

Poetry Series

Anthony Fry
- poems -

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Anthony Fry(01/01/1939)

A Retired Chef, love sport, all round. I just love playing poker on line only play freeroll tourny's and free play very interesting game. I have only recently started to write poetry very daunting subject bit scary at first. I have my website,

Please pop by and leave your comments. I live on a small Island in the English Channel called Jersey very unspoilt.

A Famous Tale Of Fortune Springs To Mind

In those day's I would embark on majestic voyages of sexual paradise.
young virulent handsome men, mariners with a dashing personality,
a conquest in every port, with us a phantom in every maidens thoughts.

Oh! how wonderful to reminisce those great romantic times I miss,
casting our sensual pleasures into the outwitting nights, drinking and dancing,
replenishing life's beauty on our endless ocean journeys of emotional fatigues,

an individualistic crew whose thoughts were of fortune, fantasy, adventure,
a melancholy camaraderie and anticipated excitement created from ' LAND AHOY
,

once in the warm harbors, the roaring seas,
those raging storms, the crew can forget,
a crack of lightning strikes, whistling winds,
monotonous motions, what the heck,
all perilous thoughts become washed away,
mercilessly to return another day,
the antagonistic high seas can so so quickly turn into an irascible engulfing
enemy,

heavenly yearning female bodies so divine,
uninhibited emotions we can't decline,
a distant view of an Island, a landfall-reflection maybe Paradise or vastness of
Isolation's,
to all seafaring souls who have been and gone remembered like a lighthouse for
ever on,

a famous tale of fortune springs to mind, times on Papeete-Paradise Eternal
Perhaps.

Anthony Fry

A Garden, The Sycamore Seed.

A Garden, The Sycamore Seed.

Butterflies I view them happily mating and retreating.

Flamboyant caterpillar, overtaking a smooth moving snail.

Spider cocoons into the wind blowing, a new generation.

A bullfrog astride giant lily leaves, a love call croaking.

The sycamore seed, in an autumn sun floating helicopters.

Sunflowers tall proud standing caressing silver clouds.

A garden of blooming flowers, sweet perfumed fragrance.

Soft reflections kiss, each lingering, images whispering.

Juicy red ripe cherries in two's hanging enticingly from trees.

Children playing happy, enjoying a picnic, yackety-yak-yak.

A rainbow with its outstanding vivid cascading bright colours.

An ever cheeky garden gnome our dog just loves drenching.

Anthony Fry

A Memory Of All United In Peace.

On God's appointed day. Our cherished loved ones disappear.
Awakened the chosen morn clad only of mine tender smile.
Breakfast dining, wholehearted on my thoughts dreams.
Bearing the heavenly missives of life, today's fate unknown.

Departing life forgiving. I did not ask for life on an edge.
Perceived in a passion thoughtlessly, I becoming my soul.
In darkness dolefully, joining others few once knew.
Returning in the dark dawn, bore with lone nostalgia.

Missing love beyond, longing merry making in the hay.
Living life's long forsaken unrepentant solitude hours.
With a glimpse of reflections disturbed by compassion.
Watching forsaken. Gods humblest ever days pass by.

Seeking safe shelter. Joyous laughter alas falls silent.
Music hearken, plucked harps the nightingales singing.
Listening intent distinct. A scarcely heard cuckoo.
Distant ultimate echoes, chorus sweet angel choirs.

In fleeting moments. Angry wayfarers forgiving their foes.
Dream of beautiful times. Happiness lots of years reaped.
No evil in the Elysian fields, just peace everlasting.
God's warm outstretched hand comforting that loneliness.

Dwell in our fathers forest. A tranquil quite paradise.
An engraved plaque, on a misty wave crest floating.
Ever a wistful heart ache. Our lights will meet Eternally.
Entering those exquisite hallowed pearly gates AMEN! .

Anthony Fry

'A Paradigm.'

Our peace of owning a sweet dreaming pillow for slumber.
Dream what you want to dream about, tranquil Paradise.
A philosophy of science, a specific way of viewing reality.
Observations, of a polysemic social psychology science.
An issue of incommensurability controls your Paradigm.
Elements are so dreamt, as quasi-metaphysical Dreams.
Faery power, as in mythology, yes all fairies are immortal.
These preconceptions embody those hidden assumptions.
Ideal notions, precipitate a demiurge, strike like lightning.
A concern in behaviourism, and our social circumstances.
That rhetoric nightmare disturbs my sweet dreams at night.

Anthony Fry

A Romance In The Night Sky.

Tempered by the friction, of each others loneliness.
Brightly wooed, in our own glad glorious way.

We chasing each other, along those milky ways.
Conditions and competition, fight like mariners.

Love stars, are more dewy luminous than others.
Why separate them, a love creates poetic illusion.

A perspective, like pleasing soft melancholy music.
Happy about joyful liberation, awaking upon life.

Consequently life is also a dream, in relative ways.
Cooperation swinging in or out, of our endurance.

Farewell to daylight, we enjoy a moonlit night sky.
Ourselves no longer strangers, sing like chaffinch.

Anthony Fry

A Royal Jersey Cream Tea.

The beauty of Raleighs dreams, held in Forts & Castles.
We imagine Elizabeth Castle, during the English Civil War.
A fiery eyed horse, thunder-beating hoofs fly a causeway.
Historic revelations, of gallantry, pirates, & highwaymen.
A Piper in the Castle, Royal music carried over St aubin bay.

King Charles II's wife, Queen Braganza had a tea mania.
That locked caddie, a Portuguese Queens aromatic magic.
Vigorous vapours, tea enthusiasm, that lingers longer.
Royal traditions, carried from her homeland in Portugal.
Lords and Lady's, had rich assumptions of spiced china teas.

Charles laid the foundations, for prize foreign tea drinking.
Gentlemen joking, in the presence of refine elegant lady's.
Exquisite niceties of etiquette, for an afternoon hour of tea.
Tea gossip not allowed was secrets, health, and sad news.
The pinkie used for balance, of the tea cup in the right hand.

Fruit jam and Jersey fresh cream, set fresh hot scones in style.
Royal Jersey cream tea not complete, without luxurious cream
The thrill of creative effort, ' A Royal Jersey Cream Tea' is born.
Scones & wonders from St Quen, vraic buns from Gorey village.
A Royal Jersey Cream Tea, addiction born for Century's to come.

Anthony Fry

A Virtuous Frog Is No More.

Once upon a time in a land far away,
in the great vast wilderness I wander,
with full assurance a beautiful princess,
she was dressed in scarlet velvet fine.

Dwelling on the shores a pondering,
The skylarks on the wing were singing,
the gay warbling sounds of the brook,
happened upon a frog as she there sat.

A verdant flowing meadow near her castle,
the sunshine cascading of her yellow hair,
into the princess's lap the frog did bound,
Hi! I was once a handsome young prince.

Until an evil witch cast a spell upon me,
One kiss from you, will my youth restore,
and I will turn back into a young prince,
then oh! my sweetest, I can marry thee.

With my old mother in your castle stay,
where you can prepare all my meals,
launder my clothes, bear my children,
feel forever grateful and happy doing so.

Later That night, as the princess dined,
sumptuously on lightly sauteed frog legs,
A white wine pepper and onion cream sauce,
Finished with the best Camembert cheese.

She had a chuckle and thought to herself,
Rather have mushrooms than toadstools,
giggling loudly I don't hardly think so frog,
The witch I thee drink a wee dram or two.

Anthony Fry

An Innocent Spell Burning Bright In My Heart.

Listening for hoof-beats, looking for a knight in shiny armour.
Angels riding white horses, bringing tales of good fortune.
Dreaming of immortality, acceptable outrageous thoughts.
Sky shimmering blue and bronze, enchanted evening arriving.
Elves singing, goblins through golden leaves running amok.
Beautiful peaceful quite, apart from a fast gushing river mill.
Reflections looking back at me, from a fathomless silver lake.
Wandering through eternal valleys, free in dark green cloaks.
Standing alone smelling fragrances, from invisible flowers.
Fairies dancing and singing, sticky silken cobwebs shining.
A song birds sweet voice, quietly floating, sailing, drifting.
A lullaby sweet and peaceful, celebrating this dream world.
Brown owl impatiently perched, surreptitiously on a tree top.
A vermin's despair falls on deaf ears, wild desperation's win.
Frightened rabbits burrow deep, safe underground retreats.
Our magic day growing near to an end, twilight gathering.
Each petal a tongue of yellow flame, warming your fingertips.
A fire-eater burning his coals, hot cinder flames dancing.
A handsome prince in a courtyard, echoing happy laughter.

Anthony Fry

Angel Voices In Echoic Conch Shells Singing.

Longing to see the snowdrops in those eyes.
Desires and hopes bewitch me, a vision divine.
Subtle dreams, of your enamoured beauty.
Half slumbering in loves sweet innocence.

Golden rays gleaming, shine from your face.
Passionate encounters, a kingdom in paradise.
My relief revealed, 'pleasure' I am forever thine.
Unending beauty ebbs, behold silver flames.

Angel voices in echoic conch shells singing.
My hand in yours linked, an eternal bonding.
A perfect awakening, from heaven springest.
Of pleasures rekindled, devouring your hot lips.

Together playing, strolling in distant meadows.
My beautiful sculptured chosen fountain of life.
Turtles hovering in our silent secret prayers.
Romantic nights made just for loving my angel.

Anthony Fry

Cicada

Beautiful songs sung by strangers, piercing echoes through long hot summer days.

Silent sunset, streaks of silky yellow light, a golden glow, passionate cool twists. Sunlight yellow lichen walls, intimacy secretly spiced with timeless possibilities. White clouds building bridges, wonderful roads sailing from earth into blue sky.

Enjoying this cause in a quiescent period, their molt regeneration again begins. A strategy called semelparity, lustily and greedily ready for their next resurrection.

An echelon of thorny hedge rows, visions of warmth sitting in green juniper-trees.

Hurry we have no time for ease, a magic dream is wrought for instant release.

Returning as cultural prehistoric symbols, immortals enjoying their journey over again.

Behold merry voices, understanding their mood, after maturation for seventeen years.

Never can enough female cicadas, satisfy this crazy behaviorism of hot intent males.

Individual loquacious voices echo, reasons right for deducing erotic sexual functions.

Esteemed in a maroon cloak, appearing on a shrub then shedding my garment. Timeless Greek history BC, folklore introducing bronzed semi-skin female beauty. Imagination running wild a humble lady bug, in her ornate colored fancy rigmarole.

Chinese Myths spoken and written, stories about exotic treasures of reincarnation.

A females shiny brown shell, using her powers for future generations to survive. Manic mates pole dancing their way, into his red lust filled eyes of wanton greed. Hordes of hungry genus magi-cicada, rapture their unison to sounds of gentleness.

Observers look in awe, as you give your life for your own light of a new morning.

During it's time above ground, busy male cicada resonates music from his abdomen.

Attracted by sounds and singing a spider, in his web so snugly, watching, waiting.

The cicadas provocative appetite, an esteemed final showdown of sexual identity.

With elfin wings, glamour of a lotus, humming back and fore making her offspring.

Aliens surviving on pure water, muses producing non stop for two weeks without food.

Female cicada flit like a dragonfly, patiently between scalloped branches inseminating.

A cicada nymph trembling, gently falls to warm dry earth from whence it first alighted.

I bade thee feast at your delight till bursting, I will replenish myself a thousand fold.

Amongst ivory white weathered dry bones, snug and cosy from whence I have come.

Dancing and chattering garrulously cicada, invisibly engraved in dry earth tunnels.

Energy possessed from root sucking, an unending timeless aphrodisiac effect.

Life imbibing sap freely flowing, once more regenerating young limbs alive again.

Anthony Fry

Cicada Wind.

Songs, of exotic quiescent reincarnation.
Sing loud like a cicada, warm winds whistle.

Cicada resonating by abdominals, rejoice.
Sing in excited song, on a wind in the sky.

Gold bronze beetles, busy mate on branches.
Happy bird songs, are heard on the wind.

Female Cicada, inseminating her young.
Lending you voice, are the wind motions.

Another generation, hearken to you sing.
My purpose, is to listen to you on the wind.

Anthony Fry

Conservation Of The Species

Seasons approaching bud and blossoms dales colour.
Giddy goats on the grassy mountain pastures grazing.

We the hunter esteemed, barbaric pleasures seeking.
A kill that satisfies the goat for blood, a wanton death.

They know not true undertaking for rights or wrongs.
Like a prime fool they travel ever aimlessly slaying life.

Total life in the streams and common brooks disrupted.
Unaccountable travellers all who shatter the brightness.

Decimating god's creations and beauty baffled, ouch! .
No stone left unturned in their sad unending quest.

Different mothers children. A life taken savagely away.
That evil eye seeking out and searching hide and seek.

Another species dying approaching recognised extinction.
Mansion walls adorned with a forest king deers antlers.

A walking stick from a roaming African bulls ivory tusks.
Varied warm slinky fox furs draping over for sale rails.

Alas faded Bengal tiger skins licking the hearths flames.
Take no prisoners echoes the radiant Spanish bullfighter.

Gods meek and mild creatures. Conservation must Prevail.

Anthony Fry

Delicate Birds Of Great Britain.

Cock `A` Doodle Doo, echo's loud.
Barn Owl, Tawny Owl, Blue Tit.
Bird groups, joining and mating.
Red Legged Partridge, Red Kite.
Egg making season approaching.
Jackdaw, Kestrel, Sparrow-hawk.

Pairs hasten, meeting as dawn breaks.
The Jay, Redwing, Long Tailed Tit.
Creating exhaustion from romance.
Cuckoo, Chaffinch, Carrion Crow.
Amorous birds bending branches.
Mistle Thrush, Robin, Bullfinch.

Warm love, shines in twinkling eyes.
Great Spotted Woodpecker, Magpie.
Many rejoicing sparrows squabble.
Wood Pigeon, Swallow, Blackbird.
Shaking blossom from a cherry tree.
Grey Wagtail, Siskin, Stock Dove.

Wonders of sweet familiar pleasure.
Pied Wagtail, Starling, Buzzard.
Restless love is fluttering in a heart.
Goldfinch, Pheasant, Treecreeper.
Gently hopping, teasing each other.
Marsh Tit, Coal Tit, A Great Tit.

Fields of soft Golden Corn beckon.
Green Woodpecker, Collared Dove.
Hark nightingales, happy singing.
Mallard Duck, Nuthatch, Moorhen.
A lovers harmony dancing together.
Goldcrest, Dunnock, Greenfinch.

Anthony Fry

Dignity, Peace, Purpose, Live Your Dream.

What do we want to be, when we grow up.
Want to be a divine Light, with no shadow.
Complimenting, every single living being.
Watch over us, with silence and obscurity.

Recognizing a harmony, resting in our soul.
Enchantingly entrusting our heart, to all.
Complete acceptance, of a self love that lasts.
Our wondrous adventures, exclude no one.

Shy, afraid, indecisive, lacking in confidence.
Feeling misunderstood, exhausted with stress.
Unresolved evolution, placed in our minds.
We must solve our problems, out of respect.

Love does not question misfortune, we do.
We are someone caught, in that web of nature.
Help is kindly, always near for us all.
What do we have to lose, when we become free.

Frustration or heartbreak, is of everything.
Anger will destroy you, and not be helping me.
Do not seek relief, with tranquilisers or alcohol.
Tradition be it as it may, we are ourselves

Don't believe all we say, truth sometimes lies.
Broken promises, are way's of postponing pain.
Immortality of our soul, is not a factor of power.
Our inquisitive mind, makes us less forlorn.

Anthony Fry

Embracing A Life Challenge In New York City.

We arrive into New York City full of Contradictions.
Old residents Algonquians and Iroquois Indians gone.
Searching for Paradise among those grazing Buffalo.
Squirrels red coats remind us of Dead British troops.
Some forgotten a treasured Scalp on that Indian belt.
Vicissitudes of Human Life in Battles not forgotten.
Oh! I would have more lives to lose for my country.
Continental Musket balls converted back to red dust.

America's deceased Son's & Daughters remembered.
Washington's farewell bade from "black-Sams Tavern".
A City enthusing flavour's of Seafarers & Buccaneers.
Lobster Palaces in Times Square Gay Nineties History.
Winston Churchill's Mother Jenny schooled in an Alley.
North Shore Oyster Vikings living in "Captains Row".
Weird eccentrics congregate in cliches in Central Park.
Creamery Park "bit of Patrician London" remembered.

Largest most populous metropolitan area in the world.
An Intimate skyline penetrated with outstanding beauty.
Nationalities dominating a metropolis of Architecture.
Butterflies flutter quivering songs of meadow-larks echo.
A library terrace is just one of many beating City hearts.
Lower Broadway precariously hidden in a great canyon.
Dwarfed a forgotten smoking chimney bellows smoke.
Woolworth's site sitting on nineteenth century history.

Remembering hostelry days of Pepys Knickerbockers.
Dracula's big eyes peering at you on Washington Avenue.
Cock crowing on top of Fifth Avenue Heckscher Building.
Indescribable sensations of a Condor or Vulture missing.
Hoofed Locusts overgrazing in big blossoming valley's.
Destroying most of that outstanding beauty Gods Earth.
Real People finding quite refuge in a distant wilderness.
Blue-Tailed Mole Skunk have now moved to sandy Polk.

Manhattan being ruled by a murky early morning fog.
Kill Van Kull Sound arched by a Bayonne Steel Bridge.
Great cantilever bridges spanning over a vast east river.

Panoramic views Madison Avenue & Fifty-second street.
That all embracing vast unimpeded Rockefeller Centre.
Giants hovering over a guild-ed domed World Building.
Two hundred and sixty miles of underground railway's.
Leaving NYC you have a Million Rules and Rhythms.

Anthony Fry

Fathom Out The Lugubrious Mind Of A Witch.

A wicked scandalous life of human passions,
of despair, urban legends, a lewd feudalism.
A secret society very often of young Women,
sixteenth and seventeenth centuries gatherings.

Using magic powers preponderance of trickery,
witch-craft, sorcery, evil devices, wailing spells.
Enchanted coercion of wisdom, interpretation,
floating, cunning, suspicious, bottomless pits.

Paganism of early Europe with midnight sabbats,
to worship the devil himself as their true god.
Midnight with the elements thunder rumbling,
full moon, ghostly clouds, narrow winding lanes.

Accompanied in their uproarious merriment,
with the loudest peal of an unearthly laughter.
Those who have pierced the dancing shadows,
in cold dark imposed picturesque moonlight.

Theories about cultic practises, ancient customs,
unique ancient prerogatives, shiny black cats.
Fathom out the lugubrious mind of a witch,
that wonderful charm in her face you will rue it! .

I have a notion you might explore earth's depths,
investigate dolmens with a plummet or spade.
Unless your a cynical chump or ignorant churl,
your brain emerges from the fray fixed in a whirl.

Reality being more complex, savage intensity,
frowsty by a fire stirring a timeless cauldron.
Worshipping a Devil who appears as a cow,
a dog, a hare, a rat, a weasel, a frog, a man.

Maidens leading ravished incited coven lives,
aroused from her repose to do diabolical evil.
Caught riding her broomstick across a night sky,
her foundations are silenced and banished forever.

Anthony Fry

Floating Shadows Stroke Gentle Beauty.

Floating shadows stroke gentle beauty.
Your small hands in my strong hands.

A cheeky memory, your youth returning.
Conveying those smooth flat pebbles.

Love sings into your sweet soft heart.
Teardrops within dreamy blue eyes.

Butterflies linger on a yellow gorse bush.
Spiders weaving secret interpretations.

Lullaby's equally fill life's sweetness.
Whispering rose petals softly falling.

Oblivious goats roam happy in heaven.
Velvet deer paws on mountain peaks.

Untrodden enchanting crisp white snow.
Heaven descending from silver clouds.

Spring glory, yielding slopes fall away.
Unroll melt into rivers, divine deep lakes.

In a paradise those mysterious dreams.
Blending into green wandering pastures.

Just Take English Verse.
Spread on your desktop.
Unlock that secret within.
And an ode springs forth.

Anthony Fry

Fly Fishing. (Humour)

In the dead of summer a fly was resting on a leaf beside a lake.

Q: I wonder what goes through a mosquito's
brain when he hits a window -screen at 80mph

A: his butt!

The hot, dry fly said to no one in particular,
'Gosh...if I go down three inches with the swiftness of a lioness I will feel
the mist from the water and I will be refreshed.'

There was a fish in the water as the day was breaking thinking,
What is fishing? Fishing is the process by which a large animal uses
a small animal to catch and eat a third, middle-sized animal, the fish.
The technique, though very ancient in the history of man, is far from instinctual.
Hence these notes for absolute beginners. How to fish: Animal No.1,
Man, finds a piece of bent steel, sharpened and barbed, and sticks this into
the living body of the small animal, Animal No.2, the Worm. The worm,
though vertebrally challenged, does not seem to have any organized support
group or vocal constituency. Sticking bent steel into its body can therefore be
done more or less with impunity. This causes No.2 considerable pain,
and it immediately goes into the death agony, writhing and screaming.
Or it would be screaming, if it had better means of producing sound.
It is also vocally challenged. The screaming of a worm is virtual screaming.
You would need very acute ears. It is in the interest of No.1 (you)
that the mortal agony of No.2 continue long enough to look appetizing.
In any case, even if 2 should have passed on, you now dangle it,
or its earthly envelope, in the water before Animal No.3, the Fish,
hoping that the latter is feeling hungry and that you have selected the
sort of worm it fancies. Usually 3 will swallow 2. When this happens,
No.1 gives a sharp jerk on the barbed steel, the point of which sticks
into some part of 3's body... the throat or the lips or the cheeks or something.
If it does, 1 pulls 3 out of its natural environment, the water, onto the land.
The shock of getting a steel hook snagged in the esophagus is,
of course, bad enough, but to be yanked from home into a new and
inappropriate environment will probably kill the fish at once.
Death is in any event imminent. If death should, however, be inconveniently
slow in coming, 1 can of course hold 3 by the tail and beat the life out of it
against the deck. A small boy (No.1 in our system) will generally find this
spectacle edifying, though it can interfere with a normal appetite for seafood.

Now you have two small dead animals on your hands.

You discard whatever you can find of the worm, leaving one small dead animal to be dealt with. If you do not eat No.3 on the spot and prefer to keep it until you have a better appetite, you must contrive to keep it as cold as possible. This is necessary because of a whole bunch of really small animals that have been out of the picture up to this point. It is easy to ignore them most of the time since they can be seen only with a microscope.

These are bacteria (collectively, Animal No.4.)

The moment No.3 gives up the ghost, No.4 falls to with tiny knives and forks and begins to consume it, causing in the process one of the poorer-quality smells known here below. But 4 works slowly at low temperatures, so you should have time to get 3 back to some stove or other source of high heat, suddenly raise the temperature, and then eat the works - the fish, the bacteria, and whatever is left of the worm. Delicious! But do remember to bury what you don't eat.

'Gosh...if that fly goes down three inches, I can eat him.'

There was a bear on the shore hiding amongst the hedgerows thinking,
About this bear and this rabbit who were talking.

Q: The bear asked the rabbit,

'Do you have trouble with poop sticking to your fur? '

A: The rabbit said, 'No.'

So the bear picked up the rabbit and used it to wipe his butt!

'Gosh...if that fly goes down three inches
that fish will jump for the fly...and I will grab him! '

It also happened that a hunter was sat amongst the espaliers of blackberries farther up the bank of the lake preparing to eat a cheese sandwich....

'Gosh, ' he thought, One day I came home kinda late. His wife was a little peeved and asked him to explain. He said, 'well you see Honey I went fishing and thought I would just do a little bank fishing, got my gear out of the car and walked aways to the water.

I threw my line in and oh boy I pulled in a big catfish.

I then found out I forgot to bring my fish basket. So I just threw the catfish in back of me under a tree. I baited up again and in a little while I caught one of thoes ole dogfishes. I didn't want to put it back in the water so I threw it under the tree too. I baited up again and sat there waiting for my next catch. All of a sudden I heard such a noise and when I looked that dogfish and that catfish were in a fight and that dogfish chased the catfish up that tree and I had

to

sit there all day before I caught a swordfish to saw that tree down to get my catfish.

'if that fly goes down three inches...

And that fish leaps for it... that bear will expose himself and grab for the fish. I'll shoot the bear and have a proper lunch.'

Now, you probably think this is enough activity on one bank of a lake, but I can tell you there's more....

A wee mouse strolling through the trodden down nettles by the hunter's foot was thinking,

Q: I heard a mouse squeak.

A: Well, what do you want me to do? Oil it? ? ?

'Gosh if that fly goes down three inches...

and that fish jumps for that fly...

And that bear grabs for that fish...

the dumb hunter will shoot the bear and dropp his cheese sandwich.'

A cat lurking with the doves singing in anthem in the bushes took in this scene and thought, (as was fashionable to do on the banks of this particular lake around lunch time)

A tom cat friend was heard running up and down the alley for hours. A neighbor called his owner and asked what was happening. The owner said, "Well, I had him neutered today, and he's going around canceling all his engagements."

'Gosh...if that fly goes down three inches...and that fish jumps for that fly...And that bear grabs for that fish and that hunter shoots that bear...and that mouse makes off with the cheese sandwich... Then I can have mouse for lunch.'

The poor fly is finally so hot and so dry that he heads down for the cooling mist of the water.

The fish swallows the fly... The bear grabs the fish...

The hunter shoots the bear..

The mouse grabs the cheese sandwich...

The cat jumps for the mouse..

The mouse ducks...

The cat falls into the water and drowns.

The moral of the story is:

Whenever a fly goes down three inches,
some pussy is in serious danger

Anthony Fry

Gorgeous Jersey St. Aubin Bay.

A bright scarlet red sunrise, Paradise arrives again,
seen as a bright maroon picture, that beautiful sea.

I relax in Jersey's unique charming St. Aubin bay,
a wonderland of Castles, also Forts for landscape.

Elizabeth Castle on a dawn horizon, surrounded
by white lilac clouds, edged in pink diamonds.

Hop over Jersey's, fine hot grains of golden sand,
another special, gorgeous summer day breaks.

Skip over an uncovered, aged winding causeway,
castle turrets silhouetted pink, in a silver blue sky.

Hungry oyster-catchers, Jumping as if on stilts,
busily dibble and dig, feed on a sandy tide line.

Flotsam from creels, coloured buoy's for their toys,
good little children play, happy on the sea-shore.

Countless stubborn black limpets, stick to rocks,
they keep their secret from gulls, hidden within.

Eels forever tracked, in emerald blue lagoons,
by multicoloured, speedy silver eyed mackerel.

Razor fish and lug-worm below, cast off to time,
In a delicious morning beauty, mounds appear.

Held tight in it's beak, a whelk strikes pebbles,
seagulls squabble, golden silence is broken.

Grey mullet shoals mate, like summer fireflies.
Curiosity being fed a delight on this fine day.

Anthony Fry

Gorgeous Jersey.

Lightning cracks, a lantern swings in a wild night.
A mysterious ship, lurks off of Elizabeth Castle.
Merry sailors bob along, near those rugged rocks.

A sea mist, disguised dances of white sea horses.
Crew, capstans straddled, fingers steepled thinking.
Views of a rocking red sunset, in Belcroute Bay.

Grinning buccaneers, caress half full bottles.
A rough sea, will lend them strange high voices.
Singing shanties, cheeky London dock ditties.

Under influenced sleep, dream of quaint nymphs.
Silk spinneret webs, spiders swing, hang, sway.
Sand to tantalize, wind swept silver dunes shine.

Cautious on a therm, two swallows twitter high up.
Thistles and lizards, share that dry earth bed.
Olive sea wrack, rabbit tails bob in St Quen bay.

Grey mullet, play tag in inshore rocky gullies.
Eyes of a cockle, stare within an armoured cage.
Tasty crab bounties surf, pebbled shore waters.

Oyster-catchers, dibble periwinkles in St Aubin bay.
Gulls ever squabble, eat strange mariners leftovers.
Mosquitoes eternal, cluster dancing round a mast.

Anthony Fry

Hallucinogenic Churchyard Mulberry Tree.

Ripe mulberry's, intoxicating and juicy giggly fresh.

Crimson cherries, hanging heavy along it's boughs.

Sun rising in the east, casting shortened golden shadows.

Silver sunbeams shining, onto ripened mulberry fruits.

Hornets noisily gather round, for mulberry stimulants.

Warm little breezes merry dancing, to church bell chimes.

Clouds move as shadows, eerily haunting a churchyard.

A gorgeous butterfly, joyous on that wandering journey.

Loving words whispered, beneath an old mulberry tree.

Robin redbreast amongst the branches, sits and sings.

Pleasure to listening ears, as hot lips passionately meet.

A roses lingering sweet bouquet, delighting nostril buds.

Squirrel and his friends, are all happily playing your it.

A Dewey spider, steadily weaves that magic spun web.

Anthony Fry

Happy New Year Quaint Vagabond.

Sing and Be Merry, Big Ben Sounds, Twelve Sure Chimes.
This Old Year is going let it Vanish. Seek a Cup of Kindness.

Perfect Strangers. Endeavour to Sing, For Auld Lang Syne.
An Old Year is Dying in this Night. Bring a New One In.

Father Time with his Scythe, he smiles that Final Farewell.
Passing of a Luckless Year. Prepare to meet a New One.

Sure Today will be Yesterday. A true End to Nonsense.
Friends here with us. Rich and Poor Memories We Share.

A New Love, Right, Hope, Peace, Trust also Prosperity.
A Good True Friend buys a round, at a busy Bistro Bar.

People rise from Tables, fresh filled glasses Raised, A Toast.
Let us not drink to Past Times. But Give to a Brighter Future.

Most People Dance with Pleasure, A Happy New Year!
You see your first drink, as that big glass of Good Health.

Turning over a New Leaf, New Year Resolutions are Made.
I Must Quit Smoking. Neighbours and Friends Wave Happily.

Spiders in shadowed nooks, busy weaving web curtains.
Trust that Lucky Black Cat, Prosperously crossing your Path.

Spirit of Celebrations. For Happy Jack, Vagabond 2013.
Living rough among deckchairs, on a Wild Promenade.

King of a never ending Road, seeking Eternal Paradise.
Dressed in Red Trousers, Yellow Coat, a Green Trilby Hat.

Quaint cheerful chap from London. We chanced to meet.
Discarding that Old Luck. Wishing all around us Warmth.

Anthony Fry

Help That Familiar Jersey Toad Enhance In Perfect Peace.

That handsome Jersey Prince, is awaiting for transformation.
Common species flowing, through Jersey's medieval crapaud.
Frogs escaping, from this dark night's tadpole skins, anew.

Living Life normally, in a tranquil quite leafy Rozel meadow.
Rabbits jumping, over a fresh watercress filled running stream.
Fish slowly swimming, among long blades of white water lilies.

Red clouds gather early morning, on high with a rare kestrel.
Colored lizards & eels, master exquisite ecological immortality.
A silent dewy spider hanging, caught in a sticky cycle of death.

Old evergreen firs, support shiny red squirrels in their bliss.
White clinging viable mistletoe, depending on those oak trees.
Precious golden yellow daffodils, blossoming in springtime.

Amphibian symbolic natural open glades, Island Heaven ode's
Music of woodland streams, singing fondly, wondrously clear.
Breeding secrets from ancient times, and living an eternal life.

Snails lazily sunbathing, in sheer naked silver moonlight.
Woodpeckers, butterflies, hedgehogs, yellow archangel, dwell.
Earth's beauty, is nature's magical classical transformation.

Anthony Fry

Historic Rides Hallowed Fairground Scenes

Fairground showman are joining another extinct species the dodo built around the lives of real people, very dedicated to entertainment nomads travelling the length and breadth of English countrysides encompassing hidden mysteries, inventing unknown fascinations.

A kinetic pleasure a thousand years old, with beauty and simplicity a tradesman's craft, spent creating such expressions, lost forever? wonderful family pleasure we crave more, death defying magic feats their solutions practical, an old enchanting and very unique culture.

The music sounding out above the screams of hidden mysteries Freudian apocalyptic painted faces on creatures dominating rides big wheel up! up! and away looking down, sweet candy floss stalls the coconut shy the nut precariously placed to excite the thrower.

A carousel going round to the organ music, horses galloping merrily roller coasters a reason for greater thrills, scream machines to enjoy wow! the electricity created with bumper cars, each bullying happily river caves unending, paddle flowing tubs, tranquil majestic scenery.

Children start with a toy to satisfy their initiation into the fairground fun kids behold eyes darting here and there a wonderland, which ride next come on boys and girls everyone wins a gold fish, no one loses here live wall of death outstanding, gas filled coloured balloons, cuddly toy's.

Ghost train next with sticky strands, touching your face in the dark skeletons appear out of the darkness, bony fingers stretching out sounds that go screaming through you, creating a cold atmosphere apparition twisting turning darkened tunnels, creating an Aladdin cave.

A big treat next on the menu, hot dog roll and onions, not to be missed jellied eels, whelks, hamburgers, fish and chips, assorted game stalls waltzer, octopus, paratrooper, switchback, rotor, cyclone, Astra glides glorious fun of the fair, knocks and bruises worth the time and efforts.

Anthony Fry

How Nice To Be A Naughty Frog!

Reading love in your eye's gives me pride.
I am floating on that lottery winners tide.
I am your ugly frog you lovingly kissed.
Turning into that handsome dream Prince.
How Nice To Be A Naughty Frog!

You treasure my sexy body essences pure.
Charming love pleasures divine for sure.
Our body odours sing affectionate songs.
Paradise concealed in your legs so strong.
How Nice To Be A Naughty Frog!

A stream flowing in paradise lasting forever.
Dashing country pursuits seeking pleasure.
Making love with an handsome Frog dear.
Your naked beauty outstanding and clear.
How Nice To Be A Naughty Frog!

Your tadpole eggs wriggling inside I adore.
Giggle on that dream cloud with you amore.
Pleasures amongst fragrant flowers all fun.
Under golden lightning of that sinking sun.
How Nice To Be A Naughty Frog!

Anthony Fry

I Want You To Know Your Play-List Is On My Ipod.

I want you to know you are my one and only love.
I want to know why I fall in love by pure magic.
I want to know why I adore and still dare to love you.
I want to know if I will ever lose your hopeless love.

I want to know why I am not starved of affection.
I want to know if you are telling me a majestic truth.
I want to know if you can sit with nature's pain.
I want to know if you can live with a born failure.

I want to know if you can share my happy days.
I want to know if I am all you ever dream about.
I want to know if you can be alone with yourself.
I want to know if you are fair trembling of sleep.

I want to know if my pictures are on your wallpaper.
I want to know if you keep our matching key-rings.
I want to know if you keep our cinema tickets.
I want to know why I sleep in your silk t-shirt.

I want to know if you just long for my eyes only.
I want you to know your play-list is on my ipod.
I want to know if you can always come home.
I want to know if I do know you in this lifetime.

I want to know if you can text me on my phone.
I want to know if you can blush unseen with joy.
I want to know if you can see serene beauty.
I want to know if I will be all you have ever wanted.

Anthony Fry

In Old Age, Hope Is A Waking Dream.

Your body, makes my kettle boil for hot passion.
My heartbeats tumble, like pebbles in a stream.
Blissful desire for you, is hot like intoxication.
A treasure of wealth, in your sweetness and kind.

You to perceive, only possible in one true way.
Gladness will succeed, peace always to reign.
By chance, thoughts of secret passion remain.
A reason for love, all decisions in rich array.

Those other citizens, don't have your quality.
Your sensual nature, your verdant qualities.
My Queen of tribulation, is others misfortune.
God spreading beauty, performing miracles.

A pilgrims gratification, time crumbles things.
Magnificent old men, bewildering in meditation.
Aged angels rocking to and throe, mumbling low.
Simplicity is a friend, dwelling in two bodies.

Hot youthful play, just a passing compulsion.
Pleasures of your past, delicate fancies rejoice.
Body tastes perceived, from your perfumed skin.
For richer or poorer, both equalled love is love.

Beauty is like a spider, hanging in morning dew.
On a fine day, beautiful gay butterfly's hover.
Products of habit, with their crimson wings.
Daffodils idly dancing, in soft wind music tunes.

This day a sun sets, and every evening returns.
Those silent shadows, flutter through sunlit trees.
Me a proud peacock, twinkling blue eyes shine.

My forgotten wings, glowing in a radiant sheen.

Anthony Fry

It's My Pride To Always Cast That First Spell

My carefully practised black art curdles cows milk.
Casting spells on effigies, in nightly sects and rites.

Remember me and my cat, because I'm a sorcerer.
Spending our life's suspended in that supernatural.

See our attributed magic, mixed in a black cauldron.
Life is very realistic and so is my pagan commitment.

Last night was quite unforgettable conjuring spells.
Secret tali-en names, selected by our coven witch.

Horned animals are my favourite assembled dance.
Sex with those devils, means having no eye contact.

I can be seen dark nights, straddling my broomstick.
Awaiting on utilitarian stops, a night of a full moon.

Anthony Fry

Jambojersey & Useless Things.

I never once say, what I am thinking.
Usually I am right, in what I think.
What I say, is not what I'm meaning.

Money has no worth, without women.
Money you count, you haven't enough.
Pound, worth more than the euro once.

Make sure, enemies die for their country.
Looking after my body well, is my life.
To late to change, after you have died.

Persistent reality, is merely an illusion.
Respect your elders, because your next.
Despair is Gordon Brown, that's for sure.

If your not sure where your going, don't.
Deal or no deal, sure phone call Noel.
Those who hesitate, are definitely blond.

Tragedies, is getting what you want.
Being inventive, is inventing something.
Imagination, sure tells the biggest lies.

Plenty of jobs in the house, tomorrow.
Bad memory, helps enjoy happiness.
Poverty distributed equally, is clever.

I have as much privacy, as a goldfish.
That Cheshire cat, is left smiling now.
Good deeds, deserve another for sure.

Anthony Fry

Jambojersey On Treasured Proverbs.

A boring woman is one who tells you.
Every time you enquire how she is.
One man's loss is that other man's gain.
You thought best things in life were free.
People are always spreading rumours.
But what else is it they can spread lies.
Fling enough mud and some will stick.
Things don't change they stay as they are.
A friend in need is a true friend indeed.
With friends like you who needs enemies.
When your out of sight your out of mind.
But absence makes a heart grow fonder.
Daylight robbery just changed it's name.
Might well be hung for a sheep as a lamb.
I feel very conceited when spoken about.
I don't like whats said behind my back.
When you think you are wrong admit it.
When your thinking your right shut up.
Don't count your chickens till they hatch.
Foolish asks how longs a piece of string.

Anthony Fry

Jersey Aye Maluv!

Jersey early morn crow a cock.
Conger and marigold soup lots.
Jersey aye maluv!

Market day formed in year dot.
Daily fresh hot scones we scoff.
Jersey aye Maluv!

Griddle cakes tasty very hot.
From neolithic times are got.
Jersey aye maluv!

Jersey cream teas are top.
Drunk from that big tea-pot.
Jersey aye maluv!

Bowls of Jersey bean-crock.
People for apple cider flock.
Jersey aye maluv!

Cabbage bread also not forgot.
Visitors Jersey wonders shop.
Jersey aye maluv!

A good wyf who keeps stocks.
Each day on this island rock.
Jersey aye maluv!

Anthony Fry

Jolly Santa Sailing On The Stars.

Baubles shining amongst Xmas holly, elves
are making crackers, and writing new jokes.
Bright fairy lights, candles and gold bells
decorate family Xmas trees in wonderland.
Merry singing carols, boy's and girls are out
gathered round a big white cuddly snowman.

Mothers email Santa, where those busy elves
are making their new Baby's discovery toys.
Teen girls are jolly, lots of elves are making
Jewelery accessories, and dollies new toys.
Elves a dancing, Santa goes to where they
are happy making Festive toys for boys.

Whiskers glistening snow white, Santa alights
to a wood collecting berries on holly crowns.
Laugh and sing praises, elves are collecting
yule logs, grey cobwebs are dangling down.
Golden bells ring, Santa goes on his rounds.
with old Rudolph that red nosed Reindeer.

Midnight finds jolly Santa sailing on the stars.
using a Millisecond each, to delivery his gifts.
Fairy's cover Santa's sleigh with magical toy's,
feathers with golden goose down, for a seat.
Santa creating happiness, joy and laughter, us
happy opening Xmas presents, in our homes.

Anthony Fry

Kaleidoscope - Places.

Awsome, Arrogant, Antarctica.
Bownding, Beauty, Bermuda.
Cerulean, Charmed, Canada.
Diaphenia, Dancing, Denmark.
Eloquence, Eternal, Eygpt.
Fondest, Fervent, France.
Glittering, Glorious, Germany.
Heaven, Herald, Hungary.
Innocent, Immortal, Italy.
Joyous, Jubillant, Jamaica.
Kindness, Kindred, Kuwait.
Loveliest, Lonely, Latvia.
Mellow, Memories, Martinique.
Naked, Neolithic, Netherlands.
Offspring, Outlandish, Oman.
Pinnacle, Perpendicular, Pitcairn.
Queen, Quaintest, Qatar.
Rough, Rugged, Romania.
Sunrise, Sweetest, Spain.
Tiger, Titan, Tanzania.
Uncessant, Unbounded, Uruguay.
Vicissitude, Virtue, Venezuela.
Welsh, Withered, Wales.
Xylaphone, Xmas, Xanadu.
Youth, Yesterday's, Yugoslavia.
Zoo, Zestiest, Zimbabwe.

Anthony Fry

Kaleidoscope Ink.

Your beauty makes me Think.
My love for you Countersink.
Your partners hand Interlink.

Coloured hair ribbons Pink.
Diamonds for my Cufflink.
A generated promise Wink.

Yellow moon shining Oink.
Winds blow so strong I Blink.
Ice in those cocktails Clink.

Marvelous fundamental Link.
Living as a magnificent Mink.
Ripe joyous harvest Uplink.

A seashore its beauty Drink.
Weed will Sometimes Stink.
A sunbeam shone in Downlink.

Living in poverty Doublethink.
Most purposefully Rethink.
You can painfully Hoodwink.

Eternal we can all Outthink.
Happy as a Chinese Chink.
Skin wrinkled will it shrink.

Anthony Fry

Kaleidoscope Of Past Jersey Unravels.

Past Jersey Unravels.

Straw bonnets, with crinoline & bustles.
Embroidered jackets, & whalebone stays.
Lilly Langtry busy, wooing a toy boy Prince.
His manners & obeisances, of a gentleman.

Past Jersey Unravels.

Seduced by a taverns aspects, and delights.
Plus brandy, smuggled across from France.
Cider in France born, to England shipped.
No disreputable, tippling establishments.

Past Jersey Unravels.

The market place, full of home products.
A clandestine meeting, of knaves, & fools.
Cheat, beggar, criminal, a street vendor.
Lives of luckless dupes, down at heel folk.

Past Jersey Unravels.

Costermongers, selling barrow wares to go.
Whelks, winkles, jellied eels & ginger beer.
Daily penn'orths, of medieval curd & whey.
Afternoon, of 'A Royal Jersey cream tea.'

Past Jersey Unravels.

Snuffing candles, or dousing street lamps.
Chimney sweeps, and horse drawn vehicles.
A vagabond, sells tooth powder & tinctures.
Poverty, always hiding around the corners.

Past Jersey Unravels.

Queen, Castle, Lord, Ladies, Royal pomp.
The beach, home to a punch & judy show.
Mothers made brushes, to feed their imps.
Busy witch-hunts, with fascinating details.

Past Jersey Unravels.

D'la Soupe D'anguille, conger soup dinner.
Chicken, Lobster, a predilection for Royals.

Prodigal insouciance, of the St Ouen local.
Roast beef, dumplings & black butter jam.

Anthony Fry

Kaleidoscope-Caps-Colours.

Sinking, Intelligence, Light, Vicissitude, Eaten, Race.
Gorilla, Onward, Lake, Disillusioned.
Bugbears, Romantic, Ode, Neologisms, Zoo, Enzyme.
Ain't, Mink, Beach, English, Royal.
Wind, History, Invertebrate, Today, Existence.
Radiation, Evolution, Death.
Blackberry, Love, Argument, Carnivorous, King.
Games, Riddle, Eyes, Youth.
Yesterday, Eternal, Liquid, Living, Originality, Wanderer.
Bluebell, Lips, Unaccountable, Enjoyment.
Boar, Revision, Ornament, Woman, Normality.
Organism, Rhymes, Aunt, Number, Gaze, Error.
Paper, Uncle, Rights, Pain, London, End.
Grandad, Respite, Emptiness, Excellent, Norse.
Pebble, Identification, Noontime, Knitting.

Anthony Fry

Love.

Love is all about happiness.
Love is for each other every day.
Love is being imaginative and creative.
Love is stronger than a man's convictions.
Love is peace among all mankind.
Love makes the world go round.
Love is another key to eternal peace.
Love is the master key.
Love is that open door to happiness.
Love is where no room is too small.
Love is never practiced enough.
Love is like a violin the strings remain forever.
Love is needed for our needs.
Love is like luck.

Love is to make you very happy.
Love is a glorious vicissitude of song.
Love is always with your partner.
Love songs are a caress set to music.
Love is an expanding soulmate.
Love is your soul from its hiding place.
Love is children, family and friends.
Love is consistent in this.
Love is showing to all mankind.
Love is more than bedtime.
Love is generous gifts from your heart.
Love is an act of endless forgiveness.
Love is in your sweethearts heart.
Love is like quicksilver.

Love is like an ocean filled for ever.
Love loves this is its nature.
Love is your heart filled with love.
Love can never go wrong.
Love is to see you face to face.
Love is the reflection of man's worth.
Love is to live my life this way.
Love is like war.
Love is resting in your loving arms.

Love is to be happy.
Love is wisdom in daily learning.
Love is worthwhile.
Love is seeking to know you.
Love is to be irresistibly desired.

Love is my mind and spirit yearning.
Love is a habit.
Love is me following in your light.
Love is a glimpse of heaven.
Love is me meek and bold, humble and strong.
Love is the only sane existence.
Love is me not afraid to face the night.
Love is to avoid suffering.
Love is me to stand for truth alone.
Love has no scale.
Love is me not afraid to sacrifice.
Love opens the gates of happiness.
Love is this gorgeous world rejoicing.
Love makes you big inside.

Author's Notes:

Love Makes This World A Better Place.

Anthony Fry

Memes.

Don't rush by my sweet, seek with me allele life dreams ever more.
Your sweet smile is so much pleasure, let's stroll down lovers way.
A selection together, play tricks with my body in a beautiful world.

Pray my fairest, you do not suffer from the sweet anthophobia scent.
I seek a conquest of your body, stay on my bed of red rose petals.
My esteemed pleasure, gazing at you makes me amazingly hungry.

You will be in my wildest dreams, dreams of love, yet to be dreamt.
So gorgeous, I'll be your libertine, you never need to be lonely again.
Your golden hair dances free, biology on a wind, pleasures my stare.

Fondest red cheeks, eyes divine, my thoughts are curious, be mine.
I love you, I hope your meme qualities live and sow life everlasting.
Locked in my arms, memes delightfully together in spirit, for eternity.

The white barn-owl on the noon day tide, flies up high on a therm.
His dinner roams free, unaware it's destiny on this fine day is to die.
Barn-owl meme species, with knowledge constructed from Mother.

A sunrise early, over yonder flowing yellow painted meadow stream.
Two otters play at the waters edge, the bitch unaware of her memes.
A monkey moves with the speed of silver lightning, chasing females.

Flowers conceived in paradise, offer distinguished coloured beauty.
A spider swings like the pendulum of a clock, eyes alert for it's mate.
Reflection of your beauty hovers, like a provocative humble butterfly.

Evolution forever tattooed naturally, in your beautiful heart sweetheart.
Natural mimicking voices forever inhabit us, our memes are indivisible.
Do not subdue your laughter memes, or you exterminate life's virtues.

Anthony Fry

Moon On Glow-Worms Shine.

A lovers heart quietly beats,
dreaming in innocent sleep.

Eternal earthly things devine,
moon on glow-worms shine.

Perfumed odours spiced arise,
a white roses aromatics thrive.

Wild red poppies grow in corn,
never sweet weeds were born.

Recollections of endless acts,
those saucy whispered facts.

Kissing warm moist pink lips,
embracing alluring friendships.

Devouring her with my eyes,
transcending vicissitudes fly.

Sea wrack dry bleached bland,
wind dancing over golden sand.

Entranced to sticky webs drawn,
silently spun fresh at early dawn.

Suffused shining clouds white,
blue sky always vivid bright.

Enjoy pursuits of glorious love,
pure organic from god above.

Anthony Fry

Mr & Mrs Re-Juvenating.

Smiling I just eagerly arrived home from work, end of another boring week.
My wife is grinning getting ready, to stay at her old Mothers for a weekend.

I am looking forward to going fishing and camping, a long weekend period.
Friday till Sunday, usually I am a boring couch potato from morning to night.

The wife's taxi arrives soon, and we say our farewells, and she is off to Mums.
Thirty minutes later my taxi also comes calling, off I go merrily, first stop Pub.

I arrive at pub meet lovely girl called Val, cheekily tell her my name is Bob.
Have one of the most enjoyable, boozy evenings together in a very busy bar.

Off we go to a really smart restaurant, table booked and relax with a nice meal.
We booked a posh cosy hotel, Val and Bob for two sensational nights together.

Hands roaming we are like two wild cats, each welcoming, tearing our clothes off.
Val has packed an overnight pleasure pack, all her favourite sensual massage
oils.

I enquire if she would like a nice massage, with her favourite oils, yes please
Bob.

She enjoyed that, She erotically tickles me, worked from gentle up to very
extreme.

Caressing each other intimately, we make sexy purring sounds, in each others
ears.

Long into the night we were trying different positions, silk stockings, new
lechery.

Painting Val's Toenails Purple, a blindfold, trying gentle bondage, sexy knickers.
How very sad we both were, that this wonderful weekend, had to end on Sunday.

Arrived home, and found my Wife sitting on the Sofa, Her Purple Toenails
Glowing.

Makes a nice change from usual mundane weekends. When can we go again
Bob?

Anthony Fry

Natures Wind.

A morning silver dew, that clings to grass.
A Spiders Cocoon, blows into a south wind.

Bullfrog on a lily leaf, croaks a lovers call.
Pretty frogs fall in love, on that windy day.

Sunflowers tall and proud, sway and kiss.
Pink and white blossoms, fly on the wind.

Cascading colours, of a rainbow softly trail.
In an afternoon beauty, storm winds blow.

A sycamore seed, like an helicopter spins.
Like a winged chariot, flying on the wind.

Anthony Fry

No The Dead Do Not Watch Us After Death.

No The Dead Do Not Watch Us After Death.

No The Dead Do Not Watch Us After Death.
We grieve for that sad loss, when loved ones pass on.
Our ever painful but warm romantic remembrances.
They have gone out of our vision, change is eternal.
Giving warm colour to lives lost, or taken untimely.
You must let their love remain, forever in your heart.

No The Dead Do Not Watch Us After Death.
Consciousness does not exist, when our bodies die.
A big secret no one knows, is what time will we die.
Life lived like a roulette wheel, in and out of fortune.
But honestly this is not our souls journey to afterlife.
Our souls will be uplifted, dreaming that it is though.

No The Dead Do Not Watch Us After Death.
Remembering God, we think we will all reap peace.
We stop evolving when dead, embrace life with love.
It is not a movement to some other place, but a myth.
Your ticket to the future born, we left to our dreams.
These are however, ultimately full of sad illusions.

No The Dead Do Not Watch Us After Death.
Physiology a protein tapestry, everybody cherishes.
Never be greedy, enjoy this short life to breed and die.
Just like salmon coming home from long sea voyages.
Transformational processes in death, do not happen.
All afraid of death, we try to think of reincarnation.

No The Dead Do Not Watch Us After Death.
Death is a journey looking for the fountain of youth.
Liberation thoughts living, contented in our hearts.
Life will try to travel on, nature's sure secret mystery.
Before we die, we reproduce for Natural Selection.
Life is survival of the fittest, creating stronger genes.

No The Dead Do Not Watch Us After Death.
A traveler embarking upon immense journey's.

Life's intelligent dance, is all beings magical time here.
Our body makes itself, complicated secrets held within.
Your first highest duty, is to prepare our own life style.
Earth is true home of our soul, we can't ignore this.

Anthony Fry

Observation Of The Driftline.

Skylarks meandering motions, float on cold sea breezes.
Rare sculptured ivory driftwood, sun bleached laying idle.
Serene stillness, isolated dunes, ravished by wind and rain.

Constructive waves splashing, over cut stone causeway's.
Moon glow a wobbly blur, looking through tear filled vision.
Stretching long driftline, sinks over far reaching blue horizons.

Cusps and horns left upon a constructive high tide wave bar.
Sought after fresh cockle, eyes look at you from just below.
Quick an unseen razor-fish foot, burrows deep in shingle.

Robust crabs hiding in gully's, under bubbly carrageen moss.
A periwinkle hanging tight, to its buddy a black rock limpet.
Silver pearl oyster shining, toil under a destructive berm face.

Viewed ocean green, white horses, plunge on boat decks.
Far yonder murky reflections, espy a rolling ship silhouette.
Red and green lantern lights, can be seen graciously drifting.

Holding an impeccable, self respect of long cruel sea voyages.
Admiration divided with fear, innocently roaming earths crust.
A swift lingering thought of sanctity, sleep well our mariner.

Anthony Fry

Paeon Dais.

Poetry is Verse.
Shared is Love.
Word is Feeling.
Life is Commitment.
Survival is Existence.
Winning is Habit.
Believing is Strong.
Seen is Beauty.
Ambition is Realised.
Doubting is Weak.
Genius is Simple.
Obstacle is Goal.
Happiness is Liking.
Boredom is Waiting.
Aspiration is Desir.
Important is Technique.
Advice is Taken.
Climax is Journey.
Searching is Enthusiasm.
Victory is Exhilaration.
Excellence is Quality.
Artistic is Feeling.
Pulse is Rhythm.
Greatness is Responsibility.
Moment is Beautiful.
Conversation is Talk.
Critique is Comment.
Ignorance is Bliss.

Anthony Fry

Romantic Wind.

Love creating expectations, of perchance.
Warm embraces, carried on a perpetual wind.

Flirt with a handsome boy, melts body in mind.
Meet in a valley of paradise, winds silent.

Upon a hill high we sit, under an old oak in bliss.
It's then I steal a quick kiss, spring winds sigh.

Her face grins, at the open garden window.
Swirling golden hair, blowing in the wind.

Blossoms been and gone, fruits now swing.
Sunlight on the leaves, golden in the wind.

Anthony Fry

Saint Helier Jersey.

Helier lived in Jersey, Christianity to preach.
A transition from 'natural life' to spiritual fold.
A cave to dwell, for worship, a mount to meet.
First missionary, an honest upright man of old
His gown flows, he stalks a L'islet, with bare feet.
Bearded, blonde curly hair to shoulders mould.
Lonely days, hunger pangs from not much to eat.

Saxons arrive, intent on another plunderous raid.
A warrior mead drinker, ponytails tucked under.
Dance on sea horses, a jolly roger flag of plaid.
Approaching Jersey, to reek pillage and plunder.
Buccaneer pirates, fly their scull and cross bones.
A murderous wind, with hailstone and thunder.
Cannon tied to deck planks, axes sharply honed.

A truly courageous person, fearful for others loss.
At times of danger, Helier found fit to ignore a fight.
Filled up with strength, he made signs of a Cross.
He unchained an almighty storm, with silverlight.
His Gospel destroyed, and scuttled all pirate ships.
Everything pounded, unquenchable waves might.
No crews merrily dance, to hornpipes, nor traipse.

Another of beowolf's Saxons, felled Helier at his feet.
Helier's blood, became a winged le cheval of freedom.
Martyred Helier, undisturbed, departed on a breeze.
To Petite Port, a Saint waiting always with open arms.
A resurrectioned angel, Saint Helier his psalms intend.
Where it is formed into a gorgeous 'valle'e de larmes'.
The mother God waiting, 'Holy Spirits born in Eden'.

Anthony Fry

Santa's Glorious Mess At Christmas.

Our most glorious mess, excitedly tearing Christmas wrap.
Is that beautiful mess, created on your own living room floor.
Don't ever clean it up too quickly, just let it probe some more.
Making sure those dreams live on, applied hints for eternity.

Enjoyment pursued at home, on an excellent Christmas night.
Secure and surrounded by love, blessed with your young family.
Happiness should be great fun, eating, drinking, and be merry.
Sitting round a fire roasting chestnuts, those masterful images.

Outside snow is silent while falling, a white silver smooth carpet.
Transforming the back yard, into a celestial wonderland delight.
The sparkling hanging stars, flashing on our large Christmas tree.
Santa's been and gone, left golden memory's of heavenly treats.

A golden brother and sister, companions everlastingly giggling.
Happy eyes shining bright, discarding those empty stockings.
Jolly music in loud harmony, lots of balloons merrily popping.
Future pleasure taking shape, a grand solid friendship created.

Mummy is sound asleep, her head resting softly on daddy's chest.
My daughter laying beside me, her brother angelic blessed in rest.
I gaze round the sitting room, and I cherish those wonderful sights.
How precious you must never forget, please just tell us you love us.

Anthony Fry

Sweet Silent Sunset.

Love is a fire burning on a short fuse within her body.
Mixing outwardly, with many sexually appealing men.
Sweet silent love of youth, please forgive if I forget you.

looking down she blushes, looking up a smile on her lips.
Amazingly going busily, about her every day duty's.
With their gnawing, dark dangerous mysterious minds.

And sweet silent pleasures, coming out seeking at sunset.
Ideas working well, according to complicated schemes.
Like that secret message, a tear caught in a twinkling eye.

Yonder blue sky is glistening, in those beautiful green eyes.
Most optimum reproductive strategy, for fittest females.
Strike like lightning, excitingly loving in full abundance.

Creating picaresque extraordinary, bursting hot desires.
A good father who will attend, ardently to their children.
Visions of men fascinating, passionate, daring attractions.

Characteristics acquired in all adults, will be transmitted.
For unique adoring identification, in generations to come.
Meteoric pulses invisibly spreading, through hot body's.

One stroke of her hand, renders you helpless for paradise.
Heavenly enriched female perfumes caught in his nostrils.
Male genitals, swaying and swinging like hanged pirates.

Squirting those never ending, warm sticky velvet genes.
Finest sperms glistening, silver-filmed as new-spun silk.
Wickedly made by a female, with hot cunning thoughts.

Anthony Fry

There Is A Mouse In Our Kitchen

Mickey mouse, a very famous grandad at last at peace.
His tired old bones, hidden in a secret chimney stack.
A witch turns a big pumpkin and six white mice into
the finest gold carriage, drawn by six shire horses.
We are always dreaming of that magic beautiful day.

A very loud tick-tock, tick-tock, of a large cuckoo clock,
booming out noisily, disturbing the dark silent night.
Lurking when the kitchen lights go out, its time to play.
To hear if a cat is purring, our arch enemy giving a warning.
Forever watching cat flap swinging, within a hostile world.

Hiding from the big nasty house cat, are all his friends.
Only daring to come outside, dancing about after it is dark.
Flourishing they are adapting to all of the latest trends.
Exploring in the durable shadows, like strange ghosts.
Coming and going rattling through them dish lockers.

A thrifty moonlight beam shines, on a yellow architrave.
Squeaking echoes, black droppings reveal our whereabouts.
Jump and skip, hurtling into the arenas busy nights.
Annoying the cat, an evening moth gently taps at the window.
Speed nimble as a mountain goat, in the growing gloom.

Mice flying In and out of their little holes like yo-yo's.
Flirting slyly with their own reflections, in dresser mirrors.
A mystery of bewilderment, most strangely elusive.
Living behind the labyrinth of old skirting boards.
A passage following the pipes, traveling back in time.

Unreachable murky dank coal cellars, a sanctity within.
Time an eternity, behind the black burnished grates.
Depths disclosed souls disappear, dropping into invisibility.
Cobwebs hanging from the joists, like condemned pirates.
Playing conkers with a black spider, in his diamond web.

He has got a shiny white coat, covering his pink skin.
He has little grey pointed ears, gorgeous glowing red eyes.
Also he has got a haunting shiny small black nose.

The heavy scent of a nest made of newspaper pieces.
Their accommodation with places to have their litter,

Displaying the longest tail, you ever did fancy to look at.
His brothers and sisters, playing skittles with frozen peas.
When he has got a mad tormenting humble sweet tooth,
sometimes enticed, by a forgotten saucer of vermouth.
Busy endless searching all night, to feed our appetites.

Hastening he is very happy, eating tomorrows dinner.
On a table lays supper, munching on a tasty toasted tea cake.
Toiling and roaming, drinking cold coffee, with stale cheese.
Never failing, he just loves licking mince pies at X-mas time.
Last but not least, he willingly washes our dirty dishes.

Anthony Fry

Those Beautiful First Group Bird Sightings.

A cover of coots, water-nymphs tormenting a stilled silence.
A murder of crows, loudly whispering all that local gossip.
A peep of chickens, awaiting a magnificent new morning.
A dole of doves, hiding amongst honey pots lost up high.
A trip of dotterel, wearily gaze on wet withering leaves.
A charm of finches, in a cold darkening night sky shiver.

A gaggle of geese, emboldened watchdogs their territory patrol.
A kettle of hawks, roaming since ancient times armorial.
A siege of herons, Long necked elegant solitary birds stand.
A brood of hens, scratching grey mounds of cold ashes.
A cast of falcons, like weird ghosts haunting this world.
A party of jays, hording and stealing trinkets of gold.

An exaltation of larks, flitting in a thousand and one nights.
A deceit of lapwings, in oak trees hold twilight meetings.
A tidings of magpies, With sheen and green gloss tail.
A sord of mallards, green head and yellow bill ducks.
A watch of nightingales, sweetly Singing day and Night.
A parliament of owls, dusty from flour in an old mill house.

An ostentation of peacocks, an extravagant courting couple.
A covey of partridges, fearless in gorse bushes hidden.
A company of parrots, glistening like shiny fools gold.
A congregation of plovers, a voice ever so silver-tongued.
A colony of penguins, curiously strange slipping an sliding.
A nye of pheasants, flourishing invisibly in pine woods

A bevy of quail, fairy rings hiding them from us.
An unkindness of ravens, haunting those black cold nights.
A building of rooks, swallowing baby frogs like no tomorrow.
A wisp of snipe, Bleating together in wetland waters.
A muster of storks, graceful lanky marsh waders.
A murmuration of starlings, huddle together from a rain storm.

A host of sparrows, beautiful contemptuous uninterrupted flow.
A flight of swallows, those cosy mud hut houses build.
A spring of teal, silver grey flank and yellow tailed.
A pitying of turtledoves, a dainty evocative sounding purr.

A descent of woodpeckers, wallowing in wind blown flowers.
A fall of woodcocks, roaming through those straw fields.

Anthony Fry

Time Of Your Grandeur Life

Are people minions of romantic opsimaths within,
chasing richness and maturing rather late in Life.

Memory of histories secret observations will emerge,
times present remembered lovelier at their own pace.

Strange exposed and close friendly relationships,
encountering things deep set in true earnest love.

Recollections of youthful glorious or new journeys,
silent saucy pedantic acts echo in glorious colour.

I desire to invade intimately with my greedy eyes,
seize and drink my fill like a triumphant huntsman.

Blowing an everlasting kiss towards my fair lover,
my strong tender thoughts fly swiftly on a breeze.

A pondering toddler whiles away time warbling,
happily humming rhythms and chanting a tune.

Little lord Fauntleroy's play dancing gleefully,
bright happy laughing in each others company.

Curious gay minds dreaming of magnificence,
glorious gains touching en-kindling little hearts.

Mirror crystal clear sky always twinkling bright,
suffused with honey bright yellow golden delicacies.

Loud gulls above pass squabbling like meteors,
flying in formation over our village church spire.

Lurking cool soft wind dancing over gold sand dunes,
kissing white sand and wrack bleached by sunlight.

One of many threshold pleasures in our short life.
Enjoy intoning first pursuit of our glorious love.

Two Sad Steps Of Earth To A Grave

'B.L. Flag' goes to the front, marching with that swagger.
Garibaldi red shirts a true cause, worthy volunteer mixtures.
Soldiers cheering exultingly, carried on cold wisps of wind.

Dispensing emblematic habits, where glorious thoughts die.
Vagaries of victory are unfolding, smelling of battle smoke.
A King of Naples Piedmont's, those gallant battles are lost.

Glorious death is immense, laying in sad remote desolation.
living in a cruel world, a mothers son lost she is mourning.
Conjuring reflections, an edge of time is forever silenced.

Beautiful lingering sanctity, orchid flowers growing wild.
Two steps of earth to a grave, a victorious life laying under.
White sand and sea shells lay, green lands and oceans meet.

Garibaldi a hero of two Worlds, unselfish lives given up.
Many of Italy's brave red shirts, from Caprera to Naples.
Brave warriors Gone To Rest, beneath a torn 'B.L. Flag'

Anthony Fry

Tyburn London's Fatal Tree, Twelve Solemn St Sepulcher's Bell Towles.

I confess corruption, placed in ranks of reprobates.

The death tree I see, my soul a tremble, I struggle.

A lone figure standing out, in the cold and dark of night.

I have been only corruption, and leader to confusion.

I have wasted my name, in goods unlawfully gotten.

Standing as an example, ending my days in repentance.

Repentance of my former sins, I would call upon God.

Forgiveness may descend, penitence of heart I desire.

I could be pardoned of heinous sin, which I committed.

Life which I gracelessly abused, my death a scandal.

Undeservedly having defied death, long before this time.

Then his eye welled forth a tear, holding not one regret.

Thousands died in a murky past, contriving Audrey's sparrow.

Seduced by raffish, but expensive delights of the Metropolis.

A penn'orth of curds and whey, my favourite comestibles.

Vibrant with activity, it was filthy, full of pestilential, jolly noisy.

Busy with conventicles, or clandestine meetings in Fetter Lane.

A Newgate hostelry, named, 'The man loaded with mischief.'

Knives, fools, luckless dupes, a woman, a magpie, a monkey.

From Newgate prison to Tyburn, to mother Procter's pew.
Via the neckinger stream, underground at the elephant and castle.
The Church of the holy St Sepulchre, to Newgate Prison.
St Sepulchre's sexton, traversed a secret underground passage.
Twas heard twelve solemn bell towles, with double strokes.
To Jesus Christ our Lord, I commend receive your soul.
All of you, that in these Newgate condemned cells do stay.
Prepare you now, for tomorrow you shall pass on your way.
Listen all and pray, your last breathing hour is drawing near.
That you once more, before Almighty God must appear.
Examine yourselves careful, no time left for you to repent.
The windows dancing, with a devils warm fire, eternal flames.
St Sepulchre's bell towles, have mercy on your damned souls.
Your lone sole, shall not see another sunset past twelve strikes.
To God I commend thy soul, whither fly thou thy soul to hell.
Most died as obscurely, and hopelessly as they had lived.
I am accused and condemned to die, Lord have mercy on me.
The accommodating devils neck-cloth, a knotted rope for hanging.
They were turned off the ladder, and there hanged till dead.
Finally I hang here, on ye old London fatal Tyburn Tree.
And thus of you all, I take my leave of this world. Amen.

Anthony Fry

Vibrant Reflections.

Vagaries of light in her garden, perpetually transfiguring.
Water lilies are lazily laying open, in golden sun rays.

Overwhelming fragrances, escape from espaliers of roses.
Those yellow buttercups, reflecting in those big blue eyes.

A young maiden dwells all alone, confused at her window.
Clasping her Grandmas locket, a sepia picture lays within.

A mystery why life can be so cruel, taking our souls away.
Dreaming everlasting charade, meandering many long hours.

Happy that inner beauty, will not be prised from her heart.
Perched on hawthorn hedges, robins deliver sweet songs.

Those egg and spoon races, a rainbow appears distant.
Scrumptious bar-b-cues, those snowmen built in winter.

While whole worlds unfold, shadows and darkness descend.
People slip into the dark night, directed to nowhere special.

A moth flies out of beyond, taps softly upon a window pane.
Vibrant mirrored reflections, I remember simplicity is love.

Composer Comment:
Here Today Gone Tomorrow.

Anthony Fry

Vicissitudes Of A Mating Strategy

(The Black Widow Spider)

Female Latrodectus Mactans, each like to be romantic,
a black widow spider, she prefers virile young mates,
preferable same species, for a quick short term affair,
mixing their genes, with the sexually appealing males.

Amazingly going busily about their every day duty,
their gnawing dark dangerous mysterious minds,
ideas working, according to complicated schemes,
like a secret message, caught between fascination.

The most optimum reproductive strategy for females,
strike like lightning, excitingly mating in abundance,
creating picaresque extraordinary, bursting hot desires,
In a father who will attend, ardently to their offspring.

Visions of each fascinating, passionate daring attraction,
characteristics acquired in the young will be transmitted,
for unique adoring identification, in generations to come,
meteoric pulses invisibly ballooning, into the cool winds.

Spiders on webs, swaying and swinging like hanged pirates,
spinning that never ending, sticky velvet hex-icon web,
finest silks glistening, like silver in a shimmering sun,
Was it spun by a black widow spider for her cocoon.

When caught the possessed male, is not there to stay,
having charismatic fun included, and wooed excitement,
can you imagine, commanding a duel in early morning dew,
he dared for her honour, in meadows of clover and daisy's.

Anthony Fry

Vicissitudes Of Passing Pleasure

Going out painting old London town red tonight,
waiting under a mulberry tree, for a special Prince,
a sweet kind friend, passion hungry for romance,
personal hot thoughts, dreaming of hanky panky.

From mauve groves, a gracious beauty appears,
twilight silvered sunbeams, shine in your blue eyes,
fun enduring debauchery, confused ancient origins,
years slipping past, hot lucrative times not forgot.

Sweat dropp dimples, staining yellow sandstone,
thoughts of love making, in my own wonderland,
vanishing vacant strangers, tender welcome visits,
looking for lost youthful joy, changes long gone.

Virtuous Prince lay by me, our love favours mystery,
dwelling on distorted glimpses, of your bright face,
wild beating crazy tongues, wound my body fatally,
huge tears cling to kisses, down loves milky way.

Honour my lustful thoughts, our lingering memory's,
a hot handsome nuptial male, nail him to that cross,
lusting a long preserved body, bonding in happiness,
damp juicy tender body bits, enticing sensually biting.

Spasms of perpetual passion, lush green grass lawns,
tight flourishing rose buds, unfolding flowers growing,
busy bees, form their sweet honeycomb from nectar,
a dancing sweet white lily, bobbing on a lake edge.

A wandering moon, casting long moving shadows,
amorous lurking scents, present on a fresh breeze,
majestic flowing draughts, taking leaves up-up away,
lingering wild winds blow, shivering down my spine.

Anthony Fry

When I Was Young And In My Prime.

A touch responding to interpretation.
Floating petals flushed cheeks kiss.
A whisper lingering soft sweetness.
Happy gazing at laughing blue eyes.

Bizarre melting expressions so devine.
Enjoying a moment of meek thoughts.
Sailing in sleeps mysterious dreams.
Somewhere beyond untrodden pebbles.

I tingle looking your piercings a tattoo.
Your illness and pains I suffer with you.
A spring chicken you'll never grow old.
Us in paradise imagining cosy cruises.

Small hands held in my strong hands.
Massaging those thoughts so naughty.
Enchanting body merges within mine.
Summer nights naked alongside you.

When I was young and in my prime.
I used to think like this all the time.
But now I am getting old and grey.
I pretend i'm thinking it twice a day.

Anthony Fry

Witches Wind.

Midnight thunder rumbling, in the moonlight.
It's for her pleasure, when the winds Dance.

Frowsty by a fire, your spells stir witch.
With the scent of the frost, a freezing wind.

Wailing spells, cast evil witch-craft devices.
But stillness is long preserved, a wind drifts.

Fathom out, a lugubrious witches measure.
You'll rue it, a witch face on the wind edge.

Riding her broomstick, chimneys do joust.
Your mortal beauty, I chase on the wind.

Anthony Fry

Yolo Decasyllabon Elegy.

You Only Live Once.
Heartbreak as your eyelids close.
Dreams will all reap perfect peace.
Nightingales in all of our tales.
love forever remains in our hearts.

You Only Live Once.
Embrace life with fruits of love.
We praise that magical time here.
Romantic remembrances of youth.
Memory's of a sex feast we cherish.

You Only Live Once.
Travelers on a journey to the moon.
Life of fortune in a twilight world.
Judgement of logic's held within us.
Pleasures released before we die.

You Only Live Once.
Those statues hold secret mystery's.
Eternal gilded marble monuments.
Posterity lays contented in our heart.
Bright warm thoughts to lives lost.

You Only Live Once.
See our gorgeous world of illusions.
A fountain of youth in a perfect body.
Your souls obscure life style thrills.
But before life's finally done we breed.

Anthony Fry

Your Feet On The World Wide Web

Please remove your shoes, and put on that conveyor belt
Polydactilists & Syndicalists, join the World Wide Web.
Putting you in line with a Jurassic Isle, sheep dip in Uist.
Golden Eagles went into decline, from security checks.
But would you be surprised, at all Custom Checkouts.
Thousands have Hourly trod the boards, before you have.
All over this World foot web grows, Second by Second.
Letting "Bootmen" Retifist Terrorists, silently Hob-Nob.
By letting "Custom Officers" cripple, this whole World.
Chiropractic approach, stresses health-care needs prevention.
Invading Toxins, Parasites, Allergies, or Infectious Agents.
A third percent of adults suffer, some form of foot problem.
Be it smelly socks, sweaty feet, spreading Verruca or Warts.
Giving a bit of your bazuka gel, to irritate Diabetics and skin.
All those Carbuncles are shared, at no extra baggage charge.

Anthony Fry