**Poetry Series**

# Bob Oldfield

## - poems -

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## Bob Oldfield

Educated at Liverpool Collegiate School and then Edge Hill University, Ormskirk, Lancashire, U.K. and Gonzaga University, Washington, U.S.A. Began a teaching career in 1976 in Wirral, Merseyside, UK. Emigrated to British Columbia 1992. Singer/songwriter, poet, broadcaster and proud grandfather!
Married to Linda in 1975, children Emma, Helen and Dan three cool grandsons, Eli & Zach & Ben, ad grandaughter Imogen. Currently working in school administration in B.C.

**Aquasports**

So now I understand...
Your eyes became too big for your belly
You wanted extra helpings
Of everything
You desired desire
And then submersed yourself
In its wash

You went swimming
Where the water looked fresh and appealing
But now,
Hopelessly out of your depth
And carried along by undercurrents
You call for help

Is anyone listening?

Bob Oldfield

**Christmas 1916**

In the bleak midwinter frosty wind made moan
As did those who were injured and dying
Slumped unceremoniously in mud-filled trenches
Craving for the warmth of a home-fire burning
But there was none

Earth stood hard as iron, water like a stone
And fingers, numb of feeling like brittle twigs
Twisted at the end of slowly rotting branches.
Delicate precision lost
Unable to caress or soothe
Now locked and cramped around a trigger

Snow had fallen, snow on snow
A masquerade of beauty.
A whitewashed sepulchre encapsulating bodies
In burial robes which once marched proudly
On summers' days

That it should come to this;
Trees in full prime stripped of life
Youthful buds trodden underfoot
And lost forever in the bleak midwinter
Long ago

Bob Oldfield

**Don't Come Close**

It's already too much for me to bear
To see your smile,
To watch your silken hair flow with the wind
To feel the invisible draw of eyes
Which sparkle, wise and alert
From a soul flowing freely
With the wine of laughter

It's already too much for me to bear
To hear your voice
Above the daily clamour of our lives
To catch the scent of perfumed flesh
Which calls my name from every pore
And tugs incessantly at my heartstrings

It's already too much for me to bear
Please don't come any closer

Bob Oldfield

**Fade Away**

The evening sunset fades
Through yellow, orange and red
To purples and deep blues and
Finally, swallowed by a heavy darkness,
It slips into the black hole
Of
Night,

The brightness of this once jolly adventure
Is now tarnished and spoiled.
This great European vacation,
'Autumn in France -
Home by Christmas! '
Lies in ruins on barren fields

Do your thing
For king
And country …

The allure of a glorified
Saturday night, pub closing-time scrap
Between the boys – all flourish and finished in five minutes,
Is now a reality
Of blood and bone and intestines
And half of a face and no legs
And cries and screams for mummy
Desperate and frantic
And pain-filled

And worst of all, there is no end in sight
Just hell-filled days
And hell-filled nights
Yet one more call to go over the top,
One more scramble up the sandbagged wall
One more silent prayer as life is on the line
Heads up - look to the front.

But he doesn't see it.
And consciousness fades
Through yellow, orange and red
To purples and deep blues and
Finally, swallowed by a heavy darkness,
He slips into the black hole
Of
Death

Bob Oldfield

**For Popeye**

The chuckle, the grin
The goofiness, the jokes
The guffaws, the fun
The nonsense..
The nonsense..

Listen, my friend,
None of that could really hide
A life filled with songs
A heart that truly cared
A soul full of compassion
A mind spinning with creativity
A personality overflowing with love
With hands that could fix
A million things.
And that is only the start...
Larry, we'll miss you.

Bob Oldfield

**Go Figure...?**

'Well you certainly know
Which side of your bread
The butter is on, ' said she.

'Actually, even with a
 Cursory glance
It's easy to tell', said I.

Bob Oldfield

**Great Minds Think Alike**

Out there
In the great 'somewhere'
There may be someone
Who,
Right at this moment,
Is thinking about me.
Thank You!

If I knew who you were
I'd be happy to spend a moment
Thinking about you, too.
You're welcome!

Isn't it amazing that great minds
Think alike?

Bob Oldfield

**Hair**

Neatly brushed and shaped
Your soft, brown hair glistens
As the sun highlights extremes of colour
Not normally seen.

Neatly brushed and shaped
Your hair is your beauty, though restrained.
But

When you release the ties
Shake it loose and let it drape
With silken smoothness around your form

I simply melt

Bob Oldfield

**He's Here!  (Ode to a new grandson)**

He's here!
He's out of hiding
And ready to face the world

He's here!
He's joined the race.. the human one..
Long distance

He's switched apartments
More elbow room
A chance to run off steam
Go out and beat the world

He's been training for this
And now he's here
And ready to go
Go, Eli, go!

Bob Oldfield

**Home Alone**

Sequined and sparkling,
Silken and seductive, she.
Sidling across the room
Obliquely oblivious
To out-of-the-corner-of-the-eye stares.

Pouting and pulsating
Pushy and passionate. She
Seizes attention from him.
Blatantly beguiling are
Her can-I-get-to-know-you eyes.

Blitzed and broken
Bleary and bedraggled
Dawn brings a cheap let-down
Crudely cursing as again
She makes coffee for one

Bob Oldfield

**How In The World**

Hey, I'm impressed
How in the world
Did you do that?
How in the heavens
Did you know that?
Say, how about you and me
Getting together one day?
Oh...
You already suggested that?
You've been asking?
You've been standing at the door
And knocking?

And I've been doing...what...?

Bob Oldfield

**I Am Drawn**

I scan the crowd, picking through the sea of faces
And despite the odds I find her.
Connected by a cord of love
The pull of which is inescapable
The ties of which are binding
The union of which holds fast
Through life’s tribulations and the other daily hazards.
Yes, there, to the middle of the multitude,
I am drawn

Bob Oldfield

**I Think, Therefore...**

Cover yourself with blankets
Of reasoned argument
If you want

Bury yourself under mounds
Of deep philosophies
If you like

Extinguish the light at
The end of the tunnel
If you dare

But then how could you hope
To find  anything in
The darkness?

Bob Oldfield

**I'm With The Kids**

I'm with the kids
Who want to run in the hallways
And chew gum in class
And take two extra minutes outside
After the bell goes

I'm with the kids
Who want to ride their skateboards
And play on computers
And shoot baskets in the gym
Instead of doing math

I'm with the kids
Who pick their noses with abandon
Who like to eat junk food
And gag at the mention of vegetables
And soap

I'm with the kids
Who need to love
And feel loved
Who need to talk
And feel heard
Who need to cry
And feel comfort
Who need to play
And feel fun

I'm with the kids
Who want to be kids

Bob Oldfield

**Kite**

I never was good
At getting kites to fly.
I run until I am blue in the face,
Turn with anticipation and look upwards
To find the stupid thing
Laying on its back on the floor
Glaring at me
Daring me to try again
I swear it's grinning at me
Smirking, even…

Despite a hurricane behind me
And a firm resolve,
I still can't do it. It won't let me.
It won't cooperate. It just laughs.
I beat it with a branch, John Cleese style,
Nothing
I even stroke it and whisper words of love
Nothing.
It hates me

It hates me and I feel abandoned
I feel inadequate and inferior
I look with envy
At the six year old
Close by
Who's flying her kite beautifully
Swooshing, spinning, turning somersaults
Diving and gliding

I'm gutted.
Devastated.
For my future peace of mind
I determine
Never to try flying kites again

The kite simply chuckles

Bob Oldfield

**Leaving On A Jet Plane**

And so the time has come for goodbyes
And the reality that floods
The occasion with its presence
Has diluted all reason
Has warped all sense of logic
And temporarily removed
The foundation of composure
I had sworn I would stand upon

I do not want to feel this way
I should be strong and masculine
Like they used to tell me to be
But tell that to my eyes
Or tell that to my knees
And they will merely respond with
Uncontrollable weakness and
Whimper at the very thought

So has some darker force conspired
To now throw obstacles along
This path once thought straight and true?
Forcing me to be penitent?
Or is it more simple..
Does emotion now run its course
Due to the inevitable consequence of friendship?

Bob Oldfield

**Makes Me Feel Loved**

The soothing balm of her smile
Massages a hundred hurts
Eases the pain

The gentle touch of her hand
Caresses a fevered brow
Wipes away the aches

The calming lilt of her voice
Wraps itself around my heart
Makes me feel loved

Bob Oldfield

**Matthew Street and Me**

Sunday afternoon bus into town
A quiet ride
Me and the mates
Jump off at the Empire
Leg it across Lime Street
Over St Georges Plateau
Down  into Whitechapel
Stop at Jack Sharps'
Nose through Hessey's window
Turn into Matthew Street

They used to be here
All four of them
Just a few short months ago
They used to be ours
But we gave them to the world

The Cavern
They stood right here
I've gorra picture
It's fab. It's the gear
Yeh - right here
And now I'M here

Ha
What if one day people wanted
To stand in some place
Just because
One day in the past
I
Had stood there
Like I'm standin' here now
Eh?

Me? I'd think they were nuts.

Sunday afternoon
A quiet time
Here at the nerve centre
Of the world

Bob Oldfield

## Meetings

Meetings
Meatings
Meetns
Meat tins
Meat hinges
Meet inks
Methinks it's boring
Boar ring
Boar run
Born
Very born
I'm bored
Cancha tell?

Bob Oldfield

**Pull Of Love**

Across the room she sits
Her eyes and mine collide
She smiles
A gentle smile
Across the room I'm drawn
Completely mesmerized
She smiles
A gentle smile

And out of nowhere
Floats a silent voice that calls
She smiles
A gentle smile.  For me.
And out of nowhere
Comes a heart that captures me
She smiles a gentle smile

So quickly, so unexpectedly,
So surely the pull of love
Is pulling me

Bob Oldfield

**Rain Forest Blues - And Greens**

Artistic beauty
A silver arrow shoots
Swiftly and silently across
The stillness of a moonlit lake
As another fish peeps out
At a sleeping world

Dazzling entertainment
The celestial magician waves his wand
Across the heavens
Sprinkling stardust which sparkles
Falling against black velvet
Upon a sleeping world

Dramatic tragedy
Another colossus is brought to his knees
Dismembered unmercifully
His domain laid waste
Under the cut and thrust of those
Who, from beneath a cloak of decency
Rape the land for selfish fulfillment
Amidst a sleeping world

Bob Oldfield

**Sad**

Sad the situation
When those who think they have it
Sit in judgement
On those who have it differently
Or on those
Who don't have it at all.

Sad the situation
When intolerance
Points it's fickle finger
In condemnation

Sad the situation
When those who
Choose such a way
Also claim to walk
With the Man
Of Compassion

Let him who is without sin
Cast the first stone

Bob Oldfield

**Second Chance**

For all the times that I mess up
In my enthusiam
To try to do things my way;
In my pig-headedness
To think I know what's best;
In my determination
To prove that I am right.
Yes, for all those times that
I simply get it very wrong indeed,
When you should be giving me
A piece of your mind,
When you should be showing me
The door,
When you should be merciless
To this fallen mess of humanity
Instead... you give me
A second chance.

Phew!

Bob Oldfield

**Stranger In A Strange Land**

I arrive
Tired but exhilarated
Full of anticipation
A new beginning
Life starting again.
Easy, huh?

Inner voice one
Questions the wisdom
Of walking
Into the unknown

Inner voice two whispers
Give it time
Let it grow
Draw from the well
Quench the thirst
To return

Bob Oldfield

**The Close of Another Day**

Her gaze is set across
The darkening valley
Feels the silence surround her
Sinks deep in thought
Loses herself in distant memory

She feels the raindrops
Run down her face
Pouring
Like transparent blood
From a wound inflicted by the heavens

Transfixed
She thinks of him
And all he was
And all he meant
And how she grieves
Oh, how she grieves

The creeping blues and greys
Interweave across the hillside.
Slowly light is extinguished
Hastening the close
Of another day

Bob Oldfield

**The Heart Has Reasons**

I saw you
Amidst a crowd of nameless faces
I saw you
And though there should have been no reason
For my attention to be accosted,
Somehow my gaze became soft-focus
And homed in on your profile
Shutting out the periphery
As the room became smaller

I saw you
As if you were the only one around
I saw you
And watched as you talked and laughed
And danced your eyes
I listened for the strains of your voice
But all sounds melted in the heat of the moment
And formed globules
Which pounded inside my chest

I saw you
And it registered on the Richter scale
I saw you
And shock waves caressed my senses
And I drifted away
Lost in long-forgotten excitement.
But all in a moment sanity hit
Like a cold shower
Feelings, guilt-ridden and numbed
Cascaded into inner blushes

To the logic of the mind
There are no excuses

But the heart has reasons of its own

Bob Oldfield

**The Shape Of A Soul**

The shape of her tiny soul
Which pleads in vain for friendship
Is an image of
A  vase, beautiful but cracked,
With a piece missing
Leaking and messy
Waiting for flowers

The sadness in her eyes.
An image which tells the story
In words louder than a shout
In emotions more crushing
Than a road roller

The droop of her head
The shuffle of her feet
The avoidance of eye contact
Speaks a lifetime
Of pain and neglect
In truth the result of
A slow removal
Of adult affection

The anger in her voice
Growls with a hunger
For love and acceptance.
A heart
Broken in pieces
Needing restoration

But this vase need not
Go under the hammer
To be smashed apart
And thrown away

Instead
Apply the glue of love,
(A bonding compound
Of  beautiful things and
Caring people)
And cover in a mixture
Of unconditional acceptance
And absolute forgiveness

Insert flowers again

Bob Oldfield

**This Quiet Place**

Sullen silence shrouds the darkened skies
And wraps its arms around the hills
And sweeps across the streams and trees
That mark this quiet place

Moody clouds rain memories of days
When he and she together walked
And talked and laughed and shared their love
And pledged their future here

Now, deep in solitude, he pines for her
Embrace, which once had warmed his soul
And longs again to feel familiar breath
Beside him when he sleeps

Here on these hills he finds his voice
And from his soul cries deep and long
And opens up his heart to fly
To where she may be found

Then whispers of her voice sometimes are heard
Through mists of dawn which swirl and form
Themselves into her shape
And cause his aching heart
To weep

Bob Oldfield

**What They Say About You (part 1)**

They say
You changed the water into wine
But that it was
Probably non-alcoholic;
That you kicked the money changers
Out of the temple
But that you probably were wearing slippers
And that you did it 'in love'
Reports are that you somehow
Fed a ton of people with just a
Few bits of food...
But then you know what the newspapers are like...
Anything for a story.
And I hear
You were born in a warm, cosy stable
And all the sheep smiled, baa none.
Oh - I saw a picture of you recently
I actually thought your
Long, blond hair
Looked a bit hippy-ish.
Those blue eyes make you
So photogenic. I bet
Your parents must be very proud.
And then I find out that you're a sailor,
Of sorts.
Hmm. Well, that would explain some of
The questionable people you hang out with.

Sometimes I really think that you are a
Bit of a mystery
I probably should google you

Bob Oldfield

**What They Say About You (part 2)**

If you really were born in adverse circumstances
And in filthy conditions
Among flea-ridden animals,
Went on the run immediately
To escape being killed,
Then spent your childhood
Playing with your dad's power tools
Hammering and banging and building
As well as outsmarting the
Big wig wise guys at the temple...

If you really befriended the local fishermen
Toughs
And spent time helping the street people
And the prostitutes
As well as putting the fat cats
Who couldn't see past the end of their wallets
In their place

If you really were the one
Who challenged the system,
Stood up to the man,
Kicked out the get-rich-quick fly boys
(With your boots on)
Threw some tables around,
Faced the occupying forces
With a tough-as-steel constitution

If you really didn't wimp out
On board the boat in the middle
Of a hurricane
Encouraging those around you to
Go for the impossible
Even to walk on water

And if it's really true you wept
When your good friend died
Yet endured the most horrific beatings
And torture while standing firm for
Who you are and what you believe in
Then offered forgiveness
To those who were about to
Kill you
And then somehow showed up
After
Yes, after
You were dead and gone

Then...
I'm with you
Because that's more than cool in my eyes

Totally life changing, dude...

Bob Oldfield

**Who Holds The Key**

Who holds the key
- to unlock the broken heart,
carefully remove its damaged contents,
lovingly restore them
and set them back in place -
Who holds the key
Holds a sacred thing
Unlocks a life
To see and feel and breathe
Releases a soul to rejoice

Bob Oldfield

**You**

You did something strange to me
You were the one who brought my life to a standstill
So I could see which way I was going
You were the light at the end of my dark tunnel
You levied no charge on my future happiness
You reminded me that if I went for my horizon
I would not fall off the edge
You made me realize there were more dimensions to experience
You brought my short-sightedness into sharp focus
You became the centre of my attention and the target of my affection

You still are

Bob Oldfield

**You Were Being Brave**

I know you wanted a fairytale ending
Where he
And she
Would ride off into the sunset
Expecting to live happily
Ever after

I know I promised a promising future
Where you
And I
Would reach for distant stars
Through faith
Of astronomical proportions

I know I said that I would be writing.
From me..
To you.
But from the day that my gaze was turned,
By laying down my pen, my silence wrote
A sad goodbye

I know the depth of pain that I was causing
You
But I
Could think of nothing more than
How to say I can't be there
To make it
What you wanted

Don't worry, you told me
But you were being brave

I'm sorry

Bob Oldfield