Poetry Series

Adrian Wait

- poems -

Publication Date:

September 2010

Publisher:

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

Poems are the property of their respective owners. This e-book was created by Adrian Wait on www.poemhunter.com. For the procedures of publishing, duplicating, distributing and listing of the poems published on PoemHunter.Com in any other media, US copyright laws, international copyright agreements and other relevant legislation are applicable. Such procedures may require the permission of the individuals holding the legal publishing rights of the poems.

Adrian Wait (A Long while ago)

What is life if full of care... and what life isn't?

Works:

Poems published in 17 anthologies

…on leaving Sheffield Station

The sun unveils the secret myriad
through rain splashed windows
A thousand rainbows on the train
Stare back at me in droplets
I read my book I rest my eyes
This journey will soon pass,
Departure, and returning
bear sorrows of there own
window seat my divide
fellow travellers kept at bay
Swimming in my book,
silence protects and enfolds
gazing through the raindrops
on the window of the train
in silent wonder of the passing
life’s shadows we shall never know
Surplus to requirement
and invisible we remain
Prisms of light confine the hope
heavens tears captured
on the window of a train
Convey our hidden fears
then, folding of a broadsheet,
revives us for a while
recalling fellow travellers
we look up, catch the eye, and smile
Then returning to our window
We glimpse the hills afar
I wonder if I’ll walk there,
I wonder where we are
Watching as life goes by
Memories of our departures
In sadness release their sigh
Then beads of our yesterdays
Uninvited tears begin to flow
Recollect our misplaced moments
through the raindrops on a Train

Adrian Wait

A New leaf

There’s a new leaf upon the Tree
A thousand, thousand have been before
In the life of this great tree
Yet, the Tree rejoices, and is glad
For there is a New Leaf upon the tree

The roots are deep, and hidden
Tis one tree from root to branch
And lives in and through each leaf
The hearts’ smile resurrected
Through the New leaf upon the tree

Like the stars of heaven
New leaves have been many
And so they all are One
For they all share the same root
Bless the New leaf upon the tree

Perfection in the Blessing
Joy released in tears of love
The strength in life will comfort
From root to God above
A New leaf upon the tree

Beauty, Truth, and life
Complete from root to branch
When life’s cycle turns
Leaves fall to nourish roots
And behold, a New leaf upon the tree

Adrian Wait

A Stranger in Line.

Standing in tranquil stillness
There was a touch of sadness
Within his eyes and stature
Not for himself, yet, for us
We stood in steel cold rows
Awaiting the stern, “Next”
Breadline, the stranger to dignity
Those who serve are tired
and long to somewhere else
in a warm bed, but duty calls
nameless faceless we pass
before them, amongst them
equal under God, not in this line.
For those who give, have power
we have hunger, and want
vulnerable, frozen fingers, take only
The blessed gift of giving stolen
Yet, the stranger in the line
brings dignity, a oneness.
In the silences of his being
the pain of rejection
written on his face, his eyes
search the heart and touch the soul
there is an amazing kindness
in the grace of his being
“Next”, and we shuffle forward
I watch the man has he breaks bread
He comes amongst us
sharing the little he has
In the light of dignity
He holds us, for a moment one
As we share his meal
And somehow we feel
Restored, whole, a person
Light of light in our darkest day
We, the unworthy, the rejected
Graced by the stranger
Amongst us, within us
On the breadline.

Adrian Wait

Act of State

There was a man
King by name and deed
Sustained by angels prayer
Heart of man, God set Free
Walked in deaths dark lair
Upon his heart composed
A dream for you and me
Greeted with prejudice and hate
He marched for freedom
Sun bathed skin his heritage
Non-violence his mantra
He dreamed for you and me
Tough mind and tender heart
Agape his grace blood
A man of the people
tis treacherous vocation
We shall overcome
The words of hope
New York speech
Sealed his fate
No lone gunman
But an act of state
this lie may last forever
Sustained by pen, it may
His trust in his Lord
And they killed him today
Maladjusted to the great lie
A kingdom too far
For the Masters of war
Scorned, and assassinated
Carlyle, lies can last forever
Truth Shall Overcome
then, and only then, sing
Free at Last, free at last

Adrian Wait

Alone

Midnights harrowing infinity
Apathetic isolation
Death without witness
Life without echoes
Acid indifference
Black dog seizes
Endless, unbounded, futile
Days without words
Weeks without echoes
Prisoner within
Eternity without
Calendars of apathy
This cell devoid of walls
Desolate, rigid, nonbeing
Life, No. Hell, Yes
Wasted, useless, unending
Indifferent, indifferent
Drowning unaided
Naked of hope
Fruitful in sorrow
Torment, unrelieved.
Alone.

Adrian Wait

Another Day

Have you ever watched a day?
I mean really absorbed it
As it begins in silent blue
Drifts to the first shafts of light
That wakes the birds anew
Light gently overtakes
It does not invade, or consume
Feverously the migration
Of humans begins
Burnt toast, ill thought out
Words, rush, rush, rush
An hour of frantic
robotic mindless movement
Mask readjusted, smile practised
'Morning, How are you? '
Scarce waiting the reply
Our daily bread we seek.
Then, in the garden
A sudden hush, reassures
As nature reasserts
The birds receive their crust
Picking, and pecking
They choose their straws
And fly home unfettered
Others swoop and dive
Playing or learning
They enjoy their freedom
They chase the day along
Highest sun behold shadows change
Human sounds invade
Mouths to feed, places to go
Appointments made, tasks to fulfil
Routine overtakes, no time for play
Or restoration, such foolish things
Would destroy our schedule
The tort hour seldom assists
Our search for peace
Swept along, half-eaten lunches
The birds will consume
Discarded in haste, received
And gleaned, no waste
The second stage awaits
If only we can get through
Freedom, mock freedom
Only hours away, the clock
Ticks away our life
Stillness for awhileIn stillness the birds rest
In their blessed, restoration
Trees stretching in the sun
grow to be silent, tranquil
harmony in mid afternoon
broken only by the echoes

of distant school children
playing, laughing, alive
the chorus of life reconciled
in this quarter of the day
Shadows begin to lengthen
Twilight consumed by darkness
Then Thunderous evacuations
From office and workplace spill
What thinks the sparrow
Of this unholy shrill
As they dart and dash for cover
Exploding, the car doors slam
arguments rising, horns blaring
in search for peace, such noise
as if the avenging angel
was soon to arrive,
due, in an hour or less,
we must get home, we must…
The idle call of the wood pigeon
Mocks this unhealthy haste
Home to our nests
Curtains drawn, world contained
The twentieth hour and sounds
Of the musing birds drowned
Out by the noise of peace
Hypnotised by picture box
Will wonders never cease?
Birdsong hushed, silence
Alarm clock set, the day filed
Spent, finished, forgotten
Mankind restless sleeps
Nature breathes a sigh
Another day ends
Another day awaits.

Adrian Wait

As anyone seen my socks

As anybody seen my socks
Took ‘em off rolled ‘em up
Put ‘em in a box
In the morning trying to find
Where they are,
Should be where I put em, can’t be far
It’s really playing with me mind
Yet my socks I still can’t find
Now I wouldn’t feel so bad
But there the only socks I had
As anybody seen my socks

As anybody heard my voice
Not spoken to anyone for years
No one who listens, out of choice
Invisible, alone with you’re fears
Learning to live life on the inside
A Far deeper place to hide
Tiring, you’ve seen it all before
So wearing to be outside the door
Categorised to be dismissed
Researched but never kissed
Silence on the streets all alone
As anybody heard my voice

As anybody seen my dignity
I used to wear it unawares
Homeless, but don’t need pity
Poorer when no one cares
Labelled, just a political football
By all those clever people
No on knows, no one at all
Heartbroken behind the mask
Slipping down so slowly
Care for the hurting such a task?
Christ, Long ago, came for the lowly
As anybody seen my dignity

As anybody seen my socks
Still someone, still searching,
Still thinking outside the box
Started with a late night, then
Every night became the same
Marriage declines to the end
Neglect, boredom such a shame
Climbed inside the bottle
Lost, nowhere to go
Judge me if you will
And but me in your box
I really do not care now
As anybody seen my socks

Adrian Wait

Banality of Evil

Wordsmiths preach their rhetoric
Wise in their own eyes
They bleach their conscience
Hail the conquering hero
Sincerity oozes from your brow
Peace, peace they say
When there is no peace
The banality of evil

Death has no sides
Indiscriminate murder rains
Killing Children in their sleep
Casualties of war or slaughter
Death rains down, for freedom?
Sowing the seeds of hate,
Chameleon the bully fades
In the banality of evil

Rabid dogs of war unleashed
Hate begets hate
Violence begets violence
Death begets death
Father forgive our indifference
Rolling news feeds opinion
And reinforces division
The banality of evil

Disguised in global extremism
We seek to justify, the bullet
And the bomb, indifferent
Blind to the fact
Hellfire falls from the skies
Killing children
In the name of freedom
the banality of evil

Divide to rule, and establish
Global government
A breath away, smiling
The snake strikes
Ism’s depose Justice
The alliance of liars lie
Shake hands with the devil
welcome the banality of evil

Adrian Wait

Beauty for Ashes

The ashes of broken dreams
Witnesses fires of the heart
Fade in grey and cold
What once was, slips away
When times corruption bites
What is to come
Enagages me not
Indeed we must choose
Overcome or be overcome
Folly or wisdom
Each generation knows
Dignity under siege
Despair looming large
In the City of Man
The battle forever rages
Lipservice abides
So proud the disguise
Industry, Commerce, built
Turning to dust in our hands
Societies sinking foundation
Drifts on shifting sands
Sands of Self-wisdom,
Pride, deception, and wit
Judgement by status
By interaction in the game
Conforming not Transforming
Chains of our own making
Filthy prison garments
Uniform for the foolish
Weeping the observer
Holding the cold, grey ashes
Of conscience screams, Why!
What is a person…what?
In the mind of God
But a second in a thousand,
Thousand, thousand years
Brief, fleeting echo
What is our mark?
Why our birth, our being?
I cannot believe tis
Nought but chance
From nothing, nothing comes
'To be or not to be'
No jesters jest so cruel
Universal need, to be needed
To be heard, to speak
And hear an echo
To love and be loved
Through the darkest days
The fire extinguished
Sign of a new dawn, or
Eternal nothingness

No rhyme no reason
No need for the fires of the heart
Or light and heat from the sun
For now we see, at last we see
A greater glory, a greater gain
It is not ashes to ashes
Behold the Alpha and Omega
He makes all things New.
It is not Dust to dust,
It is beauty for ashes.

Adrian Wait

Before the Golden Bowl was Broken

Days amble by
From childhood to youth
Songbirds seldom heard
Sunrise rarely welcomed
In our haste to be
We cast away days
Long into the night
We reach for this
And stretch for that…
make our mark
don’t look back
Time on demand
We write our name
Upon the sand
At waters edge
longing for the sea
to sweep away the mark
another day to be

The ticking of a clock
Unnoticed speeds away
A thousand days
And fifty years
Overflow the Golden bowl
We reach for this
And stretch for that…
To make our mark
We don’t look back
And then one day we find
On the far side of our world
An unfamiliar face in the mirror
for the years have gone,
spent, never to return
decades have sailed away
Our windows they grow faint
Days unfold before the dawn
 Swiftly greeted and there gone

Abruptly we find fewer years
In front than there are Behind
 Sound from the street
Fades to a whisper
Awake before the songbird now
And shorter nights remind us
the days before the silver
chord is severed… grow short
yet the moon will rise
and the sun will set
somewhere in time
we long forget
where smiles lift the heart
once more days of youth await, and if

ill spent they return in dreams
memories sweet… memories spoken
fear not the shadows of the night
before the golden bowl was broken

A.R.Wait

Adrian Wait

Beware

Silent language of thought
Hidden in the mind
Unspoken, before the reed
Of mouth trembles
Harsh words
Loving words
Hateful words
Careless words
Words, words…
Beware
 words unspoken
Forgiveness unspent
Illusions unbroken
Humanities perfect lie
In harmony with silence
We feed conspiracy
When feigning to hear
Few listen yet complain
Of things they could change
Beware
Engaged the heart
The mind, the Being
Steadfast loyalty
Mercy and love
In humility listens
Tales of time wasted
Few care, fewer listen
Some through fear
Avoid unguarded speech
Beware
Political correctness
Emblem of mind control
We retreat to thoughts
Isms become entrapment
Deny then mimic justice
And behind the mask
Fascists of the mind
Fester and sharpen the blade
Of Unresolved conflict
Beware
Random violence explodes
Injustice becomes industry
For talking heads
Chattering, murmuring
Workshop after workshop
Entwine words that hide
 true meaning
Soft-minded indifference
Shakes hands with the devil
Beware
Words squandered,
Spilt upon the page

Voyage of Manipulation
From hope to despair
A point in every direction
Every road will lead you there
When truth is relative
No one wants to know
When diversity leads to Exile
Beware

Adrian Wait

Blackbird.

The blackbird threads her melody,
As the sun spills into early morn.
Embarking upon another day, without you,
my eyes turn to the heavens,
searching for you in the clouds

Your song offers restoration,
To the seasons of the heart
Reminding me of my yesterdays
When loves silent comfort encouraged
Knowing not that we would ever be apart

Blackbird your song pronounces
Melodies that touch the heart
I thank you for the memory
For being there along my way
being in the mornings
Friendships never leave me

Adrian Wait

Brother Martin

My brother Martin,
Forgiveness your gift
Grace outpoured
Faith in action, Love
Unearned suffering
Redemptive, oh why,
Why are dreamers slain,
Darkness preferred
Hatred crowned
Forgiveness condemned
Force and power
Might is right
Meekness ridiculed
Love crucified
From the mountain top
Do you see, do you see?
Is the Dream, a reality?

Adrian Wait

Brown rice Priests

Woe to the brown rice priests
Indifferent of so much pain
Locked in detached materialism
Pride and career your only gain
Too important for pastoral care
Moment by moment never listening
Indifferent, disengaged and unaware
Passing by on the other side
Meeting after meeting distracts
Light is coming you cannot hide
Choosing Christ, to do Him a favour
To assure your status wear a collar
Chose the incrowd same norms, same Saviour
Brown rice and career is what you follow
Detriment of one sour apple remains
You grasp this arrow and call it suffering
Saltless, Your chosen career is mockery
Treasure revealed in the brown rice you chose
Indifferent betrayal of sheep left to wolves
Lost in brown rice parties totally unaware
Passing by communities of mourning
You did not even notice, did you even care
You reinforce opinion by selected verses
Ignoring challenges, overlooking injustice
Faithful servants die in silence, forgotten
Alienated from a church you represent
Servanthood their vocation, their prize
Emperor’s holy words are spent
Scattered, carelessly they lay unheeded
From your high throne of knowledge
Your carelessly words succeeded
Unaware that genuine expression
Is the true light of Scripture
You prefer your interpretation
Isms replace discomfort of Curum Deo
Subtle changes to words less spoken
Masks are worn like a cheap gown
Feigned sincerity sewn in and loud
Wide is ism trail, open to ambition
Fed by companions and circle of peers
Agenda well practised with a smile
Bowing the knee at altar of conformity
Careerism abides subsides reveals
Preference your substitute for doctrine
Vocation a term for the foolish, misguided
Label, Categorise and dismiss them
Woe to soft minded consumers
Band of hypocrites wear a badge
Sign a petition, but only for your ism
Shopping in the free market of faith
Invented passwords reveal your heart
The inarticulate, the weak, know you

They know where your treasure is hidden
A house divided, irrelevant to the poor
Who is in who is out, ism this and ism that
Disengaged lost in internal struggles
Power replaces the washbasin and towel
Weavers of words sharpen their axe
Protect and project their career
Secret meetings secret associations
All will be shouted from the rooftop
Exposed the liars lie their lies
Self-serving pride reveals the heresy
Of brown rice Priests indifferent squires
Lipservice abounds whilst plotting division
Faith, a word scorned by faithlessness
A Word for the poor, the weak, the other
A Word used to distract 'our people'
Actor's role secures their status
Woe to Usurpers one and all
Crowd of liars spinning their web
Learn the words spin the spin
Standing tall in feigned worship
Sink or swim let the dance begin
Pursuing pride in selfish agendas
Glancing down from detached pulpits
Bathing in self-wisdom inviting applause
Woe to you and your feigned affection
Neglecting the poor seeking promotion
Filling the air with your own wisdom
Woe to the brown rice priests
Not seeking, nor asking, but telling
Liberalised to a point of pointlessness
Round and around in relative circles
Descending into barren spirals
Of self-delusion and soulless rhetoric
The sheep remain unfed and thirsty
Professionalism bought and sold
Words spike, vex and puncture
Scattered intentions and lying eyes
Shallow trite methodologies
Abandoned when passion dies
Short-termism, conforms repels
Reinventing to avoid the genuine
And 'mission shaped' anything sells
Words for words sake, not life
Indifferent of so much pain
Locked in detached materialism
Pride and profession your only gain
Moving in all the right cliques
Careers of Unholy indifference
Woe to the brown rice priests

Adrian Wait

Candle in the Dark

Plough a furrow leave your marks
when bastards scar with their remarks
They use a razer to slash at hope
Build the gallows, provide the rope
Swap the old bring on the new
Nothing changes for all, and you
A lie that turns a corner is still a lie
Death is death each day we die
Stolen hope and broken dreams
All in all is not what it seems
Indifference wears objectivities mask
Listen. Just listen, the powerless ask
Integrity dies under a weight of lies
Dim light flickers in loyalties eyes
Hiding in crowds lost in the mob
Cowards chant and then they rob
Overburdened, the hopeless look away
Seeking distraction for another day
Others gawk at what trust they kill
They never listened they never will
They brood over a wealth assured
Lay surrounded by what they adored
A paradise stolen, yet still they reign
Built on sorrow, grief and pain
Who am I that talk so loud?
Everyman. Lost in the Crowd
Investing in dreams without a care
Disengaged from all lives of dispair
Crush another’s hope and you will weep
For what you sow is what you’ll reap
And when in some heaven spent
Discovering life here is only lent
Crimes of greed’s broken spell
Reside within the gates of Hell
So plough a furrow leave a mark
And light a candle in the dark.

Adrian Wait

Colour without Light

Is there colour without light?
Our eyes experience colour
Through motions mathematical
Imagination creating colour
Sense to sight through light
Mathematics, beauty and truth
A trinity that bind complexity
Yesterday, Today, Forever
Time began at a time chosen
Out of nothing comes nothing
Physics mimicking theology
Searching for the mind of God
Theophany found in being
Flows on within and without
Invisible made visible
Unknown until known
Deceptive concerns hidden
In environmental gravy train
Spinning policy made reality
Gravity of lies disturbs
Genuine concern primed
Engaged and distracted
Haarp exploits the ionosphere
Destructive waves pierce space
Synchronised thought control
Swinging from high to low
Arsenal of weather weapons
Primed and ready to go
No longer science fiction
Hidden in plain sight
Natures voice neutralised
Green was once a colour
Masks provided for collusion
Pride conforms softminded elite
Electric cars and carbon footprint
Handy phrases sipped with wine
Bottle banks never redundant
Drowning with sense of superiority
Proud self-wisdom blinds
Spoon-fed a diet of percentages
Counterfeit words fill the air
Fear serves politics and illusion
Softminded in all but conformity
Dressed in mocking sincerity
Disengaged behind detachment
We care for the world, whilst
Turning away our neighbour
Lipservice paid in pious liturgy
Shades of darkness in the night
Prefer knowledge to wisdom
There is no colour without light

Adrian Wait

Complain

I think that I will complain
Of this I have no doubt
I think I will complain
I know not what about
I think I will complain
Something must be done!
I think I will complain
Now, who has ruined my fun?
I think I will complain
Now here I go again
I think I will complain
I'll start right here, right now
I think I will complain
Now, where's that sacred cow
I think I will complain
Add my words to the fight
I think I will complain
Disengaged from the plight
I think I will complain
Calling for change in society
I think I will complain
Give my answers by and by
I think I will complain
Change is needed, but not for I
I think I will complain
Free speech is beckoning
I think I will complain
I know no one is listening
I think I will complain
Everyone must have their say
I think I will complain
Maybe tomorrow or another day

Dear Sir…..

Adrian Wait

Conformed mind

Conformed Mind
Objective in your blindness
Wearing a stained glass smile
Stalking your career
As you travel each mile
Zacharias ascends
Climbing to see Christ?
Or absorbed in your ambition
Too busy to comfort the hurting
Exclusive seminars to attend
Insured in your luxury, detached
Ignorant of paradox
Awareness fed through meetings
To impress Peers and betters
Far from the madding crowd
Deaf indeed are those who refuse to listen
Onward and upward the same old song
Indifference shines in your ambition
Your wisdom, Your Education
Unaware of servant hood
Where to serve is to Listen
And to listen is to Serve
Lost, nay abandoned
In abstract intellectualism
Bankrupt of compassion
Objectivity a counterfeit excuse
Presented to restore comfort
An illusion of engagement
Sheep the distraction, surplus,
Extras, even pawns in your play
I, Me, Mine, comfortably numb
Managerial and Career focused
Lost in individual development
Immediate is the enemy of the urgent
Sharpening a career on trapped lives
Never stopping to wash their wounds
Heal their pain or quench their thirst
Onward and upward higher you climb
Wrapped in the Shepherd’s new clothes,
feigning love whilst collecting stars
Spiritual advisor replaced by life coach
Self made, self-wisdom, self-absorbed
Bishop’s chair an ism achieved
Disengaged allies comfort you
Yet, in Your Heart You Know
Moment of decision, the distance
Between vocation and career
Melody of indifferent chords
Feigned objectivity is a callous mask
Frozen indifference behind your smile
You cows of Bashan offer false sacrifice
Lying liar lies best when feigning love

Deception is a foul and rotting fruit
Lest my judgement seem harsh
You alone aware of your mask
God alone knows the heart
Where is your treasure?
Friend of the Crowd
Who do you serve?
Or do you pass by
Wise in your eyes
Conformed Mind

Adrian Wait

Coventry in November

They say it was a Hunter’s moon
The night the City died
They say it was a hunter’s moon
The day the people cried

They say it was a hunter’s moon
That took our house away
They say it was a hunter’s moon
When the devil came to stay

An ageing now I’d like to know
Won’t someone tell me soon,
Why the reaper came to mow
in the light of the hunter’s moon

Adrian Wait

Cradled in the Morning sky

Cradled in the Morning sky
Such beauty in stillness
Rests upon my eye
Morning guest of the night
Radiant among the stars
Hidden in mornings light
Majesty fading in blue
Tale of our days unfold
Fading like the flower
The wind blows
And we are gone
Beneath your beauty
Stories lived and told
Silent witness of our tale
Cradled in the morning sky

Adrian Wait

Dad

Where does the light go?
When you turn out the light
Where does the sun go?
When day becomes night?
Where does the breath go?
When someone sighs
Where does the love go?
When someone dies
Where does the tide go?
When the sea withdraws
Where does outside go?
When we are indoors
Where does the day go?
When it folds to yesterday
Where does the time go?
When I am a sleep and away
Where does the wind go?
When it leaves the skies
Where does the heart go?
When someone dies
Where do the tears go?
When someone cries
Where does childhood go?
When we grow up
Where do our words go?
When we shut up
Where do the toys go?
When they cannot stay
Where do the stars go?
When night becomes day
Where does the love go?
I really want to know?
Rain to the river, river to sea
Love is a circle of seasons
Love is forever, and returns to me.

Adrian Wait

Days

There are days of sun
And days of rain
Days of joy
And Days of Pain
Days drift by
And Days that last
Days to dream
And days held fast
Days for memory
And days let go
Days to dream
And days to know
Days of love
And days pass by
Days to laugh
And days to cry
Days to live
And days to die

Adrian Wait

Disengaged Warriors

Wearing darkness
With an empty smile
Conformed crowd
Safety in numbers
Gleefully mount
Their moral towers
Fruitless, lipservice
Scatters words
Wise in their own eyes
Deaf-blind to others
Campaign addicts
House – check
Green wellies - check
Holidays – check
Sat-Nav – Check
Cause for the day is…
Dib, dib, dib…O yes!
Badge, wristband – check
Like yes… really…ok….
Car – check
Causes – check
Opinion – unchecked.
Tirelessly they bore to death
Disengaged warriors for change
Pour lipservice onto wounds
Change for you, change for me,
No change for them – change – check.
Brown rice brigade - check
Disengaged – check!

Adrian Wait

Distance in her Eyes.

There is a distance in her eyes
No bridge could ever span
A distance in her eyes
Between what was and is
Two different worlds
Collide within her soul
Fallen moment of heartbreak
Reflected, yet hidden
in the distance in her eyes
searching the invisible
restoration a forsaken hope
for the distance in her eyes
disclose the broken heart
searching for a time before
forlorn hope that all will mend
and be as before, sorrow
such sorrow found within
the distance in her eyes

Adrian Wait

Divide and fall

Stolen moments
Candles and stars
Precious illusions
Crucifix and bars
Islands of faith
Dreams leftover
Drowning alone
Or so it seems
In seas of pain
Shipwrecked hope
We search in vain
Upon the shore
An ear to listen
A heart to care
Not ism led and cold
All we find is deaf to hurt
Feigning more and sold
Unbridled tongue
Arrest your isms
Open your ears
Identify pretensions
Objective self-wisdom
Irons flat the promise
Deny these contradictions
Of life in its fullness
O vanity of vanities
Defend your isms
Cares return with the tide
Ignore the hurting
Betraying with pride
Never listening
Never seeing
Never knowing
Factions continue
I'll play me
If you play you
Wearing the mask
Ambitions untrue
First manufacturing
Then defending
Ism after ism
Divide and fall
Observer or participant
Of Grinding Hope
Ignoring the call
To servanthood…
See others crushed
Pale and forlorn
Whilst you play on
Ism' led and soulless
Ambition dances alone
Never risking…

Engaging or pausing
Too vulnerable to listen,
Too proud to cry
Too Afraid to stand alone,
Or speak out loud
Fearful to share
Stolen moments
Where truth lies, beware
You prefer to be
Safe in Holy isolation
Concealed indifference
With holy glow
Unaware of Disengagement
You just don’t want to know
world of hurt and unrest
Seeking to elude
Lost in your quest
You invent and reinvent
In and through your isms
A God,
the concept
Of your fears,
Created
In your own image
You disarm Him,
tame Him
Liberalise,
and shame Him
A comfortable pet
Under your control
A Friend to your ism’
Measure by measure
Isms and we
Divide and fall.

Adrian Wait

Dying to Live

Dying to live we take the first sip
Taste not sweet liberty
Freedom between the cup and lip
Revelation accepted and transformed
In rush of thoughts innocence died
Dreams inspired, not conformed
Hope from the dust and love required
Torn curtain will reveal
For eyes that wish to see
For none so blind there will be
When we decline to see
Blessed are the Peacemakers

Dying to live, eyes wide open
Child of woman, man of God
Time will never be the same
Incarnation, from love abounds
Through all the ages
Yet still astounds
Hope from ashes
In certainty lies confounds
Dream engaged, yet unsustained
Footsteps unheard softly tread
The journey home begun
Blessed are the Peacemakers

Dying to live, we drink the dregs
Thirst unquenched we stand
In rivers, dying of thirst
We excuse ourselves
Condemn the other
Father Forgive our
…Indifference
…Disobedience
…Conformity
Grant us a new heart
A new vision for…
Blessed are the Peacemakers

Adrian Wait

Eventide

Eventide
Ebbing shadow of Eventide
Friends, loved and lost
Severance exposed within my soul
At Eventide are missed the most
Eventides chill lay upon my heart
Imprisoned tears and thoughts
Wrestle for the peace of mind
In stillness memories visit
This too will pass, they say
Time will heal, they say
At eventide I miss you
most of all, at eventide.

Adrian Wait

Everyman

I am Everyman
Part of the main
The human side of God
A gift, unused and denied
Humanity within my spirit
Straining to be heard, I lied
Darkness in my heart does dwell
Meanest tongue, spiteful eyes
Tears for my world, like hell
Tribal indifference adds to our lies
Revenge abides in my treachery
Blind disgust for what is different
It Challenges the I, Me, Mine
Altruism without my reach and spent
Freedom, Satan does define
I can lose myself in nature
Beauty and truth herein, and yet
Fear is the power of my hatred
A lack of tolerance, boredom
Banality locates the gas chamber
And pilots the apaches flight
Death with such exactitude
What is truth? In Mockery, we delight
Is it for sale, or just a platitude?
Christ like pose, humiliated,
I stand upon this stool
Everyman, O', everyman
Wise in my own eyes, such a fool.

Adrian Wait

Faith

Faith is the light of the next step
Illuminating a way ahead,
Without revealing the direction.
Faith will sustain, and comfort
Through our darkest hours.
Faith upholds the unseen hope,
It is the seasoning that endures,
the pain of life whilst revealing
that misery can be optional.
Faith is a light in the darkness,
Surrounded, yet not consumed.
In the storms of our lives
Faith is the stillness, seated at
The rear of our boat.

Adrian Wait

Follower…

I followed with outstretched hands
You caught me when I fell
I learned to wobble, then to walk
With you all would be well

I followed you at work
You guided me on the way
I learned to listen to others
You guide me still today

I followed you at play
You taught me how to smile
I learned to tell a story
And to walk another’s mile

I followed you today
Up the steps and to your rest
I will follow you again, Dad
When I am laid to rest.

A.R.Wait
15/6/07

Adrian Wait

For a Carpenters Son.

He had made a thousand, thousand
This one is just the same
Nothing special, nothing grand
Same skill, same tools, same aim
By chisel, plane and saw
The nails, don’t forget the nails
It was a job, nothing more
A craft that kept him fed
No time for thinking of its use
No time to worry his head
He received the token price
For a carpenters son
They cast their dice
It was a job, nothing more
Made by a carpenter
For a carpenters son
Pain pierced a mother’s heart
And pierced, both hands and feet
Everyone played their part
It was done, cloth folded
It was a job, nothing more
Yet, Darkness fails to diminish
For certainly it is not done
His words, It is finished
Speak of the victory he has won
He died for all our sins
Yonder, see the folded cloth
It is not an ending, for now,
it all begins.

Adrian Wait

For Susan A

The tale told
Of broken dreams
Of words spilling
Searching, and soaked
Untidy house
Fractured mind
poisoned from within
Our choice, our blame
The story just the same
Unfulfilled potential
The anchor of the soul
Unique in similarity
Uncork the bottle,
Blames floods in
Can anyone hear?
Above the din
Who’s to bless
Who’s to blame?
Unique in spirit
Same in name
Hope deferred
Shame to blame
Makes the heart ache
Release the chains
No-ones to blame
Life, laughter, tears
Is it just the game?

Adrian.

Adrian Wait

Fountain of Eternity

Turning to glimpse
We fail to see,
Transcendent Moment
Sunlit and still
Timeless glory
Moves the soul
Living waters flow
Beyond the golden bowl
From, through and to
the fountain of eternity

Adrian Wait

Four steps back

He was four steps back
From fitting his face
Hidden thoughts
Showing no trace
Of feelings buried
And plans disguised
Four steps back
I never realised

With Cheshire grin
And indifferent sighs
To quick to care
Armed with lies
Always on hold
But never there
Not to busy,
just to cold to care

It is an art they say
To deceive and lie
Walk on others
Until you die
What comes after?
when days waste away
the cynical laughter
of your deceptive day

Treasures broken
Bought and sold
Behind your eyes
Stories untold
When passing by
On the other side
No time to care
Just time to hide

Top of your profession
No memory left
For the pages
Of your CV
Your aims achieved
You climbed the tree
Four steps back
Death waits for thee

Four steps back
They follow you
Dressed in black
Silent and unknown
Four steps back
Behind your face
Four steps back

You left no trace.

A.R. Wait

Dedicated to Lip service.

Adrian Wait

G.A. Studdert Kennedy

Those sad brown eyes
Sadder still for passing years,
When truth of humanity reveals,
Sorrow in the Heart of God.
Jesus wept.
You saw life
Not as you wished,
Nor as it was
But as it should be.
You felt the truth
Your words, dagger sharp
Did not hide the light
For comforts sake
Standing with everyman
Yet alone, in the last ditch.

Francis of the Battlefield
Sojourner of the truth
You gave to life
A gift upon a Cross
They say a Prophet
A Poet, a Padre
Your light shines
 Darkness knows it not.
Bread and Wine
Cross of Christ
Through the cynics scorning
The cowards warning
 we shall build on
Faith was your gamble
The stake… was your life.

Adrian Wait

Greed

Greed
Indifference
Repetitive shadows
 yield not substance
Insincerities seed
Concealed in statistics
masked with deception
Shameless in their fraud
mantle of Leadership
worn by thieves
Divide and rule
the oldest trick
categorise to dismiss
distraction and spin
corruptions chosen tools
shame resigned to history
Luxury the Objectivity
Of the disengaged mask
challenge conformity
disclose accusations
Of subjectivity
Of naivety
Of envy
Greed

Adrian Wait

Holding Hands

Tiny hand grasps
A mother’s finger
Holding hands

First steps
The letting go
Holding Hands

First day at school
A tighter grasp
Holding hands

First friends
With joy shared
Holding hands

The shock of pain
Gentle assurance
Holding Hands

Growing years
Gentle casual touch
Holding Hands

Loves early days
Nervous risk
Holding hands

Passionate love
Giving of self
Holding Hands

A Day of Days
Together forever
Holding Hands

Circle of life
A mother’s finger
Holding hands

Heartbreak
Farewell to love
Holding Hands

Into Eternity
Reunion of love
Holding Hands

Adrian Wait

Hope bleeds gradually

So many hidden stories
Forgotten and ignored
Poverty absorbs life
Hope bleeds gradually
Make do, and mend
Smile and pretend
Slowly, gradually
Visible to invisible
With unchanging smile
Stranger to self
And stranger we deny
As poverty silences
In coldness we comply
Indifference cuts the deepest
Statistics used to deny
Personhood and dignity
Fade, Person to ghost
Dying is easy
It’s living that’s hard
False prophets abound
Hope bleeds gradually
Selling isms by the pound
Disengaged they take the cudgel
Pronounce their humble acts
Do we listen to the stories?
Do we listen to the facts?
Wise in our own eyes
Objective in indifference
Passing by on the other side
So many hidden stories
Forgotten and ignored
Poverty absorbs, denies
Hidden by statistics
Hope bleeds gradually
Make do, and mend
Smile and pretend
Slowly, gradually
Visible to invisible
Christ knows our story
Tell me that it’s true
He bore it on the Cross
We are not alone
Nothing in love is lost
I hope that this is true
Hope bleeds gradually
Whilst Poverty absorbs
Christ knows.

Adrian Wait

I am my Brother’s Keeper

Son of my mother
time of fear a friend
time of adversity a brother
time of laughter, a comrade
time of tears a comforter
you are a brother of mine
from Alpha to Omega.

Son of my Father
Strong arm, gentle word
Loves momentary glance
Reveals our brotherhood
I am my brother’s keeper
And he is mine
One root, One Father

Adrian Wait

I am my Neighbour.

Spiritual truth is ageless
Words of poets, prophets
Echo down the corridors
We are geographically one
Ours is the tolling bell
Void of passion… the ghosts
Compassion and goodwill
Segregated, identity our priority
The ally of indifference is time
Tomorrow, tomorrow, or someday
Conserve the now, reinforce Me!
Wear a wristband sing a hymn
Dreamwishing for change
The power for control
Who is in, and who is out
Whilst promises remain
Unfulfilled, broken…
When will former things
Pass away, when we feed
The poor, free the oppressed
And no one, no one laughed
Diaries burst with meetings
Conferences, doing not being
Dizzy heights of disengagement
Far from valleys of despair
Engaged in self-development
Practicing the art of listening
But, only to each other
Behind the walls of charity
Built to ensure the difference
In giving we maintain
Power, a sense of well-being
Never far from touchstones
With essays to write
And brown rice to cook
Lipservice to gospels untold
Raising loud our voice for
Our agenda, Our isms
A menu of causes, Life
Liberty and self our pursuit
Disengaged voices so shallow
Sound the death of integrity
Redouble our efforts
When this becomes clear
Offensive defensive we become
Distance compressed in time
We are all aware, yet turn away
Conscience absorbed in silence
When the correct time arrives
We feed our excuse to remain
Disengaged and indifferent
Spiritual truth is ageless

I am my Neighbour.

Adrian Wait

I didn’t open my eyes

I didn’t open my eyes
Was I afraid? It was dark,
I slipped below the sheets
Like a cheap fridge magnet
What was this presence?
Echo of time past, and yet…
Dull ache of a tired mind
Aware of a stillness of spirit
Whispered invitation to memory
Ocean journey through the mind
Flickering images so vivid at first
Tossing and towering they roar
So real, yet distant, illusive
Time slipping with ease
Reaching the shore in stillness
Flooding the corridor of musing
Gently it greets the coast
Crossing over the bar of time
Various labelled doors bid entry
Laughter, melancholy, joy, safety
Places to visit not to linger
Yearning adds to distance
Ebbing and flowing never still
Always one more breaker
How often we would gather
Only to watch them fade
Gliding through fragile mirrors
I didn’t open my eyes
In the dark I sense movement
No voice, no light or sound
A gentle squeeze of my hand
Words of Comfort banish fear
You are not alone…You are not alone
I didn’t open my eyes.

Adrian Wait

Inconsolable longing

Inconsolable longing
Restless heart why yearn
The way not taken,
Love in the spring
Scent of flowers unseen
Seldom lasts the winter
Words left unspoken
Silence unkind silence
Burning bridges
Before they are crossed
Loves promise arrested
A beautiful sadness
Rose that never blooms
Seeds unsown love unknown
Distracted we glance away
Searching for tomorrow
Betraying the now
Of inconsolable longing
Love is not in the possessing
Nor moulding or changing
Dream wishes fade in time
Forever out of reach
To experience Joy is Joy
We cannot cling to it
Or call it to our side
Often surprised by Joy
We seek to mimic or bind
Such Beautiful sadness
Discovered in the moment,
Being and becoming is joy
Echoes the melody unheard
Beyond the beyondness
An inconsolable longing
Affirms we are strangers
In a strange world
Longing for home
Light of wisdom…
Whispers…
Come.

Adrian Wait

Indifference

This day will do
It is nothing special
The load is no different
No heavy or darker
Hopelessness neither
Increases or decreases
Indifference
Anger no more, nor less
Your eye on the prize
Too busy to pause
Career usurps Vocation
Exploiting the poor
For your thesis
Indifference
Your professional ladder
Rests on the back of the trapped
Cold wind of disengagement
Substitute for pastoral care
Too busy to listen, or pause
Ambition exposes apathy
Indifference
Listening will challenge
livelihood plans, or career
Lose your life, not you, no fear,
That would spoil your plan
Stop a while, if asked
Lend an ear, if conducive
Indifference
Safe within the disengaged
Enclosed by the self chosen
Conformed to the old mind
White washed walls
Reinforce the space
Of unfilled seats
Indifference
Pride in disguise
Conceals Micah’s words
Coldness the mark of Cain
Then tick the boxes, safe within
Your circle of friends
Your feigned Christ likeness
Reveals, Indifference.

Adrian Wait

Indifferent Words

Ice cold from a poisoned well
Indifferent words disfigure
Tearing like a broken saw
Crafted with cruel meaning
Smiling liars lie to themselves
Conforming to the rule
Careless words merge to pierce
Indifferent Words
Vomited with jagged intent
Label, categorise, dismiss
Primeval chaos disguised
Mistaken for resolve
Bow the knee to golden calf
The centre of your own world
Blind to the pain you inflict
Indifferent Words
Lacking in compassion
Wise in your own eyes
Lipservice the currency
In a bankrupt world
Objectivity and charity
Familiar tunes of deception
Indifferent Words
Your dagger strikes, punctures
Bleeding vulnerability
Poor in all but betrayal
Reveals chilling indifference
Labels, categorises, dismisses
Industries built upon idle words
Indifferent Words
Binding conformity to blindness
Apathy with an Empty smile
Your heart will be revealed
Graveyard of indifferent words
Secured by lack of passion
Shallowness, insincerity
Indifferent words

Adrian Wait

Is the...

War Just enough
Peace long enough
Love strong enough

Is the…

Desert dry enough
Wilderness wild enough
Darkness deep enough

Is the…

Tear painful enough
Wound cutting enough
Hurt profound enough

Is the...

Road wide enough
River deep enough
Heaven near enough

When is enough... enough.

Adrian Wait

Joshua

Little did we know
That our daily greeting
would be our last.
You were my good morning
And my good night.
Our friendship
In words unspoken
Kindred love
the loudest echo
And the deepest loss.
My heart cries
In midnight blue.

My friend
Where are you now?
I was with you at the last
Final breathe, a sigh
in my heart for eternity.
Day among days
we did not know
companion, dear friend
tears fall in silent torment.
Loss, such a small word,
sorrow of sorrows.
Be here now.

Honesty and Wisdom
Your gift for me.
Unconditional love,
Little did we know.
My friend, Joshua
Where are you now?

Adrian Wait

Joy

Is it possible?
Can it be done?
To capture Joy
Loves smile begun
Tender hands
Safe and secure
Memories of home
Love is here, and more

Joy open and unafraid
Sharing and caring
Begotten not made
Smiling hearts
Abounding love
Free at last, to be
A child of God above
Love is here, and more

To have and to hold
Joy in mothers eyes
Tender security
In fathers sighs
Contentment revealed
In a moment of Joy
Captured in the heart
Of ever girl and boy

Can Joy be captured
I wonder if it can
Joy a transforming miracle
In the eyes of Sam and Dan
The heart of joy in wonder
In whispered smile above
Love is here, and more
Treasure the joy of Love.

Adrian Wait

Junkyard of Dreams

On passing the junkyard
I saw the dreams of yesterday
what once was a prize
Lies rusting now
The hearts desire,
A fulfilment wish
Broken and cast asunder
In the junkyard, rests.

Hope, the hearts desire
Enchant the days of expectation
Lay twisted in the fire
For time and pleasure
From within the heart
Reveal unfeigned treasure
happiness was in the journey,
Not in the destination

Adrian Wait

Kindness

Deficient of kindness
Tis a cold, indifferent world
Where seldom does love
Walk in order to sense
the shape of another’s story
Divinity is present when
We rise to the challenge
Posed by another's broken self
We are at our most complete
when we meet weakness
with hearts and ears open
when we listen with love
not with category in mind
or rejection, but with love,
In listening we shall be heard
And the cost, I hear you say?
The outlay of your life
For what was lost is found
To defend the vulnerable
You will become vulnerable
Categorised and labelled
Tis a cold, indifferent world
Deficient of kindness.

Adrian Wait

Know doubt

There is no doubt that we doubt
As we grasp in vain for hope
In doubt at least we think, we think
Thought begins with awareness
Soon lost in the subjective perspective
Assumption consumes and denies
Yet, we cling to the need for being
For reason requires existence
Illusions frame the cracked mirror
Relativism crowns assumption
Tradition binds to blind
Others mere extensions of our world
They make their entrance
Play their role, meet our need…conform
Or are cast out, they agree or leave
Or cease to be, no doubt allowed
Words used to capture or release
Forgiveness seen as weakness
Do we encourage or discourage
Discouragement is self-doubt aloud
Warped with vicious indifference
To deny, to categorise and dismiss
Castigate the other for our weakness
Blame, the disguise for cowards
Conscience is censured by denial
We did not know… We did not see
Gaza, Darfur, Rwanda, Auschwitz
There is no doubt that we doubt
Know doubt …

Adrian Wait

Labelled

We Label to dismiss
Those not upon our list
Smug in our wisdom
We lend a listening ear
Not of compassion
Nor kindness do we dwell
But like the hunter
We snare the trap
To send our friend to hell
We listen to dismiss
Those not upon our list
So wise in our own eyes
Wordsmith weave away
Engaging in your lies
Pride in humilities mask
Seeks to access, to judge
Whether threat or foe
Leader or follower
Hammer or nail
Can we manipulate
Are they in, or out
Those upon our list
We label to dismiss
See through our lies
The smiles feigned
Behind our eyes
Ism this, and ism that
Reveal the hidden truth
… you twat…
I listened, then dismissed
those not upon my list
and poorer now, no doubt
tis lack of listening
that destroys any hope
of being heard… think
before you label to dismiss
those not upon your list.

Adrian Wait

Listen

If we must speak
Let us search for echoes
In the stories that we share
The heart-spent tale
Of life’s journey
The tale recounted
For encouragement
In stillness, reconciles

Words that enable
Too, too many
Hurt and reveal
The uncaring heart
The unlistening ear
Speak only to listen
Listen and you will
Be heard

Adrian Wait

Love is not Blind

Love is not Blind
Yet some declare it so
Love is not deaf
Though many fail to know
The heart that wrestles
Sees love divine
And is oft crucified

Love is not blind
Yet would often look away
Love is not mute
But seldom speaks its name
Love is one within
But incomplete, without two
Love is love given, and love received

Love is not Blind
Neither is it a stranger
To pain
To sorrow
To longing
To regret
Love is the mother of all.

Adrian Wait

Market Place

Death was on the tree
Draw the lot, Cast the dice,
He died for you, and me
Tearing at the cloak
Divided, now they lie
Declaring not the Man, to men
And how He came to die.
Grasping the right hand seat,
Denouncing others false
Embers settle at their feet
Sitting on a deceitful throne
In arrogance they claim,
Natural selection, the true branch
We do this in His Name.
Wearing cloaks of pride
Chariots of hate their race
They buy apostolic rights
From the market place.
Thirty silver pieces
A Crown of ashes buys
Good news for sale
Falsehood no disguise.
In the Market Place

Adrian Wait

Media

Aware of darkness
We stretch for the light
Then shield our eyes
We stumble and again we fall
Waves of doubt threaten
To consume and eliminate
The nothingness of thought
Like a cork on the ocean
Popularism replaces facts
Tossed to and fro, lost…
Vanished in the turmoil of isms
Hope like the breaking dawn
Fragile as a summer butterfly
Dies each day a death
Day to day unfolds to impart,
Cruel empty words fill the air
Spilling from the tongue
Scarlet and black serpent
A division of misspeak
With sting like a scorpion
Words depart like arrows
Fuelling indifference and spite
Words that cannot be recalled
Demoralise, defeat and dictate
Life in such times of denial
Where to think is controversial,
Unpatriotic, painful and isolating
The media is the king’s whore
Journalists the harems make
And when this day is past
Its only truth at stake
Pissing on a flickering light
We indulge and mimic
Preferring the night.

Adrian Wait

Memories of the Day

Granddad sitting on a chair from the kitchen
Sharing pearls of wisdom about the Jerries
Either at your feet or your throat
Their first goal added to descriptions
Watching in black and white
Granddad added the colour
Those who score first, seldom win
Overplays in my mind
Until we equalise
Too and fro, Hurst shoots
…Goal
The house ignites
Then the ball hits a defender
Hangs in the air
Peters strikes…thump
We're winning…we're winning
Physical Excitement
Collapses into nervousness
How long, how long now
Jack stretches and heads
German falls to the floor
Free kick, free kick…never
Hammered into the box
Peter, Stiles, Charlton turn
Wilson stretches, deflects
Off the back of a German
The ball hangs in the air,
Caught in time,
A nation gasps, space opens,
naked net begs intrusion
Banks falls like a tree
Silence, cold silence
They equalise, how dare they
It's our day, Our cup
Final whistle blows
Brothers paper round calls
He doesn't want to go
I merge with the carpet
Half-knowing what is to come
He can't go alone
It's not fair… What!
But, I'll miss extra time
I watch has he wanders
Grudgingly up the Rise
Conscience suitable pricked
I go to join him
Half way round
Throwing papers through
Half opened doors
I hear the cheers
'Cum in…cum in'
We've scored…we've scored

I watch the strangers telly
Ball strikes ball
Hurst turns, shoots and falls
Strikes the bar, rockets down
Hunt raises his arm
Defender heads the ball
over the bar, corner? , goal?
Referee tell us please
Speaks to linesman
Whistle to lips
Points to centre
It’s a goal, a Goal
Germans don’t like it
I leave to tell Greg
We meet in the middle
Of the empty street
We’ve scored, we’ve scored
Vainly we hope to finish
To see the last moments at home
Yards from home
The street explodes in cheers
Doors fly open
Another invite
This time together
In a strange house
We watch Hurst
Run, and run and bang
There were people on the pitch
They thought it was over
BANG….it was now…
It was weird to cheer
And dance in a strange home
To grab each other and jump
Literally for joy…I cried
Home in time to see
Nobby’s toothless skip
Joy, warm summer day
What happiness endured
The Memories of the Day.

Adrian Wait

Murmured Voices

Murmured voices from another room
Hushed in traditional reverence
Mourning in silence the English way
Awkward conversations of time lost
Cobwebs too deep to reconcile bonds
Neglected, fading, faded, life goes on
Life within, is life without love or pain
Whispered words of feigned connection
Cucumber sandwiches a must, box ticked
Memories referred to yet never explored
We will meet again when numbers fall
Worn out glances at the clock
Sadness a duty performed in silence
Inside each mind a myriad reasons
To avoid the moment, go too deep
What is life – where is death?
Cursed are those who mourn for duty
Blessed are those who discern the difference
Murmured voices from another room fade.

Adrian Wait

New For Old

Bud blisters into life
Stretching for the light
Unfolding radiant green
Upturned palm to the sun
Life seeping in, breathing out
Green, Green so Green
Resurrected hope, so Green
Summer breeze stroking
Branches ebb and flow
Leaves so Green strong now
Fear not wind of change
Mellow summer turns
Green, green, green-yellow
Yellow area of dieing heart
Green lingers no more
Limp transparent yellow
Barely a breeze takes one
Fierce Hyde-like wind now
Cracking and ripping
Wind torn leaves fall
Life chords snapped
Death too early, still Green
Nourishment broken not ended
Seasons build up to tear down
To build up, to tear down
Leaves fall, Green leaves fall
And then some more
Until leaves are falling, falling
Trees and branches revealed
In the x-ray of autumn blast
Winter is coming
Winter is coming
Yellow pale yellow carpet
Beneath the naked tree
Yellow, mulchy brown
Once crisp leaves scatter
Green, yellow, transparent veins
Tired, half dead, leaves lose their grip
Join the autumn rain soaked mound
Providing new life to the roots
Old for new, New for Old
Seeds buried in death
Bring new life in Spring
In the end is the beginning.

Adrian Wait

No parting is forever

No parting is forever
Bitter sweet, yet bitter still
Clouds of doubt may blind us
Fear the liar lies, doubt
Assumes and divide us
In love we are whole
Times pass to return
Transcending fatigue
In time beyond distance
Loves voyage is the heart
Where clouds have no borders
From, through and to Love
Love is love when free
In giving we receive
And, thus the caged bird sings
To serve love, not bind it
We share and grow in love
Love our frame sustains
Rain the earth refreshes
A thirst for the living waters
Where love is stillness
Calm tranquillity – love beckons
We are never alone in love
Love within us, love without us
Journey in and through love
Darker valleys of despair
Enlighten moments of vision
Hearts are wiser, kinder
Having travelled with sorrow
More room in a broken heart
Scarred for love reborn for joy
Deeper on our journey
We know not love to own it
It is not ours to give or take
Parting is sweet sorrow
Loves first step to reunion
We live and move
And have our being
In love, from love
Through love and to love
Bitter sweet, yet bitter still
No parting is forever.

Adrian Wait

Odd bods and treacle tins:

Matchbox cars, and three sisters
Plastic sandals and whipping tops
Fresh cut grass and summer nights
Falling leaves, cobwebs captured in the frost
Snowflakes falling, fire roaring
Jim Reeves singing, Santa on the tree
A feeling of Christmas.

New blazers, compass in my shoe
Tracker shoes and red squirrels
Hospital trips and broken bones
Bobby Brewsters' shadow
Dainties in the pantry
Peanut butter on wonderloaf
Grease-proof paper
The odd bods and treacle tins

Knock door run, conkers, fag cards
Climbing trees, brook-jumping
Park-keeper bating
Trolleys, splits, supercar
Big-brother bating
Blocks of splintered wood
Queues at the coal yard
Winter of 63

Toffee apples and trupnee bits
Grandads shopping list
Sterodent and five-woodbines
Gentle coughs and falling books
These odd bods and treacle tins
release my Precious memories

Adrian Wait

Odyssey of the Soul

Childhood falls
Suffocated by lies
Promises of tomorrow
Trade the dreams of today
Consumer chase begins
A little piece of beauty
Sacrificed to adulthood
Wonder, Imagination
Don’t leave me now
Vanishing days
Carelessly slip away
Time and tide dispels
All childlike things
Life becomes dimmer
Too old for fun
Fun is fun it’s ageless
It is just fun, and its free
Maturity, yes maturity
Ever seen the world
Is this maturity?
I must act my age
My spirit rises before me
So many seasons, so much time
Eyes searching for a sign
Doesn’t anyone realise
Mistaken we equate childishness
For the gift of being childlike
Age straps on the chains
We become a worldling
Stolen childhood, silently
Lost Along the way
Childlike observations
Were not meant to wither
Imagination crushed by facts
Dreaming dreams, just dreams
Dreams worth coming true
This too will pass, with age
Who would have thought
walking between rain drops
would become silly
Capturing the frosted
Cobwebs on a twig
restricted to the young
Imagination, imagination
when did it happen
was I distracted
full of self wisdom
unaware that now begins
the oddyssey of the soul
the long trek home
to my Father’s arms

Adrian Wait

Off Camera

Off Camera.

Off Camera
The smile fades
Fears steel to roar
The mask set aside
Giant shadows stalk
Sadness, sadness
Off Camera
Tears fall, no reason
Hearts break
Worlds shake
Hands tightly grip
Nothing, nothing…
Off Camera
Loneliness abides
Questions arise
Unanswered
Empty feelings
Rage, rage…
Off Camera
Alone, more than a word
Or a state of mind
Replayed partings
Over, and over again
If only, if only…
Off Camera
The chest tightens
Smiles forced
Clockwork greetings
Tiresome pity sickens
Silence, silence…
Off Camera

Adrian Wait

One more Glass of Wine

Never say I was a clever man
Every inch the bleeding clown
Whose smiles are upside down
Revealed from dreams unwound
And none of them are found
In truth and lies there bound
As book falls to the ground
And opens at page nine
To reveal nothin’s mine
With one more Glass of Wine
The dreams become divine
And you know that you’re lyin’
Cus’ inside you are dyin’

Adrian Wait

Peace

Peace the absence of War
The presence of justice
Freedom delivered on a B52
War the tool for Peace
Tyrannical enforcer removed
Evil personified, or reflected
Peace the victim of who’s truth
Democracy imposed equals Peace?
The corridors of time littered
With the bones and bodies
Of those who had no choice
Either way they were victim
To the power of Peace imposers
Think as we think, live as we live
Do as we do, believe as we believe
Then peace will be your prize
No hidden motives in Caspian sea
Neo-imperialist wrapped in flags
What is the price of Peace
Monopoly of resources
Global market, personal gain
Oil men in tall hats, crippled souls
For where your heart is
There also is your treasure
Mammon strives for peace
But not at all cost
Just the market price
Peace, peace they cry
But there is no peace
Where justice is blind.

Adrian Wait

Peace, Peace they say

Peace, Peace they say
Feel it in their bones
The storm clouds gather
Signs a mile high
Cartoon news entertains
Happy days are here again
Interviewing celebs'
Whilst storm clouds gather
Stark headlines reveal
The parties over

The banality of evil
Selects the news we see
A soap star does this
Russians sell arms to Syria
A footballer does that
Russians sell arms to Iran
An actress has a baby
America sign missile deal
Celeb enters rehab
Russians threaten Poland

Murders mimic Midsummer
Crowd must have its fix
Repeat, Every fifteen minutes
Newsreaders are so friendly
New Orleans evacuated
Recession on the way
Agents promote their smile
Help for their audition
Come dancing their target
Smile, A Celebrity is born

The storm clouds gather
The writings on the wall
Broken dreams and Poverty
How much did the dress cost?
Where did you get that ring?
Deck Chairs arranged at the BBC
Newsreaders are going to sing
Won't that be fun, oh such a joy?
Happy days are here again
Peace, Peace they say

Adrian Wait

Right Now counts forever

Yesterday dissolves into ashes
Tomorrow is on the wind
Good intentions lead to anguish
When isolation seeps in
Dreamwishes are illusions
Pretext to do naught
Love is life in its fullness
Naked in our vulnerability
We draw back in fear
Right now counts forever

What we give, we receive
Love is not for tomorrow
Broken promises
Are as good as none
How we live now
How we love now
How we suffer now
Intentions, plans, dust
Lost in what never was
Right now counts forever

Right now is the foreshadow
Of eternity, a moment of forever
Redoubling our efforts
We lose sight of the cause
Afraid to engage
Lest our heart should break
Our world grows a little colder
People are not a walk on part
In the film of our life
Right now counts forever

Fuelled and flamed by apathy
We withdraw to a prison
Without bars we bury our gifts
Participation, incarnation, vulnerability
Ignorance no defence
Who is in, who is out
When will we learn
This trick of conscience
It is not either or, but both-and
Right now counts forever

For divided we fall
Into the land of assumption
Transforming theory to fact
Days pass without forgiveness
Pride becomes entrenched
Unintentional indifference
Remains indifference
The wall gets higher

More difficult to traverse now
Right now counts forever

Adrift on a tide of lethargy
Days turn to years
Words left unsaid are the loudest
Feeding unresolved pain
Tears will fall hearts will ache
Years will pass
Be mindful of love it endures
In the beyondness of things
Eternity awaits the seeking heart
Right now counts forever

Peace, peace we seek
Failing to listen we turn away
The fall from grace denied
Ages past this seed began
Ruling our lives from the shadow
Hidden in the heart of man
Never meaning to be selfish
We excuse ourselves, only human
By our fruits we shall be known
Right now counts forever

No comfort found in detachment
Peace. Peace we seek
Transferring our responsibility
The mantra on our lips
Something must be done about it
By someone else not me
Waiting for our boat to come in
Whilst never sending one to sea
In the midst of life we are dead
Right now counts forever

Blameless in all but blame
A quiet life is found in death
So many days to ponder
Words left unsaid
Bypassing the hurt
The troubled, the sad
The wall is never high enough
Fear destroys our peace
Invades our comfort zones
Right now counts forever

When fear knocks the door
Let Faith answer it
The light of love
Shines in the darkness
Love shall overcome

Through pain and suffering
We shall be restored
Open you heart
It will astound you
Right now counts forever

Adrian Wait

Rolling News

I live my life
Inside my head
It really doesn’t
Matter anymore
Your words spill
Fall to the floor
Litter consumes
Numbs the mind
Lipservice vomits
Bastardised misspeak
Rolling trivia
Masked as news
Enables control
More of the same
Extra, extra
Feed all about them
Froth over content
Tomorrow, tomorrow
Researchers review
Tinker and edit
Swap old for new
Pointless tokens
Wasted paper
Truth divided
Truth denied
Empty liberalism
Ensures escalation
Salaries and seminars
Expand with every crisis
Experts released
Reviewers review
Amid celebrity news
Likeminded conferences
Feast of adjectives
Celery for the hungry
Everyone speaking
No one listening
I live my life
Inside my head
It really doesn’t
Matter anymore
Bought or sold
Your words, revamped
Heartless empty lies
Softminded nilism
Rolling News?

Adrian Wait

September Day

The leafs are turning now
gray stillness consumes the air
as lightening splits the tree
pain now invades our hearts
Deep in our hearts
We are Forever changed.

Pale sunshine squints through
clouds of ash and sin
steel clouds spew ash
to cover the streets
where life used to be
Life forever changed

Illusions crucified in minutes
Tears flow, No concerts please
Broken dreams reveal the lie; charity
Justice, only justice knows
May God Forgive us,
For we now know, What we do.

Adrian Wait

Shadow on the Henhouse

There’s a shadow on the henhouse
Disturbing, broad and still
Impending division, scattered light
Step by step to the edge until
silence seduces conformity
Married through objectivity
to words that state or whisper
“I was only doing my job”
The method emerges
to become the thing
New Wolf same as the old Wolf
Yet, nothing is more tiresome
Than the trained nonconformist
With axe to grind and badges
Words without passion
Spill out in feigned affection
Destroy illusions and often
Submit to the piper
Dance to the tune
Resurrect careers
Advancing self-promotion
Status within the system
Will blind us to the theme
Survival of the fittest
When justice and questions cease
All members of one team
Who cry Peace, Peace
We join the crowd
When darkness steals the day
The vulnerable silenced
Oppressed with the blessings
Of the disengaged,
In silence
Comfort undisturbed
Assured of the correct channels
Lest we rock the boat
Upset the natural order
What is happening here?
Who is it happening for?
Do we hear the cry…
and challenge the closing door
Silence by silence, indifferently
We turn away
accepting the thirty pieces
to fight another day
Conformity excuses, inaction
stillness is mistaken
For wisdom and procedure
Are we troubled or too busy
to see and know the cost
Of the Living Word
And Caring for the lost

We label to dismiss
The gap between us all
Mistaking passion for anger
Too busy building our wall
We avoid the confrontation
The still small voice within
Silencing the discomfort
Drop our penny in the tin
Comfort our conscience
give the truth a little spin
Seeking approval from our leaders
Uncomfortable in the minority
Or lost within the two or three
Forsaking dignity
We march with the Crowd
affirmed in our own wisdom
A prisoner of approval
Status remains intact
Seminars and speakers
Keep us from attack
Masking selfishness with objectivity
Remaining wise within our eyes
Not sacrificing our control
our eyes upon the prize
Status, wealth must not be challenged
Lest it reveals ignorant passion
Justifying inaction, Ignorance is bliss
Where alarm call is mistaken
We label to dismiss
We speak of caring
And fail to listen
Then produce the facts
With Joined up mantra
We bully and attack
Pointing to the majority
Untouched by shadows
Lost in their objectivity
All are aware of their lie
Not told to themselves alone
Shareholders in their downfall
Headless chickens - network
Speaking of unpersons
who fail to conform
Sliding doors and glass ceiling
Only recognise approvals norms
There’s a shadow darker still
the retiring mind, conformed
to the whisper of deception
“I’m your friend; I’m your pal…
conform, rest, and join us
avoid the shadow”
Consuming the consumer

Pointing to far henhouse
And those unlike you or I
Betrayal in silence,
Division achieved, do or die
Untouched in their henhouse
Disengaged are heard to say
The market helps those who help themselves
natural selection, paves the way
survival of the fittest
shadows spread, and ends the day
wealth and status our gatekeeper
ignorance no defence
I was hungry I was thirsty
Crowds passed by without a word
Do we dwell where the cries
of Calvary can be heard.
There’s a shadow on the henhouse

Adrian Wait

Shopping for Yesterday

Busy crowds, lonely hearts, broken dreams
Shopping for yesterday.
Visiting the shared moments,
In all the familiar places
When shopping for yesterday.

We are all prisoners of the past
When shopping for yesterday
Knee deep in our loneliness
Surrounded by the crowd
We're shopping for yesterday.

Pictures and memories
Half-forgotten words
Time slipping away
From the windmills of my mind
When shopping for yesterday.

Adrian Wait

Soft falls the rain

Soft falls the rain
Flowing from mountain
To amplify streams
Events and thoughts
Processed through dreams

Soft falls the rain
And cuts the rock
Like careless words
Not meant to shock
Erode the spirit

Soft falls the rain
One ounce of grief
A thousand joys
Brings no relief
Melancholy

Soft falls the rain
Til journey ends
A life of love
And heaven sends
Blessed restoration

Adrian Wait

Sola Christus

Stevie knew
The drowning
See their need
It becomes clear
Pride is our anchor
As the light fades
Broken and contrite
Clarity, assumptions
Pretensions disappear
Blinded by self-wisdom
Leaning on old illusions
Some make believe
Our grasp tightens
And torment grips
What if we are wrong?
What if this is it
As good as it gets
Assumptions and illusions
The chains that hide
Naked vulnerability
Redoubling our efforts
Losing sight of the way
Fear turns to rejection
Building higher walls
Trust reserved to the few
The precious few
Still searching
Never finding
How do we let go?
How do we face ourselves?
When we are drowning
Pride the greatest lie
Lean not to our wisdom
And let battle commence
Dignity versus despair
Remember, Faith is a gift
Not a possession
It is neither owned
Or earned, it is Grace
Don’t fool yourself
With stoic religiosity
Pre-packed prayers
And sacrifice chosen
What is mankind?
That love should die
What does love require?
Love Justice, Be merciful,
Walk humbly with God
Open the eyes of our hearts
Pride is a blind shield
Stevie knew
It is the drowning

Who see their need
For the Saviour
.

Adrian Wait

Sorry is the easiest word

What have you got to do?
To make me pay back
What can you do?
Has I stay laid back
Sorry is the easiest word

A payoff beyond generous
Smiling I wave goodbye
Pension worse than ludicrous
Crocodile tears I cry
Sorry is the easiest word

No we cannot talk it through
Governments so simplistic
I have what I need thank you
Smiling feigned concern
A sorry mask well worn

Seven hundred thousand
Reasons not to listen
Rewarded for my disloyalty
Milking employees, tax payers
Sorry is the easiest word

A Goodwin for the banker
delivering only losses in return
the little people pay taxes
Never meet them…so who cares
Sorry the easiest word

Adrian Wait

Summer 1964

In memory I tread paths we once trod
When trees were trees and God was God
Summers spent chasing the butterfly
As butterflies chased the summer by
September’s shadow a distant care
Kaki shorts and sandals to wear
Prepared for endless days of sun
Summer holidays have begun.

Adrian Wait

Sunlit Clouds

Sunlit Clouds unveil,
A foretaste of eternity
No artist brush
Confines this Glory
Blessed eyes do see
Heavens gold unfurl
Majesty revealed
Childlike wonder consumes.

The unrestricted borders
Freedom for the Soul
Released from desolation
The spirit rises, resurrected
Infinity in this moment
I Glimpse through dark glass
Beauty unveiled, and naked
Transformed in truth.

Undiscovered stillness
Floods my being
The Joy of life
In a Moment of time
Forever given
In the beyondness of things
I find Tranquil restoration
Be Still, and Know.

Adrian Wait

Sweetness along the Way

Enjoy the sweetness along the way
Overlooking all the hard knocks
The breath it was worth taking
It was all so easy then
Days lasted a week
Life and friends immortal
Tender affection smiles
Never heard the door close
Voices behind no longer echo
Eternity tenderly beckons come
Nothing is lost of love, and
Sweetness along the way
Somewhere in your life
You smiled, you laughed,
You cried, you will grieve
Demons haunt the fragile
Hold on to the love
Dark shadows give way
It won’t rain all the time
Cherish the simple things
Gentle George whispers
Here comes the sun,
Breathe in breathe out
Sweetness along the way

Adrian Wait

Tears

Soft falls the tear
Upon the cheek
A memory, a song
Pierces the armour
Uncovers tender fragility
Hidden behind a smile
Long guarded tempest
Soft falls the tear
Storm clouds gather
Tired and vulnerable
Waves of sorrow
Sweep the heart
Bearing the soul
How fragile we are
Soft falls the tear

Adrian Wait

The Bird

Solitary bird, what do you see?
Perched upon the highest part
What sights fill the eye?
Rain soaked feathers
Frail bird what sounds
Invade the silence
Where now your companions
Injured bird, in stillness linger.

The silence of death
Beneath your resting place
As crowds below fade
But for two or three
You are alone
Where now your song
Melody of recent days
Bitter apathy assumes defeat

Flightless now your heart
Captures the pain
Of all remaining souls
Mirrored by the storm
The tears of a mother
Heart pierced and broken
As a body leaves the tree
Arise, the bird sings of renewal

Song of life, not of death
Of birth and new beginnings
Alight upon the circle of stone
Wings unfurl, liberated
Ascends into the dawn
As you leave the nest
Of your restoration
Rise, rise, it is a new day.

Adrian Wait

The Cinema was closed.

Did no one tell the pigeons
That the Cinema was closed
For they sit in silent queues
Moving from foot to foot
Their Mexican wave unnoticed
Passers-by look but don’t see
Did no one tell the pigeons
That the Cinema is closed

Adrian Wait

The Far side of Today

I’ll meet you on the far side of today
between yesterday and tomorrow
where we’ll reconcile the breach
betwixt what was, and
what might have been
where unfulfilled dreams,
smiling in consummation
Liars. Lie only to themselves
self-deception a lonely tale
Fooling no-one, denying truth
Self-delusion, a fool’s errand
with but one runner, ourselves
two are better than one
reconcile on the far side of today
it is all we have.

Adrian Wait

The Mighty Dinosaur

On a wet Sunday afternoon
I visit you for the second time
A mere forty-five years later
Have you lost weight?
Lonely footsteps echo
As I walk between displays
More years behind than ahead
Silent requests redundant
Few visit on a Sunday
The Mighty Dinosaurs

Encouraged by cartoon signs
'Visit the mighty dinosaur'
See the barrow kipper
The mighty Rutland dino'
Gigantic skeletons fill the eye
I think I hear the echo
Of histories school visit
Where did the time go
Extinction in the blink of an eye
For the not so mighty dinosaur

Adrian Wait

The Mind

The mind is the landscape
Of our hopes and fears
Our community of being
Revealed within the battle
Raging, forever raging
Behind tired eyes
That none shall deceive
Nor supersede, but
Rather engage to
Comfort or challenge.
What was, yet is
And still shall be
Denied, confirmed
Wrestle til dawn unfurls
Thumbprint upon the heal.

Thought, Word, Spirit
From being, through living, to returning
The Mind grounded, discovered,
Within the being of God
Insufficient, Inadequate for sure
Yet, still an image of God
Triadic structure of human thought
Tis a blade so sharp and swift
Disturbs peace of mind
Unmasks false spirits
Hesed, reveals, confronts
For Justice does not whisper
But demands an account
Of gifts given, and spent
Without thought or care

Knowledge without wisdom
Is but a dangerous folly.
Where the liar's liar lies
Cold comfort consumes
In a world of assumptions
Dawn to dusk, and again
Circles within the mind
Self-consumer of thoughts
First this, then that
Cabbages and kings
Whose in, whose out
Who knows, who cares...
When the persona is spent
And yet…and yet.

Adrian Wait

The Right Question

Do not seek answers
For there sake alone
A pretext for sleep
Tis far better to ask
The right question
Intensive attention
Listening is loving
Know their story
Listen, and be heard
To exist is to give
To own is to restrict
Stories untold, unheard
Reduce and distort
Listening liberates
Hearer with speaker
To know the story
Identify with others
Their story is yours
Interrelated existence
Friendship gives of itself
Isolation an internal prison
Constraint of mind and soul
Teach with generosity
Do not be afraid to be still
Information is never news
Softminded assumptions
Sacrifice life in knowledge
Intellectualising is fear
Fearing the need to be
Rather than appear
Answers induce sleep
Born of false questions
Live life and seek always
The right question.

Adrian Wait

The Somme.....and every other Bloody Battle.

And the devil took the high ground
And the Angels took the rest
The Angels stood and waited
Whilst the devil did his best

The devil he cleared the front rank
Thousands at a time
The Angels watched so silently
No reason, nor no rhyme

The devil was the sting, that day,
 when youth itself had died
And the Angels sat in grief, they say,
And all they did was cry.

Adrian Wait

The Unseen Butterfly

Folding the last edge of the paper
he pointed the folds
into the palm of his hand,
closing it in a clockwork swirl
he forms a fist.
Turning to the children,
He spoke…
'What do you see? '
'A hand…
…a fist', said the other.
Without acknowledgement
He asked, 'Do you see the butterfly? '
As if to turn,
and search the skies
The children shook their heads.
Slowly, gently
Unfolding his fingers like petals
He tenderly placed his finger
On the square of paper…
'Do You see the Butterfly? '
wide eyes and indignant laugh
revealed the children's Puzzlement.
'It's a piece of paper'
became their mantra
Raising his eyebrows,
quiet finger to lips
he recaptures their attention.
'Look, do you see the Butterfly? '
the slip of paper pinched
between finger and thumb
'Do You see the Butterfly? '
Restless, the children
Shuffled from foot to foot
Peering around and about
As if looking through
the finger and thumb
'It's just a piece of paper! '
mocking adult indifference
the children say again
'it's a piece of paper…'
Then let us see, he unfolds
The first edge opened
doubles the dimension
of what is visible
With his thumbs he expands
the dimension a step further
'Do you see the butterfly? '
with taut Patience
the children snap
'it's hidden…it's hidden….
How can we see
What is hidden…'

Until it is unfolded?
Do You see the Butterfly?

Adrian Wait

These few things.

To Listen, and to be heard
To be needed, and to know it
To value and to be valued
To give love and to receive it

To be truthful in word and deed
To appreciate beauty in all things
Including the inner self – that is you
To forgive and be forgiven
To dwell within the moment
To nourish the spirit within and
without you, listen to the inner voice
Be still and know

To lift your eyes to the sunrise
To dwell in the silence of a sunset
To hear the opus of the birds
And the wildness of the sea

These few things will enrich
Your life.

Adrian Wait

Time.

Faded smile…Mmm
Frozen, fractured
Sideway glance
Weren’t you once?
No…no…
It couldn’t be, yet…
Something reminds me
…shadow of yourself
less hair, more wrinkles
Did you used to be..?
No, you’ve grown old
One last look…yep,
Mirrors never lie.

Adrian Wait

To Be or What…

To be…or what?
That is on the table
Choice of fear or hope
To finance a fleet of subs
Twenty-one billion pounds
Or to care for the elderly,
The vulnerable and the sick
Invest in hope, and life
Divest through fear, and death
More profit in death and war
Conform or transform
A just society, the choice
Choice, is ours so they say
Poverty and war always with us
Divisions ensure power and profit
No more the self-delusion
Jerusalem never builded here
The disengaged cudgel
Held by the disengaged
Taken from the hands
Of the poor, the vulnerable
Helped sustains the helper
Philosophies cost paid in full
Take up a poverty march
Wear a wristband or to listen
Twenty-one billion for WMD
Voice of the voiceless – Speak
One WMD – Circus of Green
Disbanded, conferences curtailed
Seminars are the seed encased
Never planted always reviewed
Disengagement… none so deaf
To treat with dignity of the least
Comfortable in their illusions
Attending meetings talking talk
Buffet and expenses obscene
Outside the winter chills
Isolated in silence hope is crushed
Looking in at the feast of words
A million, millions words are spilt
Upon the page no one reads
Undiscovered heart of reason
Mistakes indifference for objectivity
Confuses change with action promised
Such travellers lost to self-deceit
Muddles the brain with spin
The insolence of politicians
Unworthy in speech and deed
Controls the crowd and myths
Justice betrayed by propaganda
Divide and rule, so easy still
It is a weary life of the heart

Compassion framed as bitterness
Anger portrayed as envy
Chains of conformity ensure
Focus on our future pension instead
Indifference masked by objectivity
Blind to the interdependence of life
The harvest is great the workers few
Something is rotten at the heart of power
We bear the ills we have in our distractions
Rather than answer the call and follow
To be…or what shall we ever know
Conscience makes cowards of us all.
Silently, hope is slain with indifference.

Adrian Wait

Treasure well your Memories

Treasure well your memories
Loves gift of silent kindness
Uncut diamonds of joy revealed
Moments of fleeting melody
When all is well, all complete
Forsaken, a fruit never tasted
A bounty lost in neglect
Yesterday a comfort restored
Today, a time for all things
Tomorrow a day away
Fleeting joy weighed against
Foretaste of loves restoration
Be true to your heart and kind
Travel the road well… listen often
Diamonds in the rough oft revealed
Give all to love obey your heart
Treasure well your memories

Adrian Wait

University Unchallenged

They sort to teach of things I knew
Seeking to re-inform, and make anew
They spoke of cabbages
And of kings
They spoke in ‘isms
But, not of things.

They did not lie
Or imagine, or dream.
They rode the train
Of thoughts conformed
Ever changing,
Yet, untransformed

Adrian Wait

Unknown

The unknown
Is the known unknown
Until it is known
It awaits revelation
There beneath our nose
In front of our eyes
Invisible then visible
Do not fear the unknown
For it will be the known
We have always known

Adrian Wait

Upon the Way.

I met a man upon the way his name was Hurt
I gave him my card, my mission statement and passed him by.

I met another called Pain, I gave him directions
and contact numbers and passed him by.

I met a third broken and bleeding, I printed him a sheet
of the best doctors and hospitals and passed him by.

I met yet another whose eyes were of such stillness
he looked into my soul, I said I am thirsty...

…He gave me a drink of water.

Adrian Wait

Weapons of Mass Distraction

The weapons of mass distraction
Regurgitated misspeak and doubleword
Mind games, manipulated and produced
Truth owned by the elite media giants
Darkness hides the rising shadows
Banks in crisis, Politicians in deep
Gangrenous laws seeped through
Deregulation enforces monopoly
Opposition folds and conforms, as planned
Charged with a bigotry or lack of choice
It throws away the cards in its hand
Laws ensure Freedom of choice is limited
To the few, the precious few, self chosen few
Insanity stalks and invites conformity in
Rest awhile take no heed of conscience
Whispering deceit lacks no guile and grips
Voiceless, breathless, lifeless, truth suffocates
Falling to the floor crushed by hopelessness
Media elite rises empowered by thought control
Owning ideas, the gatekeepers, and shadows
Ensure unending dialogue will veto opposition
Mantra unveiled… 'Change' is the word
Dictate what people watch, read and hear
Editorial opinion polarised, flags unfurled
Power lies - Conformity not diversity
Categorise, Label and dismiss, 'change nothing'
Mass communication controls the crowd
Even as the mob cried 'Crucify' so be it
Then bow the head and turn away
We have no god but mammon
Secret lies depend on distraction
Divide and rule, lie and fool
Before our eyes, misspeak, doubleword
Weapons that destroys democracy
Free speech for the powerful requires
Deregulated monopoly owned by few
Misspeak and doublespeak guarantee
More channels less programmes
Human zoo of celebrity distracts
Shallow gossip passes for news
Reveals opinion not tangible facts, Info'tainment
Replaces the responsibility of thinking
Segmented, softminded, served in easy slices
Right before our eyes, misspeak
Doublespeak, a web of lies
Beware the window is closing
The next pie sliced – the Internet
Beware the darkness conceals
A populous controlled, subjected
Sleeping with eyes wide open, beguiled
By our weapons of mass distraction

Adrian Wait

What a to Do.

There was a to do
when elephant went moo
and the spoon ran away with the dog
for the cow was alone
with no-one at home
and sky it was raining fog.

Now the dog and the spoon
Were on honeymoon
 Laughter it fell like rain
Then a twist and a crack
Saw spoon on her back
And dog he was creased in pain

The cow and the dish
Had fulfilled their wish
To see those two in pain
And the dog and the spoon
Journeyed to the moon,
And were never seen again

Now the cow and the dish
Where in their canoe,
Throwing weighted bread to the fish
When elephant let out the mother of all Moo's!
And caught the them unawares
With a splonk! , splat! , splash!
They were gone in a flash

The tale I tell is true, of what a to do
When elephant did mother, the mother of all moo's
This warning I share, as if I could care,
never spite, nor spoil what's new
for the love of a spoon, the dogs on the moon
and the cow and the dish…….do feed the fish.

Adrian Wait

What is

Darkness is not Light
Democracy is not politics
Different is not adversary
Indifference is not neutral
Healthcare is not purchased
Education is not Knowledge
Poverty is not poor in spirit
Knowledge is not Wisdom
A Crowd is not democracy
Meekness is not weakness
Corruption is not success
Invasion is not liberation
War is not peacekeeping
Church is not Kingdom
Hearing is not Listening
Property is not forever
Status is not Character
Folly is not eccentric
Wealth is not success
Tradition is not Faith
Earth is not for sale
Religion is not holy
Power is not might
Fame is not hope
Might is not right
Faith is not Chosen
Christ is not owned
Status is not Character
Humanity is not perfect
Truth is not found in isms
Happiness is not purchased
Justice is not equal, but just
Meekness is not weakness
Mercy is not understood
To be is not a privilege
Charity is not Justice
God is not our mind
Poor is not invisible
Love is not mocked
Greed is not good
Up is not down
Right is not left
I is not we
To be is
God is

Adrian Wait

What would Amos say?

The rural prophet was greeted with cheers when he began his discourse thus:

"This is what Justice demands:
For three acts of treachery, even four, the Banks will face outrage
Greed will consume their senses; avarice will cloud their judgement,
The sleeping giant of public anger will consume the Banks,
Their Ivory Towers will collapse at their feet
Their castles will be foreclosed.
Their guilt was treachery, broken trust, greed and last
But not least the silent axe at the root of their empires… being wise in their own eyes".

And the crowd exploded with roars of agreement… the media never leads, but follows public opinion.

"This is what Trust witnesses:
For their acts of betrayal, even corruption, Politicians will destroy
trust in democracy, by their greed and rampant selfishness
Feeds into a nation devoid of community awareness,
A nation seduced by celebrity and fame
Corruption, word and deed exposed for consumers
Judgement and cynicism increase sales
No lie can last forever, or cease to be a lie on Peerage.

And the crowd erupts with rehearsed indigence… congratulating
moral superiority not two threads above corruption.

"This is what Truth Exposes:
For their acts of indifference and conformity
English church of the indifferent mind
Status is worshiped, conformity honoured
Objective in indifference…they look the other way
Disengaged they preach at the Trapped
If they preach at all it is not the Holy Word
Lipservice addicted to circle of peers
Investment for greed, £40 million lost
Denies justice to the oppressed
The poor are with us always
Lacking… Justice, Dignity and Truth
Where is the Voice of the Voiceless?
Who keeps a record of the weak?

SILENCE
… the rest is silence.

Adrian Wait

Whatever the Weather

Whatever the weather
They'll tether the weather
Whether we like it or not
Spinning tales of global warming
Hidden in facts hard to deny
Hand in hand they invite us in
Duplicity helps… I cannot lie
Still the clouds reveal the tool
Punching holes in the ionosphere
Searching for unlimited fuel
Cannibals that show no fear
Tesla's work in the hands of fools
Reckless in their thirst for power
The earth slows down, presently
The weather changes by the hour
Floods, Cyclones, Earthquakes
On scales never before seen
Intensified search for power
Shakes the earth on its axis
Experiments pierce the sky
Deaths Angel plays this Haarp
Slicing through the ionosphere
Disrupting nature yet unknown
Cause and affect the code ignored
Blundering on the woodpecker
Removes, disturbs, unbalances
Waves rise, Earth plates twisted
Unleashed power, brings devastation
Distracted, whilst they weave
Consequences of the deadly games
Hidden in full sight, beneath our skies
Masked in tales of global warming
Conspiracy theories hide their lies
Lust for power will cost the earth
Flight of fancy or of fear
We'll know tomorrow,
Tomorrows here…

Whatever the weather
They'll tether the weather
Whether we like it, or not.
.

Adrian Wait

When ahead seems so far behind

When ahead seems so far behind
Pale hands tighten their grasp
Water and sand are better held
Than old illusions and make believe
Dreams turn to dust in our hands
When illusion becomes reality
Tired eyes closed with mind
Lest the dreamwish should wither
Cold and poor in all but fear
Paralysed by analysis
Unable to speak lest we offend
In silence we obey the rules
Censured by political correctness
Conformed banality our deceit
We nod our heads, and smile
Refusing to listen, or change
Tradition the invisible prison
Standing in our a tributary
Fading from thirst, blind
Celebrity concern cold comfort
Well-rehearsed arguments
Of selfish giants
Failing to meet their mark
Peacocks one and all
In vanity false protest
Wise in all but wisdom
You stand so tall
Akin to quixotic giants
Emerging from the mist
Indifference transformed to power
Mocking selfishness
Guards your heart
Distracted eyes are no less wise
Than eyes that refuse to see
Deaf to all but self
Love and Compassion
Near in their mouths
yet far from their hearts.
Lost in feigned affection
Chains that bind the heart
Link by link, step by step
When ahead seems so far behind

Adrian Wait

When stardust settles

The day arrives
When promises fade
And the cold winds
Of reality sweep in
Icy chill colder
For hopes raised
When the King
Shown Emperor naked
Feet of clay exposed
When stardust settles
Bitterness in vicious
Coiled like tension
Countless broken dreams
Now wear the crown
Of black, ready to condemn
Not only the individual
But the race in duplicity
Mocking they have waited
The spoils of the Crowd
When stardust settles
So easy to predict
Feed them or be eaten
Bear their responsibilities
Or be the disenchanter
Hope is the enemy
That threatens profit
Busy from day one
Laying their traps
Digging their pits
When stardust settles
Deceivers and weavers
Of lies and duplicity
Banality of evil
Praises hopes defeat
To restore the deceiver
And follow their path
Chosen in darkness
Nurtured in hatred
Waiting to strike
When stardust settles
Drip, drip, drip
The poison nourishes
Disillusionment
People without vision
Perish… preferring darkness
Resists duty and service
Stand back and watch
Broken dreams ignite
Fires of disenchantment
When stardust settles

Adrian Wait

Where Am I

Measured by my worth
Do they think of assets?
Measured by my value
Do they think of wealth
Measured by my achievements
Do they think of status
Measured by my failing
Do they think of poverty
Measured by their norms
Do they think they shall see me
Measured by my potential
Do they think of dreams unfulfilled
Measured by my days
Do they think of me at all
Measure for measure
Do they think I can be found
Therefore, Where am I,
In loyalty, Mercy, humility
Measure for measure I am
Somewhere behind the eyes
And between my ears
Measured by the heartbeat
From invisibility to visible
I shall be free.

A.R.Wait:

Adrian Wait

Who Knows?

How many hours in a mile
How many tears in a smile
Is Yellow Square, or is it round
When silence is the only sound.

How much love will it take
To heal the heart that did break
How many prisoners of regret
Can forgive but rarely forget

How many tomorrows lost
For the want of yesterdays cost
Words unspoken are so loud
Tenderness lost to the proud

How many hours in a mile
How many tears in a smile
The river of life flows on
When all but hope, as gone.

Adrian Wait

Who to bless and who to blame

Who to bless and who to blame
Them and us are both the same
Emperors new clothes our expenses
Hidden from sight we fool our senses
At mammon’s alter victorious kneel
Reinventing everything including wheel
Darkness covers, hidden ambitions tame
Celebrity, politics one and the same
Not so important that you won
More important that they lost
And in the end we carry the cost
You assumed we voted you in
We just wanted them not to win
A Pig is a pig with nose in trough
We won dear voter now sod off
We bury our heads in TV celebs
Sea of indifference flows and ebbs
You or me we’re both the same
Who to bless and who to blame

Adrian Wait

Winter Nights……

What is this feeling within my heart;
Concealed by daylight hours, in a shroud of taut restraint.
Winter evenings consume, yesterdays pursue me,
Smiling, speaking, acting – I can cope, I can cope….
An injured heart bares healing in the nearness of love,
Yet love becomes frigid when winter sweeps in, I am alone.
The world is cold, my heart laments in fearful silence
Winter, winter, where are your friends? ,
Betrayed by the sheath of night, rejoicing in decay
In scornful silence, reflecting on unfulfilled dreams,
Dreading the night, enduring the day. Winter.

Hopes and Dreams, rest upon a cradle of love,
Unconditional, fruitful, forbearing, eternal,
Winter steals, freezes, and denies.
To be alone in this season, is to be alone,
No voices, no echoes, no gentle memories shared.
A solitary tree yielding to an unfeeling winter,
Surrendering its leaves to winters steel sky.
Fleeting Sunshine, stolen, lacking of kindness, or warmth
Sheets of invasive rain, such unforgiving indifference
Winter is reconciliation without forgiveness
Yet, it is the door to Spring, and the resurrection of hope.

Adrian Wait

Winter is coming

Step by step the giant strode
They consider him beaten
Confined to histories road
For thirty years he schemed
His roots run deeper now
Within long sleep he dreamed
He’s back upon the stage.
Hacking the weapon we’re told
A few numbers, a secret page
The West will feel the cold
And winter is coming.

Adrian Wait

Wise in your own eyes

Wise in your own eyes, blind to others
I see through you, I watch the dance
Counterfeit your words never engage
Struggling to listen except to yourself
Truth a stranger to your heart
Sinking deeper within Hades cage
Playing out in feign correctness, lies
Uniform expression the trained response
Words cradled hidden in bear traps
Crossing the border with ease, no style
Merging objectivity with indifference
Technique, methodology, web of lies
Process, Procedure, predicted, produced
Reduced to vain spent journey
Disinterested conformity never transforms
Retreating to your twin towers
Assumption and Lipservice
Steel cold chains worn with pride
The path set, rehearsed, tiresome
Intimidation through stilted silence
Safe in the company of the disengaged
Cloned in dull disinterest you chatter
So proud of the mantra spun
Filling the air with inane words
Rehearsed tools of mute deception linger
Misnamed mediation the direct lie
Coiled desperation to steady the boat
Clicking pen, papers shuffle, smiles forced
Question half uttered and withdrawn
Forced tone of perverse naturalness
Suppressed glance begins the show
Feigned concern for all so obvious
Fearing stillness that light reveals
To suggest haste and belittle
Half-eaten reminder of appointments
Seep and fall from deceiving tongue
Ticking clock adds to tensions pace
Pauses reveal emperors nakedness
Threaten discomfort of patterned lies
It’s a game, a game, a bleady game
Restricting worship to status alone
Dreary dull black eyes vacant
As a Monday morning church
Dead, empty, without soul
Severed from the saddening crowd
Lost in chosen meaninglessness
Desert wind of self-eroding fixation
Conformity hides behind equality
Political correctness drowns, evades
Play up, conform or leave the stage
Challenge and you will be excluded
Labelled, categorised, dismissed

Equal opportunity to feign interest
Usurping creative development
In tiresome rapidity you puke lipservice
Words rehearsed, pale in all but blandness
Superficial, soulless, banality secured
The living dead from the neck up
Correctness cloaks bastardised politeness
Aware of words born of escapism
Masked with smile to feign interest
Words ill-used, targeted to disarm, belittle
Feigned affection delivered in banal spite
Point-scoring to distance conscience
Excused, tranquil in elevated bigotry
Mind control masked in liberal fascism
Freedom is not to be like you
Wise in your own eyes
The Telegram read…
Truth is. Verdict reached. Trial begins.

Adrian Wait

Wishes and Dreams

Wishes and Dreams
May these be yours
For Our time Together
I Thank You
For the Love shared
I bless you

Walking in Wonders
Beyond Ourselves
A place in Time
Forever Ours
Love beyond Time
And Words

Treasures briefly held
Wishes and Dreams
May these shared words
Echo a Heart Shared
Love is the Beyond
In Timeless Words

I Love You.

Adrian Wait

Words

Early words
Made up words
First words
Learning words
Conforming words
Non-conforming words
Loving words
Hateful words
Ugly words
Angry words
Spiteful words
Bitter words
Final words
No words.

Adrian Wait

Words on a Gravestone

What words
do you want written
on your Gravestone…

They were…
Rich
They were…
Successful
They were…
Powerful
They were…
Single-minded
They were…
Tough-minded
They were…
Forthright
They were…
Respected
They were…
Self-made
They were…
Strong
They were…
Religious
They were…
Fair
They were…
Go-getters
They were…
The life of the party
They were…
Loyal, to friends
They were
Achievers
They were…
A pain

How fruitful the life
Where the words
on the gravestone
say

They were
Kind.

Adrian Wait

You are Yourself

In the sea of sound
Distraction rules
Life is from, through
And to, within our grasp
The longest journey
To find the closest thing
You are Yourself

Wise in our own reflection
Love withheld, withdrawn,
Reveals injustice
And lack of mercy
From no one, through no one…
words upon the page
You are yourself

Self reliant, alone or cold
Two far better than one
The listener is heard
Know yourself,
For on this journey
Others are revealed, when
You are Yourself

The unheard echo of isolation
Under the strawberry rust
Of dying autumn skies
Beckons…'Come' …listen,
Love awaits in silence
A Still small voice affirms
You are Yourself

Adrian Wait