Poetry Series

Christian Lacdael

- 135 poems -

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Christian Lacdael

A love of folklore, Anglo-Saxon verse and an archaic Britain, ever guides my efforts at writing verse. I have particular interest in writing narrative poems of British legends and customs, lest we forget.

4th July Independence day

With new guards for security,
To oust king George's lunacy,
Faith of the greatest purity,
Makes liberty a legacy,
A belief one can own their fate,
Has the power to captivate,
Dreams of an independent state,
Prept for others to imitate,
Words worth that of any royal,
Proclaim all men are equal,
Ideals to which to be loyal,
Are to England's rule a sequel,
The past seems but precursory,
To a day that spurs pride and glee,
An annual anniversary,
For those in the land of the free.

Christian Lacdael

5th of November, Guy Fawkes' day

Burn bonfires to forget not,
The treasonous gunpowder plot,
Praise be the scheme was to be thwart,
And those responsible soon caught,
The fires make the night sky glow,
Fireworks give a thrilling show,
While effigies that flames consume,
Get dressed in a Guy Fawkes costume.
Though the house of Lords escaped flames,
And cries sounded long live king James,
Have the fifth of November marked,
For what traitors tried to have sparked,
A few that were fearful of change,
Shamed by what they sought to arrange,
Their country they were to betray,
On what's now known as Guy Fawkes' day.

Christian Lacdael

8 Years

Eight years gone but I wish it was more,
'Cause looking back now it seems like less,
All those years that I thought I was strong,
I was utterly feeble and weak,
If I had freed myself from the curse long ago,
I could be the person you will now never know,
If only I could steal away the hope you sow,
I could have all I need to be able to grow,
I try to always do what is right,
But even so I am always wrong,
The journey to salvation's too far,
So best make do with all that is near,
If only I was not cursed with wretched regret,
I could put all of it behind me and forget,
If only I could find a way out of your debt,
I'd gain my freedom from a life of toil and sweat.

Christian Lacdael

A family

The father's sure not to be there,
After dealing he'll pump some chér,
Making drops in his prized sports car,
Fuelled by burgers, weed and cider,
But the mother ain't gonna care,
Not while the Left covets power,
He a weed, speed, small time dealer,
She inking blokes for cash to spare,
Lavish from a sole provider?
Yet another kid in a pushchair,
I think that's eleven so far,
No, wait, two were with another,
The son walks in with a swagger,
He's a mirror to his father,
Tattooed with a bad attitude,
Kind supportive, a friend that's true.

Christian Lacdael

A mouse called Paul

There was once a young mouse called Paul,
And though he'd no prowess at all,
He felt he could do anything,
So on him danger would befall,
The things that one shouldn't go near,
Failed to invoke in him a fear,
Which led to him imitating,
A remarkably skilful peer,
He saw the prize on a mousetrap,
Somehow retrieved without mishap,
When Paul tried it out for himself,
A squish was heard after a snap,
He's now pinned to a bit of wood,
With two back legs that are no good,
As he had felt himself able,
To accomplish more than he could.

Christian Lacdael

A princess' ordeal

In a backward forgotten land,
Where magic was yielded by man,
Lived a princess who wasn't bland,
Yet she was ignored by her clan,
She often craved to hear a rant,
She tried everything that one can,
But soon learned she'd no confidant,
With which to talk and gallivant,
Had she had someone she'd have been,
Less adventurous and caprice,
And ready for dangers unseen,
So she could live her life in peace,
A wizard that'd been made a flea,
By a foe that he tried to fleece,
Craved to reclaim what used to be,
So that he could quell his envy,

He hijacked the princess's life,
By filling her head up with advice,
With the intent of causing strife,
But his sway could not quite suffice,
So he took control of her mind,
And used the girl like a device,
Then proved himself a mastermind,
By changing how some were inclined,
But before he could pose a threat,
His deed had an adverse effect,
Which rightfully caused him to fret,
As it could be seen as suspect,
Changes which were hard to accept,
Soon made the princess imperfect,
All wished her beauty could be kept,
And as a result many wept,

The king wanted a cure found quick,
So he sought a witch to enlist,
Who claimed that she could heal the sick,
And knew all spells that did exist,
The cause of the blight stayed secret,
As the witch had been dishonest,
Such failure was hard to permit,
So she was put in a casket,
The course of action seemed quite rash,
But it made the problem vanish,
Which then caused the king to act brash,
And plan something yet more fiendish,
Within a nearby dragon's crèche,
The princess was left to perish,
The king was sure she'd lose her flesh,
As the beasts craved meat that was fresh,

What happened next was lucky then,

As it dodged want for a weapon,
For the wizard changed back again,
The princess spewed without pardon,
As soon as her sickness had gone,
And a flea had become human,
She found her consciousness was won,
As she and the wizard weren't one,
Separate the pair were not on par,
The dragons favoured the mature,
What happened next was quite bizarre,
The sights seen were hard to endure,
As there was so much blood and gore,
And the princess felt doomed for sure,
She waited for what was in store,
As her chance of escape was poor,

Unforeseen the dragons fell ill,
Their guts slowly began to swell,
And in time their hearts became still,
One after another they fell,
She'd been certain worse was install,
Such as tortures worthy of hell,
Which even the wicked appal,
So clearly it was a close call.
But there was danger still afoot,
Which could make brave persons distraught,
The peril in which she was put,
Was clearly worse than one had thought,
A great ferocious fire was set,
Which had no hope of being fought,
It resulted from the blood let,
Of the dragons that posed no threat,

The princess then thought herself mad,
As an angel swiftly appeared,
To save her from a fate that's sad,
And to shield from all that was feared,
The angel said to act with speed,
Because the flames of the fire neared,
The princess then promptly agreed,
And thus was fortunate indeed,
She got away without a scrape,
From that with which she strained to cope,
With her mind in such a bad shape,
She felt it was beyond her scope,
To get back home without a map,
Then a stranger gave her some hope,
She had thought it another trap,
But the stranger was a nice chap,

He told her to look to the north,
His words were shown to be the truth,

So the princess quickly went forth,
And reached where she had spent her youth,
She made sure that she moved with stealth,
In a manner that was uncouth,
Then surprised all with her good health,
And made eyes at her family's wealth,
None could believe that she was back,
Once the news had become public,
And there was nothing she did lack,
Due to presents from the lovesick,
For her absence led to heartache,
At first the king thought it a trick,
But soon realised his mistake,
And saw the girl wasn't a fake,

There was a rebuilding of trust,
But the princess was not honest,
For she felt revenge was a must,
She started scheming in earnest,
Help was enlisted from the best,
And her father's fate gained a twist,
Everything with which he'd been blessed,
Was seized at his daughter's request,
He didn't like his fall from grace,
But couldn't stop what came to pass,
His daughter governed in his place,
Her days of troubles were then sparse,
As she revelled in her success,
With the rest of the ruling class,
Living a life of great excess,
As a queen and not a princess.

Christian Lacdael

A walk

I'm walking down this road, looking for a new way,
Looking to what's ahead, I move without delay,
I'm walking down this road, blind to where it'll take me,
All I know is the past, ain't where I want to be,
I'm walking down this road, hoping to start anew,
I have come so far now, I've got to continue,
I'm walking down this road, toward what I pursue,
Certain that my failure, has been long overdue.

Christian Lacdael

Alan Turing

A man who truly left his mark,
A war hero at Bletchley park,
His memory we must cherish,
He proved vital to the British,
Problems that seem overwhelming,
To be solved by Alan Turing,
Keeping the war effort on track,
With an insight that others lack.
Averting what the war forebode,
Helping crack the Enigma code,
In a time of sheer defiance,
The birth of computer science,
One talented mathematician,
Set with a most crucial mission,
He helped a victory in war,
Progress his work did underscore.

Christian Lacdael

April Showers

Now the skies have become like seas,
Nature's waking from beauty sleep,
Rains attack that beauty they feed,
Knocking petals of blossom free,
Of relief but tears just the same,
With a tempest born tide of change,
Gods send skies into disarray,
Smiles still shine with rationed sun rays,
Rain clouds block out the sun's glory,
Sating thirst ere she does her worst,
Making fertile mother nature,
And cleansing this corner of earth,
Drudgery in April showers,
Recovery enclosed by grey,
Balance shifts and buds soon flower,
Our pleasant lands regain colour.

Christian Lacdael

Argumentative echo

A maiden learnt that her mother was growing frail,
And while visiting her she got lost in a vale,
There she was foolish enough to try to be heard,
Even though finding an audience was absurd,
Surprisingly a woman replied from ahead,
However she only repeated what was said,
And since the girl failed to find out the stranger's name,
She likened her to a Greek nymph that obtained fame,
The girl asked what was the best way in which to go,
The reply turned out to be of little help though,
The girl grew angry and tired of playing games,
And how the echo reacted was much the same,
After yet more snubbed questions the girl had enough,
Correspondingly the echo got in a huff,
The maiden could not stay and waste more of the day,
So she said good-bye and promptly went on her way.

Christian Lacdael

Armistice Day, remembrance

For all the sacrifice of life,
For the orphans and widowed wives,
For all the questions asking why,
For the sorrowful heartfelt cries,
Honour fallen who played their part,
With monuments that stand in hearts,
Honour the brave and show support,
In silence where they fill our thoughts,
For all that past countrymen gave,
For the freedoms that brave acts saved,
For all that soldiers overcame,
For the war veterans and those maimed,
Marked by the eleventh hour,
And a sea of poppy flowers,
Marked in the month of November,
By every soul that remembers.

Christian Lacdael

Autumn

A fruit tree stole light from the sun, and thus it soon became renowned, of its fruits was a sweetest one, which had no rival to be found. It became the sweetest girl known, once it had fallen to the ground. The girl was sadly all alone, but soon learnt to shine on her own. With an allure that was immense, the girl could steal hearts with a glance. Her siren call was so intense, it could dangerously entrance. Though most did love her elegance, and would praise her at every chance, one didn't like her brilliance, because it caused much annoyance.

The sun envied the girl's beauty, for reasons that were plain to see, which made him slip in his duty, as he had angst he wished to free. The maiden had a fine physique, and that all on earth did agree. With attention she didn't seek, the sun's prominence passed its peak. The blow dealt unto the sun's pride, compelled him to act out of spite. Till the point he was satisfied, he held back some life giving light, As the girl's looks were so sublime, none saw the sun exert his might, and so with the passing of time, there was a stark change in the climb.

The sun's actions spurred a great change, which quickly caused many dismay. The world gradually became strange, as life slowly withered away. Nature bore incredible strain, as the sun had shortened the day. People found it hard to explain, and it nigh pointless to complain. Concern inevitably spread, so people turned to gods to plead, then sought to take action instead. Sadly no course could be agreed. With panic some were driven mad, as they couldn't plant what they'd need, while trees lost the leaves they once had, which made one especially sad.

The maiden felt a great heartache, when she saw that the trees were sick, so prayed for a cure she could make, prior to turning to magic. The young maiden set off to work, and made certain to do so quick. It was a task she couldn't shirk, though the sun she was sure to irk. The maiden read aloud a charm, which she had learnt within a dream. She wished to save the trees from harm, however she failed in her scheme. With colour withered leaves did bloom, 'twas all that happened it did seem. The trees still faced what seemed like doom, all was grave as folk did assume.

With words the sun couldn't ignore, he was blamed for what did occur. With a stance the noble deplore, much hatred the sun did incur. The girl laid all emotions bare, and though the sun was moved by her, he merely looked on with a glare, as though he did not even care. With a proposal that seemed grim, the sun said he'd fix what he did, though only if the girl wed him, she agreed and hid her hatred. Once the girl had vowed to commit, she became the sun's beloved. Due to what marriage does permit, the couple soon got intimate.

The couple's love went up in smoke, owing to the sun's intense glow. Burning flesh caused the girl to choke, and the sun to feel grave sorrow. For the maiden there was no hope, so from life she in time let go. With her death the sun couldn't cope, so he would simply grieve and mope. Within the air blew a grave chill, for news of the girl's death moved all. Nature's plight seemed desperater still, for chances of saviour were small. A haunting unspoken farewell, makes it hard for one to stand tall. In the present loss spurs a hell, but heartache is time's to dispel.

Christian Lacdael

Autumn evenings

The crunch from a carpet of leaves,
Haunts steps while canopied by trees,
A refreshing easterly breeze,
Gently whipping up memories,
As chills strive to sink their way in,
Thoughts turn to the warmth that's waiting,
Days where the sun has reign have been,
Now on we see darkness growing,
In those dying moments of day,
We'll pray to in the moment stay,
Breathing nature's scents of decay,
Woolen garments keeps cold at bay,
Regrets not coupled with what's been,
While caught up in what is passing,
Though these days may warm one within,
A fire shall begin beckoning.

Christian Lacdael

Autumnal equinox

It's clear that change is on its way,
For it's seen that light has less sway,
So darkness can't be kept at bay,
And stopped from eroding the day,
Darkness fights so to reign the sky,
Poised against light it draws a tie,
Which simply does not satisfy,
But balance shifts as time goes by,
The change can be felt in the air,
A change that will soon make trees bare,
A change through which it's hard to fare,
As its effects show everywhere,
The day becomes perfectly split,
Half is dark and the other lit,
The clockwork of nature bids it,
It's what mother nature sees fit.

Christian Lacdael

Back then

I don't want to work nine to five,
Just to end up barely alive,
I would rather sharpen a sword,
So to win myself a gold-hoard,
I don't want a means to an end,
I want to live solely to live,
To live like they did way back when,
Life surely was much simpler then,
I don't want to use wit and style,
Without going the extra mile,
I want to use chivalrous feats,
To tempt Madame beneath the sheets,
I don't want chess played as eyes meet,
I want love that's won through peril,
Women as women, men as men,
An age that's not to come again.

Christian Lacdael

Bad day

I saw a black cat but then it died,
I saw a magpie and thus I cried,
I found a penny but passed it by,
I found a dead bird and gave a sigh,
I wore my shirt the wrong way around,
But fixed it once the mistake was found,
I wore my opal ring on this day,
But then recalled I was born in May,
I dropped a teaspoon but had no guest,
I dropped a dishcloth and feared unrest,
I heard a cuckoo but was cashless,
I heard a bark and started to stress,
I took home an old iron horse shoe,
But didn't find it like you're meant to,
I took home a white rose in full bloom,
But then remembered it'll bring forth doom.

Christian Lacdael

Bare trees

Fracture lines cut in a bleak sky,
Stripped bare across the countryside,
Shadows of what they used to be,
Silhouetted so beautifully,
No more a haven to make a home,
Fragile looking veins are exposed,
Sun bleeds through while blindingly low,
Wood spirits are compelled to go,
A sight rooted in these cold months,
Crafted by a cruel lack of warmth,
Weather the sky gods issue forth,
Sent to the front line from the north,
But trees fear not old man winter,
His firm grip can't last forever,
Soon things will be back as they were,
Till the changes again occur.

Christian Lacdael

Bastille day, French revolution

After a costly foreign war,
Injustices angered the poor,
The king didn't much seem to care,
So calls to rebel filled the air,
Once passions had begun to stir,
Blood spilt so power could transfer,
The status quo began to fear,
Whilst the left felt their day was near,
Fuelled by an unfaltering will,
Revolution dawned closer still,
Brave souls stormed and took the Bastille,
Then celebrated the ordeal,
Hailed were the seeds of the king's fall,
First by few nationals then by all,
The chance to bare one's heart and soul,
Unites the country as a whole.

Christian Lacdael

Beautiful woman

Turning heads in seductive dress,
Answering the calls to impress,
Worshipped in the role of the muse,
Hated whenever seeds of blues,
Such beauty one can't enough stress,
Around those with love to confess,
Countless suitors from which to choose,
Near impossible to refuse,
Destined to become someone's queen,
The best and nothing in between,
An entirely different breed,
Has only known a fleeting need,
Looks that seem to remain pristine,
Cannot be forgotten once seen,
Singer of siren songs to heed,
A book few will bother to read.

Christian Lacdael

Black and white

If you see things in black and white,
You should know that it is not right,
First check to see that it's not night,
Then begin to question your sight,
You may find that you're colour blind,
There's nothing else that comes to mind,
Lest the blight's of another kind,
Ask your doctor what he can find,
If it's lasting you should despair,
For you will find things hard to bear,
As you'll meet dangers everywhere,
While often resorting to prayer,
You may steal someone else's eyes,
But to me that is quite unwise,
If a doctor can't supervise,
To stop you ruining the prize.
Teach yourself that what you espy,
Does not mean what it may imply,
Don't believe what's in your mind's eye,
For there's a chance it is a lie,
But do not take it as a rule,
Lest you should come off as a fool,
When you see a cat don't think ball,
Unless you're sick and think that's cool,
If my viewpoint still holds value,
I have one last idea for you,
It's beautifully simple it's true,
But it is ingenious too,
Try living with your eyes kept shut,
And learn to rely on your gut,
But walk with caution not a strut,
For you'll trip and get bruised and cut.

Christian Lacdael

Blossom

Scenes written about in our dreams,
Lighted by the still frail sunbeams,
Harlot rose beside virgin white,
Making our eyes light up so bright,
Lands regain colour bit by bit,
A waking up of wood spirits,
Nature is now coming alive,
Beauty is gradually revived,
Poetry following bleak prose,
Colour that only spring months know,
There's promises of better days,
Rain vies to wash it all away,
There's a climax as winter's hushed,
The seduction of English blush,
Warming winds scatter the blossom,
From the south blow changes to come.

Christian Lacdael

Bonfires

From beckoning to threatening,
Changes with changes of the wind,
Bellow where Roman icons reign,
A struggle to force chaos tame,
Wakefires see the night fear defeat,
Chills are so quick to turn to sweat,
Violent flames spit where we sit,
Sun caught, captured and then relit,
Smoke and flame embraced in a dance,
Sat centre stage to a drunken song,
Verve that strives to make it to dawn,
Nothing but embers come the morn,
Past midnight slowly in retreat,
Sway of flames to keep at bay sleep,
A comfort, a blistering heat,
A hunger that's too great to meet.

Christian Lacdael

Boudicca

A past king of East Anglia,
Ruled with men from a foreign shore,
Despite a cultural barrier,
There was no cruel bloody war,
Life was better than twas elsewhere,
But of somethings all weren't aware,
Had all intentions been made clear,
There would have been due cause to fear,
Lest it ends up being misplaced,
Choose carefully where to put trust,
Failure to means what's to be faced,
Could well seem to be unjust,
Alliances don't always last,
When the king died things changed fast,
As their claim to the land was lost,
The common people paid the cost,

Once the Anglian king was dead,
His wishes were not respected,
Liberties were taken instead,
Which ruined all those affected,
Though she'd once been by a king's side,
Boudica's will was defied,
She ended up battered and bruised,
Whilst her three daughters were abused,
The cheated despised their fate,
As the hardships faced caused them pain,
The people boiled inside with hate,
For they had no voice to complain,
Men were burdened with debts and shame,
Due to how hard their lives became,
Thing seemed to get worse by the day,
Which brought about yet more dismay,

A rare chance was happened upon,
That put in doubt the ruler's reign,
For whilst their troops were briefly gone,
People felt their plight need not remain,
They believed that their former queen,
Could make things how they had once been,
Sure their land could be theirs again,
She rallied together the men,
Passions were fuelled a great extent,
Many had call for an outlet,
These people made war their intent,
Giving their foes due cause to fret,
All across the land waves were felt,
Owing to the change of hand dealt,
The rebels obtained much support,
Ready for battles to be fought,

Days would see very little calm,

For to war all were to succumb,
The foes met came to the most harm,
Because they found themselves overcome,
The offensive achieved its aim,
Making the land seem free to claim,
Whilst enemies had met their doom,
For twas the due thing to assume,
To secure the land as their own,
Rebels took revenge on their foe,
Which most would struggle to condone,
They didn't have any remorse though,
The foreigners struggled to cope,
And found themselves with dwindling hope,
The threat which the rebels did pose,
Couldn't be crushed when it arose,

The rebels sought havoc to wreak,
As they went on a killing spree,
They slew both the strong and the weak,
Whilst dismissing their every plea,
No mercy to which to appeal,
Meant some suffered a grave ordeal,
The much unexpected defeat,
Almost called for all out retreat,
Nothing kept the rebels in check,
They left thousands dead in their wake,
Towns were pillaged and left a wreck,
And damage done for vengeance sake,
The changes to the land were stark,
As the disturbance left its mark,
Boudica had her land back,
But her plans did not stay on track,

The foreigners suffered much loss,
But came back as a stronger force,
Determined to quell the chaos,
And bring their schemes onto course,
The foreigners found their success,
With skills others didn't possess,
Their true might was shocking to face,
So they in time secured their place,
All of Boudica's dreams died,
As she had to give up her fight,
She suffered a blow to her pride,
Since she'd not quelled her people's plight,
Boudica left this life,
Escaping from all of her strife,
She lived on though she weren't alive,
For her story was to survive.

Christian Lacdael

Bury st. Edmunds

Visit the abbey in ruin,
Greene king pubs beckoning you in,
Amid bloom see the sights you can,
See links to an age that's Norman,
A charming suffolk market town,
That's known by an arrow shot crown,
Named after the martyr king Edmund,
The true patron saint of England,
Sample the local vintage ales,
Take in the area's folktales,
See the history in Moyse's hall,
Bury cathedral standing tall,
Note what's on at the theatre royal,
At the festival enjoy all,
Walk the lark vale and angel hill,
Fondness a visit will instil.

Christian Lacdael

Butterflies

Both blown and thrown a path in skies,
Confetti wings to make them rise,
A masterpiece or warning signs,
War paint worn so as to survive,
To swim in light then disappear,
Seen but on prized days of the year,
Crowded amongst the lavender,
Flirting with some quaint wild flower,
Colour in an ocean of blue,
Another season they won't suit,
Tied with countryside thoughts of youth,
Just out of a child's reach one flew,
After love in opposing winds,
Basking until the chase begins,
Dancing to the song nature sings,
At home amongst beautiful things.

Christian Lacdael

Butterfly

On a horrid summer's day I seclude myself away,
Only to be drawn out to the light by nature at play,
Butterfly oh Butterfly carelessly fluttering by,
Your elegant dance entrances the innocence in me,
Butterfly oh Butterfly know that you spur great envy,
You are so very beautiful careless peaceful and sweet,
Your life is simple yet no different to the one I lead,
You are but a pattern in a endless chaotic sea,
Your pace of life seems slow yet you achieve as much as me,
You know life's meaning is less if it's not wholly free,
Butterfly oh Butterfly although you spur great envy,
I know that if you could you would envy the life I lead.

Christian Lacdael

Chasing sunlight

Ever too soon the sunlight goes,
While up in the sky Virgo shows,
Harsh false light will be all we'll know,
As the march of autumn shan't slow,
Tiring so as to relax,
A perfect picture soon shows cracks,
So few sand grains till blue turns black,
Then an age till the sky's won black,
As the year becomes short of days,
Evenings are lit by a brief haze,
There's but so few days that aren't grey,
We're to enjoy those that we may,
Lush grass and sunshine as a muse,
It's something that's so sad to lose,
For from such beauty one takes cue,
Once gone you know its true value.

Christian Lacdael

Child

In these arms you'll surely die,
You'll choke on feathers and lies,
But sadly now is the time,
To light the truth and draw the line,
A wrong step's paired with regret,
And for you I just want the best,
Doubt the words of those who fret,
Prove me wrong and rise to the test,
Empty arms can make one cry,
As one is left asking why,
But to know that they have tried,
Will aid them to cease to pine,
What's owed to you you shall get,
When you strive when others rest,
Although you've far to go yet,
The eyes on you are impressed.

Christian Lacdael

Children's rhyme

If you think she cast a hex,
Then administer a test,
Tie her fingers to her toes,
And find out whether she floats,
If she doesn't let her go,
If does then to the gallows,
But don't forget to stake her heart,
Lest her spirit can embark.

Christian Lacdael

Christmas

Fairy lights and worn out tinsel,
All the good will of Kris Kringle,
Children's faces glowing with glee,
Trimmings of fur trees and holly,
Time's given to wish loved ones well,
Greeting cards are sent in the mail,
The tree gets topped with an angel,
We remember the Christmas tale,
In the distance ring out church bells,
Down the street sound joyous carols,
A feast no other can surpass,
Upon this first day of Christmas,
The smell of freshly baked mince pies,
The warmth from an open fire.
Hanging up present crammed stockings,
Having too many candy canes.

Christian Lacdael

Christmas narrative

As the festive season draws near,
There is excitement in the air,
Spurring a welcome sense of cheer,
Which both adults and children share,
There's hopes a snowfall will occur,
And you see loved ones as planned for,
Surplus from the harvests there were,
Means that there is a feast in store,

As soon as advent has begun,
Days can't pass fast enough for some,
Light candles till the wait is done,
And the awaited shall soon come,
Good will to those that have it tough,
As Christmas spirit grows in us,
To be with loved ones is enough,
There is no need for too much fuss,

Make sure preparations are laid,
And you have stocked full the cupboard,
While mixing pudding to be made,
Voice wishes you hope get answered,
Claim the best fir tree there's to find,
Which shan't go up before it should,
Keep the superstition in mind,
Wait till Christmas Eve if you could,

Dress the house up with evergreen,
Those plants in which spirits remain,
They promise a spring shall be seen,
Cold and darkness won't always reign,
The tree we take care to adorn,
Shades gifts we're eager to open,
As they cannot wait until dawn,
Glee is seen in eyes of children,

Since there is no evil about,
On Christmas Eve people unite,
Signalled by church bells ringing out,
There is praise given at midnight,
Faithful kneel to see out advent,
It's said creatures too do this act,
Till sunup time's restlessly spent,
As promises of joy distract,

Soon after children stir they wake,
And to the Christmas tree they sneak,
While careful of the noise they make,
At their presents they hope to peek,
That in which Kris Kringle partook,
Spurs us to give and receive back,
Warmed by a sincere thankful look,

Which on Christmas morning few lack,

Only brief moments are tranquil,
Till kitchens have goods to reveal,
With rich foods to give us our fill,
All gather for the family meal,
The pudding is the most special,
Because it's used to fortune tell,
Silver hidden in a morsel,
Means in the new year you'll do well,

Each festive day should be joyous,
So keep decorations in place,
Up till the twelfth day of Christmas,
Else there will be bad luck to face,
The season has come to a close,
It's one others cannot surpass,
Saddened when the festive cheer goes,
For till there's more a year must pass.

Christian Lacdael

Close

She's scared of what might be and what won't,
So for now she remains like a ghost,
She can almost taste it it's so close,
As she reaches out a voice says don't,
I'd like to help her I truly would,
But this ordeal of hers will do her good,
Her time will come same as you and I,
She'll unfurl wings and take to the sky,
She's a princess although few can see,
Her beauty is behind misery,
She'll get no peace till there is release,
She twists and she turns till she breaks free,
Her time has come unlike you and I,
She's unfurled wings to take to the sky,
She's a princess on that we agree,
Her beauty's displayed for us to see.

Christian Lacdael

Cold nights

In the glow of ghostly night snow,
And a cold that chills to the bone,
This quiet more creepy than peaceful,
Sees souls stir little if at all,
Swirling patterns of frozen breath,
The difference between life and death,
Amid an arsenal of ice knives,
There's a grave wait till dawn arrives,
Needing for warmth of another,
The comfort found from your lover,
Wishing for walls of a castle,
And fire with no hunger for fuel,
Whilst huddled to survive the night,
The merciless cold starts to bite,
Old man winter's grip binds till dawn,
Then frees up till his might's reborn.

Christian Lacdael

Comfort

If you struggle to fare,
Or find things hard to bear,
Then take comfort in me,
Do not suffer solely,
Below a glistening sun,
Do not ever be glum,
Take comfort in someone,
Don't ever be lonely,
You may think no one cares,
But there's someone somewhere,
There is comfort found there,
So don't suffer despair,
There's light though you see none,
To your fears don't succumb,
Your battle can be won,
With help from a loved one.

Christian Lacdael

Conflict

Some curious sight caused a feud,
Since it had no sense or value,
Sounds of chaos soon filled the air,
Signalling the start of despair,
Stomach turning sorrow arose,
Sicker than what sadists can boast,
Scars that would be seen clear by none,
Shaped due to the shameful things done,
Any worthy advantage gained,
Always emerged assured to fade,
Animus looked as though it'd stay,
And so spirits ailed every day,
Actions done while aiming to win,
Arose to be acutely dim,
Amounting to arrant ruin,
Agitating all men therein,
None foresaw the nigh end of days,
No one knew that nature did ache,
Nothing managed negating fate,
Native life gained new form and state,
Neuroses made nonsense take root,
Normality never seemed true,
Now that the mind neared a void tomb,
Nonstop was the naive host's gloom,
Entities soon evoked horrors,
Edging all to embrace the lord,
Everyone who engaged in war,
Espied yet new extremes of gore,
Evil beasts did eat all they could,
Enchanted goats enforced discord,
Eight shrubs grew on each person's head,
Ever more queer enigmas spread.

Christian Lacdael

Dawn

Day was destroyed but now reborn,
Cold will gradually become warm,
Dew and wind act to cool skin,
Eyes wake as skies lighten,
Set to a chorus of birdsong,
Day appears on the horizon,
Calm's frail till the clamour's begun,
The child of dawn waits to be born,
Sky's filled with pastel blues and reds,
Darkness is again defeated,
A shy sun's might barely withheld,
An outcome which clockwork foretold,
Morning light bleeds past the eyelid,
Tentative steps are made while tired,
Thoughts refill a haze filled mind,
The dreamland to be left behind.

Christian Lacdael

Daylight savings' day

Open eyes glimpse many a sign,
Things seem to have slipped out of line,
Chasing the hours of sunshine,
Nature and time again entwine,
Take out time pieces to rewind,
Slide short hands an hour behind,
Make sure it's not to slip your mind,
Lest there's bother for you to find,
Lay in and gain an hour back,
Rather than rise in the pitch black,
Morning gets light it seems to lack,
Days are less daunting to attack,
We've to wait longer till daybreak,
So it's senseless to promptly wake,
Some forget the changes to make,
Thus seeding a rueful mistake.

Christian Lacdael

Dead grass

Its best has past, once lush now harsh,
These unforgiving days won't last,
Wilted, weathered, stripped of colour,
We know without words life will recover,
Sights married to the sun and smiles,
A host to play and lazy days,
Desert dry ground fractures apart,
As the sorrowful plants look parched,
It's greener on the other side,
There seems but patches still alive,
Fields in the sun damaged and changed,
Once latched onto ground winds whip up,
On the verge of having enough,
Dead grass reflections of the sun,
Unshaded regions nigh ruined.

Christian Lacdael

Desire, passion, any other name

True desire cannot be tamed,
Not till you've what is to be claimed,
All's risked when little can be gained,
Which with sense cannot be explained,
True desire stays where it's aimed,
Driving one forth even if maimed,
Resistance will only be feigned,
For its hold is ever maintained.

Christian Lacdael

Diagnosis

There's not a prince for everyone,
So trust is given out to none,
Though the poisoned fruit might not come,
To fears it's easy to succumb,
Whilst within a crafted cocoon,
In time there'll sound a sullen tune,
As envy brings about a gloom,
Which brazenly aims to consume,
It seems there's nothing to be done,
And there is nowhere to hide or run,
There's nowhere that feels like home,
In worlds in which minds shouldn't roam,
Once tired of being kept down,
Seek that in which sorrows can drown,
The escape is at first welcome,
But with time there will come wisdom.

Christian Lacdael

Direction

There was a girl in misery,
Undecided what she should be,
She stalked a man with mastery,
Hoping to learn from what she'd see,
She made the choices he did make,
Hoping that she could claim his fate,
It turned out it was a mistake,
But she realised this too late,
She went in a new direction,
But got lost once she had begun,
Following an introspection,
She saw her aim could not be done,
So chose to follow a woman,
And copied her every movement,
But it proved to be a bad plan,
Which did not aid her contentment,
For guidance she turned to a book,
But didn't like how things were put,
And regretted taking a look,
Because her failure was afoot,
She found this a wretched concept,
For she feared a life of regret,
So on with her struggle she kept,
Albeit with a new mindset,
In the end things turned out all right,
However it came at a price,
Which all too soon did come to light,
Since it proved to be her worst vice,
She discovered she could not smile,
Which caused her life to go awry,
For people thought she was hostile,
And would not look her in the eye.

Christian Lacdael

Dusk

Our fatigue subtly sets in,
Rest and all her charms beckon,
Darkness is destined to ascend,
The light bringer will be born again,
Day almost played out to her end,
Beaten down by the hour hand,
Beauty's shadowed with all darkened,
The curtain's called across the land,
An encore is not to be played,
Left with the darkness we've to brave,
As it was, just hidden by change,
No longer do scenes look the same,
My pleasant green land turned away,
The shame of such beauty in shade,
Facing west with goodbyes to say,
Never to be caught running late.

Christian Lacdael

Easter

Celebrating the march of spring,
Awaiting what fruitful months bring,
We honour the resurrection,
And use the time for reflection,
Children will get their chocolate fix,
And outside one can hear new born chicks,
Smiles are shared at the holiday,
With loved ones for Easter Sunday,
Family comes to the forefront,
Kids go on an Easter egg hunt,
At last it is the end of Lent,
No more in fasting are days spent,
Blessings from the Easter Bunny,
The days change from cold to sunny,
Plants begin to show their flowers,
There are ever less rain showers.

Christian Lacdael

Eleven and a half

To ever be eleven and a half is my one prayer,
For I feel it's an age with which few others do compare,
I'd laugh and play my days away without a single care,
I'd do what I willed even if it wasn't just or fair,
Although eternal youth seems like something we'll never see,
I tried to claim it as you can't say for sure what can't be,
I prayed so long and hard that the gods took note of my plea,
And somehow managed to get them to take pity on me,
When I finally realised I'd got what I'd asked for,
It took me some time to shake my crippling state of awe,
But youth's novelty soon wore off and it became a bore,
It proved best to grow old as I had been doing before,
So I looked to extreme means to escape life as a boy,
I took up smoking because of the health it would destroy,
And tried to gain worry lines by doing things that annoy,
Yet I'm still living this life that I don't really enjoy.

Christian Lacdael

Elizabeth II Diamond Jubilee

Time to show thanks to her Highness,
She's served her country with prowess,
Honour now all that's come to pass,
At street parties fill up your glass,
Toasts made to Elizabeth's health,
Unite realms of the commonwealth,
For that to which the queen made oath,
Respect and praise she is owed both,
There's a lavish use of bunting,
Everywhere's made to look spiffing,
Celebrations promptly begin,
Events for all to partake in,
On the Thames there grows excitement,
Crowds watch the Jubilee Pageant,
Marking 60 years on the throne,
A party of a lifetime's thrown.

Christian Lacdael

English maid

The sight of a fine English maid,
Calls for attention to be paid,
Her Celtic beauty is displayed,
With harmony hearts strings are played,
Locks of hair of a shade of red,
The kind of girl you'd dream to wed,
You'd chase her wherever you're led,
Cannot get her out of your head,
Skin fair as a summer's day cloud,
With ease standing out from a crowd,
Holding herself both tall and proud,
With great grace she has been endowed,
To her you will happily bend,
Her honour you'd rush to defend,
Time in her arms you'll crave to spend,
Few others with her can contend.

Christian Lacdael

Fairies

They are formed with affection,
They are formed by a small child,
They are formed by a lone mind,
Now they start to fill the skies,
Life recovers from the cold,
Dancing amongst the blossom,
They're wherever we don't look,
Hiding from our prying eyes,
Life gets scorched by the cruel sun,
Dancing in the warm night breeze,
They scamper from human sounds,
Hiding from our prying eyes,
Life prepares for the darkness,
Dancing on dying leaves,
They're nowhere that we can find,
Hiding from our prying eyes,
Life is sleeping through the cold,
Dancing on the icy mist,
They find solace when alone,
Hiding from our prying eyes,
They are killed with denial,
They are killed by a small child,
They are killed with a glass jar,
Until they are almost gone.

Christian Lacdael

Falling Leaves

Nature's pride now left sun deprived,
Still on display while dead inside,
Battered by the change in the wind,
Time gets called at the summer's end.
Every gust leaves, leaves sky scattered,
Mosaics now litter the ground,
Footsteps paired with crunching sounds,
The scents of decay are abound,
Lifelines degraded to tethers,
Holding firm but yet soon blown loose,
Taken and gone with the next gust,
The gods are becoming restless,
Trees blush showing their nakedness,
Beauty amid coming harshness,
An unsung selfless sacrifice,
Frees the scarce light in northern skies.

Christian Lacdael

Femdom

Blame has somehow fallen my way,
Though I weren't in the guilty fray,
Pained by what she'd not got to say,
We enter a violent ballet,
To my love I eagerly fawn,
Only to end up as her pawn,
Blind to where the line's to be drawn,
I fear getting tattered and torn,
She sheds the guise she's wise to don,
While trust in her is all but gone,
A safety word's not agreed on,
When I'm whom her wrath falls upon,
The hell into which I was thrown,
Contained hurt never before known,
Lashed with pain I started to groan,
But with rapture I in time moan.

Christian Lacdael

First frost

A creeping cold we're to behold,
Coaxes kingdoms into its fold,
A cruel crusader from the north,
Seems ever to make its way forth,
While Jack Frost's coming is fabled,
One woes over what it'll herald,
Early is already too late,
The warmth of day is made to wait,
Bitter from loss seasons before,
Now readying to wage a war,
With the change brought by the first frost,
The charms of autumn soon are lost,
It seems winter's march shall not cease,
The chill in the air shan't decrease,
Ground is covered with crystal dew,
That's lost when the day's sunlight grew.

Christian Lacdael

First snow

Days become increasingly cold,
As the winter gains a stronghold,
With winds cloud cover is revealed,
With hopes a snowfall it will yield,
Excitement grows as it once would,
We recall memories from childhood,
And relive those larkish things we did,
Deep down we are still that same kid,
Snowflakes gently float to the ground,
First there's few then they're all around,
A just formed winter wonderland,
That we experience first hand,
A coating of snow is gently laid,
And soon beautiful scenes are made,
Through virgin snow eager to tread,
As by our inner-child we're led.

Christian Lacdael

Fish learning to walk

There was once a fish that was dear friends with a vole, the means that they sought entertainment was quite droll. They'd scare the sheepish and dare cats to go up trees, but soon their escapades were unable to please. They reasoned amusement was to be found elsewhere, and agreed to leave in search of it as a pair. The fish faced a journey that he felt was unfair, since it and the one made by land did not compare. The fish tried walking just like those he'd seen do so, believing it was a skill he could in time know, and kept hopeful in spite of what others would say. He would set himself targets to achieve each day, until he had done all that he could to prepare. He then chose some shoes that were suitable to wear, and selected a location for the affair. Finally he took his first step on land with care, but soon he realised he was not yet ready, owing to his footing being far from steady, consequently he fell to the ground, flipped and rolled, thus proving right those who thought he'd acted too bold. After what occurred land became his biggest fear, whether he should stick to his aim he was unclear. His friend said land was something he should not go near, but it was advice he did not wish to adhere, so once he had done all that he could to prepare, had chosen some clothes that were suitable to wear, and picked a time that seemed best for what he had planned, finally he took his second step onto land. He'd been foolish to ignore what he had been told, because on land a fish cannot get a foothold. To get back to the water he turned, flipped and rolled, and once there vowed to never again be so bold.

Christian Lacdael

Freo

Goddess Freo charms hearts fertile;
Forming entwined fates.
Crowned with summer's life giving sun;
Breath she'll seize on sight.
In fragrant blossom and flowers,
She is to be found.
Cures for sorrow in her do seek;
Know love seldom seen.
Muse-sounds she makes so sweet and soft;
Moving to be heard,
Pride of heroes on paths to walk;
Promised by one's days,
Mortal pleasures and man's great wants,
Masses in the mind,
Put forth gifts to please heaven's belle;
Praise duly her name.

Christian Lacdael

Fristaday

I received an assignment,
I didn't think I'd complete,
I was to be persistent,
Which in itself was a feat,
I was not too confident,
The deadline was hard to meet,
My work schedule's assessment,
Saw that there was no deceit,
I found a hidden week day,
It's something I can't explain,
I chose the name Fristaday,
For this day that is arcane,
It relieved me from dismay,
Due to the time I did gain,
Now I've finished my essay,
I fear the grade I'll obtain.

Christian Lacdael

Full Moon

A night to shine in full glory,
Residing only dreams away,
Coming and going fortnightly,
The sun's companion in the day,
Savour to what's a deadened sky,
Goddess to rule over the night,
Hostess to festivals and rites,
Ruling the sky with unmatched might,
A chance to shine ending at dawn,
Standing up there as good as alone.
Majesty which soon starts to wane,
Warm though with a heart of stone,
So effortlessly changing tides,
Sitting centre stage full of pride.
She's the apple of the sun's eye.
Leaving restless souls sleep deprived.

Christian Lacdael

Halloween, trick or treat.

Come evening we open the door,
And see quaint sights of blood and gore,
We find the streets are strange to walk,
Tales of horror are all the talk,
For one night all love the bizarre,
While the plain leads to a faux pas,
Costume is donned as it gets dark,
As many seize the chance to lark,
There's many frights and smiles to see,
As souls seem inhibition free,
Children en masse take to the street,
Whilst seeking a trick or a treat,
The macabre is put on display,
Pumpkins carved in an artful way,
Sweets are scoffed at a shocking rate,
And children stay up far too late.

Christian Lacdael

Hex

Sleepless nights will soon emerge to be your blight,
As by right you relive your wrongs with contrite,
And I promise you this you cannot resist,
As fate begins to play out its unseen twist,
Those unfortunate to have died by your hand,
Whisper to you from beyond this mortal land,
They are soothed as your days left on earth run thin,
And unrelenting desperation sets in,
Comeuppance for your mortal sins is certain,
What at first starts out as bearable and tame,
Will rapidly grow into a searing pain,
Sores will emerge and grow to tarnish your skin,
The pain of which will mirror what's felt within,
Slowly your sight will fade until you are blind,
Only to be replaced by visions unkind,
This is a battle that you cannot ever win,
Death will arrive once you are withered and thin,
Comeuppance for your mortal sins is certain.

Christian Lacdael

Home

I looked for a place I could call home in the United Kingdom, I searched from Glasgow to Bristol but didn't accomplish my goal. At first I was concerned that my failure would become a problem, but then I managed to bring my anxieties under control. I scoured for a place to call my own in the French empire, I explored from Paris to Nice but my search sadly did not cease. I thought that that which I wanted was not for me to acquire, but with time I found that my optimism started to increase. I hunted for a quaint place to live within Germany's frontier. I roamed from Hamburg to Munich while unable to make a pick. For a while I was miserable since my future was unclear, but I was determined to find somewhere that wasn't prosaic. I decided to claim some land and then make my own dominion, with the hope of filling it with beauty which elsewhere can't be found, all without ever having to ask for another's opinion, however I had to give up as the troubles faced were abound.

Christian Lacdael

Julia

The world and all grows warm,
And flowers start to bloom,
While new thanks in time form,
Memories dance with perfume,
There's prayers words not penned gleam,
Or are what you assume,
Although with them thoughts teem,
They're more loath than they seem.

Christian Lacdael

Kiss

She was beautiful and yet she was flawed,
Unaware of what her conscience was for,
There was evil in her eyes and her smile,
I wish I hadn't lived to tell the tale,
Everything was sweet till it turned bitter,
Putrid wounds started to burn and blister,
How can one resist such a siren song,
When I'm in her arms I feel like I'm known,
Lost in the moment till it all was lost,
Trapped in a horror weak and powerless,
I didn't have enough strength to resist,
There was a faint taste of blood in her kiss,
I was sure I was going to perish,
Helplessly trapped by her ruthless caress,
Broken and not fit to try to resist,
Shaken by the blood tasted in her kiss.

Christian Lacdael

Land of the Angles

Named after the ancient Angles,
Formed by bloody wars and struggles,
Soldiers and knights laid down their lives,
Through all England ever survives,
As the courage of St. George guides,
Blessed are all they that there resides,
Landscapes fine as the English rose,
Great texts of poetry and prose,
Close your eyes and think of England,
Lands that bore many a legend,
Bound by values held in common,
Blood ties that are Anglo-Saxon,
For a deep love of the nation,
And its hard earned reputation,
With pride St. George's cross is seen,
A chorus sings god save the queen.

Christian Lacdael

Life lessons

With the wealth of fears to combat,
To lust you're foolish to submit,
There's one for which you'd do just that,
Though you may come to regret it,
It's best to stay in your own world,
Where there exists no woe or hurt,
Clip your wings before they're unfurled,
In hope that errs you shall avert,
Such a hollow life it would make,
Living locked in a selfless state,
There's one for whom you'd give not take,
Though it's equally a poor fate,
It's best to craft a quaint retreat,
Where there's no fear of which to speak,
And escape having to compete,
With the world's breed that's not so meek.

Christian Lacdael

Lion heart

Cometh what may,
I'll win the day,
Amid the fray,
My sword gives sway,
I need not pray,
Heed what doubts say,
I find a way,
And here I'll stay,
Cruel games we play,
With tolls to pay,
All they blades slay,
Left where they lay,
Focus won't stray,
Outlooks shan't grey,
Fears some convey,
Remain at bay.

Christian Lacdael

London

London and all that's within,
Is brimming with grime and grim,
To many it seems quite vile,
But to others appealing.
All are welcome to cram in,
The rich, poor, wise and the dim,
Bar the corrupt and hostile,
Lest there's more dodgy dealing.

Christian Lacdael

London 7/7 Bombings

A dark anniversary dawns,
Such tragic deaths the country mourns,
There's a hurting across London,
Scars of the city yet deepen,
On a day that held a dark hour,
Lives go on owed to willpower,
All they that were shocked by a blast,
Resolved to put it in the past,
With one minute spent in silence,
We will stand in remembrance,
For innocent lost in heaven,
The bombings of 7/7.
Think of the taken fifty two,
Horrors that survivors went through,
Amid events that were so grave,
Men, women and children were so brave.

Christian Lacdael

London marathon

Through the city down Embankment,
Crowds of people line the pavement,
Founded in nineteen eighty one,
A twenty six mile long run,
To all the challenge is open,
This marathon set in London,
The challenge as motivation,
Or the many a pledged donation,
Competitors bearing through pain,
For the best time they can obtain,
And whether there be rain or shine,
Resolved to cross the finish line,
An eclectic mix to be seen,
With every runner being keen,
Eying records to be broken,
And the applause to be spoken.

Christian Lacdael

London Olympics 2012

As prowess swears it will transfix,
People's anticipation peaks,
From shows of strength to aerobics,
Men and women sport toned physiques,
Competitors do not relax,
Whilst honing each refined reflex,
Sporting careers reach their climax,
Sweat coats the skin and muscles flex,
People gather to show support,
While athletes on their marks get set,
We see the very best of sport,
Which we are sure not to forget,
As each event's about to start,
One's brought to the edge of their seat,
The years of preparation plays its part,
So that the athletes can compete.

Christian Lacdael

London riots 2011

Anarchy is wrecking Britain,
Whilst mocking every law written,
And those that make such madness reign,
Merely get looked at with disdain,
With no remorse for what they've done,
They think twas just a bit of fun,
While buildings are left to burn down,
People are scared to walk their town,
Mindless yobs that crave for acclaim,
Leave their country feeling great shame,
Blind that they'll pay the price in time,
And regret having turned to crime,
Each and every sight of mayhem,
Which the honest can't but condemn,
Calls there to be a prayer for calm,
As we hope no more come to harm.

Christian Lacdael

Lost way

Before we know we lose our way,
On paths far from those which we stray,
Eager to get caught in the fray,
Fronting the words cometh what may,
Foolishly thinking life's a game,
Going about with little shame,
Forced by one's pride to seek acclaim,
So strangers recognise a name,
Why act if there's nothing to gain,
Kindness seems to be done in vain,
Why dream of things you can't obtain,
Often things are how they'll remain,
Without there talk of heaven's gate,
The unjust have a doubtful fate,
But change can never come too late,
Though it's better to act than wait.

Christian Lacdael

Love birds

Beginning with a serenade,
Leading to a connection made,
With there so many love affairs,
It seems there's something in the air,
A first date amid fresh blossom,
An apt romance for spring to come,
Surrounded by soothing love song,
Everyone now knows spring has sprung,
Joy at finding the one they seek,
A duet sounds as lovers meet,
Heat that's met by a cooling breeze,
Poetry played out perched in trees,
The sweet affections of love birds,
Crafted without the need for words,
Love wished to be mirrored by ours,
Together in the small hours.

Christian Lacdael

Magpie

If all were like; nigh black and white,
Lone to thine eye; such a vile sight,
Look alive for change in the tide,
Learned so not to swallow lies,
Fate's in flight but I choose to fight,
This chapter's mine alone to write,
Though my familiar you may seem,
I need you not for augury,
Childhood's gone, I but dream of grey,
Sorrow needs not help to be made,
Once crippling, now gagged refrain,
With purpose failings are forced tame,
A rifle needn't end your call,
Take care to note as I ignore,
Spiting lore that had you named lord,
With rook and queen I'll take the board.

Christian Lacdael

Manners

Excuse yourself and I'll do so too,
For a slack use of please and thank-you.
Manners help with the plights we go through,
Though now this seems ever more untrue.

Christian Lacdael

May day

Placed under one of nature's spells,
Woodland floors coated with Bluebells,
Honour the arrival of Spring,
Usher the month into full swing,
Days promise to be more fruitful,
All is soon to be beautiful,
A quaint and beautiful display,
On the first of the month of May,
There's crowning of a May Queen,
Parading of Jack in the green,
With dancing around a Maypole,
Many a joyous carefree soul,
Fine young maidens wearing garland,
Celebrating across England,
Watch for the queen of the fairies,
Conjure up some new memories.

Christian Lacdael

Meant

With souls entwined,
Hurt's left behind,
As we've refined,
The weak resigned,
All those afraid,
Find hopes mislaid,
For risks unmade,
Leaves love decayed,
When led astray,
Through grave dismay,
We know someday,
Woes shall allay,
All we regain,
We shall maintain,
Fears shan't restrain,
Bliss shall remain.

Christian Lacdael

Melt water

The cruelest season's grip falters,
Streams form from crystal like waters,
It's a blank canvas no longer,
White wash ran and revealed wonder,
Our stilled land has begun her thaw,
The rivers have a thirst no more,
Gods of nature fight out their war,
A snow storm becomes a downpour,
Our re-born sun warms winter stone,
In time all traces shall be gone,
In a season that's in between,
Melt water washes the slate clean,
Suspended and changed slowed down rain,
Fall-water stilled till warmth comes again,
While winter play melts away,
There's hope in the cold damp and grey.

Christian Lacdael

Midsummer's day

Fairies' power is its strongest,
When the day is at its longest,
Around the flames of a bonfire,
The night's magic will transpire,
Our thanks gets given to the sun,
Before long summer will be done,
Long summer days we will soon miss,
The sunlight ebbs past the solstice,
Once the sun appears in the East,
It's time to ready for a feast,
Stay out long into the evening,
There's festivities and dancing,
Spent within the warm evening air,
There are smiles to share everywhere,
It's light close to the midnight hour,
Into the night the evening blurs.

Christian Lacdael

Migration

Leaving behind the bitter storms,
Passing the winter where it's warm,
Off to climbs that have nicer charms,
Braving risks of coming to harm,
Ready when again gathered with kin,
Safety in the numbers they're in,
To havens in which months they'll spend,
Returning at the season's end,
In time together they take flight,
As a formation in the skies,
Heading south so to leave this isle,
With the wet and cold left behind,
Having found the shores that they seek,
Claims are made for sanctuary,
Sights of them will be missed from here,
Months pass till they're to reappear.

Christian Lacdael

Missing puzzle

They talk of the puzzle that has the missing piece,
But none mention the piece with the missing puzzle,
It's hard when there is nowhere to turn for release,
And searches for acceptance lead to refusal,
It pains me to hear puzzles constantly complain,
For the piece with a missing puzzle cries in vain,
They try to fit in places that they never can,
And end up with a life like that of a cursed man,
They can pretend they are another puzzle piece,
And then try forcing themselves into a puzzle,
But it will hurt them until they crave for release,
And acknowledge their prospective host's refusal,
They will surely be doomed to tiresomely roam,
In a vain search for a place that they can call home,
Till they declare themselves a puzzle of their own,
And then learn how to be content being alone.

Christian Lacdael

Moon child

Bizarrely the moon fell pregnant and swelled in size, she gave birth to a boy that grew up to be wise. Although the child achieved much and gained great acclaim. He felt too overshadowed by his mother's fame, he'd always be asked about her by passersby. As they admired how she lit up the night sky, the boy struggled to light things that he looked upon, and he was fed up of always being outshone, so he went on a quest which would cost him dearly. He tried eating fire but he was burnt severely. He tried soaking up the sun's rays and scorched his skin, then thankfully his ideas began to run thin, however he still had much determination, and so he went off in search of inspiration. On his travels he found someone who was lambent, who led him to a man that offered contentment. The boy was told to sing spells as loud as he could, but he had to move on as it did him no good. Another man that said he could solve his problem, told him to say an incantation whilst solemn. Sadly all that the act did was waste the boy's time, which is an annoyance for someone in their prime. Regardless of the act not making that much sense, he combined the advice to see what happened thence. Lightning flashed and dark clouds turned the day into night, and peculiarities were seen that caused fright, but then his anxieties started to grow less, for he was certain the charm had been a success, as he noticed that he shone as he had hoped for, but his light soon faded until it was no more. Though that which he had hoped for hadn't been attained, he was thankful since pride for his mother was gained.

Christian Lacdael

Mr. Y

There was once a boy who loved tales,
He took in all of the details,
And saw that lords often made claim,
Of the very much adored dame,
With this in mind he formed a plan,
By which to be a wealthy man,
He knew there were hardships to face,
But he craved a loving embrace,
Hoping for fame he went to war,
And made more contacts than before,
He drove on when he was forlorn,
True to the oath which he had sworn,
Once he moved to a rank above,
He found some girls looking for love,
But he chose not to get involved,
For with his plan he was resolved,
By some rather devious schemes,
He in the end fulfilled his dreams,
So he looked for a girl to wed,
Plenty were keen or so they said,
He soon gained a beautiful wife,
Who he hoped to be with for life,
But all was not in the end fine,
Since his life had no story line,
He failed to fulfil all her needs,
For he often did selfish deeds,
She in time decided to leave,
Unlike some she was not naive,
It was clear it was not to be,
The woman could love unlike he,
As his heart started to harden,
His life then soon begged its pardon.

Christian Lacdael

Ms. Fortune

There once lived a man who was notably unique. He had a hole in his side from which things would leak. An organ fell out and caused a woman to shriek. She was beautiful and had a stunning physique. The man could not stop thinking of his words unsaid, and foolishly obsessed over it in his head. Ms. Fortune was the name of the woman he met. He sought her out so as to erase his regret. After some time he found her and was elated, but she turned him down and left him devastated. He tried to woo Ms. Fortune till he spurred concerns, and the more he tried the more he suffered bad turns, but there was nothing that could put him off of her. He continued regardless of what would occur, for there wasn't another woman he'd prefer. He eventually got a love in her to stir. Ms. Fortune once believed that she deserved a prince, but luckily for the man her mind had changed since. In her youth she wanted the best and nothing less, however time told her she was not a princess. The man travelled the world to find the perfect pearl, made a perfume worthy of the prettiest girl, crafted flawless sonnets in honour of her name, and finally succeeded to achieve his aim. As his efforts had chipped away the woman's pride, she married him and stitched up the hole in his side. She changed her name and forgot all of her concerns, while her man never again had any bad turns. Those who remained without love looked on with envy, as they could not stand the pair acting all lovey, so by being especially vile and wily, they made sure the pair's life didn't end happily.

Christian Lacdael

Ms. X

There was once a woman who lived on her own,
Who had no time for rules but plenty for fun,
She made friends with everyone she'd ever known,
But after sometime they would all turn and run,
She did not seem to have a serious bone,
Someone like that never gets anything done,
She was untrustworthy and accident prone,
All in all she was a chore second to none,
She seemed set to be alone without support,
Which was something that she could not just ignore,
And so she tried to act the way she was taught,
But people only saw what they'd seen before,
She just could not find the soul mate that she sought,
Despite looking until she could look no more,
She thus turned to magic as a last resort,
But it could not provide the love she hoped for,
It was forbidden to make a love potion,
And so it seemed that all of her hopes were gone,
She felt simply over come with emotion,
As she had no close friends she could call upon,
Her thoughts then fell on a rather strange notion,
She thought if she found a monster to dote on,
It would in turn worship her with devotion,
So she made haste with a search while the sun shone,
She found a demon without difficulty,
And regarding her proposal it seemed keen,
The beast acted towards her with loyalty,
Doting on and cherishing her like a queen,
But what had started out as a novelty,
With the passing of time grew to be obscene,
And the woman had to pay the penalty,
As the demon made her into a cuisine.

Christian Lacdael

Mummers play script, for the new year

-Enter father Beelzebub and Jack Vinney.

-Jack Vinney:
Old father Beelzebub my friend,
Will you aid one new to this land?
-Father Beelzebub:
On me you can always depend,
Show the man to my helping hand,

-Enter the Turkish Knight.

-Turkish Knight:
I've travelled far to reach this isle,
Seeking brave St. George to empale,
I have searched now for quite a while,
And it has been to no avail,
-Father Beelzebub:
It is my pleasure to reveal,
St. George shall be coming for tea,
His valour told in tales is real,
Wait a moment and that you'll see,

-Enter St. George.

-St. George:
Just now I met some Turkish men,
In what became a bloody scene,
They shall not bother me again,
I killed them for the king and queen,
-Turkish Knight:
I must know those spoken about,
It offends me St. George should gloat,
He and I shall now have it out,
In vengeance I will slit his throat,
-St. George:
You underestimate me sir,
Few if any to me compare.
You've committed a fatal err,
And for it badly you shall fare,
-Jack Vinney:
The poor Turkish knight met his match,
And has suffered for it as such,

-Enter Molly.

-Molly:
He's the man I'm trying to catch,
He swindled what to me was much,
-St. George:
I doubt you'll see what it is he does owe,
His time is coming to a close,
He was a respectable foe,

But his fate is the one he chose,
-Father Beelzebub:
This man must answer for his crime,
Is there a way to revive him?
-Jack Vinney:
If a doctor got here in time,
His man's end need not be so grim,

-Enter Dr. Good

-Dr. Good:
I shall fix this bloody mishap,
I've knowledge of unequalled scope,
Let me attend to this poor chap,
And for him again there is hope,

-The Turkish Knight is revived.

-Father Beelzebub:
Most noble St. George watch your back,
For I would not trust that Turk,

-St. George is cut down.

-Dr. Good:
He made a cowardly attack,
Now I must again get to work,
-Jack Vinney:
Such cowardice I cannot permit,
I will kill him for what he did,
May he have a restless spirit,
And his afterlife be wretched,

-Jack Vinney stabs the Turk.

-Molly:
Thanks to the wound left by your knife,
Now I cannot question the thief,
-Dr. Good:
I shall bring both men back to life,
As my skill is beyond belief,

-The Turk and St. George are revived.

-Father Beelzebub:
St. George has returned to the living,
The Doctor has righted the wrong,
It's such a miraculous thing,
Let us join together in song,
-Everyone:
All is good and well at long last,
Let's give thanks for being so blessed,

Our troubles are now of the past,
Everything worked out for the best,
Dwelling on the past makes no sense,
Why not give a fresh start a chance,
So now let the good times commence,
And come and join us in a dance.

Christian Lacdael

My valentine

I want you as my valentine,
I want to get to call you mine,
I want our bodies to entwine,
Only then will I cease to pine,
I find myself to be spellbound,
Struggling to keep feet on the ground,
I can't believe this love I've found,
Praise for you will ever resound,
Say you'll be my special someone,
Say you will let your heart be won,
Say you're in it for the long run,
In my eyes you're second to none,
There's not a fault that I can find,
You shall ever be on my mind,
You are gentle as well as kind,
Heartache is to be left behind.

Christian Lacdael

No spiders in the city

There was once a girl that had a scream,
Which was unbelievably extreme,
She caused many neighbours to blaspheme,
For when she'd see a spider she'd scream,
By chance she heard something a bird said,
It claimed that it had been underfed,
For it lived where spiders rarely tread,
The girl believed the words that were said,
She upped sticks and moved to the city,
Which left her neighbours far from teary,
Although she found urban life gritty,
She endured the days that were dreary,
For what she had heard proved to be true,
Which led to her screams being subdued,
But there were things that were not in view,
When she saw them she altered her mood,
She'd come to learn somethings were untrue,
Things such as hard work will see you through,
However if only but a few,
Certain childish beliefs turned out true,
Monsters do live underneath the bed,
The horrid creatures filled her with dread,
She felt with spiders she'd been misled,
The true horrors were under her bed,
It became too much for her to bear,
She hated the creatures living there,
They led her to a state of despair,
So she thought she'd go and live elsewhere,
She moved back home to the countryside,
Her neighbours of course did not abide,
But they need not have heavily sighed,
The girl didn't fear spiders when spied.

Christian Lacdael

Noises in the attic

There was once a boy that was brave as can be,
There was but one thing he found to be frightly,
However that one thing caused much misery,
For it would haunt him in his bedroom nightly,
When a lack of sleep took toll on his welfare,
He was prompted to attempt to sleep elsewhere,
The boy went downstairs to sleep in an armchair,
Hopeful that a peaceful night could be found there,
And he prayed that from his fear he could break free,
But he was reminded of it constantly,
Since he wished to be as brave as he could be,
He went off to confront his fear ardently,
He went to the attic from whence came his woe,
And found a vile beast hidden amidst shadow,
He was horrified but the beast was more so,
As it then fled to where he would not follow.

Christian Lacdael

Ode to London

London where parliament convenes,
Home of the pearly kings and queens,
Crowds of people on shopping sprees,
Remember to mind the gap please,
Cockneys bound by ringing Bow bells,
The streets where the Spring Heeled Jack dwells,
Set to the clockwork of Big Ben,
Soon the royal guards change again,
Great treasures such as the crown jewels,
Westminster abbey and st. Paul's,
Road traffic crammed with red buses,
Every other local cusses,
Around the snaking River Thames,
History of the big smoke stems,
Grim streets that have charm regardless,
To the plush Buckingham Palace.

Christian Lacdael

Open fire

Via an all encompassing comfort,
A grave distaste is staved against,
Life over death on a cold night,
Amid beauty of flame formed sights,
Her gold heart found to be dazzling,
Until there's but embers glowing,
Before us naked flames beckon,
While there is dancing felt on skin,
Ravenous desire ablaze,
Catching you up in an embrace,
By her sweet side one's sure to stay,
Waiting for the first light of day,
A sweltering sanctuary,
Causing reddening of your cheeks,
My sweet lay here with me to sleep,
Close your eyes and sleep contently.

Christian Lacdael

Other way

Is it so wrong to want things the other way around? Upside down turned around different to how they are found. If things weren't as they are what harm could it ever do, if things weren't as is those opposed would be far and few. Is it so wrong to want things in a way variant, at deviance, some way amended, and discrepant, if things weren't as is the change would have been overdue. If things weren't as they are those opposed would change their view.

Christian Lacdael

Out on the pull

I'm sorry for being so blunt,
But admittedly I'm a #@$%,
I care for her looks and blue eyes,
Interest in her words are lies,
If she should tick one box or more,
More than one night could be in store,
A hand I feel I could shatter,
Is held tight to show she matters,
Should she lack plans or act a fool,
I'll try making up these shortfalls,
If it turns out that we do suit,
I wonder if kids would be cute,
And if things do not go that far,
Que sera, sera or huzzah,
I like the arts and going for walks,
Seeking the right girl to court.

Christian Lacdael

Promises

Years go by no sign of saviour,
And nothing's changed for the better,
We keep up our vile behaviour,
Since with peace we've a vendetta,
Tears turn to wine and angels sing,
In a world that's less depressing,
Crippled by a burning craving,
We've long known there's something missing,
Out of gloom comes a faded dream,
The likes of which hasn't been seen,
One's spirit it vows to redeem,
With promises of the serene,
But we can't reach that sacred place,
As we learn with lies words are laced,
The lesson shan't be received with grace,
As we lose what's too precious to waste.

Christian Lacdael

Queen Elizabeth II

Elizabeth the second's reign,
Has been much to her realm's gain,
Her allegiance to her nation,
Model to those of her station,
A most wise and respectful queen,
Great as those before her have been,
We'll remain loyal to the crown,
Lest all we've built up crashes down,
With prince Philip by her right hand,
Meeting duties and touring the land,
Commonwealth realms unite as one,
Helped out by all that she has done,
May she long still be on the throne,
Reach out so bridges are grown,
Be a link to an age that's gone,
She that her subjects depend on.

Christian Lacdael

Reburying the skeleton

A skeleton thought it time for his wake,
He was in fact a hundred years too late,
Since he was unaware of his mistake,
He went off in search of his old flatmate,
When he found his way to the right address,
The occupant sadly abhorred her guest,
She gave out a scream to show her distress,
And people came to inspect the unrest,
They deemed that they did not quite like his kind,
And then schemed to bring about his demise,
One of the men hit him hard from behind,
Then took him to where they thought it most wise,
They then went about reburying him,
So as to confine him to his coffin,
But in their haste they left out a forelimb,
So had to open the coffin again.

Christian Lacdael

Robin

Twittering about on their own,
Home as flocks fly from where cold's blown,
Ever strong and soldiering on,
Singing a soothing winter song,
Rather than for summer to mourn,
Dressed in summer though winter born,
Giving cause not to be forlorn,
Dulling cruelty of a cold morn,
Such a beauty to grace thine eyes,
More than what from sights thou surmise,
While thought to stay by their claimed skies,
Lore tells of travels at sunrise,
Taking flight with a noble aim,
Carrying dew to douse hell's flames,
Feathers get lashed at by the blaze,
Proved by the crimson on display.

Christian Lacdael

Royal wedding, Kate Middleton and prince William

A prince of old in name and dress,
Paired with daddy's little princess,
Spurs England to get flags unfurled,
To recall a distant quaint world,
For royalty we proles don't much care,
And believe their excess unfair,
But we'll support Kate and William,
Due to our pride for our kingdom,
Let joy meet all those that attend,
No punk be played which may offend,
Let confused travellers love it all,
And buy tat from every cheap stall,
Lest the wedding should end up marred,
We'll have police go out on guard,
We'll even fund the whole event,
And want nothing for what we've spent.

Christian Lacdael

Running with glue

People warn you not to run with scissors,
But there's risks to be had with glue also,
There's tales without happy ever afters,
And it's even caused me personal woe,
As a child I foolishly ran with glue,
I'll tell you about that day which I rue,
Hopeful that the story will prevent you,
Enduring the ordeal that I went through,
I was running with the vile substance,
When I tripped on a broken flooring tile,
Which had a disastrous consequence,
Though I am quite sure it will tempt a smile,
I was stuck where I fell for near a week,
The way that I got free was quite unique,
But wasn't ideal as I'm now a freak,
Since I'm living with a tile on my cheek.

Christian Lacdael

Saint Swithin's day

On the day that marks St. Swithun,
Watch the sky once the sun's risen,
Should the weather prove to be fine,
There'll be many days of sunshine,
Weather the saint's said to foretell,
Is it to be a rainy spell?
Pray that rainclouds will go away,
They can come back another day,
Apples are christened if there's rain,
But clouds will be set to remain,
A bleak forty day downpour,
Or a fine summer is in store,
We have want for more days of sun,
Let our summer not yet be done,
Whoever has sway over skies,
Is truly a saint in thine eyes.

Christian Lacdael

September 11th

The 11th of september
A date all came to remember
Wounds were made that still remain sore
While razed was that none can restore
Amongst tragedy so severe
Heroes were born we're to revere
Unwitting souls lived a nightmare
Scenes of which all became aware
An evil act changed lives for good
Sited where twin towers once stood
Now dust has settled on the ground
And spirits have slowly rebound
Thoughts go out to all those that died
While respects are paid nationwide
A strength is found to move forward
In this world that's ever wayward

Christian Lacdael

Seventh hour

The summer flowers will open bright and wide,
Into a world that they will in time despise,
Whereas the suited man will happily sell his lies,
To feed off of the future misery of those less wise,
The humble soul will be truthful and free from pride,
Only to be greeted by an untimely demise,
Whereas the greed possessed will nurture a guise,
And then successfully steal away the prize.

Christian Lacdael

Shadow

For so long we have been inseparable,
In the dark times as well as the joyful,
Now I'm tired and crave to be alone,
I just want to spend one day on my own,
Not to be followed wherever I go,
Have my head cleared of all of the sorrow,
Each one of these truths that I now admit,
Inspire me to put an end to it,
I swallow down all my apprehension,
Try my hardest to hide my intention,
Travel to a river and then drown him,
Then rejoice in the death of my victim,
I pray hard that the burden free life stays,
But he looms out of a shadowy haze,
He comes close to me and softly he says,
I shall be here forever and always,
Once enough strength to defeat him is found,
I drug and restrain him like a hell-hound,
Then take him off to be buried alive,
And I rejoice as he fails to survive,
I pray hard that the worry free life stays,
But he appears from a shadowy haze,
He comes closer and closer and then says,
I shall be here forever and always.

Christian Lacdael

Shy shadow

My shadow's always been timid,
But now he's yet more secluded,
He always seems to hide at night,
And tries to keep out of my sight,
I thus thought that I'd let him know,
About all that he does forego,
Sadly his resistance was strong,
And so I gave up before long,
Then one day while in lands unknown,
I felt quite scared to be alone,
My shadow felt the same as well,
For we both rued that which befell,
We looked to each other for strength,
And thus we conversed at great length,
I now accept him as he is,
Though my life is at odds with his.

Christian Lacdael

Shyness

While lying to the looking glass,
Spite those of a whole other class,
Shamed to see life become a farce,
Pray it's a phase that's soon to pass,
Never having the needed grace,
Cursed feeling ever out of place,
Always wanting to hide your face,
Craving a special sacred space,
Needing to just be left in peace,
And all expectations to cease,
Part of you denied a release,
Urges to give life a new lease,
Too many truths hard to confess,
Demons that leave you in distress,
Evil eying points to address,
Convince yourself all's not hopeless.

Christian Lacdael

Snowdrops

They're to be seen across the north,
From frozen ground they will sprout forth,
Of nature we see a rebirth,
Seeds of life hid within the earth,
At last winter is to depart,
For the spring months are soon to start,
Flowers that are the most pure white,
Shall always be a pleasing sight,
Undeterred should there still be frost,
Flowers will open at all cost,
The snowdrop's beauty shines the most,
In a month that's a bitter host,
In woods darted about the place,
Bringing smiles to many a face,
For our countryside they do bless,
bringing about scenes that impress.

Christian Lacdael

Snowflakes

Heaven formed kaleidoscope sights;
Pretty patterns of fragile ice,
Their chance to shine shatters the light,
Making lands blanketed in white,
Falling as if tears of winter,
Each is unique yet no different,
Beauty that's insignificant,
Gracing the earth though reluctant,
Designed and crafted by the gods,
Each flake standing among millions,
Dancing slow below clouded skies,
With movements followed by wide eyes,
Crystals that are all but worthless,
Kindling envy from artists,
Loathed whenever they fall en mass;
Relief comes when their time's to pass.

Christian Lacdael

Social media

The world's shrunk by our need to share,
Networked wires save trips here and there,
Make new friendships, cement the old,
Find freedom to escape the mould,
Share work, collaborate and grow,
Learn what you'd not otherwise know,
It's real life written as ones and zeros,
Poetry to be switched with prose,
Mindless as content consumers,
Blind that we're too the producers,
Beaches form from sands of time spent,
You make cash but don't see a cent,
A digital fingerprint takes shape,
That won't wipe like a cassette tape,
One status update that's careless,
May down the line leave you jobless.

Christian Lacdael

Somewhere else

Time starts running thin,
Whilst fears grow within,
Under thickened skin,
We fear our ruin,
Things start looking grim,
As our problems brim,
for chances are slim,
When you're fate's victim,
Our world seems wretched,
When we're dejected,
Whilst ever haunted,
By our youth wasted,
We envy Alice,
Since she's not like us,
She finds way to bliss,
As we stress and cuss.

Christian Lacdael

Spring

The world was overcome with cold, everything seemed frozen or dead. The snowdrop flower acted bold, and caused a change that would soon spread. The sun was warmed so sought to aid, hoping that others would be led. In time the chill started to fade, which in turn woke a young maid. The maiden gained the touch of life, from picking a flower deemed nice, which was the one that fought through strife. She then sought to craft paradise. Everything the maiden spied, gained beauty with which to entice, till the entire countryside, was fill with beauty far and wide.

The world again had its old charm, for with life it began to teem. The cold seemed to have done no harm, as though it'd been but a bad dream. As sunlight freed the land from gloom, vibrant colours began to gleam, for nature took its cue to bloom, infusing the air with perfume. The sights seen were so singular, the sky formed and then cried a tear. What was yet more irregular, it cried till it gave cause to fear. There was an extensive downpour, for skies were no longer clear. It rained and rained and rained some more, which had effects none could ignore.

Showers made beauty hard to see, as it lessened nature's appeal. Blossom was shed from every tree, as a result of the ordeal. The maiden was notably keen, to somehow once again reveal, how nature can appear serene, and to restore the sights once seen. The maiden tried to save all in reach, but the rain had dampened her touch. Of all her attempts failure met each, And so nothing changed all that much. The maiden feared she'd face reproach. As to faith she held a tight clutch, while on her change was to encroach, she sought to think up a new approach.

The maid then used paint for her aim, so all the bright colours could stay. She made sure nothing looked the same, hand made a beautiful display. The rain continued to pour down, and soon washed all the paint away. To the sun heads turned to complain, praying it weren't to be in vain. It seemed hopes they would have to shelf. Getting through to the sun proved tough. A bird reached the sun by himself. The task proved hard and the trek rough. The brave bird gave the sun a brief, and told him enough was enough. He outlined experienced grief, and asked for there to be relief.

There was a reclaiming of hope, as the sun's might at last awoke. He glared till the clouds could not cope, and so the cloud cover soon broke. The temperature started to grow, owed to change all wished to invoke, which in time caused the wind to blow, and the rains to finally go. The skies were the bluest ever known, for all the rain clouds were long gone, to far away lands they were blown, uncovering the sun which shone. Life started to flourish again, wherever the sun fell upon. Life swelled in every wood and glen, crafting beauty that's hard to pen.

The maiden aided as well, by using her life giving skill. All that caused gloom was bade farewell, as all bowed to a stronger will. The girl's actions were her downfall, As they soon led her to fall ill. She spurred life in things great and small, till she had no life left at all. The maiden's death broke many a heart, for all loved her every aspect. Sad that from life she did depart, they lined up to pay their respect. The maid lived on despite her fate, since her life had made an impact, which nature's glorious state, clearly acted to illustrate.

Christian Lacdael

Spring equinox

Darkness loses its upper hand,
Balance has at last been regained,
The sun is bright but the wind is cold,
Old man winter's reign is to end,
Flowers are appearing again,
The change seems as though it's god sent,
Those long dark nights are almost gone,
Summer days shall dawn before long,
Crystal blue poised against the dark,
Light's lighter and dark is nicer,
An evening out of power,
The days now slowly grow longer,
A change cannot come soon enough,
Spring's equinox brings us relief,
Balance rests on the edge of a knife,
Nature has been given new life.

Christian Lacdael

Spring mornings

Woken by earlier born sun,
Chills harmless as nettles while young,
There's frost but winter's on the run,
Colour nigh seems it don't belong,
On battle worn ground life will win,
Mother nature is now yawning,
Memories bind to breaths we breathe in,
The promise of a spring morning,
Growth sprouts from the canvas wiped clean,
Woods ready for chaos filled scenes,
Life's waiting in dashes of green,
Blessings are spoken by May queens,
A mist veils the earnest beauty,
We see clear once the sun clips trees,
Fauna want for patience like we,
These months forever play the tease.

Christian Lacdael

St. Patrick's day

Make sure you wear a touch of green,
For where there is 40 shades seen,
Be sure to have a shamrock on,
And honour the national icon,
Praise the patron saint of Ireland,
Make the most of the events planned,
Parades that began in Dublin,
Spread further than you'd imagine,
A brief break from observing lent,
And fasting in which days are spent,
Enjoy that from which you refrain,
For one day no longer abstain,
The air fills with cheer and singing,
Streets fill up with crowds and dancing,
Minds full of care will soon have none,
Once celebrations have begun.

Christian Lacdael

St. Valentine's Day

A day set aside for romance,
On which suitors make an advance,
Pray you find yourself not loveless,
With emotions you can't express,
There's a heart in which you've a place,
A true love of untold grace,
Dream of your days spent as lovebirds,
Feelings you can't relate with words,
On this day that cupid seeds fate,
It is said that birds find a mate,
Whether known or kept secret,
To your dearest gladly submit,
Try to seek out that perfect gift,
So your love's spirits get a lift,
Many will open up their heart,
New chapters of romance will start.

Christian Lacdael

Suffolk

A luscious land of fertile soil,
Upon which there's been years of toil,
The towns and villages appeal,
With somewhat of an old world feel,
Traditionally brewed vintage ale,
Many a bizarre quaint tale,
Out on the broads all is tranquil,
A place to be with time to kill,
Once home of witches and fairies,
Now where to live a life of ease,
A history rearing horses,
The home of prestigious races,
Brilliantly vibrant blue skies,
Folk with Anglo and Celtic ties,
A coast that glows with golden sands,
History built on the fenlands.

Christian Lacdael

Summer

The days were beautifully serene, and those that lived them were carefree. Warmed by sights that were to be seen, as nature's greatness was set free. One to which the sights did appeal, quite soon found herself filled with glee. Due to how the sun made her feel, and flaunt what she once did conceal. The girl wished to be the sun's bride, as for him she was urged to pine. The sun made her feel good inside, for in his presence she would shine. All that the sun managed to light, showed the world that the girl was fine. She made for an entrancing sight, as a love she sought to ignite.

To try to make the sun her prince, the girl acted at every chance. A love was lost and he's not loved since, so he ignored every advance. Hearts are broken with reluctance, and around the matter we'll dance, so to avoid any grievance, that might come as a consequence. The young girl didn't give up hope, and made her perseverance known. With failure the girl could not cope, for towards it she was not prone. The girl put her beauty on show, adamant not to be alone, hopeful she could make love grow, and thus avoid feeling sorrow.

The girl managed to have her way, she claimed the sun as her new flame, but with him she was not to stay, owing to how hot things became. The girl found herself under strain, since the sun's verve was hard to tame. She did try her best to explain, yet still caused the sun much pain. The sun tried winning the girl once more, for he knew chances of love are rare. He found that fact hard to ignore, which sadly drove him to despair. A loveless life was the sun's fear, as he thought it'd be hard to bear. The sun quite nearly cried a tear, for he felt his fate was clear.

The sun could not but lose his cool, when he saw those under love's spell. He'd be envious as a rule, and would burn like the flames in hell. The sun hated all that he did feel. These such emotions are hard to quell. He found they were hard to conceal, since his broken heart would not heal. Due to the sun's queer state of mind, events occurred that were unplanned. Counter to how he was inclined, the sun acted to scorch the land. There was suffering far and wide, as the heat was hard to withstand. All the streams and pools in time dried, while plants withered up and then died.

The sun was cooled down just in time, his love returned and used her charm. She felt what he'd done was a crime, and wanted to prevent more harm. The sun's ex-love got through to him, and managed to get him to calm, by singing a soothing poem, which staved off a fate that was grim. The girl had knowledge to impart, which made the sun be less distraught. She said time would heal his heart, and he would find the one he sought. The sun was told that he should wait, all was not hopeless as he thought. For if he had faith in his fate, he would get to find his soul mate.

The girl's advice was taken on, because it gave hope to the sun, and on account of which he shone, seeking to light that prized someone. With the sun tame as he'd once been, the damage he'd caused was undone. Across the land a change was seen, as again all became serene. There's no telling when love can strike, and though it may lead to heartache, the knowledge of what it feels like, means no love can be a mistake. Even if things may appear bleak, there's always steps one can take, so to claim the love they seek, with no regret of which to speak.

Christian Lacdael

Summer flowers

Flowers so colourful and bright,
In their glory in the sun's light,
At home amid the summer's heat,
Giving out a perfume so sweet,
The summer flowers seem perfect,
In near enough every aspect,
So effortlessly they distract,
As one's attention they attract,
Countless different kinds carve their mark,
Throughout every meadow and park,
There for us to enjoy and pick,
While we waste our days and frolic,
As gifts more poetic than speech,
When lovers and their loves meet,
One of nature's finer artworks,
Saving scenes from seeming bleak.

Christian Lacdael

Summer nights

Our place of rest with sheets to shed,
The burden of clothes is unwanted,
Pray eyes pried open are refreshed,
Nigh kept from rest while sweat coated,
Warmth lingers as the light grows weak,
Tortured by excess body heat,
Kissed sweetly by a gentle breeze,
A lover's comfort helps tempt sleep,
Every window left wide open,
Cotton becomes a calm ocean,
The cooling morn is waited on,
A wrestle to rest that's wished gone,
Win the battle waged in the dark,
Armoured with but cotton or silk,
Claim dreamlands destroyed by daybreak,
Soar with angels before you wake.

Christian Lacdael

Sun

Life giving all powerful one,
Light bringer to herald sweet dawn,
The father, the sun of heaven,
The name for god in countless tongues,
Cue's taken from our time keeper,
The husband to mother nature,
Our world with him at the centre,
Summer's king, winter's vanquisher,
At mercy of waning power,
Absence to be soothed by fire,
Battling war waging weather,
Ever coming out the better,
Relief given by the shade of trees,
Sweat covered in the days of heat,
Muse to smiles and fine memories,
Beauty that feeds the days to be.

Christian Lacdael

Sweet memory

My sweet little memory, you taste like red wine,
I am oh so pleased you have come to visit me,
You bring warmth and comfort in a worrisome life,
I wish I could be with you for eternity,
As I think back to the time I first smelt that scent,
Picture it as though it's happening this second,
Dance with my child self and mourn my innocence lost,
The feelings seem like they are more than just pretend,
My vile dirty memory, you taste like bitter foul meat,
Why must you trouble me quite so relentlessly?
You add to what's already a sea of torment,
I crave to escape your insensitivity,
So I look back to what caused the scar I abhor,
Imagine that it is happening this second,
Change the vile daemon into a liveable form,
Then reform and write all my flawed conclusions.

Christian Lacdael

The perfect meal

Are you tired of the same old boring meal?
Let me tell you I know just how you feel,
Some days I feel urged to get up and shriek,
As I find my meals to be oh so bleak,
There's experience in the words I speak,
Which I wish I were able to conceal,
Let me warn against a path you may seek,
One shouldn't act on a rash thought with zeal,
I thought skilled cooking was not a big deal,
For my meal I just used what did appeal,
Then patiently waited for it to bake,
And hoped for the best for my hunger's sake,
I soon took the biggest bite I could take,
But swallowing was quite a vile ordeal,
I puked for my scheme had been a mistake,
Thus my early comments need a repeal.

Christian Lacdael

the pianist

A young perplexing boy who found comfort in staying out of sight, had a behaviour that made him the target of cruelty and smite. One day by chance he came upon a piano and came alight, and quite soon gained respect since his music was able to excite, yet was not happy for he wanted to gain finesse overnight. He would practice relentlessly, studying and playing hourly. With time he gained the mastery, which he had lusted for dearly. He would sleep his nights restlessly, without fail waking eagerly, since he was obsessed about playing his instrument flawlessly. He came to be annoyed at how his playing was not always tight. Maintaining the concentration required took all of his might. He removed all his possessions in and around his line of sight. Still it was not enough and so he removed everything outright, yet was not happy as his playing still had a margin of blight. He removed light and played blindly, as a result played perfectly. In time he eventually lost his grip on reality, numerous birds curiously came and formed an assembly. One bird liked the music dearly and called on the king frequently. The bird sang a melody, which the king found to be a delight, the king complemented the bird and came to learn of its ghostwrite, then requested the pianist to enter into the limelight. The pianist was promised riches should he accept the invite, yet he turned it down as he had developed a distaste for light.

Christian Lacdael

The River Lark

The valley of the River Lark,
Whether carved through a country park,
Set along side a tranquil lake,
Crafts a beautiful walk to take,
Life ever teems upon the bank,
Mother nature we've cause to thank,
Age old roots of the English Oak,
Those too of the quaint local folk,
Down in the South East of England,
Amid a blanket of farmland,
The charming Suffolk countryside,
Where there are treasures to be spied,
A course cut by many a wood,
Prized by those in the neighbourhood,
There is much worthy to behold,
Owing to settlements of old.

Christian Lacdael

The search

We slide the razor-blade against the skin,
Swallow the pill and stick the needle in,
But it never replaces what's missing,
We have just got to keep on searching,
What if we find it but then can't claim it,
What if we can never quite feel content,
What if we go and forfeit everything,
Just to find that we end up with nothing,
Be it a cold hand or a gentle touch,
We will learn there's no such thing as too much,
After all that's seen and all that is done,
We may just find something is someone,
What if we find them but then can't claim them,
What if the torment is too much to bear,
What if we then create an obsession,
Which makes us go completely insane.

Christian Lacdael

Thinking of you

I thought I could endure being without you,
However the longing your absence brought grew,
I see you where there is nothing to be seen,
But it's a haunting that I dearly value,
Contentment is that which in life I pursue,
What completes me there is nothing equal to,
Of all the pains to be endured our parting,
Is the worst that I could ever go through,
The first day parted I wished it was not true,
And on the second day the desire grew,
I long for the night to draw in in earnest,
As I find comfort in the dreams that ensue,
Have you ever felt entrapped by a virtue?
Have you ever wished for your fear to subdue?
Know that you could never be truly alone,
Know that I will always be thinking of you,
Everyday our uniting was overdue,
My fondness for your bewitching smile grew,
While on distant soils I am reminded,
Of your countenance by every serene view,
Have you ever wanted warmth when on your own?
Have you ever wanted love honest and true?
Know that you could never be truly alone,
Know that I will always be thinking of you.

Christian Lacdael

Thistle Seeds

Thistle seeds floating on a breeze,
Innocence sees dancing faeries,
At times you can be left deceived,
Belief though never truly leaves,
A hand reaches out to catch dreams,
Amid a magical like scene,
A trip is risked for foolishness,
Full of hopes for a granted wish,
At times but inches out of reach,
A missed chance massacres the peace,
Wants distance from movements of haste,
To change our fate we'll put up chase,
Childhood and dreams up in the air,
Adulthood's childhood without the fears,
Real life holds dreams with gravity,
Harder to achieve but more sweet.

Christian Lacdael

Together in death (escape heaven)

In a distant forgotten land, two clans fought for the upper hand, in a dispute regarding how the other's estate should expand. The violence was endured for years, resulting in a wealth of tears, for numerous died and many more encountered their darkest fears. It looked like peace could not be found, or that life would again be sound, and only the estate's heirs escaped the violence that was abound. Though the two were kept from the war, they still met with things to abhor, and eventually they came to feel they could not take anymore. By chance one evening in the fall, the two both grieved in a church hall, and unbeknown they then each decided to heed the other's call. The maiden was sure that the squire, was someone that she could admire, while he found himself certain that she could kindle a great desire. With anxiety they were filled, as their minds dismissed what was willed, and they failed to have the reddening that they each underwent stilled. When the moment ended at last, they both regretted what had passed, but they failed to forget due to the spell that the other had cast. They went off to separate ends, while each one of their minds defends, the inappropriate smiles that they wore while mourning their dead friends. Although it was only fleeting, there was great wealth to their meeting, because there were subtleties within each of the pair's coy greeting. They met up the very next night, and shared tales of their supposed plight, then comforted and consoled each other till the sky became bright. If seen there would have been much grief, for their friendship beggared belief, they thus remained quiet despite speaking up promising relief. Although most people were forlorn, due to the land being war torn, the young heirs were rapturous as they had spurred a love to be born. The maiden had a verse of old, which she willed the squire to behold, which contained sentiments not fitting for one to be simply told, she went to get the text with haste, and found wine she had want to taste. The pair enjoyed the drink while oblivious that it had been laced, not until they started to ache, did they realise their mistake. Sadly they writhed in pain and spewed blood till passing on at daybreak. The sceptics were proved mistaken, as to heaven they were taken, but they wished that they had not been for the place seemed godforsaken, they wanted to be left alone, since they disliked what they were shown, and so they came to rue that they had in life chosen to atone. All the gayety on display, drove them into a deep dismay, for they knew it was impossible for them to feel the same way. They felt if they should remain there, it would be far too much to bear, and so they strove to devise a means of relocating elsewhere. The girl recalled a place in hell that she had once wanted to dwell, as to her the forest featured in Dante's inferno seemed swell. To be in a desolate place, and within the other's embrace, was all they wanted but to claim it there were obstacles to face. Since they were already deceased, their plight couldn't have been increased, and so they dared to conspire without being fearful in the least. After much investigation, they lighted on their salvation, however a fierce angel stood guard at the concerned location. The guard had long been worry free, so lacked mental capacity, the maiden and the squire played on this and so they managed to flee. Once they had left heaven behind, they felt pain of a unique kind, as their flesh parted to serve the wings with which they had been assigned. Despite the pain they were thankful, for their path became hazard full, and they were soon falling in a manner that was far from graceful. They eventually learnt to fly, but were grounded with their first lie, as their wings withered away and their innocence started to die. Their descent into hell was fast, and their evil was unsurpassed, since they were both desperately eager to be in peace at last. The seventh circle's neighbourhood, hosted a beautiful thick wood, which the pair duly fell in love with and wished to stay there for good. With time their skin turned into bark, and they became but a landmark, for they ended up trees after a transformation that was stark. They stood with their branches entwined, perfectly content with their bind, since they had finally left their pain, misery and hurt behind.

Christian Lacdael

Tongue tied

Whenever I lie I seem to get tongue tied,
On the face of it you may well think it's fine,
But it makes me sigh and I have even cried,
As it leads one to a life of poor design,
I hate when people say that lying is bad,
Sometimes it's the best option that is at hand,
For telling the truth can make people feel sad,
Or lead you to enduring things you can't stand,
Like assessing the appearance of a friend,
Being made to read the writings of laymen,
Having to attend a play in the West End,
Or visiting a relative yet again,
I've often done things I'd rather not have done,
Such as kissing an unappealing person,
Or doing stuff that others seem to find fun,
And so I wish to change before things worsen,
I heard there was someone who knew of a cure,
And so I went off so as to find out more,
With time I found the one I was looking for,
They gave advice which was best not to ignore,
I went and put a piece of ice on my tongue,
Hoping I couldn't lie if my mouth was numb,
I even tried eating a bee to get stung,
However my speech suffered as an outcome,
I altered the language in which I express,
Lest English was that with which my plight depends,
With the use of sign language I found success,
But I couldn't communicate with my friends,
I guess that all of my efforts were in vain,
I'll now have to speak words that are genuine,
Endure the consequences and not complain,
Either that or learn to lace my words with spin.

Christian Lacdael

Twilight

Day was set aside from the night,
Owing to the creator's might,
The artist's blue hour of light,
Makes many a magical sight,
As the bleak darkness becomes due,
It edges its way into view,
There's a rich and rarely seen blue,
An almost impossible hue,
The sky enters a splintered state,
Whenever the hour gets late,
Then yet again after a wait,
We see a wiping of the slate,
Each night sight of the scene is caught,
Beauty is found that's often sought,
And though the time it lasts is short,
It turns out better than you thought.

Christian Lacdael

Type O negative

They need you to survive,
But aim to bleed you dry,
You don't need them alive,
So #@%$ them, let them die,
The others they don't like,
Such bias is not right,
So orchestrate a strike,
And bring the wrong to light,
They say it causes pain,
Makes them feel sick and faint,
But when there's blood in vein,
They need not make complaint,
Ignore all that they say,
For they're just being fake,
If you let them give sway,
It would be a mistake.

Christian Lacdael

Unachievable dream

Not a flower did grow in the harsh land of misery and woe, in which a cruel vindictive fate left Elizabeth to wallow. Sadly she was but a mere child when her innocence was defiled, as her parents were butchered by a fierce animal in the wild. Since life was hard she struggled to avoid resorting to whoredom, and would fantasise about swapping her life for one of freedom. After years of absence an old acquaintance made an appearance, and captivated her with tales of a foreign land's opulence, for its fertile well watered soils had led to food being abound, and unlike the land in which she lived, prosperity could be found. She knew that if she travelled there she would not have any regrets, and so readied herself to emigrate by settling all her debts. Relocating meant that there were things she would have to sacrifice, she felt it worth it though if it meant she would reach a paradise. On her trek there were obstacles with which she had to come to grips, however thanks due to her determination she had few slips. To her surprise she succeeded, and her high hopes were exceeded. Her life changed for the better as she found she had all she needed. After a fortnight or more she found her new life to be a bore, and with time came to be as unhappy as she had been before. She then chanced on a leaflet that caused her spirits to be reborn, as on it directions to a land of wealth and splendour were drawn. She grew more certain that her happiness was to be found elsewhere, and so chose to move in the hope of living a life free of care. On her trek there were obstacles with which she had to come to grips, however thanks due to her determination she had few slips. To her surprise she succeeded, and her high hopes were exceeded. Her life became better for she had much more of what she needed, however, she soon realised the quest is worth more than the prize, and as life is in itself a journey, stopping would be unwise, for it seemingly seems that contentment is found within a scheme, by which one can set out to achieve an unachievable dream.

Christian Lacdael

Valentine

Close though never enough,
With an ice cold warming touch,
Summer tasting winter born,
In thoughts ne'er to be alone,
An embrace mine soon misses,
Warring designs against us,
A body of made wishes,
Owed to be dressed in kisses.

Christian Lacdael

Vinegar valentines

I hate having to see your face,
You're nothing short of a disgrace,
Never shall you be a princess,
You look a bloody utter mess,
Inside me there's caustic disgust,
You'll spur only mad men to lust,
Bless you striving to look your best,
Your efforts make you look possessed,
Be gone for you're but a blemish,
You've a look that's somewhat freakish,
No I don't think my words are harsh,
You're sporting a god damn moustache,
To my senses you're an offence,
You've none to come to your defence,
I rue being your acquaintance,
You've utterly no elegance.

Christian Lacdael

Whatever will be

Thorns bared by the prize rose,
Barred scents I longed to know,
Tears go with melody,
Other tastes of beauty,
Not a flawed masterpiece,
Or one's patience teased,
Can re-grey summer skies,
Or make sweet sights be lies,
Our weighty testing world,
Eats away cherished days,
Forgiven with a smile,
Chin held through a trial,
It's not failure to care,
Or weak armor I wear,
A cruel hand but taketh,
What the kinder giveth.

Christian Lacdael

Winter

The sun was overwhelmed by woe, for reasons that were unknown. Soon all else was saddened also, except one with a heart of stone. All manners of things in time froze, leaving a cold maiden alone. No other life would she have chose, for 'twas the only one she knows. The chill might have spawned from a touch, one that had been made by a witch, or one who hadn't felt love much, it doesn't really matter which. Once you've what was once out of reach, even with little you are rich. The maiden gained peace few could breach, while to none having to beseech.

The world was the maiden's to claim, and she took it without delay. Things would remain how they became, as long as she could have her way. The maiden sang in her fine range, and wrote sonnets throughout the day, as she loved how the world was strange, but soon there was to be a change. The cold weather started to calm, as the sun broke free from its gloom. The world gained some of its old charm, so tempting life to again bloom. The maiden thought it a bad dream, she wanted the cold to resume. After having thought up a scheme, she sought to lessen the sun's gleam.

After the right texts were read, the maiden gained powers that few had. Some invocations were then said, so that the world became snow clad. Life was unable to pervade. No longer was the maiden sad, as the sun's might began to fade, due to the changes made. The sun's light was reflected back, making sure the world remained dark. The sun made a counter attack, but it deserves little remark. Things looked to be ever more bleak, while the maiden was free to lark, because of all that she did wreak, the sun became depressed and weak.

The might of the chill was upheld, precisely as had been fabled. Its cruel grip was unparalleled, there was slim chance hope would be herald. None could make the maiden less cold, and she wouldn't bow till humbled, but that event was not foretold, and so that no one would behold. The frozen landscape would glisten, so that beauty would be abound, tears and smiles form in unison, to help prevent one feeling down. The maiden seemed content alone, She would dance and never frown. Change came while seeds of time were sown, for she'd spent too long on her own.

The maiden's life had a defect, for there was one thing she lacked, she was haunted as an effect. With another she craved contact. Due to what a thirst can inflict, the maiden was compelled to act. She had yearnings like an addict, for a love would make her perfect. The maiden's quest started with zeal, as she was hopeful she'd succeed, but it proved to be an ordeal. It was a gruelling task indeed. The maiden yielded to defeat, and then tried to forget her need, since there wasn't a love to meet, for life is sometimes bittersweet.

Touching herself till comforted, killed the maiden's feelings within, but she regretted what she did, for it proved to be her ruin. The maiden soon felt discomfort, and froze due to touching her skin. It was a mistake she would admit, for on her, her life in time quit. The world was the maiden's no more, and within it little did stir, since it was so harsh and raw, and change seemed doubtful to occur. The maiden stayed locked in despair, all because love weren't meant for her. So have a heart with which to care, to shake a life that's hard to bear.

Christian Lacdael

Winter Solstice

It's clear that the darkness has won,
It's dark from evening till mid morn,
The sun just clips the horizon,
One fears there'll never be a dawn,
In time the sun's to be more strong,
A rebalancing will begin,
An end to a pendulum swing,
The darkness will stop devouring,
From the sun we have turned away,
We now seen the error of our ways,
A grave imbalance has been made,
Dusk is early and dawn is late,
We've a season till real change,
It's bleak and tomorrow's the same,
We scarcely see the light of day,
This darkness takes an age to fade.

Christian Lacdael

Wish

What would it be like if,
We forgot all our woes,
What would it be like if,
We still had our pure souls,
There's little chance we'll know,
But together there's hope,
So take my shaking hand,
And we'll make memories,
We will make time stand still,
We will have our fears killed,
I won't spite the purest,
You won't spite the fairest,
We will claim what we will,
We will be soon fulfilled,
We won't spite the dearest,
Because it will be us,
You won't spite the finest,
I won't spite the richest,
We won't spite the bravest,
Because it will be us,
As long as we don't wake,
And break our cherished spell,
As long as we can make,
Seeds of heartache dispel.

Christian Lacdael

Woods

Entranced by nature's symphony,
Soothed by melodies in the breeze,
Lost within a world of lush green,
Finding escape from the sun's heat,
Under a patchwork canopy,
Youthful souls find means to fly free,
The wood nymphs dance amongst the trees,
Small creatures scurry busily,
Mother nature in her glory,
Here man's touch is not to be seen,
Here the air is both fresh and sweet,
In woods surrounded by beauty,
Contentment grown out of strewn seeds,
Born out of summer's majesty.
Pieced together masterfully.

Christian Lacdael