Poetry Series

David Taylor

- poems -

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David Taylor (3rd January 1956)

Born, Baby, Child, Adolescent, Student, Employee, Husband, Self Employed, Father, Father, Father, Divorcee, Husband, Father...and throughout all that I'm me!

(9899) Ullswater Steamer

The Sun now departed for new horizons,
leaving a sullen sunless blue behind the
listless moving clouds.
The waters of the lake an inky greyness
stolen from the sky.
And the clouds absorbing back the moisture
from the waters below their gaze,
a portent of near future torrents
to be unleashed from a laden sky.
Between them strong and silent with
such definite outline against the heavens,
sliding unnoticed below the waters of the lake
and stretching beyond the distant shore.
Supporting all the depth of greyness
in rippled lappings from shore to shore.
Until, arriving at my point of observation
supporting me at my very feet,
you join the waters in the sky and lake
and absorb my body into yours.
My mind reaches to the sky
and soars beyond its false thinking bounds.
My heart joins the waters of the lake
with such stillness as a measure of its depth.

To the left in the distance the Ullswater Steamer
silently floats into vision.
Blazing with the lights of a spirited journey,
drifting on by in the greyness.
Unaware of you beneath the deep
holding up all that rest upon you and
all through which it travels
In this shadowy evening of greyness,
a marker of my life.
Setting sail on life's journey
each from shore of birth to dock of death.
With a bowline meeting bollard to signify
one last breath as it docks.
Is this the last sailing?
With each bow wave perfect in form
without any unneeded splash or curve
to break the calm of the lake,
a perfect course to a waiting berth?

With body rooted in the earth
and mind infinite in its expanse beyond the sky
and tranquil unmoving heart beneath the waters,
you watch the Steamer's journey
as it sails on by.
You ask to whom are these journeys occurring
and you know that it is by you
that they are seen and heard and heartfelt.
You ask who am I?

And you know that one day
you will be witness to the final sailing
and as that rope is tied the Steamer of
your lives will finally have berthed.
A final rebirth from which no further
sailings need be made.

David Taylor

A Bard Imprisoned

"A bard imprisoned,
his muse is free"
His thoughts intent on
past passions spent.
On delights of dance,
on eyes in trance,
happening as he would say
on the nubile forms
walking by that way.
Beguiled by thoughts of
Of passions dreams,
so steamy but beyond
the aged probable, it seems.
And smells intense of
heady scents.
And spices from afar
to delight the tongue
with taste of fire.
But in his gut becomes
a fire of bile beguiled.

Oh a bard imprisoned
by his mind.
Enraptured by past pleasures kind.
Oh bard imprisoned
your muse is free,
to soar beyond
and set you free.
Pray your muse
to come to thee
on howling winds, on
moonshines wings,
and in the songs
the heavens' sing.
And upon his door knock,
with a silent thunder clap.
To wake him and release the trap.
A bard imprisoned deep within
unable to, himself set free.
Please I pray you tell me muse
that you did bring the key.
The key that sets
your bard free.

David Taylor

A Blinding Light Of Illuminating Love

When I look upon you
sitting quietly in humility
and showering on me
your outpouring of pure emotions
in such a generous sense
that whilst it seems it is for me
in it’s vastness it is boundless,
overflowing and flowing over all,
and I know can and does
make any being feel included
on earth or even in the heavens,
all must feel the same.
.
As I open my heart
and let my minds arms
wrap around your gentle form
and embrace the truth in you
a brilliant light dawns
in my perception
and like a blazing mid day sun
bleaches all the colours
from my sight
and leaves a silhouette
of pure and insubstantial form
just leaving us
with a blinding light of Love
which dissolves all separation
and reveals this all as one.

David Taylor

A Cold Night

A snowy icy night, painted hill tops all are white,
all the rivers flow like ice, and raindrops fall as hail,
from so very, very high, above.
Whispered breath, a smoky kind of grey,
as I wander in the coldness of my winter dreams,
trees stretching skywards hold distant memories
of rustled leaves and a lazy warming friendly breeze.
I so much love you and I want you by my side
in the coldness of this dark and lonely frozen hour.
Your lips are all I ever miss,
as I stand here cold and with a sense of helplessness
waiting for your kiss to bring back love and summertime
to the chilled and bitter darkness, that I often find.
On this snowy icy night of my winter dreams
please hurry, come back home to me
and bring that warm and gentle loving face,
the one that I do miss so very much.
How I wish that you were always here
then nothing would we ever fear
and even in the cold and dark
our love will keep us safe and warm
until the coming of the calm and gentle, warming, dawn.

David Taylor

A Confusion Of Mixed Feelings

In the outward movement of our senses
we revel in a range of tastes
many very fine and some we know
to be perhaps a little base.
They all have one thing in common
these enjoyments that we partake
they all need something from outside
to fill a need we find inside.
And when fully satisfied
in a deep contentment we then reside
one that we feel was delivered
by the tasty dish that our senses savoured.
That is the error that I spy
Ohh no that’s not it say I.
This contentment, deep satisfaction
Is revealed when we no longer feel
that we lack that which we so much need
to satisfy a whim or lust or greed.
So to be happy give up what you desire
let it burn in the sacrificial fire
and be content.
No longer mixing thoughts of pleasure
with the ever present happiness
that is revealed
when we just let go of what we held.

David Taylor

A Conversation With My Dearest Friend

So why are you shouting at me!
And that thing you said,
did you really mean to be,
so very, very mean and hurtful?
And to offend in such a deep defence,
and when I'm feeling down,
why, so it seems, do you want
to kick my very soul,
and bruise my sensibilities
with hateful speech.

You say that's all you know,
and how you have survived,
a life scarred with unkindness.
Encountered of so many kinds
that you lost count and lost sight,
of the kind of man you really are.
My dearest friend,
locked inside a mind with
bitter experience, the label on its jar.

But then I do like talking to myself;
sometimes.

David Taylor

A F'red n Gold Poem

Red and Gold
Black and Blue
True and False
Right and Wrong
Live in Hope
One Day Soon
Not Many Moons
We Can Have
Many Lines
In One Tune.

With Love
From Me
To You.

David Taylor

A Kiss

Sweetness is on your lips
like honey flavoured early morning dew.
And your eyes have a depth of blue
that even deepest oceans cannot match
with a twinkling like the stars that flash
across the space between
in which our sight it seems is seen.
And your hair as in a gentle breeze
It takes each fine strand and wisps it
on the air as if a string that music makes
deep within, a heartfelt ring.
And your smile a glowing
and in its glowing knowing
that this is true love that’s surely flowing.
Our eyes melt into one
and lips they coalesce
arms embrace entwined.
Love flows and joins
and what seemed a seeming two
are known as one, no longer me and you.
And all the Angels stop and stare
the stars in their travels pause
the sands of time suspend their race
the universe so vast in space
becomes a very tiny place.
Because love flows and joins
this is Love’s gift to all
to know you are so vast, not small
joined in abundant bliss
that’s truly universal
and found in just one loving kiss.

David Taylor

A Matter Of Life And Death

Death inevitable and unavoidable
Life fragile and transient
Reincarnate what returns
Dead meat and bones left over
Wise words and poetry
Like dead sea scrolls
Alive as long as living holds.

David Taylor

A poem!

Poems are funny.
Poems are blue.
Some poems are clever,
and some say I love you.

You say it with letters.
He says it with flowers.
We say it with kisses.
But poems say more
than all the above
and open the door,
to the one I adore.

A poem never will die.
A poem can easily fly.
A poem can be put in a bottle,
to reach distant shores,
or onto the internet,
or hidden in drawers.

A poem is magic,
with spellbinding power.
A poem can be tragic,
or there’s one that inspires.
And one that’s didactic,
improving your mind.
Or a poem that’s brighter
than moonlight, or sunshine,
or starlight, or even the light,
that shines in your mind.

But I never, did ever, did find,
a poem, a verse, or a rhyme,
that matches the brilliant,
wonder and awe,
of the heart of a woman
that I love and adore.

David Taylor

A Poet?

A
Poem
Does indeed
Grow from a seed
As small as a single vowel
And blossom into a whole world
Of meanings in the fertile mind of its reader.
The writer on the other hand just observes
As the words arise and are written
By a hand that this pen moves
And is simply watched
By he who is
Called a
Poet.

David Taylor

A Poet's Tree

I sway in the gentle breeze
of Your life giving breath
with supple branches in the wind,
and shade all that come within my scope
from the harshness of a mid day heat
with my leaves which, absorbing your warming light,
store your vitality in me as food.
These leaves which also in their gentle movements
make a restful rustled music
themed to sooth your troubled soul.
And you are fed with my ripened fruits
full of life’s life giving waters
freshly surrendered by my laden bough; to you.
And when I reach my season to be in blossom
with the beauty of my essential nature displayed
in variegated colour and infinite shades of shapes
born of the knowledge in my rooted seed;
poems will fall profusely from my branches
to the hallowed ground below.
Each a wondrous display of petal’d words
which in unique arrangements
carry their deep scent of meaning
arrayed with a symphony of rhythmic dance.
Here lying free upon the ground of minds’ perception,
to be trodden in the mud of mortal thoughts
or taken to the heart as treasures found,
by any that would care to stay a short reflective while,
silent on my shady, shadowed, ground,
and later depart into dusk’s soft and gentle hands,
with a quiet heart filled with scented blossoms;
freely offered and, with freedom, found.

David Taylor

A Question

A careful consideration of all things.
A weighing in the balance of experience.
A remembrance of treasured words received.
And from a discordance of events
a gem arises hewn of discontent,
It is a question heaven sent.

Containing all that went before.
And asking that, perhaps there might be more?
Limitless in its pure intent.
Is there any answer
that can match the scope,
of a question that the heavens wrote?

David Taylor

A Road Named Faith

Incandescent moonlit evening light
A walk along a distant road
That leads where no one has described
Some have been there and tell me so
But in going they cannot say
What they saw when they went that way.

Incandescent moonlit evening light
A walk that’s leaving bright lights of
All that’s known behind
And not knowing what will be found
Walking alone not in a crowd
Along a distant road as if in a shroud.

Incandescent moonlit evening light
I know not what is out of sight
They say that once this road is travelled right
With no more journeys will I be troubled
Freely marching as to death
But only death of all that has been left.

Incandescent moonlit evening light
Will I arrive this very night
Will I surrender all I own
Am I ready, can I atone
With all this universe and most of all
With all my actions since my first birth?

Incandescent moonlit evening light
They call me back
Thoughts binding tight
I walk on simply letting go
If I arrive
Who will ever know?

David Taylor

A Smile

A smile
Is a shining
That says
Bliss is
Arising
And sometimes
Ends in
A kiss.

David Taylor

A Totally Amazing Poem!

Consciousness
Concept
Words
Fingers
Keyboard
Internet.

I'm just not in it.

David Taylor

A True Friend Is A Rare Catch

Dearest friend.

Live your life as a trapeze artist,

reaching dizzy heights

with attention firmly on your flight.

Soaring to enthral us all.

Never giving a single thought

to the height or what lies below.

Deep inside knowing, but not in thought,

I am your net and you will be caught.

Love from your true friend.

David Taylor

A Walk In The Park

A quiet anxiety in the heart.
A stilling pause of contemplation.
A soothing stroll through the park.
An acknowledgement of your invitation.
A hush descends on all around.
The birds are flying skyward bound.
Their wings beating in my heart,
and the mind soars to distant parts.
I come to rest and cease to be
that anxious, small, identity.

David Taylor

A Walk In The Woods

The twig underfoot cracks with a
feeling of wakefulness in its breaking,
making movements in our hearts.
The rustle of leaves above reminiscent
of fresh sheets pulled above sleepy heads,
in the afternoon’s freshness.
The babble of the brook like the pouring
of champagne before outpourings of love,
which leaves us breathless.
Your laughter as I tickle your skin
with a buttercup made for tenderness within,
which leaves you speechless.
The squirrel which gathers some nuts
and scurries away to keep them for another day
making us want to hideaway,
leaving us senseless.
The tall grass which in gentle winds bend
and dance so closely as they sway
making us yearn to move that way.
I look in your eyes that say.
A walk in the woods,
it’s such a very nice way to discover and play.
And; are we alone here?

David Taylor

About A Feeling

Well I have a story to tell, today
About a feeling, come what may
I have been writing, day by day
Building up, to be able to, just say
About this feeling, come what may
It is a feeling that, I can’t describe
It is one that money, will never buy
It is not a feeling of, being high
And not one of being, dissatisfied
This feeling, come what may
It isn’t only here, today
It doesn’t come, and go
Like the thawing, winter snow.
It isn’t blue, and isn’t grey
What colour is it? I can’t say
Ohh this feeling, come what may
I always hope, to feel this way.
But as soon as thoughts, like hope arise
That feeling, that I, truly prize
It is, as if, it just vaporised
You see that feeling, is just I
With nothing added, pure it is
Until it’s covered, by thoughts, like this.

David Taylor

Abstract Art?

Sharp lines of soft curves
with shadowed hues that
meet with reproachful tints
over a tight woven canvas.
It met every brushed stroke
with supple taught resilience
that could only accept the
artist’s colour without demand
what did he say in his heart
as colour covered blankness?
Even in abstract thoughts
his palette of emotions strikes
across time and space hanging
with a galleried pomposity of
measured light, at what price?
An abstract piece of artist’s art
framed for what purpose and
if It doesn’t tell me should I ask?

David Taylor

Air

Why write many words
when a very few
can suffice
The sound the bird
did not make as it flew past
my window
shouted to me
let go, be free.
And the gentle air
as it held the
falling leaf said to me
I need not fear.
The wind carried away
all thoughts
leaving a space
full of You.

David Taylor

All I Need To Know About Your Love

The evening light filters through the dappled leaves
as sunset brings a restful gentle breeze
and softly sways the branches with such ease
as melting wispy cotton coloured clouds
drift over trees' leafy covered crowns.
A thousand leaves whisper as they play
on the gentle gusting gusts of an ending day
and as they whisper in a hush they quietly say
we are all so very different in shape and hue
but all the same in our respect of You.
On the ground a lowly buttercup, yellow glows
and in its glowing gladly golden grows
surviving mowing and our feet, the balls we throw
proudly it announces that, the sun it knows
and absorbing all the goodness from the earth below
Your splendour in abundance it surely shows.
The evening sun is setting, dusk descends
the golden buttercup below
and sun lit dappled leaves above
tell me all I need to know, about Your love.

David Taylor

Alone and Special

I have always known
I am special and alone.
From earliest childhood memories
I remember.
I saw the world full of promise
as a vastness of light and purity
full of creatures and children and adults
out there and here at home.
A kaleidoscope of changing colours
movements with divine choreography.
Deeply hurt when man’s hard shell
impinged upon the beauty
I knew so well.
In a vast playground
wanting just to play
trying to stay out of the bullies’ way.
Feeling lonely most everyday
until I realised that in disguise
it was always you right by my side.
And then I saw that I always knew
you are so special and I am too.
We are alone, I and the I in you.

David Taylor

An Admission of Truth

Now here's a short poem
that I oft thought of showing.
A bit of a lark,
or a thing of the dark?
Above all an admission of truth.

Now I've joined you all here
for less than a year.
On this journey so dear,
of poems diverse and astute.
Of feelings sublime that sometimes do rhyme.
Of anger and angst, or a grievance to hoot.

Well I have to admit
that I sometimes do dream,
of the style and the wit,
to make you all swoon, and to gasp,
with each brilliant line that I've writ.

I think to myself in a self centred way,
what have I to say that can give,
you all an experience, you'll never forget.
A verse so sublime
that never with time
will it loose its importance.
Not even in death!

Well if I find it I'm sure
you'll be the first to endure
the full force of its eloquent depth.
But until then and for now the best I can do
is this sorry attempt, at a poem with serious intent.
And if it cannot aspire to set you on fire,
I hope that at least you're content.
And perhaps, well maybe, you have to admit,
there's a poem, or two, you wish you had writ.

David Taylor

An Oxymoronological Free For All

Looking from the angle of two words
that are entirely opposed.
Some well worn expressions
take on new meanings,
ones I had never really supposed.
I'm working on the premise
It's a sure guess that you will like,
the subtle exaggeration of,
these words that want to fight.
Some are seriously funny
Others hard to believe,
like painless dentistry.
Some are pretty ugly
such as genuine faux fur.
Whilst many a clever fool
believes all the true fiction he reads.
And like a meaningful "one night stand"
when you were alone together.
In your virtual reality relationships,
when the stock market drifts sideways,
I expect I'll hear you cry,
they caught me dead alive.

David Taylor

Any One Seen My Muse?

Woke up this morning
No muse comes to mind
The mind has no music
My eyes have gone blind
She left in the night
No note can I find
My muse has deserted
My old riddled mind.

No discussions we had
No disputes I can see
She just up'd and left
In the night, so did she
But then I remember
She never did say
How long she would muse me
How long she would stay

So how do I write
The poems in me
With no muse in sight
It's not easy to see
So I think I'll write just
A poem or two
To see what will happen
If my muse will be true.

David Taylor

Anyone There?

Now I don’t know
who you are
or where you are
or if you’re reading this

I guess if I don’t
know this
I really can’t
ask you for
anything.
Certainly not
a manly hug
or a tender
female kiss.

So how about
A note instead
Just to let
me know
that you really
do exist!

David Taylor

Archaeology

Shall I use your words
or invent anew
to say what was known
in ancient times?
I would excavate the scene
and reveal what time
and time alone has concealed.
I do not create
but rather an archaeologist
digging through mental rubble
to find ancient tombs of thought
that are the antipathy of decay
buried beneath slothful mountains.
And when again their carcases are opened
great forests of knowledge spring up
in our fertile mind.
And it is ignorance that turns to dust
faced with ancient words, not mine.

David Taylor

Are You Moonsome Tonight?

What could I give you?
Would you ask for the moon?
Do you need it, to feel you are free?
Some say moonshine is the way,
for others moonstone's the key,
so soothing it can banish your stress.

Oh how we love to look at the moon,
and let it wisp us away,
from our earth bound dismay and distress.
In a crescent or spherical form,
It can transform our fears into bliss.

So give me a place and a time,
where the moon,
It does shine,
and the moonshine
we drink deep with a kiss,
and all that's around
is transformed by its light,
to a moonstone kind of softness.
And together we'll fly into the night
on a moonbeam of heavenly bliss.

David Taylor

Arriving At Work, A Day Begins

A glint of early morning sun reflected
in the shiny waxed panels of the parked cars
with blinding rays of light from the mirrored wings
bursting star like on my eyes from a focal intensity
only a pale shadow of the low lying god in my heaven
which hung with unknown colour in a pale blue sky.

The sole of my shoe crunched a gravel chipping
as it pressed into the dry surface of the tarmac drive
making a small mark in memory of my passing
A butterfly with painted wings left its soft repose
and dipped and rose upon the gentle blowing wind
the same air that filled my body with breath and life.

David Taylor

Baby Don't You Light My Ire

There are so very many ways to play with fire.
Just think of all I could say which would ignite your ire.
The possibilities are endless for touching sensibilities.
Why should you give me the power to light your touch.
Is it my responsibility not to strike the match?
Or should you sprinkle a little water on your heartfelt facts.
If my ovens not so hot the bread will be half baked.
But if I turn the heat right up its cinders I will make.
So nice and warm and cuddly won’t cook our daily bread.
But flaming rages equally will bake the dough to death.
So have some fun when your playing with your inner fire
But don’t turn up the heat so much that you ignite my ire.

David Taylor

Beat Predjudice

Do you think that I will only
write what's right?
Do you say that I will only
speak what's right?
Do you hope that I will only
do what's right?
Do you hear what I say,
do you listen in that way?
Can I trust that you will only
hear me
right?

Will you read what it is that
I have written?
Will you read just the words that
I have written?
Will you read them that way,
or will you read what you usually say?
Tell me do you really hear what
I have
written?

Do you think what it is that
Is right?
Do you say what it is that
Is right?
Do you do what it is that
Is right?
Do you work that way,
or do you just say
I will do anything
I feel I
like?

Can I trust you will only
hear me right?
Tell me do you really hear what
I write?
Do you hear that way
or do you just say
I hear what it is that
I feel I
like?

So do you know what is true
and that it's not about you?
Do you hear what I say,
that it is better this way?
Or do you just want to stay
with what you thought yesterday
even when you know
that is not what life has shown?

David Taylor

Beautiful Beyond Doubt

A shimmering of your hair
As I glance in awe
A quiver of your lips
As I swallow in anticipation
A flashing of your eyes
As I stand near not far
A movement of your hips
As I watch you walk
A gesture of your hand
As I lower my lips
A laughter in the air
As I make another quip
A sigh from deep within
As I tell you my intent
A gasp from tender breast
As I look so deep within
A tremble in your legs
As I make you remember
And you have absolutely no doubt
Beauty is in the making
Through each breath
Each of us are together taking.

David Taylor

Beautiful Flower

TWIG
Y
O
U
Please
Hold
On
To
The
Twig
Tightly
But
If It
Breaks
Please
Don't
Miss
The
Chance
To
Look
At
The

B
E
A
U
T
I
F
U
L

F
L
O
W
E
R

As
You
Fall
Down
To The Ground.

David Taylor

Beauty, Beautious, Beautiful

Beauty is not a superficial form
Each has their own in essential nature
And in the actions they perform
Until the dissolution of their life
To leave beauty's impressions in our hearts
Yesterdays beauty never leaves or departs.

Beauty is all around
Each and every place it may be found
As you look with open eyes
Upon the forms that nature makes
Then man seeks to imitate
Yearning to match that beauty all around.

Beauty if you cannot find
Beauty must be in mind
Beauty is in purity
Beauty of simplicity
Beauty runs right through and through
Beauty in me, and them, and you.

Beauty, beauteous, beautiful
Beauty in heaven
Beauty in fire
Beauty in earth
And finally beauty in a simple verse.

David Taylor

Because You're Beautiful

Because you’re Beautiful
This poem’s addressed
To you
Because you’re beautiful
No matter what
You do
Because you’re beautiful
The sun rises
Every day
Because you’re beautiful
The mist shrouds a
Dreamy day
Because you’re beautiful
A blossom blooms and holds
Its scent
Because you’re beautiful
Songs sung in your heart
Are meant
Because you’re beautiful
Reflections shine
And glint
Because you’re beautiful
Poems are written
Heaven sent
Because you are beautiful
This is all that this
Poem’s said
Just in case you may have
Any doubt
This poem's heaven sent
To tell you
You are beautiful
And that is what this poem
Is about.

David Taylor

Beyond Contemplation

Nonsense, no nonsense, no sense
No sense in nonsense, nonsensical
He thinks.
No thought, un thought, not thought
No sense in thoughts, thoughts nonsense
He in stillness thinks.
Useless, no useless, without use
No use it’s useless, not useful
He stops to think.
Silence, no thinking, stillness
Non moving, not thinking
He knows.
Knowing, through unknowing
Knowing and not thinking, stillness
He has Bliss.
Blissful, not wanting, not needing
Just being, not being anything
Beyond thinking
Beyond stillness
Beyond knowing
Beyond blissful
What is this?

David Taylor

Bindweed

He sighs as the sun lowers towards his horizon
as lengthening shadows cross his winding path
a magpie plays in the hedgerow, he looks for a second
In the distance smoke rises from rooftop chimneys
and his breath becomes just visible in chilled autumn air
Bindweed lines his path strangling his desire to explore
and in the distance a deer stands trancelike held in fear
Behind a stick snaps with crisp echoes in his mind
above high in a sycamore an owl opens one eye
as he rests in his hollow bough once home to squirrels
who fervently seek acorns on the sparsely covered ground
and all is thinly veiled in a wispy insubstantial mist.
Tomorrow he says to himself, tomorrow I will
but not today.

David Taylor

Bird Or Fish?

The penguin’s graceful, swim
So powerful through the waters skim
No fear has this warm hearted bird
Rushing to find the huddled herd
Where no leopard seal will bark
In the waters, cold and dark.
And a fish with such long nose
Stealthily it fighting goes
Toothless in its older years
Only mako sharks it fears.
What I want to know
Is a penguin faster though
Than a swordfish
as it through the waters goes
And which is mightier, I wonder which
The penguin a warm hearted bird
Or the sword of a cold blooded fish.
Who can truly tell me this?

David Taylor

Birds!

Birds singing, soaring
Some in formation
Others like kamikaze
Diving, coming at my
Window pane
Birds feathered plumage
Colours form
An artist’s palette
Diverse as kaleidoscopic
Shades organic
Birds two footed
Clinging branches
Wading in the river
Grabbing never praying
Birds resting, nesting
Babies feeding
Worms retrieving
Eggs warm keeping
Birds migrating
Following well known
Hidden traces
Across sky’s empty spaces.
Birds greeting
Early morning
When I hear them calling
Heralds of sun’s dawning
Birds!

David Taylor

Bliss

Probably and possibly
and maybe and perhaps.
Undecided expectations
without any certain facts.
Unending eventualities
and potent potentialities.
Knowledge without
predictability or any
mediocrity, an eternal
omni potency
and an end to any
repetitions of previous
recognitions.
Everything in certainty
and what you feel when
you are totally
free and absolutely
without any doubts.
One without a second
or any thought in sight.
That is bliss alright.

David Taylor

Blue Sky?

Blue sky yesterday
Grey today
Did the blue sky
Go away?

What is blue
And sunny too?
The blue sky
Hiding behind the grey.

Grey today
But with blue sky
Waiting to come out
And play.

The sun is laughing
At my blueness
Blue sky with its greyness
Never meant for sadness.

Blue sky here today
But with a greyness
Covering all the blueness
This is what I want to say.

David Taylor

Breathe A Breath

He breathed a breath, and knew
Its origin lost in the depths of time
Before even light lit the universe

He breathed a breath, and knew
This is no accident
It was willed long before memory

He breathed a breath, and knew
The breather the breathed and the breathing
As three aspects of one being

He breathed a breath, and knew
This air carried all history
Resulting in its collision with his lungs

He breathed a breath, and knew
That in his waking sleep
He had taken it for granted; and awakened.

It is said that he who desires Truth
More than even breath itself
Reaches perfection.

David Taylor

Buses

Events in life come like buses
As we wait invisibly chained to concrete posts
By our desires to go places
Did you ever say I'll just get on
The first one that comes this way?
Did you say it and then do it?
And just because it says number six
Do you really know where its journey ends?

David Taylor

Butterfly Poem (For Angie)

A butterfly dances in my garden.
I don’t know its colour.
I don’t know its location.
I don’t know its name.
I know where it came from,
and she may look at me again,
just a glance and my butterfly
takes off once again.

David Taylor

Call Me Too

Shall I write a book?
Or create a play?
Make a movie?
How about a ballet?

And what would I say,
that you don’t already know?
Words that will ebb and flow?
An entrancing staged display?
A wonderful pageant?
An iconographic show?

Why do I paint a painting,
to show you what I see?
Do you want to use my eyes
to see what’s been dreamed by me?

If you were awake
what would you need of me?
Is a poem any more
than a wake up call,
to knock upon your door?

Does It have the right sound
to wake you on this day?
Are you fully sated
and ready to come and play?
Or will you wait to see
what tomorrows poems say?

And please, please don’t forget
to call me too.
I have dreamt for far too long,
I too would like to wake.
To come, and be, with you.

David Taylor

Can Such A Woman Be Found?

A sweet perfume that has a dreamy intoxication,
but with an edge of wakeful anticipation.
A shapely goddess of porcelain skin,
but not so thin to show each bone that lies within.
A sparkle in the eye with blues so deep that I may drown,
but not so wide awake that they cannot dream of me.
A warm enchanting embrace that’s so sweet and safe,
but not so soft that the heart has no need to race.
A woman that with life has learnt to wait and yearn,
but not a face that has with time lost grace.
A heart so big that in its deepness I feel I’m lost in space,
but not so vast I cannot fathom all its depth.
Is such a woman ever to be found.
Is my wisdom wise enough to know,
who she is, and where we should together go?
Perhaps I gaze upon her each and every day,
but my gaze has lost its open freshness,
with a dreamy intoxication of dissatisfaction?

David Taylor

cAT nAP

So you toss and you turn
in the deep of the night?
Is it too dark,
or perhaps it’s too light?
Not cold but thinking
a blanket held tight,
might just help get
to the end of the night.
Its soft and warm,
you pull it up tight.
But wake up with a start
when you find with a fright
what you thought was a blanket
has a tail and can bite!

David Taylor

Catch A Falling Star

Catch a falling star
Put it in a jar
Came from outer space
At such a frenzied pace
Meteors have names
When they land on earth
But high up in the sky
We wish as they go by

Catch a falling star
When it reaches earth
Now that it has landed
And not too hot to hold
Now it's just a lump of rock
Before it travelled far
But for a brief time in flight
It held you in a spell at night

Catch a falling star
Catch it in your heart
In the sky it fast went by
Falling from heaven to earth
As it finally makes its way
Across your sky at night
Ending here on earth
After its cosmic flight

Caught a falling star
Found it in my heart
With such fleeting beauty
Before it did depart
Now there is a pathway
Wasn’t there before
Where that star was shining
Before it reached the floor.

David Taylor

Caution Hot!

Welcome
Take a rest
Sit down
This will be
So hot
Slowly humming
Energy stirring
Steady flowing
Temperature slowly
Slowly rising
Can feel a
Bubbly feeling
Inside churning
Steamy in
The air
Condensing
Venting
Anticipation
Mounting
Sensing
Soon It will be
Be time
Boiling over
With intentions
Brewing
Now the
Watching of
The kettle
Means I can
Make my tea.
Would you
Like some
Dear.

David Taylor

Cheating Death?

Death why are you oft' portrayed
As some grim reaper leading to a grave
In fertile fields reaping is a time
That is a culmination of growing all that's fine
But for man you conjure up all that's dark
As a shadow you wait or even mayest seek
To take each and every one, by one, away
Whether old, or in our prime, or young
Death why are you oft' portrayed
As bleak and lurking, making all afraid
When all that causes grief you take away
Is it grief that I wouldst hold on to every day
And fear that death will take from me right here
Oh death! I would cheat you here and now
And voluntary, surrender all I own; I vow!
But wait a while, I do hear me say
Until the reaper nears, then I will, at the very last
Cheat him of his deathly grasp
Cunning yes but do not be deceived
He may well find me unprepared
And wrest from me my life, before I die
So I look behind my back; and fear
The reaper; dark, foreboding, black
And perhaps; already near?

David Taylor

Children And Poetry

Well, we do your very best
Carefully choose every aspect
And so far as we know how
Make all as beautiful as we can
And in a perfect order introduce
One piece of information after another
Until a fullness is found
But carefully leaving room
For their interpretation and
Allowing them to take what is offered
And make it blossom with
The juices of there own
Life and intellect and love
Here is a child
From my heart to you
Will you take this child
Into your house?

David Taylor

Children Playing

Where’s the heap in one grain of sand
And the sound in a clap of a hand
Or the beat of one bang of a drum
Or the word in a sigh or a hum
Did you ever find the face of the sun
Or did your patience ever quit and then run
Oh I love it when words want to play
And then threaten they might run away
They're hiding and calling me now
So I’ll be back in an hour or someone
And I hope we may continue the fun
If the words will return and then play
Through the night and then all through the day
Oh we will have so much fun
Watching them play and then dance and then run
You just really don’t know what they will say
Those words that just want to have fun
Like children laughing and playing, in the sun.

David Taylor

Collectively Speaking

Well I seem to have found
a treasure of nouns, with a flavour
of more than a few.
There’s a herd and a flock
and an army or pride.
Well those I’m sure you all know,
but I did find some others
and here are a few
with a unique way of describing the many.
A rumba of rattlesnakes
to lead you an unmerry dance.
And a crash of rhinoceri, well,
I’d hate to be right in their path.
A mob of Emus,
with a distinctly Australian stance.
A zeal of zebras, which if over the top,
would leave you as cross
as a pod of pelicans crossing.
And some more investigation
leads to us finding
a sleuth in a number of bears.
Well there’s a flange of baboons
I’m hoping you don’t find that rude,
and heavens above!
there goes an ascension of larks.
I hope you’re not tired of my little jibe,
but if you are peeved
I can only suggest
you chastise me
with a smack of Jellyfish.

David Taylor

Could You Just Act In That Way?

Whatever your colour, religion, belief,
your ist, your ish or ism or chism.
I would like propose that one thing is true.
That every day each one of us rises.
And knows that he is and says "I am awake! "
And this is the I that each one of us has,
and gives us our place,
as a part of this one human race.

Now recently it seems that ideology teems
With fanatics and despots and devils.
What in God's name? It all seems insane!
Is the 21st Century to blame?
Perhaps if we went back in time,
without aircraft to crash and internet crime,
maybe we all could have some peace in our life?

Yes, oh for a home where just the buffalo roam;
and a few Indian tribes to slaughter.
Genocide was much simpler then.
When you looked over your shoulder,
there was only a boulder,
not a god' dam, news hungry, TV reporter.

One more thing you cannot dispute.
There is only one planet, which we all share.
We are all breathing the very same air.
So each of us, whoever we are,
equally shares the duty to see,
that this planet is cared for, for our children to be.

So when you jet off on your holiday flight,
and are walking that beach of your dreams,
don't forget to look at the carbon footprints you leave in the sand.
And buying a car? Must it guzzle the gas?
And when you throw out the trash,
remember, recycle for cash.

In a hundred years time the flags will be flying,
with patriots giving salutes.
But your fellow humans, will they be drowning?
Or dying from thirst in a dessert of drought?
And the Eagles of which you are all so proud,
will they long since ceased to have soared,
in those magnificent mountains of yours?

The scientists give us a glimmer of hope.
They tell us this universe is huge.
Its vast and much bigger than you ever could think,
so its most exceedingly likely,
there is intelligent life to be found.
Not here on the ground, but out in that vast universe.

Which is the best we can hope because I begin to despair,
that we ever will find any on Earth.

So what ever party, religion, ethnic group
or other belief you support.
Would you please kindly note,
were all in the same boat,
as the worlds oceans rise day by day.
Would it really be to much to ask, and to say,
“do you think maybe you could just act in that way? ”

David Taylor

Counting To Ten

No not ever did he once
Nor ever again twice
And certainly not thrice
Like some trinity
Of sight impaired mice
Or fourth give
Seasoned advice
A quintessence of life
With hands held up high
"Give me five" they do cry
With sixth sense aroused
In meta'physical cloud
And twenty-four, seven
He's working long and so tired
When rains, floods create
Wait for the eight
To row up to your gate
Whilst the ennead of gods
With Atum the prime
The most myth'o'logical nine
And finally reaching
A unitary thought
All this is but One with a
Gigantic big Naught.

David Taylor

Crossword Puzzles

He sees you pretending not to look
And asks
"Do I tick all the boxes? "
Well now let's see
Cleanly shaven
Modest looks
Short hair
Not fat
Kindly eyes
That like reading books.

But how do you know if
I'm into greyhound racing
Hunting foxes
Eating meat
And chickens reared in boxes
Or like fast cars
And faster women
And fast food after drinking
And the only leftish things about me
Are one arm and a leg
But definitely not my head
And since you're wearing trousers
Let's not go round the houses
I'll just act not interested……

Unless you've a secret
I've not anticipated.
Could it be
You write Poetry? He thinks…...
And just because he's got cream crumble
Doesn't mean some poetic
Chicken soup or even salad
Wouldn't stop a tummy rumble…..

So here's his poem ohh so humble
About his way to chat and grumble
To himself on the public tramway
When he notices that you are trying
Not to look, or any other kind of prying
As he sits and reads his book.
And you are really trying;
trying not to pry or look……
But really, really want to know
What is that book he's reading?
If only he'd turn it just a little
You could relax
and go back to your crossword puzzle.

David Taylor

Dance For Joy

The clouds are a skimming
Over the tops of the trees.
The birds are all chirping
Announcing a dawn symphony.
The world is a turning
In a heaven that’s spinning.
The traffic is moving
In a flow that’s confusing.
And heads are all nodding
In one single motion,
These words that are dancing are free!
And the clouds are a skimming
Over the tops of the trees.

David Taylor

Dark Dawn

I have just learnt that later tonight
the earth will cover the moon.
It will be so horridly dark,
all the ladies are likely to swoon.
And the children will laugh
to see such fun,
when the earth covers the sun,
and throws into darkness the moon.
When its light is put out,
darkness, will descend in the night,
and as it comes out, returning to light,
we will see a dark dawn, with a moon.

David Taylor

Darkness and Death

I just realised my poems oft’
Sweetness and light
So here is one for
Those keen on the night
With trickling black blood
That pours out of the sky
All the birds are on fire
As they fly up so high
And the trees are all
Angry and turning on you
Where will you run to?
The earths turning
But turns without you
Your bones go to jelly
Your heart it’s a flood
Of terror that’s getting
Right into your blood
The monster that’s wearing
Its skin inside out
From under your bed is
Now leaping about
Your stuck and your frozen
You can’t open the door
Your already dead
And that's all you've got
there just isn't no more.

David Taylor

Dear Mr. President.

A burning Bush
could be good for
global warming.
But do I sense
the climate is changing
in Washington?

David Taylor

Define It

So define it, poetry I mean
Or at least a poem
Then if I knew what It was
Perhaps I could write one
Or at least know
If what was written is one
And would that help?

What changes when a label
Is placed on
The fabric of time/space
Except limitation
And how we yearn
For that which is
Without limits, indefinable.

So let it be defined
Only by what it does
Self definition
And let that remain unlimited
Let us not limit the creativity
That dwells in all hearts
But rather become a vehicle
For its blossoming into words.

David Taylor

Disguise

Everyone and everything
has a disguise.
They are all pretending to be
what they are not.
The birds and bees
and flowers and trees,
they are all part
of the same universal plot.
And certainly both you and me
we are also not
what we claim to be,
because that’s what we are not.

At first I took it seriously,
this cloak and dagger plot.
With theories of conspiracy
and other darker reasons
about all the things that happened
and my resulting lot.
But as I grow much older
the disguise is wearing thin
and now its more like
a children’s play.
Where no matter what
disguise is used
you cannot possibly mistake
that behind it lays,
in innocence and simplicity
a soft and gentle childish grin,
enjoying all the plays.

David Taylor

Disintegrated Hearts

My three daughters came to see Daniel
He’s 20 months
Oh and of course me
Daniel hadn’t seen them for a while
They don’t live with
Daniel his Mum and I
Hugs and kisses all round.

Daniel said, music dad
He often does
Takes my hand to the hifi
Frowns if I don’t comply
Daniel’s dancing now
Holds one ball against his chest
Another arm holds another ball
This one against his head
Gently he dances round
With his new lover
He just found
My daughter choking on her words
Says “Dad! That’s the cutest thing I ever saw”
And wipes some tears from her eyes
Opens them again and Daniel says
With actions not words
Throw the balls let’s play catch.

We all get in the car to go.
Daniel stays with mum and waves goodbye
My three daughters very quiet
Still checking if they have
All the pieces to put back
Of their three disintegrated hearts
Caused not just by Daniel
But by families torn apart.
When I get back home
Daniel Says “Hi Dad”
Let's go to the Park.

David Taylor

Dizzy Spin

Well I just remembered,
in fact I never have forgot.
One December morning
many years ago.
It was Christmas day,
the family, five of us,
all gathered around
for the usual opening
of the Christmas gifts from Santa.
Which on a Christmas morning
beneath the tree are found.
Our daughter Alice
had the biggest gift,
which she quickly opened
with excited tearing of the wrapping
and then she saw the picture,
on the outside of the box.
Well she just stared,
then ran away, to a nearby space.
And ran and ran in circles calling,
it's a car, it's a car, it's a car!
And she just kept on doing this,
occasionally checking back to see,
if it was truly true,
or she was only dreaming
about that car beneath the tree.
Finally she sat down,
all dizzy in a spin.
And when we unpacked the car
and she was sat within,
the light that shone upon her face
was bright enough to light
a thousand living rooms,
and made all our hearts
so very warm
and full of her delight.
Recently I asked her
About that joyous time,
and she warmly told me
"That's a distant memory dad!
But while were on the subject
there's this little car I saw."
That quiet and soulful statement,
puts me in a dizzy spin.
And makes me wonder
if Christmas ever ends.

David Taylor

Do I Dare?

Trying to let go.
Aspiring to let it flow.
Pretending I don’t think I know.
Waiting for nothing
and hoping it will soon arrive.
Asking for nothing
and keeping a desire inside.
Giving all I own
except for what I keep at home.
Thinking I don’t care
but only if you will be there.
Where is faith
and do I dare.....?

David Taylor

DO IT!

Did you ever?
Well do it
Before It’s
Too late!

David Taylor

Do You Remember?

Can I describe with words,
what has no features?
Can I describe with music,
what has no sound?
Can I describe with colour,
what cannot be seen?
Can I describe with action,
what does not move?
Can I describe with numbers,
what has no dimension?
Where all else fails
poetry begins to show
a world that few can mention.
But every one does know
this world which quietly
hides from our inattention.
It’s that which finds you
only when you’re willing
and all about is stilling.
Do you remember?

David Taylor

Do You?

What do you hear?
Do you hear the sound of thunder
Or pitter patter of rain
Or roar of howling wind
Do you hear the waves
Breaking on the beach
Do you hear the ants marching?
Do you hear the bird’s wing beating
Do you hear the child crying
What do you see?
Do you see the sun’s first rays
Illuminating clouded skies
Do you see the whale
Spouting high in the air
Do you see bridges crossing rivers
Do you see the silver slug trail
And the eaten leaf
Do you see humanity’s grief
What do you feel?
Do you feel the shaking ground
As the train runs past so loud
Do you feel the heat
Of mid day sun shining all around
Do you feel the worm turning
In it’s hole beneath your feet
Do you feel the thronging crowd
Pulsing and shouting angry sounds
Do you feel inside your heart
They are all one and the same
Playing many parts?

David Taylor

Doggerel?

Haven’t much time
I’ll get straight to the point.
Poetry tells
not of me and what’s mine.
Does the tale shake the dog,
can the tale make a rhyme?
If you think that that’s true
you’re barking up the wrong tree.
The poetry tells of that which is true
all the wonderful truths
that lie inside you.
‘Tis the dog wags the tale
and when this is true
we have all the beauty
that’s living in you.

David Taylor

Dogma Dinners

A fast efficient way of eating
from the local superstore.
Find it frozen or
a chilled or chilling recipe
from your convenience mart
“hot” for putting in the microwave.
Full of the knowledge
of diverse cultures
but somehow strangely diluted
by uniformity of mass production
and pandering to popular tastes.
Lacking the love of home cooking
or the immediacy and freshness
of a good restaurant chef.
Like knowledge
which with origins long forgotten
becomes a dogma of a dinner.

David Taylor

Doubt!

I am without doubt
and when I doubt
I am without doubt
wrong to doubt
that I am without doubt
but I doubt it!

David Taylor

Doubt, Fear and Faith

I doubt you will read this
I don’t believe this is of any use
I can’t concede this is a worthy verse
I don’t think I could do any worse
I never will be right
When I just can’t see any light
When I am so unclear
When I am far from your love
When I am gripped by fear
I never will be true
If I do not have faith in You.

David Taylor

Elemental

An eternal song
sings in the heavens.
The sun shines
showering its warmth on all.
The air supports the body
with breath of life.
The waters with liquid flows
bind the forms.
And the earth gives food
fuelling all endeavours.
All beings so blessed
live out their life.
Each man receives all this
and seeks to understand.
From rest to rest
creation is an act of Love.

David Taylor

Eloquent Love

Did I ever tell you how deeply I love you?
Do you remember the lonesome look in my eyes,
when I phoned you from so very far away.
Can you recall the words I didn’t know how to say.
Have you remembered the things that I forgot to do.
Will you tell me again what you never said to me.
May I have the honour of another smile
that your face does not display.
Still through your silence you are so eloquent in voice.
Being in Love it’s so easy to forget,
that everything that’s not displayed,
is even more important than what was never said.

David Taylor

Emotion

Across the room and filling undivided space

An air more subtle than a breath

To carry emotion born of pure intent

Beyond the confines of this mind

To reach the hearts of all that now appear

And through this touch are so very near.

David Taylor

Emptiness

Emptiness is so very full
Full of what?
Full of loneliness
Full of a sinking feeling until
Finally reaching a sea bed of dreams
With dark creatures of a cold sunless ocean
Filling my mind with dread
A sunken pirate ship of humanity
Swashbuckling tales of buckled, bent, mediocrity
A life examined falling short of ideology
Eulogy not necessary
And now an emptiness
So very full
Of nothingness
That’s me.
May I dissolve and
Join the endless
Sea
An emptiness
With nothing left
Of me
A vast unshored ocean
And filled with
The loneliness
Of just One
The I that witnessed the thought
I am me.
An emptiness filled
With a sea
Of bliss.

David Taylor

Enjoy The Ride

I’ve got this ol rhythm a flowin in me.
I cant make it stop, it keeps goin ye see.
Its chugging along like a runaway train.
Its goin and goin, it has no real aim.
I’m typing as fast as I possibly can.
If I cant keep up maybe it’ll go off the track.
And where it is going, well nobody knows.
I’ve got this ol rhythm and it hasn’t a clue.
The reason its goin and what it should do.
And I really don’t know when it might stop.
Its express in expressing there’s something to say.
I just really don’t know if it will say it today.
Its chuggin along at a very high speed.
Perhaps you can join me to see what we see.
There’s a very nice motion in my mind as it plays.
This wonderful rhythm that’s rhyming away.
Well the rhythm is slowing its reaching a stop.
And I’m really quite pleased that: That’s all it’s got.
I haven’t a clue what it wanted to say.
And maybe it’s just so much better that way.
But perhaps it could be that it’s said it you see.
In that wonderful rhythm that was flowing in me.

David Taylor

Essential

Air is essential for breath.
Breath is essential for life.
Life is essential for food.
Food is essential for speech.
Speech is essential for poems.
Poems are essential for soul.
Soul is essential for me.
And a poem is what I give you.

David Taylor

Everyone Writes Love Poems

Well I guess it’s hardly surprisin.
It is likely to get the sap risin.
And if you throw in some sex,
the votes come in excess.
So is this a poem that’s only in jest?
Well I guess it’s hardly surprisin.

But If I’ve got you and your eyes are still pryin.
Then perhaps I should really start tryin.
I’ll make it so sweet like you never did meet.
It will be dreamy beyond your wildest repose.
Twill take you higher than any have flown.
You’ll remember that time that’s fixed in your mind.
Your tingle from your head to your toes.

Now just close your eyes and lets start the surprise.
Well if your eyes are closed it’s not worth me writin!

David Taylor

Expression

The Poem the Poet and the Poetry are one.

The Pen the Ink and the Paper are one.

The Writer the Reader and the Reading are one.

This is the essence of what we cannot express.

When this is known we give expression to the essence.

And our true purpose shines, self luminous in the darkness of unknowing.

David Taylor

Flagging Up, , Danny's On Line!

Danny’s got an American flag!
Loch him up in Alcatraz
He’ll never give up his glen for Eagles!

David Taylor

Flaw, You're A Jolly Good Poet!

Ohh just look at us all sitting here!
Shining, brilliance, shining,
more than I can express.
Ohh just look at us all,
each one a single facet
of just one diamond.
Without each other
no diamond exists.

Ohh just look at us all sitting here!
Not a perfect diamond
A myriad of, little, imperfections,
glittering in the shining, for all to see.
A pure diamond? No.
What would we say
"if" internally flawless and "D"
no colour have we?

But take the pure light
of consciousness
and with flaws as they are,
as they may be.
Then we have something
that's priceless,
A diamond full of delights
and sometimes full of our sadness,
with a cut that cuts straight to the heart.
And so says all of us!

David Taylor

Flicker Books Again!

Flicker books,
did you have one?
They really are such fun!
On each page
A drawing made.
And on the next,
the drawing just the same again,
but with just a hint
of moving on.
Another frame of life
with one more second gone.
And with your hand
you flick through the pages,
bringing apparent life
to the stillness of
just a drawing.
And now I'll try again.
Here is my poem once more
to knock upon
your deep perceptions' door.

And still, and still

Let go of rhythm,

rhymes.

Still in your mind.

The book needs

Stillness

in

and

behind.

Flicker books
A page at a time
Each page inanimate
But seemingly so
Propelled by an unknown hand
Coming at time sideways
Now I understand
Past present and future
Held in my hand.

David Taylor

Food

I’ve seen heart ache,
and I’ve seen pain.
I’ve seen love lost
never to be regained.
I write some poems,
to let you know.
This life lies between,
the rain above and fire below.
And through all that
the music of the poem flows.
Seasons come
and seasons go.
And dropp by drop
our understanding grows.
And when the crop of life
is ready, full, complete.
And the growing season
has reached a close.
The crop is harvested and
the finest parts put on display,
for your consumption day by day.
And when the tree is old
and has no more power
to give its fruits,
Its trunk and branches fall
returning to the ground
from whence they came.
To feed you all in another way,
through another crop, another day.
Its strange to find that I
am really growing day by day,
to feed you all until I meet,
the earth that’s always been
beneath my feet.

David Taylor

Food for Thought

Now here’s a thought for poets fraught
and trying to make a living,
from penning verse of many kinds
and lending us their worthy minds,
in realms diverse and many.

Some will keep to what’s held deep,
and only seek to reach our heart,
with kind, insightful, mystic art,
to sooth the soul and light the dark.
Or raise us up when life is blue,
or when were sick and off our food.

But if they would be well fed
they might resort to current news,
or stories with a twist of fate,
to mischief verse, or some debate,
on HIV or “the sovereign state”.
To give us all some food for thought
and goad you all to comment
'that poet has a clever mind,
you'd think he could write a sonnet'
So feed them well, or go to hell!

David Taylor

Forgetting

Loneliness is not what it seems
Not empty but rather full of dreams
Dark thoughts that storm like gather
Threatening to strike like daggers
Blocking out all that’s bright
Perception falling into night
Loneliness is full of me
And settles for mediocrity
The world it passes by
As inside I hide and cry
Loneliness, the thought that I
All the others do deny
What is dreary and a mess
The thoughts all going round my head
Filling me with constant dread
Fear it pins you down
Makes this face perpetual frown
Inside discordant notes do play
Setting up a sullen day.

Then I think of You
And in mind I sound your name
It is like an angel quickly came
Shining light where shadows lay
I forgot. It was not you to blame
Lost in darkness I did dream
Until you came and gleamed
Telling me what I do know
But oft' forget
When playing in this passing show.

David Taylor

Freedom

When does one become many?
When love seeks to own,
and actions take on a purpose.

When does one become one?
It never does, one was never many.

When does the unlimited become finite?
It never does but we dream it.

It isn’t the universe that we dream
but all that is in it.

When will we be truly free?
When we find the prison key
and decide to use it.
David Taylor

Gentle Morning Rain

You are as the gentle morning rain
Giving life to all that here below remain
Your scope unlimited across this earth's terrain
Each speckled spot of moistness
Alights on my face with a gentle wakefulness
Awakening me to your love and gracefulness
In the gentle morning rain.

Your mid day sunlight melts the gentle rain
Your warmth over all of us does reign
The light by which we see and then attain
Each blessed ray of light illuminating
And revealing all that needs our understanding
Even in the dark your eternal light reflecting
You melt the gentle morning rain.

Your afternoon wind carries the gentle rain
Your breath gives us all our life to sustain
Our minds are cleared as you breathe again
Each gasp of breath breathed with life's zest
How many breaths are measured for this chest
Before all my worldly goods I must bequest
You carry the gentle morning rain.

And when the evening comes that gentle rain
Is still present here, as love it does remain
In the twilight of this day it never goes away
Your love that is the gentle morning rain.

David Taylor

Gentleness

His words seemed more to smooth the air
Than creating waves of sound to hear
And his eyes, bright yes but soft tone bulbs
Were softly glowing, glowing behind a smile
A smile that was not one that’s knowing
No a smile that just said I’m listening
Not in any hurry to be going
His hands not waving or grasping
Open palmed always simply asking
He nodded, laughed, said almost nothing
As my speech continued rushing
Gentleness is a way to share
The peace we miss, that’s always there.

David Taylor

Getting High

Drinking coffee
In the street outside
Watching all the world
Go by
Mind is reaching
To the sky
Do you know that mind
Is really very
Very fine
Let go, let go
Of thoughts
Replace them
All with naught
But lots and lots
Of noughts
Then mind will
Soar up high
And rest
With all the stars
Which through
The heavens
Fly

We will breathe
A restful sigh
With mind so high
Up in the sky.
Without these thoughts
That keep us bound
Mind that outruns the stars
Is found
Peaceful and serene
A quiet mind
Is all that’s seen
And in that stillness
With no end
All that’s needed
Can attend
The places that
We find ourselves
Each and every time
That’s now
It is this stillness
And not thoughts
That brings us peace
Not useless talk
When all the time
We just look on
Until our mortal
Time is
Gone

David Taylor

Getting Old?

A lush and lustful perturbation,
in an enormous conurbation,
near the noisy railway station,
where we met and ate crustacean,
prior to our affectation,
and we found the ocean basin,
of our love and consternation,
oh how I miss the expectation,
of our romantic assignation….

And now we meet in quiet places,
hushed with many softer faces,
next to rural woodland copses,
enjoying apples mainly cox’s,
in our freedom of love that traces,
all our life till this body ceases,
oh how we enjoy the chasteness,
of our devotion born of lushness,
when we were so very young.

David Taylor

Give Me Sunshine

Night Is Day
With Someone
Else With The
Sunshine.

Day Is Night
When you Take
Their Sunshine

Sunshine
Is Always
And Has No
Day or Night.

Where Will
You Live
In The Day
Or The Night?

It Isn’t
The Sun
That’s Deciding
Tonight.

David Taylor

Giving Thanks

Today I feel…….
I had many things in mind to write
Then I realised to my delight
Today I feel
I feel I might.

David Taylor

Gonna Get You

A slink, a slink,
a crouch, a crouch, a crouch:
Looo'ook, all about.

A snarl, a snarl,
a glimpse of teeth a while;
one you'llllllll; never forget.

A step, a step,
a step, a step. a step,
And a loo'oow; lowly groooowl.

A sniff, of scent
And then, and then, and then:
A lick; of the lips.

Prowl, prowl, prowl, prowl
I'm a gonna get you,
somehooow!

David Taylor

Good Day For A Swim?

Poetry is a stream
of words that bubble
and always flow
from the highest mountain
where I sit untroubled
along a course oft
with windings and
swift drops of falls
and other stumbles
along its eventful course
to the wide, wide sea
where I hope to find
you bathing
bathing in these words
from me.

David Taylor

Good Morning

Roll up
Roll up
The fair of life
Is opening
The band organ
Plays and
Wooden horses
Up, down
Up, down
Trojan into the mind
The fairground
Of life is
Whirling around
With a wurlitzer's
Sound in my ears
And I'm dizzy
And busy
And spinning
Around
With the wind
In my face
And still in
My heart
Still in my Heart
Still.

David Taylor

Goodnight

I wanted to write a poem so light
You would float up high in the sky
I wanted to write a poem so tight
You would wonder at its rhythm and rhyme
I wanted to write a poem so right
You would know without doubt what I say
I wanted to write that poem tonight
And not wait or debate for an hour or a day
I wanted to say all that I might
With a skip and smile and a touch that delights
Whatever you’re feeling as you put out the lights
And say goodbye to the day.

David Taylor

Gracefulness

As she walked into the room
it was as if my very life within
rose up to meet her presence
and without a glance I knew
she was aware
of my shy and sideways stare.
The excited chattering in the room
became insubstantial as
she swept her sights across
the gathered crowd
just as she swept her skirts
as she turned around.
And as her glass met her lips
I imagined the glass melting
in their warmth as her head turned
to face me and she walked on.
A walk that belied the gravity
that holds us mortals all in place
But she, she was free
as spirits playing in the air
and it was as if she never knew
about the pain or mans' despair.
A goddess surely visited us
and shone across the space between
converging all our fates
with love just dissolving hates.
Please note all ladies fair
what you can do with just a glance
when with love and shining face
you greet the world with a gentle grace.

David Taylor

Guiding Moments

We all have those moments,
like a patch of azure sky.
A lighting strike of mind and heart,
sometimes heralds to new starts.
A flash of inspiration.
A mind expanding rapture.
A dawning of a comprehension,
which had long eluded you.
A sure and certain feeling,
of what is truly true.
Can we live by those moments,
by what we've known we know?
Or do we stumble on
with all the times we just don't know,
where to go or where were coming from?

David Taylor

Happy New Year

Why do I sit here writing
these words that few will see?
These poems keep on arising
as from and endless sea.

I cannot stop the feeling
they must be released from me.
And even in the writing
it seems to set me free.

I hope that in the reading
you may enjoy with me,
the peace they give the writer
and the Love which helps us see.

These words have no intention
other than to be,
a beautiful reminder
of the Truth that lies in me.

I hope that they will find you
In peace, and joy, and free.
But if you are less blissful
perhaps they may remind you
It doesn’t have to be.

David Taylor

He Sat There

He sat on the pavement.
He sat there that day.
He'd sat there; I really couldn't say,
maybe a week or a month?
He was sat there yesterday,
when I rushed past,
and he's sat there again today.
Grey against a grey pavement
Grey against my grey thoughts
Grey as my hair against rain sky.
Today as I rushed on my way,
as I passed him; he spoke.
A voice of bespoke elocution.
A sound without any confusion.
Words that hung in the air,
timeless without any diffusion.
And his sound shone in my perception,
with colours that defy any description.
He spoke and I knew him
I knew him so well.
He never again will be grey.
He never was.
It was I that was feeling that way.

David Taylor

He Spoke

He spoke quietly
And yet I heard so clearly
He spoke gently
And yet with such force
He spoke truthfully
And yet hurt no one
He spoke lovingly
And yet without attachment
He spoke with his tongue
I heard words
He spoke with his hands
I felt moved
He spoke with his eyes
I was lost in eternity.

David Taylor

Headless Chickens

I heard today something deeply disturbing.
Some news which I somehow find
profoundly unnerving.
The scientist have improved
the chickens we farm.
Its now so much easier
to get them ready to eat.
With unnatural genes
they've changed their clothes, and developed,
chickens that don't have any feathers!

They say it's efficient; and not only that,
the chickens are happier in hot weather.
And did you know that they're getting so fat
they cannot even walk or stand in the box
of the miniscule prison they're penned in.
I know we like chicken but what do you think?
Do our scientists really have a leg to stand on.
When they tell us it's so much better this way?

Well perhaps it is true but it don't change the fact
that chickens are meant to have feathers.
So I ask myself this; and I don't really jest.
Will birds of no feather
still flock together?
And will I wake in the night
having dreamt in a fright,
of a ghost of rose coloured daffodils?
And what on earth will be next:
Will they clone "headless chickens",
those clever, scientific, humans!

David Taylor

High Street Rhythms

Up, down. Up, down,
go his feet as he pedals,
pedalling round.
Gently rotating, circulating,
the children merrily going,
children on the merry-go-round,
as it's stopping, slowly,
slowing down.
Left, right. Left, right,
the shoppers shopping in the street
making rhythms with their feet.
To, fro. To, fro,
swinging arms with shopping
as they come
and then they go.
In, out. In, out,
the pigeon's head
as he proudly struts about.
Waggle. Waggle,
tongues are flapping, telling,
telling what they think they know.
Ba, boom. Ba, boom,
beats the heart of the jogger
as he jogs past very fast.
Flutter. Flutter,
the eyelashes
of the lovers,
as they sit,
so close together,
staring sweetly,
at each other.
All the while the Earth
It's turning, spinning.
Stars are twinkling,
spirals in the heavens forming.
All these movements
music making,
in the stillness of your presence.
All these rhythms
from your essence.
All these actions
simply stating
your existence is
what's existing,
through the unity
of all these rhythms
which we often take to be,
something which belongs to me.

David Taylor

Homecoming

These poems I would dare not claim.
Not from this mortal mind do these words come.
But from a deepest depth of tranquil heart,
and lit with a light from far away
which also shines in all I find around.
And most certainly imbued with love.
These words that come from deep inside,
they seek to find a heart in which they may reside,
and return to the place from whence they came
through the gateway of your mind.

David Taylor

Hunger

In my stomach a gaping chasm
In my mind a maelstrom of bleak thoughts
On my tongue a stuttering of incoherence
On my shoulders a weight that buckles limbs
About me noise and conflict, unmerry dance
Behind it only emptiness in a seeming blackness
And still, stillness in my heart. That knows
And lights without shadows the darkest dark
I am hungry for the memory of You.

David Taylor

I Can't Take It Anymore

I can’t take it any more:

When I look in your eyes
But no one’s in, inside

When I’m in a crowded crowd
But all alone in my own cloud

When I look inside my heart
And feel were drifting far apart

When I wake up in the morning
And I hear the sound of no one calling

When I get so, so confused
And I cannot confide in you

When I hope that I am wrong
But find out that I am right

When I answer the ringing phone
And there’s only a mono tone

When I reach the goal I set
And find it’s not what I expect

When I arrive at my destination
And it’s lost its fascination

When I struggle to get home
And find it’s just a grave

When I’m soft and so alone
And you are just like stone

I can’t take it anymore
And I don’t know what it is.

I don’t want it anymore
This is no way to exist.

And then I give a little smile
And remember this

That seasons come
And Ice will thaw

Dawn will come
And darkness will be lit.

David Taylor

I Surely Jest?

A slight shiver in my chest.
A little wetness
in my glassy eye.
More than is unusual but
not excessive on my face.
A flutter in the stomach
An indecisive kind of smile.
A stutter in the moment
when trying to chose attire.
A double check in the mirror
did that spot decline to die?
Just another few long minutes
of waiting, adjusting, thinking.
Did I remember the words?
The ones I'd imagined I would say.
What will be the first thing
you do when I am spied?
Adjusting my stance with no
leg to stand on, in my defence.
A patch of unsightliness
And a chattering of birdsong
in my minds ear.
A salty spray adorning
unkempt hair and beard.
A smell, a little acrid
A taste of brimming fear.
Please have a little sympathy
for my nervousness my dear.
A cordite moment looms
when we meet,
so very soon.
Why would you think
before the fight
a pirate wouldn't have
some nervous thoughts,
before he does his job
and steals your worldly goods,
and disembowels
your living corpse.
But didn't he do well
to fight his glass eyed tears?

David Taylor

IF AS

As if I didn’t already know
As if I didn’t feel the blow

As if my heart is bleeding now
As if I’m hurt by our spiteful row

As if I am cold and tired
As if I am lost, no place to hide

As if I could believe in you
As if all I do is true

As if I can always be
All you ever ask of me

“As if” is what you say
When I say the same each day

As if you really care
As if I am really there

“As if” is all I could say
When you and me fell out today

As if I am this man you see
As if I am just this small me

As if it is real anyway
If as one we could watch each day

As if we’re on a universal stage
Playing out these parts so grave.

“As if” is what I say
If I can play my part
Just like I might as in a play.

David Taylor

If We Could (Revised 24/2/07)

If I could tell you what will surely set you free.
If I could help you understand all that you can see.
If I could hold you when you cannot even stand.
If I could love you no matter what you say or do.
If I could answer all the questions that play upon your mind.
If I could mend your heart when it is broken, shattered in my hand.
If I could tell you words which remove all that you will fear.
I would, I would, but would anybody hear?
You could! You could! Because I love you dear!

David Taylor

IF YOU DON'T KNOW ME BY NOW

Hello, may I offer a drink
of poetic verse
that’s straight from the heart?
We don’t have too long
to chat and converse,
so if you agree,
we’ll cut to the chase
and get straight to the point..
I know you poetry readers
have no time to waste.

My names David,
what’s yours?
Do you like poems and verse?
Well what a coincidence,
I like them too!
Do you like poems
which are honest and true?
You do! Ohh,
I think we're getting on swell.
Come back to my page
and stay for the night,
reading more poems
that come straight from my heart.

And when you have finished
reading a few,
please tell me,
if you don’t mind
me asking that is.
Did they manage,
in any meaningful way,
to hit that spot
that so few even knew,
might be lying,
or dying,
so deep inside you?

David Taylor

In The Dark

Like a pile of broken bricks
ones they said you'd never fix.
Like a rhyme that has no song
a song that sings of what has gone.
Lyrics that fall like tears
words that in your eyes are fears.
Tears that on your cheeks
are flowing creeks of sorrows wept.
Memories are all you have to keep
when dreaming in your restless sleep
of the ways your life might go
in all tomorrows that they show.
Thinking, can it make it so
will it change the future
what do we know?
Lying here in the dark
waiting for the breaking light.
wondering what might come
with the rising of the early morning sun.
Heart leaps up and mind falls quiet
when you find lying still
deep inside your heart, your will
my love which never did depart
when you were dreaming, in the dark.

David Taylor

Individuality

There’s One thing I refuse to do
and that’s to write the same as you.
I insist and won’t desist
from writing as an individualist.
But how can I be sure
no one wrote this verse before?
Am I really certain that,
these words I pull out from my hat,
have never seen the light of day,
in quite the same and unique way?

Is individuality true?
Can I be so different from,
you and you and you?
Or is it just that “I”
didn’t buy the same hat as you!

David Taylor

Inside out, Outside In

The strange thing about meeting
a poet on the internet,
is that you meet them inside out.
You see what's within
through the poems that they write.
And we have no idea of the body
that keeps the mind and heart
that's imparting all the poems with such art.

And now as I walk down the street
and looking in the eyes of those I meet,
Its not the outside skin
that's reaching to the heart I'm in.
In each and everyone,
its a poet lying deep within.

David Taylor

Introspection

I am an unusual person I find.
Sometimes I need to go out of my mind
to stay sane and find
the person I am, not the one in my mind.

David Taylor

January Blues?

Well yesterday was so very grey.
Last night I met my friend and he said
“yes it’s been a grey, blue day”.
Why is it that when it is grey
A blue heart often comes to stay?

Today I am hoping for, blue sky.
Perhaps the blueness from my heart will fly
to join the colour in the sky.
And leave my heart with a different hue.
One that’s full of joy and true.

If only I can remember the colour it was.
Vibrant pink or gentle green or raucous red?
Or was it just a pure clear canvas
on which we write our dreams
and paint a rainbow of emotions?

David Taylor

Jelly Bits

My son is 20 months
He loves music
Were on the floor
He’s dancing round me
He doesn’t care
He’s squeezing my heart
He squeezes it to bits
He says it’s like jelly dad
Look it’s all in bits.
We scrape them up
And eat them
Now I’m whole
And I have to go
He wants to play
With bricks.

David Taylor

Just For Sport?

Well he started to believe,
this thing that he had started,
he could really win.
His friends and acquaintances,
they gave him so much support.
They made him feel for certain,
he could reach the goal he sought.
But there were so many others,
that wanted just the same.
And it’s a rule you see,
only one can win the game.
So if you have some venture,
that you think you really ought.
Always do remember,
this world is just for sport.
And whilst intent on winning,
it is a fact you see.
There only is one winner,
and I’d prefer if it was me.

David Taylor

Just Me?

You really are the same?
Laughing, hurting, dreaming, sleeping
Drinking, eating, kissing, excreting
You really are the same?
Reading, writing, loving, fighting
Talking, thinking, musing, walking
You really are the same?
Wanting, yearning, fearing, dreading
Needing, leaving, finding, keeping
You really are the same?

Why do I think it is just me?
Do you think it is just you?
We really are the same!

David Taylor

Just Resting

Poised but in no way tense
Alert without hint of anxiety
Open but not unguarded
Without thought not thoughtless
Present not predisposed
Unknowing all that’s known
Centred in infinite circumference
A place where diversity unites
All knowledge as one seed
Love joining all humanity
A natural state of unity
Free from false divisions
That we think we need.

David Taylor

Keeping Up Appearances

Darkness appears to be the absence of light
but absence of darkness is not light.

Misery appears to be the absence of happiness
but absence of misery is not happiness.

Isolation appears to be the absence of love
but absence of isolation is not love.

Ignorance appears to be the absence of knowledge
but absence of ignorance is not knowledge.

Being what we are simply means
coming out of what appears to be.

But being what we are cannot be dependant
on coming out of something we are not.

We have always been and will always be
what we are.

So, we are realised but
we don’t realise it yet?

Until we come out of what we are not
which is only an appearance.

There is a lot to this keeping up of appearances
and no effort in simply being……

And ego said
“Whatever. What’s for lunch”

David Taylor

Knowledge In Action

Do you think I don’t know?
I can feel the footsteps of
An ant in my heart
I hear your thoughts
Pass through my mind
I hear the stars sing as they shine.
Do you think I don’t know?

You say I learn nothing
I say if I learn
where will I have a space to know?
So don’t think I don’t know
You can have many doubts
But one thing you must know
You cannot doubt the sincerity
Of what my actions show
I have not learnt
Therefore I do not know
So do not think
That I do or do not know

The secret is not to think you know
Then there is a space to know
And in the knowing know
That knowledge is not yours to keep
And that is what our actions show.

David Taylor

Lamp Post

Leaning on a lamp post
Watching all the world go by
Commuters are rampaging
Going for the 6.25
Mothers with babies
Crying out for tea
Teenagers with Teenagers
Hanging out to see
Elderly silently walking
Walking on by
Occasionally someone
Catches my eye
But mostly invisible
Like a fly on a lamp post
Watching all the world go by

Leaning on the lamp post
Invisible like a fly
Watching all the life
As it goes by
From one lamp
To the next
We all travel through life
With just enough light
To see through the shadows
And sometimes
Just pausing in the light
Still and watching
As life passes by.

David Taylor

Letting Go?

He sat there holding on tightly
There was no way it would come loose
But whilst he held it in his hands
Well, he felt a kind of peace
Almost as if it represented sanctuary
At peace except when he felt threatened
That someone might take it away.
But as he held it tightly in his grip
The sweat from his hands was tarnishing it
Causing it to lose its shine
He could see something in the distance
Like sparkling water glimmering, calling
He pulled again but could not get free
And if he let go and went to see
Would it still be here when he returned?
And that glimmer on the horizon
Who knows what it really is
Just an imagination, a hope, a dream?

David Taylor

Life

Well I do not know
About the day or how blossoms grow
I do not know my life means what
I don’t even know diddly squat
About the life that I have got
I don’t know about you too
Who are you that reads this through
And then thinks I know what I’ll do
No I know nothing at all of you.

David Taylor

Life Force

Torn apart by wind streams
Flying past on currents unseen
No longer resembling any text book formations
Scudding by on a hastened path
To reach oblivion without minds shape
Origins unknown without any destination
A shadow of their former forms
These clouds speed past on winds
Whipping them into unfathomable wisps
Of shady ephemeral entrails
Spread across a shapeless sky
As in a final dissolution
Of any visible constitution
Perhaps I did once wander across the sky
But now with winds at my back
I am dispersed by urgency
And ever present need for change
In this modern “life”
Of hurricanes and whirlwind fads
Permanency only left to reside in death
Where is meaning, shape, and form
Where is a life well worn
What drives the wind drives me
I see the heavens still
When I look up to find I
and remember
What drives the stars drives me.

David Taylor

Life in Shadow Land

Our future is a projection of our past
With the promise of an ever present now
To grace proceedings
With spontaneous life and hope
Beyond the present forward reaching shadows
Of our past deeds.

David Taylor

Life's Passing Pageant

There is a gentle rain this morning
just like a moistness of heavens eyes
a sadness that lacks the force to cry.
And behind a whiteish tint of grey
the sun is waiting to burst through soft haze
a little later in the coming day.

The noon day sun shines on all around
it builds up heat here on the ground
so that the clouds are laden, filled.
Later to burst with ferocious shaking sound
and light up the sky with forked flashes
rashly darting earthward bound.

As the sun sets behind a torn and ravaged sky
like the light that shines in elders' eyes
full of the colours of life's rich passing pageant
The days events writ large in crimson hearts
that witnessed life's fullness of diversity in parts
to reach an end that quietly slips away
below the fixed horizon of our days.

David Taylor

Little Film of Plastic

Did you buy something
that has a cool display?
Of words or bars
or charts or stars
or menus to choose?
Is it colour?
Does it have a background picture
where you can keep
your loved ones face
smiling behind the database?

Caught in all the action
day by day the new brightness
dims with familiarity
and offers no surprises.
Repeating well worn messages
of rutted actions
and all the colours faded
with blemishes it abounds.

But I only did just notice,
stuck, so closely bound,
a little film of plastic,
over all the screen is found!
It’s job to keep the fine display
pristine like the day
It first was made to play.
I peel it off, fantastic!
I never saw such colours
not until today.
And all those flecks and
scratches, gone.
And never really were you know!

And now I am amazed
to find, that just behind
this screen of mine,
there is a little film of plastic,
that colours all I see
and makes this world, fantastic!
A dreary place to be.

David Taylor

Lofty Ideas In The Attic

Well it's not very easy to get up in "my loft".
A bit of a chore to get out the step ladder,
and with an acrophobic smile, climb on up.
And inside its dark and dusty and stale,
Just a small dim light in one corner,
I really cant see that much at all; and maybe….
I'll give it some thought.
.
.
Well I have decided that it could be,
so much more useful to me,
that dark and dusty space called my loft.
So I've put in one of those pull down
easy access ladders.
And a light with a switch by the door.
Now if I want to get access
It isn't nearly so much of a chore.

But taking a look around my loft space,
now that I have some light to be sure.
It does seem that I could, if I were so inclined,
make better use of it than I had done before.
So I put down some flooring on which I could stand,
and organised places to keep many things,
that I had found to be quite useful before.

Each time that I found that, I had things around,
possessions I loved or adored,
I'd go up that ladder and find a good place
to keep and preserve, all my keepsakes!
But now it's quite crowded and the lights getting dim,
in all corners betwixt and between all the things I've put in.
and I'm worried I'll have no room for my self.

So now I've decided I'll clear out the loft.
And take all that's hiding with covering dust,
and throw it out forever, its gone and its lost!
But some things are easy and others;
not simple at all; they stick to my hands
and my heart says "without you I'm lost".

So now a conundrum I have in my loft;
between my hearts treasures of past gotten costs,
and the heavenly feeling of being so free and so light
with only my self in "my loft".

David Taylor

Look!

Don’t look into my eyes that way!
Don’t look even though
we might have something
we really ought to say.
Even just in passing,
don’t look as we go along the sidewalk.
Don’t say 'good morning'
as you pass me by.

Perhaps my stare will freeze you?
Or my words like a spell,
they could deceive you?
Be careful! Who am I?
Perhaps not really who you think you see.
Even some kind of spy
from some secret agency.

No your right! Stay in your box
thinking of an epilogue.
What you would say to me
if we ever met
and with no time to say hello
you just said goodbye
as we both were passing by.

On the sidewalk, eyes not meeting,
just a reluctant mumbled greeting,
a speech so very fleeting.
Just in case, heaven forbid
we might notice that inside
is a person, trying not to hide.

David Taylor

Looking For Trade Martin's Ferret

From Alaska to Zanzibar the poets are out
They’re searching and hunting and looking about
The hunt is on, the call is being shouted out loud
The poets well versed are searching all round
In cupboards and sheds and holes in the ground
They’ll keep searching until that ferret is found.

They scramble about like mouse hunting cats
Reciting some prose in case ferrets like that
They’ve heard many stories of ferrets abound
And even up legs of trousers are found
Those furry mammals with teeth oh so bright
That when they are bared they give quite a fright.

The poets are hunting high up and low down
And when they have found him they’ll call you around
And while they are waiting they’ll play for a while
With the ferret you’ve lost since the end of last year
And gave herald to a ferretless and lonely new dawn
Since the day TM celebrated that Christ was past born.

David Taylor

Love And Attraction

In a cosmological event
such as the forming of a hole
so black that all its light it holds
or the changing of the motion
of a giant sun in one
of heaven’s many constellations.
In these events the wise have said
if Einstein be wise, well in his head,
that gravity will flow in waves
and curve our space and time,
that is what we must surely find.

When a loved one, they depart
light is extinguished, it is so dark.
But when new love, it is found
the sun shines so bright
the sky is without a cloud
and the course of life abounds
with fresh new horizons, I have found.
And as for time and space?
In the boundless love of Your embrace
they just seem to disappear
as if they were not even here.

David Taylor

Love Letter To The World

So much to say

And so deeply felt

To melt the hearts

And make each one

Come home

And never again

Depart.

David Taylor

Love, Love, Love, Love, Love Without A Doubt

How do you write a poem
about Love?
It cannot be caught
and is beyond words'
power of depiction.
It has no place to be,
all places are filled
with Love.
Without Love would
anything have any savour?

Love is what joins
Love is what flows
Love is what counts
Love is what grows
Love is what's known.

Love is all around
Love is all about
Love is all we ask
Love is all we give
Love is all I have.

Love wants nothing
Love needs nothing
Love misses nothing
Love excludes nothing
Love is what this is all about.

Joining, flowing, counting,
growing, knowing
around, about
asking, giving, having
All is Love,
of that I have no doubt.

David Taylor

Love's Companion

Mould it into man He said.
Mould it into food and water.
Squeeze it, make a dark hole in time.
Stretch it across the universal expanse.
Make from it the very space
that is home to all its forms.
Concentrate it in a smile.
In potent strength let it bind
all mothers to their child.
Let it be the centre
of all that will ever be.
And when man finds it within himself
let it reveal the earth and heavens
and all beings that do dwell therein
as one family, living in eternal harmony.
That is what it is; universal love,
and its companion, indescribable bliss.

David Taylor

Mathematics For Life

Well nothing adds up!
How can you make any sense of this world of contradictions?
And if you try to subtract?
Well that don’t work either.
You just end up with less than you started with, and who wants that?
And multiplying?
Just amplifies the problems, increasing complexity, more choices to make?
So we end up dividing ourselves
And forming fractions to argue and fight.
But the answer was always just One.
All the maths was really just meant to be fun!

David Taylor

Melancholy State

What is this melancholy state
That keeps the mind most dark
And makes these thoughts and speech irate?
What is this melancholy state
That hides the happiness
And makes these words sound glum with hate?
What is this melancholy state?

What is it that has contrived
And tricked the mind to make me feel
That all around is bleak and ill?
They are but shadows of the past
Which in the gloom of unlit space
Creates a fear from unclear shapes.
What is this melancholy state?

Please may I request
That your light will shine again
And make these shadows clear to see
And cease their menacing touch on me
It seems to me that only thee
Can shine the light that sets me free.
What is this melancholy state?

David Taylor

Melted Hearts

Looking for a way to say
What words cannot express
Hoping to find you in the mood
For emotions that can confess
Thinking that your eyes will tell
Stories that only life will ever write
Your hands to a palmist may
Foretell our future, all our days
Our feet leave footprints
In the sands of time
As we walk your hand in mine
But I know and so do you
All that matters is in the heart
Where we live as one
And never far apart.
What use have I for words
And what would emotion say
My hands may in jest
Make gestures as you request
My feet walk to follow
Wherever they are led
But our heart, a shrine within
Never did give in.
And at our journey's end
What is it we would defend?
Only love remains
When all our life is drained
We no longer reach for truth
Truth is enshrined within
And shines for all to see
When hearts are melted
And are just transparent
To the endless love of Thee.

David Taylor

Minimal-list

So
here
we
are.
You
there
hear
me.
We
are
here,
you
and
me.

David Taylor

Missing You

Snowy, snowy night
Paint the hill tops all in white
Let the rivers flow with ice
Make the raindrops fall as hale
Whispered breath a smoky kind of grey
As we wonder in the coldness
Of our winter'd dreams.

I did once love you
And I love you now
Even in the coldness
Of this frozen hour.

Your lips are all I can, ever miss
Frozen, waiting for your kiss
Bringing warmth and summertime,
To the cold and bitter dark.
That is all I find
When you are not, so, very, near.

Snowy, snowy night
Please come back home to me
And bring that warm
And gently loving face
The one that I do, so much, miss.
Ohh how I wish that you
Were always here.
Then nothing
would; I; fear.

David Taylor

Mixed Feelings

The ground is most unusual today
It shifts and shakes around
Full of deadly traps as I try to fly
And reach the safety, of my thoughts.

The ground is most unusual today
It has both hot and cold within
The same valley of resolve
I try to make the scene unfold, not dream.

The ground is most unusual today
It is both misty and so crystal clear
In the field where I sit here, I rub my eyes
but they still remain, coexisting, all the same.

The ground is most unusual today
Full of swamps of darkness with hills of light
All in the same expanse of countryside
I run for the hills, but the swamp, it holds me tight.

The ground is most unusual today
With fragrant flowers in pools of odorous discontent
A strange mixture of memories
As their scents drag back, past times, spent.

The ground is most unusual today
Most often hiding in my heart
But for once laid bare before me
As if lit in the spotlight of my glare, will I despair?
Or having seen what lies there
Do I have a choice, as I stand, and look, and stare?

David Taylor

MOON LIT GODDESS

You are such sweetness in my mouth.
And a touching tenderness at my fingertips,
with an enchantment of scent that makes my senses real,
and reel with their heady intoxication of; just you.
My eyes are filled with the deepness of your soul
and blinded with its bright intensity.
My hearing hears your gentle breathing breath,
which speaks so eloquently in its expectant quickening
at my approach; just me.

Your hair cascades across the snow
of silken skin with forms like gentle drifts
fashioned by a forming mistral kiss.
And your eyes, your eyes, that window
into utter bliss, that seemingly consumes
my very being, into your deep; your deep abyss.
Your lips which speak a thousand promises,
at each slight and gentle moistening with your tongue.
Hands that caress and care, massaging my sullen soul
to relieve it of each and every fear and stress.

That is all I have to say except to state
that I am blessed and graced,
if grace be known to be most rare; not commonplace,
with an enchantment in the form of; just you.
An ethereal moonlit goddess of my dreams.

David Taylor

Mooniness

Bewitched by the power of a silvery moon
Singing and dancing in your pearlescent light
We laugh and we cry ‘til you fade out of sight
The creatures of dark look up and call out
They too are in love with your aura and might
As you circle the earth and shine through the night.

Mighty and tireless you reach out through the space
And touch us, and pull us, all over the place
The oceans are breathing as they rise and they fall
Under the pull that you exert on the waters and all
And when we can’t see your ancient and scarred, cratered face
We know you are there in the usual place.

You shine as you did in the oldest of times
And inspired so many to paint and write rhymes
From then until now and to the end of our lives
You are worshipped and followed by those that do know
Your presence is part of the heavens that show
The beginning the present and where we will all go.

David Taylor

Moving House

Location, location, location.
The infernal unreality agents' cry.
The eternal, blissful, unmoving,
has no need to cry.

David Taylor

Murmuration

It’s a murmuration of starlings not a cloud!
A silently spoken will as one to soar.
A whirling collaboration not for fun.
A spectacular occurrence in the sky.
A startling starling orchestrated dance.
A magnificent squadron with aerobatic show.
And all to move on and miss the snow.
An ornithological delight,
of many many birds in synchronous flight.
But do not shout out loud,
Your enthusiasm and delight.
It is a murmuration you know,
when so many starlings as one take flight.

David Taylor

Music Of The Soul

Like a Stradivarius
vibrating in a human
soul with God guiding
Its gliding bow.
Like a displayed blossom
with its sights
only for the sun.
Like a rainbow arching
searching for horizons
never reached
except in dreams
when dreams do come.
Like the singing of the Angels
when in the heavens
we play in the presence
of their song.
Like the love that’s shining
in your eyes
as we sit here blissful
wishing time would not go on.
Like each word residing
on a page or screen
that in its whiteness
sets the stage for all the meanings
In the words to be set free.
You are always quietly
present, but not hiding
overlooked by my doing
forgetting that my bow
You're guiding
as I make my worldly song.

David Taylor

Musical Storm Of Love

I’m spinning in the rain
and my heart is singing.
I’m happy again
because of this feeling.
I’m dizzy I’d say,
with my love in the rain.
Your hand’s in mine,
everything’s fine.
You are my sunshine
and we love it, the rain.
God sees us two
with such happy refrain,
and claps with his thunder
as we spin and sing under
his lightening smiles,
that light every beat
of our hearts.
And the rain casts away
all our worries today.
We’re singing and spinning,
and floating away,
on a storm of love
and affectionate play.
It never will end
our feeling this way.
As we sing and we spin
and we play,
in the rain.
The heavenly rain,
that rains in our hearts.

David Taylor

My 'PH' Friend

I met a man last night.
I don’t meet him every day.
Well in fact I do you see,
meet him most every day
but often in a different way.

I met a man last night,
with hair an ancient shade.
With sparkling eyes that shine,
in a loving, gentle way.
I met a man last night and
met him in that way.

Today I expect I might,
meet with him again.
And you will also meet him,
and meet him from within.
Because if we are lucky
he will share his heart with us.
And send another poem
of love and faith and trust.

So which meeting is the better?
The one in flesh and blood,
or reading all the poems,
which his heart oft’ sends to us.
It doesn’t really matter
Its all the same you see,
because not any discord
‘tween his heart and tongue has he,
It really doesn’t matter which part
you get to see.

Oh, my dear friend
please don’t worry,
as I think your kindness might,
don’t think that perhaps I’m tired,
sitting long into the night,
thinking deep, and finding words to type.
They were written in an instant
because my friend, my friend indeed,
they came straight from the heart
and not this mind that thinks it’s me.

David Taylor

My Wife

My wife.
A truly remarkable
incarnation of love.
With an unending
propensity for sacrifice.
A total surrender
in a most defiant way,
to me, every blessed day.

My wife.
A woman who can boil my blood
in a passionate embrace,
or a confrontation of ideas,
or a rage. if rage is more,
than Attila would give his foe.
But compassion beyond,
beyond this dusty world,
when I rue my life in woe.

My wife
Oh what beauty,
slight of form.
With firmness in
not just will.
With alluring flesh
and wanton breath.
That every promise
has and often fills.

My wife
The vessel for my son,
she bore him night and day,
and the waters which kept him safe.
With total disregard
for her comforts, desires, or,
come what may.
All that counted
was the counting to the day.
But even then just for me,
so that in a son
I would myself, soon see.

My wife.
Totally commited,
not just for this life.
Because she said to me,
dear one; one life?
That’s not enough.
Please, please,
give me as much as I give you
and wait for me
and be with me,

in the next one too.

David Taylor

Negative Shapes?

The artist is drawing and the picture is forming.
Shapes carefully chosen to outline the picture in mind.
And between them are born the shapes that are formed,
from the space in between all the objects he draws to be seen.
The artists they say that these spaces they play,
a most valuable part in their work.
It’s the bits in between that transform a bland scene,
and makes the picture such a pleasure to see.

It does make you think perhaps life is the same.
The spaces between each thought that we think,
and the time in between the things that we do,
it is clear that they do have a shape.
So perhaps it’s the time when there’s nothing to do,
the pause in between all our thoughts and our deeds,
that can make our life bland or if carefully planned,
a work of great art with a whole world to be found,
that was never before even thought to be more,
than just a gap in our usual pursuits.

David Taylor

Never Was So Much Owed By So Many To So Few!

*********A*********
*******BCD*******
****E*********I*****
FGH****JKL**
****
****O********U****
MNPQR*STVWX
****Y*********Z****

What will you ask them to do?

David Taylor

Night Signals From Above

Wails of screaming silent apathy
Come from all the streets dark windows
Fed through satellite dishes
With set meals
Of crusted current news and views
Social statements from “the street”
Or expressed by “neighbours”
Ones that you never meet
I feel like shouting loud
Come out into the road
And meet the crowd of lonely people
That are o’pressed together in this city
As I walk down the bright lit street
In the evening as many “sleep”
Looking up to the stars and moon
Was I born too late? Too soon?
How I yearn for truth, reality
But how I am sucked down by banality
Like a muddy mire
That I walk through as I see the fire
Of the moon and stars
Resplendent heavens in the sky
Just as the ancients saw
I walk on in wonder wanting more.

David Taylor

No Moss?

A frog he goes to the bank
His name is Kermit Jagger
The teller at the bank
Her name is Miss Patricia Whack
She welcomes him, that's a fact
Kermit says "I would like a loan
I need a holiday to get away
From all those tadpoles
In the pond back home, that way".
Kermit says "it should be OK,
my dad Mick he knows the manager
who thinks he rocks, he's swell."
The teller says, tell me
Do you have your ID?
Kermit produces from his pocket
A small porcelain figure of
A pink elephant, most charming.
Perfect in its shape and making
Patricia she is most confused
And finds the manager
In case she may have misconstrued.
And asks "Do you know
Kermit Jagger's Dad, Mick?
And what on earth is this! "
As she holds the elephant
For the mangers benefit.
And the manager says to her
"It's a Nick Knack, Patty Whack.
Give the frog a loan.
His old man's a rolling stone."

David Taylor

No Need To Ask For More

Beauty, time, ephemeral.
Childhood lives are washed away.
Sands of shifting times dismay.
Words are lost and cannot say.
Every day knows to follow.
None can ever jump the queue.
Or go back for recalcitrance.
Of what has been and gone before.
Certain like a lions roar.
Time has always what’s in store.
We need not ask for more.
Time already knows the score.

David Taylor

Now, Now

Your future starts
Now
But if you missed it
Is it past?
No because
Your future starts
Now
So Now
You've got a future
Just so long as
You don't miss
Now

David Taylor

On Impulse

It’s time to go.
The vacations over
and friends depart
to varied and distant places, far apart.
She stands there not any airs or graces,
smiling only simple and honest in intent.
Her husband waits nearby
making last checks of packing
all correct?
An impulse in all purist sense of love
that woman I would dearly take and hug.
Would such a gesture be misconstrued?
In so thinking the moment ripe has passed,
loves lost itself but one more chance,
and hesitation wins with just a glance.

David Taylor

On The Wings Of Ancient Rhyme

Thank you Edgar Allan Poe
Reminded me of what I know
Echoes of Shakespeare's prose
Life is rounded by a sleep
Through my life I unresting doze
Dreaming in a dream reposed
Thinking all that's good and bad
Being happy and often sad
Thank you Edgar Allan Poe
Why do I write this poem though?
You and many have expressed
All the thoughts that here are composed.

As I sleep I do confess
That this life it has been blessed
Into my dream did ride
Some bright beams of truth
On the wings of ancient rhyme
Never changing from the depths of time
Blindly grasping holding on
From my dark satanic home
They did take me high
Showed me what the spirits see
When from these senses we are set free
But I did not hold so tight
And once again I fell, lost sight.

But now I listen keen
To those sounds which in my dream
Promise to swoop and, I find
Lift me up and cast down sleep
And perhaps I will listen, very fine
And hold on 'till the end of time.

David Taylor

On what Rests Your Happiness?

On what rests your happiness?
Is it apt to come and go
like some fleeting thought
that refuses to be caught?

On what rests your happiness?
Is it health and wealth?
Those two great desires
where prayers are heaped, well every hour.

On what rests your happiness?
Is it your loved ones
Close at hand and
who oft forget your loving sound?

On what rests your happiness?
Is it a warm blue sky with
gentle lapping waves
to caress away the stress?

Perhaps one day we will find
an answer that we all can share
and never leaves or is disturbed.
On what rests your happiness?

But if the answer excludes, just one.
You will fear that,
maybe he will come, to take away
that on which your happiness is resting.

David Taylor

One Hundred Degrees Sea

Foaming, bubbling, steaming
Burning, cooking, frightening
Liquid spilling seething sea.
Ohh what a terrifying sight
Tetras cooked right out of body
Cat fish on a hot tin roof
Plasic plants a melting slurry
Bloody aquariums got my money
Sold me heaters made in China
With thermostats that cook
the fish and it’s, just not funny!

David Taylor

Originality

Now, take a leap of faith with perfect grace.
To a place which is neither near nor far,
where the universe has not yet reached,
in any sensory or metaphysical case,
not even in a faint or dim memory within.
A place which has no place yet to be,
and not moving in time or even in eternity.
With nothing there and no nothing to be missed.
Only you yourself indescribable; total; bliss.
An origin which does not yet exist.
Except you are that and that is surely this.

David Taylor

Painful Poetry

Why is it that
sometimes
poetry is a pain?
Or is it more
that the poets
get in the way.
Of what the poem
wants to say?

David Taylor

Paradise Lost

I watch my son playing
Running and dancing
Building with bricks
Imagining the little plastic man exists
And talks to the little plastic dog.
Barking, mad.

His electric car flashes lights
Beeps when he pushes buttons
Follows his commands
Racing into shadows
And jams under the sofa.
Sounding, loud.

He calls dad
"the rescue team"
Long arms to reach
And recover
What is out of reach
Of two year old arms.
Stretching, me.

How long before I say
"Bed time now Daniel"
And not wanting to let go
He will cry, even yell
How easily paradise is lost
If only for a moment
Stolen by attachment
To what he has.
Binding. him.

As we grow older
Those moments
Of paradise lost
Will we let them
Grow and swell
Until life is only filled
With the pain of
What we have lost?
Or go happily
On our way
In anticipation
Of endless possibilities
Of each brand new day.
Freedom, ours.

David Taylor

Partial Perception?

Nothing’s moving
No wind today
Not true!
It is a matter
Of range
Of scale
I see such a tiny range of colour
Dictated by retina’s design
I hear
But not the lowest
And not so high
I smell
What is within my range
I taste
That which taste buds
Are designed to find
I experience
Such a tiny span if time
I see in straight lines
I think in cages of thought
Ones that I’ve been taught
I feel what I believe I ought
So now I see darkly
Hear partly
Think shallowly
But I can perceive
More than I can ever say
True perception
Cannot by thought or senses
Be conveyed.

David Taylor

Passion and Loneliness

Comes in waves of energy,
will yours be a lifetime
riding on one crest
or like a surfer
will you move on
looking for the next?

Is it on one Ocean
that each ride will take its form?
How strange it’s at its edges
and not of its depth is born
the passion you are riding
from warming dawn to dusk
leaving you both empty and forlorn
when night time calls your bluff.

And then perhaps you may be lucky
to find a deeper depth.
If you can keep on riding
from the chilling dusk to dawn
without tasting the darkness
of the empty waves of loneliness
which rise and thunder silently
on the shores of sleepless nights
without the wanted storm.

David Taylor

Patience

Who is he who waits for what?
What is it that I haven’t got?

All things come in time for he
who knows that time is not the key.

What is time for the one,
who is eternal; limitless; fun!

David Taylor

Perfect Golf

If you can fill your time
So that it’s full with only now
And not the past or future

If you can fill your mind
With boundless space
And not any other feature

If you can fill your heart
With only love
And leave no room for hate

If you can find your soul
In heaven and this earth below
Whole in one
You are my teacher!

David Taylor

Permission Granted?

Permission granted.
To be the best poet since Orpheus played his lyre.
To spread your love to everyone you meet and greet.
To rise above life’s trials and tribulations,
like a phoenix rising from the fire.
To be at peace in your own presence,
regardless of the havoc that rages all around.
To speak the gentle truth with humility.
To be compassionate to all.
To spread your inner light far and wide,
and never ever hide
behind thinking small.
But will you give permission
to your self?

David Taylor

Phenomenal Man (OK Maya!)

Younger Men wonder where my secret lies
I'm not hirsute or built on a weight lifting device
But when I start to tell them
They assume I'm out to dupe 'em
I say
Its in the reach of my heart
The span of my mind
The strides that I take
The truth on my lips
Because I'm a man
Exceptionally a man like
That's what I can.

I walk into a room
Nervous, ill at ease
And to the women
They just don't care
It's as if I am not there.
But when I speak
And speak from the heart
They come and sit beside me
And try to find if I just might be
The hero they've been seeking
Or just another deadbeat
That wants to make their heartbeat
In a lustful one night stand
Because I'm a man
Exceptionally a man like
That's what I can.

Woman sometimes wonder
What it is in me
They look but they can't find it
The me that's inside me
When I try to tell them
They say it's hard to see
Well its not that I am hiding
I am plain to see
Just softly spoken, caring
I'm just the man you see!

So I have my failings
I never said I can
Meet all your expectations
And be exactly what it says
on the outside of the can
Of course I'll make mistakes
And seek to make amends
And whether you still like me
I guess that all depends
Will you just adore me
And let me be what I am

Exceptionally a man
And just a man who can:

Write you beautiful poems
And show you that you may
Have faith in just one man.
Well at least for just one day.
And after a lifetime
Of loving, me and you
You will learn to trust me
In total through and through.

David Taylor

Pin Point

A pin lands on its point

And stays there

In meditation.

David Taylor

Poem Hunter Jungle

I think I am lost
in a poem hunter jungle,
that’s full of a mass
of poems that grumble.
There’s a poem or two
like carnivorous bears,
but surely they must have
a home that’s a lair.

I stumble along
on a path that’s not smooth,
and deep in the jungle
its dark with despair.
There’s many a poem
that’s lurking in there!
I think I must tread
with the utmost of care.

I come to a clearing
that’s very endearing,
With poems like vines
which upwards I climb.
And reaching the top
its such a great view,
and a wonderful poem
that’s written by you!

And looking around
with the poems I’ve found,
there’s one thing for certain
this jungle abounds,
with the life and the sounds
that are made so impressive,
by you and all
those poets expressive.

David Taylor

Poem Number One-Eight-One

This is poem number one-eight-one
It is the precursor to one-eight-two
And comes straight after one-eight-naught
One-eight-naught is very hungry, empty
One-eight-two becoming greedy, possessiveness
One-eight-one is the truth, unity
Are you hungry for it?

David Taylor

Poem That's Not About Poems At All But Might Help You Feel Better.

Do you ever imagine when reading a poem,
not the image that’s written in verse,
but the poet that’s writing these words.
The image of one from whom this poem has come?

Do you picture Athena or Zeus?
Do they have emphysema from smoking profuse,
or posses an air of sweetness and youth?
Are they calm and concise, or at there wits end?
Are they nasty or nice?
And did the poem they’re writing really mean to offend?

So next time your reading a poem or two,
especially one that’s left you completely at sea,
give some thought to the writer.
And if the meanings not clear,
imagine the poet is sitting right here
and ask them politely “my dear”.
“Are you feeling all right, are you smitten? '
'Do you have some kind of meaning in sight,
or did your brain miss the boat, when this poem was written? ”

David Taylor

Poor?

He is so lost
He cannot see clearly
His mind is clouded
He calls all by the wrong name
His ears are filled with such noise
He hears not what we say
He has sadness as a companion
Amidst an array of friends
That never remind him
That he has lost his way
And one day at his door
A child knocked
And said
I am very poor
I have nothing but
My youth and innocence
But you lost that
Long before.

David Taylor

Praying

Still no movement
In pose of total humility
Feet anchored to the earth
Body a mountain not to be moved
Even the gods of air and water and fire
Cannot cause unrest
Mind in exaltation
Mind in love, in bliss
Heart in contemplation
Songs in heavens
Sounding choral, pure
I give a bow to thee
In the mirror of mind
Gods come running
They know I never die
And the heavens pray
They pray under watchfulness
And pray to the light
That each and every being
Never tastes the night.

David Taylor

Pun Ish Meant?

A joke that isn’t funny
Words that, mean, don’t hurt any.
With my wife I often argue
The beef is just a bet
She doesn’t like the stakes I get.
The Mummy’s wearing postume jewelry
She is feeling cold and weary
So she went home, called a taxi, ernie.
When the hairdresser made a pass
And then he found your hair is straight
Did he make you curl up and dye?
Do you have a shiny crown
Does that mean a queen we’ve found?
There is no plaice on earth
That’s like death roe a fishy birth.
The jelly fish were all a quiver
As the arrows were delivered.
Ten quips for a pun ish meant
To make you rack your brains
Or split your ribs, or then again
Perhaps you’re going spare
ribs not split
Or are we splitting hares
because we put the watched steak out.
No pun in ten did.
Make you laugh?
I’ll just go and cut the grass.
Punishment? You may well ask.

David Taylor

Quantum Poem With Cats

This poem said all you ever wanted to know
Described the state after death
Had the answers to every paradox and more
Gave all the details of every lottery result
In this universe and the next and the next….
This verse did exist in multiversal context
And all it said was not fixed
Like a box of infinite scrabble bits in a box
Until with a mouse you just clicked on the screen
And like Shrodinger's cat
You found I am here alive in my flat.

But the thing is you see
They say it's not me
Until you look and observe it's a fact
Seems to me, well, it's like writing poetry
Until you look it's just a potential choreography
Of letters all dancing and free
And as you look you can see this poem from me?
But formed from your looking you see
Not the one with a cat in a flat.

David Taylor

Questions

Did I loose my touch?
Have I lost your trust?
Are these poems all the same
saying one thing again, again?

Did I loose my voice?
Have I lost your ear?
Are these words that fall
meeting with a stony wall?

Have my eyes gone dark?
Did you let me make a mark?
Is this verse in any way
helping make a better day?

Can my heart find what is true?
Did I ever reach the heart of you?
What can a poem say
a ray of hope to light the way?

What are words if they can’t do
all the things I pray for you?

David Taylor

Questions and Answers

My head is in the stars
my feet deep in the earth
and my heart, it beats in you.
The answer often lies
but a question can be true.
The question has the answer
the question is in the stars,
is in the earth, is in the heart.
Be careful of the answers
that seem to lie in you.

David Taylor

Questions Asked This Morning

The horse in the field breathes deeply
And looks across in my direction
As if asking a question, how long?
The birds sing an early morning litany
Asking the Angels to join their chorus
And want to know, for who?
The clouds have seemingly paused
In their restless movements, why?
The sun fills the space with potency
For delivery of warmth and light
To the very heart of me, for what?
The earth revolves on endlessly
Counting time eternally, until when?
The stars hiding behind a bright sky
Want to tell me but I cannot see
Will they ever tell me, more of thee?
Your presence is always near to me
But I seem to lack in constancy
Can I strengthen memory?
When can I rest and join with thee?
And have no questions left.

David Taylor

Quicksilver

Moonlight shining bright
In the night a silver light
Reflections in the river, quiet
Silver flowing liquid sight
Transforming ordinary water
Into a mercury metallic flow
Of something more dynamic
Subdued heavy silent
Moonlit romance heady
Fragrance, darkened silver
Not a sparkling radiance
Illicit feelings in silver luminance
Dark and deadly feelings
Drowning in emotions lent
With mercuric alchemy
From a moon of silver pence
Quickening our heartbeats
On the banks of a moonlit river
Of deadly flowing metal moonlight
For the night of our intent
With snowy silvered Owls
Staring on with discontent
Twas a night with folly spent
Twas a night of pure delight
In darkened silver'd moonlight
Until all our passions went
And drowned in the quicksilver
Of our dark intents.

David Taylor

Relationships

Father, Mother
Sister, Brother
These are ones that
Have your name

Uncle, Aunt
Nephew, cousin
They are ones with
Genes almost same

Work mate, Class mate
Room mate, my mate
They're the ones with whom
You spend your day

Neighbours, Shoppers
Cleaners, teachers
In the street you meet them
on your way

English, French
Chinese, German
They are the ones
You read and say

Plants and animals
Land and sea
These all share
The air you breathe

Sun and Moon
Stars and planets
All look down
On the earth you stand

Relationships
They define you
But do you find they're only saying
About the part you're playing?

Do you think
There's one forgotten?
And how do you
Relate to that?

All things are related
And most simply stated
That thou art
And thou art that.

David Taylor

Renewal

Shall I say to you be still
And become as a mountain
With massive presence in hidden depths
So quiet that ears may hear
Echoes of distant past events
Bringing to an end
All action born of discontent
Settle unmoving into a deep abyss
Where creative principle ferments
The primeval waters of love and reason
Feeding warm springs of life renewed
Under the gaze of awestruck stars
That sparkle in your mind’s eyes.

David Taylor

Rest

Rest is such a natural state
Why should any hesitate
To rest as deep as the ocean basin
Without feeling any need to hasten
Rest is what we all do need
More important than to feed
Rest is what I sure do want
But only when I've finished
All the things that I must do
Or be admonished.
By me and me and sometimes you.

David Taylor

Reunion

He saw her walking, striding by
Hair bouncing golden against azure blue sky
Nose poised perhaps a little high
With a clip clap of heels that made him sigh
A flounce of skirt as she was passing
Left him with a mind full of questions asking
As his eyes followed, watching on his horizon
Slender legs were seeming sliding, almost gliding
Then she stopped and paused looking all about
Perhaps sensing his presence, he had no doubt
A hint of scent upon the wind enveloped him
Like a double shot of bootleg spirit
Sending him dizzy as if a whirling top in eager children’s hands
Deep blue eyes momentarily alighted on his form, she sighted
Looked straight past to her waiting friend, soon reunited
Of they went with frantic conversation
Like a dam had burst from years of non-communication
Just two words or even one would have for him
More than sufficed, or even a flash of eyes with lash
Would have given such welcome recognition
Of his heart and mind’s predisposition.

David Taylor

Riddles and Giggles

Giggles
Giggles again
Tell my giggles to stop
The giggles, giggles now they've came
Giggles, gig…..gles, and giggles again and again
Can any giggles one tell me how to stop giggles, giggles, giggles again.
Please giggles send giggles, me GIGGLES a message ho…GIGGLES...w to STOP GIGGLES.
Riddles, it's riddles, they oft' give me Giggles, Riddles they Riddle so much they are great, but give me
GIGGLES
RIGGLES
RIDGLES
RIDDLES
Ohh Damn Giggles again!

David Taylor

River Of Love

Arrows! Against these chain mail
is effective to repel the sharpness
of their flighted points.
Even hardened bullets, blunt in their intent,
against them an armoured vest
I may procure
to protect my soft heart's flesh.
And slanders of my character,
thrown with spiteful vigour
across a heated, hot debate.
Well the courts may give a cool defence
to protect me from their hate.

But what defence have I against your love?
I steal myself from you with,
self conceit or hate or
even despising of your gentle care
which you often give and only for
care itself; its sake, not for any else.
I try to block you out of mind
without a thought of any kind
and with no kindness in my mind.
But straight to my heart you fly
circumventing all my barriers in mind
which are without effect,
my intellect you do most easily,
go round..

Love! Why do I fear you so?
Because I know that without
your sweet presence
my soul will by nothing but a dryness
as a river bed without the rain
by which it is filled and fed.
And even when I become as ice
you send the gentle snow
to blanket me with purity
because that is all you ever see;
or saw; in me.
No matter what I hold in my armoury
I have no defence against your Love
In your arms I live and without you
I surely am just the living; dead.
Empty like a dried up river bed,
waiting for your rain to bring life
and set me free to flow
with your Love, full and fulfilling me.

David Taylor

Rope

I thought I saw a tarantula
creeping close to me
but it was only a strainer
from when I made my tea.
I thought I heard a lion
roaring in my bath
but it was just a lorry
as it hurtled past.
I thought I felt a lizard
slither across my legs
but it was the cat’s tail
as my cat came home to rest.
I thought I saw a werewolf
lurking in the dark
but it was the boy next door
looking for his long lost toy.
I thought I saw a snake
slither in the grass
but it was just a piece of rope,
the snake is from the past.

David Taylor

Roses And Ivy

Drawing goodness from the same earth
he wrapped his thoughts tightly round
the stem of her life force.
Two distinct entities
becoming one ornament
In the garden of life
for the enjoyment of onlookers.
With purists reaching for their knives
to hack the ivy from
the tender blossomed rose
which did not want to lose
Its new envelope of ivy'd clothes.
But does her longing for entwining
foretell the early dying
of her finest blossomed rose?
And even if cut down
their roots are still entwining
secret and unseen below the ground!

David Taylor

Sand, Tears and Time

Standing, still, and
with a handful of dry sand
I close my fingers tightly,
tightly round the yielding
granules held vice like in my hand
and tightening to stop the
mass escape of so many
miniscule grains
through gaps in ringed fingers.
The harder I grasp the more
they find release
and signify the passing of time,
of times lost in passing
and as my tears fall,
fall onto my hands
each dropp mingles with the sand
the sands of times lost
and make them stick,
sticking to my hand
not lost but sand adhering
as alone I stand
even though their appointed time
is now past.
Would it have been better
if without the tears
they had been freed
out of my reach and grasp
without the fetters of warm liquid
tears which adhere them
to these hands
until returning to the sea
they are washed and cleansed from me.

David Taylor

Saying Goodbye?

Damp in both eyes
Hesitant in breath
Heavy in heart
Blank in thought
Leaden in both feet
Wavering in voice
Dry in mouth
Low in spirit
Depleted in happiness
And then I see
That I am in your heart
And from there
I will not ever depart.

David Taylor

Sensitivity

Feet elongated past his toes
Funny spherical and red his nose
A flower bright pinned on his coat
Which perhaps squirts water
And makes you soaked
A joke not funny he can tell
A car with parts that fall to the ground
And a loud horn to loudly shout
Get out the way I'm coming round
A painted face most sad
With downcast mouth and ring'ed eyes
That strangely sadness does not disguise
An icon of mirth and fame not wide
Who is he and what does he hide?
A clown you say? Maybe you're right
Or perhaps he is more close to you
And not so very far from sight?

David Taylor

Sepia And Starlight

Sitting alone with memories
Next to the phone, a book of numbers
Along the passage echoes of
Echoes of many feet running
The dining room still has roast aroma
Charred meat when time went over
A symphony of photographs adored
Adorn the mantelpiece forlorn
Without a lively fire beneath
The coldness not one for heat to treat
Warmth faded from sights eyes
In the light of old age, time gone by
No need to wait for long or sigh
Seeing in mind a mind to mind
We will not fade like sunlit drapes
More like a shooting stars that travel far
With a light that flashes in the heavens
That raises souls up high with
Lovers' dreams and wishes
As we fly across the sky
Leaving traces in mind's eye
We'll have no sadness when we die
And as for me, no reminiscing
Did you leave, just what is missing?
I just look up into the sky
There I'll soon find you rushing by.

David Taylor

Seriously Good Write

Well its just not at all funny.
Those comments that
some of you make.
I pour out my soul,
wear my heart on my sleeve,
even surrender my pride.
I go for a run to clear my sore head,
and suffer the pain of typing in vain,
looking for rhymes
that even in infinite time,
will never to be so sublime,
as the ones that you find two a'penny.
My heart is aching, my mind,
Its still racing, my fingers are sore,
and my soles all worn out from the running.
And when I finally post
the words that I've found,
you only can offer some phrases
as worn and as thin as the soles of my shoes, such as
Good Write, Well done, or That's Clever!
Well give me a break
here's a novel idea,
how about giving a comment or two,
where I could honestly saye,
with my tongue in my cheek,
Well Done, Good Comment or That's Clever!

David Taylor

Sex, Love, Money, Diamonds, Ferraris and Bloody

Ferraris are sex on wheels
Love cannot be bought for money
Diamonds are damned expensive
Can we buy the car instead,
please honey?
This is when you get the bloody.....
Finish it between yourselves.

David Taylor

Sex, sex, sex, sex, sex, sex, sex, sex with IPOD's

Ok first of all calm down.
There is absolutely no criticism
whatsoever that you chose
with your free will
and shining intellect
and hard earned education
to open and read a poem
called
Sex, sex, sex, sex, sex, sex
Are you feeling more relaxed now, good.
Now you can go and look for a poem
called, afterglow, afterglow. afterglow,
have a nice day.

Ohh hang on
Is there anything else?
A few things on your mind
that you hesitate to say
"I Probably Often Do"
Take it easy relax use the form below:
And excuse my abbreviation
I'm not a great typist.

……..; I.P.O.D.
……..; I.P.O.D.
……..; I.P.O.D.
……..; I.P.O.D.
……..; I.P.O.D.
……..; I.P.O.D.
……..; I.P.O.D.

David Taylor

Shall I Compare Thee?

Shall I compare thee to a Silverstein
Thou art more serious in thy art
And alas much less acclaimed
He is much loved by all the children gruff
Which with deft words he makes them laugh.
With tall stories about giraffes.

Shall I compare thee to an Edgar
The one that wrote Amanda Lee
Thou art less lyrical than he
He is much loved by lovers
Which with his art he makes them see
How lucky they are not to be parted
As he was parted
From his dear Amanda by the sea.

Shall I compare thee to a Frost
With two roads that cross
Thou art more unsure than he
When you are writing poetry
He knew there was no way back
When he took that track.
So many read his prose
About the fateful road he chose.

No you are not like them
You are clearly a new poetic gem
Yet to unfold your prose
And all the beauty that it holds
So please don’t put down that pen
Until you write as good as them.

David Taylor

Shopping With My Wife

This one, that one
Which one's best
Why should I know
I have no test
Longer, shorter
Lighter, brighter
Try it on
Close it tighter!
Round and round
The bargain basement
Back to stores
On higher floors
Or boutiques
With 'that’s so cute'
Unique yes
Priced t’ boot
How ‘bout coffee
Take a rest
Refreshed; foray
The market’s best
Oh that's gorgeous
Not her size
Come on
Be helpful
How ‘bout this
As usual
We went home
With fruit
And of course
Fresh fish.

David Taylor

Silent Call

I stand in a street and silently call your name.
The children under mothers' feet
and the birds above the roof tops,
call out too with a shrill urgency to be observed.
A secret thread links all the moving forms,
with nature of a common intent, not theirs.
The sun shines as appointed for its point in time.
The earth turns beneath my feet,
and standing still leaves me behind.
Not in a spatial sense but
rather a receding into the canvas
onto which all these forms are painted.
And consisting of the many threads
unseen by eyes but felt inside the heart.
I'm touched and touching all around,
life gives itself of itself, and time
must wait its turn to be allowed to breathe a breath,
or move a hand across a measured face.
I am at rest and all I know is well.
How can I say, we have no words to tell,
when sound and music fade away
and what is left remains and is unnamed.
But when I truly called you surely came
and I returned back home without my name.

David Taylor

Six Quarks Of Lager Please

So what do they know about Quarks?
Well first you must know there are six on the go
And they came in three generations
First came the lightweights up and down
Who begot strange and charm
Well strange carries some weight but
I have to relate charm is the heaviest to date
Until along came bottom
With three times the mass of charm
Alas it really is weighty
With bottom comes top keeping a lid on it all
With a mass that will startle you
It is quite surreal
And how do we know that they are all really real
Just ask RHIC down near Manhattan
They'll accelerate your learning for sure
With gluons and others they've yet to debate
As they go round at one hell of a rate.

David Taylor

Skin

Quietly lying tactile feeling
with a slow and slowly losing
of such insubstantial loss
with imperceptible changing hue
tonal changes of a most subtle nature
seen but not realised except perhaps by you
holding firmly on rounded luscious curves
hanging on to upright form
testing inexperienced anxieties
waiting to see if you will run
or go beyond the confines
of your designated spaces
sable'd marks gently fallow
as to hardness your softness turns
first to a softy skin'ned cover
and then to firmness goes
speeded with a warmth of summer
to the wanted hardened surface
of the perfect silken film like finish
that was promised on the can
did you ever think that you would
sit and watch as slowly, slowly
paint dried in front of your eager
expectant doubtful eyes?

David Taylor

Skin Deep

A smooth silent gliding viscous liquid
Silently seeping creeping gently downwards
Over a sleek and tender surface
With no growth left growing anywhere
After the apprehensive gritting
Of your teeth as the wax goes ripping
Waxing is a girly thing with a very manly sting

Sliding, slicing at pulled up roots
Glistening stainless steeled with sharpness
On the edge it cuts and glides
And snags on spots leaving crimson tides
After the lavish application of soft soapy lubrication
As you tighten skin, the razor goes sliding slashing
Shaving is a manly thing with a very girly sting.

Or with a grainy gritness
Rubbed with circulating stiffness
Of bristled scrubbing brushing briskness
To remove half dead particles
Of skin not shed by natural deadness
Leaving a glowing exfoliated lushness
A girly blushness or
With too much vigour
A manly sore and ruddy redness.

This poem’s just skin deep
I know
A superficial treatment
That cannot cleanse so deep
To ever reach
Your heart or soul.

David Taylor

'SNAP'

Nelly the Elephant sat in an ivory tower
Looking out over the valley so far.
Billy the Badger, daft as a brush
Cut himself shaving, in too much of a rush.
Olli the Otter, a bit of a slouch
Was resting, stretched out on a couch.
Perry the Peli, went fishing again
But that’s a tail to tell at the end.
Eddy the Eagle was sawing
Why? I’m not saying in case it’s circulatory, boring.
Mitch well he was just monkeying around
Seeing if he could stay high up off of the ground.
Suzy the Snake she slithered around
Thinking that dinner, soon could be found.
Freddy the Fish was fishing about
To found a nice plaice to lay eggs, I don't doubt.
Whilst Harry the Human, silly old fool
Was too busy thinking, when off a cliff he did fall.
If your thinking there is a point to all this
Then watch where your walking or else you may miss
The trap that you set, that the rabbits’ not found
The one that’s gone “SNAP” as you’re looking around.

David Taylor

So Very Ordinary?

A bird song carried on still air.
A shaft of light catching dancing motes of dust.
A sunset crimson thrust upon the dusk.

A waft of hyacinth and earthy earth.
A chestnut crackles on the fire.
A fresh baked bread’s aromas spread.

A hushed expectation of nothing new.
A waiting for the homecoming, dinners due.
A promise of a welcome unrestrained.

Coming in from the garden shed
little need be said.
But magic is always present where its always fed.

David Taylor

Sorrows' Show

Sorrow is upon me
I feel I want to die
sorrow I am, am I
with tearful eyes
waves of sickening
stomach churns
thoughts so bleak
making the darkness
of the darkest moonless
night seem as though
It was most bright.

Chilling fears scrambling
down my spine
one that prefers
to be supine.
Blankets cover face
hoping not to meet
any of the human race.
Why I ask, why oh why
did I deserve
this fate of mine?

Then through a chink
a little space
a new thought comes
to take its place
I think of you
your love and grace.
And in a Rumi verse
I remember it could be
much, much worse
and that without
the trials you send
I would soon forget
that I am blessed
with this life
and all it brings
to help me in my forgetfulness
of how I have been blessed
with this life I live
and what is found
when I let go
of all that’s causing
sorrows’ show.

David Taylor

Stealing Your Reality

Hope your not sleeping
It might go bang tonight.
A pretty frightful expression
of all the worlds dark sights.
I can only hope
to be the one you choose,
to stay with me tonight.
To help me keep on going
through the blessed night.
Howling wind and storms,
creatures screech in flight.
So many dark, dark shadows,
sneaking through the night.
All your dreams are howling
giving you those haunting sights.
Worms come out your pillow,
mice squirm and squeak in traps.
Wings of bats are flapping,
crazy poets rap.
Such rich imagination
is always at your call.
Why always use it
to paint the dream we make.
What about the nightmares
they also have their place.
And which is more dangerous
In stealing the reality of the show,
the things that we are holding
or the ones we want to go?

David Taylor

Still Life

The Marlborough umbrella stands upright
red and white falling in rhythmic triangles
of light across the top half of tight spiked cloth.
The shining brown handle counter poised
with the slender silver spire now pointing to the floor
casting its soft shadow against a powder blue wall.
Beside it the hard roundness of the fire extinguisher
with its arching curved black rubber hose
protruding from a beak like handle ready
ready to be launched into a fearful fight of flames
when sirens wail and bells clatter a sudden thrall
and still life is animated by a hidden hand of fate.
The umbrella too just sits and waits
one for fire and for the other rain must fall
to end the stillness in the dusty corner
where little moves except when needs do call.

David Taylor

Stores

Convenient
Stores
Convenience
Near your
Door
Supplying
Everything
And more
That you
May want
Urgently
And don’t
Care
If you
Pay
Two times
More.

Mega
Stores
Meganess
Far Away
With so many
Things
You never
Even knew
You wanted
But you will
Travel
Far
To Buy
Because the
Price is
Not
So high.

Department
Stores
On the
High street
With all that’s
Advertised
To make your
Life
A life
That’s prized
And blest
With all
The designers’
Best.

Your Heart

Stores
All the
Memories
That
Have most
Impressed
Some came
Easy
Some paid
Dearly
Some not
Wanted
Kept on
The shelf
Until
Your death.

David Taylor

Stormy Weather

The storm of life blows dark
and the match of your soul
burns brightly with a steadfast flame.

David Taylor

Stormy Weather?

Fire in jagged ribbons ripping groundward
With belated drumbeats echoes of past passage
Rushing to horizons obscured from view
Cascading torrents of icy stones that threaten broken bones
With river'd roads rushing past pensive habitants of homes
Until the sun at last breaks through that deep dark grey
That filled many with such fear as fire and brimstone brings
To those possessed of many things
This is what a dark mood brings even on the fairest day.

David Taylor

Strength

Strength

Resolute, firm, unmoving,
but not a brittleness
of dry bones with no
marrow at their core.
Loving. embracing, forgiving,
but not a mushy
sentimental wishday flaw.
Supporting, holding, guarding,
but not a battlement
defending what is yours.
Massive, imposing, mountainous,
but not with any anger
volcanoed in its core.
Purity, faith, piety,
but not with any self righteousness
which turns them into
that which is deplored.

Strength, a very subtle force,
hidden not on display.
Often only found
when events, they cause dismay.
Strength in its truest sense
is much needed every day,
to stand and not be bent
by whatever comes our way.
To lean and sway and not snap,
but as elastic, snap right back
and keep on going day by day.
Never to be convinced
to change our stance or preference,
based on fear or even on indifference.
Strength, I wish for you and me
to stand and fight for all humanity,
today, tomorrow and all our lives
in all we do and in what we say,
today, tomorrow, come what may.

David Taylor

Struck Dumb

Transcendental unification causes obliteration
of individual ruminations which always circulate
and are prime subjects for debate between so many postulates.
Intellectualisation is even better after a little libation
no wonder truth seems rare when it makes us stand and stare
bringing to an end verbose articulations to defend:
I am struck dumb.
And in silence brings to life deep peace
in the stillness of movements end
of all the mental machinations in which you revel
but only lead where we are not and truth is concealed.
Yes now that time is past and all the heavens are small not vast
I stop speaking: Only ask.

David Taylor

Sunflowers, Butterflies and Roses.

Standing tall with obese faces
but such slender stemmed graces
often staked to fend off hastened
violent winds of spring.
Below and in their places
Alice'd roses
with budding faces grin.
And all are smiling and thinking
of such nice places as
warming sunshine brings.
But what they love
and sets them blushing
with finest blooming buds
that will surely blossom,
is a gentle light winged
goddess sipping from their
inmost spaces,
not overlooking any places,
with flapping coloured wings.

David Taylor

Supernova

A supernova bursts
and casts a billion words
into the universal mind
for poets to write prose
or dictators to condemn their foes.

And as its lights disperse,
the universe is swept in its path
of its departure from a single point,
to the most distant reaches
beyond Its spiralling arms of love.

And its sound is deep within,
within your soul
and whispers with a blinding flash,
in silence behind that cosmic sound.
Let go, let go, let go.

David Taylor

Sur're'al

Creamy coloured bubbles
Of silky luminescence
Oft without any effervescence
Trickled running until pouring
Over china’s unwalled border
Wafting sickly odour
Of hot liquid pouring over
Without a snap or crackled pop
Hot milk on my weetabix
That for breakfast’s all I got
Except for
Coloured crystals shining
Like so many gems residing
With a cascaded piling
Of whitened multifaceted
Crunchy melting rock like pieces
Of shiny sugar granules
To give my weetabix its sweetness.
Because I don't like coco pops.

David Taylor

Swan, River, Lake

A ripple meets the river bank
The paddling swan now passing by
He leaves his mark sparkling in the sun
His future path has not yet swum.

You the sun, and I, a swan
These words a string of ripples
As I swim on, and you shine
On my future path I must go by.

These words from movements past
Or freshly now as rippled meanings
Gently flow across the mind
Made silver by your light.

No river for these ripples writ
No cygnet for a swan beget
Not any meaning in this verse
Except your shining makes
As rivers seek to merge with lakes.

David Taylor

Swaying and Praying

Sky is that bright grey white
without an early morning cloud in sight.
Speaking of a cold, cold night
and herald to a sunny day.
As I went into the station
filling up with fuel for today,
on a wall a shadowed figure,
to and fro I saw him sway.

Hair was long and unkempt frizzled,
coat was grey and much the same.
Bags around him pathetic treasures
to see him through another day.
As I looked and watched him sway,
in his heart, I heard it beating
It beat in my minds ears
and I heard it say.
I am lonely, and today
I may despair, despair I may.

I stood and loved him, truly loved him,
but I found not anything I could say.
I did not interrupt his slumber,
no not anything to him did I say.
I told God about him swaying
And just simply asked Him
Please God bless his day.
He just sat there gently swaying
knowing nothing of my praying
and I just went back on my way.

David Taylor

Tea Time

I think that basically
its time I had some tea.
But if my cup is full up
who can give any more
until I empty what I've got?

David Taylor

Tears And Lips

Such a small amount of water
finely formed with tensioned film.
Holding of itself its self formed form,
under earths influential stealth.
Slowly gliding over warm
and oft' beguiling skins of softly
silken youth, or cragged ground
of a near forgotten time when
smoothness was the truth.
Descending most often downwards
reaching lips that may be pursed,
or smiling, sometimes open
just asking for a kiss, or jagged
in pain of your hearts rending
loosing any sense of bliss.
It does seem that really
a tear dropp hides so many meanings.
It has its beauty clearly stated
but its meanings in your lips.

David Taylor

TELL ME

How do we console someone in despair?
When no action seems available to tackle
What is only inevitable
We say I am here
I could be there
I am not going anywhere.

How do we console someone in despair?
When no thought seems to give relief
To their truly visible grief
I think, I wish I knew
I wish I could see
The answer that you truly need.

How do we console someone in despair?
When sitting watching our heart bleeds
As you see them plead
My heart goes out
Lies on my sleeve
As I sit and watch you grieve.

How do we console someone in despair
as you see them sit and stare?
What use to say “it isn’t fair”?
Did you ever sit
And watch a loved one
Sit and glare
At what is not even there?
Tell me how do we console someone in despair?

David Taylor

That One Far Shining Light Of Lights

That One far shining light of lights
Which lights the eyes of everyone.

That One far shining light of lights
Which lights the mind of man

That One far shining light of lights
Which warms all that can be found

That One far shining light of lights
Which is the love of all for all

That One far shining light of lights
Which shines so very bright

That One far shining light of lights
Which shines equally in every place

That One far shining light of lights
Which has no time to rise or fall

May that light shine through all of us
May it shine through you and me

That One far shining light of lights
Which shines, and shines for all.

David Taylor

The Backrow Was The Best

Surfing on a wave of interest
Across a cable under floor
Messages and shopping mails
Cooking tips and friends not pals
Pornographic adult contempt
On line gaming, gambling
Often not a good bet
Whatever did you do without it
Sit and watch TV instead?
With its soaps and sometimes Oprahs
Reality shows that deceive us
Mysteries, movies, scary news reads
Quizzes, competitions for a million
Don't know what they'll think of next
Well it's too cold to go out surfing
Guess instead we'll stay home at our screens
Wondering what life really means
And perhaps reminiscing about the radio
With its music for the masses
And stories that are read by actors
As we about our business go
Thinking if I had the chance
On dessert island discs I'd show
My taste in music, for you all to know
All a far cry from the movies
When as a kid we would all get in
For a shilling, in the back row
Of the Odeon in the high street
Chillers that would make my heartbeat
As you held my hand so tightly
In the darkness closely
As if we only had one seat between us
And now we can all look forward
To virtual reality glasses
which will display before us
A wonderland of someone's making
To entertain us whilst we are waking
But the back row at the movies
Surely that was the best
Looking deeply staring
Into your souls eyes reflected bliss
As we kissed
And sat and ate ice cream
And about our life we dreamed
Most of the movie we would miss.

David Taylor

The Beach

Salt spray on your lips
crashing waves crescendo in your ears
breaking upon cragged rocks
of ancient fears
until a gentle mist
from the distance falls
subduing sound and wind
and wafting on the air
the sound of tranquil music
as shadows dance
and the sun drifts out of sight
the sand warm beneath your feet
wind gentle in your hair
scented spray takes your senses
into raptures no one but you could know
and as you open your eyes
I fill them with my soft deep blueness
arms entwine your body
with such embrace as moonlight
has for snow capped mountains
and as your head swirls
you are lost in the sweetest wine
of such deep kisses
made of some magic time
when lips could only utter
such loving tenderness
that makes hearts melt
into one another.

David Taylor

The Beginning In The End

So here I am at the end.
Which is odd because,
I didn’t really start.
So let’s see if I’ve finished.
Which is strange because,
I hadn’t really begun.
Well it all just happened so damn fast!
But in the end all I have to keep
is what remains in my heart.
Will it be a good way to start?

David Taylor

The Big Sleep

On the edge of your perception
something stirs.
You can feel it in motion.
Its light has travelled far,
but not yet reached you.
You know all in your heart,
it pulses and races to meet fate.
So very far in space
and yet no distance separates.
It sings praise and
vibrating space
its song is with you now
long before its face.
The universe that rests
in your mind,
and breathes with your breath
and borrows your light.
It is racing to join with you again.
And when it reunites
It will rest,
and the universe
will sleep,
it will be night

David Taylor

THE CLOUDS TODAY

The clouds spoke to me today,
they did; it's true.
They said; clouds,
cumulus, grey, cream,
changing, reflecting, light,
free.
The clouds spoke to me today,
and that is what they said.

You spoke to me today,
You did; it's true.
You said; man,
father, husband, lover,
good, bad, complicated,
bound.
You spoke to me today,
and that is what you said.

I listened to the clouds today,
I listen everyday,
I do; it's true.
I hope that tomorrow
you will talk to me that way.
And that is what I said,
when I listened to the clouds today,
and heard what they had said.

David Taylor

The End Of Time

The deep blue sky is scattered with
white wisps of ephemeral clouds,
that which comes and goes most obvious
to these alert and careful eyes.
Obscured from view, the heavens
with stars ablaze and hidden from my gaze
they to must come and go in days
not measured by a mortal day or night
which only sees the ephemeral clock
of creation’s passing fancy.
The stars measured out like gods
with their allotted time to stand and shine
and surpassing these flimsy time spanned spangles
what is it that; everlasting,
watches as time itself
crumbles and succumbs to its self ordained stop
as space itself turns up on end
and sinks back into the waves of existence.

David Taylor

The Fireplace

A silent gathering around,
at the end of a long journey of exertions all expired.
All present share equally,
the crackling explosions of wakefulness,
that emanate from the heat
of libations offered.

All present and present All.
No words to break the unitary silence.
Such a large room fully lit by just one light.
A completeness in a stilling state,
It is an invocation for us all.
To come home.

David Taylor

The Journey

I took a journey across a bridge
determined to arrive.
I packed a bag with all the best
the journey to survive.
Not knowing what awaited me
I chose a trusted guide.
>
>
At first I told him what to do
how to speak and stride.
Until I learnt that He was best
to chose the pace and tempo of our quest.
We walked and walked and then He said
'put down your bag and rest'.
We laughed and sang and danced away
without a hint of pride.
Then I saw that I had lost
all things on which I had relied.
>
>
And still, with no end in sight
I sat and cried inside.
Then He said, oh so quiet
'there is no other side'.
In that place with nothing left
is All with nought beside.

David Taylor

The Key Within

“Open the box with the key within”
So says the sign.
Oh what a conundrum.
I have waited for so long
to catch sight of this blessed parcel.
So mightily guarded by my history
until at last I find the source.
And with grace it is delivered
to my hearts door.
And then it says
“Handle with care”
“Only can be opened with the key within”.
Motionless I stand in despair.
And a light dawns
It is I that’s inside there.

David Taylor

The Old Coach House

The old coach house, now restored,
still with ancient stones where placed, first laid.
Swirling forms in ornamental display,
rivened, scoured by time and rain and snow
across the years and hours that they have known.
Roof still capped with trident stones,
ornate chimney rising above blue-grey slates
but on longer used; inside there are no grates.
Listen carefully, give past times your ears.
The horses' hooves on the cobbles clop
and they gently sigh and neigh
as standing they spy fresh bales of hay.
And now the traffic noise, as it goes by so fast,
overcomes those gentle distant sounds
which linger but are no longer found.
As I sit here on the new-mown grass
just watching as time continues on its way
the old coach house speaks, has so much to say.

David Taylor

The Science Of Metaphysics

The Science Of Metaphysics

An ounce of Faith
Combined with
Nike Trainers.

A spring Full
Of Hope
Combined
With a
Heart Transplant

A truck Load
Of Love
Combined
With a Tickle
Me Elmo.

David Taylor

The Traveller Rests?

I stand alone, and stare
There is no one else standing there
Just me as I look around
At moving shadows casting shadows on the ground.

I stand alone, I'm there
As you go past with many cares
Just I, as I am here
Watching all about with minds filled with many fears.

I stand alone, and smile
Thinking I have travelled many miles
And knowing I am here
Did I ever go to all those places I thought so dear?

I stand alone, and love
Loving turns all thoughts to dust
Diving deep, deep down inside
All is joined in everlasting peace that travels' never find.

David Taylor

THEY JUST DIED.

I’m sat here in the UK.
I’m watching tv,
comic relief.
A sharp relief
of poverty v. me,
in my world.
A powerful description
of devastation of aids.
I’m watching beautiful
children nearly all now,
all, already dead.
I’m crying as it goes past my
head and hits my heart.
And I’m thinking
I’m grateful.
for being a world apart
And I realise
It’s a lie, I despise.
There is no world
apart from the world
where those children
just died.

David Taylor

Thinking Will Not Give The Answer

Flowing homogeneous without ripples
over hills down through valleys
never stopping pausing
not any disturbance causing
already there before arriving.
Unseen unheard unnoticed always
quietly seeping sleeping
even in your dreaming
when you wake up rested
in all you have or have been interested.
Falling like the mist like rain
but in falling nothing really came
there before a place to be
always, never waiting, no time to wait.
I will never ever see
all that you are
and all that you might be
even looking in the mirror
when I see you stare at me.
Still I cannot describe
that which is and is not
is not a state
neither inside nor out
inside, outside what?
Not possible to ever doubt
how can I doubt I am
To whom do these thoughts arise?
Don’t let impostors theorise.

David Taylor

Thoughts of Retirement

Not knowing what is coming
But dreading the thoughts of nothing
Dreading more what is in dreams store
Anything would be better than
My dream of what's reality
Led along a path of destiny
By a bunch of bridled horses
They cannot change canals courses
Ropes taught with tension
Tow paths under hoofs give traction
Reaching weirs with locks
Locks for elevation
Waters rising but not elation
Reaching places where once
Within the habitation
Dark satanic mills brought desperation
Boating on the canals in long
And narrow boats
No longer pulled by horses
But by horse power measured pistons
Horses now released from bridles
We still follow courses laid in our
Ancestors revolutionary days
When they made the waterways
And laid tracks for locomotives
With invisible reigns you pull
The economic boats and trains
Along the paths our fathers laid
Unless we would wake up from
Past dreams
And look at what is real
Not what it seems.
What unbridled would we do
Put out to pasture
Is that the fate that will meet you?

David Taylor

Tiggerific

I’m bouncing
And pouncing
In a stripy
Kinda way.
I’s a leaping
Off All fours
In a springing
Popping way.
Its sometimes
Nice to play
With some
Growling
And Prowling
Making you all say.
There’s a
Tiggerific Feeling
Creeping
Round today.
Later if I may
Perhaps a lapping
And a slurping
In a purring
Kinda way.
And finally
A curling
An a turnin
As a sleeping
Ends my day.

David Taylor

Time and Place

There is a place far, far away
In a small corner of space
A space that takes its place in time
A time that takes its stand in eternity
This place so far away
It takes a tiny part of space, of time.

There is a place far, far away
Existing in a small corner of the mind
A mind that thinks I am
Thinks many things from time to time
This place so far away
It takes a tiny corner of this mind.

Before space, before time
Beyond this mind, impossible to define
All pervading, always present
Never fading, self sufficient
It makes this tiny part of space, of time
A place full of wonder
Full of love that is divine.

David Taylor

Time to Chew

A rhythmic thing you must agree.
Elastic like chewing gum.
Oh and it gets everywhere.
Even in my dreams.
Unyielding, it won’t wait up for me.
Brings to mind “inexorably”
Are you really so relentless?
Are you set, hell bent, on reaching some end?
Will you destroy everything that rises?
Do I exist in all time now?
Or is each second eked out and apportioned to me, one by one?
But from where would each one come?

Is there some great warehouse
With a store of seconds to issue forth
In a constant stream of deliveries to the universe?
How many seconds are left
Before the warehouse is bereft
of any more to issue through its door?
And do I care,
is time my master?
Or do I chew it until it’s lost its flavour?

David Taylor

Timely Connection

The atrium to the train station
Thralls with business men, families
Workers and holidaymakers
Excited shouts and dogged strides
With phone calls texts and mp3
Fleet footed with business case
Or a loaded trolley curtailing haste
At ticket desks some anxious wait
Will they catch the 9.30
or will they be late?

And me I stand and quietly watch
In good time for my connection
Observing life and all the tensions
Each individual so unique
Some joined by marriage
Some a brief confluence of ways
As they go about another busy day
Paths crossing largely unnoticed
As I stand and observe a seeming metamorphosis
in front of my soul's eyes.

The children’s laugh, the mother’s smile
The worried late departure snarl
Newspapers studied sipping latte
A cleaner sweeps an endless floor
All with minds in worlds apart
All with such diversity of heart
They cease to be a blurry flurry
Of many separate beings in a seeming hurry
It is as if an angel lands
and softens all the sounds around.

The movement here a movement there
Are joined as by a thread through the potent air
The thoughts of each one are seen to be
In the very same mind as me
And in the space as far as eyes can see
Is a presence, clearly free
A presence that we know so well
But one of which so few do tell
Until inside the heart they see
This presence which when known
joins all with love and truly sets us free.

David Taylor

Tomorrow Is Another Day, Life Is But A Dream They Say

Blushing pink sky
shyly passes by
on green heavens fields
where stars walk across
as if on sumptuous red carpets
hidden by sweet candy floss.
With violet leaved trees
swaying violently
In a gentle breeze.
The bright sun shining
with loving orange crush.
And a lemon coloured policeman
makes an arrest with zest
to put before
a curly wurly wigged
black and white faced judge.
Some feisty male with blue blood
wants to watch ginger cats
fighting in the silver mud.
And I will go to bed
In the place the rainbow led
with a very sore
and spinning head.
A head that is so headstrong
It doesn’t know what’s right from wrong
Having had a colourful day
And put it in the bin
the one that says it’s bin and gone.
Tomorrow it won’t be that way
tomorrow is another day
life is but a dream they say.

David Taylor

Trade Martin's Ferret

On Christmas day, on Christmas day
His ferret strayed, went far away
He’s gone away, he’s gone away
Trade Martin’s ferret on festive day.
He’s going crazy, posted a huge reward
Hoping that it won’t be as it was
The year before when his turtle was lost.
Oh please you poets bring him some cheer
And tell him his ferret’s been found this year.

David Taylor

Truth

A million faceted diamond
Reflects so many things
And in reflecting
Sends its light into the darkness
In all directions illuminating
Without any discrimination
All that comes within its sphere
And from our viewpoint
We see a bright light
Shining in our mind
And we rejoice that we
Have found the truth
But what we see
Is but one small ray of light
Reflected by just one facet
Of the eternal unchanging
Which in its full glory
Is indeed the truth
And its light reveals
Goodness and Justice
And envelops you in
Pure feelings of bliss
Dive in!
And you realise
All that went before
Was a superimposed
Imagination on reality
And no longer has credence
To hold you in its grip
Of fear.

David Taylor

Turning

As soft as early morning dew
and sweet like nectar
surrounded by such subtle hues.
Each petal unique
each leaf a shape defined
in seeds' embryonic mind.
An earthscape of scenes
so sublime
bathed in perpetual sunsets
as turning we can seek.
And in the mind such raptures
do we often find
as pleasures past and future
our dreams are of dreamlike kind.
And then with shadows
menacing insurgents upon
a blissful scene
we claim the beauty as our own
and seek exclusivity
of that which cannot be assigned
and clutching what is not mine
I crush the dew and nectar
and make a bitter wine.

David Taylor

Ultimate Love

Beauty without form.
Love without object.
Faith without doubt.
Hope without fear.
Life without death.
Eternity without time.
Yours without mine.

This is how I feel
when I fall so still,
that there is no me and you
to hide the truth we share.

David Taylor

Unity Of Being

That soft and gentle air
concealed in the raging mistral wind
smoothes the hardest ragged rocks
formed of ancient upheavals of our souls.
And when the passion subsides
our hearts are smoothed with sated lust,
and into a deep, not dreamy, sleep together we ride.
Returning the errant and rampant mind
to a peaceful nest of forgetfulness,
and in total unity of being, we as one reside.

David Taylor

Universal Show

Ever been to one of those
water fountain shows?
You know with music and lights
and water spouts, at night.
Shifting towers of water shoots
with coloured lights
and music themed.
Left, right
Low, high
Pulsing, showering,
swirling, churning,
light shades shifting,
colours turning.
Excited child like faces
beaming with all the
wondrous feelings.
Gentle now with pastel shades
and trickling fountains,
soft spays are made.
And drums beating,
gushing higher brighter reds, .
with huge cascades
high above our heads.
Now a ballet dancing,
to a Mozart minuet,
this one that one
which one next?
Dancing in a spiral movement,
graceful do the waters flow.
Now a sense of anticipation
waters gentle, lights go low:
Wow the lights and music blow!
Every spout with water gushes
with loud crescendos;
end of show!
We go home with uplifted feelings,
having seen the waters dancing
and had our senses reeling:
Life is such a magic screening,
and a wondrous seeming.
As the waters, lights and music
come, perform and surely go.
We continue silent witness,
to this universe; and what a show!

David Taylor

U'r M

If D is for David
and M is for Muse
D is Mbodied
to bring this to U.
If U are Mbodied
I hope U will find
U'r M that's not ever
Mbodied or bound
by U or anything
U ever have found.
Nothing will keep
U'r M on the ground!

David Taylor

Waiting

Thinking why
Asking when
Going out
Staying in
Restless mind
Body thin
Holding on
Letting go
Loving it
Forgetting them
Feeling cold
Sometimes hot
Springtime goes
Summer shows
Rain falls
Humidity climbs
Memories fade
In my mind
Heart beats
Skin perspires
Remembering many
Past desires
Doorbell Rings
I arise
Hoping that
I like
What I find
Open door
Let you in
You arrive
Life begins.

David Taylor

Waiting For The Tide

I am at a low ebb
And little poetry flows from my nib
Even when I read others verse
Inside I have a dull response
At one time “in the zone”
Now I feel that I alone
Have lost the muses magic tune
That flowed through my veins
And into verse with rhymes sublime
That even as I cursed I knew that
She, this muse would lift up my spirits
Let fly with raptures of deft feelings
Long lost to mankind’s sensibilities
And rekindled in her fire
Of words so inspired that
Tears came to eyes long since dry
And now I am at a low ebb
I wait lonely for a high tide
To launch anew what only muses do
A storm of rained words
That at once drive and drizzle
With a softness that
not even stony hearts can repel.

David Taylor

Waking Up

In the depth of night with a multitude of shining stars so bright
And lit with the crescent moon’s sparkling clear pearlescent light
A stillness pervades the air as clouds skim by as shadows in a dream
Against the blackness of deep slumbers’ inky depth of sky
And all creatures of the day rest in the peace of a restless night
All is still and moves no more except the creatures of the dusk
And the tress and plants responding to deep breaths in gusts
The sign above the pub swings to and fro in need of lubrication, groans
The owls and foxes, eyes so bright, as they hoot and slink
Hunting prey and calling to the dark as they silently go about their way
Until the sun above horizon comes and you pull up the sheets to keep out its light
And stay in the dark haziness of dreams that have and hold you tight
Perchance a scent of sweet dew permeates the room right through
Bringing a feeling that renews, a feeling of life as one, that’s You
Calling to let go of the dark shadows, which you now know, were never true.

David Taylor

Watching From Afar

I watch her from afar
Sunlight mingles with her golden hair
You cannot tell their gentle glows apart
Delighted sounds she makes as
Skipping from rock to rock
They merge with the bird song soaring high
I see her running on the wind
And spinning with the air as she sighs
The tall reeds sway gently
As if with her sights soft touch
And I dream I am the ground
On which she stands and the
Earth beneath her feet
And most of all a treasure
She may find and keep
As she plays with nature all around
And she knows not that in my heart
I keep her safe and sound.

David Taylor

What is That?

What is it that watches all this life,
and never grows old or tired.
That never moves on,
and never goes.
That sees elation and desperation,
and never fears.
That which with all time passing,
never leaves my heart.
And never, ever will depart.
It’s that, that’s always in my heart.

David Taylor

What You Have To Say

Did the artist shape his verse
chisel out a form he saw
paint the picture from his minds eye
tell a story that he devised
design the building to be built
write the notes that music makes
form the speech for grand debates
or are they all just copies
kind of fakes?

Who is it that supplies the beauty
the harmony of sound and space
that makes a simple set of lines
convey something quite sublime.
I would be an empty tube
a pencil that has no lead
a blank page without impressions
simple in my assertions, nothing said
and if I meet with your kind and gentle grace
perhaps I might be used to convey
just a little of what You have to say.

David Taylor

What's Eating You?

I just realised something surprising
I realised that I am residing
In the heart of all I see
I just realised as I was eating
That I am eating me
And realised that I am residing
In all that’s eating me
I just realised as I was breathing
That I am breathing air
The very same element
That’s upholding me right there
I just realised this moment
That every moment I am free
But I only know it
When I remember I’m not me.
I just realised that I’m alone here
That there is only one that’s me
I realised this oneness
When I stopped becoming me.
So why bother writing down this
When I am One alone?
Because I will need reminding
Next time that I forget
That I am One; Existence
And not this tiny, little
Non existent, thought provoking, me.

David Taylor

When

When inspiration leaves
and an expiration expresses
more than any words I know.
When expectation ceases
and a feeling of inevitability
fills my heart with sadness.
When optimism goes
and thoughts of doomed ventures
fill my mind with dark intent.
When desires for achievements
are replaced with thoughts
of preserving what I have.
When thoughts of going
are repressed by heaviness
of body wanting rest.
When dreams of conquests
meet the dust of failure
that comes running from the past.
When risk becomes a fearsome
unknown factor and no longer
makes my blood race fast.
T'will be time for me to meet
a wooden box and breathe my last.

David Taylor

Where Do You Live?

Where do You live?
Is it inside your head?
With noises and thoughts.
With buildings and walks.
Which always are changing,
and always debating.

Where do you live?
Is it inside your heart?
With love and emotions
Which give you some purpose
And keeps us all seeking
the love we are keeping.

Where do you live?
Can you be like an orphan?
That has but one home.
The ground that he stands on,
and the sky that’s so handsome.
It’s a much bigger house
than a millionaires mansion.

Where do you live?
Is it bigger than this!

David Taylor

Who Am I?

Downcast and burdened with a thousand cares.
Staring at a complex world of conflict and despair.
Imagining the worst and gripped by fear.

Forgetting who I am,
and what is really there.
Thinking I am this and that,
and becoming tired and scared.

The mind ensnares me with it's thought.
It makes me small compared,
with the Truth that is your Love
and never is impaired.

The thought of You releases me,
and gives me space to see.
This mind cannot confound the Truth,
that He and I are free.

Who am I? This mind must ask.
Am I this thought I see?
That can't be true and with this thought
I will return to Thee.

David Taylor

Who Are We?

I don't know who you are,
but I glimpse you are not
such an ordinary soul.
Your perception travels far,
and remarkably it seems to me,
you set your sights
even higher than the stars.
How I wonder who we are?

David Taylor

Why Do You Do That?

So why do you do that?
You know that afterwards
you wish you hadn’t.
You know that despite the promise
the actuality just doesn’t live up
to the expectation.
You see the hurt it causes
and yet you still do it.
You think this time it will be different
or just once more, before…
And then; the same as always.
So why do you do that?

David Taylor

Why Recycle?

A worn out shirt? well only the collar.
Used to be that we put on another.
The washing machines leaking!
It cheaper to buy one than getting in someone.
And how about that light in the hall.
You know there’s an offer to buy the whole thing,
that’s cheaper than buying some bulbs to put in.
And how about at work, in a disposable coat.
Soon I’ll be thrown on the heap with the rest we don’t keep.
Do you think that we have any hope?
The whole worlds gone mad,
a disposable feast of outrageous contempt
of our finer intent to treasure and value
the things which we use,
and not to abuse
this planet on which we all sleep..
But no, instead of treasuring, repairing and genuinely caring.
They tell us to recycle instead!

David Taylor

Wild Bird

A wild bird comes in many forms.
Release it from your heart
and let it soar in the heavens,
singing its unique song to all humanity.

David Taylor

Wisdom Wisdom Wisdom Wisdom Wisdom Wisdom

Wisdom, is it wise to want
Wisdom, cannot be bought
Wisdom, is it ever caught
Wisdom, does it grow on trees
Wisdom, can I have some please
Wisdom, where can I find
Wisdom, is it in my mind
Wisdom, is it of the heart
Wisdom, please do not depart
Wisdom, is it inside me
Wisdom, will it set me free
Wisdom, please tell me how
Wisdom, to stop wanting it
Wisdom, to know I cannot keep
Wisdom, which I can only find
Wisdom, sitting at your feet
Wisdom, when I get up and go
Wisdom, please ensure I know
Wisdom, is not to take away
Wisdom, is the way I play.

David Taylor

Words Are Not Enough

Words are not
Enough.
They make Treaties
Write Novels
Cover Newspapers
Make Signs
Advertise
Lie and Conceal
Reveal Truth
Make Distrust
Seal Fates
Invigorate Debates
Words Invent
They Speak Into
Existence
Feelings and
Dreamings
Think go on
Think.
Of something that
Has no word.
But words are
not enough
To speak of
Where they Come
From.
That's what
Poets Do?

David Taylor

Working Birds

They are causing some excitement.
At the end of my garden, the birds
most energetically alight on slender branches
with beaks pecking, necks arching
feet gripping as they balance, perching
in an acrobatic dance.
To reach the desired place and stance
and bite the reddening delights
that have ripened in the warm sunlight.
Cherries are now on the menu
but my wife is not convinced
of these birds and their providence.
She thinks those cherries better suit
pies or jams or, just for fruit.
She’s not impressed by the birds'
mastications as they peck and dart about
warbled warnings they do shout.
Watch out for the cat and that woman
with the ladder and white hat
intent on taking all the ripened fruit
that this tree has long been making
for us birds and our rightful delectation.

David Taylor

Writing Of The Rights and Wrongs Of It.

In a melancholic mood; reminded
of intractable problems of emotional plights.
The promise of a restless night,
of circulatory thoughts that never might,
reach a satisfactory point, with any real insight.
It’s foolish to believe I can work it out,
and make it all, all right,
through some process of logical thinking,
with deep thought, deep, oh deep into a long and sleepless night.
The concept of being right, has an implication
of something that is wrong and therefore is not right.
But I can only see right, not any wrongs are in my sight,
So how can I work it out, without any wrongs to fight,
perhaps I should devise some, then I surely can seek and strive,
to put all those wrongs to rights!

David Taylor

Yearning For The Dusk

Crinkling, blinking,
dancing, slowly.
Like not ever ending,
charming, scented
glowing, but not burning.
Wisps of smoke
with tastes of chardness.
Ever so softly lighting
Not even
slightly frightening.
Always so very,
so inviting.
Hot but only
barely warming.
Ohh how we all
so like watching
embers when they’re
slowly turning
into whitened
ashened dust.
Somehow yearning
in their turning
for the ending dusk.

David Taylor

You Choose!

So you say that we can choose.
We surely can, that's not news!
We choose the colour of our shoes,
as long as that's the colour fashion's use
We choose the cut of our cloth,
as long as that style has taken off.

So yes we choose what to eat,
provided that it's on the sheet
of the latest diet that we keep.
And of course the labels' read
to be quite sure that we will not find
any ingredients that are unkind.

So well, of course, you chose to marry.
That was your choice, unless of course,
you're of an ethnic family,
the kind that choose the one to be
to be betrothed to you, you'll see.
And even if you did decide, what of fate?
Surely fate, it was your guide,
when you found your groom or bride?

So you insist you chose
the frame of mind you're in today?
Or was it what your partner said
as you rose this morning from your bed,
that set the tone of your mood
as you face the usual daily dredge
that seems as though it's always been,
the same, not matter what you pledge!

Perhaps our choice is
not what we think.
Not about our preference.
Not a choice of "this one's fine".
Not even one of "I want that".
Perhaps the only choice we have
is whether to truly wake
or just go through life as if in a dream.
Perhaps that's the choice
that sets us free
Of all the choices that are made by me.

David Taylor

Your Arrival

Quixotian tilts
at flailing arms
of turning things
in mental whirls
are fervent hints
to cease to think.
And come to rest
in heart warmed
prehistoric
ground with
ancient stilling
sounds of
monastic chants
from the
distant past.
As the heavens
shine and
In their shining
sing the
hymn of life.
Your life within,
born at
the beginning
when time begins
and nothing ends.
except your
absence.

David Taylor

Your Eyes

A rustling of leafy canopy
announces a sweeping breath
with a silvery clattering like
dampened crystal or paper chimes
with all sharpness lost to gustiness
of wind swept skies reflecting
in your luscious deep blue eyes.

A dryness only in my mouth
as all about rejoices in soft rain
which gently falls as we take refuge
In a small secluded cave
its coolness no match to subdue
the heat and steam that rises
As our eyes meet, me and you.

A smell so tender and so sweet
mixed from the dampened grass
and perspiration of another kind
that which with expectation may arise
one that’s kindled into roaring flames
by the yearning in our eyes.

David Taylor

Your Poetry

Your Poetry is like an ocean in my mind,
bridging the continents of our souls,
with a most natural divide,
of waters made of sacrificial rains
and the great rivers of our lives journeys.
And as I float upon the waves of your words,
I am transported from land to land,
through tempestuous winds of passion and then
a gentle breeze of your thoughts at hand.
And as I travel this ocean of your dreams
with diverse enjoyments and devilish themes,
I happen upon your love uncovered
which sends me diving deep,
into that darkest stillness,
beneath the waves of your poetic works,
and I rest in your heart,
and I remember.

David Taylor

Youthful Thoughts

To play, and discover what is there,
and let the senses touch and taste and stare.
To stretch the limits of this forming form,
And fall or miss, and not give that much care.
To tread in innocence where others would not dare
And being reprimanded, keep on going there!
To feel and let those feelings freely reign,
And not believe that they must with time remain.
To be with your love in joy, and in pain.
I know I am, and freedom is my aim.

And now…....
I am……
Much older.
There’s something……
Rather strange……
With all these years in passing…..
There’s really nothing changed!

David Taylor