Classic Poetry Series

David Wood

- 103 poems -

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David Wood

I was a product of the 1960's education programme in the United Kingdom that failed so many pupils and left school with nothing much to write about apart from an English and Art GCE 'O' level. I have been a civil servant, assistant shepherd, construction plant fitter until all my tools were stolen. Unemployed in 1995, I talked myself onto a Higher National Certificate in Business & Finance, passed that with a Merit award and went on to take a B.A. Business Studies which I was awarded in 2000. I had part-time work during this period as a purchase ledger clerk, accounts assistant and when I got my degree I was promoted to accountant. In 2003 I met my wife, Tina, who had several medical problems, which prevented me working, and I became her full-time carer living in Slough, Berkshire. We moved to Swansea in 2011 to live out our lives near the coast and the Gower peninsular. We had nine happy years until after a month in hospital she died in April 2012 nine months after moving to Swansea. I started writing poetry in 2011 and produced a booklet, The Gower and Selected Poems, which I dedicated to Tina which she was able to read before she died. I live alone with Clara, a yellow Labrador, in Swansea taking her for walks around a lake and along Swansea Bay and the Gower peninsular.

Works:

The Gower & Selected Poems
Moonlight & Selected Poems

1914

Married villages emptied to the call.
Young single men from well-worn towns
Changed from suits and flat caps to khaki.
They changed their hob nailed working boots
To lugging clay-sucked boots of the trenches.
They marched down roads lined with
Loving wives and girlfriends waiving.
They marched to the slaughterhouse of
Flanders fields where poppies blossomed,
Their blood filled petals beckoning all who
Passed by and fell to the bullet or shell.
Death clinging low to the ground. Death
Walking, sickle sweeping from side to side,
With Death saying, "I claim him" over and over.
August 1914 was just the beginning of hell.
Lions marching into the unknown and oblivion.

David Wood

A Blackbird In Oxwich Wood

I spied a blackbird with its jaunty hopping gait
Gathering twigs, then stopping, tilting its head
To one side to listen for worms in order to grate.
With its fondness of litter leaf to lay upon its bed.

It lives in the beech tree or wild sycamore
Breaking twigs with its beak which it shreds to the core.
In winter it is beauty to behold, its plumage of black feathers
And orange beak glistening in the snow and all weathers.

Its orange ringed eye is distinctive as is its beak.
It flies through the woods or forest edge with its feathers so sleek.
From the high treetops she springs to the hedgerow where she can be seen standing,
Or, sometimes glides and flicks its tail upon landing.

David Wood

A Bright Star

Nearly two hundred years have gone by
When a man left these shores to die
In foreign lands he did go, but on his way
He landed in Lulworth Cove for a day.

What would I have said to him on that beach?
For his gift to the world to me he could teach
In that sweet short stay, in that tiny bay,
He wrote a beautiful sonnet in just a day.

Only to depart in the mist of time gone by
Makes the sadness of his departure cry
But he did what he said he ought
And thought his poetry came to nought.

And entered eternity a Bright Star.

David Wood

A Life In The Pub Sonnet No 1

Low misty cloud swirls damp close to the ground
Ancient parlour pubs lined the terraced street,
Slurred speech from beer costing only a pound
And smoke from cigarettes hangs around their feet;
Drinkers in rough clothing prop up dark bars.
And those who indulge in this ludicrous sport
Live in abodes in streets with modest cars,
Reflect silently in a glass of port.
From whom are these drinkers trying to hide
Before staggering home to a nagging wife.
In their poverty they only have their pride,
Thus sums up their story of a sad life.
These dark lives lived in pubs spread far and wide
Are but chapters lived through life’s troubled strife.

David Wood

A New Day

Let not the night play its tune out.
Oh let that deep sleep endure,
Sweet dreams where I did shout
That seemed to grip me so sure.

And let not my stamina fail
Under the covers I have warm feet
For the weakness of the night prevail,
This morning is too early to greet.

The morning comes with such speed,
The glinting light through the blinds,
The morning's activities I must seed
And start upon that daily grind.

Shall I roll over for here to stay?
And force the night to more play
Or go sure footed into the day
And let come by what may.

David Wood

Alone On The Streets

She carried the whole world slung on her back
Some threadbare clothes in a rotten old sack.

Heavy lines etched on her weary face,
For her lot in life she had lost the race.

She once had a home with a respectable mother,
Now hard life on the street, she knows of no other.

Her misfortune now plain for all people to see,
A good outcome all lost and never to be.

She spends all her days alone on the streets,
Not a friend in the world only beggars she meets.

How will it all end, does anyone care?
Will anyone help, will someone be there?

If it was your daughter what would you do?
For solutions to her life are all but too few.

David Wood

An Unbroken Chain

The drive to the cemetery at Oystermouth
That long crawl up that steep hill
To the New Section to the south
Was but the bitterest of pill.

The ritual completed the mourners now go
I am left to go forth companionless,
The days darken around me with nothing to show,
To face the future years alone, nothing to bless.

The old order now changed forever.
Scared of the future and what it may hold,
The link with the past never to sever,
And to hide my emotions I have to be bold.

But love is that unbroken chain
That binds us together till we meet again
My future is with her, its plain to see
My hope is that she will now wait for me.

David Wood

Armistice

It's never the hard won battle,
Or the glorious victory
But the slender slim fingered hand
That holds the pen that signs the paper.

The Golden Eagle, those talons,
That dug into the flesh of the enemy
Was only momentary, a distant nightmare
Of sleepless nights, sweating, muttering.

Of Post-Traumatic Stress Syndrome.
Twitching jerky movements that haunts
Every moment awake with sweaty dread.
The anti-depressants rattling inside.

Now only the slim fingers that signed the paper
That stopped the fighting, that ends the war.
Those fingers never twitched in anger
Never touched other human flesh or a gun.

Fingers nowholding the pen resting on the paper.
Flowing ink, not rifles firing bullets,
That stopped the fight. Those fingers
From small weak sloping shoulders

That fails to find any tears to shed.

David Wood

Bed Time

Do you talk in bed?
Or do you read instead.

Or do you both lay there
In silence. Wondering where

Life had gone wrong.
Wedded bliss gone for a song.

What about those next door?
Do they talk or just snore.

Is their life that boring
Night taken up with snoring.

What about those in the next street
Do they mutter under the sheet?

Time in bed before sleep robs agility
A twilight time when mind lacks ability.

The time when the light is out
Is to find something to talk about.

And to go to bed with a kiss
Is something not to miss.

David Wood

Bluebells

Bluebells carpet the woodland floor
Packed so tightly that insects tip-toe
Softly and quietly between them.
Their beauty unlocks a woodland door

With such colour of delicate blue,
And a fragrance that is heaven sent.
They droop their heads in the spring rain,
With their beauty making all things new.

Their magic weaves a pleasant spell
A sea of blue that meanders in the breeze
And floats delicately over the forest floor,
Their fragrance creates a delicate smell.

Nature now has all its beauty brought
To the fore before summer casts its spell
Delicate bluebells making spring so fine
Their time on earth far too short.

David Wood

Butterfly Dawn

Beating with deathly silence
With the stillness of the breeze,
It flutters at will in the early dawn.
Breathless beauty snowy white
Holly Blue is a beautiful sight.

I lay sleeping silently on the wings
Of a blade of grass when passed
By the phantom CelastrinaArgiolus,
Going to or coming from her bed
In the river of dreams with the troth

Of her majesty advertised in the broth
Of the winding weeping willow which
Stood still on the bank, watching, silently
Whispering in the wind, go here
Go there, deft turns on the wing
Make the bright morning sing

With Joy.

David Wood

Changing Times

Polar bears vying for accommodation
Hanging their scarves over a crescent moon.
With cliffs of sea ice crashing down,
And ice melting into oceans clear.

Whale song echoing around the oceans
But their cry was a pleading cry for help
Haunting echo’s from the deep
But mankind turns a deaf ear.

Contrail lines causing deserts in
Sub-Sahara nights flying people to holidays.
Endless rain from autumn to spring amongst
The daffodils and crocuses.

Long hot summers, drought days
Endless. Heat strokes rise daily.
Politicians meandering words
Power play for big businesses.

Carbon trading, a trade off to nothing.
The worlds people a minor commodity.
The world turns to a new destiny,
A new cycle begins as money rules all.

David Wood

Christmas Alone

Christmas will be lonely without Tina my wife
For she died in hospital, and she was my life.
She seemed for all to start to recover
But died suddenly without warning
A life alone I was about to discover.

It will be lonely this Christmas, lonely and cold
She died so young never to grow old.
I now watch others prepare for Christmas joys
Out to the shops stocking up with food.
Or out buying perfume, jumpers and toys.

What the future holds nobody knows
My love for her only grows and grows.
I think of her both night and day
And when I take her dog for a walk
For in my heart she will always stay.

I spend my time at the foot of her grave
Thinking of the love to me that she gave.
Of soft the times we went out for a walk,
An afternoon drive in the countryside,
Or sat in a café over coffee where we would talk.

But Christmas will come and Christmas will go
And Christmas joy to others I must still show.
For Christmas is about a new born child
Brought into this world so meek and so mild
To bring about healing for people like me

David Wood

Church of England 2012

The Church of England, so predictable.
That bastion of souls, all respectable.
With trendy vicars toeing the line,
Hapless curates taking their time.

Of women bishops marching in the fray,
And other clergy feeling gay.
A lefty Archbishop with an old grey beard,
A congregation thinking it all too weird.

Arranging flowers the elderly Mrs Brown,
The choirmaster, man about town.
The verger hardworking and honest,
The organ master writing a sonnet.

The leaking roof about to cave in,
With the next sermon all about sin.
The bells ring out in perfect chime.
The whole church way behind time.

David Wood

Clouds

From spring's soft cape gently blows wandering clouds.
Cool winds create billowing wisps in gentle airs
Casting moving shadows in green fields below.
And in fields of golden corn prickly ears do blow.

To large towering clouds, cumulonimbus, spiralling,
Swirling, growing rain clouds getting heavy, ready
To drop their contents onto the earth below. Hail,
Thunder and lightning.A spring festival of rain.

No more deep shadows of winter, Snow clouds now gone,
A distant memory of snow and cold days and even colder
Nights where sheep stood frozen in fields of frigid earth
Now give way to warmer dryer days, this start of spring's birth.

David Wood

Composure

She wandered down the leafy lane
And into the village of Rhossili
Past the car park on the hill
And sat outside a café having tea.

She waited for the hour to pass
By until the sky kissed the sea,
And waiting for the right moment
To capture the image forever free.

She stood by the edge of Oxwich wood
Looking all about her. The sun
Emptied its warmth glowing behind,
The field with trees echoed back

As light and shade fought each other
To win the battle of composure of
Golden leaf delicately balanced
On the bough seeped with green

Foliage. She waited, waited until
The moment was right. Perfect.
There, the flash of brilliance
She captured the image forever.

An image that lasted for a brief moment
In time. The subtleness of hue
A time that will never be exactly the same
Captured in essence and perfectly still.

David Wood

Cormorants

Swash buckling pirate
Sitting low on log pondering.
Viper long neck still,
Staring, motionless.

Standing idly around lazing
Wings outstretched drying
Corpse sliding down its neck,
Once living, once swimming.

The Jubilee River swims by
With life. Death machine sitting,
Looking at the water like a prehistoric
Pterodactyl perched motionlessly.

There is no point fishing here today
The Cormorant has beaten me to it.
Wide eyes gazing at me laughing
Mocking the amateur.

David Wood

Daffodil

Oh, what fair beauty to behold
Your colour so bright, so bold.

Rising in the early morn
Resting your head in the mid-day storm.

Even in meadows of the underworld power,
Persephone wandered to pick the flower.

The daffodil, a narcissi, a great bloom
Becomes spring, bride and groom.

A pearl the morning dew caught,
Their time on earth all too short.

David Wood

Day in the Life of a Bee

I first landed on a fuchsia
Drank my fill, then landed on
A blade of fresh summer grass
Warmed by the morning sun.

I hovered over a geranium
Where I was kissed by pollen.
And swam in cool water's
Of a lily pond.

A south breeze warmed
The air as I hovered over
A hyacinth. My sacks full,
I glided home to the hive.
My days work done.

And at the end of summer
I will be gone forever.

David Wood

Days

In the distance the bus stop waits
Married houses empty at dawn
Blinds open, doors open, the day starts;
Men and women walking down streets

Marching feet clatter, drivers, clerks,
Supermarket workers and shop staff
Walk towards the bus stop that waits
For all people.

People walk over the two bridges
Into the headlights of oncoming traffic.
Daylight tells the crescent moon to go
And puts on the clothes of a new day.

The river Tawe flows in time to the beat
Of the new day under the two bridges
Going out to sea past the marina towards
Ireland or Cardiff in the distance.

Traffic heads towards the Mumbles
Past the museums and library
Not stopping to take out a book.
Randomly people start their day.

The bus stop now waits for new people
Going to or from their days shopping
It waits whatever the weather
Standing in the silence of the day.

David Wood

Dead of Winter

White feathery frosts of ice on grass
And trees. Heavy frigid breaths do pass,
With blustery icy cold wind on your face.
Damp paths and wet cold roads trace
A pattern and icicles hang from gutters.

Mist swirls around wispy folds unwinds
And forms cold clumps of foggy binds
Like some super glue in low lying lands,
That saps the strength and chills the hands.
Of stamping feet of cold dead legs.

With cars not starting and batteries dead
And frosted windscreens is enough said.
The wet glistening vapour on metal glowing,
And water running down the window showing.
Of wispy smoke rising aloft from chimneys.

Of hard cold vegetables stuck in the ground
Hoar frost freezing the hard grown mound.
Dark clouds rising from grounds so harden
And snow falling in the dank cold garden.
The frozen earth does not complain.
The dead of winter comes round again.

David Wood

Death

Should the whole of nature fail
That would be a terrible dream
But God would see that it would prevail,
Life through a living stream.

Thus runs my dreams living still
That life prevails beyond the grave,
Life empties after death the will
And the spirit but true to save.

Of what language the spirit choose
Would it be a cry or a moan?
A crying child at night may lose
His nightmare with a groan.

Death as though empty and pale
Is a door we all travel through
Decay is but a continuing tale
And a spirit to be born anew.

David Wood

Death's Kiss

I am death and I welcome you with a kiss
And gently hold your hand as you drift off into bliss.
Do not fear me as I welcome one and all
At the end of all your days, at the end of your summer ball.

I am death, I am everywhere round about
I welcome you in silence not even with a shout.
I have been waiting for you all your life long
To meet you and greet you with my song.

I am death; I am not to be feared with dread
I know when to call you, when everything has been said.
Though I may take you by surprise in an unexpected way,
I will take your hand gently in the twilight of your day.

David Wood

Decay

The woods, aye, they do decay,
The ivy creeps forever upwards
From the ground to the canopy,
Up the trunk that rots from within.
Branches fall gathering at the root.
Dead branches pointing skywards
With squirrel drays and bird's nests
Exposed to the wind and rain
And the wailing crying wind.

Man, he does decay from within.
When once immortal love dies
And the shadow of emptiness
Creeps over his languid body.
When memories of happy times
Form a vacant dream like state,
And the ever silent spaces of once
Happy thoughts pervade his mind
Now dulled with a morbid melancholy.

David Wood

Dreams

I think of you but you are not here,
I picture your face in my day and
I can see you clearly. The beauty
Of your smile, that gap between
Your front teeth, your sweet lips.

They are everything that the garden
Of my mind focuses on, but you're
Not here. Just the still air that I
Breathe. I dream aloud that we are
Walking together, holding hands.

I hold you closer through the ether
That separates us yet binds us
Until we can meet again. Reinventing
The love that we had. Holding on
To the vision until it fades in the distance.

David Wood

Earth Song

From the beauty of the earth
To the pangs of sweet nature's birth
From the depths of the oceans deep
To the mountains tall and steep.

From the birds of the air that fly
The whole of nature's symmetry.
From frosts of early morning spring
The summer's warmth do bring.

From autumns harvest dear and sweet
The winter's coldest frosts do greet.
From the beauty of the earth
Comes the pangs of nature's birth.

David Wood

Fishing

Unite with bank and water
Flare nostrils to river smells,
Witness flow streaming
Search far side eagerly.

Sit uniting hook and line.
Low level sun breaking through,
Mist rising.
Damp grass holding rushes.

Kiss hook with bait,
Cast.
Silently sitting, drinking coffee.
Float searching for prey.

Being deft by the sliding float
The prow breaking waves gently.
Become invisible.
Camouflaged stillness.

Tweak line, bubbles looking.
Universe sinking brain thinking
Come back to life, look, stare.
Light and shade kissing.

The world revolves.

David Wood

Flower Song

I wandered along the lakeside path
And listened to the daffodils song
Carried along with the whistling wind
To which the robins and blackbirds
Danced along.

They sang of the wind and rain, and
The sun and moon and clouds above.
They sang of the eternal dream,
They sang of the beginning of spring love.
The song they sung for you and me.

They sang out the spring rains through,
About the beauty of that time of year
That holds the body light and new,
With new love so young and true.
I, their witness that bright spring day.

David Wood

For Clara

Long nose of silken thread
Swims through the swirling mist.
Pitter patter of leather on path
Steam threads loose with dog snot.

Leather lead stretched taut faint
With anxiety of other sniffs and stains
On lampposts outstretched.
Wagging tail of delightful bliss.

Into the park with the sniffs and smells
Of other slinky mutts and old dogs.
With long dank grass in need of love.
And strains and smells of dog poo.

Then along dark streets foreboding,
Down the hill and up that long road,
Over the crossing wet with early mist,
Straining the lead and on to home.

David Wood

For Keats

The poetry of earth is alive and well
With all the song birds in wood or dell
Chirping their orchestral music loud,
Flitting from branch to branch proud.
From the earth the worms do pass
And slither between blades of grass,
They take the lead in their quest
To see who can travel the furthest.
They suffer the warm sun and dry day
In their journey they may lose their way.
Only to be eaten by the birds from the air
Seen swooping down with devil may care.
The poetry of earth is alive and well
Natures sweet story to share and tell.

David Wood

Golden Leaves

Autumn ushers in the golden blaze of leaf
When every tree delightfully looks their best,
And long shadows point with fingers brief
With the sun slung on a low horizon blest.

The pale days, now shorter as of late,
Mark the end of summer and the eve of winters fall.
Blackberries sprinkled in the hedge soon to make
A feast of a pie at the end of summer ball.

Night's cape draws its veil as we sit in the garden
Sipping cool drinks as we did in high summer.
Beginning to feel the chill wind begin to harden
Our sleeveless arms. This autumn in its slumber.

David Wood

Hard Times

The cold winter of austerity.
In the high street,
In the homes of people who
Hunger for good times,
In the offices and supermarkets,
In the parks and in the hills
Where ever people are found.

Empty public houses once full
Of people enjoying themselves.
People standing idle in the streets.
People chatting in the high street.
Some people went fishing to pass
The day, or bought cheap beer in
The supermarket to ease the pain.

People behind drab houses pass
The time watching TV, eating
Economy burgers and chips from
The supermarket. Life in Swansea
Lives on in all its form. Empty day
After empty day living off pay day loans
Until happier times dress their day.

David Wood

Heather

Dense evergreen, acid soil.
Pink bell flowers crying on Mumbles heath,
Heads bent, brooding at the stones.

Soil rich in love, hardy, heavy
Yet frothy loom. Crumbling at
The root. Deep blue sky looking on.

Soft rain kissing the buds of May
After the hard frosts of March.
With bees dancing a merry tune.

Walkers brushing their legs
Against misty leaves.
Their perfume wafting.
In the breeze of time.

David Wood

Hope

Sitting on the bed they once shared
The old man opened an old shoe box
He kept on the wardrobe floor.
Inside were the memories of a
Past life, a past love. He opened
The box and tenderly ran his hand
Over the photographs selecting one.
A face stared back at him, a young face.
Smiling at the camera with kind eyes.
He picked up the wedding ring and
Looking at it and kissed it gently.
The bracelet he bought her on her
Last birthday twinkled in the morning
Light, and her watch, the strap now frayed.
He put them all on the bed next to him.
More photos' brought back memories
Of days gone by, happier days, fond days.
He looked and the last photo of their
Wedding day and blinked a tear.
The box was empty but for one thing.
A glow at the bottom of the box that
Was hope.

David Wood

Hope Springs Eternal

Mohammed al-Ajami wrote a poem
"We are all Tunisia, " Mr Ajami declared
"We are standing up against the repressive
Elite." He stated failing to mention Qatar,
His home country, but they sentenced
Him to life imprisonment anyway for his
Crime of writing a poem of hope.

A hope for a future. Hope to feel safe
And secure in the whole of the Middle East.
Hope for thousands of people despairing,
Shackled under the yolk of oppression
From totalitarian states quick to hand out
Long sentences for minor crimes. This is
A poem for all poets who speak out.

This is a poem for hope everywhere.
This is a poem for all those under the
Oppressive yolk of harsh regimes.
This is a poem of solidarity, standing
Shoulder to shoulder with poets branded
By the whips of oppression everywhere.
Hope springs eternal

David Wood

I Dreamed a Dream

I dreamed a dream in nights gone by
Of sailing ships and of the seagulls cry
Of the setting sun late in the afternoon
And a starry night and a rising moon.

And of mermaids singing their sweet song
High above where the albatross throng
Where the sea laps on the wooden bow
And sailors mop a salty brow.

Of rigging singing as the wind did blow
With sailors working on the deck below
And of tall masts with a full set of sails
The captain with a spyglass looking out for whales.

I dreamed a dream in nights gone by
Of sailing ships and of the seagulls cry.
Theses dreams with a vivid colour of life,
Make a pleasant break from life’s trouble and strife.

David Wood

Ides of March

Beware the ides of March goes the saying
The 15th of March was one of the coldest
Of days with the wind chill down to minus
Ten and the wind blowing right through
Clothing chilling flesh to the bone, numbing
The senses.

The river Tawe was but an icy flow of
Cold water flowing out to the Bristol
Channel under the city's two bridges
Where traffic flowed unaware of the cold,
As the sun shone through fast moving
Cumulus clouds.

People waiting for busses shivered in
Big coats and long faces as passers by
Walked to keep warm in this cold snap
Of weather sent with love by Russia.
Swansea shivered in the embers of
Winters cold chill.

David Wood

January Frosts

Frosty icicles thrust up from the ground
Make sheep tiptoe between them.
Robin's sing on an icy bough found
Their voice on this cold earths stem.

Blackbirds with their orange bills
And their jaunty hopping gait
Look out from their window sills
In the wood, standing they wait.

A watery sun high in the sky shines
Its weak light over the cold earth
The cold in all it labour grinds
The sap of the deep winter's birth.

David Wood

Kingfisher

The sudden flash of delicate blue
That lightning strike of wondrous true
There, gone in the blink of an eye,
And no matter how hard you try,
The only evidence were the rings
Of bright water that sweetly sings.

It is very rarely seen sitting ghostly
On a low slung branch, or twig, mostly
Just above the waters edge,
Or on their perch just above the ledge
And to return with their kill
To bash to death with their bill.

And swallow whole their gotten gain,
Small fry, tadpole or molluscs strain
Their way down to the depths.
I saw one once standing on the steps,
Near Rhayder, on the river Wye,
It flew off before I could say good-bye.

David Wood

Life in the Pub

Low cloud hugs damp close to the ground
Slurred speech from a beer cost only a pound
Smoke from cigarettes on the terraced street
Swirled and its odour hangs around the feet
Of those who indulge in that ludicrous sport,
And reflect, or ponder silently in a glass of port.
Of dark shadows as the dusk spreads wide
As drinkers spill on the pavement outside.
The sound of laughter mixed with music loud
Echoes from the lounge, or snug, made proud
And soft rain on the street spread with puddles,
Of those with brains in disintegrating muddles
Of too much drink.

The shadows of parlour pubs pervade the area
Of not outstanding national beauty, but drearier
Abodes in indifferent streets with modest cars
Parked outside married window blinds. Starved bars
With few punters coming and going into the mist
Of drink at the bottom of the glass, totally pissed,
Before staggering home to a nagging wife
Sums up the meagre story of their miserable life.

David Wood

Life's Dreams

Waves crashing around my ankles
Onto the sandy shore below,
The tide swirls around my feet like
My life, rushing in and crashing onto
The beach only to ebb and go
Back from whence it came.

The sand between my toes moves
With the flow. Little patches that
Move in and then out with each wave,
Just like the ebb and flow of life's
Rich tapestries. Snippets of activity
That you remember of the day.

That life is fragile with pitfalls and
Incomplete wishes and desires
Mark the time wasted on hopes
And ambitions that your life written
In water is your only epitaph.

David Wood

Life's Storm

What of man's tiny footprint left
As his mark, his worth bereft
Of true greatness; of all that he was,
All that he was meant to be.
His life lived to what end.
To others will he stooped to bend.

With his dismal daily labours
He ages with each cold grey dawn,
Each changing tide of drifting flotsam,
And blows in any direction like the wind
Tossed leaves of autumn's gales.
Nothing he has done has been of worth.

Life's great problems still remain
Hard and cold they remain unsolved
Never having the resources be free
Always tied to the daily grind
And bringing along the next generation
To inherit their crown of thorns.

David Wood

Loves Last Letter

Her letter left slightly open on his bed
He went out on patrol and now he is dead
Young life ebbed when he stepped on an IED
Letter left unread.

Held to his nose he recognised her perfume
Remembered the first time she walked into the room.
A young life once lived, once loved, so full of life,
Soon to have a wife.

Oh, what such bright future, two hearts twined as one.
Their six week old baby, new life, perfect son
He has not yet seen, not even held in his arms,
New widow with child.

Only now he lay dead on the hard cold ground.
Life ended early without whimper or sound.
The pain of his passing about to engulf
All those who love him.

David Wood

Loves Red Rose

A lover's rose does have a thorn
That has to be held gently, like love
Must reign gently, not to be torn
By words. Words gentle as a dove

Spoken out of true love from the heart
To only one so divine and sweet
Who in turn plays their part
Every time they kiss and meet.

A red rose given as loves great token
Will prick the heart with love's desire
Where hardly a word needs to be spoken
And will kindle any love about to expire.

David Wood

Maid to Measure

The old man in Wellington boots
With heavy clod under the sole,
And an old dog called Shep
Across the fields they'd patrol.

Across the field they would go
To round up the sheep on the hill
And bring them down the track
To count them when standing still.

Week in, week out, the story is the same
They'd march right up that hill
And march the sheep back down again
With old Shep doing his masters will.

Till yonder maid came with her goats
All alone in the next field,
And an old man with a spring in his step
Did stoop to this maid and yield.

He lost count of his sheep, so the story goes,
They would gather on the hill in a huddle,
As the old man chatted to the maid
And his counting got in a muddle.

David Wood

Market Day

Cloudy days when the rain held off
Market day came with its regularity.
Covered stalls like Wild West wagons
Trundled into place at the crack of dawn.

Stalls with sweets galore, skirts and hand bags.
Electrical goods, greeting cards and pet food.
Aroma of fruit and veg, wet fish, meat, tea and coffee.
They plied their trade shouting their wares.

People from all walks of life like woolly sheep
To the slaughter pressed coins into cold hands
Stealing a bargain stolen last night in the dark
From behind the pub full of hapless drunks.

Hapless drunks now sober walking through the
Market, their clothes revealing their poverty, all
Out for that elusive bargain, to what gain?
That something they didn’t realise they wanted.

David Wood

Mirror

I am your faithful friend, I cannot lie
My silver charm waits upon your desire
As I stand and wait patiently for you.

You look at me, through me, as if, as if.
As if you wanted to look younger,
Sleeker, slimmer. You gaze and gaze.

You never talk to me but I look back at you
Without wondering, without comment
And I am truthful; I am your faithful friend.

I cannot lie or be unfaithful but when you
Look at me you are unhappy with what
You see. You are critical and sigh.

I will always be here for you, waiting.
My silver charm just a reflection
Waiting to make your day seem happy.

David Wood

Missing You

The life we had was all we had
And the life we had was ours

The love we had was all we had
But the love we had was ours

The hope we had was all we had
And the hope we had was ours

The new home we had was all we had
But the home we had was ours

You’ve now been gone a year
But you know my dear I’m still
Yours, yours, yours.

David Wood

Mistletoe

Tracy stood by the checkout till
Put up some mistletoe for a thrill,
To steal a kiss from all the boys
Out shopping for their Christmas toys.

Young and old with five days stubble
Asked for a kiss if it wasn't too much trouble.
There was a time when she wished she had a double,
Time passed slowly as if she was in a bubble.

The supervisor came and with a frown
Asked Tracy to take the mistletoe down.
‘This is a supermarket not a celebrity show,
Kindly remove that mistletoe'.

The moral of this story will show
That there's more to life than mistletoe
For a kiss is a special gift between two,
For lovers, friends and those who are true.

And for special days that come and go,
Like Christmas with its mistletoe,
Where lovers steal a belated kiss
With hearts entwined in loving bliss.

So when you see that mistletoe
Think of what love you are trying to show
For love is unique, kind and true
A very special kind of brew.

David Wood

Moonlight

The wood slept in the moonlight.
Fox prowled beneath a starry sky,
Narrow eyes searching for prey,
Mice and voles out walking
Gracefully taking the evening air.

Owl perched on a crescent moon
Looking down blinking in the night.
Motionless it stalked its prey
Waiting to outwit the prowling fox.
Its young gaping for a night snack.

The moon looks on hanging in the air,
Boughs gleaming in the halo from her
Silver charm. Though fear stalks the
Night; Moles dig in darkened rooms
Causing the worms to shudder in fear.

Robins and blackbirds snoring the
Night away oblivious to the midnight
Woods dark secrets. The moon rises
In the dark night as the wood sleeps on.
Only the night shift stirring restlessly.

David Wood

Moonwalking

I walked Clara under a full moon
Through empty streets of glistening
Stone houses shining in the moonlight
That hid people behind closed blinds.

Echoes of my footsteps the only
Sound invading my thoughts.
Reflections from the moon lit up
The street and cars parked at the side

Of the road. Soft transparent clouds
Drifted high in the night sky making
The moon rounder and brighter.
Breath hanging in the January air.

And the street I walked, past the pub
Smelling of stale ale and fags,
Was an ordinary street in an ordinary
Part of Swansea with ordinary people.

David Wood

New Day

Each day announces its arrival to
The following day without speaking,
Night throwing of its garments to be
Clothed anew with suns golden rays.

No sound is heard not even a whisper,
But each new day is heard throughout
The world in the brightness of a new
Dawn kissing away night's charm.

The sun warms the heart of the day
And dances across the heavens until
Nights silver halo says "hello" again.
And owls silently go about their business.

And the moon gently breathes the star
Lit nights silver glow. Stars revolving
Around the heavens each one a grain
Of sparkle illuminating earths night span.
Until the suns dawn glow prevails.

David Wood

Ode to the Golden Daffodil

Daffodils in their twilight fade
As May begins to shine
Their fragrance lost for another year,
A display both delicate and fine.

Wrinkled flower heads droop with age
As a blaze of golden yellow turns brown,
The whole of nature bows its head
And says goodbye with a frown.

They came at the end of winter
To grace nature with their charm
And stayed until the end of spring
Making all things sweet and calm.

David Wood

On Line Dating

Time dripped of the wall clock
Easing into a quiet evening
She sat posing at her laptop
Looking at entries on screen.

She looked almost bored
At the matches, new loves.
More souvenirs, more trophies
Toy soldiers all shiny new

Lined up to do some imaginary
Battle. The queen to rule
Her soldiers who die heroically
Willingly at her command.

Her horse at the ready a
Charger ready saddled.
She selected one to be
Sacrificed asking for a date.

David Wood

Otter Delights

Chief member of the press gang,
Cudgels warming to the blow.

Porcupine quills pointing, whiskers
Sharp, tingling with excitement.

Bubbling waters skimming over
Grey boulders swirling, dancing.

The trout swim in fear of the otter,
Lutra Lutra, king of the river Wye.

Its plush home adorned with flowers
Lighting the sky, kissing the water.

Sitting on its veranda, surveying
Its territory looking out over the evening
Sunset, taking trout from its larder.

Taking a cool long drink in the setting sun,
With young playing in the watermaking to run.

Men walking dogs along the river fail to spot
The party playing hide and seek.

Trout and grayling hide, otters seek
They play this deadly game every day.

David Wood

Our World

It's our world and you cannot enter,
You're too tall and you'd have to stoop.
We crawl on our hands and knees,
Though you seek and you try
When you get too close we start to cry.

You buy us toys with which to play,
And there we'll spend a happy day,
Then you feed us food which we will not eat
And give us a bath, and call it a treat!
Then when we are awake you put us to bed

And when we are tired you keep us awake
With a bed-time story, oh for heaven's sake!
Then in the morning when we are half asleep
You make us get up when we're still counting sheep.
And make us wash and clean our teeth.

It's our world and you cannot enter,
Our world is too small for you to understand
It is full of innocence and blind trust, and is mild.
Your world has no trust is not that grand
You need to look at the world with the eyes of a child.

David Wood

Rain, Rain, Rain

Rain, torrential rain lashing,
It ran down my neck making my collar
Damp and sticky drippy wet.
I cannot brush it aside or hide
From its attack for it is relentless.
It splashes around my feet
As I walk Clara around the lake.
The car seats will be wet again
From a summer, autumn and winter
Of relentless rain hammering down
As if the saturated earth depended on it.
Waterlogged fields and roofs: Rain dripping
From tree branches in big dollops
Exploding on the ground in front of me.
Even the robins and blackbirds lose,
Their voice, their orchestra remain silent.
Only the swans and moorhens with
Their waterproof jackets seem oblivious
And the seagulls mocking all around.

David Wood

Red Kite Hunting

Circling overhead in roundabouts.
Loitering with latent intent
Above old deciduous woodland shouts
Loud with no excuses to invent.

Wide eyed spotting their prey,
Deeply forked rusty red tail
Twitching in the breeze today,
In light delicate airs they sail.

Eager eyes balanced thought
Calling hei-hii-hii-hei.
Learning what their mothers taught,
Rodents in the open soon die.

Gyrating on the wing in the air,
Red Kites sails aloft silently stalking.
Grey head still and staring fair
To capture rodents out walking.

David Wood

Romeo

Young love seen through old eyes
How will their life pan out? Sitting
Here in the park watching them walk
Hand in hand just as we used to do.

Young love just starting out fresh
Exploring each other, all new.
Exploring their bodies, her perfume
Exploding in his mind, his masculinity.

And think of Romeo lying in the chapel
On that cold slab in the town of Verona.
And of pining Juliet, that worried frown.
The wonder, where was Romeo?

Would Romeo that potion take knowing
That Juliet lives? That carefree love
What life would be lived, what dreams
Fulfilled? What tales to tell their children?

My love is no longer with me, taken away
By deaths dark sting. No longer holding
Hands walking in the park or on the beach.
Life left empty in the cold light of day.

David Wood

Saturday's Game

They came from all directions,
Matchstick men and women in
Matchstick long overcoats walking
In the rain towards the gates of the
Liberty Stadium.

They walked stooped heading one
Way, to the main gate; hands in
Pockets to watch the Swans play
Arsenal who travelled along the M4
By coach.

Cars blocked every street and every
Home for miles around the area
Upsetting residents who could not
Park their own cars outside their
Own homes.A typical Saturday.

David Wood

Self Portrate

I'm sitting at my oak
Dining room table
Threading the line
To weave the thread
That lines this page.

Clara's at my feet
And Tina on the sofa
I gaze and
I write
Languid lines.

My laptop speaks
To me slowly
As I sip sherry
Or coffee.

Oh poetry,
a bitter sweet
Pill.

David Wood

Sex

In the corner of every furtive mind
Sex stalks its victim
In dark webs that spin and wind

Participants are ensnared but willing.
Undoing all virtue
And lust posing as love all the chilling.

Why are the pleasures of the flesh
So enduring?
This spider's web of such deep mesh.

Nobody can explain the reason why
Lovers lay entwined
Later feeling remorse and wanting to die.

David Wood

Shifting Sands

The wind blows from the sea
In gusts along the beach
Whirlwinds of sand fly
High in the air on the breeze.

Striking like grit getting into
Eyes. Tourists, holiday
Makers holding fast their hats.
Walking along the beach and
Promenade.

Getting deep into sandwiches
Gusting everywhere high in the
Air.Blowing onto the pavement
And road in deep drifting piles.

Slowly the beach moves.
Slowly change takes place.
When the wind does stop the
Beach is everywhere.

David Wood

Silence

Sitting on the promenade
Or the sandy beach below,
Feeling the wind blow softly
Through your hair and kiss
Your face.

Or walking through a woodland glade
With the wind rustling the leaves
On golden trees in autumn.
And litter leaf blowing under your
Feet as you walk.

Or watching a milky moon softly
Glide across a clear night sky,
A clear orb shining through in the
Night. Silence speaking volumes
Pregnantly profound.

That peaceful silence, still, yet
Living, surrounding your thoughts
As your mind meanders like the gentle
Waves of an oasis in a desert
That will revive lost souls.

What peace there is when the
World is still, where we can listen
To the silence that floats through
Our mind, relaxing our whole
Being. Silence and stillness does
Quietly speak.

David Wood

Sitting at the Cemetery

I sat alone at the cemetery on a bright sunny day
Listening to the song birds sing aloud and at play
The sun shone brightly in a clear blue sky
And thinking of my love a tear I did cry.

The headstones stood fast and true
With flowers, pink, yellow, erect and new.
And people carrying fresh flowers for their loved one
Whether that be mother, father, daughter or son.

They came but on this bright clear day
Their love and respect they wanted to display
For love, like hope, springs eternal and new
And their only chance to say, 'I love you'.

David Wood

Snow Drift

Oh that wind, that symphony
Of oboes wailing and moaning.
Snow in drifts high to the eves
Blowing, covering lanes leading
From iced village to iced village.

Telegraph wires and power lines
Bending under the dead weight
Of ice waiting for their moment
To snap. Shrieking horizontal
Wind piling snow on snow.

The road to the town cut off,
An umbilical cord snapped
In a white out of hill and sky.
Sheep buried with their lambs.
A community isolated and alone.

And nobody stirs from the darkening
Land as night’s cape begins to
Cover the earth with its shadow.
Only the oboes making their
Distinctive wailing sound.

David Wood

Snowdrop

In this cold snap of spring
Delicate snowdrops ring.
They pierce the frigid earth
At January's end to March's birth,
Spreading petals of pure white
To the naked eye such a delight.
From woodland to roadside verge
Delicate flowers start to emerge.
With the yellow wild daffodil
They create such a thrill.

David Wood

Someone Else

I am looking for someone else you see
But that person always eludes me.
For when I walk through the park
Or on a lonely street after dark
And I see beer cans thrown in the street
Or crisp packets, or cartons I do greet
That other people have cast aside,
Who discard their rubbish far and wide,
For it’s always for someone else to pick up
That beer can, wrapper or paper cup.
That someone else must be a busy guy
For no matter where I look or how hard I try
I cannot find them, it makes you want to cry.

David Wood

Spiders

We’re living in the year of the spider
Of woven golden silken thread
Of sticky drippy weave filled dread
That capture small fly’s that stray.

Cobwebs that spiders climb each day
Up ladders in the sky filled room
That spells a fly’s quiet doom
As the spider toy’s to play.

This is the year of the spider,
All fly’s take note with dread.
You only keep the spider fed
In those cobwebs so enticing to climb.

David Wood

Starry Night

Oh for a starry, starry night
Heavenly lights burning bright
Shining forth their sheer delight
Oh behold what a wonderful sight.

They twinkle in the night time sky
When people look up and wonder why
Under which lovers laugh and cry
In days of old when time gone by.

To see them in the heavens above
Make lover’s hearts melt with thoughts of love
With cooing words like Turtle Doves
From sandy beach to sheltered cove.

Our starlight is both beautiful and true
A blaze in the heavens so dark, so blue
Their brightness makes all things new
Without our glorious starlight what would we do.

David Wood

Starting The Day

Soaping away nights stale breath,
Sleepy eyes blinking in the light
Of the day, staring back wearily.

The machete cuts a solitary path
Under the shaving foam
Hiding the evidence.

The air is fresh, too fresh for comfort
The stale beer gone too soon
Steam hangs thickly in the air.

Swirling mists in old time
Steaming up the mirror
While to dog pines for its food.

David Wood

Sunset

That glowing orb of yellow daffodil
Darkening from yellow to orange glow
From the west faint embers that thrill
A shimmering breeze that dips below
The horizon like a mirage in a desert of sea.

From the east darkness spreads its dark cloak
As night creeps slowly in what must be
The closing of the daylight hours now broke.
Sweet nature governs what you and I now see
That orb, now gone, just a dim faint glow
Marks the end of today and what may be.

David Wood

Swansea Bay

How many feet in times long ago
Felt the sand between their toes
The warm golden sand threading
Their beads between each toe
Those footprints lasting until
The wind or tide consigns them
To history.

Only remains the oyster shells
Making islands in the sand
Around Swansea Bay.
How many feet in medieval
Times danced on that beach?
How many oystermen launched
Their boats out on a pale blue sea?

How many Victorian children
Danced and played, their footsteps
The only trace of their existence
Left behind in the golden sand.
How many lovers walked
Hand in hand, or sat and picnicked
Looking out to sea?

People come and people go,
They fade with each passing year.
They are but a shadow in the sand
Their laughter but a distant echo,
Their life but a footprint in the sand.
The beach is now for future footprints
That pass in coming times.

David Wood

Swansea Marina

Yellow sun low on horizon
Masts of yachts point
To pale blue sky above.

Rigging singing in the wind,
Water lapping against hulls.
Swansea marina sleeps on.

Men with woolly hats and
Faded jumpers tinker.
A lick of paint here,
Touch of varnish there.
Sitting on deck smoking.

One yacht leaves her berth,
The sound of her diesel motor
Softly breaking the silence
Of the misty tranquil morning.

David Wood

Sweet Valentine

To lay forever never to be parted
Is but a sweet lover's dream.
Somewhere the chord snapped
And we were parted.

Eternity took you away
From my sight, your sound no
Longer audible. I am left to drift
Thinking of you my dear Valentine.

I wander the long days alone
In the hills or through the park,
Walking Clara around the lake
Or along the sandy beach.

I sit and wait for my time to come
When we will meet, walk and run
Through green fields of eternity
And you can once again be my
Sweet Valentine.

David Wood

The Artist

The artist sat at her easel,
In front the lake made music
With swans dancing
And cormorants stunningly
Clapping their wings.

Green and red splashed
The canvas with dots of white.
The sun created shadows
That looked suspiciously
Creamy in the distance.

The artist didn't see the poet
Open the five-bar gate and
Climb into the picture as the
Cloud hid the sun from view
And the paint began to dry.

David Wood

The Bus Stop Flasher

The police looked here
The police looked there,
Oh, those police looked everywhere.
Behind the library, through the shops,
Around the corner where the bus stops.
They tried the High Street – not there
They couldn’t find him anywhere.
Those who saw him didn’t see his face
Because when they did, off he’d race.
Doris saw him, and to her amazement,
Her false teeth fell on the pavement
And chatted and chatted to what gain
Oh, that Bus Stop Flasher strikes again.

David Wood

The Copper Beech

Sunlight Streaming through
The sombre canopy illuminating

A smooth gray trunk and
Arched boughs.

A Cathedral atmosphere
Of broad appearance.

Glinting sunlight
Flashes on the eye
Of deep wonder
And might descending.

In the litter of fallen
Leaves and fruits
Depending.
Fresh bulbs prosper.

Of copper leaf,
Purplish radiance

Create a feast
Of colour blazon in
Natures delight.

Natures beautiful tree
In anyone's sight.

The Copper Beech
In full radiant sunlight.

David Wood

The Elusive House Sparrow

Where have all the house sparrows gone?
Will we ever hear again their beautiful song?
Here one day gone the next.
It makes a sorry story vexed.

When will we hear them chirping loud?
They used to fly around in a crowd.
Fluffing up their feather to get a mate
Building nests for food to grate.

Soon they will be gone forever
And we will see them never.
Only in pictures or in books
Will we see their graceful looks.

David Wood

The Float

Hovering silently waiting for its prey,
Fours fifths under water and painted dark grey.
To the fisherman it bobs up and down in the swell
With its red tip, a miniature liberty bell.

The line passed through a small rubber band
Attached to the neck of the float, it's not that grand,
To the hook which may rest below in the sand,
Or gravel, or the weeds where the pike stand.

The fisherman looks and wonders the reason why
Life is so hard, or ponders on the universe and sky.
Hour upon hour he looks at his float.
It's tatty and scratched and nothing to gloat.

It's his link with the prey, and he's in a fishing match,
With the number of fish he is hoping to catch.
He looks and looks at the float again and again.
The wait is tremendous and it's beginning to strain.

The float bobs in the water and blows in the breeze.
The fisherman sees it there, is afraid even to sneeze.
Oh, a tug on the line is all that he wants to haul a fish ashore,
But the fish are too cleaver, they have seen the float before.

David Wood

The Gower

Mottled green, grey, yellow and brown
Dot the rugged landscape down.

Houses, farms and hamlets abound.
Blackbirds, thrushes and ravens sound.

Sheep in pastures green surround
Heathland, scrub and meadow land.

Their speckled faces look around
Sights and smells of nature all around.

Wide sandy beaches often found,
And long breaking waves do ground
The sand and seashells do they pound.

The Gower in all its splendour found.

David Wood

The Moon in the Wood

Walking the street on a clear crisp
Winter's night in the light of a crescent
Moon, Orion tightens his belt in full
View of the Plough making furrows
In a starry sky.

Clara's tail wagging in front of me
Held tight on her lead, head down
Already racing to the next lamp post.
Magpies already fast asleep in the
Wood as the night shift stirs in the

Dark green depths of a cold night
Where even the daffodils sleep.
We come to the edge of the wood
And Clara's nose works overtime
Sniffing the sweet scent of the night.

Owl silently perched on the bough
Eyes blinking scanning the area for
Rodents out taking the night air.
Only silence fills the air and peace,
Or the hope of peace, prevails.

David Wood

The People Decide

The people decided and voted for UKIP
Who made big waves that rocked the ship
Of main parties now wounded and feeling sore.
The TV's full of politics and becoming a bore.

Now it's all over bar the accusing & shouting
With new politicians strutting around pouting.
Look, we now have new kids on the block
In four years' time they too may get a shock.

The schools will still open & busses still run
With street lights not working creating such fun
And bouncing into potholes that remain unrepaired
And the angry public making politicians run scared.

Of long debates in the council chamber each evening
And lengthly discussions forming the basis for reasoning
With delicate Town Hall flowers all neatly arranged
We get another four years when nothing has changed.

David Wood

The Shed

It stood at the bottom of the garden,
Old creosote worn wood chipped.
Time rusting away its thin hinges
That holds the door in place.

Inside cobwebs hang like faded
Curtains in far corners whose
Occupants crawl between plant-pots
And rusted tins of screws and nails.

A toothed rake and hoe stand talking
In one corner with a rusting spade
Among shelves with paint pots and old
Coffee jars containing nuts and bolts.

An electric mower with spaghetti lines
Hide behind a wooden bench that had
A vice bolted firmly at one end waiting
For work opposite a dusty window.

David Wood

The Winter Sheep

Welsh sheep bleary eyed
Looking dolefully wide
In the snow field.

Fleece, like steel,
Not letting a drop
Of water touch
Their skin.

The bitter
Cold ground where
Hay lies around, and
A tray of oats, meet
Where sheep's feet
Walk to eat and drink
From an ice covered
Trough.

Bitter winds
Blow cruel as snow
Drifts in whirls bind
All that shows
Winters' cruel mind.

David Wood

This Earth's Tiny Plot

Oh’ how rolls that deep blue sea
What tales it could tell you and me
Its constant rolling, its breaking spray
In the moonlight at the end of the day.

Oh’ land what changes you have seen
Your woods and rolling hills of green.
Land under the plough being tilled
By farmers who, strong willed

Rotate their crops in all seasons
Their year dictated by all reason.
Fields harvested now industrialised
That farming now is marginalised.

Settlements aeons now passed
Middle age villages now grassed.
They melted in the mist of time
Lives lived through ages rhyme.

Of the future what tales will tell
And what ideas will they sell
To future generations to blot
Upon this earths tiny plot.

David Wood

Thoughts

Subconscious thoughts echoing through
A room full of noise bouncing off the walls
Creating sometimes a double echo true,
Sometimes false, bouncing like tennis balls
Hit by an invisible racket of reasons.
Chiselled out of rocks throughout the seasons,
Trying to make sense of life's do or die
Making the best of others sense's that cry
At you in all directions.

Compartmenting thoughts in sections.
But what is the rule book and what does it say?
Where is the logic that understands the way
The thought processes are mined?
Invisible thoughts that are entwined
With outside background noise that scatter.
Reason that rhymes does seem to matter.
Invisible reason taken from the rule book of the mind
That creates the trueness within should it we find.

David Wood

Time

Tick tock, relentlessly
Echoing their tale.

Tick tock, the echo
Of their calling into the day.
Their information is
All they have for sale.

Tick tock, in railway waiting rooms,
Hospital waiting rooms and GP surgeries.
Time goes by second by second
Tick tock, the cry of the whale.

Tick tock, slowly, minute by minute
Hour by hour
Time passes slowly
Under their veil.

Tick tock. Men are governed, and
Businesses groan under its pressure:
Working to a deadline.
Pressure making you pale.

Tick tock, there is a time
For everything.
There is no time at all.
Pressure working under the sail.

Tick tock, the time cometh!
Time waits for no man.
Who can beat time?
That is the Holy Grail.

David Wood

Time Immortal

The fallen tree lay across the lake
Moss covered wood, swollen decay,
Branches drowned lay half submerged
At years end that the swan died.
Glassy waters with a hidden secret
Passing through the time of day
Thus the immortality of time
Tis only this that does not cry.

Fish weave between the branches
Unable and uncaring to understand
Each precious moment that passes;
Their only clock is the light and dark
As they till the murky waters deep
And plough furrows as they swim
And reap a harvest in the mud
As they swim around thatfateful swan
That time allowed to die.

David Wood

Time Shift

Walking through the last few years
The High Street suddenly changed.
No longer were people going into shops
No longer were they buying things.

They were walking around chatting,
Peering in through the window from
Outside, looking and walking away
Empty handed.

The old order had changed, the old
Guard had gone. Old shops closed
And new ones opened. Pawn shops,
Pay day loan shops, charity shops.

These were for the new poor who
Didn't realise they were poor at all,
For nobody had told them. Austerity
Britain eating their money and hopes.

Only the robins in the wood with the
Blackbirds knew they were rich, for
Them nothing had changed. Their
World still revolved as it always had done.

David Wood

Tina

I wake and you are beside me sleeping
Breathing heavily, labouring with each breath.
Your illness masking your fragility.
I pause to gently kiss your forehead.

Your garden is overgrown with unplaced
Flowers. Dreams unfulfilled are but weeds
Covering the daffodils and crocuses.
An early breeze blowing the long grass.

The wind dissolves gently amongst your
Early morning dreams as you gently wake
Looking like the first daffodil in spring.
The veil of night shattered as light drifts
In through the blinds creating shadows.

You are inside my head now, calculating
The tablets you need to keep you alive
Keeping the garden in good order until
Summer brightens your sky.

David Wood

To Spring

Winter casts its cape aside
Though frosts still greet the frigid earth.
From which snowdrops take their pride
And daffodils form an easy birth.

Lambs leap in the early frosty dawn
Taking their mother's milk with ease
And crocuses sprout in the hedge and lawn
With buds on the twig and stem do tease.
Spring lightens up the days to please.

Robins and blackbirds sing their song
While magpies cruise with ravens in the sky
As rabbits in fields run all day long
With chicks in nests for their food do cry.

The seed in the ground begins to stir
As shepherds manage their lambing season
The cat out catching rats begins to purr
In the farm shed for no particular reason.

We have seen the back of winters chill
That cold chilling wind and driving rain,
The dark nights and snow that snaps the will
That makes old bones ache with pain.
Summer is round the corner now, our gain.

David Wood

Toad's Day Out

Flip flop, hip hop,
Toad came to a dead stop
Landing in a puddle
He got into a muddle
As to where he was.

Rivet, rivet, he called out loud
Expecting to hear from the crowd,
But silence was in the air.
So with devil may care
He hopped along the path.

Flip flop, hip hop, he felt silly
And hopped onto a water lily
At the edge of the pond.
Then climbed to the top of a frond
From which to see.

Rivet, rivet, he called out loud
And this time he heard the crowd.
“We’re hiding under the lotus leaf”
“I thought you’d gone”, he cried with relief.
And toad smiled broadly.

David Wood

True Love

The poetry of love is never dead
When couples kiss and lose their head
In romantic talk for no rhyme or reason
As they stroll in the park whatever the season.
And songbirds sing in the trees above
And hearts are warmed with talk of love
As couples sit on benches in the park
And remind themselves of loves first spark.
The poetry of love is ceasing never
This true love that fails to sever.
The sense of belonging is plain to see
This poetic love between you and me.

David Wood

Waiting

Standing on my front step
Leaning against the door frame
I wait with frozen hands for -
The post man.

The streets stray cat sits on
Number eighteen’s window ledge
Licking its cold body after
Last night’s supper of rodents.

Smoke rises from tall chimneys
Standing to attention in monotonous row.

Cars drive down the street going
To work in the factories only to wait
In cold car parks for their owners return.

Today I am waiting for a letter,
Its journey across the country
Being unassumingly ordinary.

Minutes tick by as the world turns
I clench my fists then rub my hands.
The clock bends time slowly at first
As I wait and wait and wait.

Time slowly dripping off the wall clock
Eating into the day. Time marching on.

David Wood

Waiting for Water

Drip, drip, drip goes my tap.
Drip, drip, drip goes my patience
As I wait for the water company
To come round, my patience to sap

They have given me a six hour run
To come to my rescue today
On a warm beautiful sunny day
Where the dog wants to go out for some fun.

I wait in looking at the clock
Waiting for the time to pass
Listening for every car in the street
But the cars just drive on round the block.

The dog’s looking forlorn and glum
At the waste of a sunny day’s play
As we play their waiting game,
Waiting for the water company to come.

David Wood

Wanting

What does love do
When love goes away
And that lovestill cares.

The heart aches still,
Longing, caring feeling.
A bough blowing in the wind
Then breaking with a crack.

Once two swans entwined
On a glassy twinkling lake
Under a harvest moon.

Now the harvest has been
Gathered by the grim reapers
Sickle, one taken one left.

Two loves joined at the hip
Now love abandoned
Love alone.

David Wood

What Love

Oh what faith do we employ?
And what love do we enjoy
True faith live from the heart
Deep faith never to depart.

What grace can we now see?
The grace that He shows me
Standing from outside the door
Welcoming both rich and poor.

Hope that springs eternal and true
For the beauty of all things new
From the shadow of the cross
He paid in full for my sins and loss.

What love must I now show?
For in my heart it must surely grow
A love strong enough to endure
A love so mighty and so pure.

David Wood

When

When
I write
Languid lines
That fills this page
That weaves this new plot
Of loves labours
Or past loves
It is
Joy.

David Wood

Whispers

O break you waves, break
Over the sandy beach in the bay
That I may hear you speak
Of the oceans great story today.

The fisherman, his line out to sea,
The boy flying his kite on high,
People on the ferry do see
The Mumbles go sliding by.

O for the touch of your tiny hand
Never more to be held so dearly,
The walk along the beach so grand,
My mind on softer times so clearly.

Only the wind and waves do speak
Telling me their tales of travelling far,
The wind over my head does streak
With the waves crashing over the bar.

David Wood

Winter on the Farm

Highland cattle with horns outstretched,
On hard frost covered short spiky grass,
Like jagged shards of broken glass.
Winter on the farm seems not that far-fetched.

Cattle staring wide eyed and steady.
Their frosted breath hanging in the air,
The cold morning air all naked and bare,
Calves at their feet waiting and ready.

Icy wind whipping up the animals coat
As one starts to walk, he must be the leader,
To the snow covered hay in the high animal feeder.
And eat his fill of hay; others look on as if to gloat.

The others soon follow to take in their fill
Then stand in the lee of a hedge out of the breeze
Keeping out the wind and trying not to wheeze
Standing by the trough with icicles hanging over the sill

Day after day they stand as the snow drifted
In whirls around the hedge, and it gets even deeper.
The calves find it harder as the ground gets steeper
To suckle from their mothers as dark clouds lifted.

Week after week they wait for the spring,
They know it will come for that they are sure,
But for now they know they will have to endure
They are tough and hardy and ready for anything.

David Wood

Winter Song

I walk through the winter leafy glade
A carpet of gold and red and brown
Cascade at my feet through which I wade
In the wood at the edge of the town.

Bare trees thrust their branches skyward,
Like pointing fingers accusing the sky
Of creating a cold dank misty wood
Where a solitary magpie does fly.

Songs sung by the robins echo around
The wood and an orchestra of blackbirds
Make music come to life with their distinctive sound;
A solitary nightingale knows all the words.

The fountain from the lake falls in perfect pitch
Forming eddies which the fish swim through.
And voles and mice dance through a ditch
Where squirrels gather nuts quickly and true.

The wood was rough with several meandering tracks
Where people wore their days with long masks
Sowing dreams and reaping realities hard facts
Some recall the drabness of life's hard tasks.

But the wood will live on for many a year
And robins and blackbirds will entertain all
Where life in the wood will remain everything dear
Looking forward to spring and the mid-summer ball.

David Wood

Winter's Mask

Naked, the tree looked perplexed,
Self-conscious. Its leaves had long
Gone, fallen to the ground creating
A carpet now mashed to pieces.

Its branches pointed to the sky
Accusing the sun of being cold.
Winter had put its overcoat on,
Deep cold permeated frozen ground.

The tree cast its shadow over the lake
Where a crane stood motionless, waiting
For its date to swim by while swans
Shivered in the cold February day.

Cormorants regretted getting up
Wishing they had stayed in bed.
So the cold grey day began to make
Its mark on nature all around.

Autumn had retired and winters mask
Forged cold windy days with little food
Survival was the order of the day
Until they could dance again at the
Spring and summer ball.

David Wood