Poetry Series

chris dawson

- poems -

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A girl I once knew

There's a girl I once knew

That would kiss like the dew

With a smile that could hold time forever

Was so warm that she glowed

As her innocence showed

With a presence to draw hearts together

I can feel her today
Though she's now far away
From the memories she left me behind

Not a day passes by
When I ask myself why
Still the smallest of moments remind

There she is on the wall

By the car, in the hall

But so welcome, with no invitation

And regardless of scene
She glides through it serene
Played out in my mind's animation

That girl smiling free

Just so happy to be

In my arms, so together, just there

As she breathes, as she lies
With the stars in her eyes
And the darkness of night in her hair

As emotion creates

So she then captivates

Before slipping away from embrace

And I hold there and stare

At the future so bare

As an unwanted tear strokes my face

Then as I re-compose

To the life that she chose

No more time to be spent together

There's a girl I once knew

That would kiss like the dew

With a smile that could hold time forever chris dawson

A Moment

Across the distance, through the air
Though land or sea divide
So easily I touch that place
Wherever you abide
And in a moment's quiet place
When thought and mind run free
And you're aware that someone's there
That someone will be me.
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A Norfolk Lane

She biked along a Norfolk lane And softly sang her song The birds they joined her in refrain Now here she could belong Her hair it flowed beneath her hat Bright pink with floppy brim The wistful skirt draped round so that It slid from limb to limb Just then she came upon a hill One hand held face's frame She lifted up bare feet until It bordered decent shame And laughed and shrieked amid descent Alive as life could be And that is when she would present Her character to me So natural, so free with care At one with mood and place And still today I'm with her there Such beauty in her face

A place

There's a place where we have been

Where no one else can go

That can't be seen by anyone

As only we can know

We built ourselves a monument

Constructed from our souls

For only us to wander round

On recollection's strolls

Though life and times will distance us

And moments' image fade

That testament to what we shared

And just how it was made

Will be there to our very ends

Something to count as true

A special and most private place

Connecting me with you.

Abnormal's normal

It's incumbent upon us you know

We sane gentlemen

To never arise from our beds

Until the hour of ten

And then to take required time

Befitting of our style

To indulge idiosyncrasies

That make life so worthwhile

Such personal and private acts

Foibles, routines and deeds

The set us aside from maddening crowds

Which truly supersedes

The drudgery of common man

Predictable, banal

Who phased by eccentricity

Is blind to our cabal

Then so to you I leave this thought

And no matter what befalls

If they should try and change your ways

Stand firm and tell them 'Balls! '

Art of Killing

Evil drew, the dagger held
As drawn too was her breath
And held there by the chill of fate
She face a certain death
Though short the moment of his pause
She saw the reel of life
Eyes of fear, it gripped her there
Yielding beneath the knife
The world condensed to but a frame
Her focus mere feet
As panic wrapped its cloak around
Her mind embraced defeat
Thus how statistics claimed a score
A story draws conclusion
As credits roll, so they extol
The Creative's cruel illusion

Cardinal Sin

Cardinal Sin had begun to begin
To begin to be gone from his path
All this began when a certain young man
Gave good cause to encounter his wrath
Because he became the source of the blame
Of the deeds he indeed had not done
He crossed the good father who worked up lather
Thus began that which shouldn't have begun.

It was agreed that who'd planted the seed Bore malice with cruel ill intent There must be no winner as only a sinner Can fail, lest he truly repent So the boy with a look, slowly undertook To accept the accepted church line That cardinal sin had begun to begin To corrupt, vitiate and malign

Now power's a treasure that engenders such pleasure Once from behind its shield it's revealed Whlst ignoring his vows this sense did arouse The fate of the lad was then sealed Presented, resigned, his faith led him blind Prostrated to God's holy force And there on his knees, so desperate to please The Cardinal f****d him of course.

Change of Tune

Those shoes she bought with such excitement, to surely make her at her best, convinced, now discarded unsuccessfully, as she hugs her knees alone.

The loneliest of hotel rooms.

One after another tears alternate,
meander down each cheek;
glazed views down amongst the scattered sheets,
musical scores and lyrics strewn about her.

The words they sang together.

The words she so believed he meant.

The words that lifted and carried her.

Every sonnet warmth.

Every meaning felt and understood.

Every moment of the score drawn into her.

Now a crashed world.

That which she held to hold, to fill her with joy in moment's alone, now filled her heart with sadness.

Though she knew this pain would remain eternal, she could never be apart.

Forever the memory.

Forever the reminder.

Constant Gardener

Turning pages

Flicking postcards

Dreaming moments that I find

Feeling feelings

Seeing moments

Of the times now left behind

Doubting reason

Trusting fancy

And the pact when they're combined

Where the only things that touch me now

Are the things caused to remind

This opaque world they're confined

As I sit back and unwind

The random garden of my mind.

criminality

To those who like to live life on the edge
And place fate in the hands of the Gods
Who indulge in a manner not fitting
And gamble their time against odds
Let me offer to you a small wager
One sure-fire and guaranteed punt
If you stand in the queue for quite long enough
Be assured you'll arrive at the front.
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fish wish

Why do you, my fish
Flap about on my dish
And splash hollandaise in my lap
Please cease your vain swish
And so grant me this wish
Lie still; let me eat you, old chap.
chris dawson

he

Perspectives, like the weather, change the light upon his day, the winds of mood blow random clouds and all they can convey is rained upon his very views, opaquely focus stares, when suddenly the sun breaks though and takes him unawares. The warmly radiating glow makes all around him clear, so every thought that can sail by is as it may appear. Confidence then grows within, to forecast all his deeds; those storms upon horizons seem merely the due proceeds of extremes in contemplation, where observation can relate, accept the ever changing day, adapt to its climate. And so extreme conditions are best suited to his kind, but who'd predict that whether it won't, in time, erode his mind. chris dawson

Imaginative Realities

Shadow, companion to those who take rest, you that expands yourself in the drowsy eye of the fading light. Why do you sometimes lurk, create fear, play havoc with the weakened mind? But although you loom so large and sinister, probing with your misshaped fingers, finding so many places to lay down and hide, dark and menacing, I know how small you really can be in the true light of day.

In Mind

I had a whore in mind

That whore was surely you

Now matter where I'd take my whore

What I would ask you'd do

The cost would be immense at times

The payment without question

An appetite to see and feel

Skilled in such digestion

As trained it was in breaking down

Barriers, indoctrination

That mind of yours embraced it all

Professional determination

And so you were and always will

Be a whore in mind

Though none, I doubt, will have the wealth

To find you so inclined.

Itch Witch

What causes an itch,
some far distant witch
with miniscule spells to annoy?
What pleasure she gains,
as she thinks on our pains,
when the prickles n tickles deploy?

Is there point, rhyme or reason to feel like you've fleas on your calf or the small of your back? And why is she so mean, as she hatches her scheme, In conniving the point of attack?

Hell, the very thought
can make one quite fraught
and inspire so much of the same.
It's so very absurd
that the sight of the word
can kick off the itch n scratch game.

Have you started yet?

You'll start soon I bet,
as the theme of this writing takes hold.
Then you will soon see
that it's no fantasy,
with the evidence there to behold.

So doubt me no more,
you cannot now ignore,
that an itch serves no purpose or use.
Therefore it has to be,
and you have to agree,
that it must be some form of abuse.

Now if you've a suggestion that answers the question, thus puts my reasoned theory to bed. Then make it known please, should you have expertise, I'll buy that explanation instead.

But until such times

I'll stick with what rhymes

when deciding what causes an itch.

Then, just as I've written,

don't think you've been bitten,

but blame your distress on the Witch!

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little days

Winding wound a windmill Blue Dancing like we used to do skylark breeze and Jasmine air loving grass on feet kicked Bare A moment's World for us to hold a Memory so gently sold the child's Season long but passed Eternal summer cannot last.

love lost love

I cry my love

I scream my love at you

I throw my love a distance hence

The things you make me do

Crying all I have to cry

But pleading stays within

Where was it that we ended all?

Just where did all begin?

I'd kill my love

I seek to cause its death

But every word escaping me

Is just a waste of breath

I'd kill for you I would

Though killing you for sure

Would satisfy the one of us But kill me even more

And so we die

Like never can again

The torrents of the things we did

Now drown us with their pain

And now it's nearly done

To much to say and said

The drained cadaver of our love

Lies there before me dead

Mable

Jayne Fontaine was not to blame
It was surely Auntie Mable
That let the baby crack its head
Under the kitchen table
And as the screams filled up the house
And spilled on to the street
Jayne ran around to garden to
Be sure the first to meet
The neighbours and the gathering throng
So perplexed and concerned
And horrified and angry at
What each in turn then learned.

Oh how could she, that stupid cow, Have hit the child so Vengeance was their foremost thought Well how was Jayne to know? The crowd became a mob at once And pushed the girl aside Attracted by the wailing then They forced themselves inside The kitchen where poor Mable sat Regretful and forlorn She rocked the crying infant as The horde poured out their scorn.

The child was snatched immediately Passed down the along the line Mable just didn't have the words As the gang became malign They scragged her by her knitted top And someone grabbed her hair They dragged her out into the yard And set about her there For she was known, and known to all As strange and slow of thought And this was just the excuse that One or two had sought To exercise their prejudice To vent their lack of soul Punishing abnormality Was their unstated goal.

But all who joined the baying pack
Cared nothing of the table
As Jayne now tried to fight them back
To protect her Aunty Mabel
Too late, the sniff of spite was in
Those nostrils flared and wide
Jayne's pleas would be to no effect
Till the excitement would subside
Then one by they ceased their blows

Retired, as each observed That curled and twisted body had Received what it deserved.

Silence within the walled surround Just heavy, laboured breath Had they metered punishment? Had they cause a death? Slowly the silence broke their thoughts Reason on all's behalf Reality then struck them dumb They heard the baby laugh Holding on the table leg Tears they streamed no more It tottered to the tempting crowd And fell against the door.

A wail the like they'd never heard Came charging from that room The message hit them like a train Were they wrong to assume? A look back to where poor Mable lay Last one to shut the gate Dismissed how they were suckered in And how they took the bait As back to each respective life To forget, discount, ignore To blame the Fontaines for their ills And continue as before.

Marquis de Sade

The Marquis de Sade
Isn't really that hard
To work out and then understand
The opinion he swayed
Through the poker he played
Was flawed by his poor sleight of hand
As we now reminisce
At his mental abyss
And judge him so much by his crimes
Just like him we'll go
A good 6 feet below
But shall we have known such good times

No time for change

Tock tock, broken clock, hanging the wall... don't know why he leaves you there, I've no idea at all. hmmm looking round this room right now it seems that time's stood still, he's never changed a thing in here, I think he never will.

Paradise Paradox

And firm upon that lofty perch
He cried amongst the gulls
seldom words would strike the waves
in raging torrent's lulls
the storm it mocked this futile act
and blew back every plea
and threatened him and beckoned him
and drew him to the sea

just like many days before
and many days to come
calm and beauty hold that place
where mortals hearts succumb
and gulls they coast the warming breeze
softly against blue skies
Oblivious of broken lives
Unmindful of demise

And so the child trod daisies light
The path along those heights
A place for conversation's dwell
A place for flying kites
A drawing point to warm the soul

'neath suns of every hue
And life goes on
And death goes on
Goodbye, farewell, adieu
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Right to be Right

I debated with an old friend
On a subject dear to me
I made my case most lucidly
But he would not agree
Round and round and round we went
Long into the night
Our opinions just as strong
The point now out of sight
Finally at half past four
We'd satisfied our need
Totally exhausted
Now we both agreed
That despite our heated faces
And impassioned need to fight
Two men may clearly disagree
But neither may be right.

stars mean...

The autumn night, it kissed his cheeks and thoughts turned to the skies, seemed every star that shone above appeared to be her eyes.

With each impulsive twink of light she watched oer him there, and quietly, in her memory, he shed a single tear, chris dawson

Today's the day!

Much published is poetic word, the acclaim afforded quite absurd, how were the plaudits so incurred... have the critics truly erred?

If the writer's merits must be said to come from how their work is read, don't praise the styles so long now dead but popularise today's instead.

Those words were true of time and tide and in our history should abide, but reality is cast aside.. it's place today is much belied

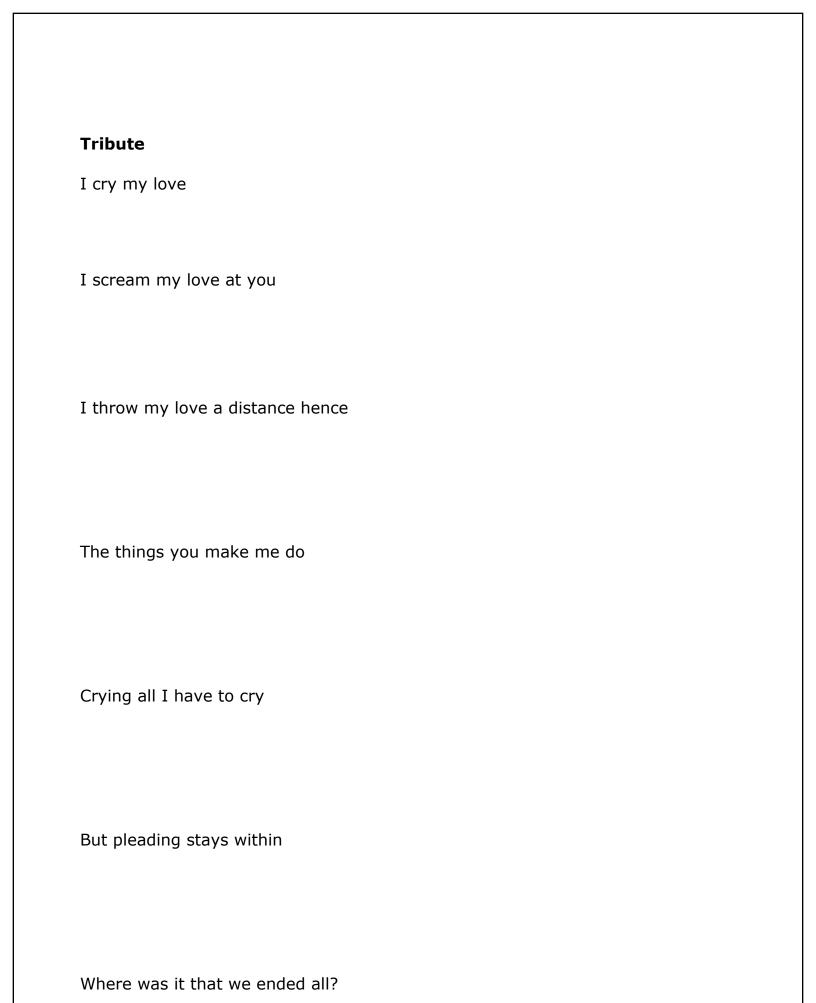
So who amongst most common men would read the greatest works again, and from those be inspired then to take a moment with their pen?

Indeed we're distanced furthermore from a beauty we abhor; but we can the love of words restore, when modern minds are to the fore.

Reflect the life we live to day, keep classic Culturalists at bay, let modern writers have their say.. literacy could improve this way.

So Benny Hill, Ronnie Barker
Mike Harding, Billy Connolly
Richards Stilgoe and Digance
The blonde bird who wrote one funny piece about sex
and sang it at her piano before writing Dinner Ladies....
and all the others that have entertained the masses
with renditions, musical anecdotes, corruptions et al
are surely the Shakespeares of their day.
Populist appeal by the bucket load....
start pouring the shit into schools and
let's see what flourishes in that mental manure. ...
And the best of Mr Auden & co can prop the library door
to allow some fresh air in.

How well received the ditties penned, beyond their humour they transcend, the written word becomes a friend... the hearts, the minds, the hands extend.



Just where did all begin?
I'd kill my love
I seek to cause its death
But every word escaping me
Is just a waste of breath

I'd kill for you I would
Though killing you for sure
Would satisfy the one of us
But kill me even more
And so we die

Like never can again
The torrents of the things we did
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And now it's nearly done
To much to say and said

The drained cadaver of our love

