

Poetry Series

Fred Dickson
- poems -

Publication Date:
2012

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Fred Dickson()

Childrens Laughter

Children's Laughter

Why is it that children's laughter always make me glad
Makes me really happy when I am miserable or sad
What is it in those joyful chirpy faces I would like to know
It never fails when I hear cheerful kids I feel a warm glow
Could it be the memories of my childhood from the distant past
The days I thought would never end that they would last and last

It may be just that laughter is natures way of making me reflect
On dreams of long lost tender years to which I can connect
It may be that seeing youngsters having fun is like a tonic to my mood
Happy children never fail to make me feel so very good
That can't be bad I'm sure that you'll all agree with me
Cos to make somebody happy is to set an unhappy spirit free

When we were young we'd laugh at very stupid stuff
We'd roar with laughter at silly words like fart, jobbies and bum fluff
Although in our day we did not have todays kids range of toys
It was the same when we had fun we made just as much loud noise
And like today there were those folk who couldn't stand the row
They lost the rag and shouted 'Will you kids just pipe down now! '

So I ask you all when noisy kids seem to be a pain to you
Recall those days when you were young and quite noisy too
Remember well those old grumpy folk that would tell you off and frown
Who moaned at you for having fun and made you quieten down
Recall just how you felt then a bit dejected everyone
So let your memories spur you on to laugh at today's kids having fun

Freddy

Fred Dickson

Jessie Macintyre

Jessie McIntyre

It must hiv been whin a' wis jist a spotty teenage lad
A' realised the fairer sex wir no that awfy bad
When a' fell fur Jessie Macintyre she wis bonnie as kid be
A' hid ti mak a master plan tae mak Jessie fancy me

The Macintyre's had jist moved in tae the hoose alang frae mine
When a spied fair Jessie it sent a tingle doon ma spine
Ma stomach churned ma heed wis licht and a wis aw at sea
It wis love at first sicht ye ken an it wis happenin tae me

Ti say that a' wis awfy shy wid be a very true reflection
But a' wis sae determined tae hae Jessy's sweet affection
A' kidnae sleep fur thinkin o' hoo a wid hud her ticht
It wisnae clear tae me richt then but a wis soon in fur a fricht

Noo a' hid this awfy dread ye ken a didnae like rejection
It took me awe ma courage jist tae look in her direction
But a kent that a' wis really made o' muckle sterner stuff
So a' accepted that a' micht jist get a blunt and sherp rebuff

A' thocht that a' wid try that trusted auld 'direct approach'
Ma plan wis laid oot so that it wid be well abin reproach
The i's wir dotted, t's were crossed and all wis looking grand
I'd simply meet her efter skale and tak her by the haund

The time grew near and a' wis tense my heart wis beating fast
Then an awful sight confronted me and a' wis fair aghast
Twa Jessie's appeared and a' jist kent a wis in a spot o' trouble
A hoped that it wis jist doon tae ma nerves thit a' wis seein double

A didnae ken she wis a twin and identical at that
Like twa peas in a pod ye kidny tell them baith apart
So a wis kind o' gob smacked undecided whit tae dae
A pit on ma 'Rambo' macho look a tough guy I'd portray

A didne flinch or gie an inch a' walked richt ower tae thaim
And asked them quite politely if a' kid walk fair Jessie hame

They stared at me and giggled then they baith said 'Well OK'
'If ye can tell us tell us whae is Jessie ye kin walk her hame the day'

A got in sic a fluster and a' jist kidnae spake a wurd
I began tae wonder whit wis next it wis getting quite absurd
Noo am nae snob nor stuck up a' tak maist things in ma stride
But whit wan twin did next fair made ma mooth drap open wide

She tain me by the haund jist as if we wir wee kids
She led me like a lass possessed intae the deepest wids
A'll no furget whit she did next whilst hell bent on her mission
Aff came her skirt and then her drawers it wis quite an exhibition

A stood transfixed as she said tae me 'Am Jessie look this'
Its hoo ye'll tell us twins apart and then a'll be yours tae kiss
She pointed at the thing that made her different frae her twin
'Remember this fur if ye dae ma haund yer bound ti win'

By noo ye will be wundrin whit the difference jist micht be
So a' will tell ye whit this wis and solve this mystery
It wis a pigmentation o' her skin that made the difference by gum
A simple mole that wis clear to see on the richt cheek o' her bum.

If ye wonder hoo it went and if a' won fair Jessie's heart
Ye'll be surprised tae learn oor love affair never got a start
Cos in the end a' came to see that a wid rether wait
For a lassie who widny bare her bum on her very first date

As fur Jessie whaur's she noo the last thing that a heard
She wis chasing aulder men they were whit she preferred
The reason fur the change of heart to an aulder sort o' geezer
Wis when she bared her arse tae them they loved it and wid tease her

So study weel the complexities o' the female mind a'd recommend
Dinnae let yer heart rule yer heed cos it will kill ye in the end
Be on yer gaird at aw times fur those ladies wi nae moralities
Cos if ye dinnae ye will be jist wan mair o' sweet loves sad fatalities

Tak ma advice and listen hard tae aw ave hid tae say
Fur wance these wicked harlots hiv hid their evil way
They'll brek yer hert and ditch ye, make romance seem so inferior
Efter wooing you like Jessie did by flashing her bare posterior

Freddy Dickson

Fred Dickson

One Life

One Life

Have you ever sat and wondered if life is but a painful dream
That we may well be living in some spectral long lost time
Do you feel that life's expectations are not always what they seem
Can you think about a moment when your life was incredibly sublime
Even a time when you felt so exceptionally happy you could cry
But then comes upset, pain and heartache and we ask the reason why

Look into your soul and seek the answer truly with your heart
For honesty is fundamental to the answers that we seek
If this life of ours is real and we all have a special human part
The pain and hurt we sometimes face must never make us sad or weak
For we all have something very special that not all people get
Our lives should be valued for life's a precious gift let's not forget

If we really feel that our existence is for some very worthwhile reason
Then we must not let our old adversaries pain and heartache have their way
Instead we should all look forward to each and every season
Make the most of life and enjoy our time as if it was our last living day
For in this life there are other folk who are so much worse than us
Despite pain, frailty and hardship they never ever make a fuss

The very act of growing old is not really all that bad
With age there comes more wisdom, tolerance and grace
There is also more time to reflect on the good times that we've had
Enjoying a sense of contentment as life takes on a slower pace
With our caring friends and family as our source of strength and pride
Taking strength from one another we'll take most troubles in our stride

So our lives should not be thought as just a strange and sad enigma
We have one chance in this world and we must really make it count
Not waste our time or cause any pain we don't want that sort of stigma
Love, caring and forgiveness are the values we must take as paramount
So we must make the best of this life and be good to our family and friends
For when our life is over we can't come back to make amends

Freddy (4th June 2011)

Real Heroes

Real Heroes

Here's to those very special folk that are vital to the human race
The people who are dedicated to make our world a better place
I can think of lots of folk who deserve our recognition
They do not seek reward or praise it's not in their disposition
Not for them the limelight or mass public adoration
Saving lives or doing good is their only motivation

Who are these modest folk that deserve a word or two of thanks
I will tell you firstly who it's not that's the chairmen of all the banks
Nor big headed footballers whose egos are ablaze
Nor are Oscar winning hyped up stars really worthy of our praise
The folk that I refer to seek neither glory nor acclaim
Unlike jumped up super stars they do not hunger fame

The surgeon who saves many lives deserves our admiration
No cheering crowds will pay to watch his skills and dedication
The nurses that tirelessly tend the sick, the aged and the dying
They too deserve our heartfelt thanks of that there's no denying
You'll have noticed that MP's so far have never got a mention
Why anyone would praise these rogues is beyond my apprehension

Let's not forget what the fire fighters and paramedics contribute
They too are skilled in saving lives of that we can't refute
Teachers have a torrid time with constant criticism in school audits
But it cannot be an easy job so they too deserve some plaudits
No mention of those film stars who get Oscars twice a year
It's not those sorts of prima donnas that we should stand and cheer

The brave soldiers who defend our land are heroes every one
Death haunts their every moment from bomb or mine or gun
The school crossing squad are also worthy of a commendation
Come rain or hail they never fail their to meet their obligation
I haven't mentioned rock stars, TV hosts, or other people just like these
These sort of people don't deserve our thanks they all flatter to deceive

There's many more that I could mention but I think you've got my gist
I will right now apologise for worthies I have missed

The message that these words are trying to convey
Is that those unsung heroes who work wonders every day
Who for their skills and bravery and their steadfast dedication
Deserve our thanks and well earned praise the real heroes of our nation

Freddy Dickson

Fred Dickson

The 'Right Honourable'

The 'Right Honourable'

In the month of March 2003
A man made a callous, harsh decree
To send our troops to a foreign land
It was such a deceitful sleight of hand
Who was this man that did not care
'The Right Honourable' Tony Blair

He made a shameful, sham deduction
That there were weapons of mass destruction
He said 'On my honour I truly swear'
'Saddam has weapons hidden there'
What man caused so much despair
'The Right Honourable' Tony Blair

Many lives were lost and much more maimed
Terrorist threats and Al-Qaeda blamed
The truth be known as we all know
It was not for this suggested foe
It was for a Yankee love affair
Bush and 'The Right Honourable' Tony Blair

How low he stooped to the USA
A consuming urge to be revered one day
No thoughts were given to who might die
Riding high on an immoral lie
His ego blazing like a flare
'The Right Honourable' Tony Blair

It's not Al-Qaeda that should be blamed
One man alone should stand ashamed
It was not for the British Union Jack
That those brave soldiers did not come back
Who lied when he said 'This war is fair'
'The Right Honourable' Tony Blair

So the heinous moral of this sad story
If you hunger wealth, power and glory

Forget your morals, agree to slaughter
Don't care who loses a son or daughter
And the man who caused too much pain to bear
'The Right Honourable' Tony Blair

The pain of loss is worse I fear
When it's just to glorify our callous 'Premier'
Those young lives were lost in vain
One man alone should bear the pain
Instead he became a millionaire?
'Aye sure yer honourable' Tony Blair

Freddy Dickson

Fred Dickson