

## Poetry Series

**Bob Blackwell**

**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**

December 2009

**Publisher:**

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

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

### **Bob Blackwell (29/5/1936)**

I have always had an urge to write but it was only recently I convinced myself that I could. The poems on this site were my first attempts. I prefer to write in prose to rhyme. I intend to continue as it has given me more pleasure than anything else I have experienced. I strongly believe that we are all citizens of this world and we all deserve a fair chance at its spoils. If we take time to enjoy each moment as it comes we will all notice that we live in a wonderful world. I am interested in both Western and Eastern Philosophy, I am in love with nature and spend as much time as possible out of doors, inhaling the natural air and beauty all around.

### **!!! A Refreshing Shower**

After rain falls, the Earth sighs,  
stretches, cups both hands,  
accepts, thoughts of change.

Knowledge showered gives a  
start to Earths refreshment,  
shows way to path of truth.

Warm sun helps feed the growth,  
nourishes new thoughts for life,  
helps to build new attitudes.

Scene changes, new point of view,  
life changes, no stormy clouds  
to spoil, no guilty feelings.

Earth bathes in truth's elixir,  
soaks in new outlook, and  
becomes happy with his world.

01-12-2009

Bob Blackwell

### **!!! Being Open**

Being Open,  
Welcomes,  
an honest word,  
a sincere thought.

Calms,  
no guilt,  
no hidden fear.

Smells,  
of oceans  
to explore.

Sounds  
exciting,  
and inviting.

Looks  
are happy  
and appealing.

Tastes  
feed  
creative thoughts.

Paths  
enlighten, teach,  
the flow of life.

Mind  
listens and  
considers all.

09-01-2008

Bob Blackwell

## !!! Christmas Is

A family celebration, a gathering of warmth,  
that binds, giving love, support and care.  
A time of giving, sharing happiness, a fellowship  
of family and friends. Who delight at, gifts  
unwrapped a child's pleasure; paper rustling,  
cracker pulling, turkey carving, cork pulling,  
drinks pouring, large appetites, food enjoyed.  
A feast of plenty, a festivity of merriment.

An exchange of gifts and Christmas cards,  
messages of Xmas cheer and goodwill,  
say you still remember the happy times,  
the parties, meetings, children born, the war,  
the peace we made, the anguish shared,  
the tears, the joy at common troubles solved.  
Today, many send emails, SMS texts, or a  
phone call; no stamp licked, no post with love.

Is a time to remember those no longer here,  
the good times we shared, the sadness, the joy,  
a smile for past Christmas's we enjoyed and loved.  
For many, a time to reflect on true story of Xmas,  
a stable, Christ child born of Mary, a manger his crib;  
The three wise men who travelled from afar, with  
gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh. The Angels  
call to shepherds tending flocks of sheep at night,  
"Hail! birth of a God child, a saviour for our World."

It is a time for us to remember those less off, less  
fortunate than us, give help when you see a need.  
For it is a time of giving and sharing life's bounty,  
a time of harmony, a time to consider other people.  
Time to reveal the true love in our world, to pray  
for a peace that lasts, and those in desperate need.  
Most of all Christmas is a joy, a celebration, a time  
for sharing love, a time of gratitude, a happy time.  
Do please enjoy, have lots of fun this Christmas Time,  
love and best wishes, and A Happy Xmas to you all.

01-12-2009

Bob Blackwell

## !!! Haunted Memories

Are about yesterday,  
that time gone by,  
memories of lovers,  
broken hearts, those  
rejected advances,

wrecked promises, and  
pledges left undone.  
Tender love lost brings  
a sigh, a sob, a tear,  
gloom, and unhappiness.

A sadness relived  
to haunt, to upset,  
with reminiscences of  
stormy angry times  
and tempers frayed.

Untreated wounds,  
reopened give cause for  
anguish, torment, pain,  
nightmares return to  
give us troubled nights.

Bad memories not left,  
or dropped, spoil the life  
that is now present,  
the one we should be  
living in right now.

For true life we only  
feel this instant, in  
a flash it moves on,  
past is now history,  
future only prophecy.

Each breath we take  
a different moment,  
each breath out a  
new instant of time,  
for us to experience.

So hear only present time,  
each dawn's chorus of song  
greet a brand new day,  
that is full of possibilities,  
we see the truth of life that

yesterday's bad memories,  
have gone, so we must forgive;  
forgiveness dissolves the harm,  
and removes the hurt places

in our heart and feelings.

05-12-2009

Bob Blackwell

### **!!! Poet Tree Pleasure**

Soft light green  
are the leaves of spring,  
they energise, give new life,  
revive, make new,  
rejuvenate  
our living passion.

The trees pleasure  
is now our pleasure.

Good poetry,  
can fertilise,  
revitalise, renew,  
inspire new thought,  
can comfort or  
create new passion.

The poets pleasure  
is now our pleasure.

For it is our pleasure  
to see new green leaves  
our pleasure to read  
good poetic works.

They must both come  
from, the same life spirit  
that runs through all.

For is it not like magic,  
both begin to grow?

11-10-2009

Inspired by a poem sent to me by that lovely poet Mamta Agarwal about a comparison between a tree and a poetry.

Bob Blackwell

## !!! So What Happened

How come you write poetry,  
what made you write poems,  
was it a want fulfilled, a need?

To understand, you must soften  
what is hard, feel the flow of life,  
run through your heart and soul.

Notice, natures many colours,  
see, the different form of things,  
Gods creatures great and small.

Even ants have different shapes,  
the many birds have different colours,  
their songs an orchestra of sound.

Detect, the seasons changing shape,  
how winters frost and snow make icicles,  
springs new life strike up a happy stance.

And Summers warmth and joy warms  
the playing fields of happy minds, and  
ripens Autumns gift of fruits for life.

See, how landscapes changing scene is  
reflected in the calm seas still water,  
how crystal streams sparkle with life.

See, as they cascade down a mountain side,  
to carry life from rain, melting snow and ice,  
a river of life nurtures all of natures creations.

Observe, the beauty of trees new leaves, how  
their springs light green foliage screams out,  
cries out please, please notice me I am new.

Spot, the absence of the summer birds, their calls  
missing from your ear. No cuckoo, no summer  
swallow, the kite with yellow bill has gone away.

Determine, this means winters on its way once more,  
with cooler temperatures, a time to make provision  
for the colder days and nights, with warmer clothes.

See, what is wrong in our world, notice greed  
of many people, their desire to capture all for self.  
and realize this makes wars with many killed.

Understand, how our difference of religion,  
our beliefs, our rituals and ceremonies, only  
separate us, cause strife and keep us closed.

Believe, to seek God we must look into ourselves,  
not outwards to other things. For God lies in  
all of us, and all of us and everything is God.

Trust, if we are still in the silent centre of ourselves,  
we feel the rhythm of life flow through everything, we will then know in our own true  
selves we are One with all.

Consider our One with everything, how we are part of nature,  
and nature's part of us, how we must treat all with gratitude.  
Then and only then will you begin to understand my needs.

01-12-2009

Bob Blackwell

## !! A Happy Person

Storm blown ripples  
line my weathered brow,  
face a map of life's journey,  
of striving, disappointments  
happiness and joy.

The winds of sorrow,  
and displeasure have  
left their mark on  
my furrowed brow, but  
my sparkling crows feet,  
eyes, are happy lines.

Although  
the sad waters have left  
their lines of memory,  
there are no tears  
for past events to fill up  
dry lakes of discontent,  
and my now happy smile,  
helps smooth the waters of  
my still much wrinkled face.

Flowers of hope have opened,  
blossoms of bliss bloomed,  
and seas of tranquillity and  
peace now fill my soul and  
my heart is filled with love.

All thoughts of past and future  
displaced through practice,  
meditation, quietness, being  
still; these daily moments of  
calm, bring a realisation that  
to be happy I must only  
live now, in present moment,  
for as each moment dies,  
for me, a new one is born.

30-07-2008

Inspired by a poem sent to me by that lovely poet Mamta Agarwal, thank you Mamtaji

Bob Blackwell

## **!! A Moment**

Just a moment.  
Yes, a moment in time,  
A moment in your day,  
A moment in your life.

To act, create  
to grieve, to cry  
to smile, to laugh.  
to love, to hate.

Do not grasp,  
do not seize,  
do not hold,  
do not attach.

Its past, it's gone  
it's not alive  
its dead, it's done.  
So leave it now.

Bob Blackwell  
13 February 2007

Bob Blackwell

## !! A Mother

Although  
worry numbs  
her heart,  
she'll not  
complain  
as she helps  
dear ones  
recover,  
from their  
hurts.

Smiling  
she  
always  
hides her  
pain.

Though  
stressed,  
she'll hum  
a lullaby,  
a hymn of hope,  
as she waits for  
dawns fresh  
gleam of light  
to rise, to clear  
away the darkest  
shadows of  
her night.

04-08-2009

Bob Blackwell

## !! A Slaughter of the Innocent

Surreptitiously,  
they came  
ten assassins,  
by boat  
slipped into  
Mumbai.

Hidden,  
tools of slaughter;  
grenades, bullets,  
automatic weapons,

Deceptively,  
one by one  
by furtive means  
they spread  
unnoticed  
through Mumbai.

Secretly they  
gain entry  
to places where  
foreigners and  
other city visitors  
congregate.

A railway station,  
a Jewish hostel,  
a restaurant,  
two five star hotels,  
other tourist places.  
Book rooms, smuggle  
hide their weapons in.

Their purpose is  
predetermined  
by evil persons  
still unknown.  
Their mission  
they believe  
was preordained  
to be a holy war,  
its objective to  
slaughter lots  
and lots  
of infidels.

In places of business,

with many people busy  
going, waiting, talking,  
shopping, selling, laughing,  
innocently enjoying life.  
Was where they started  
where they began their  
reign of holy terror.

Bombs are thrown, grenades explode,  
bullets sprayed, flying, hitting,  
killing, maiming, slaughtering;  
indiscriminately they take life as  
coldly they execute, murder;  
devoid of feeling they fulfil  
their preordained and evil plan.

For two days they dodged, hid,  
carried on their killing spree.  
Mumbai comes to a standstill,  
shocked by the inhumanity of  
a cause that slaughters all it sees.  
Who, why, what for's are heard.  
Accusations fly around.

Assassins know there is no return,  
their mission suicidal, but heaven  
promised, paradise a better life.  
Surely this was a belief, a cause,  
a misguided act of faith, a miasma  
so they couldn't see their wickedness!

They cannot feel, they cannot see,  
they cannot hear a pity plea.  
Programmed to hate, they couldn't  
stop, their slaughter of the innocent.

Lets now have a meeting a gathering  
of all people, all faiths, creeds  
casts, colours, nations and religions,  
to foster love not hurt, give not take,  
between all the peoples of this earth.  
Let us all promote a belief, a faith  
in the humanity and togetherness of us all.

The Slaughter of the Innocent  
must stop now, not carry on and on.

06-12-2008

Dedicated to all my Indian friends

Bob Blackwell

## !! At Daybreak

Sun rises on our anxious world,  
Streams of light pass through trees,  
to uncover a partial waiting scene.  
Robin the day's first sound, sings,  
the night watered grass, twinkles,  
mimics nights departed starlit sky,  
In the distance, a pale reflecting moon,  
bids goodbye to our now emerging day.  
And a silent life form of our dark, a moth,  
struggles to find a private place to rest.

Air though cool, has hopes of warmth;  
leaves on trees hang still, waiting,  
expecting the arrival of the wind.  
Robin quietens, a whispered hush,  
calm enfolds our unfinished scene,  
to give us a peace, a stillness, that  
has a silence with a beauty of its own.

Golden orb rises higher in the sky,  
faces, fluffy white clouds appear,  
they hang motionless, suspended  
over mountain tops, peering down,  
staring, at our still awakening world.  
Pale Moon falls to die in distant hills.  
And our now faint moth is sleeping.

Sun has risen high, clouds evaporate.  
Our world shakes then stirs, a breeze,  
leaves rustle, move with light and shade.  
Flowers open, bees work, long legged  
insects fly, and the ants begin to march.  
Song birds whistle, twitter, call, and sing,  
to compose a melody of notes, that  
sweetly feeds the garden of my mind.

16-04-2009

Bob Blackwell

## !! At Days End

As our sun sets,  
our moon,  
a citrus segment,  
halfway to whole,  
rises, on a  
now retiring world.

Its warm amber glow  
softens, calms, it's  
blush of orange, creeps  
covers, warms, comforts;  
it illuminates our view.

Days noise and bustle  
lessens, stars appear,  
moon now a silver piece,  
brings nightfall, a peace,  
a gentle whispered calm.

A stillness wrapped up  
in starlight and secured  
by moonbeams, has  
no threatening shadows,  
no noisy rising wants.

An empty mind holds no  
sorrows, fears, concerns  
or worries. With no thoughts,  
it embraces a golden silence,  
that soothes and heals our  
still anxious, troubled World.

08-05-2009

Bob Blackwell

## !! Before Time

Before time,  
before birth of  
clocks, watches,  
other ways to  
compass, fragment  
disrupt our day:

we noticed how,  
as the golden orb  
that makes the light of day,  
rose, the moon and stars  
dissolved, the night  
escaped new day,  
Mother Nature stirred.

We saw grasses move,  
flowers unfurl, we heard  
leaves rustle in the breeze,  
to silence mornings hush;  
we smelt the morning air,  
felt how it invigorated,  
gave life to all dawns  
creatures on the move.

We remarked how as the  
air warmed to evaporate  
the mist or fog of night,  
tiny insects moved on mass,  
butterflies spread honeyed wings,  
before they searched for flowers.

Before time we were in touch  
with nature's charm, connected  
to the natural world, we knew  
we needed nature, that nature  
needed us, we knew we were  
part of nature's tranquil way.

As the sun moved higher,  
to move in an arc, we  
measured parts of day  
by sun's position, and light  
created shadows that vary  
with progression of our day.  
We watched the phases of moon,  
and passing of the seasons.

From this we knew our tasks,  
our needs, when we should,  
work, play, eat or rest.  
Nothing was precise, but our  
crops grew, we harvested,

we secured our shelter, we  
understood our needs.

From nature we received  
rain and sun to help our  
food grow and multiply,  
we understood that if  
it failed to rain, we must  
move to yet another plain,  
travel to different part of land.

Then in gratitude we  
gave thanks we made  
sacrifice to God of Sky,  
Mother Natures store  
of sun and rain,  
we knew all land  
belonged to all people,  
all creatures of this world.

Then without title held  
without exclusivity we lived  
in peace, in tune with nature,  
and happy with its provisions,  
We did not covet, or make war.

Before time, of time machines,  
as the moon rose, as stars came out,  
happy, grateful, for what our day supplied,  
we closed our eyes, we rested, then we slept.

15-07-2009

Bob Blackwell

## !! Erosion

Erosion

Starts  
with empty churches  
and no moral lessons  
taught at home.  
Parental guidance,  
too engrossed in self  
and magic picture shows.

Many  
young minds  
grow without  
guardianship or care,  
no guidance given,  
no ethics, discipline,  
no moral code,  
to help guide  
their future life.

Lost  
peer pressure wins the  
battle for young minds.  
Each young spirit lost  
one less soul banked  
for future of our world.

Youth  
now cowed,  
hides intent,  
young conscience, no  
rights or wrongs  
scruple fires are cold, no  
fuel, no nourishment,  
nothing taught, so  
many souls now dead.

How  
can we afford to loose?  
Young talent not  
nurtured, gives out  
no creative promise!  
So much waste, so  
much promise lost.

To  
graffiti walls in the  
art schools of the street,  
that give expression  
to the secret codes,  
that mean a  
gang of sameness,

the belonging makes  
them strong.

Many  
experience and feel,  
The pain of indifference,  
The pain of boredom,  
The pain of misunderstood,  
The pain of defiance and  
The pain of guilt.

Pain  
needs a potion,  
intoxicant prescribed,  
to alleviate the pain,  
makes life exciting.  
so they do not care,  
they laugh, they make  
a noise, make trouble,  
so we'll notice them.

What  
hope for future lives?  
Same values taught,  
by those already lost,  
same sad intent, still  
no book of ethics, still  
no principles, no guide  
or moral code.

Erosion  
means a slow but  
gradual decay,  
a mould, a rust,  
a deterioration, that  
never stops, it erodes  
the soil, the growth of  
future births: descendent  
families still to come.  
The rot just multiplies.

08-11-2009

Bob Blackwell

## !! For One Whole Day

Imagine peace  
for one whole day  
throughout the world.

No people killing,  
no destruction  
no angry words.

One whole day  
love is fostered,  
with give not take.

One day of peace,  
can save so many  
give time to heal.

Time to escape  
misery, famine to  
live in other place.

Time to vaccinate  
against disease,  
time to enjoy quiet,

of a peaceful day,  
to rest with no fear  
of harm to come.

That must be worth  
a lot of blessings.

Bob Blackwell  
28-09-2009

Inspired by World One Day of Peace on the 21 September each year.  
In Afghanistan in 2008 they had their day of peace, even the Taliban and Al Qaeda  
agreed to no violence for the day. W.H.O., was able to vaccinate hundreds of  
thousands of children from polio, because they were able to proceed unhindered  
throughout the country.

Bob Blackwell

## !! Hush Moments

I hear the birds sing,  
I feel the gentle wind  
blow through trees  
whose branches creek,  
leaves fall softly down.

No footsteps on path,  
far away the traffic roar,  
curled up asleep my cat,  
I catch quiet moments;  
a sigh of silence reigns.

Gentle wind now ebbs,  
stillness rules my land.  
Untroubled, undisturbed,  
composed and calm, a  
peace that's settled down.

I reflect how in moments  
such as this, all time stops,  
no finger moves, no cogs  
turn, what's past is gone,  
no longing for is present.

Yet nature's beauty stays,  
flourish of beauty lights  
partly cloudy winter's scene;  
bed of smiling pansy faces,  
host of features all unique,  
still warm my heart with joy.

21-06-2009

Bob Blackwell

## **! ! I Believe Before Everything Began, Before Time**

The page is blank, pen is poised.  
Before time, before things happen,  
there was nothing, save for a void,  
a nothingness, a emptiness, no life  
or consciousness, a space unfilled.

No word is written, no thoughts,  
nothing is recorded, no story,  
before history, before time began,  
a nonentity of everything, of all.

No moon, no stars, no planets,  
no galaxies, no universe, no sun.  
No milky way, no solar flares,  
no comets, just one black hole.

A sphere of spirit, an energy,  
a life force, that knew no limit;  
a supreme dormant power  
filled the void, it had no name,  
no presence, it is not there.

All is still, silence is the rule,  
no tiny cogs to measure time,  
no sun, no shadows, no sundial,  
just eternal time, one moment  
is suspended in no time at all.

An emptiness that settled, had no  
divisions, no separate ways, it is  
unmoving, it had no limits, it's spread  
boundless, its reach was to infinity.

Still in eternal time, a spark ignites  
the dormant spirit, it then expands,  
void explodes, life's energy free to  
spread its consciousness unlimited,  
life's current to all corners of infinity.

A word is written, history opens,  
start of continuous moving time.  
Life's energy makes stars, planets  
other worlds, our universe, our sun,  
our moon, our earth, our milky way.

This same spirit created earth with  
its mountains, hills, oceans, seas,  
forests, deserts, rolling plains,  
icecaps, and lovely valley streams.

Creatures great and small are made,  
life's cascade of energy spreads, to all,

its current a continuous moving flow  
of consciousness for all new life made.

Human life evolves, ability to think  
given, our thoughts remembered,  
feelings and emotions given, our  
intelligence, our knowledge improves.

All this made possible by life's spirit  
which flows unbroken through all that  
it has created and all that it will create.  
It is the current of life's creation the  
same eternal spirit flows through all.

We all come from that same  
moment of eternal time that  
held the spark that set free the  
dormant spirit in the empty void,  
to let consciousness go free.

This moment contains all time,  
all history that is gone, all thoughts  
all deeds, all loves lost and gained,  
all achievements, victories, losses,  
our hopes, our dreams, our lives.

Today this same life spirit flows,  
it is our own true selves, and has  
an eternal energy that never dies.  
Lifes spirit binds, its flow joins us  
to everything, to all, we are One.  
Together we make up one large Soul.  
We are life, we are part of life's flow.

You ask was supreme dormant power  
that had no name, God? You can give  
it that name, if you feel it makes it right,  
for it was and is the greatest power we  
know, for it shares its spirit with all,  
so we and everything can have a life.

This means however we all must care for,  
love, cherish and help everything we see.  
Because you see, what we see is me  
and you, and all me's and you's, and  
everything, make up lifes spirit, our soul.

If we all work together to heal our  
world, we will succeed, for our unity  
of purpose, our Oneness, will ensure we  
are the greatest power that's ever been!

Together we can work miracles, like  
that the supreme power you called God.

Bob Blackwell  
11-09-2009

Bob Blackwell

## !! Life

This life,  
this energy,  
this consciousness,  
we sense in  
everything  
we touch,  
we feel, we smell,  
we hear, we see,  
we even taste?

This life energy,  
flows through every  
creature, plant, tree,  
mountain, river, sea;  
it flows through us all  
and everything we see.  
Everything on earth  
has conscious movement  
nothing's really dead.

Everything that has  
the mask of death,  
is recycled, to grow  
to renew, to change,  
to be unique; an ever  
changing pattern that  
multiplies, alters to  
create new life from  
what was discarded, or  
now thought deceased.

If we look with seeing eyes,  
we will see how trees, plants,  
and pretty flowers, appear to  
radiate, to emit the glow of life.  
We will become aware of how  
life's energy has so many faces,  
everything's unique, each  
flake of snow, a different pattern,  
each flower face is not the same.  
All creatures great and small  
distinctive, each a one alone.

When we really notice things, we  
become more alive, we are excited  
by the love for life itself; we also  
understand, the join of things,  
the bond, the link, the stream of life  
which flows, to make all we see a  
whole, a spiritual union of it all. We  
see the Oneness of life's energy is  
materialized, that everything is One.

09-07-2009

Bob Blackwell

## !! Life Renewed

I look up into blue, blue heaven,  
watching a cloud move slowly  
drifting, floating, as it passes aimlessly  
through the unique experience of  
a firmament that holds the truth of all.

As this white, wispy, fluffy cloud moves  
it grows bigger as it collects, and gathers  
moisture from below, it is happy knowing  
its mission is to be a ship, to carry the  
natures spirit, life's renewal, water.

It is at peace, content, knowing that  
when its life's elixir falls as rain upon our  
world, it will disappear, will be no more,  
but given time its life's force will return  
to serve yet again, in yet another form.

Each ending is always  
the start of something new.  
Life's perpetual changes manifest  
as a rebirth of something else.  
Each time the sun rises,  
it sees a different world,  
at dusk it sets again, and we are  
happy knowing it will rise again.

Like magic, plants grow, flowers blossom,  
seeds fall, nuts crack and new life appears.  
As each season ends, a new one begins.  
A cycle of plenty is followed by one of drought.  
Our own cycle of birth and death must  
surely follow on to breathe a life renewed.  
One energy one life force encompasses all we see,  
it is our Oneness that makes the changes happen.

05-10-2008

Bob Blackwell

## !! Melancholy

Early morning,  
light with sun,  
that's still to rise.

Chilly is the air,  
mist still rising,  
from the pond.

A morning hush  
mingles with  
a rising damp.

Moon a ghost  
shines dimly in  
a misty vapour.

Outlook gloomy  
her way forward  
is not very clear.

Hunched up sad,  
she stares down,  
till a shiver runs.

Then a tear falls  
slowly down to  
wet her cheek.

08-10-2009

Bob Blackwell

## !! More Thoughts

As I reflect on what has gone before,  
I consider, hopes and dreams  
both past and present, some dreams  
fulfilled, others broken, elapsed,  
discarded from field of my imaginings.

I remember happy times, when laughter  
poured out of happy smiling faces, fun times  
blissful times of happiness, that had no care.  
As tears fell down, I feel the dampness of  
those dark moments of anguish on my face.

I mull over how fears I overcame of anxieties,  
made me harden my resolve not to give into  
hidden fears, to ignore them all the time. For  
fears, worries, qualms and reservations all live  
in future, and future is a time that never comes.

I recall the help, the good deeds I have given,  
and recollect those times when I have erred.  
As I journey ever onward through the mindscape  
of my life, with its many ups and downs, I ponder  
how the renewal of the spirit that made me happy,

was found through realising that we have to go,  
through both shaded and sunny periods, effort is  
needed, before we climb a mountain and descend  
to life's basin. What worth is life without hardship,  
the reward of knowledge gained without some trial.

18-08-2009

Bob Blackwell

## !! Oneness

Our walk to discovery  
was blessed, with a  
silence wrapped in  
music, the songs,  
the tunes of birds, and  
the rustle of the leaves.

Looking up we see  
motionless, unmoving  
small white wispy clouds  
tinged orange, brushed  
by some unseen artist in the sky,

A rising filtered sun,  
casts soft merging  
shadows, and gives  
a morning light, that  
warms, comforts, settles,  
opens, mind and soul

As we walk a probability,  
an expectation for the  
unfolding mystery  
of dawns first light  
comes over us, after all  
we are looking for  
a very special place.

We amble, moving slowly,  
searching, looking, so we  
can discover hidden  
places, spaces, answers,  
solutions, to the worlds  
of mystery in our minds.

Then the melody stops,  
Natures Orchestra quietens.  
Now under the lovely painted sky,  
the rising warming sun, comes  
a hush, a stillness, a Golden Silence,  
and a realisation that in our own  
true Selves we are truly one.

08-09-2008

Bob Blackwell

## !! Our Comet Wise

Our comet with a fiery tail  
moves slowly as it enters  
heavens doors, to illuminate  
the way to peace, the bliss,  
the happiness that waits,  
for all that seek to live a truth.

Our Comet Wise, tours our  
Universe, it swoops through  
the heavens with the speed  
of a shooting star, and the ease  
of a wandering albatross.  
Leaving behind the cosmic  
sprinkling of knowledge, with  
the answers, to our  
puzzle of enlightenment.

Is it wise to eat the solar dust  
it leaves? Must we chase its  
trail of light? Can we solve?  
Rubik Heavens secret code,  
for happiness and bliss?

Yes, we must follow and keep to  
the path, the journey that it makes,  
not deviating, being firm and resolute.  
Just focus on its light, a light that's  
special, as it highlights all our faults,  
and shows the path, the way of truth.

The same light will also warm, soften,  
knead our hearts and minds, till  
we can feel abundant love for all.  
Our hearts will now feel the pain  
of other's in distress, we'll want to  
aid and with compassion, will give help.  
Our own minds suffering will now lessen;  
problems shared are problems halved.

We must also remain still, fall quiet,  
from time to time, in the silent centre  
of our Comet Wise. Leaving thoughts  
behind, we'll follow breath, go with  
the whispered hush, the noiseless flow,  
the silent path, to a place where souls  
combine and we can see we are One  
'This is the way to our Enlightenment'

09-11-2008

Bob Blackwell

## !! Our Natural World

To study, to see, to observe  
the magnificence of our world,  
is a joy, a bliss, to live with nature,  
to realize that we are a part of,  
that we belong, feels so right;  
no question, we are a component,  
of what is called our natural world.

To climb to overlook to take in, to  
notice how valleys shine, glisten  
radiant from the streams that run,  
over rocks, stones, and waterfalls,  
to form pools that reflect and glow.  
With sparkling sunbeams, glittering  
waters then move on, to reach the  
green fertile valleys, washed clean by  
summer rains, melting winter snows.

Streams now form rivers that travel,  
winding through other plains and valleys  
till they reach our seas and oceans,  
coloured by reflection of our changing sky,  
they can be seen shaded blue, green or grey,  
are splashed white like snow, the waves of  
fair white horses gallop, surge, and roll,  
as they rush to mingle with the land.

The seas can lap gently on the shore, on  
sand so black, so dark, so wet, it glistens,  
tiny bubbles, spray foam soap suds to  
wash clean sand the shoreline of the sea.  
As waves move in and waves move out,  
as waters ebb and flow, tiny holes appear,  
they form, to then disappear and vanish.  
On water's edge of this changing shifting tide,  
a few broken shells, pebbles, rocks, driftwood  
all lie so still, not moving in the drifting sand,  
tiny crab like creatures running, scared, dash  
to burrow, to hide in the blackened sand.

Our seas are so full, they overflow with life,  
tiny fishes shining bright, millions mass to  
congregate, to make a shoal that shimmers.  
As sun shines through and from this mass,  
this throng, this multitude of many fish;  
the water seems to dance with light,  
smiling kisses, sparkle, glint, flicker, flash,  
over here, now over there, then here again;  
the shoal driven, by their urge to multiply.

Natures cycle of life, its connection to all  
natural splendid things, becomes apparent,

if we take time to notice and to see how,  
Nature feeds our soul with its beauty,  
feeds our bodies with its food, it shows its  
love so unselfishly. Without the honey bees  
sweet search, no fruit, nuts, flowers, cereal crops  
would procreate, they would become absent  
from our diet, absent from our world. This  
means we have to care for nature, treat her  
with respect, look after, give her lots of love;  
for she gives us life, she gives it all for free.

18-07-2009

Bob Blackwell

## **!! Our Sun Reveals**

Shades of life return,  
as our sun, brush paints  
a landscape of love,  
to brighten up our globe.

Sun mottled colours,  
the energy of being,  
form a palette of life,  
to illuminate our world.

Nature made clear, the  
fruits of field and forest,  
give knowledge of path  
to our enlightenment.

06-06-2009

Bob Blackwell

## !! Real Life is Free

Beauty of my garden shows me that real life is free,  
its colour calls out please, please stop to look at me.  
I hear the wind rush through the shrubs and trees, my  
music playing soft, a robins song, all sounds of silence.

To complete this sincere and peaceful picture, my  
dogs, Harry sleeps beside my feet, Sparky's half awake,  
his eyes half closed, he waits, expectantly he listens,  
for he lives by sounds, and reacts to those unknown.

The grass is an emerald green speckled gold by lovely  
windblown yellow flowers, scattered here and there.  
My cats Dozy and Iley curled up asleep upon a chair,  
eyes shut tight, ears awake, tail still, they wait for dusk.

Wind blows louder, rushing, brushing trees  
Music plays on its melody of love, I am relaxed  
enjoying present moments, knowing life is now,  
not what is promised or news reported.

Strife is everywhere, floods, hurricanes and wars,  
but I do not grasp, I do not hold on to news, and cry.  
I'd rather treat it with concern, help another if I can,  
give a part of me to aid, assist to make things right.

Today people driven by greed for many things,  
chase devils in our shopping malls and stores.  
Searching, grabbing, wanting one thing, then another.  
Instead of living now, they greed for many things.

They build castles to contain these many, many things,  
not palaces to hold the dreams that would enable  
them to see this world of ours for what it really is.  
They cannot hear the wind or see the beauty all around.

They are blind, driven by the ego they worship.  
Unseen the blue sky, white fluffy clouds, warming sun.  
They should be lying still taking in warm air,  
breathing in happiness with each breath,  
and exhaling all those wanton thoughts away.

This is the way to achieve a better way of life.  
Relax be still, no thoughts of what life was,  
or wanting feelings for a future happy life.  
The now is now and now is all the life we have,  
so enjoy and do not grasp this moment, but  
just live each moment as they come.

The music is louder now, strains of beauty  
softly flow around me, each note lifts me up, then  
slowly I descend, each note a moment to enjoy.

This is life, the wind still blowing soft now,  
helps the yellow flower petals multiply upon  
the grass so green, this really is a lovely scene.

Breathe in breathe out, taste the air, inhale life.  
Now no wants desires, just live your life in peace.  
If all do this, what a world of love this would become.  
Shadow of a kite with yellow bill flies slowly by,  
moving over yellow speckled lawn in search of prey.

All this just another sign of life and how we all  
intermingled become a part of one big Shams.  
It grows quieter now, the wind has dropped,  
now it only whispers through the trees.  
I hear the robins call, a petal fall, the music soften,  
and I reflect once more how I listen in the stillness  
to my one true self, with no noisy wants to spoil  
this life of peace. I am sure real life is free.

Bob Blackwell

## !! Spirit of Africa

To  
visit Africa,  
to spend time  
to notice  
beauty of the land.  
To feel its heat,  
to drink it's waters,  
to observe, to marvel,  
at its creatures,  
great and small.

To see the diversity  
of its people, in all  
their rainbow shades,  
to feel their warmth,  
their love, their  
big-heartedness.

Means Africa,  
has touched your soul,  
you have breathed in  
a love of Africa, a love  
that never ceases,  
a love that never  
goes away.  
you have been  
delighted, charmed,  
have become  
enchanted by  
The Spirit of Africa.

For Africa is a  
land of spirits,  
they occupy dirt,  
soil, trees, flowers  
fruit, food that feeds;  
the mountains, streams,  
rivers, seas, oceans,  
air, the breath of life, and  
all the people of its land.

Africa believes,  
that before time,  
before,  
things began,  
there was nothing,  
save for a void,  
a sphere of spirit  
that knew no limit;  
it did not have a name.

This one spirit split

broke up, spread,  
to change, to  
create our world,  
and all that's here.  
This one spirit  
known to us as love  
stays the same, to  
invade all it made,  
all that visit, especially  
those that stay.

Now if you leave,  
you'll always  
yearn, you'll hunger  
you'll always  
have that longing  
to return.

14-07-2009

Bob Blackwell

## !! Thoughts That Come

I consider how blossom trees, do  
a stark impressive autumn strip, to  
shamelessly stand naked through  
winters frost and snow; stir to  
feel of springs softer magic touch;  
this warm enchantment bids their  
exposed winter coats farewell, to  
let soft fluffy pink flowers blossom.

Blossoms whiten, snow petals fall,  
create illusion of a winter scene.  
As suns warmth and rain encourage  
growth, soft light green leaves open,  
fruit appears, grows, ripens slowly  
during summers long sunny hours, to  
autumns shorter days, when fruit is ripe.

Fruit now ready, harvested, stored,  
nourishment for our winter need.  
Trees leaves turn rustic shades, give  
our souls some warmth, reminds us  
to get ready for the start of winter cold.  
Leaves fall, tree returns to nakedness.  
Trees yearly cycle is now complete.

Like all natures changes they happen  
quietly, no praise, no warm applause.

I now reflect, how as seasons change,  
the moments come alive, to give life's  
lesson, of true knowledge for our world.  
How yesterday has gone to be no more.  
How our tomorrows will never reach us.  
How our present moment contains all time,  
and within it, all we wish for, hope for,  
prepare for, complete, realize, achieve.

09-06-2009

Bob Blackwell

## !! Twilight

That time between  
light and darkness,  
when twilight reigns,  
long soft shadows,  
at life's dusk, is the  
beginning of our end.

On our mindscape  
light, grey, and dark  
clouds reappear, as  
shaded memories of  
sunny spells, storms,  
future low depressions.

In our minds eye,  
pretty coloured  
patterns formed  
bring a smile, a  
tear, a angry flash  
a thunder roar,  
a happy sunny face.

From sunset,  
evening time  
we learn  
how times of rest  
bring peace to mind,  
that dark clouds  
can be dissolved.

As our sun settles on  
edge of world, it  
collects our problems,  
dissolves them  
into the mist of time,  
to rise once more  
at dawns moment;  
renewed, unsullied,  
clean and fresh,  
to light a  
different world.

14-08-2009

Bob Blackwell

## !! Unhappiness

Sky, a cold steel blue, patchy dark grey clouds,  
the part sunny day, holds no happy smiles.  
Unseen go warming sun, the joyful faces;  
sadness rules this now discontented soul.  
Body slouched, bent with grief, tears plummet.  
A longing heart feels sad, despair is set;  
blind to hope, unsighted, screened from love;  
lifeless in that moment now deceased.  
Yet sorrow stays only, till love returns;  
for the love of life itself, is bliss.  
Life's changes happen all the time, so  
to stay in fashion, religiously follow,  
pursue, each of life's moments faithfully.  
Happiness is the love of life, that's Now!

08-06-2009

Bob Blackwell

## **! A Plea**

What good has the world done today,  
what deeds that make it now a better place?  
Very little do I feel.  
My land, should be our land, for all to share.  
Seldom words describe a fair division  
Of the wares from land on earth.

Together we should strive  
to have a better life, for all men,  
all creatures great and small.  
Please see the beauty,  
not the stain upon the land.

Why must we rush about to make a buck,  
to drill for oil and gas and such?  
Go underground to hunt for gold.  
Greed for oil makes big mistake,  
its mine not yours to use for fuel!  
Make war so cruel, so wrong,  
so greedy to want it all for us.

Why can't we just sit down,  
and wait to see the beauty of it all.  
To sit by sea, watch waves,  
wash sand upon the shore,  
pebbles damp that glint and shine,  
so quiet in the sand.

No! Underneath is where we want to go,  
to dark places, that have no beauty,  
no sun for us to see.  
No sense, just blackness,  
and maybe just a glint of gold.  
Sad, it is this mind of ours  
that tells us not to share.

Wicked too this mind  
that cannot see,  
a hungry child,  
that cannot help,  
a troubled land.

We are so small upon the earth,  
yet feel we own it all, for us.  
Treasury this world of ours of plants and trees,  
flowers that bloom, fruit that feeds,  
and grass so green,  
insects small we cannot see,  
mountains high and seas so blue.  
Who knows, who does know what this is all about, so  
Why think to sort it out?

Nature comes naturally, caring for itself in turn.  
Seasons come seasons go,  
weather changes all the time.  
Hot, then cold, next rain, then drought,  
now storm, and then a hurricane.  
Everything brown and falls to ground.  
Spring returns and paints it green.  
So light the green that slowly darkens.  
So beautiful to watch things grow.  
So; why does war go on and on?

In this diverse and magic world,  
we love to see the contrasts of,  
seas, mountains, deserts, fields, and plains.  
They transform, and change with the seasons,  
as they come and go.  
From pole to pole and east to west,  
the changes that illuminate and feed.  
Seeds become trees, so big and tall,  
their wood burnt, keeps us warm.  
Blossoms change to fruit that feeds.  
Grasses green, turn golden brown,  
seeds then ground to make our bread.

Of this I'm sure, there must become,  
another scene, a picture or a vision  
to motivate, a sense of love,  
not hurt, between the peoples of this earth.  
A philosophy that says, we love our contrasts,  
shades, beliefs, and different colours.  
We tolerate and share; not separate, and keep,  
to discriminate against our fellow man.  
Then this world becomes our world  
for us all to love, and share.

7 March 2006  
17 October 2006 edited and revised.

Bob Blackwell

## **! A Poets Life**

One word falls as another rises  
to the surface of my mind,  
together they create the start  
of what life means to me.

Each day I hope for more,  
Each day I return to source.

That mystical place, a  
well of metaphors, a  
place of meaning, that  
beginning of word life,  
found in the stillness, of  
life's yet unspoken library,  
which on cue, like magic  
words begin to flow.

Jumbled and cramped into  
cupboards and drawers,  
indexed through time to flow;  
words of meaning, doing words  
thinking verbs bring action,  
to stir, to stimulate a poem.

Poems to inspire, to make right,  
Poems that see all of life's evil,  
Poems of hope, reasons for living,  
Poems of nature, poems of beauty.  
Poems of love, poems of silence.

Creating a philosophical journey,  
all mixed, stirred and shaken up,  
fashioned to form reasons to  
strive, to press on through all of  
life's up's and downs, to life's  
reason of happiness and bliss.

07-07-2008

Bob Blackwell

## **! A Poets Life (2)**

One by one the string of words  
make sentences and verses.

They describe  
a world of wonder,  
a world of hate;

great poem epics of  
how  
humankind is wrong,  
flow strongly.

No still waters  
no mountain of hope  
no tiny flowers  
hidden  
between the rocks  
of conflict.

Black angry waters  
flow,  
they cry out for  
justice, truth.  
No knowledge shared,  
little love is spread around.

Yet hope lies close  
A lotus flower,  
its petals lie serene,  
its scent of knowledge  
given freely, we must  
read the words it writes  
upon this page.

Give a love  
that lasts, a love  
that does not  
discriminate.

07-07-2009

Bob Blackwell

### **! A Poets Life (3)**

The beauty of our world,  
now fills our poets mind,  
words to form a nature poem  
grow, to illustrate how natural,  
how peaceful our world can be.

All must see how wild mountain  
streams can flow serenely down,  
no hard and jagged rocks to hurt,  
just soft grassy slopes that fall,  
gently, they softly tumble down.

They form a placid peaceful lake  
where all still waters gather,  
gaining strength to overcome  
the storms of life to come.

All must sit quiet, listen for the sounds  
that come trickling through to help the  
rivulets of mind, form the seas of hope,  
and the calm oceans of tranquillity.

Only then can flowers grow between the  
hard rocks of reality, to let caring blossom,  
fragrance of sharing multiply, and the love  
of beauty touch, to form years of peace  
throughout all the people of our world.

07-07-2009

Bob Blackwell

## **! A Poets Mind**

In a poets mind,  
silence has stopped chatter,  
traffic noise, childish play.

A hum from a distance sings,  
words begin to congregate.

Choosing nouns, verbs and  
adjectives, words collected  
from the gentle light.....

Lines of tenderness and love  
merge into a lovers pledge.

Music for her mind,  
sonnet of love and promise  
to adore forevermore.

08-06-2009

Inspired by Anjali Sinha's poem Words

Bob Blackwell

## **! Alone**

Home alone and by oneself,  
fed up, a sad unhappy me.  
Life offers so little pleasure;  
how dull and boring life can be.

Home alone happy by myself,  
joyful, contented with just me,  
Life offering so much pleasure;  
how still and peaceful life can be.

21-06-2009

Bob Blackwell

## **! Be Still**

An empty mind  
holds no tears,  
no sadness  
for the past.

Soften,  
the cold hard  
places of  
your heart.

Listen for that  
knowledge,  
the love,  
that lies within.

And stay close,  
to the sounds,  
that will make  
you feel alive.

10-05-2009

Bob Blackwell

## **! Butterfly Lessons in Philosophy**

Butterflies flutter about, some fly by rapidly, and others seem to just float past your eye. I often wonder at their beauty of flight and feel quite envious that I cannot do the same. Life I suppose can be a little like that; sometimes events go by rapidly, while others, they seem to meander up and down flying slowly through our minds. It is the rapidly moving ones that irritate me; most events come and go so quickly. You look forward to something for months and when it eventually arrives it is over in a tick of the clock. Leaves you sometimes to wonder why it happened and why you looked forward to it so much. The slower events in time, which are really the ones we experience everyday can be so beautiful and thought provoking, that they last for a longer period of time. Then we have the earth shattering events that come like the butterfly you have never seen in your garden before that grabs your interest. These can grip you so strongly, that eventually it dawns on you that this is something worthwhile pursuing. The idea grows and grows, before you know it, you are on a different path in life, which is hopefully leading you to a better one. This can be very exciting and fulfilling. It is the same as when all those years ago, a lady showed my wife and I a paradise flycatcher; we have been bird watching ever since.

It is amazing how we quietly go about our affairs from day to day, and the time slips by quickly month-by-month, then year-by-year, before we know it, we are nearly at the end of our time. We look back and wonder how we really got, to this moment in time, without an honest thought, to what we are actually doing, with this wonderful life we have been given. Surely it is better to stop and think about our life now, take notice of what is actually going on, what we are doing, how we think, and where we are actually going. I don't know, but it seems so logical, to have a thought or sight which is so inspiring, it makes us change our attitude, our life. After all we only have one life that we know of, having a second one would be wonderful, but surely it is better to enjoy this one now, than hope for another one that could be better. We are good at making our own hell on earth, surely it is better to enjoy the world for the heaven that it is.

A butterfly's life is so short, I wonder if the ones that fly fast have as good a time as the ones that float slowly past our eyes. The slower ones would certainly see more than the fast ones. More flowers and their nectar are spotted. They can stop more often to enjoy life's garden, it makes sense to be slower I suppose. Less haste more speed they say, I believe less speed then more understanding comes. Take your time you'll find it will last longer and mean more. A very useful exercise is the one that makes you slow down to a rest in order to experience the present.

When we take time to listen to our own true self, life-changing miracles can happen. We are so busy listening to our own thoughts about the past and future that we miss the joy that is present now. We have beauty all around us, why not stop, and see, how happy you can be.

Butterflies cannot think so they are always in the present. This means they have no thoughts of past or future, to spoil their lives. Yet I expect it would be nice if they could think and talk. They are so beautiful to see, I am sure their thoughts will be just as beautiful. "What did you see today butterfly"? "I noticed a beautiful bird drinking from my flower; it was so pretty that I forgot it was supposed to be mine". This made me think that the bird, the flower, and everything else in this wonderful world are here for us all to enjoy. It's a pity we as people cannot see this. We do not share amongst ourselves, never mind the other inhabitants of the planet!

Butterflies are real; they have beauty with a purpose, to help provide for other lives. Butterflies are also quiet; they do not make a noise, so why do we notice them? Their colour draws our attention to them. They announce their presence by simply being here, and because of their beauty we notice them. A tiny seed grows into an exquisite flower, quietly without noise, when it blooms, no trumpet call to announce its presence; once again it is its beauty, which makes us take note.

This is true of all of nature's remarkable surprises. If we remain silent like a butterfly or seed, amazing things will also happen to us. Also by being quiet, we will be able to listen for and not miss, the opportunities life gives us. It is in this silence, this Golden Silence; we will realise that our constant thoughts of past and present just, confuse our view of life. A Butterflies life from birth to death is programmed, it has sight so it can see the way, but it lives unselfishly spreading pollen the seed of love, to germinate the other flowers. By doing this it ensures a food source for other butterflies and creatures. Provisions for the future lives to come, ensures food source continues. Surely we can learn from such intelligent banking? Butterflies are clever!

Butterflies you might say do not have a choice; they have only one way of life. This is true, but their impact on our world though small, is wanted. However we have many, many, choices, but it is how and what we choose, that determines what our worth will be.

By choosing right, your role in life becomes worthwhile, your help is needed, your love respected, and your effect upon our world is like a butterflies visit to many flowers, it's good.

By choosing wrong, you do harm, damage self, harm others, you give no love, and your effect upon our world is bad. A lone Butterflies visit to just one flower has more worth than you.

Surely it is better to be like a butterfly, spreading love, sharing happiness, giving life, sharing beauty, and giving lessons on how to lead a happy life.

Sitting here, writing down,  
words that come to me,  
I wonder why, they come to me.  
They should be here for all to see.

Bob Blackwell

## **! If We See**

We can...  
notice nature suffers,  
how pretty flowers wilt  
in heat of midday sun,  
how plants are broken  
by the wind, how some  
die from frosty cold.

But...  
still see natures beauty  
blooms, a cascade of  
colour, lights our much  
divided fractured world.

Which...  
has no concern, so  
occupied by conflict, war,  
discrimination, worry and  
its greed for many things.

Yet...  
our world suffers all of  
mans quarrels and disorder,  
so it can be, a poets dream,  
a bards delight, a writers relish  
and an artists paradise.

18-08-2009

Bob Blackwell

## **! In My Garden**

I watch as the days brightness alters  
from sunrise, sunset, nightfall,  
to when the moon and stars light up,  
and I can see the Milky Way.

I watch the seasons change from  
spring growth, to summer heat,  
autumn leaves, winter rot with  
rain, sun, wind, frost, and snow.

I study, ants, worms, slugs and snails.  
Leaves, buds, trees and flowers;  
bees, wasps, white bellied sunbirds,  
and many butterflies stop for nectar.

But most of all as I sit in my garden,  
I feel angry, sad, confused, when I think,  
how man persecutes man, and stamps  
him under foot to break his will.

How his power corrupts,  
his laws cheat, and  
his desires tempt him, to steal,  
murder, rape, abuse and wound.

How his beliefs, ideas, and dogma's;  
separate, judge, blame, confuse,  
causing hurt, harm, even wars, so  
his love wasted, and his charity ignored.

How his belief might is right, allows  
governmental avarice, politician's spin,  
and leaders lies to make wars, in which  
thousands die, and millions come to hate.

How his miasma blocks out truth, hope  
new optimism, a talk of peace,  
freedom cries ignored, and answers given  
shrouded with false reasons for not ending war.

Relaxing in my spring garden full of hope,  
surrounded by lovely flowering shrubs,  
I mostly hear the black crows cry but  
have just one wish, that a red eyed dove brings  
peace, commonsense, love, understanding,  
and compassion to the people of our world.

08-10-2007  
amended 26-04-2008

Bob Blackwell

## **! Let the Mind be Still**

Let Mind be Still

Hush quiet, the music begins, you tingle,  
feel the chords pluck your heart.  
The melody comes,  
up and down goes the lilt,  
and the rhythm of life flows through.

Your blood runs faster  
your heart beats tremor, as  
the song from a distance purrs,  
gradually coming closer.  
You feel your body relax,  
you feel the beat of life  
come pulsing through.

The music is close now,  
Much closer than  
it has ever been before.  
Now you can see, feel, smell, hear  
and even taste the joy  
of this orchestra of life.

Ideas, creative pictures, answers,  
come tumbling and jumbling through.  
Now yes! life becomes real,  
you feel a delight at all you see.

The rhythm slows, melody softens  
and love comes through,  
full of compassion, full of caring,  
gentle happy feelings,  
a beauty for the mind.

Now the dark clouds can come,  
changes occur,  
but the joy, and  
serenity we feel will never change.

Just like a flower that slowly opens  
through the night; to burst open  
with different shades of pink, it  
glows with a blush of morning light;  
its soul no words do speak,  
it shows a presence,  
a truth, a reality,  
proud in the garden of our world.

We grow with silence  
through the winter of our  
ignorance as we await the  
spring of change, to grow

with favour in the warmth of  
summer sun and rain. So  
when Autumn comes we bear  
the fruits of our silence; and  
understanding comes to  
to give us the strength  
to face our winter storms.

Bob Blackwell

## **! Life Expects**

A wholehearted  
enthusiasm and  
and passion,  
without which we will  
be condemned to  
a shallow life,  
of monotonous zero,  
amongst those classed as  
living, but already dead.

18-08-2009

Bob Blackwell

## **! No Voices**

No Voices

Mind empties  
smell the flowers,  
taste the thyme,  
feel the air,  
hear the hush.

Silence deepens,  
lake now still,  
no ripples,  
calm waters rule,  
all is One.

Words would spoil.

08-04-2009

Bob Blackwell

## **! On Being Happy**

The sun has set on yet another day.  
I am relaxed and at peace as,  
I listen to the sounds of the night;  
an owl's mournful hoot,  
the wind blowing,  
the fire settling, and  
the beautiful chords of a guitar,  
playing my sort music.

The moon is crescent shaped,  
on the horizon I see a fishing boat,  
crew no doubt looking forward to  
unload their catch and returning home.  
A welcome glow awaits their arrival  
from their small white homes on harbours edge.

The air is warm, the moon still rising,  
the waves lap on the shore.  
I feel at ease, rested, and  
enjoying the company of myself.  
I sigh, close my eyes,  
and sink deeper in my chair.

Thoughts of experiences, incidents that shaped my life.  
Happy events, sad times, pass through my mind.  
Unsettled, I shake them off, I must not grasp.  
I think of future plans, but mood is still affected.  
I must not expect.  
I take a deep breath, I slowly exhale  
to return to present moments.

The moon rises higher,  
it looks brighter and bigger,  
its reflected light makes  
obscure formations that  
jump and ripple with incoming tide.

Flames from fire  
dance and stretch ever upwards  
to light the blackness of the night;  
and the shadows formed,  
make hurried patterns in the sand.

I hear, the buzz of the village  
as it prepares for night,  
the waves breaking on the shore,  
the crew's excited chatter  
as they unload their fishy catch,  
and in the distance, a roll of thunder.

I feel a slight breeze,  
the warmth of fire,  
the sand between my toes.  
I smell: the sea, its salty air,  
drives out the scent of smoke,  
I taste the brine.

Catch unloaded, fishermen walk home.  
I wonder what their evening has in store.  
A happy time for all I hope.  
For some there could be trouble,  
an unhappy spouse, a child not well,  
unwanted bill, emergency.

For others a smile, a kiss,  
a welcome meal, a hug  
family talk, school talk  
happy talk,  
a loving silence.

I reflect on how we cannot  
search for happiness. How  
we must know our own true self,  
work with love  
and live the right kind of life,  
before happiness will come.

We must learn from our mistakes,  
become aware of all around,  
help others when we see a need.  
We'll then enjoy each precious  
moment and live each one with joy.

My fire is a dying, embers do not glow,  
means it is a time for me to end my reverie.  
The village is quiet, streets are empty,  
lights are going out, people are in bed.

As the evening moves to night,  
I see the stars come out and  
wonder at the vastness of it all.  
The Milky Way so dense with stars,  
makes our world seem very small.

I release my body from my chair,  
collect my thoughts and things,  
to close, to make an end.  
Time to rest, to sleep, a time of  
recovery for happy days ahead.

.

Bob Blackwell

## ! Only Whispers

What good has the world done today,  
what deeds that make it now a better place?  
Very little do I feel?  
George on savior's path to save the world.  
Guantanamo voices never heard, so stay!  
People trying to make a life, are not allowed to be.  
My land, your land, whose land?  
Should be our land, your land, for all to share.  
Seldom words describe a fair division  
of the wares from land on earth.  
My God, your God,  
live this way, live that way,  
not here, not there.  
Never our God,  
love God,  
live here with us.

Together we should strive to have a better life,  
for all men,  
all creatures great and small.  
Please see the beauty,  
not the stain upon the land.

Why must we rush about to make a buck,  
to drill for oil and gas and such?  
Go underground to hunt for gold.  
Greed for oil makes big mistake,  
its mine not yours to use for fuel!  
Remarks so cruel, so wrong,  
so tricky this georgey of the mind.

Why can't we just sit down  
and wait to see the beauty of it all.  
To sit by sea, watch waves, wash sand upon the shore,  
pebbles damp that glint and shine, so quiet in the sand.  
No! Underneath is where we want to go,  
to dark places, that have no beauty,  
no sun for us to see.  
No sense, just blackness,  
and maybe just a glint of gold.  
Sad, it is this mind of ours that tells us not to share.  
Wicked too this mind that cannot see, a hungry child,  
that cannot help, a troubled land.

We are so small upon the earth,  
yet feel we own it all, for us.  
Treasury this world of ours of plants and trees,  
flowers that bloom, fruit that feeds  
and grass so green,  
insects small we cannot see,  
mountains high and seas so blue.  
Who knows,

who does know what this is all about,  
Why think to sort it out?

Nature comes naturally,  
caring for itself in turn.  
Seasons come seasons go,  
weather changes all the time.  
Hot, then cold, next rain, then drought,  
now storm, and then a hurricane.  
Everything brown and falls to ground.  
Spring returns and paints it green.  
So light the green that slowly darkens.  
So beautiful to watch things grow.

Whispers come hardly heard,  
they follow on with words of love of  
peace on Earth.

Who am I to see their worth,  
who am I to care for now?

'Who am I to sit and stare,  
at all that's here and all that's there?  
No they say it must not be,  
to stop to stare,  
to wonder on, at everything that lives and grows.  
To bomb, to kill, to maim, to break,  
to smash, it down to dust and bits.  
Then with profit seen, build up again,  
with what is, so-called democracy!  
So let the war begin.'

From afar missiles fired,  
high above bombs are dropped,  
missiles fall,  
and bombs explode.  
Down below,  
boom boom,  
smoke, dust, lights go out,  
buildings gone,  
streets on fire,  
we cannot see,  
panic now,  
rush here, rush there.  
Help must come!  
Noise is deafening,  
buildings falling,  
women screaming,  
bombs exploding.  
Hundreds dead.  
People wounded,  
bodies flung, far and wide.

Streets are blocked,  
rubble here, rubble everywhere.  
People dying, many crying,  
and lots of bodies to repair.  
Hospitals hit, no medicine, no bandage,  
and no support.  
All the time the bombs are falling.  
What's the reason for all this?  
Victory won!  
But how many people have been killed because of this?  
Never mind we'll repair; we'll make new,  
big profits to be found!  
What happens now?

Whispers come hardly heard,  
they follow on with words of love of  
peace on earth.

Who am I to see their worth,  
who am I to care for now.

So strap bomb on,  
walk slowly to your fate;  
a crowded room,  
people smile, talk enjoyed,  
and children play,  
no danger here, no hurt just fun.  
Weapon carried, hidden, is not seen,  
press it now,  
all must die and so must I.  
Suicide, fantasize, realise.  
Not a pretty sight,  
no me, no fun, no smile, no talk, no play, not free,  
now recognize,  
no reason to be done.  
Too late!  
No love or peace is found.

Whispers come hardly heard,  
they follow on with words of love of  
peace on earth.

Who am I to see their worth,  
who am I to care for now.

Another time in other places,  
on an aeroplane that flies a bomb,  
a man looks down upon a town,  
a city looking pretty.  
Children playing in the street,  
sound of laughter, music booms,  
sweets are eaten for a treat,

people rushing here and there,  
and no trouble in the air.  
Bombs are ready for ejection,  
mission coming to completion.  
Safe up here in the sky,  
no danger comes to spoil my try.  
Bomb load gone,  
hurries down, no stopping,  
gravity helps it to the ground.

Bombs explode with fire and noise  
and things that hurt fly all around.  
Children screaming,  
people bleeding,  
some are running,  
women crying,  
many praying,  
hundreds dying,  
thousands dead!  
Music stopped,  
laughter gone,  
buildings down,  
panic reigns,  
death has come to town,  
city now not sitting pretty!  
High above the ground,  
man sees how brave he is,  
but does not fear the chaos on the ground.  
Mission finished;  
one day, his God willing,  
he will fly home to just another town.  
No love, no hate, this soldier in the sky,  
he just followed orders to eliminate.

So I think; why does this go on and on?  
In this diverse and magic world,  
we love to see the contrasts of,  
seas, mountains, deserts, fields, and plains.  
They transform  
and change with the seasons,  
as they come and go.  
From pole to pole and east to west  
the changes that illuminate and feed.  
Seeds become trees, so big and tall,  
their wood burnt, keeps us warm.  
Blossoms change to fruit that feeds.  
Grasses green, turn golden brown,  
seeds then ground to make our bread.

Of this I'm sure, there must become,  
another scene,  
a picture or a vision to motivate,

a sense of love,  
not hurt,  
between the peoples of this earth.  
A philosophy that says,  
we love our contrasts,  
shades, beliefs,  
and different colours.  
We tolerate and share;  
not separate,  
to discriminate  
against our fellow man.  
Then this world becomes our world  
for us all to love,  
and share.

Whispers came were loudly heard,  
of words of love,  
of peace,  
to all on earth,  
only now we see  
the beauty of our land.  
All free now,  
just one God,  
you and me,  
him and her,  
them and us,  
all people of this world.

Now I see their worth,  
For now I surely care.

Bob Blackwell

## **! Our Sun**

Our Sun  
on edge  
of world  
signals  
days rush  
has finished,  
dusk, and  
twilight  
time begins.

Our Sun's  
warmth stays;  
it's love  
still warms,  
removes, the  
shadows from  
our souls.

Moon,  
a lightened mirror,  
rising on a  
darkened  
world,  
allows

Our Sun's,  
reflected light  
to shine,  
to remove  
the darkness,  
and uncertainty  
from our lives.

Our Sun is  
always free,  
no charge  
given to  
light and warm  
our hearts, our souls,  
our lives.

11-12-2008

Bob Blackwell

## **! Separations**

### Separations

Water streaming,  
drops fall, drip, drip,  
they trickle down.

Grey fog, mist  
swirls around,  
a dark, dark night.

Cold and damp,  
the blackest hour,  
gives out a chill.

A smudge appears,  
an orange glow lights  
up a flash of steel.

Waiting, waiting,  
missing warmth,  
missing hope.

Separations bad,  
you feel alone,  
it isn't fair.

Hug, move close,  
then a sound echo's  
through the fog.

Heart drops,  
shapes on platform,  
shuffling feet.

A final kiss,  
a hug, a cry,  
a wave goodbye.

Moving now,  
wave looks small,  
a teardropp falls.

Bob Blackwell

## **! Silence**

Like a flower that slowly opens  
Through the night, to burst open  
With different shades of pink. It  
Glow with a blush,  
Of morning light. Its soul  
No words do speak;  
But shows a presence,  
A truth, a reality,  
Proud in the garden of our world.

Bob Blackwell

## **! Some**

Controlled by ego, driven by want,  
dogged by desire, blinded by guile,  
fail to see most of life's attractions,  
Unseen natures, beauty, charm, style,  
fluffy clouds, setting sun, moon, and stars.  
Unfelt is mans inhumanity, or selfishness,  
like cry of a hungry child, a troubled land.  
Sightless from avarice, and self reward,  
ignoring most of Natures vast appeal.  
Have no time to gaze, no time to stare,  
no time to feel, magic of a silent prayer.  
Blind; not accepting nature's caring way,

07-04-2009

Bob Blackwell

## **! Sweet Butterflies**

Butterflies, so quietly do you fly,  
you have no song,  
your wings do not creak or rasp,  
you do not make a noise,  
yet we still notice you,  
as you come floating by.

You search, looking for a flower,  
finding one, you float down,  
drink some honey,  
but you always leave,  
a gift of love.

By paying with your passion,  
many seeds are formed,  
and when the wind blows,  
the seeds fall,  
floating down they travel far,  
to fall again,  
to make a union with the earth.

In time the seasons change,  
then in silence,  
new lives,  
more lovely flowers are born.

Sweet Butterfly you came in peace,  
silently you flew,  
we noted your presence,  
by the beauty that you are,  
then quietly,  
without any noise or fuss,  
you helped to form new lives.

What a joy you are to all of us.

Bob Blackwell

## **! Take Notice**

Pick a flower,

Smell the aroma,  
it spreads widely  
out of love.

See it's beauty,  
it gives generously  
out of love.

Hear the hush,  
it gives in silence  
out of love.

Feel it's touch  
it give so gently  
out of love.

Taste it's essence,  
it's gives pleasure  
out of love.

Sense it's genius  
to give love freely  
out of love.

Learn from this.

25-05-2009

Bob Blackwell

## **! The Road Ahead**

We must grow with silence,  
Through the winter of our  
Ignorance as we wait the  
Spring of change, to grow  
With favor in the warmth of  
Summer sun and rain. When  
Autumn comes we hear the  
Fruits of our silence, then an  
Understanding comes to  
Give us strength, to face  
Our new winters without  
Fear but with a new joy and  
Appreciation for everything  
True, that comes our way.

Bob Blackwell

## **! What is Love**

Love is everything,  
love is everywhere.  
Hush! now is the time.  
For it to find you.

Love is happiness,  
love is bliss.  
Hush! hear,  
loves song.

Love is life,  
love is energy.  
Hush! feel,  
loves gentle touch.

Love is beauty,  
love is art.  
Hush! see,  
loves splendour all about.

Love is food,  
love is nectar,  
Hush! taste,  
loves bounteous feast.

Love is fragrance,  
love is scent,  
Hush! smell,  
loves aromatic path.

Love is enchanting,  
love is ensnaring,  
Hush! catch  
loves magic charm.

Bob Blackwell

## **\*A New Life**

### A New Life

This new life that you found,  
at the beginning what was it like?  
Oh! Mountains, streams,  
babbling brooks, grass so green,  
and the trees that grow so silently.

Hush now can't you hear the wind?  
As it rushes through your hair,  
wild as you tumble through your life.  
Then the here and now become  
now, not then.

The new life begins,  
mind opens wide,  
words come in fast,  
so fast it's hard to put them down.

Inside a joy wells up,  
how I love this life,  
so free from all anxiety,  
no chains to lock away,  
the energy that grows and grows.

First one Step, then another,  
slowly at first, then growing faster,  
now I have reached a canter.  
Words pour from my soul,  
my mind, and most of all  
my Heart is full of love  
for all things beautiful on earth.

Nothing now to stop the flow,  
it keeps coming forth,  
there is no stopping it.  
Memories rush to come,  
thoughts of the past,  
and what my life has done,  
to deserve this new serenity.

27-05-2008

Bob Blackwell

## **\*Change**

Happens,  
all the time,  
changes come  
then changes,  
change.

Change  
means  
something,  
sad, exciting,  
frightening.

Broken promises,  
a loss of love,  
divorce,  
a loss.

New seasons,  
snow in winter,  
spring blossoms,  
summer sun,  
autumn harvests.

Dawn sunrises  
Dusk sunsets  
Birth, death,  
growing  
living, dying.

change is exciting,  
new countries,  
new lands,  
new loves,  
new wants,  
the must have  
moments, of our lives.

New creations, new words,  
new stories, new poems,  
new drama, new art.  
new moments of enchantment.  
New discoveries,  
new worlds, new stars,  
new moons, new planets,  
Given time everything changes.

21-01-2008

Bob Blackwell

## **\*Fear**

Means you  
are a slave  
to thoughts,  
of future dreads.

An apprehension,  
a trepidation,  
a feeling of dread,  
a sword above your head.

No reason to fear,  
do not tell your fortune,  
the future is not here,  
please do not to fear,  
try not to be a seer.

But crimes are everyday,  
tomorrow I could be  
robbed, hijacked, raped,  
of this I'm frightened.

It's only thoughts,  
that make you dread.  
So leave the future,  
you do not live there,  
and you never will.

Life is now  
So live right now,  
and deal with  
future moments,  
as they come.

No need to agonize,  
you'll find you enjoy  
a gift of peace  
when you learn  
to only live  
in present time.

19-11-2008

Bob Blackwell

**\*I am Waiting**

Like a fruit ripening,  
a nut within its shell,  
A cocoon that holds a butterfly,  
for a chest, a box, a  
door which holds the key;  
to open flood gates of  
a dam that holds, all the  
unused reservoir of love,  
for caring in this world.

09-10-2008

Bob Blackwell

## **A Just Cause**

Strap bomb on,  
walk slowly to your fate;  
a crowded room,  
people smile,  
talk enjoyed,  
children play,  
no danger here,  
no hurt just fun.  
Weapon carried,  
hidden, is not seen,  
press it now,  
all must die,  
and so must I.

Fantasize, suicide, realize.  
no fun, no smile,  
no talk, no play,  
no me.  
Not free.

Bob Blackwell

## **A Life**

My early childhood years,  
learning years, scary years,  
fear of failure, fear of bullies,  
some success, small delights.

My later childhood years,  
school time, trying, doing well,  
body changing, feelings came,  
with them many longings,  
to be, much older than I am.

My early grownup years,  
leaving home, travel to  
far off lands to work,  
love, marriage, children,  
many, many long goodbyes.

A longing to be home,  
a loneliness, a feeling  
that cripples, causes worry,  
I sense I am not complete,  
a concern, an anxiety that  
does not go away.

Separation, and desperation,  
stay until my middle years,  
the craving, wanting ones,  
my addictive time of life,  
full of anger, full of strife.  
full of wanting, full of shame.

A compulsive hurting ache,  
wipes out my caring mind,  
drives my family to a break,  
alone, sad, frightened, and  
unhappy I tried to end my life.

Still in middle years,  
but tired of being tired,  
losing hope, and in despair,  
I reach the bottom of my life,  
I then realize I need a miracle,  
to help me change my ways.

A sober moment, a breath of air,  
a precious lady, a start of love.  
A new desire, I now had,  
a motive to begin again,  
to have a better life  
and start a life anew.

With help of precious lady,

by talking to myself,  
seeking help of others,  
and wanting to be free;  
I lost my thoughts, the  
ten thousand rising things,  
the worries, the despair,  
the doubts, the problems,  
I start to build a life with  
that precious lady who  
has now become my wife.

In my senior later years,  
with time, I learned I had  
a gift for other things,  
through silence I began  
to enjoy the present moments,  
and learn to be content;  
no crazy wants, no noisy thoughts,  
no big hurrahs, no moans or groans.  
I grew, I read, I wrote, I studied,  
I became what I was meant to be,  
a kind, cheerful, caring, happy man.

Bob Blackwell

## **A Small White Feather**

Soars and falls  
like a coaster ride,  
it climbs, then falls,  
to climb and fall  
once more.

No hurry, slow  
then quick then slow  
again, it wanders  
listlessly,  
here then there.  
in gentle breeze,  
it dances freely  
and with ease,  
it does a turn.

Fading light  
helps the illusion,  
the impression that  
as it dances,  
slow, slow,  
quick quick  
slow;  
it does a waltz.

Bob Blackwell

## **A Smile**

A smile full of kindness,  
fills our hearts our minds.  
It means we are noticed,  
accepted and are loved.

14-04-2009

Bob Blackwell

## **A Soldier**

Raining hard,  
my back hurts,  
I'm very cold,  
feet soaking wet,  
they hurt, I rest.

No sleep for days;  
I drag my feet,  
soggy mud,  
trench a bog;  
it's full of tears!

What time is it?  
Dawn or dusk?  
Rats, many rats,  
run from holes  
in side of trench.

Lots of corpses;  
my arm hurts,  
runs with blood,  
had I passed out?  
I don't remember.

I.....  
do not want  
to recall,  
the hell of war,  
the noise, the smoke,  
the bodies fall.

Rains relentlessly,  
drip, drip,  
it runs down my neck.  
Wish I was home,  
a warm mug of tea,  
two sugars please?

A light, a flash,  
an explosion;  
as I depart this world,  
I wonder, how  
this all came to be,  
but mostly  
WHY I came!

19-11-2008

Bob Blackwell

## **A Sunset**

Our sun maintains a wondrous cycle;  
from dawn to dusk, day to night,  
birth to death, always moving.

At sundown....

On a screen of darkening blue,  
we behold a magic picture show,  
impressionist paintings of the sky.  
An orange ball highlights stretched  
streaky clouds of white and grey.

Sky now turns from blue to yellow,  
a yellow with just a tinge of red,  
a quick change to tawny amber,  
transforms to tints and shades of  
pink, crimson, scarlet, maroon, and red.  
These colours splashed; shaded with a  
dash of grey, of blue, of white and black.  
Form a source of wonder for the eye.

The golden orb falls lower, and twilight starts.  
Streaky clouds grow dark, more black than grey;  
and draw pencil lines across the sun and sky.  
Other clouds still fluffy white have orange edge,

form lovely ice cream patterns in the sky.  
Bright green emerald sea, turned navy blue,  
is full of smiles; when the setting sun lays  
scattered beams upon its rippled water face.  
Moving colours splashed on to a canvas heaven,  
present an enchanted picture show.

Sun a large ruby ball, falls to the end of world,  
to sit on waters edge, ready to descend,  
collapse and rise again, to shine on other worlds.  
As dusk and evening ends, daybreak dawns  
our blood red sun leaves our twilight world,  
to rise still dripping red to announce the dawn  
for those that live in other lands. Soon it will  
sink once more, to rise glowing red at dawn,  
and announce the start of our new day.

Each end; always is a new beginning.

.

Bob Blackwell

## **A Wise Owl**

The wise owl frowns,  
does he think like me,  
what can he see  
of this world and me?

12-08-2008

Bob Blackwell

## **African Summer**

Live in

African town  
beneath the African sun  
sky is blue, then storm clouds gather,  
lightening flashes light a darkening scene,  
torrents of rain commence to fall,  
it thunders ground is wet.  
African sun?  
It's Gone!

12-08-2008  
(Ictameter Poem)

Bob Blackwell

## Alcoholic

Early Morning,  
Feeling weak  
Hands shake,  
Tummy Trembles,  
Off to bar,  
To get a shot.

Amazing how a drink  
Relieves the stress,  
The tensions of my body,  
Shakes now gone,  
Relief is found,  
But only brief.

As body succumbs to  
Alcohol, feelings of  
Guilt abound.  
I don't care  
So lets have another drink;  
Lets have another round.

Now I just want sleep  
To eliminate the shame,  
Forget the harm I may have  
Done. Mind still works  
A little talk to self, do not  
Get too drunk.

You have to carry home,  
A bottle, so you can drink,  
To welcome sleep,  
A sweet oblivion  
Of nothingness. A stupor,  
That helps me manage life.

Astonishing how I keep  
This pattern up  
From day to day,  
Week to week,  
Month to month,  
Then years it carries on.

Drink for tomorrow  
I may die!  
Die! Die you will.  
When tomorrow?  
Who knows it could be sooner;  
If not drink, it could be suicide.

The drink that kills, I think:  
I do not care.  
So lets have another drink.

Another round  
So I can give way once  
More to alcohol.

My mind goes round and  
Round, then round some more,  
Never stopping,  
Crazy thoughts tumble  
Through this cuckoo cage  
I call my mind.

Never settling, switching  
All the time, from one  
Problem to another  
Guilt, qualms, poor me,  
Appear. Can't you see?  
It wasn't me that drinks.

It was another man, my  
Alter ego that drinks to  
Much. I'm not like that.  
I can stop, and one day  
Will stop.  
For sure I can.

Stop shaking, stop shaking,  
Please stop my trembling hands.  
Please make them go away,  
In the bath my body shakes,  
The water ripples, please  
Shakes please go.

Must be clean not dirty,  
Wash smell out.  
Shave and then put on  
Plenty aftershave.  
Dress smart, a little drink  
To kill the tremors.

Now nobody can tell, that  
I'm the one that  
Smells, that shakes,  
Falls down, goes home  
Infrequently,  
Neglects his family.

Nobody can see that I  
Make many promises  
That I forget to keep,  
That I do not care  
Not even when I have  
A little drink.

If, job I have, my mind  
Is in another place that  
Comes at end of day.  
Where once again the drink  
That cures relieves my pain  
Of living in this world.

My mind is gone it has  
Left to find another home.  
It cannot live in space it  
Has, it hurts to much.  
The pain just goes, on to long.  
Please make it stop.

God please make me stop,  
Put the cork back in the  
Bottle. So I can begin a  
Life anew. One that doesn't  
Hurt. An honest one, for me.  
A promise I can keep.

Bob Blackwell

## **An Early Memory**

### An Early Memory

In rural Wales,  
a dry stone wall,  
used up tyres,  
two in front, two at rear.  
To steer a small pram wheel,  
brake, a long steel pole.

In this car Dai and I have travelled far.  
One day not going fast, Dai hears a hiss,  
"We've got a flat,  
Bob hop off and see to it"  
I pretend to open door and scramble down.

I kneel beside a wheel,  
"Yep its flat, it's got a hole,  
I can see right through.  
We'll have to change."

"Hang on I'll brake." shouts Dai.  
He leaps up on the long steel pole,  
pulling down hard, he cries  
"Braking, braking, braking".

I give a scream as the dry stone wall begins to fall,  
our motor car breaks down upon my head.

My small grey shirt and shorts, become blood red.  
I cry out "Mum"!  
Dai runs off shouting  
"Bloody hell, bloody hell,  
Oh! Bloody hell".

On my very nearly four year old legs,  
I stagger back to grandma's house.  
Arriving there, on seeing me, my mother screamed.  
"Bob, Bob what have you done"?

"Our car broke down and fell on me!  
My head is sore now!  
Mum can I have some cake to make me better"?

Bob Blackwell

## Appreciation

Row upon row of thin flat clouds,  
sliced smooth, their bottoms gone,  
stretch, far as eye can see, moisture  
there, no promise rain is guaranteed.  
The filtered sun, beats down relentlessly  
dries this thirsty dehydrated land. A  
scrub land now, tufts of burnt dry grass, .  
small straggly acacia trees sparsely leafed,  
thorns bent, fight vainly, for height and width.  
No water here, ground is parched, earth dry,  
powdered soil, dust clouds fly.  
Life is hard, few creatures here, more  
death than life, vultures circle overhead.

Lone large presence in this stark dry land,  
a large dead tree shows better days have  
come and gone, Trunk smooth, shaded  
grey by sun and wind, no bark to spoil  
its sheen. Dead; dried out, breaking down,  
its twisted upright arms, cry out, implore,  
please, please see the beauty, that I was.

Sun still beats down, in distance heat waves rise,  
a lone jackal walks head down in search of prey,  
black back appears bent in shimmering light.  
Alongside a rutted dusty road of dirt, a long line  
of tall straight poles dissect this barren land. They  
carry light, cool air, give life to distant town.  
Lets hope, give a wish, a prayer for better things.

Gazing up clouds have darkened, a distant rumble,  
wind blows, its cooler now. Sky blackens, noise is  
closer, a flash of light, it grumbles now. Look to the  
horizon, hope appears, a swirl of black, moves up and  
down, a dancing dervish shape, that twists and shouts its  
raining now. Great big life giving drops of water fall,  
the parched earth sighs, and gladly opens up to accept  
the heavenly tears, land happy, moisture falls, ground wet.  
Storm overhead now, everywhere lightning bolts display,  
a thanksgiving festival of light, a gala celebration with  
thunder rolls of gratitude, for pouring rain, moistened  
earth, and the lake that forms the dam that's full of joy.

Bob Blackwell  
20 February 2007

Bob Blackwell

## Baghdad

City of my birth, no longer mine.  
Infidels control and rule my town.  
Because of this I have,  
no job, no hope of one,  
work has gone to  
people not like us.  
They maim, they kill,  
they execute my son.  
No love just hate I feel!  
I have no expectations.  
Violence rules this city.

They say make jihad, kill infidel,  
kill other sect, they're not like us,  
Who are you to see their worth,  
Why should you care for them.  
Allah pleased, he'll treat you well.

So strap bomb on,  
By car you'll reach your goal,  
along a road and then a street.  
It's busy, people everywhere,  
shopping, chatting, walking,  
children going to school.  
No danger there, but danger feared,  
their eyes are everywhere.

Walk to target from the car,  
making carefree glances everywhere,  
goal is reached,  
give silent prayer,  
press here,  
bomb explodes.  
You'll fragment, disintegrate,  
and eradicate our hated foe.  
Vengeance done,  
Allah pleased.

Go now.

Bob Blackwell

## Butterflies

Butterflies flutter about, some fly by rapidly and others seem to just float past your eye. I often wonder at their beauty of flight and feel quite envious that I cannot do the same. Life I suppose can be a little like that, some time events go by rapidly, while others, they seem to meander up and down flying slowly through our minds. It is the rapidly moving ones that irritate me; most events come and go so quickly. You look forward to something for months and when it eventually arrives it is over in a tick of the clock. Leaving you sometimes to wonder why it happened and why you looked forward to it so much. The slower events in time which are really the ones we experience everyday can be so beautiful and thought provoking that they last for a longer period of time. Then we have the earth shattering events that come like the butterfly you have never seen in your garden before that grabs your interest. These can grip you so strongly that eventually it dawns on you that this is something worthwhile pursuing. The idea grows and grows and before you know it you are on a different path in life that is hopefully leading you to a better one. This can be very exciting and fulfilling. It is the same as when all those years ago in Kruger, Marilyn showed Shirley and I the paradise flycatcher; we have been bird watching ever since.

It is amazing how we quietly go about our affairs from day to day and the time slips by quickly month-by-month and then year-by-year and before we know it we are nearly at the end of our time. We look back and wonder, how did we really get here to this moment in time without an honest thought as to what we are actually doing with this lovely life we have been given. Surely it is better to stop and think about our life now, take notice of what is actually going on, what we are doing, how we think, and where we are actually going. I don't know, but it seems so logical to have a thought or sight which is so inspiring, that it is good enough to make us change our life plan. After all we only have one life that we know of, having a second one would be wonderful, but surely it is better to enjoy this one now than hope for another one that could be better. We are good at making our own hell on earth, surely it is better to enjoy the world for the heaven that it is.

A butterfly's life is so short, I wonder if the ones that fly fast have as good a time as the ones that float slowly past our eyes. The slower ones would certainly see more than the fast ones. More flowers and their nectar would be noticed. They can stop more often to enjoy life's garden, it makes sense to be slower I suppose. Less haste more speed they say, I believe less speed then more understanding comes. Take your time you'll find it will last longer and mean more. A very useful exercise is the one that makes you slow down to a rest in order to experience the present. When we take time to listen to our true self, life-changing miracles can happen. We are so busy listening to our own thoughts about the past and future that we miss the joy that is present now. We have beauty all around us, why not stop and see, how happy you can be.

Butterflies cannot think so they are always in the present. This means they have no thoughts of past or future, to spoil their lives. Yet I expect it would be nice if they could think and talk. They are so beautiful to see, I am sure their thoughts will be just as beautiful. "What did you see today butterfly?" " I noticed a beautiful bird drinking from my flower; it was so pretty that I forgot it was supposed to be mine. This made me think that the bird, the flower, and everything else in this wonderful world are here for us all to enjoy?" It's a pity we as people cannot see this. We do not share amongst ourselves, never mind the other inhabitants of the planet!

Butterflies are quiet; they do not make a noise, so why do we notice them? Their colour draws our attention to them. They announce their presence by simply being

here, and because of their beauty we notice them. A tiny seed grows into an exquisite flower, quietly without noise, when it blooms, no trumpet call to announce its presence; once again it is its beauty, which makes us take note. This is true of all nature's remarkable surprises. If we remain silent like a butterfly or seed amazing things will also happen to us. By being quiet, we will be able to listen for and not miss, the opportunities life gives us.

Sitting here, writing down, words that come, from out of air. I wonder why, they come to me; they should be there for all to share.

Bob Blackwell

## **Clouds**

At home the clouds have no  
bottoms cut off by magic knife,  
they are soft, fluffy, white and  
like me have shades of grey.

Happy clouds, quiet clouds,  
relaxed, not moving clouds.  
Bathed in sunshine, they are  
clouds I want to see.

Glad to be here clouds.  
Altogether nice clouds  
No place like home clouds.  
Clouds I want to stay.

Bob Blackwell

## End

Curtain down,  
can disappoint,  
can give relief;  
sunset, sundown.

Hears last post,  
sees a finality,  
going to sleep,  
a truce in war.

Phone put down,  
the lights go out,  
a sigh, a laugh,  
a conclusion.

Final whistle,  
all goodbyes  
door closes  
story finishes.

An explosion,  
a books last page,  
an empty cup,  
a graduation.

Leaves falling,  
petals dropping,  
bus stopping,  
kettle boiling.

A funeral, a requiem,  
a grave, a tomb,  
an epitaph, a loss,  
the last full stop.

Bob Blackwell

## Evening

Twilight,  
dusk  
sun sinks,  
light lessens,  
day softens,  
work ends.

A time to rest,  
a time to think,  
a time to meditate.

Quiet moments  
then give,  
time to care,  
time for talk,  
time to listen,  
time to love,

and later  
time for sleep.

Bob Blackwell  
27 February 2007

Bob Blackwell

## Giants

Early morning, as dawn arrives, we set off to hike to Giants hut. Along a path then down a slope, cross a bridge, and climb a hill, turn left, through a gap in crag, path then takes us up to Giants ridge.

Long gentle climb, round a corner, and we are now on side of ridge. The path levels out, then slopes down, to only climb once more; steeper now we carry on, soon another ridge comes into view.

Gradient is gentler, our walk is easier, up slight hill, then down another, a sharp climb, and we scramble up upon the ridge. Our feet and limbs ache so stop for rest.

We look up and take in, the splendour of the mountain peak. Aged by years of wind, and rain, and snow; steep weathered walls of stone fashioned so like a Giants Castle in the sky.

Looking down, we gasp, because its like we're in an aeroplane so high we are above the valley streams, and smaller hills, path below laid out, a map for us to see our climb.

Our pain is now forgotten in admiration for the beauty of our mountain walk. Rested we resume our climb, white wispy clouds appear, that promise rain will come this afternoon.

We climb higher, and then higher still, air is thinner, we gasp for air. At contour path we turn left, to the right we see the start of Giants pass, such a scramble to the top.

We carry on up and down along a path so worn down by many feet; in places it's like a tunnel without a roof. Very tired it seems just in time, we arrive at Giants hut; we stop, unpack our picnic lunch, and then relax.

Just past one we start our journey home. We scramble down old Botha's ridge, then cross a brook, to walk beside Two Dassie stream, a rocky path now leads us on to swampy ground.

Hot, sun beats down, ground gets firmer; our steps quicken, a flash of lightening, a roll of thunder, makes us hurry up. Close to a cliff now the path takes us on until we reach a stream.

Stepping-stones help lead us on to other bank. A short walk over rocky ground we cross the stream once more. The rain begins to fall, soft at first, then pelting down, we cover up.

Fast repeating lightening strikes and claps of thunder all around, force us to take safety on the ground. Rain is falling fast and hard, water everywhere, and damp creeps up to wet our shorts and underwear.

Hail begins to fall, small at first but getting bigger. The storm is getting worse. We huddle up dripping wet, and watch the hail bounce off our heads. Such a spectacle we looked, it made us laugh and laugh some more.

Uncomfortable we sat there for quite awhile until the storm abates. The rain and hail stopped and the sun begins to shine. Setting off once more we must have looked like we had nearly drowned.

We carry on, the stream is to our left now, trees are up ahead and yet another hill. Breathing hard we stumble up to higher ground, the sun is beating down between the trees.

We carry on down this hill and up the next, the path is wooded and we know it's just a little further till we reach our goal. Stones are moving under feet, very tired we round a corner.

To find a familiar valley, large rocks scattered everywhere, Bushman's river running fast, grassy sloping hills, an overhang, a cave where Koesan people lived, and painted scenes upon its walls.

From here we can see the camp, rest in sight. Feet lighter, mind weary, body tired, we quicken up, have lighter hearts; we haven't given in or broken down, and feel good because of this.

The path now easier, our resting place is close. Up slight hill around a corner, we are now at rented home. Hot, and very weary, we have real joy and satisfaction for having just enjoyed a hike to Giants hut and back.

Bob Blackwell

## Heatbumps

Heatbumps, scratch, scratch and damn that louse  
Nain and Taid grey and black have cold house  
Bedroom smell wee, chamber pot, double bed  
Its dark, its cold, bed wet, and full of dread  
Wallpaper on the ceiling, patterns come and go  
Sheets rough, mattress feathered, candle glow  
Scratch, scratch, heat bumps, itch, and itch some more  
Carpet wet, damp is rising in the corner by the door  
Every visit heatbumps come, pink ointment to apply  
Its the change, its the water, everyone tell lie  
Scratch scratch, itch itch, tic toc went the clock  
All night long an itch, a scratch a tic a toc  
Lifetime shorter than the night you see  
Body sore, itches, home is where I want to be  
Holidays from school, so cruel, please kill that flea.

Bob Blackwell

## Human Beings

Earth planted seeds grow;  
in peace the spirit of life,  
ignites fresh beginnings.

So new lives can join  
the orchestra for living  
by natures many rules.

Created lovingly,  
we start our earthly journey,  
quite innocently enjoy,

exciting moments,  
in a world that stimulates,  
imaginings and dreams.

Beauty all around,  
a planet full of many contrasts,  
provisions we can share.

The seasons change and  
enlighten natures lesson  
of serenity and peace.

Natures noble truths;  
share, do no evil, help others  
have concern for all.

Later is not understood,  
we have little love, do not share  
or care for other lives.

We have no need of....  
Natures Tranquil Ways.

Bob Blackwell

## Ideas

In consciousness  
a tiny bud blossoms,  
a berry falls,  
nature covers,  
protects  
from frost and cold.

Time passes,  
spring arrives  
now warmer days,  
the spark of life  
ignites  
fresh growth.

From our berry  
hidden warm,  
new life appears,  
a root bores down  
searches  
for support.

In the dark  
a tender shoot  
pale, vulnerable;  
blind it advances,  
ascends  
towards the light.

The dawn's light  
sees our slender  
shoot emerge;  
fragile white it  
seeks  
sun and rain.

Given time  
and many seasons,  
our shoot grows  
into a tree which  
blossoms,  
then,  
a berry falls.

19-06-2008

Bob Blackwell

## **Imagination**

Tastes the oceans salty brine.  
Hears a dandelion tell the time.  
Feels happy, sad, funny, kind.  
Spots Alice's fall to wonderland.

Observes a mouse run up a clock,  
A small frog turns into a prince,  
the genie of Aladdin's lamp,  
and the moon is made of cheese

Creates fantasies, makes us bold.  
New works to enrich our world.  
Saddens, gladdens and maddens,  
Makes us poor, with many riches.

Overcomes life's many difficulties,  
Sees the funny side of things,  
Hears angels, heavenly voices,  
Makes come true our dreams.

Imagination gives verve to life,  
Without it our mind is dead,  
our life would be difficult, and  
sounds of laughter seldom heard.

Our problems will remain unsolved,  
Our difficulties, worries multiply,  
All changes will make things worse,  
Our life will become very dreary.

21-04-2008

Bob Blackwell

## Knowledge

Deep beneath our darkened earth a seed has ripened,  
it is ready to sprout, and dash with strength,  
to the surface of our world.

Bravely it bends its tiny head, pushing out, questioning the  
beginnings of its growth, a root, a starting point, and  
a pale white shoot that struggles up in search of light.

As dawn comes a warm glow illuminates our tiny shoot,  
and the changes start immediately. It thickens, grows,  
stronger, and changes colour as it feeds on sun and rain.

First a lovely light green that is so beautiful to see.  
As it develops it darkens, turned brown by the sun,  
side shoots appear, branches are born.

Tiny leaves then grow, pale green at first, so young  
they look, like a puppies smile, a childs first step,  
a birds first flight, an idea that has just been born.

Branches mature, more shoots become twigs,  
and leaves begin to multiply, trunk now fat and  
broad as our tree grows larger from the light.

Soon it blossoms and fruit is formed, seeds are born  
to fall to earth, with time they will struggle up against  
great odds, to create yet again another tree.

Bob Blackwell

## Kruger Changing

North of Satara on a dusty road,  
Row upon row of thin flat clouds,  
sliced smooth, their bottoms gone,  
stretch, far as eye can see, moisture  
there, no promise rain is guaranteed.  
The filtered sun, beats down relentlessly  
dries this thirsty dehydrated land. A  
scrub land now, tufts of burnt dry grass,  
small straggly acacia trees sparsely leafed,  
thorns bent, fight vainly for height and width.  
No water here, ground is parched, earth dry,  
powdered soil, dust clouds fly.  
Life is hard, few creatures here, more  
death than life, vultures circle overhead.

Lone large presence in this stark dry land,  
a large dead tree shows better days have  
come and gone, trunk smooth, shaded  
grey by sun and wind, no bark to spoil  
its sheen. Dead; dried out, breaking down,  
its twisted upright arms cry out, implore,  
please, please see the beauty, that I was.

Sun still beats down, in distance heat waves rise,  
a lone jackal walks head down in search of prey,  
black back appears bent in shimmering light.  
Alongside a rutted dusty road of dirt, a long line  
of tall straight poles dissect this barren land. They  
carry light, cool air, give life to distant camp. Lets  
now hope, and say a prayer, a wish for better things.

Gazing up clouds have darkened, a distant rumble,  
wind blows, its cooler now. Sky blackens, noise is  
closer, a flash of light, it grumbles now. On the  
horizon, hope appears, a swirl of black, moves up and  
down, a dancing dervish shape, that twists and shouts its  
raining now. Great big life giving drops of water fall,  
the parched earth sighs, and gladly opens up to accept  
the heavenly tears. Land now happy, moisture falls,  
ground is wet, puddles gather, the waters everywhere.  
Storm overhead now, everywhere lightning bolts display,  
a thanksgiving festival of light, a gala celebration with  
thunder rolls of gratitude, for pouring rain, moistened  
earth, and the lake that forms the dam that's full of joy.

Angel tears worked their magic overnight and the next day life returns to this long dry thirsty land. After such a long, long sleep the earth has stretched, dust has disappeared and green grass begins to sprout. Later leaves appear and a divine green glow covers this once dead and empty land. The earth greens, the spirit of life returns, nature's cycle has moved to replenish, give relief to this once neglected land.

Now we have fluffy happy ice cream clouds of joy, that promises more delightful rain will fall, to bring fruits that feed, seeds that nourish, leafy trees for shade, and new strength to the limp acacia trees. The sun now aids gives help to improve new growth and the jackals bent black back straightens. On the branches of the dried out long dead tree, birds have returned to roost and nest to give it purpose, a reason to be there.

To witness nature's drama play, change scenes before our eyes is something to behold, remember and recall. Lucky we are to visit nature parks, and luckier still to visit once again. This way we witness the best of our natural world, observe its many cycles, different seasons, all in unspoilt places of our land.

Bob Blackwell

## **Kruger Mornings**

A warm Kruger morning  
the sun just rising in the sky,  
Orange globe so round so fiery,  
makes shadows on the ground.

Our eyes are open, we're wide awake,  
our faces full of joy,  
once more exhilarated, keyed up,  
and eager, for our safari up ahead.  
Excitement builds  
we leave our hutted camp,  
to seek out Gods creatures  
great and small.

As we begin our drive,  
the first light of day breaks,  
softly at first,  
Then slowly it brightens  
and illuminates  
hidden places of the bush.

Exciting this time before the noon of day  
with sun so hot it burns, it  
forces all to seek the shade  
that's cool,  
to avoid the heat of afternoon.

Mornings are best to view the game.  
Rested from the cool of night,  
Impala with eyes so big  
so brown so bright,  
prance, cavort and play,  
tiny tails a wag, as  
they frolic, skip and jump,  
they seem to play follow me.

Looking up at sky now blue,  
vultures soar on air that's warm,  
wisps of clouds come into view  
and other birds appear.

Full of grace the Bataleur  
so French,  
so striking this bird of prey,  
short tail,  
feathers black and tawny,  
face and feet blood red.

It floats quietly by  
then turns,  
swooping quickly and with guile,

it captures prey upon the ground,  
claws outstretched,  
a splash of red, of  
black, of blue,  
it seizes Roller in the grass.

Coming by and flying high,  
another kite this one has yellow bill,  
feathers brown, and tail with fork.  
Head down it preys like hawk,  
eyes searching out his prey  
of chicks, of mice, or even ants.

A cloud, a million Queleas  
with red bill,  
swarming, as one they move,  
flying like a coaster ride.  
Up above them falcons soar  
and hunt.  
Wings folded tight,  
ensure great speed  
as they swoop down on swarm  
to catch and feed.

Wildebeest and Zebra graze,  
while Warthog with tails erect  
scurry by with young in tow,  
and a lone Snake Eagle  
perches on a branch.

In grass that encroaches on the road,  
Francolins hide,  
a Snake slithers out on to the road,  
its head raised  
it menaces with forked tongue.

Brown patches of veld  
now appear,  
ants are busy moving house,  
Hyena saunters slowly by,  
while monkeys play amongst the trees.  
A Mongoose family play,  
curious,  
as we approach  
they hurry scared to grass that's long.

We cross a bridge,  
below Water buck  
graze and drink,  
a Saddle billed stork,  
tall, red bill,  
feathers black and white.

Another stork has Yellow bill,  
a Goliath Heron standing still,  
Crocodiles asleep upon the bank.

Later Giraffe  
beanpole neck, head perched high,  
huge brown eyes, lashes long,  
a mouth, with curling tongue,  
a face, a human one,  
that smiles.  
Four long legs,  
a tiny tail,  
it moves along with tiny steps,  
to browse on leaves  
in trees with thorns.

Eagerly we search for game,  
hoping we will spot a cat  
before they decide to hide  
and take a nap.  
A lion, cheetah, or leopard,  
so we can claim we saw,  
and mark position on the map,  
with coloured pin.  
Others then can view our finds,  
that is if they haven't  
moved away.

Elephant, Buffalo, Rhino, Lion, Leopard,  
other tourists come to view these five.  
Eagerly they hunt and seek,  
so they can say they've seen  
big five.  
Fervently  
they seek them out,  
missing other beauty all about.  
Shame it is they cannot see  
the rest of Kruger's many charms.

So quiet,  
so peaceful to be here,  
we feel like  
we're in another world,  
and so we are,  
for it is a special place  
this wonderland,  
this paradise,  
called Kruger Park.

Every year we have returned,  
to haunt, explore, enjoy,

wonder, and be thrilled,  
by magic early morning drives,  
that have revealed  
the hidden riches of the bush.

Thank you Kruger Park  
our nations pride,  
for all the countless pleasures  
you provide;  
it has been our luck and joy  
to have explored  
your treasure trove  
of natures many gifts.

Yes we will be back next year.

Bob Blackwell

## **Life and Death (A Renga)**

Faces, fluffy white clouds  
hang still on mountain tops.  
A brown dirt road meanders.

Surprised, still being alive,  
stunted grasses fight to grow.

Struggling, holding back,  
sun rises slowly in the east.  
An emerging scene.

Flower, slowly opening,  
with a glow of morning light.

Hidden places lighten  
magical spaces surface.  
moments come alive.

Eggs crack, and new life appears.  
Stimulating changes to come.

Life, keeps moving on;  
Sun sets happen every day,  
a shooting star; dies.

Moon rises on a darker world,  
So much goes unexplained.

21-04-2008

Bob Blackwell

## Lovers

Lie  
close,  
hug, squeeze,  
feel warmth  
touch,  
hold, caress.

Hearts beat,  
breath quickens,  
hold tight,  
Kiss,  
bodies warmer  
urgent now,  
closer  
closer now.

Joined  
movements slow  
feelings  
hot  
body soft,  
body hard.

Passion  
quickens  
movements  
thrash,  
crying out  
hurry, hurry  
now  
yes, yes  
Oh!  
Y-ess-ss!

Now  
a smile,  
a kiss,  
a cuddle close;  
now  
a time for  
tenderness  
a time to love  
a time to care.

Bob Blackwell

## **Mannikins**

One by one, then two by two,  
together but not together,  
scared, then not scared;  
Is how they go about their daily life.

Bob Blackwell

## Memories

Smile my love with me,  
can't you hear my voice,  
speak of places we have been,  
and those we still want to see.  
Our life together was  
so full of happy times,  
it isn't meant to end, for  
our memories still live.

See that bird,  
the one that jokes  
and makes a noise.  
he is here and so am I.  
I shall never leave  
the garden of your mind,

I will always linger  
by the blossom tree,  
tread amongst the pansies,  
watch the sun birds fly;  
look hard and you will see me,  
smiling, underneath our big tree.  
The one that spoils  
our yellow brick path,  
but also gives us shade.

Those lovely sunrises,  
the ones you used to tell,  
sleepy me to wake and see.  
Look now catch sight of the  
sunrise over nearby hill,  
sky coloured orange, red, and pink  
with streaked grey clouds that  
grow thinner by the minute.  
Observe how as the sun rises  
higher in the sky, the clouds,  
vaporise, evaporate, and vanish.  
Rising higher still the sun begins  
to quickly warm your back,  
a warmth that says, you're home,  
please do enjoy,  
so I can see your lovely smile.

See those tiny trees in pots,  
both large and small,  
see me wiring this tree,  
pruning others  
some water here, a feed there,  
please look at this one  
it has such light green leaves;  
in spring they grow so fast.

See me picking spuds,  
tomatoes, lettuce,  
spinach, other veg,  
or just the herbs  
I loved to grow.

You used to say,  
so much garden,  
yet you still grow  
some more in pots.

The clouds I used to study,  
watch and love.  
ice cream clouds, with faces,  
cathedrals in the sky.

See those flat bottomed clouds,  
appear in rows,  
underneath smooth  
cleaved off by magic knife.

I float up there with them,  
looking down,  
Seeing you, I write a poem,  
a story of my life with you,  
memories of appreciation for  
the love you gave so easily.

Reach out now,  
your heart  
clasped in your hand,  
so we can once more,  
feel the warmth and  
love we gave so willing.

My bodies gone,  
worn out,  
too many years;  
It got too old.

Just remember I am now  
the fine energy  
that moves the wind,  
steers the stars,  
makes the sun rise up and fall,  
and the knife that cuts the  
bottoms from the clouds.

Reach out, you can touch me,  
you can see my smile,  
for I am now sweet energy,  
the sugar of your mind.

Just be happy with it all.

21-04-2008

Bob Blackwell

## Memory

It was a happening,  
a moment in time,  
some fifty years ago.  
I remember  
the pull on my shirt,  
a plaintive voice  
a cry for help,  
the revulsion  
that I felt.

For standing there,  
Iraqi girl,  
age close to seven,  
dress torn,  
sandals broken,  
cupped hands  
outstretched;  
no nose,  
no cheek,  
no right eye.  
staring out  
instead  
a gap,  
a void,  
a fly trapped  
festering hole.

Horror struck,  
I search,  
I find a coin,  
a silver one,  
to give,  
to push  
into her hand.

I think  
girl with only half a face,  
please go away,  
please leave my view,  
seeing you  
I ache, I pain,  
I hurt,  
for you do offend  
my sight.

She had run,  
had scurried off,  
was quickly gone.

Now when I close my eyes.

Bob Blackwell

## **Our Blue World**

Our Blue World

White frothy waves on  
emerald moving seas,  
give colour to our world.

Bob Blackwell  
11 August 2007

Bob Blackwell

## Our Ever Changing World

As I fly high above our world in  
such a clear azure and cloudless sky,  
I listen to the roar of the wind, and  
hear the crash of waves upon a shore.  
I see hills and mountaintops, crawl  
endlessly overland, as if on a slow  
journey to some far off distant land.

The red green grass of summer  
runs quickly from those peaks,  
a red topped tide that rushes, waves,  
plunging down from the summits,  
to where the valleys shine, and glisten,  
radiant from the streams that run,  
over rocks, stones, and waterfalls,  
to form pools that reflect and glow,  
with sparkling sunbeams, to then move  
on through trees so tall so proud.  
Trees that always seem to stretch my way.

The green and fertile valleys washed clean  
by summer rains and melting winter snows.  
Greens, browns, reds and natures other colours,  
form earth and fields, spread out like a patchwork.  
Everything placed just right, different, and unique,  
nothing quite the same, this world of ours of many  
contrasts, shades, relief's, and different colours.

Moving on, seas so green so blue,  
splashed white like snow. now mingle  
with the land, are full of life for us to see.  
Tiny fishes shining bright, millions mass  
and congregate, to make a shoal that shimmers,  
the sun shines through and from this mass,  
this throng, this multitude of many fish,  
the water seems to dance with light smiling  
kisses, sparkle, glint, flicker and jump  
over here, now over there, then here again.

The same seas, water laps gently on the shore,  
sand so black, so dark, so wet, glistens,  
tiny bubbles foam like frothy soap,  
then holes appear and disappear, as the  
waves move out and the waves move in

On this ever changing shifting tide,  
A few broken shells, and pebbles,  
lie so still, not moving in the sand  
and tiny crab like creatures running  
scared, hurry to burrow and hide  
their bodies in the washed clean sand.

Polar ice caps now appear covered in snow,  
shifting constantly over frozen seas.  
With the changing seasons they  
seem to come and go, ever moving  
drifting south then north then south again.

Other places that I see deserts, barren  
shifting sands, drifting, drifting, moving,  
too hot by day, too cold at night.  
They form drifted sanded mountains  
from the wind swept drifted sands.  
Barren as they are, some life lives there.

This world, this earth, a planet of changes,  
first the seasons come and seasons go,  
now snow, then rain, now drought,  
and then a hurricane. Fog, mist, drizzly rain,  
clouds flat, clouds streaky, fluffy clouds,  
clouds that rain, green clouds hail, clouds of  
falling snow, but then warm sun appears.

This world of changes, nothing stays the same,  
it is like a constant moving picture show.  
An ever changing continuous performance.  
Entrance is free, there is no charge to view,  
but if you want to have a life, just make sure  
you are on time, or you might just miss the show.

Bob Blackwell

## **Past Maturity**

My trunk has greyed,  
my body bent,  
my branches twisted,  
from years of beating sun.

My heart has died,  
too many years of growth  
have sapped my spirit;  
yet I still appraise my land.

No leaves or foliage grow,  
no blossom blooms in spring,  
no fruit, no seeds  
that fall and feed.

I'm tired and broken down,  
the wind blows yet  
I feel no movement  
In my soul.

Large wrinkled cracks  
line my weathered face.  
My bark long gone and  
my trunk well polished.

One time magnificent,  
the tallest tree around,  
the greenest leaves,  
fruit most sought.

Time, wind and sun,  
have aged my body,  
my many, many rings  
add far too many years.

Pretty birds I used to love  
no longer perch and feed  
the butterflies, the bees  
that pollinate long gone.

Past beauty that I am  
forgotten, and ignored,  
soon I will fall, break,  
decay, mould and rot.

My rotting remains  
soon composted to  
manure, I can now return  
as goodness to the earth.

New growth now born,  
new trees, grasses, plants,  
blossoms that give food  
to feed our hungry land.

The cycle of life means  
I will grow again to  
give life, sustain growth,  
help maintain our world.

So life continues.

Bob Blackwell

## **Peace**

Just like before  
We harmonize the land.

Why?

To rest, recoup, repair,  
Keep our people happy,  
Then we go to war again;  
We must expand.

But women will be killed,  
Children and babies lost,  
Homes destroyed  
Corpses everywhere.  
What for! What for! Why!  
Why carry on so mercilessly.  
Its time to think, to talk,  
To see the difference,  
To share the land,  
Have lasting peace.

They will not listen to our plan,  
They do not care for us.  
We must ensure we are secure;  
What they do is not our concern.

Of no concern?

No! they are not like us,  
They have a different God,  
They're from a different land;  
For them we do not care.

We'll harmonize the land!

Bob Blackwell

## **Pride**

A secretary bird has  
Pale grey feathered top,  
three quarter dark black pants,  
below long pink slender legs,  
wings make bustled skirt, within  
a grey black bordered tail,  
Its tasseled head has orange face,  
grey blue bill, and hazel eyes.  
He gives a pompous grin, head  
turned up, he parades, he struts,  
a slow flamboyant stride, that says  
I am the most superior bird.

Bob Blackwell  
19 February 2007

Bob Blackwell

## **Proper Choice**

The proper way to care,  
shines bright for all to see.  
Lets choose this path of truth,  
let us learn to accumulate,  
the knowledge, the reality,  
the essence of right living.

A life were we share resources,  
ensure there's food, water,  
a place called home for all.  
With compassion learned, we'll  
have concern to conserve and  
care for the future of our World.

09-10-2008

Bob Blackwell

## Questions

Most of life's  
a moan, a cry,  
a laugh, a fear,  
a need, a want,  
then maybe just  
a little prayer.

But its our thoughts  
that become a nuisance,  
while the world just  
comes and goes;  
trouble too those words  
that come, then go  
to only come again.

Then those  
reflective moments  
bring many questions.

Why?  
Who made?  
What for?  
What next?  
Where to?

It is in stillness,  
at peace,  
in a silence wrapped up in birdsongs,  
the questions go  
and we realise  
why, who made, what for,  
next, where to;  
do not need an answer,  
because happiness is Now.

12-08-2008

Bob Blackwell

## Quiet Mind

Hush quiet, the music begins, you tingle, and feel the chords pluck your heart. The melody comes, up and down goes the lilt and the rhythm of life flows through. Your blood runs faster and your heart beats tremor from the sound. The song from a distance purrs, and gradually comes closer. Your body relaxes now, you feel the beat of life come pulsing through. The music is close now, closer than it has ever been before. Now you can see, feel, smell, hear and even taste the joy of this orchestra of life. Ideas, creative pictures, answers, come tumbling and jumbling through your mind. Now yes! life becomes real, and you feel a delight at all you see. The rhythm slows, melody softens and love comes through, full of compassion, full of caring, gentle happy feelings, a beauty for the mind. Now dark clouds can come, changes occur, but the joy, and serenity we feel will never change.

Just like a flower that slowly opens through the night, to burst open with different shades of pink upon the world, glowing with a blush of morning pink upon its soul. No words does it speak; its presence has come forth. It is a truth a reality all by itself, proud in the garden of our world. So must we grow in silence through the winter of our unhappiness and wait the spring of change, to grow with grace in the warmth of summer light and sun. Autumn comes to bear the fruits of our silence and a warm content envelopes us, that give us strength to face our winter storms.

Bob Blackwell

## Regular Morning

Regular  
Morning

Alarm rings, eyes open,  
sleepy, half awake,  
body stretches, aches,  
mouth dry, head fuzzy,  
bed is warm, feels good.

Rise, wash, shower,  
clean teeth, shave,  
coffee, life returns.

Dress,  
underwear,  
shirt, a tie,  
some pants, a belt,  
socks, shoes,  
a jacket on,  
ready now.

Outside, sun rising,  
eyes blink, garage open  
car starts, its cold.  
Remote press, gate opens,  
in traffic drive is slow,  
more stop than go,  
a gap, change gear,  
accelerate, overtake,  
but progress slow.  
Very early, winter sun,  
still low, sunshade down.

On news, traffic tail back  
up ahead. Change station  
music now. Deviation,  
truck turned over, move to left  
new road, change radio station.

News again, war still on.  
Suicide bomb, people killed.  
Freeway closed, truck has lost its load.  
Woman raped, baby raped.  
Fraud exposed, people robbed,  
earthquake, flood, a fire, a hurricane.  
Court appearance for important man,

a prisoner escapes, a car high jacked.

Traffic moves, turn left, now right,  
go straight, watch for turning,  
turn left again, drive through the gate,  
left, straight then right, arrive at work.

Park, take briefcase, lock car,  
walk to work, greet colleagues,  
have coffee, talk, stress retreats.

Nothing changes.

Every morning,  
same routine,  
wake, rise,  
wash, dress, coffee, car,  
drive to work, traffic bad,  
some delay, news the same.

Life is fun?

Bob Blackwell

## Reprisal

Another time in other places,  
on an aeroplane that flies a bomb,  
a man looks down upon a town,  
a city looking pretty.  
Children playing in the street,  
sounds of laughter, music booms,  
sweets are eaten for a treat,  
people rushing here and there,  
and no trouble in the air.  
Bombs are ready for ejection,  
mission coming to completion.  
Safe up here in the sky,  
no danger comes to spoil my try.  
Bomb load gone,  
hurries down, no stopping,  
gravity aids to the ground.  
Bombs explode with fire and noise  
and things that hurt fly all around.  
Children screaming,  
people bleeding,  
some are running,  
women crying,  
many praying,  
hundreds dying,  
thousands dead!  
Music stopped,  
laughter gone,  
buildings down,  
panic reigns,  
death has come to town,  
city now not sitting pretty.  
High above the ground,  
man sees how brave he is,  
but does not fear the chaos on the ground.  
Mission finished;  
one day his God willing,  
he will fly home to just another town.  
No love, no hate, this soldier in the sky,  
he just follows orders to eliminate.

Bob Blackwell

## **Resolve**

On stony ground, a small black beetle,  
a scarab struggles; stubbornly he toils,  
to push, to roll a large brown ball of dung.  
When ball sticks, he tries a pull, if no go, he  
climbs on top and crawls forward on the dung;  
the ball rolls forward under extra weight.  
The beetle falls, gets up and begins to push again.  
He repeats this many many times, a push, a pull,  
a climb, a fall, get up, push on, till ball of dung  
finds resting hole, and is a larder for the young.  
Scarab fights not for self, it has no selfish  
thought of that, he perseveres, he carries on,  
he ensures survival for the life that is to come.

Bob Blackwell  
19 February 2007

Bob Blackwell

## Searching

Seek and your life becomes clear,  
Have no penitence, doubt or fear.  
Unwind relax, and let the present flow,  
The qualms, guilt and regret so  
Worthless; they must go.  
Now; thoughts free, no despair  
No doubts, worries, to repair.  
Be free, let go, yours words will prove,  
You travel to a different grove,  
Where fruits are pure and full of juice!  
So write, create, have no excuse.  
You have such stories to unfold!  
Slowly, quietly, let the words be told,  
Of tales of lives that have been sought,  
In the language you were taught.

16.01.2005  
Howick South Africa

Bob Blackwell

## **Serenity**

Sit,  
relax be still,  
Shush, hush  
now, quiet mind,  
no hopes, worries,  
past suspicions,  
or expectations.

Take time,  
taste the essence,  
smell the fragrance,  
feel the air,  
see the beauty,  
hear the sounds,  
both near and far.

Do not hold,  
do not grasp,  
you must not attach.  
Just rest in the peace  
that is yourself,  
let the magic rise.

Now the  
intelligence  
in silence,  
gives birth to,  
fresh ideas, works of art,  
and a life full of a  
serenity that lasts.

Bob Blackwell

## Shy

I'm a squirrel, I'm always on the run,  
I rush, I dash, I never seem to stop.  
You see I am scared, I'm terrified.  
I'm such a nervous wreck. My body  
shakes, my heart is in my mouth.  
My eyes are everywhere, my ears will  
listen for a sound, a noise, a giveaway;  
a broken twig, so I can dash, and run,  
to find a place, where I can secrete,  
conceal, or hide, I'm even known to  
hibernate. I lead a very jumpy life,  
yes I'm timid, full of fear,  
and yes you would say I'm shy.

Bob Blackwell

## **Spring Feeling**

Give rise to exciting moments.  
Trees bare, unclad, all wait for  
their tiny swollen buds to burst  
into a light green leafy feast.  
The trees now verdant bright,  
a mist of green comes into sight.

As winters chill and cold leaves;  
the sun, wind, atmosphere warms;  
to soften hearts, minds and souls.  
A warmer sun, romantic feelings,  
ignite minds with imaginings of  
love, a mating song their mantra.

As birds chatter, twitter, court and  
chase, their mating calls are urgent.  
Swallows, flycatchers, and swifts revisit.  
Cuckoo's call is continuous and persistent.  
Other birds once paired, start to collect  
stuff, to build a nest, to raise new life.

Springs happy feelings are healing  
broken hearts, mending past regrets,  
giving hope of a caring mate to love.  
Spring is a season for sewing seeds,  
planting new hope, love, and care to  
nourish life's lovely new beginnings.

17-11-2008

Bob Blackwell

## Suicide

This is all I can say  
about the suicide,  
the attempt  
to end my wretched life.  
Sad, lonely, desperate, tired,

Each week I trek,  
two cities,  
one holds all I cherish,  
other  
speaks a different tongue.

They ignore me  
standing at the bar.  
I do not understand,  
they do not hear my tale,  
I have another drink.

The glass that soothes  
my troubled brow,  
I drink some more.  
I drink, I think and  
wonder what to do.

I hate this place that  
gives me bread but  
has no love to give,  
I long for end of week  
to journey back.

So I drink and think  
of other town,  
of precious girl  
I love, and I want to  
give my name.

No money, to far apart,  
still married,  
children  
gone to other land  
that's far away.

I have another drink,  
I drink the night away.  
Mind now muddled,  
Feet unsteady,  
I stagger to my bed.

Night after night,  
the same routine.  
Drink, sad, lonely  
drink some more,

till Friday comes.

One weekend  
happy but not happy,  
decide to steal an  
extra night, before I  
do the trek I hate

Morning comes  
I must return to  
town that hurts,  
that stabs me in  
the heart.

Separation, desperation  
rules my mind,  
a sadness overcomes,  
my heart low  
my spirits gone.

I have no go,  
no desire, no wish  
to be, here or there.  
I just do not  
want to be.

On road I find a bar,  
a few drinks  
is what I need,  
to make things clear,  
to see me on my way.

I do not return  
to town that hurts,  
that sees me low,  
just two drinks and  
I return to empty flat.

Fifty small black pills,  
ten white pills,  
I gulp down,  
I do not want to wake  
to feel more pain.

Lie down upon the bed,  
I'm quiet now,  
my mind has stopped.  
A peace has comes to  
rescue me, from pain.

Asleep now,  
rest has come at last.

Long time coming,  
trek here, trek there  
how I hated it.

I was scared, guilty,  
lonely, so unhappy.  
I'm alright now  
my mind has stopped  
the silence soothes.

Goodnight world.  
Next morning I awake  
a chastened man,  
many questions  
asked.

Alcohol spurned I grew  
I began to change.  
Married precious girl  
who saved my life.  
Happiness came.

.

Bob Blackwell

## The Right Way

On my life's journey I've  
faced many problems,  
encountered many trials,  
my path not always smooth.

My wilderness ahead  
looked ominous, its dark,  
trees close together look  
forbidding, unwelcoming.

Go round I thought its easier,  
skirting problem areas best,  
no difficulties to overcome,  
most choose the easier path.

Hesitating briefly, my inner  
voice spoke, "to make right,  
go straight, go sure, you must  
follow hunch, not the bunch".

So I took the least trodden  
path, knowing difficulties,  
hardships and ordeals, would  
try hard to stop my progress.

Light from tree filtered sun,  
shines in torch like beams to  
light up the shadowed path,  
and the wetness of the foliage.

The smell of the forest floor  
rises, a damp pungent odour,  
a mustiness brought on by  
the decay from fallen leaves.

Thorny creepers block my  
way, scratch my legs and  
thighs. I stumble and fall,  
get up, stagger to move on.

As the path meanders,  
it becomes more shaded,  
with even darker areas, and  
the shafts of light subdued.

One beam shows an easy  
trail, the route is smooth  
and effortless, with desires  
to tempt me off right way.

By now I am resolute  
I press on relentlessly,

clearing frequent obstacles,  
life's hurdles overcome.

As I advance my resolve,  
is more determined, and  
my knowledge what is true,  
increases each trial I win.

Eventually I hear the sweet  
sound of water flowing over  
rocks and stones, a silence  
parcelled by a liquid sound.

I have travelled through  
the wilderness of my mind,  
by a course less taken, and  
found it worked out well.

10-12-2008

Bob Blackwell

## Time

As each moment passes by,  
from day to day, week to week  
month to month, year to year  
we can watch our time slip by.

Soon we are nearly at the end,  
and we look back and wonder,  
how did we get to this moment,  
this time, close to the end of time.

Its only then we see how short  
our life given, really is in time.  
Sometimes it's only then, now  
time is short and winding up,

that we decide to take a look  
at what we have done, what we  
should have done, what we still  
want to do, need to do in time.

It is better if we stop now at this  
moment, yes this moment in time,  
take notice, have a look and see  
what is actually ticking, going on.

Now is the best time, the only time,  
stay in the present, you could be  
inspired by thoughts that come, for  
new plans for the time that is to come.

Surely is better with one ration of time,  
to do something exciting that you like,  
to make this lifetime, a heaven to enjoy,  
not into a hell, a ghastly time on earth.

Bob Blackwell

## Unsettled Mind

I suppose one-day life will get better,

I wonder if John will come back to me?  
He really shouldn't have gone,  
Life is awful without him.

My headaches,  
I feel so tired all the time  
I forgot my doctors appointment.

Mother will be arriving soon,  
I must put the kettle on.  
I must take an aspirin.

Last year John and I went to the theatre to see  
'Shirley somebody or other.'  
The roses were blooming, it rained buckets.

John and I could go to the beach.  
I forgot to get bread and milk; I'll have to go out.  
I wish the postman would come.

I expect the tide will be out.  
I must do the ironing  
Maybe there is a letter from John.

I've got no money,  
I didn't do it last week, too many clothes.  
I forgot to go to the bank.

I have such a headache,  
It was 'Valentine'.  
I have a toothache.

Mother will be hear shortly.  
Put the kettle on, she'll expect cake.  
I must take two aspirins.

The bakers wife died last week, cancer.  
Oh dear, I have no tea never mind cake.  
Maybe there will be a letter from John.

The dentist should have phoned me.  
She'd been ill for quite awhile.  
Expect not, he never writes.

I forgot my birthday last week.  
The funerals tomorrow,  
I expect mother will be late.

He really should not have left me.  
I did'nt get a card from John.

Everybody will wear black.

I had a dentists appointment this morning.  
She usually is late.  
I forgot to get the car from the garage.

I hope she doesn't come.  
I must take three aspirin.  
Its been there since last week.

I have such a headache.  
The mechanic said I really should learn to drive  
I wish John was here.

It was not my fault I didn't see the other car.  
I expect life will get better.  
It was green or was it red?

There's mother at the door.  
I wish she'd go away.  
If only John would come back.

She is so critical of me.  
I feel awful.  
Who is that knocking at my door.

I suppose one day life will get better

Bob Blackwell

## War

Let the war begin.  
missiles fired from afar  
high above bombs are dropped,  
missiles fall, bombs explode.  
Down below,  
fire and noise;  
smoke and dust, lights go out,  
and buildings gone,  
streets on fire,  
we cannot see,  
there's panic now,  
rush here, rush there.  
Help must come!  
The noise is deafening,  
buildings are falling,  
women screaming,  
bombs exploding. Hundreds dead.  
People wounded, bodies flung far and wide.  
Streets are blocked,  
debris scattered everywhere.  
People dying, many crying,  
many injured,  
blood and flesh are everywhere.  
many bodies to repair.  
Hospitals hit, no medicine, no bandage,  
no support and all the time the bombs are falling.

The reason for this War?  
Victory won country conquered!  
But, many people have been killed because of this?  
Never mind we'll repair; we'll make new,  
big profits to be found!  
But, what happens now?

Reprisal!

17 October 2006  
(Edited 13 September 2009)

Bob Blackwell

## Water

The spirit of life,  
spreads everywhere,  
to all corners of our globe.  
Rain, mist, fog, snow,  
form lakes, rivers,  
babbling running brooks;  
the carriers of life's soul  
life's bountiful  
identity and joy.

Without it,  
grasses brown,  
trees rot and fall,  
no leaves, flowers,  
seeds, or fruit;  
no shade, no scent,  
no colour, food.

Animals, people, die;  
no creatures great or small.  
Deserts of want appear  
no life or giving;  
there is a thirst upon the land.  
In time, all will wither,  
wilt, rot and die.  
Then a dirt, an ash  
a sandy earth of want,  
no open hand,  
all life has gone.

More valuable than gold,  
a treasure for us all.  
use wisely, it is life.  
All used up; We die!

Bob Blackwell

## What Words Can Do

Are you ready for dictation?  
Then listen to creation,  
Slowly words that reach fruition,  
Find a way to your location.

Quickly one by one they  
Swiftly take possession,  
One by one they hurry by,  
Seeking out their destination.

Rhyming words doing verbs  
In fact all sort of words,  
Some change some rearrange,  
As they dance across the page.

First a sentence then a line,  
Paragraphs come just in time,  
Next a page, soon a chapter,  
How many more to capture?

Stories written, tales are told,  
Of people who have been bold.  
Fears faced they bravely hound,  
Their reservations underground

Romance of hero, who was parted,  
Sweetheart torn from him, he cried,  
Decides to take a camel ride,  
By caravan he sought and found his bride.

Work is done, yarn createdd,  
Novel written, pages sorted,  
Chapters checked, paper printed,  
Book is bound and title found.

Stillness taught so vision comes,  
Quietly listened, words abound,  
Silenced mind so story writes,  
Pictured all and work was found.

Bob Blackwell