Poetry Series

Anthony Di'anno

- 37 poems -

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Anthony Di'anno

I am so small I could pass,
arms outstretched,
doing the splits,
through a single stitched hole,
in the seam,
of a money spider's purse.

And still not come close to touching the sides.

Yet the love that I hold inside,

threatens to burst through,
the very fabric of the entire universe,
from all directions.

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We met at a bus stop,
Cobbled with cigarette butts.
Exchanged hello's,
Lamented the weather.

You were going home to watch television,
Having cleaned your beloved's headstone.
Desecrated by cheerful incontinant birds.
You were looking forward to Hyacinth Bucket.

We laughed at life's quirks,
Chuckled at snobbery.
You were smiling,
I looked in your eyes.

You looked at your feet.
I looked at mine.
We shuffled in silence.
Your bus came.

We exchanged goodbyes,
Went our seperate ways.
Unbearable anguish,
Borne a little bit further.

Anthony Di'anno

Anchored

If I could hear myself,
when I find myself,

I would whisper,

'Please don't let go.'

So when I hold myself,
having found myself,

I am anchored,

riding the winds that blow.

Anthony Di'anno

Arid-Zephyr

Arid experience can scorch a heart.
Burning embers define a passion.
Cretaceous courage fall apart.
Destiny deliver over bridges ashen.

Elysium beckons for the brave.
Frangible as such hope may be.
Galahad has been a slave.
Heteromorphism a patient's key.

Ichneumon have fed upon the ovine throng.
Juvenescence has been sullied.
Kourbash have sung a painful song.
Lucent love could not be bullied.

Mayan cycles soon complete.
Nudge a New World Order close to being.
Ophidian dreams now compete.
Powerless against the human seeing.

Quixotic ideals have failed their test.
Ruined are their chances.
Silhouetted within this pounding chest.
The tree of life, roots and branches.

United throughout a heart's desire.
Victorious such love will ever be.
Where tears fall as hail on fire.
Xeranthemum grow indomitably.

Youthful yearning once did care, among the flattered heifer.

Zion was called out somewhere, along the arid zephyr.

Anthony Di'anno

Art Attack

A moment to the heart moves to the jaw,

the arm and even to the touch of a machine.

I know it's technology,

but it seems somehow obscene.

If you know what I mean.

A moment of the heart moves through the soul,

It can flow through the ink through a pen,

through the clay in a mould.

Throughout days of old,

throughout times way back when.

Artists were aware of the human cost of their ink.

So it bled from their hearts and they didn't care for being told how to think.

Bright Star by Keats,

leaves me bereft through having to blink.

Anthony Di'anno

Dead Horse Flogging

Urgle flurgle shrewt,
I once bought a flute,
Gribble grabble groat,
I couldn't play a note,
Schroogle slurpy ear,
I thought I'd persevere,
Yingyappayitar,
I eventually swapped it for a guitar,
Arble farble fooner.
I wish I'd done it sooner.

Anthony Di'anno

Dear Robin

Bright eyed, soft feathered,
loved beyond limited word.

My heart strings are tethered,
to you beautiful bird.

A ring perched on my finger,
you hold more than I know.

The moment doth linger,
in warm breasted glow.

Inches apart,
flooded within.

How you light up my heart,
when you cheerfully sing.

Bright eyed soft feathered,
loved beyond limited life.

My heartstrings are tethered,
to you beautiful wife.

Anthony Di'anno

Dragonfly

I live where shimmering white tangled waves,
Sweep sparkle strewn, bright glitter sprinkled shores,
Where pure fresh fallen summer rain engraves,
life onto purple heathered, peat streamed moors.

Where dusty rays are beamed through twinkling woods,
And bird sung ripples float down to the ground,
I wait by softly folded dew dropped buds,
Bursting for you to know I am around.

Where we walked hand in hand among our years,
And laughed and cried and toiled our way through life,
Wiped away rain, sweat and hot salty tears,
I will meet you there again darling wife,

I will come to you a dragonfly,
And you will see that true love does not die.

Anthony Di'anno

Emerald Waters

Emerald waters haunt my dreams of late.
Ancient oak hold spring deep within their bough.
Dappled sunbeams chalk crystal streams awake.
Young summer winds tease hare and bare hedgerow.
Emerald waters lay my mind at rest.
Heaven sent to heal within verdant rhyme.
Devoured through timid hand I request,
deservedly to reap this life of mine.
This gossamer world oh so easily spun,
from threads natural to an open heart.
Has golden appled oak in autumn sun,
and healing truth to offer from the start.
Such liquid life flowing from heartfelt stream,
draw this slumbering soul from winters dream.
Anthony Di'anno

England

In this England twenty twelve.

We shuffle in hypnotic hachures.

Spiraling eternally in winding, woven wistful debt.

We hurt from blinkered splintered fractures, never to forget to drink to forget.

In this England twenty twelve.

We lie in search of heliacal rising heaven.

Pastures green we freely shelve,
for thalamic thirst twenty four fucking seven.

In this England twenty twelve.

We stand in quiet patient queues, and don't ask awkward questions.

We live our lives as if from autocues, upon cyclopian cameras.

Politeness rarely mentions.

In this England twenty twelve.

We lie awake throughout the fear induced tabloid night.

Free to wonder with strange idea, if policeman, bailiff, rapist, social worker neighbour,

really might?

In this England twenty twelve.

We have given away almost all our power.

Sold out consanguineous counselled truth,

for tavistock proof, handled by the hour.

In this England twenty twelve,

we are bruised,

we have been battered.

Yet expressing a simple love from our indomitable hearts,

will prove to be all that ever really mattered.

Anthony Di'anno

Four Letter Words (Adult Language)

Four letter words are part of common life,
Utilitarian in their own way.
Crucial when describing edges of strife,
Kenspeckled scratches wherever they lay.

Should they be written in poetic verse,
Hellenists' may swoon or burst through their roof,
Ixion though must have spat the odd curse,
Tragedy begets the language of truth.

Where words are not the whole being of man,
And fair fragility does not divide.
Neither does using them all that one can,
Kindle or extinguish fires deep inside.

After all they are just words often said,
Sometimes spitting them out clears out one's head.

Anthony Di'anno

Growing Light

Growing light, may thy being ever shine,
not be cloaked in grey falsely conjured cloud,
But unabashed across the reach of thine,
through lilted wood where bird and insect crowd.

A giddy hush of variegated leaves,
dancing upon delicate outstretched stems,
Looking to burst through crocheted canopies,
from scraunched broken shelled, dusty husk spilt hems.

Destined to fertilize the sacred ground,
where their own scattered seeds will one day lay,
until they are eventually found,
when bright eyed smiles wash the shadows away.

For is not life pure contracted duty.
To nourish nature and sustain beauty?

Anthony Di'anno

Growing Myself

It is not easy just wishing it so.
Yet quite simple believing it be.
This mighty oak I am trying to grow,
must be nurtured through the essence of me.
Planted deep in faith's definitive clay.
Resolute against the mightiest storm.
Those winds of shame that blew childhood away,
can't change my desire never to conform.
But when fear creeps through ancesteral roots,
and branches tremble in tortuous breeze,
often I am stripped of ripening fruits.
Given back to doubt's cancerous disease.
Apples and atoms blend into the earth.
Where unfulfilled dreams mulch into rebirth.
Anthony Di'anno

Hazel

My gentle gracious Lady Nymph,
I beseech thee to lay my weary head upon thine warm and loving bosom.
So to spend quiet simple hours among meadow flowers and singing birds.
Far from speeding cars and unkind words.
Lay me at rest for a tender while.
Near crystal streams and willow trees to dream my dreams while time doth freeze.
Prithee lay me far from wall and stile.
Let flashing blue be halcyon led.
The scent of you, swim through my head.
My soul unfurl and limbs entwirl around yon Hazel tree.
May this walled in heart just fall apart.
And pure love flow in molten glow.
Our eyes eternally shine.
My dearest darling Lady Nymph,
I pray that under willow trees this very eve,
our tendril'd souls entwine.

Anthony Di'anno

How Wood U Have Me Right?

How would you have me write,
my verses of poetry.

What if all that u like,
is u versus me?

No room in your heart,
for my poetry.

No room in your heart for me.

Yes I play out in the open.

I fall and I find.

Y not leave it unspoken,

if U R unable to be honest and kind.

Anthony Di'anno

I Am My Man

Once I would rather conquer than surrender,

but now I prefer to surrender first,

For when I completely surrender,

I conquer my fear of contact within love.

Anthony Di'anno

I Am The Sun. I Am The Rain.

I am my own will-o'-the quantum mist.

My tempted fate abroad it's far flung door.

A cosmic echo within human schist.

A rippled raindrop crashing to it's shore.

Nothing but a flawed simple loving thing.

I seek no more than that which I deserve.

To use my own voice in the songs I sing.

To let loose my restraining dammed reserve.

Yet I ruin almost every chance.

Embroidered through my daily breaded strife.

I blindly stumble in a nervous dance.

Draped in my pity for this victim'd life.

Left to wring out rain from dark conjured clouds.

Else unwrap my true self from shriveled shrouds.

Anthony Di'anno

Like You

I am sure that you will agree,

When I say that our current situation is far from ideal.

And Like you,

I am aware that emotional and physical health,

can be extremely fragile at times,

Like you,

I have my own flickering shadows.

Like you,

I love as best I can.

Like you,

I am aware that things aren't right,

Like you,

I know not what to do.

Like you,

I will learn.

Like you,

I am loved.

Like you,

I am not alone

Anthony Di'anno

Love Lies Bleeding.

In the gentle shade of a velvety night, delicate pathways are traced into sight.

Surrendered to love, given up given in.

Neon bubbles pop under my skin.

Scented flowers sigh in their bed.

A kaleidoscope of colour flows through my head.

Draining my mind, flooding my heart.

The ties that bind me falling apart.

Laid out on this warm velvety night,

love lies bleeding,

bleeding into the light.

Brilliant colours drip from the flowers.

Drip and cascade in rainbow showers.

The song of my being melts into liquid sound.

All who are one, gather around.

United together through an electrical connection.

A quantum charge providing direction.

The image of home slides into our sight.

Our love lies bleeding.

Bleeding into the light.

This moment of love is all that exists,
even though others try to persist.

Connected to you connected to me.

Sparks from our eyes setting us free.

Flowing along as winds upon sands,

each of us a grain.

A grain holding hands.

Floating along with the flow of the ride.

The power of our love never denied.

Riding the rapids, riding the falls.

The scent of our love breathed into the walls.

Connected together in a powerful way.

A true force of nature creating today.

Our hearts are honest.

Our hearts are bright.

Our love lies bleeding.

Bleeding.

Creating the light.

Anthony Di'anno

O B w N k n O B

I B O B w N k n O B
E B O B w N k n O B 2
U B O B w N k n O B
O B w n k n O B B U
Y B O B w N k n O B
Y B U

Anthony Di'anno

One Simple Question.

Where are your indignant and outraged words,
That condem toxic skies and poisoned seeds,

That point out the decline in wild songbirds,
Is linked to the way you round up your weeds,

How corporate wheels leak their oily mess,
Then pollute the seas with corexit foam.

Why you are happy having less and less,
While your world is stripped right down to it's bone.

That Japan has been left to radiate,
Pumping cancer into the swelling surf,

How you would much rather procrastinate,
Than shout out the truth for all it is worth,

And so as you watch your world slowly die,
One simple question, Why do you comply?

Anthony Di'anno

Paranoia

It seems perfectly fine to see blinds closed on a bright day,

But looks slightly suspicious when curtains are drawn the same way.

Things seem ever so formal when jackets and ties are worn for whatever needs.

Which is far from normal when you consider the ego it feeds.

People push buttons at work then go home to do it again after showering and changing.

Neither knowing or caring for the people whose lives they are re-arranging.

The pictures painted on television and in magazines,

Are not the same as the images one sees on the street it seems.

Our stolen world is quite sad when seen from a distance,

Yet ever so beautiful where harmonic hearts beat love's hard-wired insistance.

Anthony Di'anno

Same Difference

If we arranged to trip over the same kerb,
or do something else equally absurd.

Planned to do it at the very same time.
Stood next to each other waiting in line.

To fall on the count of one two or three.
Will it feel different for you than it did for me?

Can we judge each other on anything at all,
if we can not even agree on the outcome of a pre-arranged fall?

What if you and I decided to wear the very same clothes?
Would we then be the same do you suppose?

Let us say for arguments sake,
that we both dipped our toes,
into the very same lake.

Would the sensation that ran up your leg,
become a temptation to come over and beg,

that your experience was worse or better than mine?

What if it didn't really matter?
Would it be such a big crime?

How can either one of us consider the other to be wrong,
when we are but individual verses that make up the same song?

Yet quite often we do.

Me and you.

Anthony Di'anno

Should You Chance Upon This Heavy Heart

Should you chance upon this heavy heart,
this loricate lump of love and muscle.
Would you hear, when prised apart,
the whispered wings of a fallen angel rustle?
Should you dance within it's haunted halls,
complete with hope filled fountain,
would you leave light footfalls,
and know I found my life to be a mountain?
Should you glance through the whetstone panes,
of it's tear stained glass,
would you follow the same old lanes,
towards your own grabbled greener grass?
Should you chance upon this tender loving, misread heart,
riddled with good intention,
would you know that even though love did smart,
I seized it without exception?
Anthony Di'anno

Sonnet#1 - Prelude to Freedom.

My loves, my wife our darling newborn child,
for you I wander through the open wood,
and forage in the shadowed forest wild.
To bring all a husband and father could,

to keep his kin well fed, secure and warm.
Scavenging towards freedom spirit strong,
though oft broken backed, weary muscle torn,
I whistle carefree tunes the whole day long,

With wheelbarrow, flask and trusty bow saw.
I pull, I push, I heave I tote my haul,
So your lights may burn brightly ever more,
So that your flames need never be kept small.

So come cold Winter nights we all can share,
contented peace warmed in crib and armchair.

Anthony Di'anno

Sparing The Rod one i

My father always stood at the thin end of his sarcasm,

A fucking great chasm.

A bare foot from the buckle,
wrapped round his right knuckle,

opposite the sharp end of his thick belt.

Which ofen I felt.

He enjoyed trying to break me.

And he knew that he never actually would.

Today I thank him for helping to season my blood.

I remember he liked Johnny Cash and also Floyd Tillman.

Sometimes he almost seemed human.

If only he could.

But he thought I was a horse to be ridden.

Allong cobble and midden.

Never did he spare his rod.

He believed he could break me.

Wherever he trod.

I walked away at fourteen.

Never to be seen.

Again by him or his God.

Unbroken.

Anthony Di'anno

Supper With Sinatra

Walking along from Boggle Hole to Robin Hood's Bay,
we gave up our woes and went out for the day.
The sun was diluted and the tide was way out.
Up from the beach came the bark of a dog and the hark of a shout.

Walking along lost in the view,
we didn't bother hiding our love,
every one knew.
Holding hands as we skipped down the stairs,
our faces gave up the weight of our cares.
Bimbling along we spotted a flyer,
there was a singer coming to town,
his name was Phil Fryer.
We noted the number and gave it a call,
it was twenty five quid to be held in the hall.
We easily agreed, that we rarely got out,
and having supper with Sinatra seemed such a good shout.

Cash Convertors said they would take good care of our rings,
for needs must in these kind of things.

We booked into a B&B at the top of a hill,
arrived far too early swallowed up by the thrill.

You slipped into the same dress, that you wore for our wedding,
and laid out your stuff all over the bedding.

We were not the slightest bit nervous as showtime started to loom,
for we had spent many hours practising at home in our very small room.

When he stepped onto the stage wearing a hat,
I said he had better be good or I will be telling him that.
You wanted to dance from the very first song,
I suddenly worried that I would get it all wrong.
Without giving me even one second,
you elegantly stood and seductively beckoned.

So I nervously stepped onto the floor,
and once I got going I just wanted more.
We danced and we danced for the entire night,
spinning and jiving an utter delight.
Cares were tossed far to one side,
you were barefoot and carefree with nothing to hide.

Ah such ecstasy I will never forget,
jumping and jiving and dripping in sweat.

With everybody gone we were reluctant to leave,
I gave you my jacket and looked for your hand lost in the sleeve.

Back in the room we were too giddy by far,
so we sneaked out a cuppa and sat in the car.

We talked and we talked, we dissected the night.
The shine in your eyes seemed incredibly bright.

Leaving the B&B later that day,
we hung around for a few hours, we just wanted to stay.

The joy of that night had to be told,
for the bond that it gave goes way beyond gold.

Our simple love composed such a beautiful sonata,
on the night that we gave it all up for supper a la Sinatra.

Anthony Di'anno

Thank You Poets of Poemhunter.

In this moment,

this moment here,

I float in a quantum sea.

It's electric blue and crystal clear.

It's feet up time for me.

This aching soul and weary heart,

calls by to soak among the suds,

a brief respite,
from heaving sighs.

A thousand different shoulds.

In this moment,
this moment here,

I float in a quantum sea.

I thank you all,

from my heart,

and absorb your poetry.

Anthony Di'anno

The Lady Porcelain.

I think about you my absent muse and some of the ruffled beds we might have made.

Without your physical warmth nothing feels the same.

Unexpected touch is cold and unyielding.

Sharp against the glans.

As though sculpted through da Vinci's marbled mortal spark.

Designed to grind chastity upon cold barren sands.

Still,

to spit demons far from this poets sad and tender lonely heart.

Your memory courses as lava through each swollen throbbing vein.

Alas she is not you.

The Lady Porcelain.

Anthony Di'anno

The Lines On Your Face.

The lines on your face,
are very well written.
Such a beautiful place,
where poets are smitten.

The beam of your smile,
is very well lit.
A glowing beguile,
where passion is writ.

The love in your eyes,
washes within,
as goose pimples rise,
all over my skin.

Anthony Di'anno

There is a language to me

There is a language to me, that no body speaks.

There is a language to me, that nobody knows.

Held in my timbers, it creaks.

Held in my fire, it glows.

Here is this language to me, that nobody dares.

Here is this language to me, that nobody cares.

It does not mean that there isn't a language to me.

Anthony Di'anno

Three Word Answer

My first runs through infinity,
and heart centered exist.

My second begins affinity,
A magnetic mist.

My third is the first part of every drawn line.

My fourth changes night into light,
time after time.

My fifth is shaped by the sun.

My sixth forms the point in everyone.

My seventh flows through the ether and me.

My whole is hidden in la movie.

Anthony Di'anno

Ticklemouse Eve

'Twas Ticklemouse Eve and not a creature was stirring.

Even the cat,
laid out on the mat,
contented and fat,
was pleasantly purring.

All were at rest.

All were asleep.

A flea cuddled a louse.

A mouse trumped with a squeak.

The cat stirred in his bed,
but the spoon that he used,
made him confused,

swirling the dreams inside of his head.

The sound of a whisper drifted through on the quiet,

as a cheeky young mouse said 'I really must make sprouts, a larger part of my diet'.

The chuckles were wrapped, and placed up a sleeve.

And the ticklemice snored loudly,

upon Ticklemouse Eve.

Ticklemice slept in warm fresh pyjamas, with pictures of squirrells and break dancing llamas.

They wore nice little hats, as cute as you please, with pieces of string, tied around small bits of cheese.

They knocked them all back as a nocturnal snack,

and were really quite easy to please.

They loved dreaming about cuddles and cheese.

During the day they had busied away,
so during the night they could sleep very tight.

They had gathered their food,

and told funny jokes,

often quite rude,

but never too crude.

Without a penny having to be spent.

For everything was lovingly given,

and nothing was lent.

The love that ticklemice gave,
upon Ticklemouse Day,

was placed in their hearts to be given away.

They did not look under the tree,

for a meaningful gift,

they looked into their hearts,

for a spiritual lift.

If I could adopt the ticklemouse ways,

I would be happy,
for the rest of my days.

Anthony Di'anno

To The Rattle

Contained, nay confined, within the walls of this leathery heart of mine wrestles a love divine.
A nemesis that thunders around my bower.
Seeping through the crack where rhyme fails to connect with reason. It yearns.
Oh how it yearns to be free of this prison it so despises.
It bleeds such a sorrowful song along the haunted corridors where mawkish crows enter into noisy debate with careful doves.
It pumps my heart.
It aches.
It hurts.
It loves.
'tis a dark timbre'd sanctuary built upon the bedrock of lessons long since forgotten.
Long since rotten.
Seared into existence through pure scorched experience.
I hoist my colours and claim this highly tensile web borne of my own design. For 'tis truly mine.
Hark! the combines approach.
A truth doth encroach.
This world.
This illusion.
This lie,
is caught between the panted breaths of expectant contractions.
Broken waters flood the lands.
Blooded hands perform scant distractions.
Those that did no longer can.
Those that could?
Where is the man, within, that does some good?
Aaahhh, 'tis no matter nor point for concern. For I will be pressed and placed according to my kind.
My cards to fall as petals succumbed to the terminus of their season.
To dance upon chequered floors.
A line against the chequered past doth lead me now along a different path.
Shadowed upon electric paper.
Marrowed within eclectic caper.
The determined face,
of one more battle.
Along this race.
To The Rattle.

Anthony Di'anno

Vanity Footwear

There was a young woman who lived in a shoe.
But she decided to move out.
She didn't like the view.
She moved into a discarded Nike trainer,
and bought so many mirrors she couldn't have been vain'er.
She polished each one with a freshly pressed cloth.
And stared at herself until she started to froth.
She thought the whole thing was rather a hoot,
until her boyfriend decided to give her the boot.

Anthony Di'anno

Wave On An Atom

The flash of a glint curving a bubble.

forming a tsunami,
migrating across the vast emptiness,

of an atoms point.

Searching for connection to home.

That's all I am,

That's all I seek.

Everything more.

Nothing less.

Anthony Di'anno

Where Are You?

You are not your body.

It functions without You.

You can not be a soul if it's living inside You.

You are not the beliefs that You make up.

They are merely the difference between You drinking from a full or a half empty cup.

Look for your self.

How can You resist?

You will soon find out,

You do not really exist.

Anthony Di'anno

Whispering Paper

Another sodden night.

Corpsed cauliflower fingers.

Bright blazing eyes.

Meaty muscular hands,

criss crossed cuts.

Covered in film.

Sergio Leone

Whispering Paper.

Smouldering rustler.

Silenced by rain.

Never wore gloves.

Anthony Di'anno