

Poetry Series

Alice Anne Gordon

- poems -

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Alice Anne Gordon

I'm a wee Scottish lass - lovin' living and laughing ma wee head off at life! I enjoy dabbling with poems and songs and hope people enjoy reading my efforts. Take care x

:)

up at both sides flash
captivating stares like stars
youthful wise and old

Alice Anne Gordon

A Reply... Men & Thir Habits (Scots)

Och Men!

Ye canny live way thum
Ye canny live without thum

Fur Aw thir hitherin and ditherin
About wit thir goan tae wear...
No wait a meenit, that's us wumen.
I'll steart again...

Och men!

Ye canny live way thum
Ye canny live without thum

Way thir idea eh a pint
Being o'er the score
First its wan
Then its two
Then its seven bludy more

They think that thir sober
Till the night wind's over
Then it back tae thir bed
Where the wumen never said,
"I telt ye no tae huv that last pint"

So with a pacifying peck
Oan the dear wifie's cheek
Its oaf tae the slumber land
With oot oany breeks
Then the snorin' gets started
Followed close by the fartin
An hes deid tae the world and aw that

But at three, up he gets
To relieve from hes bladder
Aw the pints that ah mentioned afore.
So he feels fur the handle
In the dark pitch of night
And he open, what he thinks, is the door

Then We find thum,
Stark naked,
Daein' impressions of that statue,
Where the wee man is peein in the pool.
If he'd made it tae the bathroom,
And just peed on the linoleum,
Ye could get away with callin thum a fool.

But he's stonin' in the wardrobe

Wae hes bahoochy aw hairy an shiverin
As he shoogles aff the pee from his wee man.
And tae mak'et matters worse,
Hes done hes due on only hurs
And now shes thinking that she should provide a ban
On oany type a muckle drinkin,
Where the pundit gets pure stinkin,
And proceeds tae widdle naewhere near the pan!

Alice Anne Gordon

A Sense of Something Beautiful

The sound of rain on window pane
when you're all wrapped up inside.
The sound of gentle breathing
as you lie awake at night.
The taste of HP sauce on beans
with hot bacon.
The taste of homemade apple-pie
with ice-cream.
Reminds you of your child's first drawing -
not perfect, but unique.
Holds likeness to great tapestries
with their complex, beauty.
Like favourite woollen gloves
with hat and scarf to match.
The rose with petals soft, accepting
thorns that scratch.
The smell of books anew,
each chapter unread.
The smell of pillow case,
Where memories dwell.

Alice Anne Gordon

A Short Philosophy on How Not To Live... (nonsense)

Don't hide in the rain
When the sun won't shine
Don't wish on the moon
When the stars fall down
Don't stare at the fire
When the coals aren't hot
Don't play in the snow
When the traffic stops
Don't run to the end
When the race is late
Don't bend to the wind
When the going's tough
Don't sing to a tune
When you don't know the words
Don't count on them being
any more than they are
Don't choke on your pride
When mistakes are made
Don't bet on a winner
When the odds are high
Don't listen to advice
From a frog or a mule
And if you do....
Remember,
It's never too late to find fish in a kettle

Alice Anne Gordon

A to Zen

Always be an avid admirer of art
Always blaspheme the blasted bigot
Always count the calm caresses
Always debate the damning defect of duty
Always eject eminent eejits
Always find and forge fine friendships
Always get god to go away
Always have harmony handy
Always investigate illogical ideology
Always jump on jaggy judges
Always kiss Celts in kilts
Always love, laugh, live, learn
Always make memorable moments
Always negate the negative newscast
Always be open to offers obscure
Always appease a 'pretty please'
Always question a quizzical quarrel
Always return a rude raspberry
Always stalk with stealth
Always talk with truth
Always use the universe unselfishly
Always vocalise vibrant voices
Always weave a wondrous web
Always excoriate exasperating xenophobes
Always yearn for youthful yesterdays
Always zig-zag to the zenith with zest and zeal

Alice Anne Gordon

A Verse

Masks slip, faces seen
reveals a little of what's been.
Keys fit, gates swing
melodies of old sing.
Chase fate, catch dreams
illusions never are what seems.
deception cracks, pathways clear
turn the corner, dwindling fear.
Lion's heart, sword make known
the seeds of knowledge have been sown.

Alice Anne Gordon

At The End of The World

Dandelions float untroubled
in the gentle strokes of sunshine.
Tiny creatures curl in comfort,
watched,
as quiet as an ancient dream.
The Prairie pauses.

A lick of bright heat,
the straw stalks stammer,
the zzub of uneasy wings cease...

Peace in this place
of tamed sunbeams,
the dandelion drifts undisturbed.

Alice Anne Gordon

Autumn Evening

Leaves deepen to orange ember
as twilight comes,
sky drifts to smother the day,
swaddling memories in soft pink clouds.
Neon lights flicker, illuminating
windless trees, standing crooked.
Evening song edges towards the night.

Alice Anne Gordon

Babylon Barcode

Babylon Barcode

Babylon Barcode, the 7 pointed star.
Telling a little of who you are.
Never fading line of fates,
Never ending love that waits.
Knowing what it means.

Babylon Barcode, 7 points on the star.
Knowledge so old, knowledge so far,
Knowledge of learning, never to hate.
Knowing what it means.

Babylon Barcode, I know who you are.
A symbol of life here, from afar.
We will strive to never abate
In the future, past or to date.
Knowing what it means.

Alice Anne Gordon

Behind The Veil

Who is behind the veil,
behind the veil?
Who sees what others
only think they feel?
Who gives hope
and hands out fate?
Who has the keys
to freedom's gate?
Who walks through
the passages of mind?
Locking, unlocking doors behind.
Who has the power
to say they don't exist?
Who writes out a master's list?
Who keeps the secrets
that have never been told?
Who passes on
what must never unfold?
Who is behind the veil,
behind the veil?
questions old, answers frail.

Alice Anne Gordon

Blanket of Ignorance

Blanket of ignorance start to unfold.
Blindness has led me bold
yet naïve, to this strange place
where life is a woven web of lace.
Life, enchant me.

Blanket of ignorance is growing old,
deep rooted in religious holds,
that no longer matter in this space.
Life enchant, be

Blanket of ignorance is making me cold.
Get rid of it swiftly; coaxed, cajoled.
Leave, inexperience, from this face;
Learn to live with growing pace.
The soul inside has not been sold.
Life enchant, see.

Alice Anne Gordon

Broken Arrow Blues - Chernobyl

I sometimes think I can hear them cry,
And then I imagine them laughing.

I sometimes think I can see them running,
And then I imagine them safe.

I sometimes think I can smell the burn,
And then I imagine them playing.

I sometimes think I can feel their pain.
And then I imagine.

I imagine what it might have been like
If the operators had been more vigilant,
If the mechanisms had been quicker.

I imagine
That the world could find another way.

Alice Anne Gordon

Confabulation

Confabulation of the inner kind
Chat to myself, in my own time.
Am I a liar? Or just unaware
Of why some people don't stop to stare?
Is it just me?
Or perhaps self-deception
Of peoples reactions; perceptions
Deeper I go into my mind
Trying to solve what I just can't find

Mind, whirling with ideas new
Medic notes and book reviews
Found a novel full of facts
The brain's abound with mem'ry
Spiralling, spinning, sprawling, learning, living.

Confabulation of the psychiatric kind
Tied up in knots of the naughty mind
Am I a liar? Or just unaware
Of why some people really don't care
Is it just me?
Or perhaps self-deception
Of people's reactions; reception
Deeper I go into my mind
Trying to solve what I just can't find

Mind, whirling with ideas new
Medic notes and book reviews
Found a novel full of facts
The brain's abound with mem'ry
Spiralling, spinning, sprawling, learning, laughing

Who am I?
Who are they?
Why won't I let
Myself out to play?

Conspiculation of the obvious kind
Blatant respect for my visible find
Am I a liar? Or just unaware
Of why that one person really does care
Is it me or self deception
Of my own reaction; attraction
Deeper I go into my mind
Not trying to find what I've already found

Mind, whirling with ideas new
Medic notes and book reviews
Found a novel full of facts
The brain's abound with mem'ry
Spiralling, spinning, sprawling, learning, loving.

Alice Anne Gordon

Cycles

The Humble Bumble
zzubs to a quiet resting
wet leaves circle deep

Alice Anne Gordon

Dance With Me...

Dance with me, just once more.
Dance with me and feel my heart beat.
Hold me, make me safe, protect me from the music
That staggers from beat to beat.
Embrace the madness that is my repertoire
Forgive the dirge that is my disease.

Find a note that sings so pure
In me and tell me
That I can make my own music
To which you want to dance.

Dance with me, just once more.
Dance and hear my music,
Like no one else.

Alice Anne Gordon

Dandelion

playful fairy wish
bundles blown in fluffy tufts
float on wind and sun

Alice Anne Gordon

Destiny or Fate

I am of the experimental kind.
By rational thought I cannot find
A good or evil spirit that presides
Over me, or that decides
My destiny or fate.

I am of the state of mind
To look for truth, I'm unconfined;
To experiment with time that glides
Over my present thirst - resides
In me, my purpose: wait.

I am from the firmament twins aligned,
Although not sure how I'm entwined
I trust my instinct; let it guide
Me on this journey, this roller ride.
No need to run or hide behind
My destiny or fate.

AA Gordon
24th Sept 07

Inspired by reading Blake's "There is no natural religion" & "All religions are one"
Alice Anne Gordon

Dreams (i)

Are dreams merely shadows
of a self that is unknown?
That break the body, mind and
soul to energies unflown.
To know thy self, above all things,
is a most impressive plight.
To take leave of the senses
and explore the endless night.
To fly with all eternity
To fly with wings of gold
To fly with gods and demons
To fly with new and old

Are dreams merely make believe,
a film of many scenes?
Projecting fears and wonder
on the world and what it means.
They tell so many stories
Some truth, some lies, some both
It is so difficult to tell
Unless we take an oath to
Fly with all eternity
To fly with wings of gold
To fly with gods and demons
To fly with tales untold

Alice Anne Gordon

dreams (ii)

Dreams are playgrounds of the night.
Made to shock, amuse, delight.
Scents of powerful song,
Night keeps turning along,
Be quick to fall asleep

Dreams the source of wrong and right.
The self in battle, come to fight
Another us, stay strong.
Be quick to fall asleep

Dreams are soaring like a kite.
They swoop and dance at such a height,
Far they reach; long.
Lost in natures throng
of stars and moonbeams. Now take flight...
Be quick to fall asleep.

Alice Anne Gordon

Dreams (iii)

(I)
Some like silk
Others more stealth and snaring
Trapped or set free dreams

(II)
Night unbound set free
Scented dreams come unto me
Cloaked in wisdom see

Alice Anne Gordon

Dreams (iv)

Higgldey piggldey bibity bop
I had a dream
That made me hop
It made me want to cry out loud
"I think I'm lost
And want to be found! "
Higgldey piggldey bibity bop
T'was just a dream
And now I'll stop.

Alice Anne Gordon

Euphoric Black

Flying high
eagle's haunt
soaring
swooping
diving
glide

bolt cracks; key turns

tumbling down
twisted; gaunt
tearing
blindly
swiping
halt

Alice Anne Gordon

Euro Banana

Sweet perfume tough skin
yellow bending oblong thin
delicious all gone

:)

Alice Anne Gordon

Fear of Gods, Fear of Death

Epicurus states our responsibility.
In all my meekness and volatility,
irresolute am I to appear.
But for him it was crystal clear
His thoughts on life and death.

Religion grasps at our own docility,
plays to the masses our susceptibilities.
He was, indeed, a pioneer.
It may just be strife and breath.

Is it beyond ignorant capabilities?
To pursue a fathomed possibility
that gods are just the last frontier
In modern man: imagineer.
No need for religion that brings hostility.
The atoms resume to be life and death.

Alice Anne Gordon

Go and Try it!

Have you ever, ever tried
To do what I've just done?
Just walking round the park, I was,
Decided to have fun.
You see those fallen crumpled leaves,
All dried and curled up too?
Well I've just had a good ole stomp,
I loved the scrunch – Woo HOO!
Go try it. It was Brilliant!
To hear the leaves go SCRUNCH!
Especially when there's more than one
The sound has bigger PUNCH!
You don't need to be 7 or 8
To do the things I've tried.
I'm bleedin' over 30
And "Responsible" she sighed.
But, scrunching, crunching
Stomping, chomping
Stepping on those leaves,
Was quite delightful
(Even frightful!)
Go and try it please.

Alice Anne Gordon

Gone

tears stream down they roll
bitter sweet taste of mem'ry
never spoken never there

Alice Anne Gordon

Heaven & Hell

Heaven and Hell; all on the same plane.
Depends on how you play the game
of life; depends on your reception;
depends on lies, truth and deception.
Where are you, in reality?

Heaven's above? Hell's below? Name
the reason that you know? Tame
the beast that yields the inception
of sleeping safe, in reality.

Heaven – a space where we once came,
Hell – a place to live without shame.
Some sell the brand; perpetuation.
Others reject, reprove in all damnation.
What riddles, what stories; outrageous claims!
That drive us from reality.

Alice Anne Gordon

Hope

No being of creation
can be your soul's content.
Love and deep relation,
support the self's ascent.
The power to see,
the power to be,
comes from understanding
the role of 'me'.
Microcosmic fates in reality,
Microscopic dents in humanity.
To fail to place the self as first
is letting a poor man die of thirst.
Look then within
without concern,
nurture your nature
with a whole and honest heart.
Fulfil your fated future.
Change, and make a start

Alice Anne Gordon

How it is

With thanks to 'RUSH' for their inspiration from 'Vapour Trails' Album:

The difference between how it is
and how it might have been
is irrelevant now.
My life is how it's meant to be,
my life is how it is just now,
nothing more,
nothing less.
No name in lights,
no dressing room,
no make-up thickly smeared.
I am just me.
A simple frame.
A structured puzzle.
A poet's tear.
How it is? I'm still not sure.
How it is? I'm still here.
How it is and how it's meant to be.

Alice Anne Gordon

I am

I
I am
I am me
I am
I

Alice Anne Gordon

I can

I
I can
I can be
I can be loved
I can be
I can
I

Alice Anne Gordon

I never meant to...

I never meant to try to go
away from all your love, so
all I can say now
is thank you somehow
for loving me with patience.

I never meant to try to sow
a seed so full of doubt, so
all I can say now
is love me with forgiveness.

I never meant to hurt you, low
I felt and confused and so
I thought I had to bow
out of life and somehow
you saved me with your flow
of endless loving love.

Alice Anne Gordon

I.C.T.ee Hee Hee :)

Page up! I want to scream and shout!
Copy, cut, paste I start to spout.
Ostentatiously I try to comprehend,
The message that I want to send...
But happiness is my default position.

Page down, I try again with doubt
But it's easier to eat a brussel sprout!
My mouse is stuck! ! ! I'll try to mend...
But happiness is my default position.

Soft-ware, what a mystery; devout
am I to work it a-ll out.
Confused and confuddled, I am my friend.
Escape I want! ! ! To leave! ! Transcend! ?
Alas, I know not; not enough... POUT...
But happiness is my default position :)

With thanks to 'Toby' from "The West Wing"

Alice Anne Gordon

In Pursuit of Perfection

You can pray for perfection,
But you'll never find it.
And it's not because God's not there.
You can search for it,
Seek it,
Hunt it down,
But with every step you take,
To close in on what you perceive to be perfection,
You shatter the one true beauty of life.
That is,
You fail to see that trying to find perfection, in self or others,
Will only lead to blindness of all that is truly good and wonderful.
It is not the finding of perfection that brings happiness;
It is the realisation,
That you can never find it.

Alice Anne Gordon

losing to laryngitis

What do I miss?
I cannot tell you what I'm thinking
I cannot say how I'm feeling
I can manage tears
but no sound
I cannot tell you the best way to do things
I cannot tell you where things are
But I can manage tears
Without sound

I miss not being able to talk jibberish nonsense
I miss not gossiping on the phone or at work
I miss not being able to say "thanks" for this and that
I hope you know

What do I miss?
I cannot ask you how your day went
I cannot share my day with you
I can manage a giggle
But no sound
I miss not being able to say "I love you" the most ...

I cannot wait till my voice comes back
And then
I will

Alice Anne Gordon

Monday 8 am (Faithless Thanks :)

Monday 8am (part I)

Tree lined avenue, walk in the park.
Foliar, white-greens and yellow.
Daybreak glows,
Illumination,
Shines.

Tree lined avenue, walk in the park.
Timbers cast long and tall,
Magnificent shadows,
Imponderous,
Grace.

Tree lined avenue, walk in the park.
Many in number they stand,
Naturally balanced,
Animated,
Proud.

Tree lined avenue, walk in the park.
Criss-cross the canopy reaches,
Enfolding life,
Discovery,
Beauty.

Monday 8am (part II)

Tree lined avenue, into the dark.
Sky concealed, foliage hues.
Soft underfoot.
Mysterious,
Deep.

Tree lined avenue, into the dark.
Seeds and leaves, carpet thick.
Morning shadows,
Enigmatic,
Obscure.

Tree lined avenue, into the dark.
Musky, sombre, broken sticks,
Light-footed tread,
Tenebrous,
Sunless.

Tree lined avenue, into the dark.
Turning corners, guiding timbers,
Encounter mystics,
Indistinct,
Cryptic.

Alice Anne Gordon

My First Haiku

The Light stretching far
Illuminated conscience
Silver sparkling fair

Alice Anne Gordon

Night Inhabitants of Round-About Island (Haiku)

Like dark stones they sit
Motionless until lights pass
Disturbed fear scamper

Alice Anne Gordon

Only A Reflection...

Reflections of
a broken heart
pale and lost aloud
to be forgotten
tragedy unseen
but felt as every
knife is twisted
shadowless into the
imagination

Alice Anne Gordon

Paranoid Perceptions

She sits,
As the cigarette smoke smothers her eyes.
She sits,
And tastes the wine with its rotten, crumbling cork.
She sits,
Like a happy snap-shot, with a smile that is not there.
She sits,
Solitary, in silence as the party surrounds.
She sits,
And hears all the 'tellings' of parental warnings.

She fears,
The drunkards breath, laced with lustful words.
She fears,
The bile of forgotten pills, burning her throat again.
She fears,
The dust collecting on anniversary glasses.
She fears,
The taps and scratches on the window three floors up.

She feels,
The toxic bleach, peeling away delicate layers.
She feels,
The uncracked pepper-corn, crushed 'tween teeth and tongue.
She feels,
The flowers cling to life - the vase empty of water.
She feels,
The stabbing at her secret imagination.
She feels,
Part of "It" without express permission.

Alice Anne Gordon

Pity the Woman

Sorrow and Pity the woman's plight
From Blake's image'ry, a lost fight.
Sorrow, for pity's sake,
is wasted energies; unmake.
Change, round-turn; woman.

Pity the unfelt love of smite.
Lo, behold thee that might
become woman, free'd from lake,
Change, round-turn; woman.

Life not borne from within womb-like
tombs of perfection, tis not a right
precluded from the single form; take
away this virtue of piety; break
with sorrow and pity, take flight.
Change, round-turn; woman.

Alice Anne Gordon

Please Stay

I can hardly see you for all the tubes and monitors they've attached you to my little one.
You look so frail and poorly.
Oh how I wish I could hold you – but I can't.
Just hang in there, be strong for Daddy.
He loves you very much.
And so do I.
Please don't leave.
Stay, just one more day.

I want you to see the sky.
The many colours it changes through.
The wonderful fun you could have with clouds and rain and sunshine and snow and...
I want you to smell cut grass in the park and roll in the autumn leaves.
I want you to hear Mozart and Beethoven and the Sex pistols and Radiohead and whatever music your generation will bring you.
I want you to dance, to sing, to feel all the emotions with a whole an honest heart.
Please, stay one more day.

The doctors and nurses have come in now.
They're shouting and moving so fast.
I can't quite see what's going on.
I just want you to stay – one more day, one more hour, one more minute.
Life has so much to offer you my dear, dear child.
Daddy loves you and so do I.

They've taken away the tubes and the machines now.
They've placed you in Daddy's arms.
You couldn't stay any longer.

Now you're here with me and you never did see the sky.
Remember Daddy loves you.
And so do I.

Alice Anne Gordon

power

malformed, mangled, manipulative mind
subconsciously secreting
subtle scents
of insecurities and fears
comforting the festering falsehoods of the soul

misinformed, misfortunate, manipulative mind
scraping scars into
social acceptance of the status quo

perfection pertaining to the yielding
of power over people
to persuade the delusion of evil and good

Alice Anne Gordon

Sarah Leaves...

Used,
abused,
disused blues,
quake.
nothin' doin',
nothin' tellin',
fake?
old news,
new news,
heard it all before news.
speak up,
shut up,
put up or put out.
back bone,
shin bone,
smashin' in your face bone.
keep going,
get going,
going, going,
gone.

Alice Anne Gordon

Scottish Sky - Haiku

Heavy gunner blue
Sky hangs low uninviting
Shrapnel raindrops slice

Alice Anne Gordon

Shine like the Sun (summer song II)

Shine, shine like the sun
Now that summer's begun
Live, life like a dream
Shine, shine, shine like the sun

The rosebud wakens and peeks from her hood
The blackbird startles and searches for food
The crimson tipped daisies stretch out from their sleep
The morning has woken from slumbers deep

The butterfly flutters its delicate wings
The bees buzz along, the song thrush sings
The dancing of ants march along to the beat
The day carries onwards in blossoming heat

The blue skies lie open, cloudless and free
The golden crops shimmer for all to see
The flourishing hillside where wild flowers grow
The heat blisters on through the day long and slow

The night turns to pink the sun bows its head
The flowers curl inwards asleep in their bed
There's a brief summer song from birds up on high
As night time creeps in, day lets out a sigh.

Alice Anne Gordon

still...

Statue frozen cries
thoughtfully composed silent
no sight only sound

Alice Anne Gordon

summer song

Summer song
summer long
summer sounds
of summer throng

summer light
summer night
summer feels
alive and bright

Floating breezes
fresh and free
gentle sunkissed
bumble bee
curling creatures
sleeping so
marching ants
they come and go
tall grass bends
in sun lit beams
medows shimmer
golden gleams
birds call out
their summer song
dawn to dusk
singing long
bubbling brooks
with silver waters
bluebells dance
like woodlands daughters
velvet moss
enfolds the boulder
tree stumps covered
shaded; colder
for-get-me-nots
smile in their place
mischievous little dainty face

Summer song
summer long
summer sounds
of summer throng

summer light
summer night
summer feels
alive and bright

Alice Anne Gordon

The Boogaloo (nonsense)

Down a dank and darkened stair,
The Boogaloo resides.
Twisting, turning, wriggling, gurning,
yuch beyond compare.
Iggsome, kootsy darned right ploopsy,
Fair in the face he was not.
Zitzzy and puggled and overly muggled
He stank of the most horrid rot.

And there in the dankness
He thought of his rankness
And cried out "It's really not fair!
To suffer such pleuchness
And comments so ruthless! "
Then he realised that no one did care.

On his own, down those stairs,
The Boogaloo sat,
And he sobbed and he wailed that he wanted to end
This most miserable life with its glooch and its clee -
He cried out once more, "Why's there no one for me? "

So he sat on his own for the next ten years long,
Till he heard a faint whisper,
T'was almost a song...
"Look at me, can't you tell that I really do smell
and my legs are all blibbity bloop.
My hair's in a state and my nose is not there
And my feet stink of drippity plop! "

Uggsome... buggsome... they slivered together,
And were happy by all account heard.
That the Boogaloo bundle,
Had found a wee Rungle,
And the pair carried on till the end.

Alice Anne Gordon

The Cupboard Under The Stairs

Dark devours the hurt,
cradled under coats in the cusp of safety,
far from prying ears
a tear,
a whimper of self comfort,
in the company of a clicking meter.
The light slivers along the crack,
breaking into the darkness
of worn shoes and winter mittens.
Circumstances and surroundings uncomfortable.
How long to stay in the shadows?

Alice Anne Gordon

The Holy Whore of Babylon

The Holy Whore of Babylon cries.
Her plea, invective cast as lies.
Prejudice awaits her toil,
Propaganda spates her foil,
Sin'ly, thinly await to rise.

To shed the shackles of her ties,
They think that she is in demise.
Blood begins to creep and boil.
The Envoy unchallenged.

The Holy Whore of Babylon flies,
Her motives strong, rejected; wise
Prejudice foretells her; loyal
Propaganda outstrips her; Royal
As others dictate; she simply sighs.
The Envoy unchallenged.

Alice Anne Gordon

The Minders of Earth

That which cannot be recalled,
Irrevocable memories lasting but forgotten.
Irreprovable for how life falters,
Irreligious of how life altars.
Irrefutable, my speaking silence,
Irrecusable, my place on Earth.

Peace on Earth,
Piece of earth.
To dust we will
Not return to Earth.

That which cannot be over come,
Irreducible for others not me.
Irreversible, damage comes undone.
Irresponsible, of which I'm Guilty.
Irrespective of there poisoned darts,
Irresoluble, my beating heart.

Piece of mind.
Peace in mind.
To dust we will
not return to mind.

Alice Anne Gordon

The Penan People

The Penan People
Nomads rich in tradition
Bear such friendly fruit

The Penan People
Losing their land to profit
Malaysia's margin

The Penan People
Logger hungry for palm oil
Creation wipe-out

The Penan People
Friendly approach pushed aside
Progress is halting

The Penan People
Open and honest culture
Raped by government few

The Penan People
Expected to live stagnant
Cheap excuse for life

The Penan People
This forest is yours to live
Beliefs dwindling

Radio Times Magazine
Tuesday 25 September
9: 00pm - 10: 00pm
BBC2
6/6 - Penan

Beneath the rippling surface of every edition of *Tribe*, there's always a cloudy undercurrent. The remote peoples Bruce Parry meets all face challenges from the larger world - usually their young people being tempted away by the lure of the city or their land being eaten up by development. Tonight, though, the undercurrent swamps the story. Few tribes are as under the cosh as the nomadic Penan of Borneo. Their whole existence is overshadowed by the work of logging companies who are erasing their habitat, tree trunk by tree trunk. This much we've heard about before: David Attenborough highlighted the loss of Borneo's forests in *Saving Planet Earth*. But when Parry sees, first hand, what this means to real families whose traditions and folklore are bound up with the landscape, and hears their desperate pleas for help, it brings tears to his eyes. It makes for an unusually downbeat episode to end the series, but as always, it's essential viewing.

RT reviewer - David Butcher

Alice Anne Gordon

The Rise and Fall of an Argument

She starts with words of kindling.
He neglects to feed the fire.
She holds the blade in the heart of the flame.
He begins to spit broken glass.
The knife sharpens.
The glass cuts.
Silence.
The fiery embers die down.

Alice Anne Gordon

The Silver Fairy

The Silver Fairy, under flowers
Stands; holds apples, hidden powers.
Adam his rib, Eve the fruit.
Gone, rejected bible loot,
The Preachers, selling hours

The Silver Fairy, in her bower
Sits; mild and docile, hidden flowers.
Waiting till there's no-one, mute.
Her wings of silver, still.

The Silver Fairy, apples sour
Lies; beating breast in sorrow,
Moving towards her freedom fluted,
Noted for her silvered beauty.
All asleep, reprised, astute.
Her wings of silver, still.

Alice Anne Gordon

The Things People Say... (Scots)

'How ooften dae ye huv sex like? '
an I'm pishin' ma sel,
hauf laughing, hauf scared
incase they ask me direct like
'Ah mean - I kid oan I'm sleepin'
just soaz eh won't climb aboard'
An nen this other wifie cocks up.
'Aye, I stey doon on the couch like - till eh's out eh it.
An nen I just come up later, ken'
An I'm just won'erin' - wit's so bad aboot sex?

Alice Anne Gordon

The View

Delicate flowers fading discreetly,
Colours still true.
Buds weighed down heavy.
Raindrops,
Like tears

Elegant purples standing, discreetly
Faced towards the sun.
Buds expired; scattered
Sweet hues,
Like tear drops

Raindrops gathered on paling, discreetly
Hanging still in time.
Mirrors pure; enchanted.
Blissful
Like tear drops

Alice Anne Gordon

The Wise V's The Fool

It is the wise man who knows the fool
In modern times as an ancient rule.
Wise they are that learn
From their mistakes; adjourn
To always question...

There is no need for 'best evidence rule'
To prove the thirst for knowledge; fuel
Ambition, be discreet; yearn
To always question

The fool trips onwards; passage cruel.
The wise man thinks; realities dual,
Passed the point – no return.
Reason, senses; which to spurn?
The ancients taught in worldly school
To always question.

Alice Anne Gordon

They Already Knew...

To realise
That you are not perfect
But instead
Just someone who tries,
Keeps trying,
Is a wonderful beginning.
To accept, not like, but accept your faults
And failings and to know
That it's o.k.,
Is life changing.
Then,
You are more understanding of others.
Then,
You come to understand what life is.
Then,
you know how lucky you are
That someone already figured that out.

Alice Anne Gordon

Things in The Morning

Memories fading, fading fast.
Thoughts of the future, thoughts that have passed.
Living too long,
In the wrong kind of place;
Want to remember
To always forget,
Things in the morning.

Memories fading, fading fast.
Am I going mad? I'm going to test,
Living my life
in the wrong kind of way.
Always remembering
not to forget
things in the morning.

Night terrors awaiting
Night mares dancing
Night time coming;
Awake

Memories failing, failing fast.
This song as we know it, is not going to last.
Living's not wrong
In the right kind of place.
Never forget
To always remember,
Things in the morning

Alice Anne Gordon

Till It's Gone...

Don't know what you've got till it's gone,
Then you're not so sure you really didn't want it.
Don't know what you've got till it's gone,
Then that first restful peace turns to emptiness.
Don't know what you've got till it's gone,
Then the nightmares come.
Don't know what you've got till it's gone,
Then you know you've made the wrong right choice.
Don't know what you've got till it's gone,
But this time it is too late.

Alice Anne Gordon

Touch on Time

An individual's touch on time
Is an irreversible knell;
Hear it chime.
Some stroll through seasons and try to sell
Leaves that have fallen each year.
They are the same yet not,
Individually crafted; mere
Wonders that can't be bought.
Uniform traits of time,
Interchangeable flow
Of movement, speech and silent mime.
The earth will grow
A multitude of mem'ry
From each touch of time.

Alice Anne Gordon

Touch on Time (Revised)

An individual's touch on time
Has a universal presence.
Feel it's tone, hear it's chime.
Traits of time
Begin to bend and flow
With movement, speech and silent mime.
The Earth will grow
A multitude of mem'ry
From each touch of time.

Alice Anne Gordon

untitled

No one being of creation
can be your soul's content.
Love and deep relation,
support the self's ascent.
The power to see,
The power to be,
Comes from understanding
The role of 'me'.
Micro-cosmic fates in reality,
Micro-scopic dents in humanity.
Fail to place the self as first
is letting a poor man die of thirst.
Look then within
without concern,
nurture your nature
with a whole and honest heart.
Fulfil your future,
begin - start.

Alice Anne Gordon

Vegetable Stew! ! ! @###**

What did my love compare me to?
The starlit night... no
The play of moonbeams... no
The mystical love named venus..... no

apparently, I'm his parsnip!

Alice Anne Gordon

War of Gender

Mistress of all of life's situations,
Greer-like warrior; ancient emotions.
Labyrinth of self deceit – denial
of archetypal scales that sway, the man
must gently dominate the woman. Once
The Queen, the soul of our creation, the
Matriarchal power, control: Fear of loss.
Matriarchal power, control: Fear of man.

Rise up oh strengthened wom'n, lay down your spear
of hate. Now stem manipulating blood,
Refrain from holding child as shield. Please halt.
Cease to spread your guilty bullets that sting
The hearts of men, the war of gender end.
Matriarchal power, control: Fear of love.

Alice Anne Gordon

What's In A Cuddle?

What's in a cuddle?
A fond farewell,
A happy greeting,
A healing solace,
A tear that's fleeting,
A hungered passion,
A longed for kiss,
A life affirming
Touch that's missed.
A place of safety,
A place of peace,
A place of happy
Times not least.
A source of comfort,
A source of wealth,
A source of pleasure,
Sumptuous health.
A time for closeness,
A time to cry,
A time to hold
On, never sigh.
A thought of loving,
A thought so dear,
At thought of being
With you near.
A touch of softness,
A touch of skin,
A touch on time
That both can win.
A sound of breathing,
A sound of light,
A sound of stars
That fill the night.
To hold on close,
To hold on now,
Is to hold on forever.

Alice Anne Gordon