watch TV or at home
Each thing we do is largely governed by
A mathematics that's the reason why
We may live here upon this earth
Yet touch the sky.

For science is boring
And well worth ignoring
It has no use! It has no use!
Of that we know!

So when you're exploring
The net or just something
Just realise that science
Is but just a word for everything
That we do know.

David Keig

Signposts

Let us spin this signpost
Then choose where we shall go
So where our path will take us
We will never know
That's not until we get there
But that could take some time
So don't believe in signposts
They're just a state of mind.

David Keig

Sleep Well

Sleep well my dear
And may you find the morning bright
And may your dreams of fond delight
Entrance you while you slumber.

Sleep well my dear
And may angels dance in fairytales
And ships float by with magic sails
To delight you while you slumber.

Sleep well my dear
And may your cares float clear away
And may you hear me softly say
I love you while you slumber.

David Keig

Slow Seduction Silent Night

Slow seduction silent night
Barely breathing burning bright
Closer closer touch feel hold
Power passion burnished gold
Softly softly warm within
He she it we you her him
Barely breathing burning bright
Slow seduction silent night.

David Keig

So Heavy Was The Air That Day

So heavy was the air that day
So heavy was the air
So hot was everywhere that day
So hot was everywhere.

A breeze
Not yet a cooling breeze
But one straight
Fresh baked from nature's oven.

Standing
Looking
'Cross the bay
And high upon the hillsides
A haze
A hot heat haze
Flies slept
Palms paused
No goannas to be seen
And the birds
Dry of song.

The sea
Its siren call so still
The waves
So sluggish and slow moving.

The roads the house and all about
And all about the roads and house
Just hot
Just hot hot hot
Just hot hot hot
With heat.

Tarmacadam
With smell like creosote
Whipping up childhood memories
Of english garden fences
And dads working out the back

In cooler summer times.

So heavy was the air that day
So heavy was the air
So hot was everywhere that day
So hot was everywhere.

Would you like a drink my friend?
Some water? Or a beer?
For its not the day for coffee pots
It's the hottest day for years.

Now look!
Just look!
Just look up high
The sky the sky the sky
No blueness to be seen
Its furnace grey and threatyteneing
What does this weather mean?

And
We talked
Slowly without passion
As if the heat
Had boiled out
Some part of us.
Our energies
And maybe loud ambition.

So heavy was the air that day
So heavy was the air
So hot was everywhere that day
So hot was everywhere.

Later
When as stars were slowly seen
We stood and asked the moon
Why we do not know the tune
That nature plays
Capriciously
So temptingly
For us

Yes, all of us
Entranced as if Pan's playful pipes
Played just to gust the breeze
Yet still we seek
And wonder why
And try to understand
Our lands
And the skies
And the winds
And the weather
And yet such things
We can't command
Not ever
Ever
Ever.

David Keig

Soundly Sleep

Its sad when things don't turn out right
But its even sadder when
You build up expectations
So that fate can't be your friend
Its sad when life's not easy
But its even sadder when
You cannot just get on with things
And you're scared to start again
Its not bad that life's a journey
For there's no formula that speaks
Of the balances we have to make
So that we can soundly sleep.

David Keig

Spring Cleaning

Clean away the cobwebs
make light of dirt and grime
wave high those feather dusters
it's now spring cleaning time
for spring's first day has broken
and those windows must be cleaned
cold winter's grey has gone away
replaced with fresher scenes
ah! the joy of such spring cleaning
oh! the joy of household life
sometimes i am the paragon
of a 1950's wife!

David Keig

Star Trek (#2)

We search amongst the stars for life
Like moths forever seeking light
We cannot bear just being alone
Beam me! Beam me! Scottie! Home!

Now we can hear the moon from Mars
And Titan's vicious thunderstorms
I wonder if its best to be
Right here on earth and just being me.

David Keig

Sub-Atomic Particles

I dreamed i was a neutron
inside an atom's heart
surrounded by electrons
their force pulling me apart
i met a pair of bosons
got assaulted by some quarks
found my quantum levels jumping
when something made me start
could i be sure of all this?
in my subatomic world
or would statistical mechanics
introduce a kind of blur
of uncertainty to all things
and so it wasn't clear to me
if i really was a neutron
or just a probability.

David Keig

Sydney

My mind wandered on the hillsides
above those english fields
the smell of hay the prick of gorse
the meanings clear to me
the sun was never setting
twilight bestrode the day
and the feelings i was feeling
would never go away.

this was my blessed england
this is where i was born
this england now forgotten
while i live on fatal shores.

i stole a half a sixpence
i needed it for bread
then i was here transported
and am the walking dead.

i am now here in australia
the convict nation found
when ships do cease their sailing
and when they run aground.

its not easy in this foreign land
its hot and dry and hard
but the soldiers here amongst us
sell us rum and whisky jars.

for its too late to make conscience
a real matter in the day
one drink one drink one drink of rum
and my dreams they float away.

it was magical at landing
after four months on those seas
we could not walk in a straight line
with our sea full wobbled knees.

we hunkered down in sydney
we were sent out straight to work
we lived in a small compound
with dry biscuits as our perk.

we stitched and sewed rough garments
we worked with fingers raw
we worked and worked and worked
till we couldn't work no more.

our home was called the factory
we never got outside
we never saw that sydney
a distant twenty miles.

i've told it like it was then
i'll tell it to the world
about that female factory
and all us factory girls.

David Keig

Teaching Is Best Left To Teachers

It is sad that so much teaching is now vocational
And that the gaining of real wisdom
Is seen as optional.

Once the sciences were lauded as mankind's pinnacle
Now it's all those business studies
And subjects practical.

Do we still look up to Einstein with those thoughtful staring eyes?
Or do we deify the businessman
And others of that kind?

What price the cost of knowledge when our future is at stake?
Now everything is measured
But the measures are quite fake.

We should take note of Heisenberg for things are not what they seem
Measurement changes what's measured
And certainty is but a dream.

But the tinkerers of knowledge are too high upon our tree
For they reside in Government
And tinker endlessly.

With the job that makes all teachers devoted to their cause
And that is teaching thinking
Not adherence to set laws.

If only life were simple and we could use some rules
To change political behaviours
And save us from such fools.

David Keig

Technology And Communications

What's your mobile number?
I'll call you later when
Things are not so busy
Now, just where is my pen?
No – let's think – I'll send an email
At least by close of play
Or maybe a text message
Is there any other way?
I could send facsimilies
Or faxes as they're known
Sorry, I'm so busy
I really have to go.

Go where?
Go check my emails
Go where?
Go check my phone
Go where?
Go check my messages
Go where?
I just don't know.

The magic of technology
Is it doesn't matter where
The sender and receiver are
Or in their underwear
But we've got lost in all of this
Checking for things here and there
What seemed like real time saving
Now makes us pull out our hair
We spend so much time receiving
And retrieving things on screen
When a simple conversation
Could have made clear what we mean.

David Keig

The Black Ships Were Low Laden

The black ships were low laden
And to portugal home bound
They rose with that deep ocean swell
Slowed by the riches they had found.

Those black ships were a portent
Of a far more deadly trade
Of human traffic taken
And transported as mere slaves.

Deep within those black ships' hulls
And flaming on their sails
A thousand souls were crying
Like a chorus in those gales.

The winds were blowing backward
Each venomous black boat
The weight inside each one of them
Fought against them being afloat.

God he blew storms of madness
And sought to turn them back
The sea churned like a mystery
With the sky a vicious black.

The captain stood amongst them
Standing firm upon his deck
He made a pact with Lucifer
With the devil and with death.

The cargo was a sacrifice
The holds were emptied till
The ships could sail full forward
And then the sea did still.

So fill your ships with slavery
But of our pact you must not tell
My mission on this earthly place
Is to create as many hells

As i can find by seeking
The weakness in men's souls
And the emptying of principles
Lies in man's keen quest for gold.

David Keig

The Consultation

'How are you feeling in general? ' he asked.

'Pretty good most of the time then I get these occasional black periods when nothing makes sense and I fear the worst' I replied.

'Hmm, any suicidal thoughts? ' he asked thoughtfully as if embarrassed to ask the question.

I thought for a moment.

'Well, not really. No, not really' was all I could say.

He made some notes at this point.

'And those times of feeling good' he asked 'what are they like? '

'Like the sun is shining and I feel on top of the world'.

'But there's no real reason for that? ' he asked 'you just feel good and that's it? '

'Yeah' I replied.

'What about your libido? ' he asked as if enquiring what brand of beer I liked.

'Funnily that's pretty good' I said smiling.

He frowned.

'Is there any guilt that you feel? ' he probed.

'Do you feel guilty when you feel good or see others around you far less well off than you are? '

'I guess I do. I feel bad that I can't feel that good all the time and also sad for those worse than me'.

'But not real guilt? '

'No. Not really'.

'So you feel bad at times but not guilty? '

'Guess not'

'Do you ever feel bad about not feeling guilty? '

He knew I was lost at this point and changed tack.

'When did you last masturbate? ' he threw in.

'Can't remember' I said startled.

He made some notes.

'So, you feel guilty about masturbation? ' he continued.

'No, not at all'.

'But you don't remember when you last did it? ' he said with a manner of distaste and disbelief.

'Not really'.

At this point I did not know where all this was going.

'Do you go to church? ' he asked.

'No'

'Why not? '

'Can't see the point'

'So why are you here? '

At this point the confessional ended.

I had been diagnosed as not having enough guilt or grief or angst to be normal and no further help or counselling could be offered.

But, at long last, I felt truly guilty.

So, perhaps, I will find redemption one day.

David Keig

The Dilatory Terrorist

'I want a curry in a hurry'
Said the man in the big car
'I think I'm going to Glasgow
Can you tell me is it far?
I forgot my AA route map
And brought the Koran instead
It's a hard life being a terrorist
But I'll be worshipped when I'm dead'
'Ahah' said the young waiter
'Are you really one of them,
Who give their life up for the cause
Where will you strike and when? '
With his nan and his samosas
He just smiled a knowing way
'Ah 'God is great and bountiful
Now I must be on my way'
'But we have some tempting specials'
Said the young and waiting man
'Well maybe I'll be tempted'
And he ordered two and not just one
The route to Glasgow was explained
He now knew all the roads
And then he went to drive to there
With his incendiary load
He went outside the restaurant
He stood in shock and quaked in fear
The big car he'd arrived with in
Was no longer there - or even near
'The bloody things been stolen'
He screamed up at the sky
'Now what on earth do I do'
'Oh why oh why oh why'
'Who can you trust these godless days'
He wailed as if possessed
'I will not be a martyr now'
He was in serious distress
The young waiter was upset for him
Than had a sudden thought
'Tell me, sir, that car of yours

Was it rented, leased or bought? '
'I bought it outright with some cash'
Not rented nor on lease'
'Then, sir, let me suggest to you
You speak to the police.'

David Keig

The Drunken Sailor

He stood there shouting at the night
At trees and all around
He stood there swaying side to side
A madness man yet proud.

He never lost his footing once
He danced a dance wild mad
I stood there watching for a while
And wondered what thing had
Made him the drunken sailor
Had made him curse the earth
Had made him babble endlessly
How long had he been berthed?

Three years sailing, sailing hard
He had been away
He was just back
Two days ashore
Had made him act this way.

I asked the drunken sailor
Was it grief or loss at sea?
His eyes gazed at me strangely
And looked quite straight through me.

Not grog he said with spitting words
Not grief and, no, not anger
Have side-showed me on solid ground
And made me my own stranger
My sea legs that have gone you see
And though this warm earth's still
I have sway from side to side
It's quite beyond my will
The rolling sea's a bitch you know
More then any lover
You ride and ride and ride it hard
And then, when you recover,
You find the sea now owns your legs
Owns too your salted soul

So, when you are back on dry land
You somehow do not know
How to stop the bucking bitch
How to be becalmed
You stand there screaming at the earth
For it to be aroused.

Without a moving deck, he said
We feel as if we're dead
It's commonplace with sailors
And we become the wrecks.

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David Keig

The Dying Had Begun

I didn't think there'd be no fishes
Never thought there'd be no birds
No people on the highways
And no barking dogs were heard.

All this felt cold and distant
It was my universe sucked dry
The stars fixed in the heavens
And no blueness in the sky.

The saints they had all warned us
But we'd discounted what they'd said
We'd killed what was most needed
And very soon would kiss the dead.

The earth seemed dark beside me
No light from any sun
No wind, no tides, no moonshine
The dying had begun.

David Keig

The Fall Of The Mayan Empire

They slashed and burned the forests
To support their growth of crops
They farmed land till the topsoil
Was by the rains washed off.

The Mayan population
Grew malnourished and then died
And the mighty Mayan empire
Then slipped slowly out of sight.

This farming's being repeated
In rainforests the world wide
Why can't we learn from history?
Why can't we get it right?

David Keig

The Gambling Song

Sort of country and western....

Lord knows i'm a gambler
I've gambled all my life
Gambled with my money
Gambled being a wife
For richer for poorer
Was the gamble that i made
And all the time with fingers crossed
I have been betrayed.

Once he was handsome
The finest stud around
But then he started drinking
And put on a few pounds
Then one night in our bedroom
I was quite surprised
What had been big was now quite small
And not a satisfying size.

Lord knows i'm a gambler
I've gambled all my life
Gambled with my money
Gambled being a wife
For richer for poorer
Was the gamble that i made
And all the time with fingers crossed
I have been betrayed.

(more verses to follow - any ideas welcome!)

David Keig

The Howard Blues

There is a federal election in just over a week in Australia. John Howard is the current PM....

I got the Howard blues
A'heavy on my mind
I got the Howard blues
So, heavy on my mind
And if he wins the next election
No sadder man you'll find.

In this land of full employment
With real wages high
In this land of full employment
With real wages high
Why do the rich get richer
Than all us other guys?

In this time of record profits
It makes no sense to me
In this time of record profits
It makes no sense to me
We got a badly run health service
Like we're in poverty.

We got farming dying
Like never once before
We got farming dying
Like never once before
But they waste so much water
Now they can't do that no more.

We got a land that's crumbling
Through past activities
We got a land that's crumbling
Through past activities
Yet there down in Tasmania
We're clearing old growth trees.

Why won't that man say sorry

To Aborigines
Why won't that man say sorry
To Aborigines
But he'll say sorry at the cricket
When trying to get his seat.

I got the Howard blues
So heavy on my mind
I got the Howard blues
Yes, heavy on my mind
And if he wins the next election
No sadder man you'll find.

David Keig

The Howard Is A Nasty Beast

The Howard is a nasty beast
There's quite a few around
In England and Australia
There's two now to be found.

Their habitat is politics
And they're decidedly right wing
Some say that they're just throw backs
Not evolved from anything.

They mix sport with religion
And have very dowdy wives
They preach wealth and greed and selfishness
And put the greater good aside.

One day i'm sure they'll die out
Though not soon enough for me
For the Howard's are resilient
And eat Socialists for tea.

David Keig

The Joy Of Spring

Almost above most anything
I love the hopefulness of Spring
The green-ness of a land reborn
The seeds that slowly will be corn
And as I listen carefully
New sounds are now surrounding me
The fledgling birds, the dragonflies
A new beginning! Nature cries
We cast off all our winter clothes
And wear sandals that expose our toes
T-shirts and shorts come into play
But that winter shape won't go away
Where once was flat, what fitted well
Is now shaped more like a squat bell
So hope recedes and is replaced
By all the problems to be faced
That swimming suit I bought last year
It won't do now, I really fear
I have to have a different look
And not resemble a fat chook
Now just look here - the fashion's changed
So my wardrobe I must re-arrange
Now I am really so depressed
I just can't fit into that dress
My size has changed! My hips are round!
My God! I've added all those pounds!
Almost above most anything
Is shopping for new clothes in Spring.

David Keig

The Kiss I Miss

That kiss, that kiss
That childlike kiss
That pecky on the cheek kiss
That I am here kiss
That who the hell cares kiss
That kiss, that kiss I miss

David Keig

The Last Night Of The Show

The Easter Show is a big event
With people from the country
And cows and horses, goats and sheep
Fruit and vegetables and music and people
Not like in the country.

A lonely place the country
So the Show marks out the year
The kids sleep out
They flirt and shout
And maybe sometimes go one step too far
Maybe a drink or two too many.

That night there was an argument
That last night of the Show
Maybe it was about boyfriends
I can't guess 'cos I don't know
Cherie punched out a friend of hers
As a big crowd gathered round
And then she hit a copper
And knocked him to the ground
The cops then took her straight away
As the crowd looked on this scene
She was crying and she was battered
And she was just sixteen.

She woke in a cell the next day
Not knowing where to go
For all those country people
Had moved on after the Show.

David Keig

The Little People

Every culture tells us of little people living
We've discounted such mythologies
Without for a moment giving
Any credence to such tales
We've seen them as pure fables
Now little people fossilised
Have been found and it seems that man is able
To develop into different forms
Not just the form we've taken
For a different evolution makes
These tales no longer fancy
So let us celebrate folklore
It will surprise us what we can see.

David Keig

The Magic Of Christmas

Her father said that Christmas was
A waste of time and money
It was too commercialised
And then quiet like a Sunday
No presents did he give to them
And it's true that they were poor
But every Christmas morning
They'd find gifts from Santa Claus.

David Keig

The Marlboro Olympics

We all know of the Olympics
For athletes who are fit
What if we organised new games
And changed the rules a bit?

The tournament - its now unfair
Only the best compete
And all those who're less able
Could never win a heat.

So let our new rules equalise
The young 'n old and slow 'n fast
And let's introduce some new sports
In which the fittest may come last.

We will all compete on equal terms
In worldwide competition
No - this is not an empty dream
But a new Olympic vision.

We need to find us something
That the fittest do not do
And make it central to our games
The Olympics born anew.

We shall introduce some new sports
And new rules for the rest
But what will change above all else
Is smoking cigarettes.

Yes! The Marlboro Olympics!
Or whoever else will pay
To support our global smoking sports
And a more level field of play.

We've already got a logo
Entwined smoke rings in the sky
Just like those Olympic rings
But more pleasing to the eye.

The opportunity's enormous!
Just imagine that you're there
Oh the beauty of gymnastics
With smoke swirling in the air!

Or in those cycle races
Where bottled water cyclists get
Now handed out throughout the race
Are successive cigarettes.

And in all the relay races
Where batons are exchanged
The baton will be lighted
With a filter tip arranged.

Sports like darts we'd showcase
And maybe dominoes
With beer on tap at every point
To make the action flow.

A new sport - extreme smoking
Would stimulate interest
In the finer points of coughing
And of wheezing in the chest.

The Olympic flame we'd stick with
It fits the whole concept
And we'd market special lighters
To publicise events.

For the sports that we're developing
We've got a site upon the net
So don't be slow - get thinking
And maybe light a cigarette.....

(pause - embarrassed cough)

But while writing this i've had a thought
A shameful thought for me
If smokers pursued fitness
Then from smoking they'd be free.

David Keig

The Natural Numbers

My numbers never ending
Stretching to infinity
But never ever reaching there
And always further off than me
Are those strange transfinite numbers
Whose names sound like some odd code
Like aleph and omega
And, as Mr Godel showed
We need these abstract artefacts
Even if imaginary
To prove all higher theorems
And ensure consistency
But there are further mysteries
That from my numbers do arise
Like never ending decimals
Irrational numbers in disguise
They too are quite invented
Just convenient in use
When my simple natural numbers
Do not serve to make a proof
Oh the mysteries of numbers!
Oh the madness of all that!
When what started off as counting
Becomes higher abstract maths.

David Keig

The Nerd

I'm really quite a mad man
I'm so impetuous
I wear conflicting colours
And like singing on the bus.

I really am a rebel
I never do things right
I talk too much at parties
And play music loud at night.

I really am outrageous
There's no limit to my fun
I even finish crosswords
Before others have begun.

For i work with computers
The future i have heard
I really am quite tasteless
In fact i am a nerd.

David Keig

The Night They Won The Cup

Three-nil down at half time
And totally outclassed
Liverpool they came out flying
With a passion from the past
Three-one, three-two then three all
And into extra time
But the score stuck fast at three-three
As Dudek stood on his line
He saved the first two penalties
With some antics he'd made up
And it was magic there in Istanbul
The night they won the cup.

David Keig

The Number Nought

I really think that people ought
Value more the number 'nought'
Without this number much would differ
No algebra, no calculator
No internet and no PCs
A maths developed differently
'Nought' is the number that enables
Us to solve all those equations.

David Keig

The Piper (#2)

When I'm confused and wandering
On a journey with no end
My feelings they turn in on me
Uncertain who's my friend
It's then the piper plays his tune
That beckons every day
And when his tune is full played out
He carries us away.

We can all hear if we but try
The piper's song so sweet
The musings and meanderings
Of souls lost whole complete
No piper plays before we are born
Before we touch this earth
The piper's tunes they all begin
From the moment of our birth.

For shrill the piper plays his tune
Like happiness diseased
And all the notes that he plays out
Are our moments ill at ease

No-one it seems pays him to play
Nor gives him any score
For every note that he blows out
Is paid for by that war
The one that's fought in solitude
And in that loneliness we find
That the piper's very soul turns out
To be both yours and mine.

For shrill the piper plays his tune
That beckons every day
And when his tune is full played out
He carries us away.

David Keig

The Razor's Edge

I am living
On a razor's edge
And it isn't very nice
It isn't if I will be cut
But how thinly
I'll be sliced.

David Keig

The Sensual Fig

Delicately exploring the concupiscent fig
Teasing each fold with tipped tongue
And delighting on the secrets hidden at its heart
While the fig juice flows moist upon the lips
Yielding up its sweetness slow
As if each fig were still the first
For tasting and for lovers.

David Keig

The Stolen Generation

They took me from my mother
But I didn't even know
I was just a few months old
And she knew not where I'd go
She was a big black woman
I don't know about my dad
Its now I have my grandchildren
That I'm starting to feel sad
I have blue eyes and had blonde hair
But it's now greying gradually
I couldn't say I was an Abo
Or they' take the brush to me
Scrub away your blackness
Said the nuns in the Church school
Religion's here to save you
But you must obey our rules
Rule one – you just be grateful
You're in white society
Rule two – you must be silent
And accept humility
I scrubbed and scrubbed my body
Till I couldn't scrub no more
The scrubbing didn't make me white
Just made my skin red raw
I was made to feel ashamed you see
Of being just what I am
And those bastards in the priest house
Were even crueller than
Those who'd broke a family
And split us up at birth
That's why they should say sorry
For all that they are worth.

David Keig

The Story Of A Poem

T'other day i wrote a poem
Weren't that much i guess
Had to do so much rhyming
And it all turned out a mess
Then i got meself to thinkin'
What was i trying to do
Was i tryin' to write a poem
Or flushing ma thoughts down the loo?
Y'see i started off this poem
Thinkin' i'd be honest, see
Then this awful bloody rhyming
Sort of got control of me
I wanted to say 'angry'
But 'concerned' just rhymed much better
Then i wanted to say 'email'
But ended up just saying 'letter'
This poetry's confusing
So will someone say to me
Whether i be writing poems
Or just tellin' you 'bout me.

David Keig

The Summer Of Sixty Eight

It wasn't the summer of 69
It was the summer of 68
A levels
Leaving school
Suddenly the map of life changed
School bullies puffed up on hormonal bravado
Were now like amateur men
John Marshall
A school bully
Who, strangely, I got on with
Me with my sticky out ears and buck teeth and skinniness
Him with that rascal look
Him who'd got two B's
And me with my 4 A's
Summer
Hot – at least for England.

We'd all got our results
No more school uniform
Eighteen
But still sitting near the kids' playground
At 'the Marsh'
We'd grown up there
Been kids there
And now the great divide would come
Me – university to study maths
Him – he had no idea.

Forty years later
Him – a mental health nurse in Leeds
Me - a mental health patient in Gosford
What happened to that divide?
To that parting of the ways?
Had we just taken different paths
But followed the same journey
Though to different destinations?

The sun's now shining in Australia
But it's wet and cold in Leeds

I think he may be happier
For not wanting to succeed.

David Keig

The Train Winds West From Wagga

The train winds west from wagga
Me - sitting sweating from the sun
My swag up on the swaying rack
Me - beholden to no-one.

It's a morning on the sky line
The sun slides slanting rays
The countryside is counting
In years and not in days.

Way out west of wagga
Is where the journey ends
I'm off to find my people
And cast off city friends.

My mob came from out that country
That the white folks made their own
They sent us off to rail yards
And Redfern was our home.

It's hard there housed in Redfern
Caught between two worlds
The white man's world don't see us
Us cut off from our birth.

The line sings out its rhythm
The sound of wheel on rail
The wheels made in those workshops
Those workshops were our gaol.

Way out west of wagga
I'm sure that I'll find my mob
I'm told they're drinking swearing
With more flies than there are jobs.

Yeah, I drank drinks with the piper
Lost control and do not know
Why what is west of wagga
Is now where i must go.

David Keig

The Use Of Words

I use the word 'pejorative'
As a lightning rod of kinds
To measure people's intellect
And the brightness of their minds.

In business meetings i will use
Rude words - for just to see
If they are now day dreaming
Or still listening to me.

For the right word in the wrong place
Can make listeners confused
All words have more than meaning
That comes from how they're used

David Keig

The Water's Edge

Wet salt sand, water's edge
Rushing sound of surf and rolling sea.

As if each wave were a deep deep breath
And the surt but a gentle exhalation
The breeze light over the ocean arriving from who knows where
With messages of calm.

The sun playing games with the fragile wisps of clouds
Hide and seek, catch me if you can games
And the smells and the scents and fragrances
Telling of the world beyond and along and backing onto that shore line.

Messages not in a bottle but of the world
The world of the gentle and the strong
Of the motionless and the moving
Where a simple line marks out clear
What is far and what is near.

Gazing out to sea
Just me
And the shore
And the water's edge
And the sun
And the breeze
And the swirl of senses
That chase clouds and roll and rush and whisper
At that wet salt sand water's edge
This all comes to me.

David Keig

The Way To End All Wars

Just a little homily to go along with three other poems i have posted just now for armistice day.....

There is no magic secret hidden
Except to talk and always listen.

.

David Keig

The Whore Of Mensa (With Apologies To Woody Allen)

I had a sudden passion
For philosophical debate
I'd talked often 'bout the football
But not dialectics with my mates
I often felt entrapped inside
Plato's famous cave
With shadows black upon the walls
My intellect enslaved
I craved for stimulation
My mind was going to waste
I Googled and found Bhuddism
But Kant and Hegel's more my taste
Then one day in Yellow Pages
Just browsing through 'cos i was bored
Something caught my interest
So i tried to find out more
There were educated women
Most with PhD's
You could engage with for an hour
And discuss philosophies
Trembling, i dialled the number
I was feeling quite depressed
Was this for real i asked myself
Or just a front for sex?
'Hello' she said so sultry
My hair stood all end
'Are you looking for deep insights
Or a more demanding blend
Of argument and discourse
Of conflict and debate
For the softer stuff we charge less
And the rest a higher rate
I can tell you i was nervous
My fantasies had come to life
I opted first for ethics
Quite careful of the price
She was really quite amazing
Not once did she hold back
She gave me such a hard time

And kept my arguments on track
'I'll call again quite shortly'
I whispered breathlessly
Next time i think i'd like to try
Epistemology
I was hooked then - I'll admit it
I wanted something really hard
But over time it damaged
All my credit cards
I confess all this now freely
I was addicted to her mind
She was the Whore of Mensa
But of a quite Platonic kind.

David Keig

There's A New Sign In Australia

There's a new sign in Australia
That's there for all to see
It informs the population
When a beach is riot-free
This land of snakes and spiders
With lethal poison in each bite
And massive sharks and jellyfish
To haunt your dreams at night
Has found a brand new species
A throw-back some would say
They're called the white supremacists
But have they ever been away?
It seems they stockpile weapons
Baseball bats and guns and knives
To do battle on the beaches
With the wog and lebo tribes
They're protecting their Australia
From foreign influence
They seem to want this great big land
Split up with some fence
That will keep the ethnics separate
Unless they all adopt our ways
It's called assimilation
And reflected in the phrase
That once described this country
And its migrant policies
They want a 'white Australia'
Full of pure white dumb Aussies.

David Keig

There's A Shade Upon The Sky-Line

There's a shade upon the sky-line
A sort of pink to edge the day
While the sky itself is darkening
But still glowing in a way
That slow speaks of summer's coming
And a breeze just gently blows
For the seasons they are changing
As a bud becomes a rose.

David Keig

This First Full Day Of Spring

Today is the first day of Spring in the southern hemisphere.....

With spring the seasons start anew
The cycle starts again
As each fresh shoot begins to show
And pollen flowers send
The stirrings of this fecund time
The sun higher in the sky
A time of new awakenings
Set free from winter's sigh
And so each spring time happening
With the promise that it brings
Reminds us all of life itself
And we give thanks for many things
The heady days of summer
Ripe autumn's harvesting
For all that will be comes to us
This first full day of spring.

David Keig

This Gum

In each knot
A memory
Not just of me
But history
This gum
So iron hard and old
This gum
Brings out
Its stories to be told
This gum
So resolute and wise
One touch will likely
Hypnotise
The did I do
Or did I not
Those feelings captured
In each knot
Now hold this tree
And feel its strength
Touch its age
And arguments
A knot will form
Where my hand lay
And grow and grow
Beyond my days
For when I die
This gum will smile
My passing presence
Reconciled
The wind may blow
My smoke away
But rustle gum leaves
Everyday
This knot shall be
My testament
Of what I am
Not where I went
One touch! One touch!
For now i see

This gum
Is more alive than me.

David Keig

This Newly Loving Game

I had some time this morning that clarified my mind
The thoughts that drifted past me were of a quiet and gentle kind
I'm not saying I'm in love with you, I'm just saying that I find
That thoughts keep drifting past me of a quiet and gentle kind.

The feelings that I'm having are not easy to explain
It's been some time since I've been in this newly loving game
It's all slow moving on now and I really can't explain
The rules that we should follow in this newly loving game.

I took the time this afternoon to write my thinking down
And all the time I wondered why and let my mind go round
Around and around the time we've spent and what I feel I've found
It took some time, I wondered why and said my thoughts aloud.

Then I ripped up the paper and I threw it on the floor
The words that I had written were like trying to keep a score
I'd tried to use my reasonings as I had done before
And the marks upon that paper had no meaning anymore.

The way that all this seems to me is not easy to explain
It's been some time since I've been in this newly loving game
It's all slow moving on now and I really can't explain
The rules that we should follow in this newly loving game.

I spent some time this evening thinkin' of just who I am
What I like about me and what is it that I can
Offer up to someone who, when all this thing began,
Was not needing of lover nor even of a man.

Yes, we do have common interests and we can talk for hours
We share a love of poets and a questioning of power
We hold each other closely even though we're wondering how
This thing that we are making could be completely ours.

The feelings that I have for you are not easy to explain
It's been some time since I've been in this newly loving game
It's all slow moving on now and I really can't explain
The rules that we should follow in this newly loving game.

There is a lack of time for us and some hurt within our hearts
And that got me on to thinking that our paths are really hard.
The time I took to think today was 'bout us being apart
And the way we are beginning yet not knowing how to start.

The feelings that I have now are not easy to explain
It's been some time since I've been in this newly loving game
It's all slow moving on now and I really can't explain
The rules that we should follow in this newly loving game.

David Keig

This Prospect Seems Quite Heavenly

I chanced upon a thought today
A thought that would not go away
What if heaven's like here on earth?
More like a parallel universe?
So, people live in houses there
And go to work and comb their hair
And sleep at night and make love too
And eat and drink, go to the loo
A heaven marked by being mundane
And then i had that thought again
We're just on earth for life's extent
In heaven no end's imminent
Alive for ever in the clouds
But would we all be wearing shrouds?
I somehow think not for i'd guess
We'd all be doing what we do best
So deceased tailors would make clothes
And gardeners still gardens grow
Accountants would still cook the books
And chefs would be eternal cooks
But wait! i see some contradiction
Apparent even in this fiction
Someone just dead would rub their shoulders
With others who would be much older
Imagine if this came to pass
Newton could meet Pythagoras
Krushchev could lecture Kant and Hegel
While Ben Gurion just fed them bagels
Bach could learn to play the blues
Beethoven could wear blue suede shoes
Henry Ford could meet Ferrari
At Andy Warhol's dinner parties
Da Vinci could meet Wittgenstein
And discuss theories with Einstein
The kings the queens the good and evil
Would all be mixed up at that table
A final thought then came to me
This prospect seems quite heavenly.

Those Born Of My Seed

With tears i write this haltingly
i cannot see i cannot breathe
while those that are born of my seed
are far from me.

I want to touch i want to see
the hands the hair the honesties
that unlike flickered memories last
moths in a flame and floating past
are hosts and hosts of glorious gold
the tales the sights the thoughts untold
the did you did i stories when
you hold onto the moments then
you smile and laugh and closely say
i am happy that you are that way.

With grief i write this haltingly
i cannot cry i cannot feel
while those that are born of my seed
are not with me.

David Keig

Time And Time And Time Again

Time and time and time
again
i've sought a perfect rhyme
time and time and time
again
it just comes to me
when
those times and times and times and times
i've searched for that one
word
i think that writing poetry is something quite
absurd
you balance on the tightrope and then sometimes
lose
your
nerve.....

David Keig

Today I Think It Would Be Fun

Today i think it would be fun
to go and get a machine gun
today i think i really will
find some nice targets just to kill
today i'll let my anger rise
and when i shoot look in their eyes
today i think will be the same
i'll just play that computer game.

David Keig

Touch

Touched with such a closeness
That could be called caress
Touched with many meanings
That could become, I guess
The promise of a life beyond
The life it is that passed
Touched with such a closeness
But do I answer 'yes'?

David Keig

Twenty Thousand Miles

We came here to Australia
From a place that's called Sudan
I've got three beautiful children
And a badly damaged man
My youngest child is six years old
And doing oh so well at school
My eldest she is now fifteen
And she says I am a fool
My husband he is trying
To settle in down here
He was an ardent Muslim
Now he seems to like his beer
His English is not good you know
And I know that he does try
But it's hard here in Australia
Without the Sudan sky
We do not know where we fit in
We're not welcome on these shores
But back in earth burnt Africa
We could not take no more
My cousin she was raped then burned
My father torn apart
One of my children blown away
Now – you listen to my heart
My pulse is strongly beating
But it bleeds inside for them
We have left that cold, dark continent
And now want to start again
My teenage lovely daughter
Is now active in a gang
She's rude, aggressive and I fear
She's for gaol in this land
My husband finds it hard you see
He's not listened to no more
He has no pride in what he is
And sleeps nightly on the floor
My younger two are all my pride
I try to hold them very near
But how this country treats them

Is something that I fear
Myself? I am above this
I am tall and straight and proud
I just want us here and happy
That is if we are allowed
To get on with life and settle in
To greet each day with hopeful smiles
For why else would a family
Travel twenty thousand miles?

David Keig

Umina Bowling Club

There's nothing that's finer when you are in Umina
Than bowling right up to the friendly bowling club
There's nothing that's finer when you are in Umina
Than dropping in for just a drink or some good grub.

Behind the bar you'll find our Suzy, Linda and Michelle
When you come in you'll get a welcome and a smile as well
And if the mood should ever take you to the pokie room
There's all the games that might just make your fortune very soon.

There's nothing that's finer when you are in Umina
Than bowling right up to the friendly bowling club
There's nothing that's finer when you are in Umina
Than dropping in for just a drink or some good grub

On Thursday nights the club is packed when bingo starts at four
And Friday concerts – there's no extra charges at the door
Our raffles too, they need an extra special mention
Its your happiness that's our intention.

There's nothing that's finer when you are in Umina
Than bowling right up to the friendly bowling club
There's nothing that's finer when you are in Umina
Than dropping in for just a drink or some good grub.

Now, when leaving, should you think you're over the limit
We've got a bus that takes you home – no paying for a ticket
So if you're young or if you're old or somewhere in between
Just come along, join up with us and find out what we mean.

There's nothing that's finer when you are in Umina
Than bowling right up to the friendly bowling club
There's nothing that's finer when you are in Umina
Than dropping in for just a drink or some good grub.

David Keig

Wattle

Wattle wattle everywhere
Wattle we do next wattle
Yellow life exploding out from each coarse stem
Joyful for a few short weeks
A few short weeks and then
Scrub wattle dry wattle
Until spring comes again.

David Keig

Way Out West Of Wagga

The train winds west from wagga
Me - sitting sweating from the sun
My swag up on the swaying rack
Now beholden to no-one.

It's a morning on the sky line
The sun slides slanting rays
The countryside is counting
In years and not in days.

Way out west of wagga
Is why the journey ends
I'm off to find my people
And cast off city friends.

My mob came from out that country
That the white folks made their own
They sent us off to rail yards
And Redfern was our home.

It's hard there housed in Redfern
Caught between two worlds
The white man's world don't see us
Us cut off from our birth.

The line sings out its rhythm
The sound of wheel on rail
The wheels made in those workshops
Those workshops were our gaol.

Way out west of wagga
I'm sure that I'll find my mob
I'm told they're drinking swearing
With more flies than there are jobs.

Yeah, I drank drinks with the piper
Lost control and do not know
Why what is west of wagga
Is now where i must go.

David Keig

We Were Waiting At The Station

We were waiting at the station
For we had a reservation
For some time that we'd spend on our own
And then all our plans for travel
Did immediately unravel
When someone shouted 'you're wanted on the phone'
It was our great aunt alice
Who without a trace of malice
Said the children should not be left alone
So our brief weekend of passion
Went quite quickly out of fashion
We kissed and sighed and then walked slowly home.

David Keig

Whale Song

Can you hear the Whale Song resonating deep?
Can you hear that deep slow hum within your mind asleep?
Can you understand the Whale Song and feel its undulating tones
Vibrating through our bodies within our flesh and bone?
Why is it that the Whale Song entrances us in life
And let's us glimpse a real-ness that needs not ears nor even eyes?
Maybe it's that the Whale Song makes us feel part of this earth
In a way that seems to be obscured in the life that follows birth.

David Keig

What Is Left Of Language

Tear away my punctuation
Slowly remove my capitals
Indulge in wanton abbreviation
Then what is left is all
That remains of language
In the email.

David Keig

When Bin Laden Came To Breakfast

When Bin Laden came for breakfast
We were quite surprised
He just sat smiling gently
With no menace in his eyes

Can I have my bacon crispy?
He asked with a warm grin
Up there in Afghanistan
The food is rather grim.

May I make one small suggestion
It would really make my day
If I could have some hash browns
Made the McDonalds way?

By now his talk was easy
The topics they ranged wide
And there was truly passion
Clear showing in his eyes.

Now pass me some more hash browns
And I'll tell you what I've learned
I've learned the West's not feeble
And its strength on it I've turned
I don't go chasing rainbows
And I know my weaknesses
But Bush he only thinks of strengths
Not what weaknesses are his.

At this he looked contented
He'd wiped his plate full clean
And then I was awoken
As if from out a dream.

.

David Keig

When Hitler Came To Breakfast

When Hitler came to breakfast
He just sat quietly there
With that silly little moustache
And that dark and greasy hair.

He didn't really talk much
And he had a frightened look
We tried to jolly him along
By practising salutes.

I really hate that Brooks man
He finally exclaimed
With that awful movie
Now remind me what's its name?

We all sat stunned in silence
No one dared to speak
We'd got it from the video store
Only just last week.

Oh we've never seen THAT movie
We said in unison
But then we gave the game away
By humming that one song.

You know the one i mean i said
The best one on the score
I don't know that one at all he said
Can you sing a little more?

Can you imagine me and Hitler
Singing in our hall
Singing 'bout his regime
And his eventual fall.

'Springtime' warbled Hitler
Was the time i liked the best
In those freezing bunkered winters
I wore itchy woollen vests.

I might just like that movie
It shows a side of me
That Eva may just once have glimpsed
But others didn't see.

I suddenly was woken
And where this breakfast it had been
The room now was quite empty
And I awoke as from a dream.

David Keig

Whisper Quietly In The Night

See that man who sits there crying
in the corner down the street
his blankets of newspaper
and old slippers on his feet
he is one of the forgotten
who once had happy lives
but now one of the dispossessed
bereft of kids and wife
look closely at his countenance
his empty pleading stare
and whisper quietly in the night
thank god its not me there.

David Keig

White Supremacist Racist Whore

White Supremacist Racist Whore

Wants interaction

Nothing more

If you think whore's poems lack some class

Then stick you head

Right up your arse

David Keig

Will You Be My Baby Tonight?

Will you be my baby tonight?
Or will you be my lover?
Will you whisper 'turn out the light'
Or will there be another
Less enticing way of saying
It's time to go to sleep
Will you close your eyes awake
So you can secrets keep.

Will you want me for yourself?
Or want yourself untouched?
Will you hear me crying soft
When this all gets too much?
Will you be my baby tonight?
Or will i be your chattel
Will you be my baby tonight?
Or shall we resume battle?

Will you admit of some sweet words
Or will nods and noise suffice
Were you ere my baby tonight
Just once and maybe twice
Will you be my baby tonight?
Or will you be my lover?
Will you be my baby tonight?
Or hide beneath the cover?

David Keig

Will You Walk A Mile With Me, My Child?

Will you walk a mile with me, my child?
Will you walk a mile with me?
Will you give some time to me, my child?
Will you give some time to me?
Will you think about me when I'm gone?
What will be that memory?
Will the day when those first words you spoke
Be as clear for you as me?
Will the joy we felt at Christmas time
Counting needles on the tree
Bring a gladness glow within your heart
That's as warm for you as me?
Will the time your magic castle broke
Bring a smile for you as me?
When I am gone these memories
Will be yours – no longer mine
That's the gift that's left by all of us
It's a giving of our time.

David Keig

Wings Over The Ocean

Wings over the ocean
Footprints in the sand.

Quiet voices in the softest breeze
Feet balancing on land.

Gentle thoughts and gestures
No voyage as yet planned.

Wings over the ocean
Then soaring o'er dry land.

David Keig

Yasser Arafat (Serious)

Without you
Palestine
Would have been
Just a problem
Not a people.

David Keig