

Poetry Series

**dale rixham**  
**- poems -**

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## dale rixham(25, jan,1959)

Hello, I am not going to bore you with a long drawn out story, but I will tell you that I am just an ordinary working guy who gets a great thrill out of writing poetry. I usually just pick up a pen and write, sometimes with no particular story to tell or any vision of where I want it to go.If you like it great, if you dont well great again. All I will say is that I write from the heart and its always with feeling. This needs to be fun and not taken too seriously.

# Trouble

Trouble

The premise of the question asked, was lost in the translation  
It leads to disillusionment and the feeling of frustration  
If the answer given isn't quite the one which you expected  
The truth is this, that you're afraid and you do not feel protected

So the lessons learned or in your case not, and the solitude that follows  
Makes the fighting hard, and the sad part is that the victory is hollow  
When the dust comes down, in a spiral cloud, with the smell of blood descending  
All for what we ask, is it worth the pain, when we see no way of ending

And to make it worse as we tend our wounds, looking for that new beginning  
It was not about the taking part, this was purely about winning  
Therefore tell me this as you ramble on, was there ever any future  
As the past is slowly ripped apart and is held by one small suture

If the consequences of our acts, are the slowly burning embers  
We may well be making history, but we will never be remembered  
The graphic detail of this quest, must surely merit some appraisal  
But be careful of the Promised Land, as the entrance can be fatal

In the depths of cold sobriety, when the drink is no solution  
Would you sell your soul for sanctity, would you call it prostitution  
When the dust dies down, when we see the light, through the narrowest of  
portals  
Only then we find we are meant to bleed, only then it's clear we're mortal

All the evidence that is brought to light, has turned out to be defensive  
When the answer given isn't right, and may well be deemed offensive  
The trouble is when the time is right, it may well be too late coming  
And it's hard to hit the target now, as it's in the distance running

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