Poetry Series

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- 90 poems -

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A Thank You Note [Tanka]

above and beside steep cliffs, butterflies hover amongst wild flowers

thank you my dear beloved for keeping my eyes open

An English Spring Ramble

Spring is here in every new budding leaf that flourishes beneath this vast expansive sky of baby blue. Wild pink cherry in blossom by the road covers soft yellow daffodils on show, fav'rite colours in a nursery hue.

Push'd into this expectant painted world first lambs, tails unfurled wobble under udders in fields of green. Along hedgerows where I slowly amble, deep within the ancient knotted bramble Tree Sparrows flitter and twitter unseen.

Walking with my eyes and heart wide open silent words unspoken, the wayside has its own story to tell. The wild birds' spring symphony holds me standing here beneath the sunlit cherry looking through branches at a clear blue sky.

Around the corner

I wont tell you the stories he has told me, or the reason why for weeks and months he couldn't sleep. About the walk around the corner, he kept walking round that corner, walking round that corner for days and months and weeks. That isn't my story to tell you, only his; but I can tell you that he walks around that corner through his days and through his weeks. I can tell you that he marched them home leading from the front, right down through the Guildhall to the sound of thudding drum. I can tell you that he marched all those young boys home. All of them, but one.

Birds

They fly through my heart small measures of joy beating away early morning melancholy.

I sit, wrapped with coffee feasting my eyes through the window on their coming and going.

The song of their voice replenishes me as I step out to fill their table.

Black Hounds Howl

Across the starless early morn black hounds howl in relentless rain. The garden battered, broken, torn lies flat beneath the beasts refrain.

Duress heralds the bleakest dawn where daylight drags its feet in vain across the starless early morn. Black hounds howl in relentless rain.

Grey ruthless light, through dark clouds drawn pushes with insolent disdain its need upon the sodden lawn; dull glow pillaging night's domain. Across the starless early morn black hounds howl in relentless rain.

Blooms

In my garden a new rose blooms, velvet red with heady sweet perfume. The rose bush itself is carefully tended, fertilized, when best remembered. Cut back yearly, pruned in March, so that when at last the summer sun breaks through in June the rose, displays a perfect bloom.

A small distance away, along a weathered fence; a rose left to ramble, reveals its own elegance. It's white, pink flowers cluster in great multitudes along it's trailing limbs, clambering and lightly scented they grow and bloom untended.

Blown High

It is bewitching this wild winter sky that swirls livid coils past the window pane. Rolling, twisting billows of grey that cry to merge, blend, before spiralling again; unfolding, captured in a rigid frame. The base slices fractal branches of three ancient oaks that charcoal across the grain. But the sky tumultuous tumbling free pulls on walking boots, jumpers, grabs the key; sweeps me buffeted beyond the fence swept wayward towards the familiar trees swaying beneath rootless magnificence. There blown high amidst the gathering storm the pointless miseries of life are torn.

Blue sky

Touch the grass it waves against my skin the lark can be heard to sing blue sky speaks of you and summer days

Walk with me slide fingers down my undress wrap me in the smallest death loose me here

amongst the grass and swaying wind until I no longer feel where I begin

pull your bow over the lark song watch it speed across the cloudless sky

until there is nothing but shimmering sun and you.

Buttercups 2013

Icy winds cut the chill held the warmth of seasons in an iron grip thick jumpers hung around

breaking aureolin finally pushed aside the frigid sky enveloped the mellow mounds of hills the forgotten road side curbs the newly tended lawns in shinning silken petal cups

that danced waves of sunshine through morning meadows and fallow fields.

Canned heat

Heavy heat sighs

seeps through the ridges of warped backbones s p r e a d i n g between the blades of shoulders pressed shoulder to shoulder trickles into the crevices of buttocks pressed buttock to buttock

squeezes droplets from furrows etched on glistening temples drips rivulets down tired cheeks pooling beads across the top of parched lips.

Canvas

Composition of light slowly squeezed Acrylic dabbed and daubed New image gradually emerging Vision of raging tempest unfurling Across taut woven white Stormy sea pitching billowing sail

Cogs

She cut her teeth on his broad shoulders, honed them on his words.

Slotted herself into his so he could spin her anyway he wanted;

but she could bring him to a stop, leave his heart pounding.

Complete

I did not expect to find myself here ambling along amidst these grave yard stones, high on the cliff top with the air so clear making my way towards skeleton bones; the old Abbey ruins, rising majestic silhouetted on a back drop of blue. I did not expect to find myself here walking once more in the sunshine with you.

I did not expect to find myself here sitting on this mound amidst butterflies watching the gentle breeze cotton clouds steer up lit, granite grey, Benedictine sides. With you in the sunlight reading the past the swallows skimming right low near my feet I did not expect to find myself here, here in this moment, utterly complete.

Daylight and the dark

My own, as the sunrise greets the morning my head is here but elsewhere is my heart for we are the deepest oceans apart and the ghost of our love lies there haunting

this vast distant chasm between us yawning. Bolts shot from Eros always leave a mark unforgotten through daylight and the dark. Evening comes flirting as day is dawning.

Dead flowers

On the lamp post dead flowers hang from a thread.

The thread that held her here was cut and now she's dead.

Her mother's head hangs like those dead flowers.

Desert sands

Invisible, amidst grains of sand; blinding heat beads sweat that rivers run from furrowed brow to hollow hands that wipe along the sting that lands on skin stretched beneath blazing sun.

Each and every way the warm wind blows shards of glass swirl into heaving mounds that shift and change the way to go. A moving sea that dips and throws unsteady feet on to drifting ground.

How is direction to be embraced, when all that can be seen is endless, desert marked by displacing face. Where travelled footprints leave no trace and all around barren emptiness.

Do not leave me

Do not leave me in this world without you. You are woven through the fabric of my life. If you abandon me I will unravel slowly, thread by thread, until I am nothing but holes. How then will I continue when so much of me is missing?

Dream catcher

Enchanted web woven by silken touch, a crowd of tangled dreams to filter through; Visions of raw enmeshed sight too much, torment by night before morning anew.

O come bright dance, flutter around sleep's head. Feathers on soft tendrils by warm spell sown, hang down throughout long night above tucked bed up coil tortured spectres, make them your own.

Send forth from wooded hills the eagle hawk. Gather in talons sharp discarded fright, leave dreams full of nature's bounteous walk across eyes that sleep still through gentle night.

Let knowing wind ancient lullables sing and protect love's dreams under catcher's wing

Early summer

Down a dusty dirt track, behind the old football stadium with its broken white washed wall and rickety wooden stand there lived a lady who squatted when she washed her clothes with sun light soap and grew top leaves and flowers.

These she wrapped in the same newspaper she used to make cones of freshly roasted peanuts.

She showed us, all shorts, bare foot and wild sun, how to fold swimming towels that could be thrown through the air like a rugby ball and not unravel.

They kept our secret safe when charging home to roll it out, mixed with tobacco scrapped out from 'ten centies', smoked in the guava tree, sweet of fruit, that grew in a garden that lingers still in dreams and the sunshine of early summer.

Easy does it

This perfect day warm and easy spreads itself so light and breezy across lost hours gardening where new plants find their beginning amidst the sprung green and leafy.

Languid limbs tired and sleepy stretch themselves beneath the pear tree under a blue sky blossoming this perfect day

From the branch perch in the ivy a speckled breast small and tiny cocks its head to where I'm lying makes its first attempt at flying this perfect day.

Flash Point

a picture captures a single flash point in time a snap shot for memory

a memory keeps fuller and brighter inside the weave of a Poem

the instant you start to read the flood gates open and there you are once again

back in the moment through a worm hole of senses to where all the words began

Flight

A spiders web breaks the ocean of dark, Alexandria's matrix, gold under the stretching wing.
My eyes catch with wonder the cross of night over Africa's start.

How is the city that has left its mark on wisdom and war? Do you still slumber, or will unrest cause the sound of thunder once more, to tear your heated streets apart?

The lights fade into the returning dark. Easing the chair, I tuck myself under the free blanket. Removed from the wonder I cross the night into Africa's heart.

folded

folded in your nakedness a lotus flower

For You

You are my love, my Garden of Eden, my safe harbour in life's hostile tempest. The place I fold into when all things else have left me raging and almost beaten. When desolate clouds have choked all reason and dark grim despair beguiled comforts rest, when even natures hand remains unblessed. There you abide through every season an anomalous beam in sightless mist. Though ripeness has stolen youth's bright lustre you smell as sweet as those first teenage days. Summer meadows still lie within your kiss and bound within the curve of you laughter still exists amidst dreams and loves warm gaze.

Freedom

I shall just lie here and feel the wind blow gentle. I shall just lie here and listen to the song in the trees. I shall just lie here as the bees keep busy, and shut my eyes lightly under shimmering blue.

I can sleep easy as the wind licks around me. I can sleep easy beneath this cherished English sky. I can sleep easy. Far up high, swifts dance swiftly, whilst I drift sleepily under shimmering blue.

Frosty Morning - Triolet

Across the field frost lies thickly covering tapered blades in white; sparkling silver moulded stiffly across the field. Frost lies thickly upon which soft wings land swiftly captured by bright morning light across the field. Frost lies thickly covering tapered blades in white.

Gift

Beneath a meteor shower in cold November wrapped in a duvet on an old lounging chair,

stretched out, watching streaks of flaming embers race across the dark, crystal clear midnight air,

I almost wished upon one bright shooting star; but checked greed's impulse as I remembered there

a saying my father taught, brought from afar 'he who wants all misses all'. so I lived in the moment, given by that star.

Give Hope A Chance

Death, you have spent too long in the desert, move away. Let kindly soothing winds wrap gentle discourse around past pain and hurt and mend the rift that tears the growing gap.

Dawn struggles over the harsh horizon. Let it through, so it can gradu'lly fill with warmth those souls whose thoughts and hearts harden at any compromise or change of will.

Bear your banner towards the river Styx.
Gather two coins to pay the ferry man.
Weigh down your cutting scythe with heavy bricks.
Float upon the changing tide, leave this land.

Let Hope born by temperate wings arise and fill with light, broken desert skies.

Golden Autumn

Golden autumn sparkles starlight stained glass fractures of sunlight gleaming, glinting through fated leaves turning in the billowing breeze into flickering flames of light.

These burn against a breathless sight; a sky of deep purple delight across which, soft shimmering, weaves golden autumn

into an arc of colour bright that sweeps all hues from left to right above glistening green blade seas dancing beneath those flaming trees spinning the spark that does ignite golden autumn.

Grey

Grey road stretched through grey rain. Grey rain fell though grey mist. Grey mist enveloped all, all the eye could see, all the land, all the sky and me. Grey covered all, all the way down to the sea.

Glimpsed through grey the swell of the ocean, riding the waves a wind surfer surfing, chopping, fighting the crests with swift motion skirting the spray, sail unfurling.

Stopping, I stared at that sight in the mist, oh how he came dancing over the sea, right through the rain a state of sheer bliss, the wondrous frolic rippling throughout me making me tingle right down deep inside. That misty image ripped all grey apart a glorious vision of freedom untied, returning tremendous joy to my heart filling me up, bringing tears to my eyes, emerging from grey a great love of life.

haiku - spring

a crocus blossoms beneath the wild cherry plum a single bugle

Halcyon days

Cool
water
pushes up
against my face.
Eyes searching, left, right,
Enchantment, pure delight.
Darting colours dashing through.
From twilight shadows wonders move
I hang, buoyant, watching, mesmerized
Enraptured by this lustrous paradise.

Happiness

In a quiet moment it is there now easy as the gentle breeze, soft like the falling rain it fills the well found accidently on a train in the poetry of Roykan; discovered on a journey when the pursuit of pleasure and happiness were muddled and the difference unknown.

He raised his voice

Ken Saro-Wiwa spoke out against the environmental degradation of the land and waters of the Ogoni.

Ken Saro-Wiwa raised his voice but not his fist

His home land in the Niger delta ravaged, polluted by decades of crude oil dumping.

Ken Saro-Wiwa raised his voice but not his fist

He chastised the Nigerian government for refusing to enforce regulations that would have protected Ogoni land

Ken Saro-Wiwa raised his voice but not his fist for this, Ken Saro-Wiwa was hanged.

Ken Saro-Wiwa was hanged but not silenced

His words live on to be read a thousand times by millions of other outspoken voices.

Hengist and Horsa

Land left unguarded by Roman might painted Picts came southward, swift warriors, in stealth and at night. Half naked Hiberni came westward from the long Irish shore ruthless looters, adept with the sword. Vortigern wanted raiders no more. So he called defenders, yes he called defenders, and defenders came riding the waves with longboat and oar.

Vortigern bought the fiercest fighters, mercenaries renowned for their fearless battle bold prowess. The mighty best of those that he found stormed uncertain rough deep skirting the coast they then came aground in Pegwell bay, Ebbsfleet. So landed the Jutemen, the best of the Jutemen, the first of the Jutemen and Saxons this lush land to keep.

Menacing mist lay on the water as on Britannia's sand stepped those Jute twins Hengist and Horsa. Chieftain brothers in search of new land for their own Danish tribe. Straight to battle with smiting sword hand; stood at Vortigern's side they slaughtered Pict raiders the painted Pict raiders, they repelled Pict raiders who ran back to the Northlands to hide.

Fine feasting with wild mead drinking took place in the palace where Hengist and Horsa were staying. Fringed by the legacy lands in place Hengist liked what he saw told Vortigern that to keep them safe his warriors would need many more So Hengist sent for Jutes. Yes he sent for more Jutes and more Jute warriors came sailing Britannia's fertile shore.

In return for their might the Jutemen were given, the fertile coastal Isle of Thanet to live on. Hengist in conciliatory style

asked for a 'hide of land'
Vortigern who thought just a short while
gave all to the devious Juteman;
who sought the biggest bull
then slew the biggest bull
stripped the big bull's hide then thinly sliced
and stretched it with his hand.

The stretched bull hide a vast circle drew upon Britannia's ground, in which Hengist built a fortress new to keep his expanding foothold sound. Into this fortress went his daughter, the fairest to be found Vortigern's hunger would not relent so he took Rowena fair beguiling Rowena beautiful blue-eyed Rowena and gave Hengist the land of Kent.

Hope

When there is only mournful dark despair shut your weary eyes and visualise the flicker of peppered stars, now there blazing the milky way in desert skies.

See easy light breath life in shadow shapes as the black horizon gives way to sun. Watch the flush of morning draw back night's drapes, lie still, whilst final sparks in blue are done.

Linger upon the slowly rising orb, feel warmth embolden lifeless weakened limbs, let all the glorious heat be absorbed, 'til the dawn chorus in your heart does sing.

Then in that moment in that tranquil space let expanding hope, dark despair replace.

I am here

Supposing I became the cool breeze that slipped through your early morning window brushing your day and cheek awake, would you know me then wrapped around you holding you safe? Supposing I became the gentle sun that broke your first steps into the working week, would you know me there on the pavement warm beneath your feet? Or perhaps the starling in the sky above or the heron by the low running creek or the purple thistle by the rugged path which holds you standing watching the fluttering wings of a butterfly landing. Would you know me then? For I am here in all nature's bounteous gifts.

I see you

I see you amongst the falling brown making your way.

I have been desolate in damp mist and there you are

filling me with possibility and lighter step,

raising my eyes from the muddy ground into your sight.

How grateful I am that you are here this dark morning.

I stepped out into autumn

I stepped out into autumn the sight held my breath at bay burnished dressed in copper red against sky of purple grey.

The sharp sun glinted golden perfect rainbow did display I stepped out into autumn and it took my breath away.

Inside me was the stillness

Woven, high between bare branches rooks nests gather where new growth sprouts, amidst the stillness inside me.

A tiny blue tit twittering, flitters towards a coconut, feeding the stillness inside me

The sky, open, glistening blue, white clouds sailing, a seagull soaring, through the stillness inside me.

A purple pansy perfect as the stillness inside me until...... people came knocking, ringing, wanting Then the stillness was gone.

Into the Shadow

Come; let us walk towards the water's edge through soft green grass, adorned with wild flowers. Sheltered on a blanket spread, we will stretch beneath the shadow of the Alder's boughs.

I shall lean sure against your beating heart as setting sun dips towards ev'ning sky. While long fingers creep silently across the day, in knowledge of you, I shall lie.

When darkness moves into the dim of night and we must fold the blanket of our dreams into the ending of our grateful lives closing our way along the bright white beam

may dominion keep our two hands entwined and keep them thus until the end of time.

Joy

Rushing cold glides over smooth rock. Sun light catches small stars dancing across naked feet paddling at the waters edge.

Leaving

He left gradually like water evaporating after the rains

no moment signalled the beginning of his leaving

the lushness that surrounded him just slipped away

waters became muddier crowded with predators snarling snapping at the retreating edge

then he was gone

leaving nothing but dust.

Life

Sunlight seeps into the garden. Soon it will be pushing through winter bursting into life.

Gone will be the comfort of these days snuggled on the sofa spent in the company of poems and birds.

There is no need to clamour for change: with the seasons life itself brings new beginnings and ends.

Living

it is the moment when the sun breaks through early morning mist and touches your face

the sight of white wispy gossamer threads scurrying over a high cornflower blue sky

a green parakeet in an English garden

the pull of cool water

and the feel of your hand in mine

Lonesome Road

Grey winding lonesome road laments beyond high hedgerows hiding sun blushing rose spilling throughout darkening day sky. Speed teasing devils push homeward lyrics screaming bring pent-up release driving out sorrow lures transient peace

Nature consists in motion

Sitting on the tube looking length ways down a moving carriage boring through a tunnel rushing past.

Dust speck on a finger a galaxy of stars.

The carriage not enough to contain the observable universe.

Sunlight breaks the window flurries catch the light. Swirling specks on invisible currents.

Death disputed unravelling silently amongst the living.

Spinning embers of a new beginning

Nesting storks

When I return and time permits
I shall write of these white nesting storks
with their large bulky twigged nests dangling atop
old cylinders of iron and wooded telegraph poles.

Their nursery lines the train track for miles and miles across the spread of land that flattens wide towards the narrow sea. Plucked straight from childhood stories they stand erect with folded black backed wings

Their dark eyes speak of ancient secrets their long red bills of treasured dreams; and just before they outstretch fingers into glide their vast wings beat to the rock of the train.

No Better Place

The tulips have been battered by the wind All their colours lay strewn upon the lawn The end of day is split across the clouds The drawing night plays echoes to the dawn

A symphony of splattered colours amongst the sprawling wild winds of grey. Streaked yellow, red and crimson petals lost upon glistening green at end of day.

And I will tell you this there is no better place to lie than in this English garden with the wind, wild across the sky

No place to hide

Splintered fragments shatter cohesive thought searching through the ratter, tat, tat, to no understanding.

He knew

Someone, somewhere saw the unravelling the brilliance dissipating fragmenting, splintering.

Someone, somewhere shouted, screamed, pleaded to help him.

Others talked, pushing paper and ideas precious time slipping through inaction and indecision

whilst pictures built and voices came louder, louder, louder urging the stock piling, the building, the buying until the ratter, tat, tat

burst through the remnants of ordinary lives spraying misery over broken remains bleeding out into debates that rage through

precious time slipping

Nothing

Nothing weighs heavily.

It contains the gravity of the situation.

'nothing'

amongst olive groves warm sunlight sparked fires

that burn centuries later

a torch in dark places where nothing has a measurable existence

Open

Do not hide in the living room amidst the familiar and well thumbed

Open the door

Feel the air trace its fingers along your face and hands

Open your hands

Breathe in

Open your eyes

Breathe out your mark upon the day

Packing up Cristmas

Packing up Christmas, taping up memories.

A flock of green parakeets are sitting in the bare pear tree, Chaffinches fall to the ground like leaves.

The fairy from Arusha, how old is it now? Nearly half a century, maybe more.

A golden string of notes unravelled from school days not so long ago.

Mum and Dad's tree, my childhood, their childhood.

Folded away into a box labelled South African sherry. How far that has travelled, Nigeria, Switzerland, Home.

Patient death

High above rich wetland a lone kestrel.

Patient death beating, fixed in measureless blue.

Elegant white swans swim through rare grasses greeting migrating geese sliding in with the setting sun.

Darkness falls, who will sing the requiem?

Relief

Gathering winds cumulate moisture seeds rolling athwart tempestuous seas, that float in gossamer clouds on cooling breeze, easing savage summer swelter parching stark expectant fields. Sweeping inward monsoon black, lightning Flash! crack! Thunder, splat! Heavy drops, dance, dart, dash. Joyful hands clap! Young feet, jump, splish, splash; relief floods. Torrents rain down warm on earth's upturned face, rivulets run wild along nakedness, baptising thirsty toiled fields made ready for planting.

Repose

Oh sweet repose, thou doth call me. Quiet I shall come and rest easy on the silken canvas laid by your silent hand.

Slacken as I bend into your patient restraint, for my body is heavy with peaceful inactivity and my mind tranquil in the quiet stillness.

Rock a bye Train

Rock -a- bye train, rock-a-bye train rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye train all the way, from Paris to Spain rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye train.

Over the mountains, push through the snow rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye slow Pressed to the window, moon riding high rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, sleepy old eye.

Rock -a- bye train, rock-a-bye train rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye train all the way, from Paris to Spain rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye train.

Ryokan

I have followed him to his hermitage. Stalked by loneliness he has revealed a better way and shared with me Zazen through writings and the sound of the Hototogisu.

I have carried him on the tube and into my working week where he has shown me winter passing and the passage of spring

I have sat in the garden In the quiet stillness and learnt the impermanence of all things.

Shelling Peas

Shelling peas in the sunshine, sitting with legs outstretched, feeling golden; rays of warmth spread across my cotton chest.

Shelling peas in the sunshine, pressing each pod down the line splitting each pea pod w i d e open shelling peas, one at a time.

Shelling peas in the sunshine, list'ning to birds in the trees, feeling golden; rays of warmth spread across my bowl of peas.

Still

Still silent fingers write

volumes of absence. The barren blank screen screams. Turn the sound down, I can't think!

Sun loaded juices

Small sour waits for ripening sun, soaking up warm rays 'til plum coloured sweet upon the tongue.

Plum coloured sweet upon the tongue merry mixed with old and young naked feet, then danced upon.

Young naked feet then danced upon sweetness ripened by the sun. Loaded juices run and run.

Sun loaded juices run and run, lazy sleeping until one day long mellow pouring done.

One day long mellow pouring done to gather all for that one first noble tasting on the tongue

Sunday

He reached out and took my hand, lingering warmth from the early morning flowed between us.
Bird song piped and twittered.
Gentle spring sunshine broke through the chill March wind.
By the edge of the canal I placed one foot in front of the other and my heart smiled.

Sunset sky

ruptures
shining pearl
splitting ashen
powdered nebula
languidly changing form.
Infused fuchsia wisps unfold
drowsily thread by thread trailing
athwart the resplendent crimson orb
seductively slipping into twilight.

The day we walked to Glastonbury

That day we followed the ancient byway that wound round the old farm house, past the new and on sun drenched towards the river Brue.

You and I wandered slow, whilst summer's promise swooped down low over green level pastures.

Passing incidental hedgerow trees full of bird song, growing free along the drove, we lingered at the grassy edge where orange tipped peacock eyed butterflies danced. Occasionally we glanced towards the sacred tor to mark our way.

Meandering talk and country lanes led to Arthur's court yard, in the Vale of Avalon. Where, to the sound of the Buddhist's Om I walked the healing pool, held by a gentle hand.

You waited beneath a budding tree opposite the lion's mouth kept company by a brambling. I had one too in branches high above, whilst my bare feet were rubbed with love and unscented oil.

I returned to sit beside you and with easy talk you told me of your brambling.

That was the day of the apple blossom drop. As we sat together side by side on that bench in the garden of the chalice well with warming eyes you turned to me as clouds of apple blossom fell smiled, and said 'I organised that just for you'

The Garden

Weary and downcast, carrying the many heavy cares of the day I enter the garden. Picking up the patient rake, with steady rhythm I gather the last of withered autumn into damp brown pools.

Green grass glistens and parts. There is life's new shoots poking through beneath the pear tree.

With easing breath and straightening limbs I bear the fallen leaves to the compost heap.

A gossamer spider's web stretches, perfect and taut against the wooden frame.

The resident robin contemplates my movement.

Sitting in the familiar chair in which I have spent many idle hours I look out over the garden.

Peace descends slowly like the gathering night.

The khanjar

Deleterious dagger crafted in Qajar.

Medial ridge running through bevelled cutting edge down to honed thickened tip.

Etched into heavy steel the intricate design of birds, beasts and occasionally man.

The new bedroom

The new bedroom, which I built in my head for what seemed an endless time waits, with full boxes for her return.

There is no furniture yet, though ordered and on its way, the room expectant, vacant, pauses; until it will be pushed and pulled into welcoming display.

How long I have dreamt, since they were small that they would all, have their special space to come, when life rained or sunshine shone and they felt the need for home; for I never had that place to come.

Now, it is nearly done and through the window, beyond the weathered fence where the rambling rose and ivy grow; the high field waves with summer grass and buttercups.

The old tree weeps

The old tree weeps, its branches low bend over a path, winding slow through tilting, toppling, broken stones fading remains of treasured bones hidden where moss and ivy grow.

Here lies John Peachey of Harrow On which Byron sought long ago phrases of love, amongst deaths thrones, the old tree weeps.

Where young Allegra's remains know that words are not enough to show the lives that die beneath headstones she was denied one of her own her father's sins repaid her, so the old tree weeps.

The sky was blue

The sky was blue today. Sun light glinted on my eye lids and bare stretching branches. Along the railway embankment, though it is early spring, the spindly matted trees, silhouetted against the cloudless sky, glistened a golden russet red. Melodious song rung out from the hedgerows and, as I walked, the wind caressed my face. Today the sky was blue and nature held my heavy heart in her tender warm embrace.

The Vision quest

Wandering pine, with rolled rug slung across her back walked bare foot to feel the rich earth beneath her feet.

The trees, high pines either side, shielded the low sun casting shadows bringing the ancestors.

Breaking through the pines into crystal blue she laid her rug.

Calling on the four winds
North to prowling Bear
West to snarling Panther
East to breathing Moose
South to follow the doe eyed fawn
she began her vision quest
seated in a circle on the ground.

Cross legged she waited stilled her mind drew her quiet breath and breathed the mountain air slowly for the longest time.

Then it came......
The rising......
The oneness.....
The wholeness....
and The knowing
spreading through her
like the four winds.

There she stayed......

until the morning of the fourth day when she rose quietly, rolled her rug and descended through the pines; with the rich earth beneath her feet and the sound of running water at her side.

The walkway

The walkway through the high pines wire meshed on either side damp with fine constant rain swings its way across a raging gorge below.

Will you follow me over sure footed in familiar walking boots and blue kagoule catching me when I stumble, slip or fall.

Or shall I walk behind you, as you step in steady time blind to anything but you; one hand clutching a close fold like a child.

Always afraid of heights but a lover of high places I have climbed many mountains with you my enduring scaffold uplifting the way.

The waterfall

Carved between two forests scented with pine and peat, crystal cold water rushes across a mountain shelf over 200 ft deep.

Splashing,

tangling

in tremendous motion roaring like the raging tide over flint grey rock it tumbles thundering downward running wild

spraying

sparkling

silver

out into the air.
Filling it
full of misty mornings
smelling of pine damp grass.
Leaving a lingering
taste of
iced spring pearls
served in rock crystal glass.

This autumn day

This autumn day, gossamer mist lies low across the field kiss'd by tiny glist'ning pearls cleaving to tawny buckled blades weaving amongst fawn thistles in their midst.

Beside this matted mound exists a swath of grass on which persists a green woodpecker hammering this autumn day.

The stoic far cornered oak resists the urge to shed into the mist its glorious copper crowning, shinning in the diffused rising of the sun that stubbornly persists this autumn day.

This Day

It is morning and the promise of day sweeps across the sky.

Meadow grasses oscillate gently in the dolce wind.

Wild vermilion poppies dance.

Amongst yellow buttercups lethargy submerges limbs beneath the undulating carpet.

Plucking one small cup I hold it beneath your chin.

Sunshine alights

Swallows skim
the top of the old oak tree,
swooping down low
over our
sea of Anemones.
Zeus himself would pay homage
to this day.

Thoughts of you

My words will carry swift upon the wind and speed across the stormy ocean waves. No hurricane will stunt their flying wings or find them left outcast amongst the brave. For though you think I am so faint of heart and prone to acts that lack a mindful way, In truth not one does play the smallest part of knowing what my head would wish to say. But words alone cannot express the true profoundness, held within my thoughts of you.

Today I'm missing you

Blue morning, bare foot on the garden grass, wet dew between my toes as I make my way amid misty plays that softly pass through familiar words of days long gone by.

If I could save time goes through me rippling, a breaking wave on lost dreams broken shore dragging yesteryears sharp splinter, catching me missing you as countless times before.

If in your imperforate life I placed myself, would the mirrors sharp fractured shard that returns to haunt, melt and be erased and blessed sunshine's beam complete my heart.

Or has time distorted dreams old and new I know not, but today I'm missing you.

Unexpected

A gentle breeze ripples a smile across your face

just for a moment I catch the warm caress of it

then it is gone popping up later like the bobbing duck

unexpected preening its feathers putting on a display

Varanasi

Amongst the filth
the sweet sound of the flute player
carries through the heated air
and everywhere,
down the Ghats
at sunrise,
the pilgrims gather
along the sacred river Ganges;
devoted to life,
birth and death.
Here in ancient Varanasi
against the backdropp of temples centuries old,
the soul of man
finds its own way home
amongst the filth.

Visiting Mum And Dad

1. They sleep, upright, head tilted

I watch my father's chest Rise and fall

Try to ignore His shrunken legs stretched out Beneath his shorts

Behind him They stride, firm, sun-kissed.

11. She moans The pain wakes him

He heaves himself up Moves to her need

They talk, brown envelopes Bank mandates Power of attorney

I sit there in agony.

111.

"Less paper-work if I go first"

"You've a point there" Dad smiles

Mum laughs

Rising for the old decanter Catching the sunlight

"I've got a good Lindeman" He says.

Waiting for a response

Tell me how can I shake your eloquent branches? Make your fruitful words fall to the ground where I wait, hungry for your sweet or sour.

Walk With Me

Put on your walking boots the ones with the old frayed laces, So I can take my grief where harsh wind whines and rages, tearing across desolate hills. I shall lean myself on your shoulder. Say nothing, let me sob into the rain.

Wamblee

High up on a rocky crag, Wamblee, near to the cliff edge sat cross legged in a circle on the ground calling softly to the four winds.

His long plaits, threaded with silver lay beneath feathers running down his back. Far below him the canyon stretched out dusty and red hot.

As the hypnotic chant of his words caught the warm air riding the canyon top his heart took flight soaring above the high dusty plain.

Born on the wind, his eagle wings outstretched he sailed aloft snow covered mountains glinting in the light of Grandfather Sun.

South through deep valleys, lush with green and wonder, feeling the rhythm of the world beneath his feathers.

Across the turbulent southern ocean full of the whale's song, eastward across the great African Plain, northward towards the Northern lights.

Onward and upward feeling the firmament and the dawn of stars he flew between darkness and light.

There, in that sacred space between the creator and the created Wamblee saw with clear vision the beauty of the Great Spirit laid out before him in the earth below and the heavens above.

Wandering

Without beginning or end the journey walks with familiar boots that smell of fields winter and summer skies the rustle of autumn leaves.

They turn up sitting beside me as the slipping sun dips into warm oceans. The unfamiliar blowing across in the wind.

Riding through colour spices, saffron, cumin on windowless buses jostling over pot holes they rest.

Warmth

Yellow mimosa grows beneath the blue mountain, lit by the early morning sun. Birds sing.

Watching

I watched from off the sofa seat high backed beside the sliding doors, that window on the garden neat raked and pruned by winter chores, the white sky fall upon the ground.
I watched all day the quiet sound.

I watched the swift white gulls soar high beneath and through the falling flakes, their black tipped wings against the sky a symphony with no harsh breaks. I watched all day the quiet sound fall soft upon the frozen ground.

I watched the red breast robin hop along the brown and slatted fence swoop down upon the seeds that dropped into the gathering white pretence that did transpose the frozen ground.
I watched all day the quiet sound.

I watched the blackbird chase away a rival for his garden throne return and watch his lady play where his orange break had shown the bounty in the fallen snow I watched his rival come and go.

I saw the blue tits dart and dash in and out the ivy cover and great tits, shinning sleek and flash larger than their little brother gather seeds from mesh hung snow I saw their colours come and go.

I watched the stripped brown sparrows' line that drew itself along the fence sparser now than previous time but still full in its homeliness share together in harmony the food upon the feeder tree

I saw parakeets shrunken cold, immobile in the floating white the newest to the garden fold, watch too the changing winter sight

their glist'ning hue like fresh green paint brushed silent by the snows restraint.

I watched the red face goldfinch hang orgasmic on the Niger seeds the raiding speckled starling gang fight and squabble on iron trees I sat and watched the snowflakes thin did nothing else, not a thing.

I saw the dappled finches' wing fall Chaffinches down from the trees then flap across the white rising that swirled in gusts upon the breeze I watched all day the white sky fall did nothing else, nothing at all.

Welcoming spring

On lucent gossamer wings fulgent in my precious garden nymphs spin golden trumpets welcoming spring. Gentian bells sway blithely beneath jubilant incantations arousing cupids ardent desire blossoming cherry pink.

What Do You Want?

Why should I cough myself up? Spew myself out. Spatter myself.

I cannot step inside you I can hardly find my way around you.

So many words and wants rattling, chattering, clambering to be heard.

It is exhausting listening to the sound.

but when I look at wisps of white in a high cornflower blue sky my heart stills and my breath comes easy.

Who knows where the time goes

time wraps itself warm as the Christmas coat chosen for me

the wild weather sings in my heart and the gulls cry

the perfect hat the perfect day

not just that day but the next and the one that followed after.

time strung across red bracken grey winter light and starlings in the heavens

Working Cats

Working cats slink silently over cool shadows pressed into Medina walls; round contours of emporia spice keeping low, skirting colourful displays in and out of long languid days, down narrow street leading to bright sunlight glinting off cobbles and stone.

Casting form on to ancient grounds arching their back away from fevered crowds turning a lazy eye into the heat of day stretched out, waiting for the cover of night.