Poetry Series

Fay Slimm

- poems -

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Fay Slimm (Ageless.)

I was born with poetry in my heart I imagine! ! For as long as I can remember I have been Journaling and keeping a record of thoughts and feelings about the world around me. I have lived in some of the most beautiful places in England and that has enhanced my
gratitude for all things in nature. I am in love with more of life every day. Celebrate it all with me. Peace and joy. From Fay.

01/01 Evening Spread.

Settling mysterious into the late afternoon,
Phoebus hazily parts early twilight's face
And pushes herself roundly between clouds,
Beats the moon with mellow light and outpaces
The dying day by creating a dim misty gloaming.

Venturing forth, four legged canine bounds ahead
And we follow more slowly, both loath to leave home
Yet wanting to taste this fine moist evening spread.

As empty beach beckons we welcome the link
Between daylight and dark, greet the first star
And bid goodbye to the blue, as old Sol sinks.

Then turning for hearth and home, see parting
Day take a last bow, and leave a pale promise
Of milder tomorrow, half-light now obscuring
Any more sun, day is done, dies and as it kisses
Goodbye the moon silvers both sea and moors.

The glory of evening installed, now inspired we
Leave the scene and set off to fireside and tea.

Fay Slimm

01/02 First Day's Night.

Oh, unopposed silver ball of a moon,
cloudlessly hanging
in new year's roomy
nightsky, shine over highway and sea.
Glitter love's liquid message
which takes me
breathlessly, into the arms
of my dear love.
Bathe us this night with
your white moonglow above.

Dressed in shimmering
black velvet, background
Oversewn with shapely diamonds
twinkling all around
your palefaced core,
tell me, Oh gentle moon
like this time last year,
will your lovelight soon
grant us this,
will our first-night's
lunar rendevous become
fated to make us
a future where two will be one?

Fay Slimm

01/03 Colours of Life

Contoured, contained and seceted in white,
colour glides imperceptively, then mutates.

It fluctuates, sways and flickers, underlit
unseen until viewed, screened until split.

Dancing with filtered hues, it materializes
and clarifies shimmering rainbows, spiced
with glamour to brighten monotone eyes.

Powerhoused with red, curried in carmine
rises rose alongside verdant green, ripened
with aquamarine, gold sets yellow agleam.
Lavender superimposes itself on tangerine,
coppery ginger tinges an indigo blue, plum
meets azure, and rosy spectrum becomes
rainbowed as transluscent streaks of stain
cut through edges of pastel, ensuring again
life will engage its mystery, some see auras
of resplendent shade everywhere, so before
we can see what is in this psychic invasion
let us let colour enter us, by transformation

..

Fay Slimm

01/04 Making Sense.

Events at times can mystify the logical mind
Turn topsy-turvy accepted norms, toss sky-high
Respectable long-held conclusions, and jumble
Normal routine, until irretrievably, it is tumbled.

Change in events can scramble the unprepared brain.
Life appears altered, time patterns never the same.
Confusion reigns, until answers start making sense
Of the questioning 'whys', which storm relentlessly
Over unquestioned acceptance, and then blast
Apart reliance on conventional views very fast.

At last simple clarity reappears rising above
Any doubt, you realize you have fallen in love.

Fay Slimm

01/05 Uncommon Cold

Paradng in pock-marked sky,
starry cold
feels it's way
closer
as black night enfolds
all small things
with shivering
frigidity.

Merciless bite chills the air,
as stratified
trails
of starlit darts,
like solar
fireflies,
shed filigree threads
which infuse
infinity.

Pity the tiny unprepared
feather and fur
huddling
close in
cornered remoteness,
spare
a thought
for throbbing life,
caught alive
in frozen
jeopardy.

Winter-white fingers
rime the ground,
cracked ice
creaks
as fresh freeze
repairs it,
and we fear
uncommon cold
will kill,
relentlessly.

Fay Slimm

01/06 Wild and Untameable.

He bent his long, and ultra sleek neck
and gently took, from lakeside edge,
my offering of food, then swan and I
began to try contacting, eye to eye.

Silent dialogue started, a moment
alone absorbed us both and glowing
with watertight calm, his aim only
seemed then the same as my own.

To exchange this strange dueting song
we had to accede a right from wrong
in behaviour, 'though wild he desisted
from hissing out a normal resistance.

As perfection in white feathered coat,
knowing his worth yet never remotely
disturbing me he swam nearer, forlorn
sound began then, a clapping of horny
beak which repeated staccato as he fed.

Pristine wings unfurled and proud head
raised to full regal height, he began filling
the scene, displaying strength, statue still
the swan, reflecting watery light, again
looked into my soul, now bold I strained
to touch this handsome wild untameable
bird then as I precariously leaned to stroke
discreetly an open beak, his neck unfolded
allowing me full reach, just momentarily.

He then sailed on and he preened as he went.

Fay Slimm

12/13 Child of God.

What defines the worthy phrase 'child of God'?
No age or gender demanded,
neither does wealth enter to honour the title.
It takes loving kindness, and random
acts of unselfish care to deserve
the trust of this favoured name.

A word at some right time, passed as
meaningful praise, must serve to highlight such
God-child as special, one who will brighten lives
with only perhaps a thoughtful smile,
Or will, with discernment, suddenly send
a tender line in a letter of love,
most unexpectedly, and which on arrival
brings much needed comfort,
overlooked by all, but the beautiful child of God.

Being, by nature a giver, non-judgemental,
unconditionally kind, God's child
can be beguiling when present
and appears unassuming, but is sharp as steel
in knowing humanities' neediness.

With nondescript face, poet or priest, aged
or childlike in years, a stranger perhaps,
or a forgotten friend, an old neighbour,
or a begger we meet on the street,
Christ in rags is still able to shake us awake.
It takes but belief in love's wonderful way
of providing aid at the proper time.

In this we may, although unawares,
have met or entertained angels.
Children of God are really out there.

Fay Slimm

12/13 You Came Along

Under the tremulous arc of limitless sky
I walked alone,
with no feel of belonging to earth or ether,
and not knowing why.
Then I found my soul-space taken.
you came along
and swept clean the mystery place
in my heart.
You taught me love's meaning,
re-charged my fantasy, invaded me
with your amour,
and the shards of my modesty
were soon crushed.
Now we are parted,
I imagine what might have been,
and dream on.
My bloom flowered for a while,
but unfed it died.
Sad regret for the trust I gave
has lately arisen,
and my lust for more loving
not now satisfied.
You showed me a paradise
in which to dwell,
yet my innocence ended
under your spell.

.

Fay Slimm

12/16 Winter Will Sing.

Without rhyme or reason, your image I thought
in hiding appears, beguiling me,
solely unsought,
and when It's white-warm,
ether-filled persistence, boldly takes hold.
I am momentarily distraught.

Short bursts of memory waft through the air,
soundlessly, recollection follows me
everywhere, as longing begins
all over again, and eats it's way deeply within.
Ghostly lovelight timelessly fills my mind,
as winter starts singing, and as soon as I hear
yesterdays' verses, I sigh,
as they always taunt me the most.

I cannot, even with constant trying,
erase you from my soul,
therefore I transcribe this greeting.

May your dreams too, my dearest friend,
be suddenly invaded,
Up-lit for a while at memory's end,
let them repeat my name to your unwary heart.
Then perhaps you too may find
winter will sing,
and, with sentiment revitalized love may restart
and follow it closely behind.

Fay Slimm

12/19 Passion For Living.

Life is unstinted, and we do not lack.
Trusting the universe we need not fear.
Black holes can be healed and never come back
To disturb or depress when change appears.

Love fills them with spirited life, which gives
Good reason for feeling passion, allied
To spirit, life becomes sacred, sieving
Reasons, love exists to give, on this we rely.

Love has wisdom for finding ways through.
Those who refuse fear or anger find freedom.
We then are enough, and crave no approval.
So we can begin to honour our needs.

Can know we deserve to feel ardour, above
Being needy, grow lovable, and reach out
To help others show courage - - power of love
And passion for living is what life is about.

Fay Slimm

12/20 Compliance.

Let the masquerade start.

Now locked safely away, restricted and mute
is her subdued heart,
neatly boxed,
disciplined, strong-tied, and nicely presented
to show whole compliance.

Her pictured hopes deleted now by duty
She lays dreaming aside, and
decides to accede.

With reality not in the way the play can begin.

All is accomplished,
now face set. make-up mask
Hardened into a smile, she stands reliably ready.

The world will see only an acceptable show.
Done now and dusted,
tranformance complete, she enters
to give unflagging performance
of substitute love.

Staging then set she emerges for well rehearsed part.

But bleeding inside,
never seen,
is her hidden caged heart.

Fay Slimm

12/21 December's End.

From lone Cornish beaches,
stormy and beautifully wild,
which closely embrace each winter
in magical coastline mist,
comes December's end, sailing
in, and loaded down with fine
Christmas-time greetings.

I can no longer resist rhyming
you lines, dear friends,
and sending letters of yuletide's
seasonal best of my wishes
for a merry month's ending
and troublefree passage
into a brand New Year time.

Lashed tightly with hopes
for more artistic insight
producing satisfied days
may the crafts guide you then
to successful writing,
as they gently but carefully steer
You poetically into 2010.

May much good will
drift calmly in towards life's shore
with force unceasing,
moreover, in the coming year
may the cause for world-peace
start to show more increase
than it ever has before.

With grateful thanks for all the support
from poet friends during the past year.
Warmest of wishes from Fay.

Fay Slimm

12/23 Nothings I Love.

Nothings often amaze and enthral me.
Show me an awareness, momentarily.
Share with me wonder, and oftentimes
Leave me in awe, able to see behind
Reason for joy in blackbird's springsong,
Or scent of yellow rosebud, blown along
The lane, a fallen leaf in autumn, rarely
Seen flowers, the feel of wind in my hair.
Sightings of stars, trails of bonfire smoke.
Dogs at their play, sea-shells when soaked.
The sound of laughter, baby; s sweet smile.
All sorts of nothings, but all so beguiling.
Warmth for the heart, composed of smallest
Significance, 'no-things' still sing life best.

Fay Slimm

12/24 Christmas Eve Downtown

Her face looked used, with sunken cheeks somewhat
Abused from too much rouge, her eyes wore hoods.

She was no more than a wraith, and squatting
As thin was a child in a cart, old food
Dried on his mouth, stuck down, cemented
With run from his nose, he looked frozen, large
Eyes cowered from rain which dripped from dented
Pram roof, money already the prime charge
Of the day, they would wait until shop shutters
Were down. Christmas Eve homeless have to stay put.

Underground downtowners, in cardboard houses
Face their lot while numbers increase, and daily
They plead some empathy might be aroused.
Is Christmas cheer only for those who feel able?

Fay Slimm

12/26 Cloudburst.

Shouldering one against the other
Mushrooms of clouds fail to discover
That boisterous behaviour ends in clash
Erupts in sleet that stings in passing.

In file they approach this winter's day
And slide into close tight band of gray.
Skudding huge bulk over wind-chased blue
Cloud patterns split the sky's mood in two.

Tomorrow may choose to unskirt this storm,
But for now hailstorm javelins must be borne.

Fay Slimm

12/27 After Eternity.

Went your day well?
Did the bluebird I sent
land on your shoulder
and flutter you into delight?

Goes your sleep well?
Were your nightime dreams
lit with the stardust I ordered,
and did my love warm
every corner of your
heart until dawn?

Ends your noon well?
Do you realize it is I arrange
sunbeams to play
gently around your eyes,
and persuade
afternoons to lighten
your workaday
load with heightened
moments?

Falls your evening well?
Did you know I parcel
every daytime
shower from early skies
so tightly
that there becomes
by eventide
only rainbowing arcs
of love's tenderest
colour abiding,
to remind you of me?

Works your life well?
Are you aware dear love
your welfare
comes first and
your faraway friend
cares deeply
that you really enjoy
life within
destiny's calling
alongside me
until after eternity?

Fay Slimm

12/28 Yet To Come.

The future is often seen with
Apprehension, shortness of breath
That fear of change can disarray,
And grip us, leaving quaking steps
Behind, in which we skulk, lamely.

But if, instead, tomorrow is seen
As potential for stretching, slight
Excitement percolates, enthuses
With feel of subtle warmth, brighter
Then seems the look to future's view.

'The best is yet to come' a proverb
Stressing loss of fear, sagely sound,
Advises assumption, which never
Quickly undone, then tills the ground
With hope which reaps tomorrow better

Fay Slimm

12/29 All But Love.

When fastened tight into happenings
of only today, then
love feels a world away.

When nothing but dreary mundane flows
around a heavy heart, then
love will always look away.

Yet what of tomorrow's whispered songs?
Ahead and waiting, then
love will sing sorrow away.

So come dear love, into the future's bold
promise, lay with me, then
all but love will go away.

Fay Slimm

12/31 Up Ahead.

Looking back, the past quick-track
.....year of 2009
Flashed itself across the screen
.....of life, with shining
Meteor flight. Will 2010 again
.....broadcast dreams, wrapped
In parcels of opportunity,
.....and will it too adapt
A measure of poetic gift,
.....so scribes such as we, sending
Out waves of fluency,
.....inspirationally penned,
Can once again express
.....unique observation, patiently
Arranged in verses of potent appeal?
.....Waiting up ahead
Lies unclaimed much writing time,
.....are we all ready?
The happiest of New Year
.....wishes for all good friends
Far and near, hoping you relish
.....the new as the old one ends.

Fay Slimm

A Haunt's Hush.

Diamonds of creamed
..... misty-pearl
Hang in the dank air.

Soundless,
..... the thick calm unfurls
On every leaf there.

The woodland bathes
..... in the hush.
Shadows are pregnant
With wait,
..... while the deeps of lush
Green sigh,
..... and childlike
I stand in awe,
..... undisturbed.
The hushed quiet seeps
.....into my psyche.

Nothing stirs to break
.....the awesome scene.
Hauntingly placid,
..... transcendent
And spectred
..... with sensation,
This heals with a peace
..... which stills
My mind so serenely.

Fay Slimm

A New You.

Close your eyes and gently walk
Down dreamy Memory Lane.
Now stoop to pick and smell the flowers.
Choose just short stays - or stay for hours!
You're happy once again.
    You're YOU.

Feel release right through your frame.
Your heart begins to breathe.
With stress gone, grasp this slower pace,
Relax - you're in a different place
And never want to leave.
    You're a new YOU.

Examine what you feel right now.
What words spring to your mind?
Lightness? Freedom? Relief and Bliss?
Remember these so you'll not miss
The rescue you will find.
  You're a relaxed, new YOU.

Envision your new rescued heart
Which nothing can invade.
This place to go when things are hard
Will transform you, when once you start
To value what you've made.
  You're a relaxed and happy new YOU.

Fay Slimm

A Pure Love.

As the snowdropp sea of glistening white
Envelopes and amazes me, I, standing
Here in a woodland clearing think of mighty
Love. This waving scene of purity hangs
It's every head of gleam shyly downward
In a modest pose, but lift each face and
Look at love so pure it takes us forward
In accepting states of grace that random
Fate never planned, but rather Godly love
Created. They glow with light, and scented
Subtly, are as fresh as dawn. Just above
This ocean of delight hangs, relentless,
January sky which now threatens rain.
Pure love is snowdropp white and gives itself.
I must away but I will come again
To find a presence here which can be felt.

Fay Slimm

A Reminder.

A bunch of dried heather
Now faded.
Long dead,
Still sits in a vase on
A table.
And
My bed
Faces it, surely I
Must obey
Reason
And throw it, with mem'ries
Away, then
Move on.

Fay Slimm

A Sanctuary Sight.

I could take you, reader, to a quiet place
Where sea meets sand, in secret beachy cove,
And, sleeping there, a-sprawl in open spaces
Lie a hundred seals or more in silent drove.

The cliff-top watcher can but hardly count
Their numbers, random sleepy bulks below
Are motionless, until white pups, mounting
Mother's slippery back expose stained yellow
Underside and squeal with tiny lungs, crying
Out for milk. All this seen from distant top
Of perhaps two hundred feet. Flappers high
Some now are fighting, raise huge heads, then flop
Again to take more rest. This rare show, truly
Free and unexpected, leaves me gasping
In delight. What more exciting scene, blue
Sky ceiling, and sudden sky-lark asking
With a song, for early spring. The icing's
On my cake with this Sanctuary sighting.

Fay Slimm

A Waterway Walk.

A sudden gust of misty breeze rushed in
And left pinheads of wet on windblown hair.
Though swans still floated in for late dinner
I had to go and leave them mutely there.
Such galleon-feathered whiteness, rare sight
Which catches breath away, over twenty
Swans together, gracing sunshine's last light,
As clouds loomed in, dropping gloom again.

Where better to see nature, - in array
Along a lake or pond, where goose and duck
Are searching now for nest-sites. Then they lay
Their future broods that when once hatched will look
For all the world like clockwork toys, darting,
So alive to mothers' wings, thus fleeing harm.
Around this watery world I walk, as part
Of daily habit, - - to embrace it's calm.

Fay Slimm

A White Fall.

An overnight wonderland
Has coated my windowpane
Frostily, flakily white.

So rarely enjoyed in rain-
Sodden sea garden place
This soft flossy snow I lightly
Pace and experience before
Noonday thaw. A vast virgin
Blanket I must mark and stamp
With happy delight urging
To more, then bending, rolling
And gath'ring round heads I
Recall fond mem'ries with glee.
Tray-gliding, snowsliding, eyes
For white statue-men. This being
Ten again's appealing to me.!

Fay Slimm

A Windowpane Wait.

Windy grey day blowing blue veins of rain.
My windowpane-heart starts to weep, lonely
For you. Then change of direction, and same
Window is floating with buds of unknown
Pink flowered hue. Is it bringing more news
Perhaps of us two? Discerning connections
I watch for sensation, 'though refusing
To believe you are gone. Now yellows reflect
A summertime-bright flash on my pane, love's
Explosion brings flames of warmth, and at last
You arrive. My window swings wide then 'bove
Dark mists, lights with blazoning sun, gasping
As whispered, long waited messages start,
I run to your arms, and melt in your heart.

Fay Slimm

A Winter-White Wish.

Fierce, glittering winter-bright Moon,
Lighting this white, mysterious world.
Shine throughout night, he'll be home soon
And need your lamp to keep unfurling
Each rise and fall of glistening
Snow-bound field and hidden lane.
I'll stand with candle, - listening.
Please guide his way back here again.

Fay Slimm

A Beautiful Bonding.

As the rose is joined for life to its stem,
Is fed from its root, blazing colour to
All who would look, the bond that is sending
Such beauty into my life is with you.

As we two blossom with colourful love
And together feed from the same hearfelt
Need to reach out and give, desire to prove
Our devotion soars, and tenderly melts
Any small doubts, satisfies us, knowing
That beautiful bonding needs care, feeding
With time and sweet words. Reflecting the glow
Of destiny's banquet, we eat, no need
To resist such fine feast. As the flowers,
Such are we, - bonded, and so powerfully.

Fay Slimm

A Birthright Heritage.

We who proud belong
Among the countrysiders
Reckon we all see
Such wonderful
Complexity of life.

Far from city lights,
We witness every gleaming
Sunbeam strike new growth
In sacred things
That spawn in grassy streams.

Scent of early dew
We smell in earthy springtime.
Sights of nature's prize
Buzzards, winging
Skywards fill our eyes.

Cygnets magic change
Over time from brown to white.
Dark flocks of starlings
Noisy roost, but
Delight us every nightime.

We want no changes.
Rivers run and must reach sea
From moorland heights, walking
Tall by birthright,
Our heritage is free.

Fay Slimm

A Bit o' Fun!

(For the girls) - Scene - Bedroom.
Television On.

Who wants hot-rocking
Kits-off, full frontal
Chipperdancing ravers
When I got you babe?
Just looking!

Do I want knicker-waving
Lead-pumping prancers,
Toothy-grinning shimmyers,
Cheeky-faced paraders
When I got you babe?
Who's looking!

Must I have sexy singing
Leg-flinging swingers,
Botty-bumping antics
From wide-eyed romantics
When I got you babe?
Not looking!

To me my handsome honey-bun
You're all of them rolled into one.
Come on let's have our bit o' fun.

Television Off.

Fay Slimm

A Clear Recall.

Recalling past events we often find as
Time rolls on, splint'ring golden memories
Into fragments, we need a resolutely
Patient mind, to pick thru' pieces left behind.
Then oozing love between each broken dream
We can scheme to stick the jigsaw shapes until
Quite whole and clear, we see then brilliantly,
Another stored and well-loved memory.
Contentedly, we then can live in days when
Our young love was strong, as it used to be.

Fay Slimm

A Colourful Past?

Relics of castles and mines fill the eye
Of the curious here, tell their own tale
With colourful mixture of 'truth and lie'
Known as legend. This allure never fails
Along Cornish coasts, where adventures leap
From every cave. The past is present, clings
With dark grit to each cliff and white beach.
Old cannon ball scars, and granite rock rings
Where victims stood no chance. Castellated
Forts brought battle's swift end to each mighty
Man, and slower death to prisoners, fated
To black dungeon cell. Danger fell in flights
Of ladders too, which daily took the lives
Of countless miners, toiling in the dark
To dig for tin. Sea above, and striving
With the deadly wet within, souls made marks
Of painful gain with every load. Beauty
Was not noticed then, daylight hours and night
The same, lives were spent in laboured duty.
Viewed now by tourist, never will seem quite
As tragic as old gravestones tell. Former
Days were coloured with tough life, bravely borne.

Fay Slimm

A Consummate Love

A rare fullness describes best
The love which releases utter
Fulfillment, - love which gives rest.
Searching for wholeness, we can trust
That fate will arrange, entire
And complete, a right love, by
Guiding our heart, and firing
Us fully for unqualified
Giving, achieving this truth
Will consummate total love,
Which when brimful, conclusive
Yet rounded, is easy to prove.

Fay Slimm

A Contented Love.

A gentle contentment invades my heart,
And begins a start toward peace.
Changes dull mood, lightens my mind, reaches
Down into my soul, parting
Me from previous darkness, and it spreads
Deep happiness, wraps smiles of bright
Colour around my day, holds me tightly
In it's spell as it readys me
For love, which I know will increase and flood
My cold blood, giving me ardour
From which until now I've been locked and barred.
Gentle contentment feels lovely.

Fay Slimm

A Dangerous Liason.

The devil's nephew, it was said, came to earth
And made his bed with humans, long ago.

Now when she saw him, standing there. full girthed,
Golden-haired, tall and handsome, bowing low,
She stared. 'I will have his heart as mine' she
Said. Next day she bought a potion, her fair
Hair she would make red, then on spending spree
She ordered gown of jewelled blue. Rarely
Was there seen a more exotic queen. When
Next time a Ball was held she saw to it
That her appearance would be timed. At ten
In she went, and once his roving eyes had lit
On her, she knew success. He straightway came
Striding to her side, his arrogance aglow
With lust, ravage her he must that night. Games
Like these he knew. For hours they danced, so
The story goes, as morning rose he swept
Her into bed. It seemed her wily act
Had met it's goal. He did not prove inept.

Nine months passed. Birthing then a mutant child,
Half human-devil, frame so strong it took
The then world by surprise, and drove it wild.
It grew gigantic, and it's heart forsook
Any love the mother gave, cravings placed
In rampaging monsterous ways. Appaling
Plans the devil made to sire a hybrid race
Of wicked giant men. But, came it's fall
When God sent watery flood to cover all
The ancient world. Demi-Gods surprise
No more - - - or have you found it otherwise?

Genesis - Chapter 6.

Fay Slimm

A Day in the life of a Child

Cheeks dimpling
Two eyes gleam
Lips parting.
Baby's smiling.

Nose crinkling
Red mouth curls
Eyes are twinkling.
Baby's clowning.

Toes gripping
Two knees bend.
Feet are moving,
Baby's walking.

Mind wandering,
Gaze intense,
Brow is puckering,
Baby's 'pottying'

Lips smacking,
Two jaws race,
Cheeks are bulging,
Baby's eating.

Head bobbing,
Fingers twirl,
Knees are knocking,
Baby's dancing.

Eyes closing,
Two hands still.
Senses dozing,
Ssssh - Baby's sleeping.

Fay Slimm

A Foxy Encounter

Not before dusk
Dare they appear.
Foxy tails brush
The ground, as they
Race for cover
At any sound.

Hunger will win,
As family
Rearing brings need.
Fox feeds warily,
Maybe one night
Fear will recede.

Fay Slimm

A Laudable Loo.

Well, did you ever! Oh how grand!
In the smallest of rooms I stared
As farmer friends beamed, proud planning
Had now worked, to get me in there.....

Scenes of sealife, all shaped to size,
Gulls climbed tiled walls, ultra-style flooring
Depicting shore was grand, beguiling,
But nothing beat the best encore.....

New plastic loo-seat caught my eye.
A see-through piece, - - clear, indiscreet
Watery-blues fully defied
Belief with petrified fish, neatly
Entombed, smiling, dead-eyed at me!
Sea-horses cavorting with crabs
Amid floating bubbles, freely
Suspended in jellified padding,
Completed with shells by the score,
Sea-weedy bordered, ...flourescent too!

I smiled warily, bolted the door
And then did the best I could do,
I just flushed it - - - unobtrusively!

Fay Slimm

A Lesser Celandine.

Carpet of dazzling gleam and greenery.
A gift of splendour, dressed in a very
Yellowy gown, round as the midday sun,
Heart-shaped leaves, darkest of green becoming
Ablaze with Celandine's lustrous glazes.
Glossy appendage to early spring days,
A daffodil challenge for golden cheer,
Graceful competitor for early year.
'Lesser' is great, and is most amazing.
For such tiny gems it's good to give praise.

Fay Slimm

A Meeting of Souls.

Every once in a while something magical
Happens when ordinary life turns itself
Into the call of the wild. Soul meets soul.

And insists on wholeness. Sensuality
Dawns with a mere fleeting kiss, unfolds
Sensation of falling to chasms of bliss.
Nothing before has entranced you like this.
You are walking on air, and emboldened.

Annuling relationships, which were prone
To mundane, always failing, this alone
Now enlightens your sad, icy-cold heart.

It inhibits pretensions once shown, and
Exposes vast spaces of new fresh-faced
Assurance. Feeling it's rightness, and some
Strange release, you are now totally sure.
Lost before, you've now found your way home.

Fay Slimm

A Message To Us.

Not one day goes by
Without bird-song from sky
Reminding us why
They believe life to be good.

Not one cloudless night
Neglects awesome sight
Of starburst in flight
Appealing to be understood.

Not one blade of green
Allows light to be seen
Without using the means
From the sun to make itself food.

Not one flowery bloom
Witholds it's perfume
As each day turns to noon.
Scenting the world if it could!

Not one wild-living soul
Acts without instinct's goal
To make it's life whole.
Not governed by destructive mood..

Earth's message is near
To those willing to hear.
By making it clear
We too must live life as we should.
.

Fay Slimm

A Mother's Loss.

To live with a loss so great
After time of month-long waiting
Would invite such natural rage,
That a child, a babe of no age
Who was wanted and loved so much
Could die, and would leave me in so much
Pain, if Heaven's love did not make
Plain to me that my dear child faces
A place of tender peace, and clutching
Him tightly is Eternal Life, touchingly
Singing his lullaby needs. All praise
Be if my human heart views these ways
As right. Then I can cope, wait to see
Him again, sure he has not ceased to be.

Fay Slimm

A Mother's Plea

Caught in the middle
Of love strong-as-death
Waiting forever
For signs of redress.

Heavy with longing
Heart full of prayer
Always seem facing
This burden of care.

Split down the middle.
Heart torn in two.
Feeling it's breaking
At times, over you.

Each day of living
Maternal hope brings
Yearning for healing
'Bove all other things.

Strongest of love-ties,
Motherhood's tears.
Relentlessly falling
As love survives years.

Look homeward again.
Sense welcome and love
Child of my deepest
Affection - come home.

Fay Slimm

A Paradise Walk.

Hazily warm this serene afternoon.
No early leaf sways around windless tree,
But what do I see shyly zooming
Around bare branches - robin, eyeing me.
Lake is a mass of feathered white flock.
Schools of learner-birds, prior to mating time
Scrapping with fervour, noisily shocking
Behavioural display under a shining
Spring sun imposing it's urgent instinct
On males. The pale females look on and wait.
Then blackbird gives voice to his frequently
Forward intent. Lady blackbird takes note.
Chaffinch warily eyes crumbs, patiently
Held in my hand, then lands, and I explode
With excitement. Next instant the robin
Comes calling, and cheekily eats a load
Of dry biscuit I offer, amiably bobbing
His head toward mine. Paradise walks earn
Top marks in the real life for which I yearn.

Fay Slimm

A Pioneering Rose.

Once upon a time long ago, a rose tree
Grew lustily in my Ma's bed, tended
And fed, how it bloomed, and it's red, when seen
Would colour her soul - - fragranced and blended
With the Plain's western light, it shone. Her lover
Planted the tree, wanting to show her his
Pioneer heart, he chose this rose above
Any sweet scented other, and, mission
Accomplished he went to sea, but asked Ma
To talk to that flower once he had gone. Shyly
She told it how lonely she felt, and seeing
The rose thriving she decided to try
Helping her unborn to benefit too.
So daily she severed one fragile petal
And crushed it over the place where viewing
Was hidden by delicate skin, settled
With ritual, I safely arrived. Rose
I was named. When war took my Pa ere long
Both baby and rosebush fell sick. Panic close,
Ma plucked the last petal and held it among
Tiny fingers until they lost sickly hue
And blue became pink. Rose rallied soon
And that petal remained ever fresh too.
More than that, overnight the rose tree bloomed
And never was time when flower was gone
From that rose bush, and the legend lived on.

The tale of the Pioneer Rose just grew
Most homesteaders now believe it was true

Fay Slimm

A Poet Remembered

Too many were to mourn.The war
Had taken all the young, but left
Behind a few who stumbled, blind
Or lame, some, faring worse, bereft
Of sense, writhed in screaming pain
And cursed their God. The shame will last
Through poems scratched in bloody line
By this dead lad, now, though passed
Away, he'd used his searing muse to pen
Accusing rhyme of each fierce horror,
As he captained men, who then
With him were brought to early dust.

Hard death then made another claim,
Fame this bard, alive, would never know.
Just days before the very final blast
He fell, the ditches he'd despised
As living hell, were holding him at last.

Trusty words preserved in clarion verse
Still cry, that lying yet, where long ago
They died, such spilled blood serves to
Teach a truth, that learn from war we must.

Tribute to Wilfred Owen - 1893-1918
Killed 4th November,1918.

Fay Slimm

A Poet.

He has desired to go
Through untrod fields,
Finding dull treasures others leave
And picks the greatest yields.

Some worthwhile gems he stores
For future times
Others he gently picks and cleans
Then writes them in as rhymes.

Fay Slimm

A Quiet Autumn.

November falls mildly this year, and smiles
On afternoon strolls, beckoning boldly
Through grey clouding skies, as mile upon mile
Surrounds us, in stylish profusion, yet bringing
More mellowed finery cocooned under
Ageing, untidy greens. Fashioned now in
Patches of yellowy gorse, which blunders
Pushily through hedgerows of sun-weary
Browns, with praiseworthy splashes of brighter
Than buttercup flowers, they lighten dreary
Old blackberry bushes, now ready for striking
Their own winter pose. Buzzard flies low, scans
Lacy trees, ready naked for Autumn's planned
Passionless sleep. It seems lust for growing
Must be on hold. Miniscule diamonds float
Mistily down, quickly wetting the ground,
So, taking our cue, we leave without sound.

Fay Slimm

A Quiet Disguise.

Face turning pale, her breath failed with a start.
Being half-loved had dissembled her heart.

Quietly subdued, yet inwardly weeping
Over news, that 'tho discreetly taken,
Was shockingly hard.. Scars she'd been keeping
Warily disguised, she yet quite shaken,
Disclosed to her soul. Alone now, wholey
Inept at accepting this mind-blowing
Note.She would miss him so much, this going
She knew would leave holes that she couldn't show.

Admitting her treasure could always erode,
And future dreams be dissolved, now events
Uncover routine as unseemly. Exploding
With disbelief, grieving, she later repents.
Knowing her life as already ordered
By sometimes tortured assent, she borders
Now on disquieting alarm, this scheming
To please the unpleaseable leaches her.

Drop by wearying drop, her heart leaning
Towards dulling acceptance, now subsides
Into half-life again. Hopes once believed
Are left hanging by threads spread so finely.
She hardly now measures a truth from a lie.
Knowing well how to disguise, she just sighs.

Fay Slimm

A Quiet Mind.

A co-production by
Fay Slimm
and
Herbert Nehrlich

Perpetually restless,
The eyes cannot see
Or appreciate any
Beauty, properly.

So with the mind's pace.
The eye of the soul needs
To rise up in tranquility,
To look past ruffles and lace.

Into beauty's soul,
Taste its nectar
And inhale its fragrance,
Then be caressed by
A rainbow of calm.

Fay Slimm

A Sated MInd.

At times a lull creeps over liveliness
And morose barreness engulfs my mind.
A no-thought blanket erodes all finesse
Or elegance in careful phrasing, binds
This poet, and chokes every bit of stylish
Verse. Then it is the weary mind takes on
It's own control, rolls out reams by the mile
Of wasted time in empty worded pun
Or rhyme, on piles of paper due for bin
This state I find I'm in with 300th down.
Feeling cloyed with surfeit verses within
Short space has me sated. No muse now around.

To all P.H. friends - - thank you for your support
and kind comments on my work. I will be taking
a short break from posting, but hope to be back.

Fay Slimm

A Short Saying.

Where friendship exists
Hearths and hearts are warmed.
Then can lit love light up life.

Fay Slimm

A Spirited Soul.

Shaking a fist at what wishes her harm
Calmly facing her fears of troubled alarm,
She fishes, heart deep, when a drama,
Which threatens to flood her with tears,
Appears, - - and she nets her spirited soul.

Choosing to arise erect when thrown down.
Determined at starting all over again,
She brushes away any secret pain
Of humiliation, not laying the blame
At anyone's door, - - the spirit she shows
Frees her selfless soul's action, reflecting
A generous heart. Life will not easily
Snatch her cheerful Joan-of-Arc, resolute
Ardour for tackling trouble at root.
By lighthearted humour. then astutely
She learns how to laugh with, not at, herself.

The way to beauty is clearly not helped
By ignoring the need for spiritual wealth.

Fay Slimm

A Spiritual Experience.

My Lord.
May I say
Before daylight
I sought you in silence.
Utter non-sound brought you.
My heart leapt with the cleaving,
Was cleaned, now I am whole.
Able to see for myself
Where I have been.
Now I can smile.
Now I feel free.
Praise be.

Fay Slimm

A Spring Encounter.

I saw today a few brave daffodils,
Faces down toward the sodden grassy
Woodland patch, . I gently lifted up still
Youthful bloom and gazed within. Fantastic
Early blaze of Spring looked back. Meeting
Both my awestruck eyes and soul, it's plea bid
Me enter deep into this flowers' greeting.

Yellows, conjured from the winters' soil undid
Their secret opulence and shone, lighting
Up surrounding gloom with brightest glowing
Song of something new. Bursting so they might
Transform the day of any who felt low.

I shall take a later walk, to the sea
Of yellow soon to blossom there for me.

Fay Slimm

A Tuckingmill Bird

My heart is astir with what this morning
I caught aloft under a bluebell sky.
A bird who trills high, yet smaller than small
Is it's frame, and seemed to be making reply
To my spirit which soared as I spied crest
Of gold above darkest large eye. The park
Which graces this valley will never best
The feathered perfection I saw, marking
His tiny terrain with sublime bird-talk.
That Goldcrest at Tuckingmill crowned my walk.

Fay Slimm

A Wasted Love?

Can love be wasted,
Erode with neglect?

Could it diminish
With too much lonely
Abandonment,
Become almost inept?

Love lives forever.
Could that be only
If consistently nourished,
Conscientiously fed?

What can we think, if,
Crumbling, love's debris
Crashes through hopes,
Misappropriates heart?

The start of a cold
Barren anarchy
Relaxes love's bonds,
So un-yoking begins.

Duty then treads on the
Heels of what once was
Devotion, and hurt hides
Behind blind fronts.

But love, never wasted,
Can over-ride lapses,
And, if rising above
Dour clouds, can survive.
.
Climbing to higher skies
It can revive itself.
Given a chance, true
Love and reason advance.

Fay Slimm

A Watery Secret.

Watery messenger of past love-hates,
Rivering, subtley, each potentised remnant
Of thousands before. Stored, they are waiting,
Unseen, for us to catch sound of laments.
Or of happiness states. Minutely floating.

Deep-level listeners hear musical notes
Of lives long gone, their chromosome cries,
Though shaken, pressed down, liquidised, need
To be heard. Passing birds tilt an eye
As though aware. Furry travellers speed,
But halt to hear silent melody. Stoat,
Vole and Otter detect symphony. Why
Then can't we turn an ear, listen carefully
To rivers, streaming the smiles and past sighs
Of yester-year folk, - - and learn if we dare.

Fay Slimm

A Welcome Relief.

Patterns of drifting emotional stress
Caught at my heart, and, darkly disturbing
My mind, began winding through oppressive
Waves of distress. Defences fell, - fervent
Hopes of soothing love, sent carefully by
Healing hands, at last successfully landed.
Now health appears again. Relief unties
A balm to troubled minds, unchaining grand
Appeasement. I can now lie and sleep consoled.
My loved one rests, the crisis almost passed
While I, releasing a sigh, feel again whole.
Now I breathe composure and peace at last.

Fay Slimm

A Whisper Away.

When my sad heart
.....can bear no more parting,

An angel of comfort
.....is sent to relieve.

Whispered words circle
.....like breath in my mind.

Softly honed thought
.....flutters its wings discreetly.

Fills my ears with song
.....that's not far but near.

Assures me you are
.....but a whisper away.

Fay Slimm

A Wild Thing.

The boisterous sheet of morning-fresh water
Tumbled, discharging explosive noise down
Into a torrent of rainbowing, caught
From the top of a towering black-crowned
Cliff, splintering light all around, until
Its' implosion quelled further sound, breaking
Surface with frothy rumpus on the still
Limpid calm of flat-plate sun-filtered lake
Alongside which, from bullrushy reeds swam
The Vision - head high and gliding, he
Silently paced, hastily dipped, then began
A random, wild-eyed, free-diving spree,
Slipping occasional glances at me.

Only for moments this show of Otter
Elation. - Soon distanced to a mere blot
On shimmering water, but I never forgot
The Otter, me, and such wild joy we begot.

Fay Slimm

A Winter Wedding.

Everyone knew we were heading for snow.
Lowering banks of menacing clouds trying
To threaten cold wedding guests told us so.
You and I cuddled close. I was crying.

After a night of passionate rapture
You would be gone. Yet these moments were ours.
My body, heart, mind and soul you captured,
Snowbound, we then bound ourselves to love's vows.

Your presence has stayed, 'tho war took your life.
It shines in your son, and comforts your wife.

Dedicated to all war widows.

Fay Slimm

A Woman's Work.

They say it's never done.
A woman's work.
When, and how can we find fun
Without shirking
All the things there are to do?

Here's a clue.

Try to be aware of
Gifts, hiding in
Every dull and mundane job.

When cooking - stop -
Think, 'how does this vegetable FEEL'
When peeling.

Then, arranging flowers.
Spare only one
Moment, to see the powerful
Colours, deeply
Glowing with exciting sheen.

Once we've seen
Their beauty shining there
Just for us,
We can start to look elsewhere
For other joys.

The whiteness gleaming, through
Folds of blowing clothes
Drying on a line.

When changing beds
Bouncing up and down is fine
For mothers too!

And when cleaning floors why
Not start to jive,
Put music on and show
That we're alive.

Like all other things we flow
With vibrant life.
Try this satisfying way.
Start today.

Fay Slimm

A World Entombed.

Quiet gloom descends, and we too downward
Stoop, mid ranks of rock, damply oozing. First
Glimpse of our trip in ancient cave abounds
With spectres, some, depicting dig-thirsty
First explorers, sanitise the past. Tombs
Of bones exposed in cavernous wet, now
Lie in state for tourist eye. Roaming rooms
Of stalagmitic beauty, eyes glaze trying
To envision the caveman's dangerous world.
Uncanny now, spotlights gone and pitch-black
Mid sound of animal snarls and growls curdling
Air, we airless sigh as guide then lights back
To reality fevered fantasy. - - - - Needs
Now met, entombed rock's shrunken world recedes.

Fay Slimm

About the Lizard.

A long thin finger of Cornish pride
Jutts from peninsular, stands apart
And quietly basks in minding
Its own serpentine beauty. Starting
With stone, red-stained and famously
Honed into smooth lizard-look gems,
The place exudes age-old peace. Plainly
Welcoming, each quaint shop knows when
To close, or beckon us in. Fringed
With the bluest of seas, Lizard's part
Of the coastline gets sun-singed
Then battered with storm, and smarting
From unshattered will, the locals
Fight back, until, ship-shape once more,
Each ancient cottage repaired, broken
Sea walls shored up good as before,
The Lizard smiles again. Departing,
I breathe freshest of air, and then
Leave this jewel at Cornwall's heart.

Fay Slimm

After a Time.

Love does not alter
After a time.

Hurt will not break it,
Nor parting or pain.

Nothing will change it.
Love will not die.

When I have gone,
In rhymes I wrote to you,
Love will live on.

Fay Slimm

Ageless Am I.

Living by spirit of love everlasting, I am
Daily renewed by the action of prayer
The world becomes Tutor, it's wonders unfold
Enhancing delight in my heart at what's there.
In nature, magnificence, awsomely shown
As day becomes dusk, with all in between,
It is breathlessly ageless, and always bestows
To the speechless onlooker every last scene.
Showing God in it's pattern of dynamic
Power, from sunset to bird, from fish to flower,
All throbbing with love and life, to which I too
Have continual access, hour by glorious hour.

Agelessness comes when the heart understands
The meaning of moments, the power of Now.

The way into the realm of Forever is there,
And anyone being aware is endowed
With beautiful feelings of bliss, which though
Fleeting, leave echoes of happiness, feeding
The soul - - contentment, despite trials in life
Defies aging years, and fulfills human needs
Of reassured love, the ageless heart grows
As it constantly knows the reason for being
Is found in a heart willing to serve with whatever
Small talent is given at birth, speedy at seeing
The needs of another and trying to meet them
With compassionate love and nurturing care
Can only bring happiness resultant from giving.

If we want to be ageless the recipe's there.

Fay Slimm

Ageless Aurora.

Folds are unfolding, colour rainbowing
Within black velvet fields of midnight sky.
Aurora comes nigh.
Random smooth movement, streams of lowering
Magnetic silk take control, our sighing
As Aurora rides by is eclipsed now
By her billowing dance. Cohorts captured,
She flickers charged veils until dawn, vowing
To outstage the Sun. Then performs rapturous
Solar displays with breathtaking changes.
Aurora flies high.
This luminous beauty beguiles all ages.
Aurora's not shy.

Fay Slimm

Ageless Invitation!

Hey Babe!
Let's go out for a midnight rave.
We can wine and dine early,
Then go out on the town.
Go to a dive
Where the music's alive.

Oh Dear!
When you put on that sexy gear
With that hair, long and curly,
I go out of my mind.
Ageless desire.
Always sets me on fire.

Whoah Hon.!
Just look what that talkin' has done.
Who needs food anyway.
It looks rainy out there.
Put on a disk.
A night out won't be missed.

Here Pet!
I didn't think you'd get upset.
Don't you go out without me.
Well, please don't bang the door.
What have I said?
She's gone - - I'm off to bed.

Fay Slimm

All Around Us.

Ground is swelling silently
With a new vitality.
Preparation for the time
When added warmth sublimely
Nudges shoots, underpins soil
With rootlets, first oiling
Tiny buds in cradled branch.
After winter's melt they chance
A peeping look at brighter
Days, when sun heightens, fights
Remaining cold and boldly
Marshalls growth. Yet even now
We discover early, thrusty
All impatient leaf, bustling
Forth alone, and if we look
Around we see sleep forsook
The braver flowers, like snowdrops.
Heads now bent low in floppy
Style, beguiling us with white.
Yes, winter is ending all right.!
,

Fay Slimm

Along these Lines.

Today folk amble along mine tracks
Where once tin was hard hauled.
Inclines were handled by boys, blackened
With pit dust, bare armed, mauled
By overfilled trucks. Bal-maidens worked
Here too, loading ore. Fine young
Females, hair capped, their laughter shirking
The rules. Slack was, among
Such tender crews not allowed, they sang
Though, mining ballards, loudly.
As shovel struck ore, these tracks just rang
With young voices, as, proud
Of their Cornishness, they kept in line.
Silent now, old mine tracks
Still ring with lost childhood, and some nights
We hear singing come back.

Fay Slimm

An Ambiguous Haiku

Satisfaction, tho' brief
Gives relief, wholly
To mind, body and soul.

Fay Slimm

An Astral Kiss.

Beginning in the mind, engaging sight
With words, though written, having greater draw
Of spirit, and over-ridden with mighty
Sword-like slices, hack my unconcern before
Exploding, and I am un-masked. To know you
More becomes my task. Aims take a special shape
Being nearer you becomes real joy. Start undoing
And arranging daily duty, to re-make
Opportunity. Listening then closer still
To meanings of each line, and divining
From the flow a soul-link closeness, fills
Every day with assurance that you're mine
And I am yours. Delight in knowing this
Sustains my heart. Thus starts an astral kiss.

Fay Slimm

An Easy Love

When I am close to despair I think of
Our love being so easy, knowing you're there
Draws me into the norm., and lifts me above
Resentment. Without you it would be unfair
To judge what I would escape to, but you
Calm my heart, help me to see a way out
Of this maze of uncertainty, make anew
Resolute vows to survive. I'm clear about
Who lives in my heart my dear love, and more
Than that, - assured of who's living in yours.

Fay Slimm

An Invitation.

If thou be the spear that pierces my soul
Never will thrust seem so sweet.
The softest of places thou wouldst control
If thou enter, and never retreat.

Open the flood-gates to this waiting heart
The bolts, to thy power will yield.
Love for thee oils them, and no rust will part
Us, or bar thy way when thou dost start.

Enter thy sword in this scabbard of mine.
My body longeth for thee.
Abide in this shelter, love as divine
Thou wilt find with no other than me.

Sojourn within this palace my lord, white
Sheets of satin deck my bed.
Thy lady awaits, so enter tonight.
By the morrow we shall be wed.

Fay Slimm

An Uncluttered Love.

The baggage that comes with affairs
Today can be heavy, and needs
Skill to unload. It contains rarely
Anything more than scared, bruised seeds
Of hurt, or frustrated anger,
Which, if not distilled into love
Will grow hard and burst, banging
The life out of any fresh move
To conduct an affair with sense.
Hurt needs healing first, and past pain
Will never bring ease to present
Deeds, so forgive and forget. Shame
At admitting the blame will lead
To an unending wheel which spins
Nowhere at all. Anger only feeds
Fires of hate, so why not begin
Afresh and unclutter the heart.
New love deserves a decent start.

Fay Slimm

An Unfed Love.

For all we knew we had it all,
But was the 'writing on the wall '
When one day she came with the test
Of choosing which life you'd love best?

A life of foreign plentiful
Or an ordinary one of stay-at-home.
You finally chose the latter, but left a knot
You can't untie. Your heart forgot
An unfed love can wither, and can die.

Fay Slimm

An Unfolding Heart.

Hearts play a part in mysterious life.
Beating, yet frozen for years, they survive.
At times a momentary flutter appears
With unfolding warmth, but then fears
Of exposure begin, and cold-as-ice
Glassy doors slam shut, holding in vice-like
Jaws unloved hearts. Then one marvellous day
Sweet lightning strikes, sends love and straying
Rainbows pierce a way in, gently they break
And melt the hard shell. Love then re-creates
A different place, a pulsating heart.
Which now unfolded, means loving can start.

Fay Slimm

And What Of Passion?

Can it be passion
That gives meaning to joy
Which results in emotions
Excelling in ardent employ?

Passion is wholly
Transforming, it transcends
Then creates sacred fires
In the heart that burn without end.

Chaotic and wild
At times it obsesses
But acts out deep fantasies
With a profound zeal - nothing less.

Rapturous passion
Exults in desiring
Each day's opportunity
To infuse spice into it's fire.

Passion means living
To fullness our loving,
Giving all to another
With unrestrained fervour as proof.

Primordial life
Inspires every heartbeat
With pure authenticity.
Pulsating energy defeats
Boredom - -
Passion is unbeatable.

Fay Slimm

Angels are Forever

Gleaming with light and diffusing love's bright
But confusing array of options, wise
Angels translate into human minds right
Sense of universal law, in which lies
Every worthwhile path of life. Forgiving
Our weak foresight, angels will intervene
At times to help us help ourselves re-live
Mistakes and see another way to reason.

Their foreverness is built on love; angels
Need no other right to show true love's range.

Fay Slimm

Angry Words Hurt.

Diamond hard with sharp and bladey edge, at each thrust
As anger twists the fiery words' serrated steel,
It undertakes to bring it's victim to the dust.

Anger achieves, but leave anger well alone.
Fury hurts most those whom to fury are prone.

Fay Slimm

Another Bloody Day.

Indiscriminate killing.
Gunmen not willing to compromise aims.
Aiming at anyone running or staying
Around to get in their way.

Blood terrifying.
Poor victims lying in pools, dying.
Stray bullets flying, screams crying
For help on this dreadful day.

Instead of sighing
And then walking away what about
Shouting en-masse, and aloud
To Leaders for action - now!

Guns cause villifying.
Terror never made peace,
Blood only vividly increases
The calls for revenge.

Hearts need unbending
Before blood floods more days.
Let's mourn bloody days deeper
Maybe then will peace
Be allowed to speak.

Remembering Mumbai.

Fay Slimm

Aphrodisiacs' Demise.

Roomful of fragrance, smouldering perfume.
~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
Mixed jasmines, and sandlewood, swooning
On silk pillowed scent erotically changes
Moods of seduction, weeds re-arrange
Your mind, so they say. Sensual pages
Are written on love, but nothing care I
For Aphrodite's success. I will not try.
~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
My lord fills my bower. Exotic flowering
Of love flows, walling my bed hour by hour
~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
Using euphoric whisper- words, he chooses
Seduction's move with voluptuous, smooth
Well-oiled rhyme. Romantic music of soul
Unfolds me to his needs. No weeds, but bowls
Of fresher spells excell. I well know love
Such as this tolls doom to narcotic drug.
~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Fay Slimm

Appeal to Love.

My dear love
When we part, and this heart of mine aches,
What does it take to make you believe
I can't live a day without being with you?
In a way we seem joined with a bond
So strong it makes everything wrong
When we are at war.
Life was worth living before, but now
I can't seem to think in an orderly way.

Oh my love
Something is missing, it is closeness to you
And this plane where my spirit
Is floating is lonely, as yours must be too.
We have acted like fools yet again.
Like children at school we broke a rule
When we parted in anger.
I know you'll agree because
You and me, we only feel whole
When we're one in the soul.
We are soul-mates my love, that's our role.

Dearest love
Let's meet and make up.
I've had enough of this silly child's game.
Life's not the same without
Hearing you whisper my name
The sound of your heart next to mine
Is all I will want to the end of time.
Let us promise we'll quarrel no more.
We both said strong words.
So hard they gave pain.
But I've had enough of wanting to win.

Love of my life
Let's make a new start.
I give in to my heart, oh my love
I am sorry for my part in this fight.
So let's make things right
And let's start - - tonight!

Fay Slimm

April Washed.

March gone, I return April washed, ready
For writing once more, my exciting dreams
Needing a pen nudge me, with steady
Muse again daily, poetic scheming
Of verse is now a prime motive, romantic
New thoughts jostle for space as they line up
For lines. Gyrating inside pedanticly,
Metres emerge as desire becomes sated
And verses are birthed. So friends I appear
Among you again refreshed and rested,
Heart full of thanks for your care, I feel clear
And eager to write, - at least, trying my best.

Fay Slimm

April's Away.

All too soon the countryside,
Now fresh greened and sprouting more
Than spring, looks out for wider
Room, shakes it's newborn blossoms
Then ushers April to the door.
And April's away.

No longer teenage, Flora's
Grown maturer now, slightly
Deeper hued, flowers adorning
Every late spring bough, while
April, already pale, turns white,
Then April's away.

Heated by more ardent sun,
Hedgerows must have stronger feed.
Palid from work early done
April leaves, - makes way for May
To ensure Flora has her needs
Now April's away.

Fay Slimm

Are We Listening?

Hatred pollutes in life's cold twisted streets
As minds are torn slowly apart.
Bleached souls need warm healing,
Unfettering from strain.
How can we, O Wise One, then make a fresh start?

A voice breathes behind us, faint words, yet we hear.
An appeal to heal minds can but win
Only by putting hearts first to the test,
And consenting to let Love filter in.

As the whisperings depart we distintly discern
The words 'Oh my children, please learn
To take heed and protect thou thine heart.'

Fay Slimm

Atonement.

When neglect has
..... riven trust,
..... despair wins.

Hurt and damaged
..... core needs
..... heart restorer.

Harmony, now
..... re-installed,
.....reconcile begins.

With appeasement
..... love can bloom
..... as before.

Fay Slimm

Autumn Broke Today.

I turned today and Autumn broke
Before my eyes on fields of gold.
Whispered low-key on each haystack
And curled itself through bonfire smoke.
Summer's colour starts unfolding
In cool mists, pales and loses track.

I felt today that Autumn showed
Its hold. Summer, palling, flutters
To the ground. Cracking sound of twigs
Snapping from each tree, as slowly
East wind saps them, then it mutters
Warnings round the wires of riggings.

I sensed today, as Autumn fell
Into hedgerow's berry harvest
Time now to measure well ripe juice,
As chance of losing who can tell?
Nights wrapped in chill will do their best
To blight it, - with Autumn as excuse.

Fay Slimm

Autumn Comes Running

Too soon comes Autumn, as nipping the heels
Of unwary Summer, it stealthily seals
Small changes in heavily leaf-laden trees.
Summer fruits begin dropping, balanced astride
Branches festooned, in which Autumn takes hide
Before battle commences it's shivery breeze
Which scatters browned leaves, to bring to their knees
Beaten down Summer days of warm ease.

Autumn comes running, nor waits to abide
While brave Summer blooms adjust to it's ride.
It tosses, relentless, all 'Summer' it sees
Havocing treetops, nor does it allay
It's mischievous goadings for yet one more day.
Scurrying birds sense each warning of chill.
Consistently peck around my window-sill,
Fattening on seeds before temperatures freeze.

Autumn comes running
To stay.

Fay Slimm

Avoiding Unravelled Love.

Can anyone, anywhere ever repair
These dilatory habits of tearing?

Who deserves to be forever unheard
By blinding unattention to words?

By listening to love's affectionate claims
Followed by actions showing the same
Is the normally accepted, and ungiven
Often, but necessary lasting frame
On which caring love prepares her scriven,
Beautifully woven, delicately rare,
Lovely embroidery. Therefore beware!

Piece-meal attention will never undo
Any neglect. It seams up frustration,
Pulls away threads of well-hemmed, usable
Cloth of strongly sewn love. Deliberate aims
At tending to needful machining, with care
Will patch up, and avoid the above.
True love gives passionate attention to love.

Fay Slimm

Awaiting her Valentine.

In a hidden golden land
Beyond the rainbow, standing
Only a hearbeat away,
There lives a smitten lady
Who looks forlorn, love-sick eyes
Turn longingly to search skies
From whence her Valentine departs
On winter clouds to bring his heart.

She, only half alive, breath
Expiring, sighs, love's deathly
Pallor covers softest cheeks
As time stands still. She meekly
Waits, sure her Knight will arrive.

Such hunger for his heart, alive
And beating strong will abate
Desire. All will be sated
When he comes. True love will be
United, and she set free.

Fay Slimm

Awaiting Love.

Darkly wrapping ourselves in lonliness,
Withdrawing inside a wearisome heart
In no way prepares our life in readiness
To encounter the time when true love can start.
Awaiting the flowering of breathtaking
Emotion like love needs a heart gently warmed
With expectancy, softened by making
A habit of kindness, thus will be formed
No unrealistic, self-serving dreams,
But gentle sufficiency, growing until
Another, one day, awakens the gleams
Of a future awaiting, which will fulfil
Undreamed-of pleasures, real treasure of love
That after preparing, our hearts would approve.

Fay Slimm

Awash with June.

Today there is a gentleness tiding
Its way quietly into the bay, June
Beach is strewn with visitor-white, trying
To bake brown. Cottonwool clouds will quite soon
In sea mist, try hiding the morning sun
Which is now climbing my half-shady shape
In surprising quick time. I have begun
Distracting myself from shushing-foam wake
Behind lullaby wavelets, replacing
Their crooning as sound from family droves
Drowns out all else. Lunch boxes are spaced
And runaway toddlers caught, then talk honed
Into quiet for munching. Shsh! ! breakers come
Once again, whispering their own ocean fun.

Fay Slimm

Banging On.

'Careful with the fireworks.
Hold the sparklers high.
And as for bangers thrown at doors.
Don't you even try'

So my Daddy used to say,
When I was a child.
But oh those coloured fireworks
Used to drive me wild.

Even now I love a show
Of fireworks the best.
I oooh and aaah at rainbow sky,
Louder than the rest.

Fay Slimm

Bathtime Bliss.

On hearing the sound of warm water flushing
The scents of the Orient into my bath,
I fill with elation, my cheeks begin blushing
With anticipation. - My Bathtime is back!

Weekly this ritual replaces showering.
The bliss of the soak begins luring again.
Sensual urges for splashing start flowering,
With waterfalls running through fingers, like rain.

The wonder of moments with sponge making bubbles
Means liquidy heaven approaches once more.
Irresistible magic floats away any troubles.
Caresses await as I now close the door.

Fay Slimm

Be Still My Heart.

Be still my heart.
Be not disturbed, as violently
Your beats reverb with passion unforeseen.
He who pledged a lifelong love
Has undervalued words, ill-said,
And now has fled, without a backward
Glance at all that might have been.
Be still. my heart.

Still you stir in angry disarray.
This lover who you thought you knew,
Who called to say his bags he'd packed
Has coldly flown away.
His love turned out untrue.

Be still my heart.
He never did nor never will
Deserve us. Me or you.

Fay Slimm

Be Tender.

Like a soft furry wrap
Tenderness curls
Round festering wounds of the soul.
Renewing and healing
Love that's worn thin.
Warming, - comforting - making again
An aching-sore heart almost whole.

Fay Slimm

Beautiful Moments.

A thrush suddenly bursting it's wonder
Of song in sound - - - - I wait there.

The sight of a fallow deer as birthing
Uncovers fawn - - - life to share.

Lying ear to ground, I catch grass growing
In summer heat - - - -something rare.

A swim with dolphin, contacting a brain
Below water - - - - -playful scare.

Moonbeams washing silvery patches down
Wall of dark room - - - to my hair.

My meeting with Spring in daffodil face
Upturned to mine - - - - hue so fair.

A miniature Goldcrest bird heard, not seen
Flashes bright crown - - trills somewhere.

A voice from a faraway phone, homing
In on my heart - - - - - - love is there.

Fay Slimm

Beauty Arises Again.

From deep and dead places,
Where lurking fear catches,
Unwary and lonely,
The souls who dare enter,
To display from thereafter
Addiction-prone faces,
Beauty gets fettered again.

Hidden, where darkness
All beauty dispatches,
No light-hearted laughter
Lives long in those dungeons.
Existing where alcohol
Numbs, and leaves markings.
But, beauty can rise yet again.

Without any feeling
Guilt soon lines the faces
Of dying hearts, yearning
For life without lies, yet
Clutching still crutches means
Much more than weakness, but
Meaning arises with beauty again.

The time comes when loving
Is stronger than wanting.
Hazy-eyed lethargy
Subsides then to vibrancy.
Love comes to show wisdom
Is needed for living.
Beauty then becomes freed
And arises again.

Fay Slimm

Because We Deserve It.

Yes, let's colour our hair.
Choose clothes with care.
Eat the right food.
We deserve to look good.

Let's look young for our age.
We're all at that stage.
Fix on that smile.
We deserve all this style.

But let's look inside
At the hurt we all hide.
Does our heart need some aid?
We deserve that re-made.

Let's look deeper, and start
With our 'make-over' heart.
Let's not settle for just 'show'.
We're worth it you know! !

If we begin to forgive.
To live - - and let live.
Beauty then will refine
We deserve hearts that shine.

So let's work inside-out.
Learn what real life's about
Before it's too late.
We deserve to FEEL great.

Fay Slimm

Before You.

Were there ever lovely skies, red-streaked with dawn?
Were vibrating colours so exciting?
And were green new-budded leaves adorning
Branching trees so soft and tightly furled? Might
I have missed these wonders before you, or
Were they not there? Please tell me, prior to you
Was fire as bright, flaming me toward more
Tender heat to thaw my heart.? Raindrops too
As glittery? And did people wear such
Friendly smiles? I remember no renewed
Mind then. Flowering now perhaps overmuch,
I still prefer this happy, lasting mood
Which electrifies my day. Pleasuring
You is proving such a priceless treasure.

Fay Slimm

Behind Closed Doors.

Streets of small houses shut out
All but dim bulbs behind blinds

Every night flickering screens
Seem to pattern thin curtains
With wavering luminous lines.

What lives, loves and hates erupt
Behind doors of sanitised wood?

Are they using dull evenings
For talking, weeping, maybe
In laughter, or weaving more
Fanciful dreams understood
To be acceptable scenes
Of hidden domestic bliss?

More likely is seems, barring
Adventures for girls and boys,
Who, bowed down over table,
Vying with family noise,
Scratch sweaty answers, but miss
Out on lost childhood meanwhile.

Upstairs, preening, are sisters
Who dream of soon leaving
To tan in the sun before,
Their young life done, they re-style
Into wives, cleaning the house
The same as their Mums, taking
Life uncomplainingly, but
Aching with unfulfilled hopes.

Their unthinking men, choking
On smoke, drinking and mating
With lads at the Pub., closing
Their doors to any warm love
As they stumble back home, and
Fumbling in bed, they begin
The whole sad saga again.

Closed doors of habit won't move
Unless they are given a shove.

Fay Slimm

Being Awakened.

Heavy with deepest deep sleep
He feels the layers begin to unzip
And strip off, one by awakening one.
Aware now of the movements of feet
In an unwary way, he starts a hazy
Ascent, driven mistily upward towards
Light of day, but sleep wants to stay.

Bleary eyed, he knows he is
Leaving dreams half done, and
Mistily wonders what battle he'd won
As he stood, naked and red in the sun.

Body departing now from sphere of
Virtual reality, he awakes to the
Utter confusion of real, with wavering
Limbs now still, he unwillingly opens
Sleep-heavy lids, to see standing
Before him, in night-attired row
His wonderful wide-eyed kids, who
Wobbling beween them an over-filled
Breakfast tray, and all in accord,
Shouting a loud 'Happy Father's Day'
Just as they'd previously planned.

But they'd watched an amazing often unseen
Act of miraculous awakening from coffin
Of sleep, albeit wrought without tact.
Dreams now gone, he joins the fun and laughs.

Fay Slimm

Being Easy.

Like comfy shoes we fit, chat away
So easily, nothing to say
Of special importance, pleasing
Exchanges mainly, yet easy
Are we with each other, the time
Simply flows. Not ever inclined
To say Au Revoir, we always
Try to prolong our hour, phrases
Like 'Oh, before you go', - contact
So precious, the moments protract
To a little few more, and while
The idea of meeting beguiles
Us, we practice patience and smile,
Believing one day life will bless
Us with all we desire, our caresses
Will wait, along with our hearts.
Soul-mates, we know, never will part.

Fay Slimm

Being Loved.

To be loved is a bower of roses
Heavy with warm, scenting the deepest curve
Of my soul, or hours of rainbows, floating
Colour into my mind, and observing
How they gleam light onto secret dreams my
Heart melts in a smile. To feel I am loved
Fills me with true tree-green peace. Cloudless sky
Impregnates bluest of blue in me. Above
All I walk straight now, taller, sedately
Measuring time with hope. Love showing how,
If patience reigns, our day will not be late
In arriving. It will appear, allowing
Love it's own space. Destiny, fulfilling
Fate's call, I shall be loved then, as God wills.

Fay Slimm

Being Myself.

Being created by Love
To love life,
I grow daily
To love being myself.
Not ashamed
Of this fact, I no longer strive
To be some passionless
Grey soul, with helpless
Needs. - I feed on life.
Am 'passion revived'.
Wild joy overtakes me
At times, - elates me.
Pulsating energy
Helps me survive.
Infuses delight.
Transports me freely
To find, at the least excuse
A broad smile.
I know passion should
Never be joyless.
Passively giving in
Is defiling
To the 'me' that is myself now.
Quite buoyant
Am I, yet subtlely quiet
Inside, - cloaked
In commitment to love.
Heartbeat submitting
To nothing but pleasure
In giving, I now
Celebrate me, willingly.
Recycled maybe - - but
I like the new 'me'.

Fay Slimm

Being Such Lovers.

To know we are special in someone's life
And accept the caring attention shown
Is the mark of free sharing, gives the right
To receive as well as to give - loaning
Love to another, with conditions, will
Never return but the same. To be loved
We have to be love, show the same spirit
As heaven personified, lift love above
Everyday concepts of give and receive.
Then trust will grow naturally, for only
Unconditional love can be believed.
Being such lovers, we walk not alone.

Fay Slimm

Bewildered Love.

God, how do I choose when my Mom and my Dad
Ask me a question that splits me in two?
I don't think either of them is so sad
As to expect me to be able to
Know where I stand in their unpleasant life.
God I am supposed to choose now where I live.
How can I portion my love amidst strife
Such as they show, neither Mom or Dad give
In to the fact that I love them both
Equally well, - how can I tell who will
Miss me the most, and that throughout my growth
I will grieve at leaving one here, and still
More bewildering, how can I then show
Parental care fairly? God, please let me know.

Fay Slimm

Beyond Each Horizon.

Just as far as a distant hill you are.
Every star helps guide me to your heart.
My souls delights in seeing you not far
From me, each night and day that we're apart.

Beyond each cloud the thought of you awaits,
Soaking into soul, - this recharging love
Infuses every day, and comforts states
Of confused mind so tenderly. proving
You are just behind the blue horizon,
Waiting trustingly for such destiny
As promised in the stars. This treasure prized
Beyond all gold, the Universe bequested
As fate for you and me. Thus as soul-mates
Living just beyond each others' reach, we wait.

Fay Slimm

Biding Time

When pain re-appears please enter the sphere
Of my heart, find warmth and departure
From past hurtful happenings.... dearest,
My soul reaches out to your needs, heartening
And healing, although biding time, available
Always with loving concern, just as you
Desire. Our souls one, we feed from tables
Of Destiny food, oozing nectar, renewing
Essence of joy, energy solely sourced
For the biding of time spent apart, taught
From heavens' own love, pure and unforced
Devotion like ours will not come to naught.

Fay Slimm

Bittersweet Love.

Your sweet golden darts
..... penetrate my soul.
They strike any shadows,
..... cull and replace
My fears, and inject
.....your warm declared love.

Let who will condemn me,
..... I have found joy,
Yet bittersweet, but
..... know love's repeated
Longing will sing
..... its own dear symphony.

One day, when fleshed,
..... love's coveted desire
Will fire us into destiny,
..... and - - bonded
For eternity - - -
..... our love will survive.

Fay Slimm

Blackbird and I.

A bundle of melody my blackbird.
Love- on- the- wing songster, piping his world
Into ecstacy, dawn to dusk. Noteworthy
Bird of large beak and eye, when tongue's unfurled
He pours our liquid gold, trilling lyrics
That melt the soul. Blackbird and I at times
Seem to vye with exchanges. A bitty
Performance by one, but not he, as naught
But he knows his song, once begun I'm caught
Up and stand listening as he knows I ought.

Fay Slimm

Blaming the Moon.

Oh ominous moon - - pale portent of doom.
White luminous disk, suspended aloft
Thick blanket of black shot thru' with bright
Shiny catseyes of light, coating in soft
Unearthly glimmer this earthy-dark night,
Shine out your lovers' lantern-like gleaming
On harvested fields, waiting, like me- - - for
Moonstruck insanity, aided by dreaming,
Invaded my heart, broke down the door
To resistance, - - now ecstasy's hidden
In clandestine moments, - - oh wanton moon
Which with passion bewitches us - - bidden
By lunacy-love, he comes hurrying soon
To my arms yet again to set me aflame.
Oh moonbeaming night it is you I shall blame.! !

Fay Slimm

Bleak Separation.

She scanned the horizon's
..... blue shadowed hills,
Its misshapen bent trees,
..... blackened today,
Appeared grotesque.
..... She tried to stand still
Carrying weight of his absence,
..... but swayed.

She thought of him always
..... at day's dusk-time
When swift breezes caught clouds
..... joined them to waves
That left wakes on the beach,
..... like tears of rime
Which made channels
..... into her heart, saving
Wet stings to spear hope,
..... yet, calmly she knew
That love, deep as the sea,
..... coping with distance,
Would stronger be,
..... would blossom as it grew,
Despite bleak
..... separations's insistence.

Fay Slimm

Blighted Wedding Day.

She opened her eyes and dawn
Entered her mind, falling
Into her heart it sparkled
With rose-petal joy, imparting
A light to her thoughts. Today
She was to be wed, shaky
She rose and looked around
At the brightening room proudly.
Wedding gown hung dreamily
And appeared very unreal.
Cream lace, studded with roses
And pearls, it shone, imposing
A tender glow to her soul.
This day she would be wholly
His, and the image gave blush
To her cheeks, - then a crushing
Thought filled her with painful
Foreboding - - - he would again
Be away to war before
The day was done. With awful
Blight on wedded bliss, fear crept
Over her heart, and she wept.

Fay Slimm

Bluebell Experience

Mystical mixture in woods today
Of dappling sunlight and soft breeze
Heady with bell-scent which, when heightened
By sky-blue shades, eyeing me shyly
Through every pooled patch, very easily
Capture the feel of azure delight.
Such a mesmeric sight of swaying
Bluebell mass, heaven-hued paradise
Accosting my senses, embraces
My soul. Knowing that soon it will end
I resolve to absorb more wonder
Of blooms wafting true 'self-reliance, '
Moving to view this abundance, face
The truth that here there is no pretence.

Fay Slimm

Bluebell Time

Million bells waving bright bonnets of blue
Flaunting tall ranks of incredible hue.
Groundbreaking columns of stalks fill the shade
Assailing our senses from every dull glade.

Mid dapple-dim woods we tred without sound
Breathtaking armies of blue all around.
Sun shedding Spring over cold woodland dew,
Highlighting patches of mystical blue.
Sheer seas of colour all billowing there
Dance to perfection their Show of the Year.

Fay Slimm

Born to Live.

'' - - Let the ties of the heart loose
And shake down soft streams
Of your fine feathered dreamings.
Allow them to fly,
Take wing Into life's pathway
Of unlimited
Space, where failure is not found
And moreover, fear
Will never appear again.
Choice is unbounded.
Do not die before living
Your dreams. Find your zeal
In life's hidden field.where you
Pick every love-seed,
Grow it into a large tree,
The fruits of which free
You to blossom again, and
When ate help you live
Wisely, then your heart gives.
This is your birthright.'' - - - -

So the holy man's words read.

Fay Slimm

Borne by Light

Unseen, but to few, we glow. As bearers
Of colour, borne by light's rays, which daily
Beam through our soul, with what is rarely
Known as aura, our eyes, seeing arrays
Of brilliant show, never forget the startling
Effect colour has, as part of our psyche..
Red stimulates, orange gives drive, blue calms,
Other shades radiate peace, aid relaxing.
Notice how green pervades, and brings health.
Purple, if studied vibrates with action.
Life is renewed by such shades, and much wealth
Can bright colour-power offer, of the kind
That permits the deeper enlightenment
Nature bestows, - if we are but mindful
To give light-borne colour second sightings.

Fay Slimm

Breaking In.

You broke into my heart
And became a part of me.
Now every dream contains your name
Whispered to me, plainly.

You broke into my life
And became my dear delight.
Now every day contains your heart
Bedded in me. plainly.

You broke into my soul
And became the whole of me.
Now every thought contains your love
Confessed to me, plainly.

Fay Slimm

Break-up Bouquets.

A break-up bouquet
Arrives every day, in van loads.
Bought by guilt crazy
Guys for 'throw-away' females decoded
To amusingly
Disposible items used for sport,
At weekends are brought
Along as embelishments, and yet
Break-away gifts fade
They tarnish so soon, second-hand pets
Need only bouquets
For a time. Sadly this get-away
Culture is careless
And cold. Those who promise then betray
With flowers, beware!
Poison Ivy? The thorns in a Rose?
Not all hurts die cosily! !

Fay Slimm

Bright Burning Stars.

To be called the above was an honour
Indeed, she, being shy, fought to dismiss
The praise, pretending the moment had gone
By without notice - yet unwisely wished
He would use it again - 'bright burning star.'

It rang with adventure, set her on fire,
She had only reviewed his work from afar,
But knew it was versed with love and desire.

Romantic, intense, it burned with it's own
Meteor fire, in which she now closely
Followed along. Besides, not being prone
To flattery's aim, she being bright at most
Word-woven rhyme, gave time now to dreaming
Of what love brings to two same gleaming flames.

Working as one, and somehow revealing
More about brilliance, that was the aim,
As inspired, they burned together in time
To make twice heated love really sublime.

Fay Slimm

Browsing Through

Into the middle of deepest word-seas,
She, at times, plunges.....
To swim with his soul.

Awash in heartfelts,
She floats.....
Happily.

Drinking in eloquence,
Then dives.....
Boldly.

Sinking to bottomless poetic rhyme,
She finds relief.....
From thirst.

Browsing through,
She feeds from green
Fronds.....
Of love- time.

Unrehearsed.....
Romantic.....
Devoted.....
Truths.

Convinced by verses,
She smiles,
Rises again.....
Feeling loved
.
To better bear
Love's sweet pain.

Fay Slimm

But For You.

My days would become
One shade darker.
The sun would be blue,
And, but for you
My eyes would not smile
When the raindrops
Of hurt leave puddles
Around my heart,
Which, but for you would
Deluge my soul.
The light of my life
You have become.
But for you my nights
Would be lonely
As graves, your saving
My 'sanity'
Brought normality.
Love never appeared,
Nor would, but for you.

Fay Slimm

Buzzard Birds

Manifesting in the high noon sky
He swirls, and turning
Wheels and dives, while I
In awestruck silence wait,
And, breathless, wish him nearer so my eye
Could note his colour and his powerful frame.

Wildness in perfection on the wing.
Buzzard-bird your freedom
Sets my soul a-sing
In praise of noble will
Which dominates yet fetters everything
In woven bands as strong as tempered steel.

Mewing calls resound and split the air
As, gliding into view, another there
Impedes your upward thrust
With piruettes in ballet-solitaire,
And talons gently touch your fearsome breast.

Monumental speed and wills a-clash
Send earthward sparkling birds
In lovelorn dash,
While I with bated breath
Catch the wonderous moment
When, in victory flash
She SCREAMS, then leads him, conquered, nestward bound.

Fay Slimm

By Love Possessed.

Deep and lonely, darkness engulfed me,
Crouched over my fragile mind, no caring
Ever pacified salty, shed tears.
Despair remained always unmoved.

Then deep spoke to deep, as from your heart
Love started a small flame, which, warming
My spirit awoke me, and healing
Began, in part. I smiled as light dawned.

By love possessed now, sanctuary found
In your words, I have become wholly
Free. There's no longer 'me' - completely
Attuned, we breathe as one. No lonely
Places alarm me, I hold your heart.

Fay Slimm

Captured by Summer.

Kneehigh and growing, here comes summertime.
Sticky hot days and perspiring long nights.
Doing is not much in fashion in prime
Heat of day. Being is all the right
We need to enjoy corn shooting shoulderward.

Come sit, drink a glass of ice-cold, then start
Unfolding summer's classy show, and boldly
Draw informed conclusions. Bird, startled darts
Away and summer's still again. It captures,
Calms, subdues and will leave us enraptured.

Fay Slimm

Catching The Moon.

Water, transparent as crystal,
Tastes of darkness when night falls,
While on evening sands, in fitful
Patterns, pebbles like trelissed shawls
Faintly gleam as in day-time's white.

Moon wilfully plays shadow games
Of catch as you can, with sheen
Repeating sun's stronger rays, framed
Now in luna-light, our dreams
Appear translucently moon-bright.

Not pearls hid in deep rocky seas,
Nor gull-haunted boating bays
Can keep you from penning meaning
For me, in dark's tender ways,
Soft versed love pledged in moonbeam's light.

Fay Slimm

Caught Alive.

What is it that draws me daily
As soon as I wake, ... to his side?
Fills me with unfettered longing.
No words are ever enough.
I know I must ride
On the nearest touch.
This bond is true, strongly framed
With heart, mind and soul.....
Who could have arranged
Such a fate? ..... it eats wholly
Into my psyche, and so deep
It will not let me go..... caught alive
By this destiny,
I find always and ever repeated
The thought of.....Allure.
Is there no survival?

Fay Slimm

Chances For Love.

Not often the chances happen our way
In a life so defined as 'successful'.
Working demands exclusivity today.
Energy's sapped, thus Love feels resentful.
Momentary snatches, where given time
So meagrely measured, makes loving fade.
Dozens of duties see Love last in line,
One of the biggest mistakes ever made!
Affection needs nurturing - tenderness
Given by sound application to Love
Results in contentment, which more or less
Assures a relationship rises above
Uncaring neglect, resulting in tears.
Chances not taken get lost over years.

Fay Slimm

Changeless Beauty

Is anything changeless?
Love is.....

Love is forever
And draws together
All who will try
To abide by
It's Law.

Love is the soul
Of the whole.
In that it speaks
To the meek
In heart

Love never fails
It will impale
Any past doubt
Hanging about
In mind.

Love is the all
And it calls
With unchanging
Beauty, again
To me.

Fay Slimm

Child's E-Mail To God.

Dear God I am riting this to let you no
My Mom's coff got worse and she's just ad to go.
I dont no your E-mail but your everywhere
So sum angel will give it you God, cos you care.

Mom's gone to an ospital they called a Respite
I think that's the name - an I hope it's spelled rite.
They won't let me go cos it's too far away.
But they dont no she hates eggs, an she wont like to say.

Her coff isn't bad when she first gets in bed
But she likes extra pillas God, under er head.
My Mom's got red air, tho she's not got much now
But she likes it combed gently, or else there's a row.

She's got such good teeth God, an beootiful smile
Her nightys are pretty too, she likes keepin in style.
I hope someone reads to her every night - - -
Then says God bless ya and ope bed bugs dont bite.

I thought I would tell you sum things they won't no
And God, cos your busy, I'll sign this off now.
But I wanted to say God before I press send,
She's got nobody there, so please God, be her frend.

Fay Slimm

Choosing Love's Voice.

When sleep leaves and tendrils of light seep gently
Into a dawn, - my opened eyes see clearly
An adventure ahead, - and I repent
Of any one minute wasted of this 'Nearly-
New' day which early sings out to be taken
And seized, then molded to what pleases me.
It is twenty four hours of life, - - make
Of it what I will, - - I know it to be
A given time, - an exciting space, - mine
To choose what to be, - - Victim or Hero.
See above or below, - stars or mud, - shine
Or prevent love lighting my heart. - appear
To be happy yet sad deep inside, - choices
Are free to be made. - I will choose Love's voice.

Fay Slimm

Christmas Reunions

Vehicles in myriads transporting the nation
Intent on gathering round yuletide hearth.
Annual homing, pilgrim migration
Decides. when arriving, Christmas can start.
Is anyone going to the Sales?

Number One daughter, collapses in chair,
Dead to the world, stays out for the count.
Hung over from last night's beer, ribboned hair
Now dishevelled, denies she'd drunk that amount
And survived, stony- dry mouthed, she says icely
Someone must take her to the Sales.

Son bustles in, grinning his way through hugs
Arms full of stringy brown packaged unknowns
Dives for the fridge, lays full length on the rug
And hogs the telly all day, plus the phone
Conceitedly believing he's being nice.
He knows what he wants from the Sales.

At last arrive oldsters, spluttering gaily,
Protesting this as their best time of year.
Coats off and couched, they state any delay
In booze means more mistletoe usage, near-
Neat whisky and gin only ever suffice!
And don't forget drink from the Sales

Dinner digesting, now ritual games
Begin with controlled opening of gifts.
Cooing delights as each Designer named
High-priced tag appears, craftily lifted
To show off who has bought the best prize.
But most will be swapped in the Sales.

How dimmed and afar seems the Christmas star
Which commerce now tinsels and cling wraps, in
Unhealthy deception that love is not marred
By so much devotion to gold.The saddest sin
Is omission of truth, - as too high a price.
Which just does not come in the Sales.

Fay Slimm

Claiming Our Due.

A certain portion of happniess
Is due every race and creed.
As much as the heart expresses,
As much as the senses need.

Grief reminds us of what we missed.
It deprives us of delight.
Fear of stumbling makes us resist
Being grateful for these rights.

Claiming our due, we ask of life
To show us the way to be free.
Happiness found does not need price
But claiming it needs honesty.

Fay Slimm

Climbing Godolphin.

The hill loomed ahead, - - not covered today
In gloom, but washed with a bright Springtime sun.
Surrounded by silence and winter's grey
Tussock coat, I embarked on ascent, running
A little late I forgot Iron Age Mounds
And went for the top, the plateau with views.
From staggering height, and reaching boundaries
Of ocean to sea, spectacular blue
Horizons, which daunt on perusal, assailed
My eye. Celtic and anciently green, vistas
Of beauty, well worth the climb, but detailed
And soundless, screamed to be seen not misted
In driz\zle but as now, in Cornish Spring.
Zephyred breeze sings, and catkined trees waving
Their dainty lamb's sun-speckled tails, mingling
With gorse sporting it's yellow, I savour
This moment on top of my world, today
I have 'conquered' Godolphin - - hooray! ! .

Fay Slimm

Close Encounters.

Armchair explorers, just like me,
Would like no better destiny
Than meeting creatures constantly
In close encounter naturally.

Akin to paradise would be
To face and stroke a snake maybe,
Or invite ten chimps home to tea.

If angry bulls had been set free
I would not broach them warily
Or run and try to climb a tree,
Up close and friendly I would be.

I'd hug a warthog on my knee
And meet his bite with calmful glee,
My gleaming smile is all you'd see

Because I have the remedy.
There'd need to be a secret key
Just like the documentary.

Ten T.V. teams would cover me! !

Fay Slimm

Closing My Year. - 08

Looking backside of an outgoing year,
Momentous events show destiny's
Face has bravely unfolded a brand new
And exciting rhythm for me. Clearly
Revealing fate, controlling, but dealing
No fear in her hand. Cards have fallen, too,
Unbidden, but grasped with wondrous delight,
In trust that what's glimpsed will reveal outright
A heartening end. Asking no questions,
I wait, eagerly taking what's boldly laid
As fateful command. This visionary sighting
Of New Year surprises needs a firm hold.

As the old relinquishes time, I sigh,
But with eyes wide open warmly embrace
The coming unseen and inspiring new.
Welcome, I seize it, as waving goodbye
To another year's closure, I wish for you
A happy 2009, yet still enticingly new.

To P.H. friends.....

Fay Slimm

Closing Ranks

Something extra is needed to describe what occurs
When we know ranks are closing. They say not a word.
But the feeling of stifle permeates air.
It's silent effusion is spread everywhere.

Faces take on avoidance hiding confusion,
Yes hiding behind this look of exclusion.
Politeness reigns when secrets lie covered
In stone-walling glances, but no-one seems bothered
As lips become tighter shade by pert shade.

Where does it end this deception encountered
When money or death needs the ghosts to be laid.?
It's nigh universal this being afraid
To speak simple truth, more than words left unsaid.

Ranks were closed tightly once long ago when
Against all innocence deemed blasphemy- Lo.! they
Took out the Nazarene, stoned and abused him
Religion-fired zealots despicably used him.

These lessons of closure still fall on deaf ears
Never learned in the telling. How many more years
Will battle formation by closure, shut,
Not only mouths but encase feared fears.?

Fay Slimm

Cold Wait.

Today the summer sun warms not my heart.
The bluest vaulted sky has no allure.
Each breath is long and merely sounds a sigh.
Time hangs a weight of iron round my mood.

To live by looking backward leaves a space.
Present moments wither with stifled hope.
This cold wait overheats my salty tears.
The summer ended when you went away.

Fay Slimm

Collision of Love.

Much distraction hides locked behind large doors
Leading to unhappy boredom with life,
Yet floating invitingly close, the core
Of contentment lies, framed, not by rife
Pleasure, but glowing with destinys' light.

Beauty comes suddenly, and strides the sky
Nightly, searching the stars for love. Look aright
And we spy oceans of happiness nigh
Our hearts. Such two as us, radiant stars
Which, on course for destiny, collide and
Transform into one sublime union. Afar
We were lone, but together drawn now stand
Timeless, eternally living as one.

When stars colliding, unite, love has begun.

Fay Slimm

Colour Me Love.

Colour me bubbles of misty-blue love.
Blow them, drifting on soundless high cloud.
I wait here, gratefully searching above
The whispering sky, knowing the ether around
My window pane will resound once again
To more heart-warming secrets, hauntingly
Packaged in words wrapped in your name.
Containing nothing but sweet love-reports.

Colour me baubles of glistening gems.
Rubies for hugs, emeralds for evergreen
Promise of undying affection - - bend
Them like rainbowing arrows, gleaming
Their star-studded aerial journey, straight
Into my dreams. Colour me gently, doves
White as moonlight, to sing in the gateway
Of my heart. Starting soon, colour me love.

Fay Slimm

Colour of Hope.

Young and hung with fresh greenery
Stands hope, bursting with dreams, leafing
Itself warily over drab feelings,
Flirting insistently, being
Strongly assertive with leanings
Against overly sad, hope strives to beam
With verdant new and meaningful
Life, and buds before us rich gleaming
Views, emerald lakes, seas of acquamarine,
Courts us with unstained hues, appeals
For reviews of joys we have seen
As aids, accepting that what might have been
Could yet be still. Hope is evergreen.

Fay Slimm

Colourful Love.

Love dervishly swirls, presenting colour,
Churning, love agitates hues. Curious
Shakings ferment life, and revive other
Passionate shades. Blush, previously dreaded
Arrives unexpectedly, though deemed dead.

Disturbed night-time dreams appear, glossed
With silvery light. Love, intervening,
Injects excitement again. Icy-blue frost
Becomes flushed and gleaming. Tinges of red
Seep, rosily flowing, into cold beds.

Painted afresh, doleful contrary browns,
Which accost minds, become charged. Glittering
Gold smiles unfurl between previous frowns.
Life becomes good. Replacing, instead, it's
Colour, love raises a radiant head.

Fay Slimm

Come Nightime.

I shyly wear modesty all the day.
Dressed in decorum,
..... composure all smiles.
Unworded thinking will lying allay.
Winsomely charming,
..... my acting beguiles.

Come nightime I shrug off my fine veneer.
Passion meets passion
.....as you blanket me.
With awesome abandon,
..... worn without fear,
Different perspectives of me become free.

Night cannot come soon enough for us two.
In realms of dreamtime
.....unleashed we remain.
Gliding through paradise is bliss with you.
Tomorrow will see me
..... in order again.

Fay Slimm

Comely Invitation.

Come, lively lord.
inside my boudoir
you will find plenty
of pleasuring,
Comely am I.

Espy my fine
velvety skin, leave
timidity at the door,
measure my boldness
with your temerity,
comfort becomes me.

Once you have drunk
my love-potion enough
and gained success
your needs will ever
be redressed
to further find ready
my comeliness.

So tred hither fine lord,
do not reprove my
audacious approach,
this curly brown hair
will waterfall down and
soon could broach
you with paradise.
I am comely.

Eyes large as mine
you rare find so green
and soft lips as these
will sweetly kiss
away lonley times,
and sweep clean
frustrating dreams,
enter then sire, be mine
throw down your silver,
quickly, - - and buy.
Comely am I.

Fay Slimm

Comfort of Stillness.

Night captures a darkness ink black, when sound
Takes from stillness tangibility. Emerging
Now beautiful gem-stars, which bring a rounded
Diamond brightness to night-time, and surging
Toward me, as prostrate I lie, they embrace
My soul. I pluck them, and thick velvet black
Becomes holed. I fall up into space
As they race to my eye, then I lose track
Of duality. One with the cosmos
I am flying. With such beauty pain is lost.

Fay Slimm

Coming Home.

Home is within the Self.
All voyage brings us there.
To be aware of welcome
We would have been sharing
Our love. Now departing
From distant shores we find
New ways toward the start
For home. Loth to leave behind
Adventure, yet singing
Of eternity, we find
Balance which joy in Self brings.
Homecoming then feels fine.

Fay Slimm

Creating Dilemma

Nostalgia recalled,
.....young nubile mayhem,
Distraught, unhappy
.....and often confused,
Seemed yoked to chaos,
..... yet she remembered
The fun, - how it felt
.....to control a loser.

With butterfly grace,
..... tied gregariously,
She plied her looseness
..... with much honest charm.
Amusing herself,
..... she tried various
Means, playing Russian Roulette,
..... and arming
Her chances, she dived
..... in headfirst, never
Aware such risk taken
..... creates dilemma.

Fay Slimm

Crisis of Concience.

Bounded by laws, often laid down by self's
Conventional duties and senses. Offended
By breakage of scrupulous habits.Shelving
Fastidiously notions of change, we keep
Laying down blame. Propriety ending every
Aim, stony-souled dogmas we chisel deeply.

When however with wholeness emerged, torrents
Of enlightened thoughts unfold. Insightful leaps
In awakened Self help concience to strive
To see both sides, the dark and light of events.

Seeing through former blinds clearly, we find
Evil but merely a sort of a tortured good
Which has longings too strong. We leave behind
The ugly word 'Should', and choose never again
To condemn others as 'hatless' when a hood
Only lightly our own head covers. Concience hits
Crisis, and met, needs discerning. No longer
Walking in shade, we face light as something missed.

We judge no-one evil because they're not good.
Crisis, thus solved makes us sensibly stronger.

Fay Slimm

Crying Wolf.

Eerie howling, wolfhound calling.
Amber eyes alight.
Spirit of the deepest forest.
Stealthy pads the night.

Distant hunting, litters growing.
Feral family proud.
Livestock missing, farmers arming.
Freedom disallowed.

Tortured trappings, party shootings.
Stalking after dark.
Sighting now of wolfpacks only
In the Wildlife park.

Pressured lifestyle, fragile living.
Species on the wane.
Now mere myth and legend honour
Wolf of prairie fame.

Fay Slimm

Cultivate Me.

I am your garden,
Cultivate me.
.....
Clear out all the doubt-weeds,
Burn all the fear, ...
Feed me with tenderness.
And water me carefully
With measured out time.
....
Neglect will not endear me.
Good husbandry uses only limed
Heated and readied ground,
Which never needs
Fencing around.....
Tended, I will stay in line.
.....
So cultivate boundaries
Smoothe indeed, ...
And waiting for seed
Will be soil, that ploughed,
Will fruit and flower again.
.....
You will certainly be amazed.
Spoilage will never becloud
Our horizon.....
Nectar you'll sip..... daily.

Flora will bless with yield
Such a fine garden.
Please husband me wisely,
Then she can visit again.

Fay Slimm

Cupboard Love.

He stares, with eyes of devotional size.
Wistful puppyhood gaze meets my heart.
This he knows, as his muzzle,
Warm but wet, digs to snuffle.
Deeply exploring he
Whimpers imploringly.
Licking dry, my sticky fingers,
He drops his disguise.
It's 'cupboard love, ' right from the start.!

Fay Slimm

Cyberlove Who?

Hurray for Cybermates
She's made one or two,
There's Tom. Bob and Andrew.
Then there was You.

And every so often
She contacts a few,
Like Linda and Kathleen,
Ernestine too,
Kevin and Dave,
But always there's You.

Without all her line-mates
Oh, what would she do?
She'd miss Tony and Chris,
Michael and Ron,
Sandra and Sue,
Vincent and John,
But there is one
She would really miss.
Ooooh - - - Who?

Fay Slimm

Dare We Forget?

I catch somehow
The view of inside tears.
In eyes that peer behind
That furrowed brow.

Behind the smile
Bravely shown for camera
Lens, there the pretence ends
As, all the while

Endless red dust
Surrounds the sound of home
Falling, wall by broken wall.
But smile she must.

Homeless now, with
Age-old grit she sits, aware
Her world has stopped.
Another bomb
In error, dropped.

Fay Slimm

Dawning of Lovelight.

Waft of blue breeze flows in, skimming my heart,
Drifting softly, - - - into the core of me.
Thick creamed viscosity slowly drowns half
My mind, tastes sweet and binds my soul with three
Cords of destiny, - - while triangle marches
Me, caught, toward a beckoning light. We
Together, then bound, unite while tender darts
Of pure joy painlessly purge us, then freely
We're led into infinity. - - Not parted
But lovlingly fed peace, from starlit trees
Of gossamer leaf, their golden fruit starting
To ooze nectar fulfilling all our needs.
Lit now by lovelight, true enlightenment
Dawns. Unshackled, in love, we finally see.

Fay Slimm

Deeper than Deep.

From bottomless depth,
Sunken old wreckage.....
Of previous detatchment
Anchors our love.

Abiding above tide-lines
And drifting.....
Is ocean of life's mundane.

Seen from above.....
It suffocates,
But 'neath surfy breakers
Lie spacious caverns.....
Where love quietly hides.

Close relationships survive
Frothy dark squalls.....
When day's boat sinks
Blissful dreams blow lively.

Night wind's sweet nectar
Feeds passion then,
Which sating love's need,
Nets close bonds.

So.....when we part
We carry, deeper than deep,
Love's secret hope.....
And wait for our future
With patient heart.

Fay Slimm

De-forest-ation.

Silently screaming, down she goes,
Clawing the ground her branching toes.
Cracking of limbs is heard all around,
Breaking her back, she falls to the ground.
Axe held high, then terrible blows,
Another one down, down she goes.
Forests are falling with awful sighs.
Roots bare and open now to the skies.
No matter the cost trees must fall.
Soon there will be no tree at all.
Another one down, and down she goes,
Crash to the floor, yet nobody knows
Where it will end, rape of the trees
Is bringing nature to it's knees.
With deforestation - down she goes.
Lunacy governs - and how it shows!

Fay Slimm

Defying The Devil.

How dare we defy the One who holds sway
Over malleable minds, who disgorges
Time and again the weak, as dispensible?
Only the strong will prevail, so they say.

Meekness, we're told, is not meant to win wars,
Offensive assertion conquers the day.
Fighting for rights has been undertaken,
Assaults, then subjection to mighty force
Have ever been used to course the 'right' way
To ultimate peace - - but for wars to cease
We need, bent, an ear to the still, small voice
Of life's calm, which whispers to 'cause no harm.'

For, as much as it depends on such as us,
To try the peacable way towards all.
Then, we recall, these were the thoughts of One
Who conquered the world with unfailing love.

The devilish will argue this holds no intelligent
Proof of victory: - but if simple love can move
Mountainous misunderstandings, can't we see,
In the face of coming eternity,
Before dire evil be done, that nothing is worth
More, in defiance of all that's been said
To defend the conquering by hate, as 'right',
Than, by gently lifting love to the fore
We can welcome, once and for all, true peace
Which will soon take root and cover the earth.

Fay Slimm

Deliciously Different.

Knowing, through your lines,
Feelings, as I savour the verse
Dark December dances, entwined
In reams of airy romance.

Reading through twilight,
Seeking warm tender echoes
In fast darkening chocolate night,
Brings you deliciously close.

Breathing your heartbeat,
Pulsing paged rhymes dreamily
Engage me in gentle retreat
From ice-cold, thus I taste love.

Fay Slimm

Deprived.

Flickering screen-filled adds
Begging donations
To help ease a bad
Start in life.....

The nation's
Concern besets
Our eyes daily.

Pitiful cases,
Left alone.....
Deprived.

Beseeching small faces
Haunt our dreams,
Armoured.....
With such weary gazes.

Their eyes speak
Dramas.....
Of lonely
Unloved lives.

Painfilled and neglected,
Their dulled hearts
Revive.....
Each hurt.

Which affects
Any future ahead.
Left in a timeless zone,
Feelingless.....

Thumbs red
From sucking,
Clutch only.....
Some solitary bed.

Will rejection follow
These children,
Who.....

Prone
To expect hollow
Existence.....

Do not know
Life.....
Can be fun?

Can no more
Be done.....

For such dire
Deprivation?

Fay Slimm

Depth Charges.

Heard for the first time
..... the tide's mighty sound

Of watery rush to
..... impregnate ground

With irresistible force,
..... is awesome

Rumbling in beachward,
..... it suddenly roars

In wavesome fury,
..... then recedes, before

Liquid turbulence disturbs
..... and transforms
.

Momentum is gathered,
.....then noisy seas

Shriek like banshee winds
..... through leafless nude trees
.
And depths explode power
.....with added ease

Charges from sea's depth,
..... beget frothy spray.

Shoot mist into spumed
..... rainbowy arcs today.

Who would miss
..... this spectacular display?

Fay Slimm

Devonish Spring Weekend.

Bursting colour around budding field, setting
Goldstars ablaze in hedgerows, and singing
A springsong, Devon weekend throws regrets
To the wind and sparkles warm air. Clinging
Tightly to red-earthed furrows is furry
Emergence in bright lines, wispy green things
Are birthing there. Summer is well aware
That it will follow, and waits in the wings
With fiercer heat, but soft Spring lasts with dawn's
Devon-cool. Yellows right now are the thing.
So, latching the sun to it's wings, morning
Takes flight and slides me gently along too.
Spring in Devon still colours dreams anew.

Fay Slimm

Diamond Dance.

Atop the lake today splayed a dancing
Net of flickering sparkly bright gems, the sun
And breeze playing duet, I stood entranced
As water teemed alive. Light, having fun
With liquid glass, created diamond gleams.
Amid such jiving mass, with frenetic
Performance this dance was supreme, in themed
Revue, with jewel-studded cast. Stars let
Loose brilliant glitter in the fastest fling.
With million winking movements quick silver
Flashed with gold, and for a while the zinging
Air went wild around this speed-display, willed
By cosmic joy. Then breezes died, the sun
Went into hiding, and the dance was done.

Fay Slimm

Dirge to Lily.

Lily my flower
Why have you left me?
I went off this morning
Leaving you there
Standing uncovered,
Your rosy-pink softness
Displaying your beauty
To all who might stare.

Lily my blossom
Whose scent was around me,
Heady, exotic,
Encased in your glow.
Flown-away Lily
Whatever has happened?
Beautiful Lily,
Where did you go?

Petals are withered.
Fallen down ground-ward.
I stare at your stalk
Standing solitary, - bare -.
Now who shall I talk to
On my balcony garden?
Who shall I admire, Lily,
Now you're not there?

Fay Slimm

Distance Blurs.

Windswept, my heart,
..... now bleeding with wait, sees
The same grey dawn wake
..... another new day
Without you.
..... The cold feel of sad freezes
My weary mind,
..... and as a pale sun delays
Further shine by shrouding
..... with cloudlets, wet
Drops slide gently
..... like solitaire gems down
The windowpane.
..... Rain will help me forget
How your sunshine turned
..... cartwheels of love around
My every day once.
..... Now wet distance blurs
Even your smile.
..... How could this have occured?

Fay Slimm

Distant Approach.

How far is near? Wheeling towards destiny
Yet out of reach, invokes merciless hurt.
Apart is near when approach is completed.
Can two pathways cross and yet never meet?

Stars flashing lights are no brighter than ours.
And planets arrange to draw closer than this.
Speeding roads dissipate feeble heart's call.
We know though, - fate out-distances all.

Fay Slimm

Doorstep Seascapes.

Living so close to Atlantic rollers
Gives poetry motion. Thunderously loud
They break, subdued by gigantic boulders
Under towering cliffs magesticaly shrouded
In swirling mists. Sometimes desolate death
To battling boats, lost in galeforce storms.
Fishmen know they face ultimate breath
If they dare underplay fierce seas before dawn.

Yet, under crystal-clear skies, the moors shot
With yellows of gorse, on dazzle-white sands
Bare-footed walks, with decorum forgot,
Give toes golden warmth, feel soft as the bands
Of curls in a young girl's hair. Hosts of gulls
Appear, beachcombing. The sea, now a bright
Emerald green, gently whispers and lulls.
Caves now fill with clear gems of sea-blue light.

Smugglers abounded here once. Tales now told
Of shiploads taken by candlelit tracks
And hidden 'til sold. Now surfers strike bold
Poses on beachboards, 'tho salt-smells come back
To remind us seaweed still fills the Bay
As before, when miners dug tin below
In underground dark, and never saw day.
What hardships beset them we'll never know.

Seascapes on doorsteps are idyllic until
Negligence teaches that breakers can kill.

A pen-picture for Gayle.

Fay Slimm

Dreaming of Light.

From limitless Love came earth's first light.
I saw each shadow clothed with liquid sound.
Rays of crystal-clear air spread and heightened.
In the dream, light was glorified when founded.

White cascaded down, the air was shining
Dewdropp bright, and rainbow bubbles became
Effervescent. Within currents of time
Showers of rays rippled like golden rain.

Slivers of light flowed in rushing streams,
Festooning the air Love had employed
To bear this beauty eyes had never seen.
Earth, lit by first light, sparkled with joy.

Fay Slimm

Drink with Me.

Measure me sunrise, come sip it with me.
Drink down dawn's song with iced summer finings.
Blossoms of love wait to be sampled, trees
Offer their nectar not only to kind
Bumble bees, - let us imbibe their fragrant
Aromas, mixed with perfumed sea breezes,
Which cannot be tasted until latent
Sun has burnished it's essence on soft keys
Of locked Autumn - oh please drink with me, then
I promise you'll want to sample again.

Fay Slimm

Ducking Out

When we're young it's so easy
To duck out of things.
Saying 'No' to those extras
Commitment might bring.

Shying off joining in.
Ducking out at odd times
Begins habits of coyness
We can't leave behind.

How sad doing favours seems
Stylish no more.
When we might be rejecting
Requests we'd hoped for.

Someone's heart starts to beckon
With invites we approve.
Do we duck, out of habit,
And say 'No' to love?

Fay Slimm

Dusk Comes Dancing

Clear and lucid the light
Of soft summer nights.
Gentle late breezes, right
On time float clouds, and bright
Re-arranged fiery red hues
Then produce diffused
Shades, yet waltzing them through
To dusk, they start to lose
Pace in darker blues.
Dancing with colour, nightfall
Creates magic. Do see it all.

Fay Slimm

Early Wealth.

The wealth of green
.....has disappeared.
Now tarred and bricked,
..... the earth is choked
I stare in awesome
.....disbelief.
Stood here is car
..... instead of oak.

The sleepy village
..... wakes to shrieks.
With noise disturbing
..... all in Church.
Hoots from horns
..... distressing preacher.
I now find Snacks
..... where once were birch.

Shops and trolleys
..... line the stream's bank.
We played out here
..... from early light.
For those old days
..... I feel most thankful.
Now death-knells chime
..... for greenfield's plight.

Fay Slimm

Earth-Angels Revealed.

To see a gem of great humility
In someone's proud outward display, renders
A human soul above the norm. Ability
To accept weakness with strength, will then mend
Relationships suffering from certain neglect.

Elevate hearts weighed down with despair
And angel dust touches your soul, suspect
This when another listens, then repairs
Holes in your ego for free. Meaningful
Input comes easy to angels, they blend
Comfort with sense, and will never demean
Nor berate, yet straight talk they never bend.

Angels, they say, are forever endowing
Good gifts, as paradise, they know, is NOW.

Fay Slimm

Easier Love.

Weeks become seasons, but in no mad rush.
Leisurely pleasured, life has become thus
That, comfortably rising, deciding our day,
We work for a while, then take time for play.
Days often divided between just these two
Quietly pass warmly, between me and you.
One thing is common, and can't be detered.
Whatever involves us, some laughter is heard.

When life is made merry each day can be fun
We make sure of a laugh before the day's done.
Believing that smiling should medicine be
A sense of good humour is tops we agree
Time was we would row, not speak for a day.
Huffing with pride, not a word would we say.
But silver years taught us time passes by.
Once gone, years embeded a code we could try.

So good humour became our ultimate aim.
Love gets pleasant by making it life's earnest game.
Play your part, work for love, and pray often too.
Give out smiles, unacceptable frowns will not do.
Whatever beguiles us we make it our claim
To treat testing occurance exactly the same.
When day draws to close we review before bed
Our refusal to let blues in, we make peace instead

Let's make love not wage war, life's not meant for fight
Does it matter who's wrong, or who's in the right?
Show the world war can never work, nor ever it should.
Love starts at the hearth, to achieve brotherhood.
We must learn to give as we live, brush up our smile,
For smiling when hurt creates love that's worthwhile.
Pleasant loving costs nothing but can help us to see
From results, how easy real love must be.

Fay Slimm

Eating Out.

Sedately chewing around me the diners
Enjoying their various courses, abound
In good manners, not clattering china
Or staring at me, as dawdling on down
This immensity, peopled by eaters
I search for any unoccupied chair.
Room overladen with unconcerned feasters'
I suddenly slip, throwing tray in the air
Which crashes almightily, landing in style
After spilling hot soup over the hair
Of someone who's foot was held in the ailse
In plaster-of-paris! ! - now don't you agree
'Eating out' from now on will mean 'picnics' for me!

Fay Slimm

Ebb-Tide Dreaming.

The shore-line calls tonight, and I oblige.
Shoes in hand, I stride drained sands
And follow ebbing tide.

Stray wisps of cloud paint dusk in sooty
Streaks, as winged flurries bring home
Solo birds here to roost.

Small waves break, ripple gently then enfold
My sandy feet in foam, puddles
Shine wet, like molten gold.

Abandoned shells lie dry in endless rows,
Oiled seaweed slips aside, as
Crabs rush, and brush my toes.

Night sky darkens, stillness fills the quiet air,
I know somewhere he gazes
At the same star, sharing.

Timeless ebb and flow allows for dreaming.
I walk contented home, sure
This place gives life meaning.

Fay Slimm

Ego-Sway

It's myopic to claim
We're not all the same.
Separation always holds sway
If vanity's call that
Our Self controls all
Means ambition is chased every day.

This illusion of ' I '
Distorts how we try
To see we aren't seperate at all.
If we are, there's a ' Them ' -
That's the Ego again
Raising reasons for ultimate fall.

We stay empty inside,
Inflated with pride,
Forgiving not ' other ' or ' self '.
Inner growth brings the need
To foster real seed,
Sprouting spirit of far greater wealth.

When Ego holds court
We're easily bought,
Relinquishing choices for good.
Learning how to let go
Will inevitably show
An Ego, at last understood.

Fay Slimm

Elizabeth's Dreaming.

He entered the room and measured the crowd.

Ladies in bodiced profusion, high-styled
And primping.
.....Bawdy, the men laughed loudly.

She stood there alone,
.....turned and caught his smile.
Cream begowned, hair gleaming
.....dimpled delight
She, with young beauty
.....needed no preening.

He proferred his hand,
.....and they danced that night
.So began Lady Elizabeth's dreaming.

Soldiers, she knew, led a dangerous life,
But would she succumb
.....and become his wife?

(To be Continued)

Fay Slimm

Elizabeth's Abduction.

The self-same day
.....poor Elizabeth wrote
To her great pater,
..... he sent his head-groom
On post-haste gallop,
..... to make with boldness
One swift abduction
..... from soldier Bate's room.

Leaving behind florins
..... and promise too
Of early promotion
.....to Post of renown
The groom vexed and bound her,
..... what could she do?
Tied like a sack,
..... she was rushed out of town.

Discovery made,
..... as the Peer supposed,
Undid Thomas,
..... but took he the proposal?

(To Be Continued)

Fay Slimm

Elizabeth's Absconding.

Her father was wealthy
..... a self-made man.

He wished her betrothal
..... to one who owned
Half of the County,
..... but she had a plan.

She betook herself
..... and her jewels, loaned
A fine steed, and rode
..... rightway, seven miles.

That moonless night,
..... in her lover's quarters.
She dressed herself
..... in the garb of hireling.

She posed as serving-wench
....., this Lord's daughter.

Now in abject poverty,
..... could she prove
She valued finery
..... not above love?

(To Be Continued)

Fay Slimm

Elizabeth's Capitulation

Ere she arrived,
..... her lover derides her.
Sought to advise her
..... to forego this bliss.

They had dreamt of this,
.....and were all prepared
For ardour,
..... but not for events like this.

She clung to their passion,
..... vowed devotion,
Behaved as youth must do
....., ... he then proposed
A death-pact if consent
..... was not motioned
By acceptance from kin,
..... now their staunch foes.

What could they do,
..... the portents were against
Such senselessness,
..... but was time their defence.?

(To Be Continued)

Fay Slimm

Elizabeth's Consent.

Time proved its promise,
.....excited maidens
Everywhere hoping for
..... knights with amour,

But here was a gallant,
..... armed with latent
Power to bewitch,
..... swooning she felt so sure

That her virginity forsooth
..... she gave, prime
Maidenhead forfeited,
.....her cavalier man,
Plain Thomas Bate,
..... had a passionate time.

Her consent, ere long,
..... had them planning.
Nights soon were stolen,
..... raptures had savour.

But proved he worthy,
..... or was he some knave?

(To be Continued)

Fay Slimm

Elizabeth's Dilemma.

With decoram dashed,
..... she did not bemoan
Admissabe facts,
..... that she was now roled
As a kept mistress
..... and knew no moping
Could hide her condition,
..... her eloping
Had scarcely
..... espoused propriety.

Let scruples of conscience
..... be cursed, thought she.
Then, girding herself
..... for family fight
She wrote to her father,
..... a hearty plea.

Could he, in exchange
..... for granting her wedlock
Withold retention
.....of Title and stock?

(To Be Continued)

Fay Slimm

Elizabeth's Discovery

All amiss with much weeping
..... and locked away
Our heroine pined,
..... but settling her mind
She knew her freedom
..... was but delayed.
Until he could come
..... a truce she would find.

This Sire her father
.....desired her to wed
Would assuredly know
..... she was with child.
Perchance he was told,
..... and this she then said
Would take place
.....if her pater remained so riled.

Had she discovered a way,
..... did it remain
The only thing
.....staining her family name?

(To Be Continued)

Fay Slimm

Elizabeth's Freedom.

Hid in an oak chest
.....beside her table
Were papers she found
.....concerning her birth.
She had been snatched
.....from a royal cradle.
Much foreign treasure
..... was what she was worth.

Secreted as hostage
.....until time came
To agitate, with bribes
.....or threats of war,
Her rightful Father,
..... this imposter again
Planned evil, which henceforth
.....would work no more.

With cape and bonnet
..... she dressed with intent
To use this for freedom,
..... but would he relent?

(To Be Continued)

Fay Slimm

Elizabeth's Happiness.

Thomas her lover,
..... then rallied strong men
Who, warriors bold,
..... came fierce to the wall
Demanding release
.....for their Lady, and when
Heard by the felons,
..... alarmed now, recalled
Their folly, repented,
.....knowing this princess
Could summon a war,
..... but instead she chose
To forgive great wrong,
..... regally addressed
Misdemeanors, wed Thomas,
..... sailed to those
Who, long awaited,
..... welcomed her keenly
Elizabeth. from now,
..... realised her dream.

(The End)

Fay Slimm

Empower Me.

.
Empower me to love life.

Oh please.- - -

Empower me.

Empower me to love life again.

Empower me. - -

Oh please empower me.! !

When of a sudden I wake up to gloom,
Walls shrinking, close in....I'm alone.
Mental alertness retreats...I feel lost.
And dawn becomes dusk all too soon.
Empower me to love life again.

Traces of past float in ghostly parade
As helpless I'm carried away.
Strangley familiar, impellingly strong
These depths dark depression has made.
Empower me to love life again.

Lift me to gentler horizons from where
Nurturing aid cascades light.
Carry and comfort, transport me to peace.
As so often before, I need care.
Empower me to love life again.

Fay Slimm

Enlightened Love.

Believe me it takes courage to plummet
And sink to deep hides of the secret heart.
It takes but a firm decision to try,
So plunge, and immerse yourself into your 'I'

Much challenge emerges right at the start.
Fathomless depths yield, unleashed, a meeting
With raw, emotional, unfettered Self,
Hidden with infinite spiritual wealth
Of knowledge, unknown before, and fleeting
Glimpses uncover a truth to the soul,
That only by thirsting for 'how' or 'why'
Will you emerge without any more 'my'.

You now will unfold to the greater whole
Of seeing the Self in a boundless sea,
Surrounded, and studded with glistening
Jewelled hearts other than yours, and listening
Together to sonorous harmony,
As dynamic warmth, fermenting around
Eternal love, washes pretensions away,
Enlightened delight will emblazen your day.

Fay Slimm

Eternally Now.

Not with much thought, brought about by the mind
Do we sweet freedom ultimately find.
Only with heart can minds' link be broken,
And a start made on doors which can open
To golden new life, where ecstasy's felt
In the NOW, in the moment, which once dwelt
Within hearts by right, now lost to our sight,
And though neglected, mis-used and blighted
Is still part of our permanent beauty.
It's attained in piercing the soul at root
By Awareness, an ease with the self, starting
With goals which unroll the present stark
Moment..... Awareness, not future or past,
But of NOW, offers true freedom at last.

Fay Slimm

Eternity's Call.

Cushioned between friendships, in daily life,
Lie echoes of love-ties, so awesomely
Different, cutting through normal with knife
Of spiritual blade, rendering poorly-made
Most ordinary bonds, surges this calling.
Distinctly heard, and quite extraordinary.
Hearts meet, instantly know without more
Than a whispered 'Hello', that forward
Ahead lies their ties - - into eternity.

Soul-mates are not made on earth, fatefully
Birthed, grounded in spiritual certainty,
Instantly love recognises love's state.
With bands of foreverness tightly tied,
Mating souls welcome their bonding as right.

Fay Slimm

Eventide Waveplay.

On empty beach, and listening,
I imagined wavelets playing.
Piggy-backing quietly,
Well-behaved but shouldering,
Tripping-up and frollicking,
Frothy-mouthed from gurgling
They rolled towards the shore.
Nothing stopped their pleasuring
In running back for more.

Lightening breezes in their hair
Releasing gentle wispy sprays
Collapsing in the evening air.
Escaping to their different ways
Percolating everywhere.
Soaking sand then rambling
Between unwary stones
Receding just as suddenly,
Sending crabs adash to homes.

A lonely dog ran scampering.
Began his splashing joyfully
Decided on collision-course, then
Ploughing inward found such force
He barkingly retracted,
Shaking off sea-weedy sand.
Sparklers all around, the hound
Backed off, as wavelets paddled
In for more such wave-play fun
Under evening's setting sun.

Fay Slimm

Everyday Love.

Why is everyday love
Such acceptable love?

Cooled from the sizzling
Liquid-hot state.
Now respectable
All familiar love.
Everyday love
With an everyday mate.

Comfortably carnal
Grown with the knowing
Transformed by the loving
Of almost every
Unlovable trait.

Everyday love flies
Above despised fate.

Fay Slimm

Exciting Love.

Love can be heightened in quite awesome ways.
Boredom's indicted as pleasure finds voice.
Laughter is medicine, smiles can re-phrase
Definition of love as we make choices.

We need lighter approach for thrills. Invite
Me to happiness and I'll come. I intend
Being excited at being in love. Delight
We all crave, which, once found never ends.

Love's pleasuring is what keeps alive
Excitement, and helps hearts to revive.

Fay Slimm

Facing It.

Lonely black places engulfing the mind,
Caverns of glistening fear.
Phantoms arising from pleasanter past
Tauntingly whisper your name in my ear.

Fearsome of seeing their faces in dreams
Willingly I lie awake.
Facing the clock-ticking wall, I keep too
Clocking the minutes, for sanity's sake.

Ducking below tearful blankets once more,
With broken resolve yet again,
Sobs fill the silence - life will, it appears,
Be undeniably never the same.

Words still walk their procession inside my head,
Spelling out clearly 'He's gone',
But half-empty cupboards untidily left
Begin to insist I clean up - - and move on.

Fay Slimm

Fading Away.

We had reached
such high
romantic places.
But pressures
of life meant
we couldn't make it.

And from hearing
your voice,
every day
I now
have to bear
lonliness bravely.

The thoughts of you
always within
my mind
Are fading,
along with your smile
I find.

I cannot erase
you though
from my heart,
Nor do I want to,
and that's
the hard part.

What reaches
the soul stays there,
it seems.
Our love
will forever
colour my dreams.

While we had time
our star
burned so brightly.
It will take
light years
to vanish outright.

Fay Slimm

Fairytale Dreaming.

Beginning my daydream I close my eyes
And imagine what could be if I surmise.

Storybook pages open before me
Magical places all waiting to be
Explored, excitedly.
..... Peopled by smiling
Gossamer fairies flying
.....high, skyward
To follow their dreams
.....Their Lady Fey leading
Opens her colourful queenly wings,
..... and feeds
From her fingers
.....droplets of moonlight
To beam down the paths
..... of her Phantom Knight.
Who rides a star-chariot, gleaming
Like sunlight, stops
.....as he enters the scene,
And lifts his Queen
..... into a secret place,
Tucks her round in blankets of cloud,
..... and races
Away, followed by rainbows
..... and fairy-blown tears
Of goodbye.
..... Waving they head unfearfully
For realms of togetherness in the sky.

Fairytale dreaming takes up little time.
Just close your eyes and your dreams
.....might meet mine.

Fay Slimm

Falling in Love.

Can be nothing less than sometime
Encountering briefly one pair of eyes
Meeting your own, with opining
Conviction that can't be disguised.
There's been a meeting of souls.
A love at first sight, a homing
Towards long sought -after goals
Of oneness. Now fate is enthroned,
With inner desires aspiring
To taste the first fruits, and to bite
Into deep passion. Love feels right.

Or, falling in love can, instead
Need considerable time, a first
Liking can turn into steady
Approval of traits, non the worse
For a second or third viewing.
Thus love begins growing, with quiet
Admiration, needing no cues
From seductive signs, with diet
Of everyday care, friendship might
Become love. This too can feel right.

There is no better or worse way.
True love calls, but better to stay
Upright before starting to fall
As love can make more than one call.

Fay Slimm

Fearful the Heritage.

So many still falling, victims to hate.
Are wars meant to cease before it's too late?

Bodies in bags arrive, heavy with grief.
Boys dressed as men, never find war relief.

Bombs cannot be answers, for hurt or pain.
How much blood needs to spill to make it plain?

Wartime's young poets described scenes of hell.
Their verses remembered only too well.

Brave folk abound, and our heads to them bow.
But what will such trauma to our young endow?

Fearful the heritage, costly the price
If love loses out to futile advice.

To wage war still shows no pity at all.
But merely a future heading for fall.

Only peaceful goodwill, if seen to remain,
Will ensure the fallen have not died in vain.

Fay Slimm

Feathered Dreams.

Dreaming of nest-hungry season again
Soon, she glided the lake,
.....eyed her cygnets.
Pondered, 'though dimly,
..... how come so many
Had survived - light brown now
..... and growing big
They crowded the place,
..... they really must go.

Father would shake out his feathers and stare
At them soon, they would take
..... good note, knowing
The danger, in staying there
..... they would fare
Badly, so they started
..... and chanced the sky.

Formation swan- flight, not often seen now,
New-feathered dreams began
.....flying on high
But what future would their fate yet allow?

Fay Slimm

Feeling Replete.

Full to the uttermost brim
.....with your love
I am replete, and
..... muse now in moonlight.
Tonight is our chance
..... to try stardust above,
Taste it with me
.....and digest its delight.

Our vows we repeat,
.....as fast the day fades.
In comfortable pose
.....with words almost poised.
Sing me a phrase or two,
..... my thoughts get hazy
Above blank sheeted white,
.....often then noisily
Writing off-key.
..... Passion sated we lie
Calm now within love's balm.
..... Replete I just sigh.

Fay Slimm

Feeling the Need.

If we sing with all the voices
..... of a mountain,
And we applaud at countless
..... creatures giving birth,
When the symphony of life
..... is stifled by disdain
We will feel the need to mourn
..... for dying earth.

If we enter into pleasure
..... with each rainbow,
And we paint our words
.....in colours of right mind,
When the clouds dropp toxic rain
..... enough to foster woe
We feel like weeping too
..... at what is left behind.

If we follow all the footprints
..... of a river,
And we understand
.....the lovesong of the moon,
When the silent pleas of
..... dying trees set us ashiver,
We will feel the need for work
..... to stem earth' s doom.

Fay Slimm

Ferry Me Gently.

Life's streaming moments
Relentlessly flow.
Urging me onward.
I rush as I go.
Ferry me gently though.
Eternity's sea can surely remain
Yet awhile without me.

Fay Slimm

Fettered Freedom.

Like a close-woven garment, stiflingly
Tight, 'freedom' is tied close to our heart,
We yoke ourselves stiffly with shackling chains,
Though denying these fetters at the start.

But we only reach Freedom on ceasing
To cultivate needs for escape. Handcuffs
Of hate, or even love, embraced with devotion
Can create a strangling goal, enough
To surround any dilligent soul with bonds.

So begin to stop chasing 'freedom', leave
It alone as soley the thing to pursue,
Then by breaking it's claims, by reprieving
Reasons for fighting, Freedom shines through

Fragments of self must be melted, until
What is seen written clear on the heart
Is, departure from needing self-righteous pills
Distilling their poison. We see then glitter
Of mistaken illusion such 'freedom' demands.
Bars of the heaviest steel mean no yielding
To trust, no dispelling of fears' commands.

Instead allow space to replace inner pains
Felt by this chasing of slavery. Unchaining
Is earned when we obtain Freedom again.
When days have no wants life is carefree.
We can arise then ungirded, unbound,
To achieve a sense of liberty regained.

Fay Slimm

Fill Thou Me.

Fill my poor frame with thy strong light.
Take thou from me this my black shroud
Of cloudy gloom. Such a blighted
Spirit cannot but disallow
Place for happiness this day.

Thus, I pray thee, do thou present
Me comfort dear, without delay.

Thy strong heart can lift my pain.
This dark mood will then relent
And, perchance, shall I find peace again.

Fay Slimm

Finding You.

Having discovered a You in this world
My heart, flooding with whispers of spring, keeps
Singing at every turn, with head whirling
From deepest of happiness my soul leaps
With new life. Delighted at finding you
I am reborn. Every morning relief
Floats around in my mind, and being too
Full of smiles I hide behind work, seeking
To bury this feeling of being loved,
But my feet want to dance at every tune
That filters my way. Your words fly like doves
To my waiting and so happy heart, refining
Our love to something divine. Finding you
Is a rare dream of a lifetime come true.

Fay Slimm

Fistral Surfers

Grand champion hopes echo here each year
As, with summer heat, top class surfers meet
To crest the mighty waves. all leave the fear
Of giant rollers far behind, and sweeten
Judge's eye with feats of watery style,
All the while performing ballet- boarding
To the tune of crashing waves. Though beguiling
Like a drug, these surfing addicts afford
Respect at every turn, bow to mighty
Power of sea, yet rise again on next crest
Like Neptune's gods. At Fistral beach such heights
Are conquered only by the very best.
All mediocre wet - suits stay away
From water then, and watch the aces play.

Fay Slimm

Fledgling Awakening

With obsessional drifts of hot aching
Flesh, at times young hearts, denying
Naivety, succumb, untried, to taking
On love. Oh the painful results of shy
Raw awakenings, when fledgling attempts
At romance meet rebuff. Sheer thunderbolt
Pain makes inroads again and again, events
Take on Goliath import when noting
The right way to kiss. Do you glance, like this?
Or, eyes closed, take a chance? It's all so risky!

Fay Slimm

Flowering Again.

Shade her with green.
Cast a cool shadowy
Pattern of leafier love over all
Her burnt-out pain.

Let soft breezes, blowing
Around any turmoil
Of mind, falling
Gentle on dry, sore parts
Tenderly start
Cooling her brow.

Bring a garden of peace
Close to the feet of her soul.
Watch her heart
Blossom as such caring
Love increases
It's trust, and welcomes
It's open response.

Her own garden of peace
Flourished once.
It can flower again.

Fay Slimm

Fly With Me.

Enormous and glistening, coloured brightly
With gaudy dyes stand ready the balloons.

Basketed, bobbing and light wind just right,
So come fly with me. Let us waft, zoomed
Up with flame to airy expanse, rising
Inflated to freedom. Aloft, floating
With ease, gliding together in skies
Of rapturous haze. Sailing in love-boat
Will carry us far over seas, rocking
Us gently to Islands where passion fruit grows,
And flowers fragrantly strew profusely dropped
Petals aground, perfuming our bed. Low
On the horizon our paradise lies
Come, let us glide slowly in flying-boat
Dream and silently escape, you and I.

Shall we now choose a balloon noteworthy
Of claim, largest and best for safest flight,
Coloured with passionate reds. Let the dawn
Find us skyward. Shall we fly then tonight,
Make love in the air and land by morning?

Secret escapes can be made this way, balloons
Are an ideal means. Come fly with me soon.

Fay Slimm

Following Daybreak.

Some daybreaks are followed by moments of awe
As silence suffuses with dawn
Into canopied scene of a lightening world
With the glory of day being born.

Colour gradually seeps as the sun exits east
To begin the ascent into day.
Blushing with welcome pink cloudlets applaud
The increasing warmth of each ray.

Standing on tip-toe to see, smell and hear,
Through air freshly washed, my clear gaze
Catches the song morning gently begins
As the curtains of day slowly raise.

As I watched I just HAD to give praise..

Fay Slimm

Fondling a Stone.

Virgin sand.
Moist, and exposing it's secrets
To incessant sea.

In my hand
Polished and warmly round, a smooth
Pebble comforts me.

Coastal land
Offers rewards such as this small
Fondling stone, freely.

Granite band
Girdling the middle means love will
Soon come and find me.

None so grand
As fondling stone, Cornish custom
Soothing, you'll agree.

Fay Slimm

Foolish The Heart.

Beware of pale moonlight, it takes no note.
White rays lull common-sense to deepest sleep.
Its ever constant magic is potent,
Changing lines of love to lust repeatedly.

Both give strong and similar sensation,
So the mind forgets to ask why and what
Is the truth of moonlight fascination.
Choice is lost when lips meet and blood runs hot.

Heart can foolishly lose control, and then
Disclaim the moon has mislead yet again.

Fay Slimm

For My Daughter

Child of my heart, one of my pair of most treasured gifts,
I wish you this day the joy that should never be missed.
Ahead of you is full twenty-four hours
Of new life to be filled by just YOU
It's your special possession, so whatever you do
Please weave it with smiles
Dont demean it with tears.
Remember to count time by fam'ly and friends
And never, not ever, by years.

Fay Slimm

For Those in Peril

Sailors ashore watched
With practised foreboding,
As sky glittered threat
Under storm-clouds unfurled.
Smacking-wet raindrops
Attacking ground, dust-dry
Forked lightning revealing
A frightening world.

Thoughts turn to mariners
Battling malevolence
Panting-hot sweat keeping
Riggings in place.
Gulls, like the wind, shrieking
Wildly in concord,
Bent on effacing
The whole human race.

Mutterings and whisperings
Mouthing with pleading
'Neath increasing gale
They had not before seen.
That their Lord abide with them
As fast falls the nightime.
They crouch for deliverance
From the worst ever been.

Fay Slimm

Forever Ours.

There is a spacious airy
Place forever ours.
No-one can take away rare
Love like we possess, hours
Of daily discipline keeps
Us duty bound, yet
Night is when we sense release.
Dreams help us forget
The fight. Heart can speak to heart
When dark arrives, I
Run to thoughts of you, parting
Comes when dawn lights sky,
But by then we have dwelt in
Paradise. Now, our
Passion stilled, I bask within
The afterglow, feeling power
Beyond the norm., as alll night through
Bliss had bound me close to you.

Fay Slimm

Forget Me Never.

I will remember the things we did.
Where we went, the fun we had.
The wistful smile which sometimes hid
Your halting way with words unsaid.
Our love will always make me glad.
Please forget me never.

We never said the skies would be
Forever blue above us two.
It took a while for us to see
Wisdom's way with you and me.
We parted, but I beg of you
Please forget me never.

Fay Slimm

Four Poster Bed.

Falsely draped now,
In not so new
Bed hangings,
Of nondescript hue,
It solidly stands.

The embroidered flowers
Seem sun-bleached.
And dusty from hours
Of afternoon light.

Try as I might
I just could not imagine
A Queen, seen asleep
In this bed.
It has to be said
She would have to climb
High to reach even the base.

Stool in place.
And, ornate satin
Ceiling looming above,
Leaning, I fear,
Towards the obsene,
She would bury herself
In this ancient bed.

Curtains would then most
Surely be drawn
And come morning
The air would be frigidly dank
With rank smell
Of a four poster night.

It would seem from prose
What disgraced the use
Of four posters were those dark
And often most secret
Deeds, which were posed
As clandestine truce.

Attracting attention,
Opposed to correction, but
Being brought out, dusty now
And fiendishly exposed.

Such details delight the public face
As we, grouped, now stand,
Grandly sanitised, and wise.
Widening our judgemental eyes.

Beds now are preferred
As embodiments of facelessness
Love, given only to lustiest
Twenty-first century pace.
.

Fay Slimm

Foxglove Force

Appearing in June, trumpeted lances
Rise like fine swords fencing for room, daylight
Shines on pink blooms strung around serried ranks
Of foxgloves, belying valiant fights
Wrought boldly in darkest earth for release
Before this, - but June is the month rightly
Assigned for hegerow lining of niches
Frilled with upright military show.
Thrusting displays now blossom away, trying
To reach for the sky. Why, without knowing,
Do foxgloves break ranks, disperse and then die?

Fay Slimm

Fragile my Tears.

Hearts sing long heavy melodies
When hurt presses salt to their core.
Lonliness pushes more thorns, corrosive
And guilt-edged, then, defensively,
Tears fall free.....as never before.

Fragile the wings of thoughtless words.
Tiring, I now reach for your gold,
And run for warm shelter dear friend, stirring
Your poetic word.....endlessly,
For comfort to my waiting soul.

Fay Slimm

Fragrance of Love.

Loves dances it's way in my heart, smelling
Of roses, the sweetest strong old bushrose,
Which, inhaling, takes away breath, and tells
A musk-tale of hot summer nights, imposing
Indelible scents in my mind. - - - - Apart
We may be, and distanced more by the sea
But wafting aroma of love, barters
It's strongly perfumed rosyness to me
In exchange for my soul. Take it sweetheart,
I don't need to tell you it's yours, others
Have offered me make-believe love, but part
Company - - - when I never discover
The fragrance of roses among their words.
Should that emit from the core, love can occur.

Fay Slimm

Fragrant Moments.

To imbibe fragrance
..... is to feel alive.
Scent comes, breath-borne
.....into the mind, events
Of daylight bring blossoms,
..... which only thrive
In petal-spun perfumed time,
..... and are meant
To lift each inhaler
..... to soar skyward.

You gave me fragranced Spring,
..... wafting love words.
The air vibrated
.....with sweet- violet replies,
Which when mixed,
.....such spicy aromas occured.

Moments now burst
..... with odoured amour, power
Us with fine essence,
..... and perfume our hours.

Fay Slimm

French Connection.

Summer blown corn shedding gold on dreamy
Sun-setting day.. She's alone, lazily
Writing. Village lies baked. Sleepy evening
Starts. Shimmers the lake with star-studded haze.

Dusk silhouettes, thru' the trees, the Chateau.
Skyline afire, her own desire burning,
She watches late breeze kiss the fields, knowing
Soon she'll hear sounds of his welcome return.

Quiet imaginings. Places unseen.
Faraway heartbeats. Fairytale dream.

Fay Slimm

Friendship's Hand.

Close are the bonds of friendship's love.

Tighter than guy-ropes made of steel
Are the ties of affection, proving
At length, the power of feelings.
Born of real ease with another,
They create needs stronger than pain.

Friendship defies hurt, discovers,
After a little while, that chains
Made in life's fire can never break.

Time will gather the trailing threads
Once again, and for friendships's sake,
Will make tighter still love's rope, led
By acceptance that friends stay true,
I offer this outstretched hand to you.

Fay Slimm

Fringes of Hope.

Torn as it's edge is, I have sworn always
To apprehend hope. Glazed with eyes blinded
By hurt, hope only can bind up loose frays
And render the future reasonably kind.

Hope sings it's own song loudly, forcibly
Too, for anyone who wants impressions
Of what can heal stress, and looks at causes
For mend. Hope can then yet achieve success.

Unravelling life can damage fringes
Of hope, but never blows totally dry
The freshest outlook. A mind-set unhinged
Without hope can cower in much sighing.

Lean then on strong hope, experience re-birth
Of delight, - quite the best feeling on earth.

Fay Slimm

Furry Friends.

Two sleepy miniatures
Cuddling up small.
Heads close together,
Making one ball
Of furry devotion.
Twitchy-nosed dogs.
Tiny pawed dreamers
Sleeping like logs.

One eye now opens
Blinking awake.
Stretches, and yawning,
Begins a re-take
Of morning ritual.
Rolling off sleep,
Waking companion
By taking a leap
And soft-landing on carpet.
Standing alert.
Head aside, watching
Who reaches door first.

Cat-flapping and flying
Through door all in haste
To water the garden.
Sniffing first taste
Of beautiful morning.
Another fine day
To ransack the house
In puppyhood play.

Remembering Yoda and Nellie.....

Fay Slimm

Garden Magic

With warm glow sputtering into soft night sky
We sat last night in fairy-dell,
The three of you and I.

Eyes a-wide with marvelling
As dark and candles met,
And sparks from hearth enhancing grove
Where quietly we sat.

The dusk now gathering in secret room
Where tree meets stone.
Comfortably canopied by the moon.

We talked low, whispering to keep the spell
While breezes danced to entertain.
We felt the night's beguile entrap
Our longing to meet here again.

We'll long recall the magic hour
Where dark and light and friendship met
So pleasantly in secret bower.
Long ago but remembered yet.

Fay Slimm

Gateway Of Silence.

A gateway through which so very few pass,
Silence first stills, then opens new vistas.
Busy minds tire but quiet revives, alas
Calm cannot speak if it feels resistance.

Noiseless voices croon repose to still minds.
So fall dumb, allow for hushed times, refine
The peace silence sings which heals and rightly
We need soundless places quiet heightens.

Bliss of tranquillity waits, so give place
To its resounding. True gold of silence
Once accepted will transform worry's waste
And show this way to live as being wise.

Fay Slimm

Gentlest of Days.

Soft shushing
..... sea-tunes
Quell the most
..... venturesome.
Harsh voiced noises
.....soothed today.

Foamless
.....the wavelets
Chuckle inwards,
..... each one lazily,
Warming the sand
.....and themselves
While round
.....benevolent sun
Stays shining
..... cloudlessly on.

Fay Slimm

Getting Through

Abandoned to a self-imprisoned place
Of flound'ring, drowsy, through sedated mist,
I've lived with searing memory
Of golden times that used to be.

We drank love's potion to the utmost brim,
But dancing down the corridors of years
We stumbled on Mortality,
Demanding unconditionally.

Frightened by dark spectres' unknown force
We fought with Samson-strength to keep you here,
But knew, however valiantly,
We battled unsuccessfully.

Now, ill-prepared, but thrusting through the daze
Reluctantly I loose that golden cord.
Facing love that's flown I now can see
At last another chance - - perhaps - - for me.

Fay Slimm

Getting There.

Success is surely
.....so seldom in number.

Five hundred verses
.....though not seen as great

Is some achievement
.....which I now venture

To note and admit
.....makes me celebrate.

Getting there proved
..... a marathon effort

With mountainous rejects
..... to relegate

Though just a few appear
..... worthy of status

I still feel determined
..... to celebrate.

Fay Slimm

Gggrrrrrr! !

Why is it
.....that underneath
..... blue,
The expanse
..... of which covers
..... vaults
From east to west
..... of summer
..... sky,
The like of clouds
..... dare approach
..... too
Near the sun,
..... line up
..... undaunted
And hide
.....its shine
..... so spitefully?

Fay Slimm

Gigantic is Lonliness.

Large in frame and singing it's own windsong
Of lonliness, I see Destiny flowing,
And tinged blue. While billowing among
Shadows, strange whisperings start, below
Which I cannot survive without some
Sense of settled hope. Will our future hold
Us to ransom, or lift us to light? Come,
Look at my heart how it yearns, embolden
Each verse where I hold your strong image.
Wrap up the sweet treasures you danced my way
With yesterday's rhymes. Your assurance edges
My dreams with stardust with which I, paying
The price of believing all things, believe.
Come, reduce the size of alone. Release me
With more taste of sweet love. I need relief.

Fay Slimm

Give Me Wings.

The blue of the dusk
Clusters around these
Earthbound bones, lustily
Blows cold onto cold
And knows well how to hold
Me bound.

Give me then wings, girth
Me with air-borne, light
Feathered things. De-earthed,
Let me fly starward.
Then on land afar
Ground me.

When at his door give
Me this powerful
Magic just once, living
Apart breaks me still.
Wing me, or tears will
Drown me.

Fay Slimm

Giving Birth

Beyond the long and often lonely wait,
Beset by urges strange from deep within
Pulsate demands to culminate
In Motherhood

The gasping presence fights with strength supreme,
And bursting bonds of month-long celled restraint
Brings birth power, awesome yet serene
To Motherhood

Wakes new a love unique, and all=consumes
The momentary fret at life's emerge.
Repays with joy in hearts attuned
With Motherhood.

Never cell so warm or sweet the chains
Of jailor's irresistable commands.
Crying everlasting claims
On Motherhood.

Offspring of love, and herald of yet more.
Bequething back inherited content.
Open wide this most rewarding door
Of Motherhood.

Fay Slimm

Glint of Spring?

I saw today a glint of
..... springtime green,
Gleaming quietly
..... aside a stream,
..... new leaves
Uncurling early show
..... which, in appeal
.....to winter's needs
For going slow,
.....make believe
.....begin-again is here.
That turn of the year
.....has turned.

Absurd as it seems,
.....I now fear
That winter thinks
.....itself spring,
..... and has sprung.

Glistening with new,
..... but which sings
Too soon spring's song.

Fay Slimm

Gods Without Chariots.

Wherefore the searcher today cries
To heaven for enlightened vision,
The eternal - - - 'Who am I '?

An obvious answer from a God's eye
Is that you are a survivor of course.
A Knower, - you are the Source.

You are a God without need of chariot.
Ride now alongside evil and good.
Look at their nature, stop and
Ponder what Socrates understood.

He who, impervious even to death,
Saw evil as nothing but betrayal
Of commitment to Self, in one breath
He knew he was Whole.

Inner attention, for Gods or men
Will always be good for the soul.
Find unity and you will again
Find the meaning of God.

And eventually become Unchanging,
Unborn, and as infinitely Wise,
Then you will say ' I am '
You will ask not the 'Who am I'.

You will see and transform all the
'Good' into union of opposites
You will rise and transcend.

Sweeping aside chariots, you will stride
Into Self, and see the futility end
In all duality as unenlightened deception.

You will see Self as rightly fitting.
With Plato's words you will now shout
'The flame of eternal truth, once lit
Can never go out'.

Fay Slimm

Golden Friendship

Fine gold dust blows over
..... each day spent with friends.
Tomorrow's reality then
..... dawns enhanced.
Amity's bosom breathes
..... warmth, as unending
Friendships respond
.....to care's kindly advances.

Harmony holds hands
.....with peace, embraces flow
Openly, as arms linked
.....break ice and melt hearts.
Goodwill, bonding sympathy,
..... unites to grow
Into ties no disturbance
..... could split apart.

If gold is unheeded
.....within friendship's need
Passing chances, delayed,
..... are the past indeed.

Fay Slimm

Greens Are In.

One step removed from rich dark earth
Is an army of greens.
Before being viewed, roots, birthing
Hidden shoots which had been
Struggling for light and wanting first
Taste of leafing, give mean
Measure in care, push up, then work
Apace, paint stems with green
Salady hues, potentially worth
A fortune to seekers
Of health, who praise greens for nursing
Back sparkle to cheeks deemed
Insipid before. Bursting
With mineral wealth they gleam
Best at dawn, wet with dew, unhurt
If we pick fresh and eat, gleaning
Results, we will gain - - but no girth.! !

Fay Slimm

Halfway There.

The way to the stars is precarious.
Not many find love.

But when fate draws and beckons, various
Pathways emerge. Above
The clatter and din of daily affairs
There is heard a small
Voice of future hope, someone starts to care
Sees us as adorable.

If we love what they show we're halfway there.
Treasure this needing.
Assess it, and know what it is that's rare.
Hold it in esteem.
Any love that calls forth wish for sharing
A dream, being halfway,
Impels us to take every bearing
So we must not delay

In reaching our star's gate.
Love will be waiting.

Fay Slimm

Happy the Day.

When of a sudden the grey became blue
And sombre mood changed, I instantly knew
Pleasanter life now lay open ahead,
Fate had dealt a new challenge instead.
Love had shown pages which clearly displayed
Golden-penned verse from you, amazingly
Bright and so very dear to my jaded eyes.
This happy-day-dawning was sent time-wise
Just as the forlorn hours, crushing around
Had almost destroyed any spark of sound
Reason for buoyancy. I then ignited
Inside as a meteor might, delighted
Now at this hourly unthought-of treasure
Glowing with love and happy-day pleasure.

Fay Slimm

Having Fun

Whistling roof-ward here we come
Bristling life and full of fun.
Rip off tiles and tear at pots
Whip up trees and blast the tops.
Dance with leaves and fight with hats.
Chase the dogs and claw the cats.
Play with washing on the line.
Rock the boat and swing the sign.
Fly past kites and break the string.
Mad March winds must have their fling.

Fay Slimm

Hazy Break.

Glass plated today
..... the sea bakes hazily,
Breaks the sky away
..... from dark hinterland.
Sun fills, with light
.....spangled diamonds crazily
Dancing, the spacious
..... basin which lies between,
Fires it alive,
..... and hypnotises me.

Fay Slimm

He is Gone.

Above the sad moan
..... of the naked trees.
Tnrough the pale leaf
..... as it dances the breeze.
Into the breath of each
..... cool autumn dawn
I search for my lover,
..... but he is gone.

Behind each grey cloud
.....as it scuttles by.
Under the blanket
..... of velvet blue sky.
Between the brief
..... glimpses of mellow sun
I search for my lover,
..... but he is gone.

Beyond the wide ocean
..... and restless tide.
Over the verdant
..... and high countryside.
Ahead of the journey
.....that's yet to come
I search for my lover,
..... but he is gone.

Inside the mem'ry
.....of past happy days.
Below recent pain
.....in parting of ways.
Among the regrets
..... which were dwelt upon
I search for my lover,
..... but he is gone.

Fay Slimm

He who Dares.

Hushed and hydrated,
Water-wet otters,
Timorous creatures,
Dissension dislike.

Hostile approaches,
Raising reactions.
Daring offensives
Unnerving the pike.

Opposing behaviour
Self-will underpins.
Courage in warfare
Means he who dares
..... wins!

Fay Slimm

Healing Takes Time

Sleep easy my love.
This will not go lightly.
Nothing will alter me.
Lie gently tonight.
Healing takes time you see.
War will not win.
You will come through, then free,
We'll start again.

Fay Slimm

Hearing - or Listening Too?

'Do you hear what I say? ' someone may
Impatiently explode one day,
As they discern our thoughts
Have wandered astray.
We all have a tendency sometimes
To drift away,
And, come what may we cannot remember
A thing that was said.

Relationships though will only survive
On keeping alive the art of the ear.
In not just the hearing
But listening too.
Above all the ear must convey
In endearing and comforting way,
That it intends as it bends, to transmit
A message of care.

Before it's too late to salvage a friendship
From petrified state
Give a chance to the Listener's Art.
Quietly impart undivided attention,
Then speak your own part.
Practicing well,
Until the ear speaks to the heart of the other,
Who, satisfied, unbends again.

Fay Slimm

Hearing Love.

Somewhere, from soundless space I heard today
A gentle voice. A tone of care was wrapped
Within it's words, a tenderness portrayed
The core of speech with which each phrase mapped
Out for me another phase of love. Soul
Heard soul as words passed, and between us two
A warm and lovely flow began, which wholly
Took my mind to airy heights. Hearts renewed,
Though ether-fed, were satisfied, and smiled.
I heard the voice of love today, finally.

Fay Slimm

Hearts' Ease.

When a calmed heart takes control
Life feels good.
Better mood.

Assuring vows sweep the soul.
Knew they would.
Love's understood.

Happy hearts know no real threat.
Smiles appear.
Eyes clear.

Easy days and nights beget
Fun, not fear.
You are here.

Fay Slimm

Heat Wave.

It starts slowly, rolling over the brain.
Desire then crests in foaming furnace-heat.
Once atop this wave of need nothing remains
But roller-coaster ride into the deep.

Heat wave trims the soul of conscious coldness.
Love's fever, once felt, softens with smother.
Closes escape holes, then designs control.
Such flame-storm is made to melt all other.

Until charged with unwavering desire
Love demurs what it needs to be set on fire.

Fay Slimm

Hell's Mouth.

Welcome could not be the word
When visitors first encounter
This mouth of Hell.
These seeming absurdly high
Dourly cascading cliffs
Fall wildly to terrible turbulence.

With fiendish passionate cries
Gulls scream, as if hating
Any but themselves in this place.
In creating a foaming eye
Of violent white, the elements
Stake their claim then dissipate..

Broiling foam perpetually stirs
To heighten human fear,
Which, no nearer than here
In this place negates the claim
That this we can but steer
Into something which earns
Us a painless end.

If escaping from drear, droning
Life is our aim, we clearly see
That jumps do not lead to escape
From these dreadful rocks.
Bulwarking shapes will appear
To repress the watery sea.

Yet with each spuming spray
They ruggedly rear and seem
To shout, 'Keep away' lest
Our longed-for freedom
Of imminent end disappears.

Columnular strength, terrible
Beauty of savagery which cannot
Be assuaged, behaving too well
With misleading dignity. When
Plunging into the gape we think
We are escaping, - - but Hell
Hath no fury like this mouth.

The warning is strong with advice
To keep out and away from
This awesome place. but
Some are not always so wise....

Precipitous cliffs along the Cornish Coast
Otherwise known as Suicide Drop.....
.

Fay Slimm

Help Me.

Help me appreciate love.
The commitment to care.
In the comfort-zone, where
Two hearts live life love would approve.

Help me appreciate trust
In realms of true words
Where doubt seldom occurs
And hope's never trampled to dust.

Help me appreciate life.
There's some place where no lies
Ever darken love's skies.
As peace spreads warm wings over strife.

Help me start
LIVING
again.

Fay Slimm

He's Away.

Sailed through the distance
On rolling-wet waters.
Out of my vision.
In heaving white foam.
My lover is gone now
Over the oceons.
Already my heart aches
For his coming home.

Fay Slimm

Hideaway Haven.

Skirted by billowing green
A cottage stands anciently tall, within
Wall after wall of neat chequered field.
Dwarfed by the presence of lush lovely land.
Green with rurality, nestled it stands.

Rolling great vistas fall
To a lake where watery mirror takes
The eye to the fluffy-white sky,
While motion reflects in pattern's great balm
Bluey-flecked changes on flat glassy calm.

What right in this Eden
Has one to imagine harm might befall
Such a land.? Here it stands, emblem to all.
Did good folk living there, sitting at night
At the hearth by the light of flickering flame

Imagine it staying the same.?
Believing it never would alter by war.?
Tough ancestors, hardy, would show
Despite fighting, by wielding the plough
They gouged their paradise, still blooming now.

Fay Slimm

Hint of Scent.

Somewhere, in memory's breeze
I catch your scent.
Drifting through dreams it teases.
..... and
Alerts senses

Awakes me anew to hopes
Of your return.
I hear past laughter, evoked
..... by
My heart, yearning.

Subtly it spreads itself round.
Essence of scents
Recall you clearly, surround
.....me
So pleasantly.

Once, months ago, you were here.
Where are you now?
Sensing scent of me, can my
..... tears
Reach you somehow?

Fay Slimm

Hints of Taste.

A hint of warm fruit in whispered word
Lasts me all summer long. - Songs
Of romance in verse heat me like fire.
At the sound of your name flames
Alight me with sharp acid blaze.- Hint
Me toward kisses you recently left
On my so eager mouth, as when
In sweet dreams you appeared.
I then saw the first lines of our love
In your gold-dusted verse. -Thus light
Every dusk, and shadow me
Throughout all my sleep.- Oh hint
Me a message tonight, and fly
With a taste of encore.- Make haste.

Fay Slimm

Honey Bee's Demise.

A beautiful bee he was.
He lay for a day on my table, stillness
Personified. - eyes seemed alive, arms
Curled furily tight, perhaps as his will
At the end was for warmth. There was no harm
More could be done to this bee. Wings held high
And gossamer fine, his short life was done.
He went as he came, unsung, but his goodbye
Was with dignity. Being himself, come
The end, with work now achieved as worthwhile,
He did the best thing and finished with style.
A beautiful bee he was.

Fay Slimm

Honouring Love.

Filled as I am by this wonderful love
Renewing each day in my heart,
I am determined, by all that is true
To honour love, right from the start.

You set the standard my trustworthy friend.
Commitment for you is life-long.
Growing in beauty as time passes by
This feeling is naturally strong.

Honoured I am to receive such a gift.
A heart as warm as yours. My love
Devotion for me is as strong as for you,
It's sworn to the heavens above.

So as we discover our fated life
And give thanks, we will not neglect
I feel sure, to reverance such honour,
As love like ours demands respect.

Thus we will treasure it well my dear.
Soul-mate love lasts for all time,
We will eternally honour and share
Such love, dearest soul-mate of mine.

Fay Slimm

How To Be Happy.

How to be happy?
Such a tall order, as none of us
Seems to have time.
In these days of disorder
To think of that question -
Of happiness being essential
For creating sublime
Feelings of bliss
Which we all miss!
But here's a suggestion.

Sages, down through centuries
Wrote of the 'happy heart'.
They said to begin with the action
Of fighting our Pride,
Which is a determined reversal
Right from the start, as
Harbouring hurt
Means expiring inside.

Resentment can fester,
Cause ulcerous anger
Which never achieves the state
Of the free, - instead
Of learning forgiveness
Revenge starts to rancour,
Harassing happiness
And killing it - dead.

How to be happy
In one easy lesson means
We're fostering daydreams.
Instead we must learn
That the effort in making
Someone else happy keens
Our awareness, and that
The joy we receive
We have to earn.

Fay Slimm

I am Love.

I am the way you see the world.
I prompt the thoughts you have every day.
Find me in your gasp of delight
When viewing dawn's sunrise, then I will stay.

I will be fire, in your breast,
Setting ablaze all the dreams of your mind.
I am your scales, the weights you use
To judge motives fairly of humankind.

I am your bridge to measure truths.
I go beyond conditions, yearning
To teach you peace, I bring release
Into your soul freely, which you can't earn.

I am Love, - - please deal with me tenderly
Then your best interests I can defend.

Fay Slimm

I Carry Words.

The sound of love breathes
On me words to curl around
Your heart. Carried with my care
They come tenderly bound.

I have words which spring
From nectar's well, heaven-blown
Into my soul, ocean deep
They speed across the foam.

Weighty with comfort
My words flow gently along.
Meant to warm you, and carried
Willingly is my word-song.

Fay Slimm

I Will Wait.

Fate, on occasion, will leave open
a gate, leading to timeless union,
created in starlight by such warm love.
The Gods decreed this for us two,
brought, almost struggling, into
togetherness, not knowing why,
you and I, now fated, must in patience
sit out our time at destiny's door.
Maybe sighing, but never denying
the beautiful bond that is ours..
Expansively wide is the opened gate,
and I will wait there for eternity
knowing you will be with me
some day my dear.
If you join me in spirit right now,
I can assure you I will know.

Fay Slimm

I Will.

I will word my love a poem
Without the need for ending.
I will write my love a letter
Without the need for sending.

I will scribe my love a story
Which must be finished never.
I will pen my love a saga
Which must go on forever.

Fay Slimm

If You Could.

If there was room
for one more
in my bed,
I would ditch
teddy and choose
you instead
.
Then if you could
sleep with me
like before,
I would
never ask for
anything more.

If you could
bake cakes of
stardust for bread
But you were
not there
I would
stay unfed.

That is how much
my heart rates
you the best.
If you could
love me then
I'd dream the rest.

Fay Slimm

Imagining Love

Think of a doorway opening to paradise
Softly unlocked by a tender kiss.
Imagine the passion love will then fashion
From eager hearts climbing this stairway to bliss.
When love takes control of the very soul.
Being 'in love' affects every minute
Of every day, then through years of life's span
Catch, if you can, the reason for you being 'in' it.

'In love' is far more than poetic phrase.
It's a state of being - more than a state
Of existing for pleasure, - caring's entailed.
Imagine the difference love can create.

Doorways to love have various faces.
Parental and filial, and care for the old.
Devotion to offspring, help for the helpless.
Imagine how many love stories are told
Which, rippling in circles, quench life's love-thirst.
Watering another when troubles abound.
Commitment to love is an awesome thing.
But imagine a world without love around.

Fay Slimm

Impossible Beauty.

The dance of the planets drift into view
Arrayed with colours of differing hue.

Swaying with elegance moving with grace,
Telescope peering has brought, face to face,
Such impressive masses from light years away.

Impossible beauty appearing to say
If earth shines as these do, and doubtless does,
When seen from space, its bright dazzle reproves.

Earth's careless inhabitants, too blind to see
The incredible gift in its own beauty,
Watch as fierce burnt out stars sparkle last strength.

Neglect of earth has but induced every length
Of resistance, and it will sadly, one day
Succumb to abuse, with consequent rage.

The pictures of stars performing in space
Are wondrous, and urge us to end the race
For wealth domination, and look up above.

Then turn to the earth which is rich indeed
Impossible beauty is here, lets take heed.

Fay Slimm

In praise of Spring

I early woke this lovely morn
To Spring's most potent song.
The blackbird's trill so loudly sweet
Enticed my heart along
To rise and share the liquid notes
That rang as if to say
'Abandon bed..! Rejoice with me.
And don't deny the day...! '

I tiptoed out in Springtime dew
As sleep fell from my eyes.
With message piercing azure heights
His song filled cloudless skies.

Flawless praise streamed through the air
And carried me away,
In unison with bird and sound,
As both hearts welcomed day.

Fay Slimm

In Search of Peace.

Peace will not come easy
If we skirt the need for care.
This essential space
Where we embrace
The other, if they're there.

.If we don't look in the corners
Where dust has covered in
Every vestige of humility.
Where shall we begin?

This search for peace is ancient
So the sages seemed to say.
They too left home
And hearth, to roam
And find, without delay
This feeling all too absent
From the life of yesterday..

Peace itself though is not far
It's but a choice away.
A choice to feel or not to feel
This blissful trait, ...Today.

This place where, deep and hidden
Lies contentment. That's the key.
We must find this to find our peace
Whatever else may be
Before, or now. The thing is how
To set our spirit free..

So will this sheer elation
Which comes with joi-de-vivre,
Reject the devastation
Which besets us, to deceive
With causing nothing helpful
In our quest to make belief
In Peace a goal. Oh yes
Our pursuit, this fine pursuit
Is for true happiness.

So, to find this 'sadness-antidote'
Let's begin, , for what it's worth.
Let's put Peace within our heart.
For as long as we're on earth.

Fay Slimm

Indispensable Awe.

Crucial to living is finding the taste
Of amazement at being alive.

.....Thirst
For essentials like wonder, for which
.....fate
Has endowed life. Drink with delight
.....but first
Stop at love's edge and see
.....complexity
All interwoven with season and tide.

Feel the imperative joy, which pressing
Juice into fruit, rain into cloud,
.....resides
With such happiness found
.....borne on first light
Of new dawn. Sway to rhythm
.....in motion
As time sweeps winter clean
.....to start again
Birthing underground.

.....Listen to grass grow
And when found, let delight in sound
.....remain.

Life in its abundance turns vital keys
To unlock awesome.....indispensability.

Fay Slimm

'Inhibited' Love?

Gusting ice on passionate nature, a love
That favours repression holds back in shame.
It parades it's sham submission, and above
All it sees restraint as a must, and blames
Lower nature. Shows reluctance to share
With mutual wonderment. Union with
Both most treasured aspects, and true caring
Means ability to be self, yet forgive
What self is when untamed. Uninhibit
Your expression, do not impose limits,
Never insist on rules being rigid,
Delight in passion by hour, or minute
And give as good as you get, or better.
Affectionate nature has no regrets.

Fay Slimm

Inside my Heart.

It is rarely revealed, but inside the heart
There are sealed places where differing depths
Of spiritual love exist. Compartments,
Like caverns, kept clean and never bereft
Of attention. Within them lie neatly
Folded pages of deep emotion on which
We write stages reached by love. Completely
Free of pretension we sift them, admitting
Sincere affection, and inside my heart
You reign supreme - - in every compartment.

Fay Slimm

Inspired Love.

Filling my soul
Love well hones it.

With devotion
Dignifies it.

Honour demands
Hearts thrive by it.

True love is pure.
Verify it.

Fay Slimm

Irrepressible Love.

After years, repressive relationships
Are reputed to stifle all need.
Dull acquiescence takes full control, whips
Until dead the tenderest soul, feeds
Despair until nothing survives, yet life
Is strange. Conditions can turn when firey
New love strikes again, from ether, love's knife,
Cutting through stony souls, un-clothes desire.
Re-lighting unstoppable dreams. Being part
Of the undying permanent, love makes
Sudden appearances, revives tired hearts.
Chances seized wholly is all that it takes.

Fay Slimm

Is It Over? .

Instead of the sunbeam-soaked laughter we knew,
Buoying us through restive days,
We've become strangers who noddingly pass,
And we're busy with seperate ways.

Tolerance and silence now govern our time
Spent together, with ever more space
Between briefer glimpses we sigh as we part
Every past bonding we seek to efface.

Where went the faces we clownishly pulled?
The soap-suds we shared in the bath?
Wrinkled-up noses when relatives called.
Silly mad phrases which made us both laugh.

Must we play out this obtuse masquerade?
Cloaking hurt as it appears?
Paltry-poor habits - demeaning such love
Which rewarded each need, over years.

Is it all over? Has time at last gone?
Will any dim flame ever grow?
If there's one match to kindle, let it ignite.
If not, - will you please let me know?

Fay Slimm

It is enough.

It is enough to go gently
Through life's fleeting years
Cloaking with quiet the time.
Embracing each moment
Seizing the chance.
Oiling minutes with care 'til they shine.

It is enough to try daily
To ease this world's woes.
Skirting the need to add more.
Avoiding compulsion
To judge and reject.
Integrity's worth fighting for.

It's enough to be happy
With all whom we can.
Smiles beget smiles all around.
Honestly loving
Unity's bond,
By making enough to abound.

Fay Slimm

Jazzing It Up.

Life's hard enough, so it wants jazzing up.
At times needs a rhythm to quicken the beat.
When hurt starts to harden and going gets rough
Soften with music and blues will retreat
With feet-tapping, hand-clapping hoppity sound.
It's tonic will lift to a much lighter mood.
Singing's fun too, if there's no-one around,
And who knows, you might find you're better than good.! !

Dancing's been known as a food for the soul.
Like loving, it opens a world of delight.
It doesn't require, for a quick rock-n-roll
A partner, or space, so go on, dim the light.
Have a ball, go to town, let your hair down.
Feel that beat, tap your feet - - - -
Wow! How's that for a treat! !

Fay Slimm

Jealousy's Call

Looking for hearts to burn with mistrust
The Monster approaches, jaundiced with lust.
Examining with sceptical care,
It imparts to motives a doubting disgust.
Jealousy's calls maybe rare,
But being informed means we can be aware.

This visitor does not intend to be kind.
It implants disbelief in the mind.
Suspicions begin to arise,
Questioning meanings, attempting to find
Dishonour, it appears with green eyes, .
Condemning reasons before they are tried.

By misunderstandings sensibly sorted
Jealousy's call can be foiled, then aborted.

Fay Slimm

Jealousy's Legacy

Following, sinister, with fanged-tipped wings,
And dreaded - for it had returned,
Looking behind at the vast ugly beast
I experienced shame as I burned.

Heated with sickness I'd suffered before,
Running throughout my head
My thoughts turned to gall, suspicion arose,
Then all in my sight became red.

This green-eyed gargantuan, called so because
Shades of fresh emerald, refined,
Glinting like steel, leapt from it's claws
Sinking venamous shafts in my mind.

Honed to a potency, Jealousy can,
Only by hacking away
At faith, then at trust, engorge almost all
Resistance that gets in it's way.

So please don't defer to this terrible host.
Battle for all you hold dear.
For you to give in and be led by such foe,
All love-warmth will freeze by sheer fear.

Fay Slimm

Journey's End.

Forever in motion
We can't comprehend
How we need to be still
To discern journey's end.

Perpetually flying
We do well to rest
Before choosing the future
Our heart knows is best.

Fay Slimm

Just Beyond

Everything has a beyondness.
Happenings end, and after 'now'
Is a world of it's own, - wonder,
Outside the present time endows
A deep and additional side
To the finest poetic flights
Fancy can conjour, - a place beside
The normal, mundane, and just right.

Yes measuring 'yonder' is deep,
But not out of reach and worth keeping.

Fay Slimm

Just Beyond 'Me'.

Outside of self a world awaits
For love signs. - I want to see
Just beyond 'me', then can create
An easier day for other
Than ' I '. - Reaching out may abate
Hurt or fear, can dry other eyes
Than mine. Aiding weak hope placates
Depressed mind, and words of kindness
Can overturn mood, so, taking
Initiative I'll make a start. - - -
Helping other than ' I ' feels great.
Just beyond ' me ' is a challenge
Which demands much, and is waiting.

Fay Slimm

Just Supposing.

Suppose this flower I hold in my hand
Could speak of need for presence, reveal
How to exist, with quiet understanding,
Of what being a rose brings to life's zeal.

Suppose this tree I embrace with my arms
Could give me its truth about feeling peace
By finding beauty, in just being calm,
And in doing so find life's power increase.

Suppose this rock upon which I repose
Could like tree and rose, show me secrets
Of stillness survival, in which it knows
That being oneself leads to no regrets.

Suppose I seek joy in just being me.
Real assurance from rock, tree and rose
Would expose love of life's wonders, and
Become part to me too. I could I suppose.

Fay Slimm

Keeping it Simple.

Affairs of the heart can be weighty,
Demanding our all, suffice to say
If that goes too far we can create
A monster, posing as love, which lays
Down innumerable rules. How to say what,
When to go there, fear is the worst part
Of pseudo-affairs. Sharing forgotten
Simplicity rare, caring departs
And sad hearts know nothing of romance.
Keeping laughter in love begets delight.
Bringing joy to our passion advances
Closeness. Shall we try 'simple' tonight?

Fay Slimm

Kept Without Sleep.

Rolling mists persistently
Invade my dim sight.
Wandering attention benumbs
Brain's activity, blinded by light.

The sheer depth of a sigh helps close
Eyes, which glaze at the lightning
Drop of a tin tray - loud but what care I
If you threaten thus, that I will die
When I fall asleep, - but sleep I must.

The brain was created to give in
To stupor, then to renew, so I have to
Give place to the need, and sleep too.

Breathing deeper I doze into states
Between dreaming and waking, until
Body starts, then trembles begin, as
Aware of the shock of each violent shaking,
I try hard to lift up heavy head.

Pleading, I dropp to my knees,
Offering gold if I can but unfold
My taut upright frame, and again
Take the natural ease of someone asleep.

So, let me sleep please,
Or, otherwise soon I will be dead.

Fay Slimm

Kindred Souls.

I found you in the gentlest autumn breeze.
Your words, like petals, coat my every day.
We resonate as some remembered tune
Which time and distance cannot keep apart.

As dreams set sail they drift, and timeless, float,
Then twilight shutters fall on mundane life.
Quiet starry space welcomes kindred souls.
Let us then meet there, hearts joined for a while.

Fay Slimm

Kindred Spirits?

Looking around at earth's varisome face
We often feel lost in the masses of souls
Who surround us with life which appears wholely
To differ, from race to indifferent race,
All seeming seperate, by culture and faith.
Yet when music or laughter lightens the heart
A medium is found of which we are part,
And which nothing on earth can displace.

Through looking deeper at what can combine
To produce kindred sense amongst all,
We would do well simple facts to recall
And forego any thoughts of 'yours' or 'mine'
We all belong to what's called humankind.
We have in common red blood in our veins.
Birthed by earth's mothers with strong labour pains.
What closer kindred could ever we find?

Filled with the spirit of dynamic life
Earth's populace breathes the same vital air.
Together we grieve when life's no longer there.
The loss is communally felt after strife.
Yet so is rejoicing, which is re-gained
When laughter and music cut through our dark
Misunderstandings - then friendships will spark.
With spirits thus kindled love can be unchained.

Fay Slimm

Labour's Reward.

Clods of dark brown earth break
With each determined thrust of boot and blade.
Revealing in the core of warmed embrace
Some small and welcome fruit of labour made.

Roots of month-long summer toil
Lie exposed in conquered disarray
And sit, hard won, on frozen winter soil.
I smile. We shall be fed yet again today.

Fay Slimm

Lady in Waiting.

For many long moons she had yearned for love.
Weeping deep rivers of tears, she then baited
Her breath and pleasantly smiled, proving
That patience, if honed, can produce wait
Which is rewarded, and now outliving
The need to put on a face which subscibes
To pretence she has melted, forgiving
Her negligent lord, she departs, divided
By love and guilt, her path strewn with doubt
She desperately needs some new light on life.
She remembers no hurts, packs and walks out.
Lady in waiting no more..... this feels right.

Fay Slimm

Lakeside Afternoon.

As warmth takes ahold, with Autumn dispensing
Brown-leafing clutter around the Lakeside,
Dragonflies sensing cool days approaching
Slice, noisily buzzing the air, then take hide.

Cafe spilling tables outside provides cheer.
Socially used, makes the coffee cups chink.
Small bikers appearing, when mother's not near
Try tricky-girl cycling, their helmets all pink.

Dogs leading tied owners, cock-a-leg hopping
From stone to wet stone, leaving message of chance.
Now diamonds start glistening on watery topping.
As lake becomes ruffled they change at a glance.

Boats with jacketed would-be sailors come
Paddling furiously around every bird,
Which frightened the small staring toddlers from
Watching the loudest bird-squawking they'd ever heard.

Walking stick hobblers struggle to partake- - -
Young arm-locked lovers without any care.- - -
Flapping swans skim to a halt on the Lake
Flurries of bubbles explode in the air.

Smooth hump-backed monsters errupting in skate-park
Challenging skaters just out for a dare
To scale their tough ironsides, then before dark
Perform clever tricks for any who're there.

So to the seagulls who patiently wait
For any chance to snatch leftover bread.
They dive as we spread crumbs around exit gate
Then we leave the Lakeside, satisfied, to our bed.

Fay Slimm

Larks Rise Early.

Dawn has hardly blushed her entrance skyward
When I awake and rise, my favourite time
Is early morning. I will then accord
Space to later parts of day, but sublime
In every way to me is dawn. The lark
And I aim to catch the whispers of passing
Night as it bows it's way across the sky,
Leaves room for rising sun, who enters last
With royal flare, - - - while I discover why,
Meanwhile, each trilling bird competes with ease
In chasing breaking-fast with earthy worm.

I am pleased I follow larks, who early
Start their daily climb to life's new ceaseless
Call, leaving end of day to night-owl birds.

Both lark and owl enjoy their special time
And enter into what is called 'their own'
To magnify it. - - Feeling I must try,
I too breathe in new day before it's flown.

Fay Slimm

Last night.

Last night I breathed an air so rare.

A free-from-panic air.
Intoxicating air.
Such fluffy-white-cloud air.
An ether-thin clear air.
Pure, satisfying air.

Air breathed without a single care,
All because my love was there.

Fay Slimm

Leaf Shine.

One freshly fallen leaf, which,
among the rush of rustling many,
finds a clefty wedge, ledges
there, and catches time.

Resting it then flutters mildly,
momentary gem sublime,
and back-lit now by autumn sun
becomes a lantern, shining.

Greenly vain, its flimsy show,
begins, leaf clings low,
and resonates in eerie glow,
rich highlights throw
a golden maze of throbbing veins,
patchworked webs which move
hypnotically, and gently undulate.

One green leaf becomes
a graphic entry
into mystic drama scene,
Intriguing me.

Flooded through with
opaque light,
this living sculpture
makes for green delight.

Shot-silk velvet, potent
with inviting moves,
gyrates and leaf and I unite
as both become
transformed.
Emerald sunlit charm
transmigrates when
leaf shines me,
and my dreamng state
into contemplation.

Fay Slimm

Learning Curves.

If time's stream could run
.....in a backward course

And with past returning
.....could reach its source

Would we change events
.....to be future truth

Or would we waste chance
.....yet again on youth?

Fay Slimm

Let in Lovelight

Gentle nature enjoys stripping. Winter
Clears trees, leaving leafless crystaline lace,
Baring exposed branches to glittering space

We, through film-hooded eyes, gauzily shroud
Our intent. Claritys' gifts are uncounted.
Valuable glassy-bright motives beclouded.

Afraid of exposing our 'I', deftly, we
Allow translucent frosting no melt. Simply
Trusting, we, like trees, will love transparency.

Fay Slimm

Let Love In.

If love ever calls let it in
It will knock but just once
And, unwelcomed, will drift away,
So smile at love and it will stay.

Chance for such love becomes rarer
If we always refuse
To consider the costly price
Shunning takes. It does not come twice.

So seize the warm offer of love
.And do not neglect it.
Always inspire and return such
A gift. Treasured, love gives back much.

Fay Slimm

Let Me Weep.

Let me weep with the world as it, sighing
Stumbles along in painful hurt, always
Seeking ways through, but doomed in the trying.
Death throes of failure assail, as it delays
Using the mend of repent for living the lie.
Let me weep for a world that needs healing
Which comes only with wide open eyes
That see. Seize truth from falsehood and reveal
A pure heart, motivated by caring
What happens to other. A world of hate
That, devoid of considerate sharing
Of wealth and stability, related
To decent aid for humanity's need,
Writhes in it's sickness. See it, and maybe
Then weep with me, we can only succeed
If we feel. Love will then show us the way.

Fay Slimm

Lets Celebrate

Lets celebrate some small things
Butterfly wings! ! !
The way a raindropp clings! ! !

Lets listen out for minute things.
Seed-pod pings! ! !
The song a cricket sings! ! !

Lets notice nature's hidden things.
March-wind flings! ! !
How summer-colour zings! ! !
The mellowness Autumn brings! ! !
Cold winters icy rings! ! !

Glory be to God and life for
All the little happenings.

Fay Slimm

Let's Go With The Flow

Change brings a rhythm.
Diversifies life, dances through
Constant fresh fields of 'Unknown'
Flows between moments
We call present and 'Now', thus
Dancing along means we've seen,
And we've grown.

In grounding ourselves
With this process that betters
The outcome, it pays us to show
The only true way
To possess happiness would be
Always to go with the flow.

What does not change
Falls apart and decays but
Life thrives as it dives into lust
For new ways to change
Vibrating beats with rearranged
Dances. So go with the flow
We all must.

Fay Slimm

Letting It Be

When something arises to niggle and pain,
Each hurt, or affront we despise returns
So often, tormenting our mind yet again,
Until we decide a wise lesson to learn.
Giving permission for things to just 'be'
Without trying to change or control.
By stepping back, looking on, being free
Of assertive response, we remain whole.
Letting things 'be' often accomplishes more
Acceptable outcomes than ever before.

Fay Slimm

Life' Glories.

Come marvel with me in the glories of life
As I celebrate this we call 'day',
When the sights and the sounds that en-trance the new dawn
Freshly mingle. I hear someone say
'Do awake and leave sleep to the night now past
And observe with your heart, mind and soul
What is there around you would change if you could
And by altering you'd render more whole? '

'Would change help the glittering sky of the dawn
Or the birdsong so piercingly sweet?
Could ought more be done to the Entrance of Sun
Or his vigour be made more complete?

Could grass be a shade more refreshing than green?
Or a poppy's hue better than red?
And the light on the lake, could you easier make
Patterns as lively on watery bed? '

As mind heart and soul picks up rhythms of life
Then, enraptured my spirit replies.....
'Not a thing could add grace to the glorious face
Of this picture of earth, sea and skies'

Fay Slimm

Life's Mystery.

Find me the brash soul, who on the whole
Does not fear life's mysterious existence.
From birth to the last sighing breath of the grave
Gods give assurances, promising brave
Pilgrims, who searching, aspire to some goal.

What faith, hope and love give to persistence
Seems enlightenment only can save
Sanity's clarity. What then the reason
For sojourn on earth for such a short season?

Fay Slimm

Light Can Weep.

Early morning sun streams through windowpane
And washes me awake with Devonish air
Breezing clean and lucid. I think again
Of you, wishing you with me, not there
Over so far and dark a distanced ocean,
Then instead of sparkling fresh, the morning
Sinks into a sigh and weeps. Emotion
Takes reins, and I now, without warning
Feel missed moments slide like raindrops slowly
Down my cheeks as the light and I weep, alone.

Fay Slimm

Lighter Love.

Love can be heavy, ponderously weighty.
So serious that hearts can feel no delight.
Waves of dull colour sweep over the soul
And sadden the heart from early 'til late.

But love can come lighter, pleasantly fresh.
So sparkley that feet have to dance, bright
Rainbow colours invade the mind, glowing
Over each morning, and cover night no less.

If letting in lovelight makes the eyes shine,
And smiles broaden easily, there's no doubt
The spiritual kind has really arrived
To gladden life. This love is yours and mine.

Fay Slimm

Living In Memory.

The air is thick with remembered pleasures.
Is alive with memory's trained sightings.
Where tho' is the lovelight we both treasured?
Hiding in unforgiveness, ... and blighted.

We had the present as future.... Now passed
Over as unwanted gain, it painfully
Reminds the hot tears not to fall any faster.
Love only lives now down memory lane.

Fay Slimm

Locked Away Deeply

Stored and discreetly labelled are my dreams.
Time's woven net hides desire in mid-flight.
Our moments, like locked away gems, still gleam
But stay out of sight in dawn's piercing light.

We had our hour, which burned with furnace-fire
And hearts, thus fed, will ever beat as one.
We tied ourselves away from our desire,
But freedom found in love means love goes on.

The song you sent my soul I etched in deeply.
Locked away now, it stays with me completely.

Fay Slimm

Lonely Seal Cove.

Empty now with the look of desertion,
The cove where seals lay is lonely today.
They and their pups are now in the ocean,
Singing sea shanties while learning to play.

Cooped up in close confines while giving birth,
Awkward their movements on rocky dry land.
Such gentle creatures, at home in the surf,
For youngster's sake spent all day on the sand.

From cliff-top their nursery, loud with sound
Was safe and secure in sheer dropp below.
Family antics, seal-shaped, would abound
Under warm sun as we watched the pups grow.

Came the day when, mother no longer there,
Hunger and instinct drove young to the sea.
From then much communal life became rare.
Loners, they now needed space to be free.

With bated-breath pleasure we saw them leave,
Knowing their element called them away.
For months they will forage the lonely deep,
But this cove will beckon again one day.

Fay Slimm

Longest Day Fading.

Lesser light ushers in summer's goodbye.
Young autumnal shadows stir and rise
From drifting mistier hues, and facing
This post-solstice time, we too must subside
Into autumn mood, - how soon summer dies.

Long sun-drenched days filter in duller shades.
Cooler nights leave reluctant fields parading
Some late fruits, but more whispering leaves fall,
Un-noticed except by breezes, impatiently
Waiting, - can nothing make autumn delay?

Fay Slimm

Longings

It would better be left un-said
But time and again words arise framed
Boldly invading my un-wary brain
And sentence themselves to be read.

Really better be left un-thought.
Let my soul's hungry yearning be blamed.
Troublesome aching invokes you once more
And conscience becomes over-wrought.

Far, far better be left un-felt,
But let spiritual needs be acclaimed.
Breaking conventional ties, there's let loose
Desire - deemed to make the heart melt.! !

Fay Slimm

Losing It.

I'd be foolish if I was contented
With continually losing my cool.
Anger or pure irritation
With an inflamatory situation
Will only give access to patent
Behaviour that knows no rule.

Vaunting my temper or losing my head
When the circumstance seems to imply
That offence needs to be taken,
I can boil, storm or raile, but do the most harm
To myself - then I wonder why.!

Fay Slimm

Losing My Heart.

With your head bent carelessly
.....on my breast,

And your legs hot and trembling
..... near my knee,

You lift your brown eyes,
.....and I feel caressed.

I struggle, awash with
..... desire, Alfie.

Silky black curly hair,
..... melting warm eyes.

Then stroking, I hear
..... your soft breathy moans.

Snuggling together,
..... I feel quite surprised

That you, with me, Alfie,
..... seem so at home.

Do all puppy dogs
.....settle down so well?

My arms, encircling
.....such trusting toy frame

Feel soft tongued warmth,
..... so Alfie, please do tell.

Am I about to be losing
..... my heart again?

Fay Slimm

Love Can Persuade.

Pains's sediment sinks
Into oblivion
When love is permitted
It's dominion

Allow peace to invade
And resolve care,
Only love can persuade
Life to be fair.

Fay Slimm

Love in Bloom

Wintering 'neath covers of chilly heart,
Lonely for warmth, but waiting, set apart
Yet somehow anticipating, roots fed
Unnoticed, but sustained, become bedded
And ready for love. Unexpectedly
Come rains, falling gently above, rejected
At first, but soaking with words, find their way.
Quenching, they drench my soul, while swaying
Away fears, - then tiny movements in roots
Become shoots, which in turn soon beautify
My flowering with heady, fragranced display
Of love in bloom that now blesses my day.

Fay Slimm

Love Is / Love Is Not.

LOVE IS
Always good mannered, bears up under stress
Looks for ways to be kindly, is quick to confess.

LOVE IS NOT
Ever possessive, nor needs to impress.
Not touchy, nor jealous if it seems to get less.

LOVE IS
Looking to share, and hopes for good things.
Knows no limits to taking what life sometimes brings

LOVE IS NOT
Proud or boastful, it does not feel revoked
By injuries suffered, nor is it provoked.

LOVE IS
Decent, believing, looking for good.
Contented, yet happy when misunderstood.
It's trusting, and hoping, as love always should.
Thus love begets love. It personifies God.

Lets hold up the feelings we deem to call Love.
Comparing them close in the light of above.

Fay Slimm

Love is Felt.

Does true feeling need to be worded,
Laid out in lines, black on white.
Can the soul speak language girded
By phrases, exact, and in writing.

Love is broader by far and deeper
Than thought, wider than any sea.
The spirit of freedom longs to speak
Of unseen bonds between him and me.

But finds no words which can express
The yearning hunger of the heart.
If language were able to address
This need, we would never be apart.

When love is felt and is not fettered
With weakened words,
.....love speaks the better.

Fay Slimm

Love on a Leash.

Debarred from showing
their kept-in-check love,
They restrain and muzzle
with reined-in feelings.

Within delirious kind
of above average
bond she and he
struggle to untie destiny.

Confined to a cage,
Smothered in tightened
restraint, their control
bridles the moment.

Inhibits things that
convention impedes
and constrains.
Yet needs unshackled
break through.

The binding of two
disciplined souls
is true.
They will tie forever
their yoke.

Sealed are their feelings.
Cloistered
and yet within bounds.
They reply that time
will not limit
or bind with restriction
their fate.

They intend, in the end,
to achieve.

Fay Slimm

Love-Chords.

Like moonlit music-ensemble
..... playing soft chorus,
Love's notes catch fire,
..... cut adrift, and soaring,
Shoot sound into my mind,
..... rhythm starts pouring
Itself into my senses,
..... performs encores
Which vibrate to heated beats,
..... and descend
With swaying and sighs,
..... as violins unbend
Their love-chords toward
.....my heart with repeats
.Harmony rises again
.....and soon defeats
Any resistance to
..... musical love-flight.
Nightime symphony
.....blankets me with delight.

It orchestrates more
..... refrains easing
Bittersweet longing
..... with exciting tease.

Passions' fulfillment
..... relieves the lonely.
Amour's sweet rhapsody
..... captures wholly.

Fay Slimm

Lovely Moonlight.

Droplets of utter delight
Adorn the fall of moonlight.

Soundless, pale allure splashes
Beams over trees, lattices
All the night-time scenery,
And envelopes even me.

Oh clair de la lovely moon,
Shine his way here to me soon.

Light our feathered bed, do stay
Hiding us, 'til break of day.
My secret love and I need
Your faint clandestine intrigue.

Fay Slimm

Loves' Appeal

From dungeons of icy-cold places
Where gloom blears the norm of each day
Love can emblazon, enwrap and adorn.
Rainbowing colour, agog to be born.
In unrivaled, uplifting display.

Hearts feel, more than see this transforming
From grinding-dull dross to ALIVE.
Love sees itself in the depth of a rose,
In birdsong, in love-song, or amorous prose.
Love needs naught but a chance to survive.

Fay Slimm

Love's Only Needs

Love cannot die,
..... but it fades if not fed.
It declines into a shell,
..... and just waits.

Although then emotionless
.....love, led
Into browsing on memory,
..... debates
Whether it's lead or recede
.....that's needed.

Shredded by yearning
.....into pale spectre
Love yet finds good reasons
.....why no feeding
Ever comes it's way,
..... it does not expect
Life to be easy,
.....commitment, above
All, seems the answer,
..... love only needs love.

Fay Slimm

Lusty May-Month

Step into May and mating confronts us
Wherever we look. From frog to bird, lust
For new life sets pattern as partners fuss
With spawning and nests. Desire is a must
In this vigourous month. Appetites just
Go crazy. It's impregnation or bust
For any red-blooded male or his gutsy
Contender. Hedgerows, puddles, rusty
Old barns, outhouses, farmyards and dusty
Furrows in fields all yield place in May, trusting
Instinct, virility seizes the gustiest
Nights as humans alike turn heartily flushed.
Oh yes - May-month is certainly lusty!

Fay Slimm

Making a Memory

Languishing prostrate
Sultry sun melding our senses
We lay, and we talked
My daughter and I
Under a summer's evening sky.

Whispering secrets
Exchanging ludicrous viewpoints
On freedom to love.
My daughter and I
Under a waning twight sky.

Skipping out seawards
Through late lazy wavelets, swimming
midst wet girlish glee.
My daughter and I
Under that memorable sky.

Fingering hot food
Barbeque roasted and spicy
Warming the moments
My daughter and I
Shared under that magical
moonlit
mid-summer
marvellous
sky.

Fay Slimm

Making a Day.

In my deepest sleep I am weaving a dream.
I am sewing the hopes of a future scheme.
I hem an embrace for my lover and I
That never unravels through hurt or lie.

In my deepest dream I am making a day
For my lover and I, which is never grey.
I embroider the sky in cornflower blue,
Then I knit us a house with a country view.

In my deepest repose I begin to stitch
A castle of joy in which we will feel rich
I am making a day like has never been,
With my lover and I as the central theme.

Fay Slimm

Making it Through.

The colossus of gigantic Dedication, piled high
with tasks on each skyline,
could make travelling pilgrims stop short soon,
shake life, and moderate
their view of Emacipation, which is baffling.

Full speed ahead is the rule.
No dawdling please, don't pick those daisies.
Do not even look.
Hedges of boomtime, designed to goad
really do scratch, eventually.
Crazy demands for time make half a day truly
reduced, and taking full toll-pay on health,
gold is seen grabbing central stage.
Making it through to success without lucre
appears stealthy, and secret redemption
from wealth is ranked costly.

But nuggets of wisdom pale if not chewed.
Simplicity's peace gives time,
which need never be lost.
Solutions are there to ease life's weary state.
In freeing time, time will reciprocate.

Fay Slimm

Making Sweet Lovecake.

What are the makings for sweet lovecake?

When the fruit's ripe for picking
And when nectar starts dripping,
Then seems the time to make love's sweetbake.

Once the love-bug has bitten,
And the heart has been smitten,
It wants then to make some sweet lovecake.

When enamoured and mellow
The red blood cells just bellow
For what they desire is love's sweetcake.

As hot lips taste the honey
And it's syrup turns runny,
What is better than making sweet lovebake?

Just meliferous, treacle-thick,
Ambrosial, candyfloss- stick
Makings are needed for sweetest lovecake.

Fay Slimm

Man Wanted?

'The love-of-my-life can't function now, and
So I know for sure that I'll need a man.
He's got to be strong and to know his stuff.
And to have been at it all long enough.
To satisfy me he's got to be tough! !
I'll write an Ad. as soon as I can
Then I'll put it up in the Corner Shop. - -
The man I will need has got to have clout.
I won't abide him just fiddling about
'Cause when he starts I wont want him to stop'

I overheard this while on a bus-ride.
The women got on and ambled inside.
Before long they chatted, both rather loud.
I left it a while before I turned round
And enquired did they mind me asking them
Which one was looking for rough, tough, strong men,
And if they found spares would they let me know.?
The love of my own life was gone now, so
I could do with another - - one of them
Stared then explained with a blushing-pink laugh
Her lawn-mower had bust, she must get a chap.
As the price of a new one made her see red.
She'd decided to hire a Gardener instead! !

Fay Slimm

March Approaches.

Season of change here
Burgeoning trees
Rushing breezes.
In hedge and field cold
Slowly yielding
Ends what has been
Temperature ranges
From winter chill
To thaw, filling
Small trilling streams
With fresh clamour
As glamourous
March starts to show pace
Racing to birth
Life to new earth.
Old dramas now fade
Stealing the scene
March is keenly
Felt fast approaching.

Fay Slimm

Masquerading.

Such fragile masquerade dresses
And secretes her within a veneer.

Disguises her turmoil in best
Behaviour, covers all holes so geared
To crack her unstable pretence.

No-one must yet deem her in love.

Enchanted with recent events,
She vacillates between tears, moving
To delirious laughter, - - frail
Excuses burst from her lips, ruin
Composure, but to no avail.

Gone went the shield she was seen through.

When now her pose she sheds, then love's charms
At last undress her, - - - - - and she is disarmed.

Fay Slimm

May's Come Lately.

Dancing with greenest
Of fresh-leaved dress,
The trees have awakened
Come lately, - - - shook
Down their winter-drab,
Roots loosened, new tresses
Bob lightly in warm spring.
This year Maytime took
Longer to show, but she's
Come, - - - floating white
Train trailing her blossoms.
Each hedgerow ablaze
With petaling snow - - -
Faintly scented, - - - alight
And glowing, - - May's bridal
Show is - - amazing.
What more cause for delight
Than, - - - come lately
Another revival
To which we relate?

Fay Slimm

Meadfoot Beach.

Cloudless the day with blue vaulting it's way
Into the air and sea. Running the length
Of the cove and foaming at breakpoint, swaying
Wavelets, their cotton-wool edgings resenting
Speed, shushed by the tide, begin gentle ride
To shore with lullaby sound, they reach ground
And flatten, soundlessly. Canoes come gliding
The length of the shimmering bay, around
Yachts, tacking in breeze, and all become one
With the flickering diamond-struck cove, millpond
Still, and quiet today, Meadfoot beach shone.
Cafe' chairs askew, we laughed as fondly,
Owners training young dog tried practising
Alongside sandy waves, but puppy, foam-
Struck, chased away when called, and came back
Dancing wet delight, so was taken home.

As children battled to keep castles dry
From tide, I head home, whispering goodbye.

Fay Slimm

Mellow the Sky

Shot-through winter sky
Bleeds, windless, with evening mist.
Kisses each distant horizon.
And I count the hours.

Showering blues descend,
Hueing low hills, lavenders
Frill the whispering trees, as closing
The light, dusk now flowers.

Calmly the night dyes
Drifting late clouds solemnly gray.
Day ends, surrounded by quiet, lying
Hushed - - dark now lowers.

Each shimmering star
Breaks silvery, gleams and shines
Across space, guiding his way, he
Appears, - - - I 'm empowered.

Fay Slimm

Men In Love.

It seems to depend on inherent traits
As to whether a man is skilled in word.

A British male, when in love, hardly states
His romantic intentions aloud. Curved
Into his ego is subtlety. Mimes
Which indicate passion by gesture. Acts,
Rather than speech help him manhood define.

Whereas the Latin blood shouts out the fact
That his body's on fire with French desire,
Or Italian man, whose gestures begin
At first breath, with romantic 'savoir faire'
Proclaims his great love with what might have been
'Stage-rehearsed', - - as Valentino declared.

But the shrewd British bloke prefers silence.
Displays of extravagance cut no ice
In his book, he merely nods or winks, hence
His partner learns discernment, which is nice
If she prefers the strong, silent type.

The gastrosexual Alpha male, of course
Can be of any breed. His passion rightly
Lies with food, so he takes cooking by force.
His love lives there, which he proves, nightly.

Men in love cannot be taken lightly.! ! !

Fay Slimm

Meteroric Love.

Short but torrid their romance.
Lit the heavens every night.
If given only half a chance,
It would have set the world alight.

Meteoric was their love.
Fate began it from afar.
For them it never had to prove
It was sent from destiny's star.

Fay Slimm

Midnight Love.

An enchanted time is midnight, has been
For long a time of love and hour of trysts.

The stars seem extra bright at midnight seen
With honeyed eyes. Daylight hours are not missed,
And I rush them through. Velvet darkness covers
Our delight at nightime. Heavy silence
Gives our breath its sound anew. True lovers
Whisper low and sing of secrets 'neath dense
Starry skies. Night allows sweeter chances for
Us to feel alone. Covered snugly under
Friendly trees, we sip each others dew, more
Intoxicating than wine, and thunders
Hotly in our blood. Ready now for you
My love, I hear the chymes and over-hasten
Dressing. Start to climb, cloak drawn tight and shoes
Slipped over restless feet, I seek to find
You waiting in the gloom. Now rainbows break
Into my happy heart. I do not mind
That we have but one hour, it's ours for taking.

Cloak laid aside we lie down, skin to skin.
Love seems so right at midnight, - so we begin.

Fay Slimm

Midsummer Madness.

Magic walks out in this midsummer night.
The fairy world opens to those who, prepared,
Wander at dusk to commune with mighty
Unseen worlds. Flora appears so rarely,
So go and invoke her. Higher realms ride
On your fate this midsummer's eve, believing
In miracles helps. This is year's high tide
Whatever has ebbed will flow back with dreaming.
Hearts now can be full, not a dropp overfills.
Washing your face in the midsummer dew
You will grow lovelier, if you are willing
To take joy in the coming year's beautiful
Messages, hidden but waiting for you.
Madness maybe, but some say it's true.

Fay Slimm

Missions Of Love.

God bless their invincible smiles, endorsing
Compassionate vigour for drying such
Torrents of miserable tears, which coursing
Down young frightened faces, make hands clutch
Anything mercifully shown by this Force
Of consoling care. Emotive appeals
Pour, this time of the year through festive doors,
Begging easement for victims suffering ordeals.

Unconquerable these. Disarming despair
With brave love, finding lost lambs everywhere
They find wars. Tenderness shown to the least
Of humanity's needy, broad-shouldered care
Takes such Goliath hearts into dark streets
Where lurks distress, their strong soothing arms
Wrap around wounded hearts, curative balms
Of unselfish lives gives serious pause
For thought, that they need support for the cause.

Tribute to the many volunteers who devote time and effort
to Children In Need.

Fay Slimm

Mood Music

Like efflorescence, night produces mood.
More blue than a cornflower summer sky.
Moods of the daytime too are luminous.
Your presence, though afar, creates them so.

Soft textured velvet is my mood today.
It sings me memory-tunes of your words.
Silence is heavy when poetry speaks.
I hear and catch it's music in my soul.

Fay Slimm

Moonlight Advances.

Curtains of mystical light
Pattern my room, quite soundless
Piercing white recedes the gloom
And silvers my head bounteously.

Moonbeams are lacing the walls.
Flooding sheen over pale hung
Threads, which shimmer down my face
Webbing me brightly They string along
My bed, change shape, and ready
Themselves for dance. As they wait
To advance towards the door
Lace, lunar-made, now oscillates.

Arms high I slowly enter
Lustrous circled dream, become
Entranced with gleaming movement,
And moonlight lace and I seem one.

Fay Slimm

Moons' Lesser Light.

Soundlessly bathing me, washing me white
As I awake in this luminous night,
Oh mysterious moon, wrap me tightly
Into the icy-beamed aerial light
Flooding my room as I unrobe. Frightening
Shadows away, you illumine the height
Of each blazoning star. Distance seems slightly
Lessened between lovers like us tonight.

May our plan for escape not be blighted.
With your lucid care our terrible plight
May diminish, moonlit paths will, rightly
Be shown, to guide us. Devotion that might
Wreck our tomorrow, tonight needs flight.
We choose no sun, we'll run with lesser light.

Fay Slimm

More Than Friends.

Friend responds to friend.

Affectionate kindness
relies on dual support, .

It seeks peace from like-minds.

But of a different order
is soul-mate love.

Needs deeper than friendship's
grip romantic ardour.

Fay Slimm

Morning Lament.

Wherefore awakest thou,
..... oh mine heart?
Thy lover hast taken
..... thine every part
And left but a shell.
But markest thou well,
Cupid hast many another dart.

It will be mustered
..... and aimed forthwith,
T'ward that ungrateful wretch,
.....and thus give
This very same pain.
And happen again
He cometh, henceforth
..... wilt find me heartless.

Fay Slimm

Morning Stirs.

Along with fresh bread smell begins bright day.
As morning draws blinds down nightime affairs,
I, from my bed, catch first shining light - rays
Of sunrise breaking, then I breathe in new air.

Trundle of milk-van, halts with a purpose.
Then daylight yields to familiar calls.
Morning stirs early when baker's hand thrusts.
Cool folk move faster before sun's heat palls.

Shriek now from seagull that knows kitchen sound
Which wrestles with radio's tuneful air.
Soon fisherman chatter takes time, around
Cooked breakfast, which I hear in progress out there.

Stirring fresh coffee, my eyes scan the sea.
Diamonds light path as his boat heads for port.
Morning now broken, brings new chance for me
To value each moment this day will have brought.

Fay Slimm

Music of Dreams

Dreams conjure sight of a faraway lake
Breaking diamonds into sound melodies.
Let me dream on.
All askim are tiniest fish, taking
In sunshine's symphonic dapples, quelling
Discord they ripple out notes of such high
Harmony, and leave the watery deep
Humming more lows. Now woodwinds are trying
To outdo this floodsong. Air flowing keeps
It all musically tied. Dreams orchestrate
Beautiful rhapsody if we but hear.
I will dream on.
Music in streams reviving creations'
Fantasies beckon me back so clearly
I must dream on.

Fay Slimm

Music of Silence.

Lying in stillness, and listening, I try
Catching the dewdrops song to the morning.
Soundless warmth falls from a brightening sky
Aglow with ethereal delight of the dawning.
Purring leaves sigh as a breeze rustles air.
Floating gossamer downwards, it catches
Shivering grasses, which mutely declare
Their delight as each resonance passes.
Rocks inaudibly stir, subtlely moving
To harpstrings of silence heralding day.
Motionless life welcomes refrains, approving
The message that, soundless, melodies play.
An earthwide Concerto of Love, unheard.
This music of silence needs not a word.

Fay Slimm

Musing on Me.

I am a wonder of life on legs,
Who can walk with the sun or the rain in her hair
In the freshest of air, and can gaze on such medley
Of beauty that baffles my mind
With all it's diversity.
Then
I love to stand and do no more than listen
To music, that nature may happen to compose
Then to sing in my ear.
Whatever the season I'm just as excited
By hearing these melodies all around.
I try to join in, to the blackbird's surprise,
And sing a duet as he pipes to the skies.
It never fails to make my heart
Alight with delight.
Then
I am injected with all the magic
Of odourous scents, as sweet as a rose
When it's mystic perfume invades
My senses, as nose hits the air
Of clear summer's noon.
Then
I am glad I am there when the leaves
Start to green and unfurl,
As winter takes leave to let Spring
Into the year, bringing it's clear
lovely colours of yellow and palest blue.
What an adventure the young
Time of growing displays.
To itself it is always so true.
Then
I walk and absorb the changes
That happen to all as the warmth
Of the summer brings profusion.
The various colours of girls in their dresses.
The beautiful people who, in passing
Raise hands and broad smiles
In wishings good day to all.
Then
Late at night on lifting my head to the stars
How I am awed by the marvellous show
Of the black-punctured light, where
Holes twinkle out mystery into
My wondering sight.
Then
All such as this makes my days
Of dynamic heart-beating time a gladness.
I cannot be much more than filled with bliss.
I belong to the living and cannot miss
All this cause for enjoyment.
Then
My senses can daily find reasons

To celebrate Me, who has access to music
The universe sings to any listening soul.
Timelessly grand the love
Which I see in the make-up of Me.
Then
This echoes a thought that is
Solidly sound, the thought of a Mind
Filled with love of an Eternal kind, which defies
Me not to be happy with life as it flows
Free through my veins. Musing now at an end,
Celebration of and to Me can I send.

.

Fay Slimm

My Brother and I.

Falling through memory's wide open window,
Hitherto kept tightly closed.
I'm flying away into chilhood experience
Where, brother and I were supposed
To be good, while parental strife, flaring
Brightly, would envelope us nightly,
As arms flung round each other
We struggled to sleep,
Despite shouting and fighting
Downstairs, we said pleading prayers
And, always tearful goodnights.

We often cried quietly
Into the darkness my brother and I.
Orphaned from love, we grew close
Together, and clung to each other
Over the ensuing years.
Losing my only beautiful brother
To cancer has emptied and drained
My lonely heart, despite
Crying rivers of tears.
I reluctantly close that window again
But never will close on my brother, Den.

Fay Slimm

My Daily Delight.

Indulging in opulent foam
I sigh and move, indolent,
Into a paradise, floating
In warm silkiest, fragrance
Of liquid delight. Immersing
I wonder what betters this,
And whisper my pleasure, yet know,
As I now hide in this bath
Of comfort, another lake waits.
I then glide through a dream to
A distant watery haven
Where I know I will go, feel
Such fluid welcome, be covered
With love, more bouyantly warm
Than this substitute joy. Water
Delights me, but bliss is with you.

Fay Slimm

My Love and I.

Straddling a passing white cloud as a steed,
We speed the night sky, my love and I.

Into the unseen, invisibly real
Sphere of the spirit we joyfully fly

To meet in moonshining starlit plain.
Delirious with love, powered by desire,
Skimming the ridge of the world we are again
Gloriously free. Longings aflame, imbibing
Passions' red wine we light up our fiery ride
Towards paradise. Brightening every star,
Unbinding every known boundary beside,
Shooting sparklets, we navigate spaces afar

And choose one to witness our love tonight.
Then consummate cyber- dreams in mid flight.

Fay Slimm

My Lovely World.

As unworldly and unwise as it seems,
I walk in dreams.

Unable to influence changes around
I am astounded
At what appears unseemly ecstacy
Engendered in me
By simply walking in spheres of the heart.

Love is imparted,
Which, in colouring each breath I now take
Leads me to making
Every exciting moment pleasantly
Good - dreaming presents
An acceptable world, and love survives
Then, most surprisingly.

Gives wonderful days, if, in replacing
Reality I pace
Myself with beautiful fantasy, where soul
Wraps love around soul.

Thus life becomes wholly fine and worthwhile.
My heart can then smile.

Fay Slimm

My Muse.

Sometimes I slip, off-key
Askew into reverie.
Become slow-geared, and slothfully
Muse into space.
Unheedful and timeless, my brain
Takes sabbatical,
Twilight zone, mistily
Slowing the pace.

Thinking power back-tracks, as
Demands lose their feed-backs
Wits hibernate, sink with the same racking
Sense of sub - norm.
Then from ether assembles words
Tumbling together, in rhythmic
Profusion. I arouse to a
Poem, just being born.

Fay Slimm

My Secret Delight.

Of all the places I would be
My glasshouse is the place for me.
Immersed in life of plants around
A richer lady can't be found.

I contemplate the tiny growth
Of alpine leaf, and I am loth
To leave my little secret bower
Where all the world is in a flower.

I'm not afraid to own I talk
To every little stem and stalk.
And, not surprising, day by day
They all respond in awesome way,
By swell and thrust, - and suddenly
Explode their inner power to me.

What majesty in this place dwells.
What pulsing force in verdant cells.
If God our Father's proud at all,
His pride's in plants both large and small.
And if we're wise we'll stop and to look
Yet closer still at Nature's Book.

Fay Slimm

My Wish.

May the sacred grove
Of my soul's desire
Unfold and open
To cleansing fire,
So I can find love.

May the music of life
Fulfil it's part in
Healing my sick
And broken heart.
Then I can find love.

May sounds begin
Of a fresh romance
Before too long,
So there'll be a chance
For me to find love.

Fay Slimm

Never Tomorrow's

We live our todays as velvet on skin
Embracingly smooth, with ease of fine silk.
Each moment gone drifts into yesterday.
Lives sadden spent dusting future for hope.

The songbird's trill is never tomorrow's.
He sings welcome in moments, timelessly.
We, sailing ferried to friendship and more,
Clasp hands on today and stay heartclose.

Fay Slimm

Night Hangs Heavy.

Thick and warm, midnight
Admonishes souls
With tight reins.

Lengthening minutes with strings
Of silence, ringing
In lonesome ears..... goals
Met, then dissolved in thick mist
By such things as.....
Lonliness, ... heavy as lead,
And yoked tight around
My heart, blankets hope.

The scale weighted.....
With tears,
Sends burden of boundless
Steel netting to snare more hours,
Until the late night strikes fear
Of the future.....
Into my poor waiting heart.

But you send before dawn
Curtains of love, descending
Like rainbows..... to loosen
Dark's hold, and pressure
Departs as the sun rises.

I then am reminded of your.....
Patient love.
Heavy is only at night.

Fay Slimm

Night Life.

The estuary smiled at the sunset, tide
Washing in gently meant summer's day waned.
I walked the bank admiring the scene beside
Small misty beach, tidal fields always gain
A way into my heart.

Glancing across flood-plain, thankful for calm,
I saw sudden vast ripples surging in
Like submarine action and brought me alarm
Until told it was shoals of mullet-fin.
Sport was about to start.

Chaos soon reigned when for a while fish offered
Wild silver-spin dancing, dusk saw them begin
To surface inside tight rings, which prompted
Expulsion, leaping for flies showed strength akin
To the habits of shark.

Stirring water, such vibrant life displayed
Communal gain, - fed my heart too as I
Stood agape, while as twilight fell away
Frenzy continued of fish versus fly.
What a night-life party!

Fay Slimm

Night Spices.

As paradise nightly awakes, and I,
In castles of dream, find my happy heart
Aching for love, he then comes, bringing my
Beautiful midnight spices. He departs
Every dawn, morning-fresh dew on his brow,
Love of my life leaves delighted, bids adieu
For a while. I shake our stardust bed now
And recall being wrapped close in his two
Strong arms all night through. Paradise lovers
Need no food as love keeps them fed, moonshine
Creates spiced patterns in cyber-space above,
Where they play lover's games. Passion divine
Fills my soul at the sound of his name, and
As exotic perfumes fill the air, fairly
Trembling, I now longlingly hold his hand
In spiced welcome. My heart knows he is there.

Our nights fill with fragrance like wine, shining
With pleasure, we sip spiced love every night.

Fay Slimm

No Regrets.

Life carries change that is momentously
Shatteringly swift, re-arranging our daily
Routines as though they were dice, frequently
Casting them, re-set and adrift. Available
Help for these shifts is concious acceptance
Of 'present' as being the key. No regrets
Will then mar transformative change, except
For refusal to see. Often suspecting
The worst from jolts into any strange sphere,
We instinctively backen, shy from new
Worlds, fearfully suspect, we now appear
To ignore any harmony. Hearts must do
The brave thing and leap with perception, when
Changes occur. Regrets bring chains again.

Fay Slimm

Oasis of Blue..

Placid the place
.....where we meet secretly.
Our hidden oasis,
..... thick with love-dust
Deepens in bluest dusk
..... with pulsing songs.
Do let us rest here my love,
..... in night's trust.

This peace wraps us around,
..... after love's flow
Lovely melodies begin,
..... followed soon
By dark's show, when
..... firefly's dance starts a glow
Which draws us
..... within its mystical tune.

Girdle me then
..... with quiet oasis.
Sing me blue moonsongs
..... .and make my heart race.

Fay Slimm

Ode To The Eagle.

In mid-heaven's world, between earth and sky,
The life we call Eagle is high-gliding by.
Hollow bones, honed to perfection in flight
On winged journey skyward, with eagle-sharp sight.

What see you this morning, my full-feathered friend?
What life in the meadow do you need to end?
The start of your dive leaves me breathless. I fear
Nothing small will escape, with your talons so near.

Soft furry creatures freeze still, with alarm.
So your hunt runs successfully, then you are gone.
Nature, fearfully potent, has skilfully brought
To dynamic precision the Eagle it's wrought.

Fay Slimm

On Fire.

The words spell doom as, looming into view
Firey flames leap from plane's engine, and catch
Hold of the hearts of passengers and crew
Alike. The icy chilled air could not match
Their cold fear. Just minutes in flight they hear
Bangs and the message that they're going down
From feet thousands high. Knowing this, they fear
Their end, some begin praying without sound,
Others, shouting aloud, spread gangway fright
Until Captain's clear voice enlightens them,
Explaining the river Hudson's in sight.

His confident manner did much to stem
The panic on board. The plane sent mighty
Splashings on high, and fire died, but came
Now the terror of drowning in water right
Up past the waist, as sinking, they disdained
Protocol, and all rushed outside to icy
Embrace. Shivering limp, they were all saved
As boats alongside appeared in a trice.
With 'grace under pressure' that Captain behaved.

As, with true heroes, he would calmly abstain
From limelight. Yet they will remember his name.

To commemorate the rescue of 155 souls
Hudson River - - January 16th 2009.

Fay Slimm

On The Edge.

Pregnant and longing, the hot molten sky
Encounters light cloudlets skimming the plains,
And parcels them into grey beds of flying
Cotton-wool eiderdowns, heavy with rain.
Edging nearer, they threaten to over-spill,
Drenching whatever is out and about,
And waiting at waterless holes for fill
Of Heaven's nectar, stomping, snorting,
Squawking loudly, animal and bird faintly
Sway with great thirst. This is the worst arid
Drought, and connections with which life relays
Such news of the rains are fragile, yet carry
Hope to weakest first. Parched throats just whine.
Dusty scorched limbs painfully move, within
A short while the edge between life and dying
Of waterless dry seems to broaden, in
Expectation bright lightning cracks the sky.
Nostrils flare, life on the edge sniffs, then sighs.

Fay Slimm

One Faded Photo.

Falling swiftly
Through memory's door,
Into a dream
Where deliberately untrod,
I'd not been before - - - -
I met you!
Face to face
Once again.
And
Immediately sensing
The stretch of denial
Awaiting
before us
The tears began then
To stream.
At the sight of your name
As
The years fell away.
Re-living
That day
We'd said goodbye,
I proved that love,
Though renouced,
Long ago
So
Long ago.
Feels the same.

Fay Slimm

One of a Kind.

Broadened out, now gigantically big,
The pig held his snout to the rail.

He surveyed me, then began digging
His sharp teeth in wood, and exhaled

Hot breath came with a grunt so loud
I hastily beat retreat, but pig's eyes
Squinted blearily, and the proud
Mountain of flesh began to sigh.

Yes, soft whimpering sounds gave way
To loud wailing, then streaky tears
Rolled away down his cheeks, paving
Pathways into my heart. Without fear
I opened the door to his sty
And big boar and I, pig-talking,
Snuffled away in quality time.
Pigs feeling lonely get maudlin.

Fully grown boar, no exception,
Lay down, moreover, he adoringly
Squirmed when I scratched with shy respect
On his thick hide, then he nuzzled for more.

Despite his huge size, when for a time
The tickling stopped, trepidation
Overtook and set in, it reminded
Me that pigs' desires merely relate
To needs like our own. More than food
We crave company when finding
Nothing substitutes feeding from love.

Oh, but that boar was one of a kind.
He left any other far, far behind.

Fay Slimm

On-Going Love.

Deep feelings insist we have met before
And have known this close bonding forever.
Impelled by belief that souls need no more
Than an instant to realize a severed
Paradise has been restored, we unite
To flourish again. Our love blossoms, then
Flooded with half-rememeberd bliss we might,
In dim-image dreams find, together again
We are drawn to a wholeness of strangely
Familiar timeless love, waves of closed
Hopes re-emerging mean souls need no change.
We accept we are one. Loving hearts most
Gladly combine, and when Destiny calls
Soul-mates think nothing of distance at all.

Fay Slimm

Only Venn

How often would my phone go - then a voice would say
'It s only Venn'.
A soft and gentle Cornish tone
Would whisper low into the phone
As if excusing, say again
'Hello my love - it s only Venn'

My unassuming humble friend
Would never know up to her end
How glad I was I d stayed at home even tho I felt alone
Choking tears of loss again
I heard that voice - 'It s only Venn'

I cannot even recall when she 'd never said
'It's only Venn'.
Though big of frame and large of heart
Her lack of Self set her apart.
'So good to have a word or two' she'd say
'With someone kind as you'

She knew what loss of family meant
But Self aside, an ear she bent
As pouring out sad tears of grief
I knew my secrets she would keep.

KIND describes but just the few.
That word, dear Venn, applied to YOU
You never were that 'Only' Venn
And if some day we meet again
You'll know yourself for who you are -
Dear Venn - you've always been a star!

Fay Slimm

Origins and Exits.

It seems we, as humans
Began in a dream.
We sprung from a purposeful
Plan in the Infinite Mind,
Of which, in that timeless scheme
We were of self-same kind.

Starting from Dynamic Life
Which we designate 'God',
We were called, became form
And settled to live on earth
To experience nodding
Aquaintance with death, from birth
.

Originally we, it seems,
Were with One who is Love.
We were part of that One,
Who, through love multiplied
Self into myriads, above
Whom He is sanctified.

We are born with a spark
From the same loving Life
Who ignited us all
With the spirit of good.
Eternally lit, we might
Now hope to emulate God.

We exit from here. Once more
We and our Maker are one.
Enlightened in giving.
We re-enter His dream
Our commision is done
On earth, so it seems.

.

Fay Slimm

Our Dark-Time.

Preceding the dawn are hours from which some
Shrink, perhaps thinking of danger or fear.

But my love and I, with dark's challenge, come
Alive, we find starlight mystically clear,
As together we ride midnight breezes.
Feet astride clouds, we lightly sail the sky,
Halo the moon with gold, then descend, pleasing
Ourselves in some quiet lake, where, naked
We make love to the tune of a small rill
Which fills the air around with moon's sacred
Glowing white notes, whispering to us still
More clearly, in wet-tinkling water ways.

We then feel nearer to paradise, more
Than before. We honour the night, forsaking
Sun. - dusky-dark moonbeams thrill to the core
Our nightly reunions - - - Sated with love
We can exist, until next starlight above.

Fay Slimm

Our Octobering.

Leaves ready to fall
.....now redden and blush.
Demur in change,
.....they know October's here.
Windblown they tremble
..... yet shed without rush.
We, dear friend,
..... feel our autumness nearing.

Heated by summer,
.....love no more emboldens
Like sad paling leaves
..... our verses run dry.
Coats of lonliness
.....loosen each frail hold.
Bur we penned glorious hues,
..... you and I.

Fay Slimm

Our Time.

Rainbowing sky is fading.
Sandy dunes move slightly
While shivering
In the evening breeze,
The sea-grass whispers night.

Arms linked, we walk easily
Hearts beating in unity.
Ebbtide singing
Floods us with it's peace.
Our time has just begun.

Fay Slimm

Out of Reach.

Inside the space made for dawn,
When morning
Comes glorying in,
It is just then.....
I think of you.

Inside the place where bright day
Invades dark,
Fading it away,
It is just then.....
I think of you.

Inside the house of twilight,
Before night
Closes shutters tightly,
It is just then.....
I think of you.

Inside the palace of dreams,
When sleeping
Brings love within reach,
It is just then.....
I run to you.

Fay Slimm

Out Of Touch.

The gulls, like shadows, have flown.
Emptiness only remains.
Our song too seems to have blown away.

Vigorous love has been drained.
Sun shines but dull on our hour.
Yet hope for rebirth still retains power.

Life has relinquished our vows.
Out of touch wreaks it's own toll.
Your gentle lullabies gave me boldness.

Send me again sweetened gold.
Make me a sensuous song.
Write it's liquid words tenderly long.

Short-sighted window view wrongs
My mind with salty-wet tears
Which try to reach you, then dry - nearly.

Fay Slimm

Outbreak.

Where to run to - where to hide
With flames engulfing all.
Horror stalks the mountainside.
Ash, like snowfakes starts to fall.

Horrendous heat, must make escape.
The winds are gale-force strong.
Leave the homestead, only take
The basics, - before long
It will be gone - no time to think.

Life is in danger here.
All around is on the brink
Of inferno - fire brings fear.
Racing now, the flames are higher.
Trees alight, - will I escape
This terrifying firey
Malastrom, this outbreak
Straight from hell? , - my land
Victoria is burning.

I see a welcome hand
To safety now - I cant return
But bless the folk who came
To rescue me - those they lost
They would have helped the same.

Brave souls as these should be
Remembered, not for today
But always - just to see
Them fighting in this way.
Fire breaks out, - they're there.
Firefighters care.

Tribute to the bravery of the firefighters in Victoria (Australia) - Feb. '09

Fay Slimm

Over My Heart.

I reach for your core of warmth
..... with fond dreams.
They lift you lightly
..... into my keeping.
Large loads float weightless
..... within your verses.
Many there melt
.....and become burdenless.

Holding you soul-close
..... my spirit survives.
Time cannot enliven me
..... like your rhymes.
If this be love
..... then love transforms partings.
Breathe then your gold,
..... dear friend, over my heart.

Fay Slimm

Overcast Days.

Flatbottomed blankets of soupy-grey clouds,
Frowning downwards, silently dour and still.
Clinging tenuously, while winding around
Each tendril of light, icy breath wisping
Away ectoplasmicly skyward. Reminds me
Of mind-clogging stupified, shadowy days
When dated note brought what I 'd knowingly
Guessed - you had gone - and left crazily
Dashed hopes of any togetherness, but
I coped, and eventually by willing
This cloudy, overcast life away, I cut
And unplugged any unshed tears, killing
Stone dead my future fears I adopted
An obstinate smile, misery now stopped.
I had outlasted grey days and moved on.

Fay Slimm

Painful Love.

Splitting apart any previous cease-fire,
Shattering words spit quick
Bulleting pain. Yet again.
Their target well met, with accurate aim
They enter the heart of my heart.

Why do I stay as I do?
Do I revel in suff'ring, stupidly cling
Incompatibly to this narcotic thing
Painfully passing as love?

Would that I knew.

Fay Slimm

Pale Promise

The pleasure of a primrose
Is infinite when new
As 'neath it's bashful peeping
It calls to any who
Will look at what's to follow
It's dainty Springtime show,
The glories of a summer
Which, dazzling, will bestow
Such vivid colour portraits
That lighten winter's chill
As together, round a fire
We remember summer still.
The pleasure of a primrose
Though pale reflector, yet
Is of itself a beauty
Once seen, we'll not forget.

Fay Slimm

Pansy Power.

Water coloured
Wet-on-wet, my
Smudged purple pansies.
Stylish faces
Nodding skyward.
Beauty in a pot.

Fay Slimm

Paradise is Now.

Tranquility, following peace,
Every day's dawn increasing
The sense that I'm loved
Gives sublime feeling, overrides
Hurts of the past, abiding
Inner excitement
Collides with delight, enlightened
Sensual images fire
My mind with desire.
Could any paradise better
The one that I stumbled upon,
The one that is Now?

Fay Slimm

Part Of Me.

Thou art in me
and I in thee.
Nothing appears closer.
We cannot touch,
and brevity
Of time affords the most
Meagre access,
yet thy spirit
Combines with mine daily.
Thou art part of me,
and limit me
To thee, unfailingly.

Fay Slimm

Petaled Perfection.

Cupped in greenery,
..... it stands tall as 'itself'.
Bud-tight, becoming unfurled
..... with blushy show,
Bright rose, strongly fragile,
..... returns my melting
Sighs with quiet pride of face,
..... so knowingly.

Sweet silence colours it
..... and rich tones vibrate,
The rose holds a beauty
.....from friendship's warm hand.
Dignified more by it's image,
..... now fated
To bloom here for me
..... as in faraway land.

Impassioned, compelling,
..... incarnadine rose,
How deep your secret
..... only providence knows.

Fay Slimm

Pictures of Poetry.

Words can weave
Beautiful pictures of dreams.
Use them.

Thoughts are the means
Used to sculpture the words
Into beautiful pictures of dreams.
Don't abuse them.

Ideas evolve themes
That energise thoughts
Used to sculpture the words
Into beautiful pictures of dreams.
Peruse them.

Moments set scenes
Whereby ideas evolve themes
That energise thoughts
Used to sculpture the words
Into beautiful pictures of dreams.
Don't lose them.

Fay Slimm

Placid Sunday Morn.

Lying amid grass of perfumed green,
Cushioned with sun and calm of early morn,
From verdant lanes echo aloft the sound of the bell
Bidding me attend it s evocative toll

What solitary same sound has winged in byegone days
And fetched the faithful, young and old, to morning dues
It s sad and mournful clang, it s long and lonely call
Evokes a realm of pastness gone now and yet
Still lives - so long as bell and quiet sunny morn
All combine to tell of such a heritage.

Clanging slow and loud all the way home
Into memory - and heart.

Fay Slimm

Poetic Nourishment.

Lonely the plight of new-written verses.
Solitary flight tires and wears out wingbeats.
To greet with silence starves all new birthing.
Shout then melodious applause as greeting.

Words fly vibrantly skywards like birds leaving.
They sing fluid notes with poetic care.
Warmth stays quietly close after reading.
Nourishing comments make known we were there.

Fay Slimm

Polyjoke Cove.

Tucked in a valley, a long walk away
From dwellings or ice-cream selling, paradise
.....lies hiding.

Polyjoke Cove provides place
For escape and delight, with sheer cliff height
.....surrounding the bay.

Only the hardy
Attempt the tough hike across field and stile.
Yet worth every while when picture-postcard
Beach, white rollered and fresh as paint
..... beguiles
The rambler's eye.

What relief to sit and
Feel awhile
..... the lonliness.

Black-faced rocks
Protect this hideaway,
..... caves edge the sand
Before white crested waves
..... haltingly stop
Sea from swallowing the narrow gap.

Maybe
The predating buzzard will fly today
Above Polyjoke Cove,
.....scream his freedom
And dive with an ecstatic flight display.

White brushed on blue,
..... the sky melting with sea
Drowns with beauty all that my eye can see.

Fay Slimm

Power Unlimited

Feral winds of unimaginable change
Blow into our days at will, reminding
Us, love can be blind. Fate rearranges
Strangely shaped new ties, unbinding
Strong loyalties previously held, drawing
Us, mercilessly into fresh fields that
If not controlled drive us wild. Dried out shore
Of our heart feels the tide of shattering
Breakers storming toward us with yearnings
For love which submerge us. Unlimited
Power, like electrical force, confirms
It is so, and transforms us.. Grids emitting
Energy for a while, then breaking down,
Are no match for this. Love's power is renowned.

Fay Slimm

Powerless Musings.

Sitting in candlelight I, absently
Minding the clock, wonder why candle glow
Is no more considered good light, and meant
Solely for romantic nights. Flames glowing,
Now engagingly chase colourful hues
With flickery light. I easy prepare
A small meal, sew a seam, then start doing
Washing by hand, but, could I have been there
Before advent of electrified light
I too might have dreamed of washing machines,
Or yearned for T.V. or 'phone, and even might
Have cleverly invented powerful schemes
Of my own. I turn from the sink, and sigh!

When will this power, disabled by storm
Be recovered? I can then make reply
To unanswered, faraway friends, who form
By now an image of me as carelessly
Rude. Candlepower, never the same, no future
Can claim over click-button ease. Depressed,
Now I turn and start hugging Computer!

So, confessing addiction to modern means,
I will only use candles to weave my dreams.

Fay Slimm

Prayerful Resolution. - 2009

Give me a heart that is free.
Unfettered and untroubled mind.
Give me contentment, then help me
Resolve to leave any worries behind.
Please.....
Open my heart to the new.
Where fresh opportunity waits.
Teach me to be to myself true.
Thus unafraid, I will welcome my fate.
Thank you.....

Fay Slimm

Precious Heritage.

Standing surrounded by turquoise-blue sea
Granite, stone upon stone forming strong walls
Which, towering upward, bedded yet free
From mortared restraint, such masonry calls
Across century's changes clarion clear,
Of unchanging craftsmanship, yet striven
In order for mining, year after year
To continue, without charity given.
Sightseers now peer to decipher names
Amid stones which hold mem'ries of men
Who laboured at building these bastion frames
Now weathered, wind-beaten, not knowing when
An Enforcement will order these ancient stones down.
Car-parking is planned for this side of town.

Fay Slimm

Predator

Glinting in cool watery glade
The goldfish rests.
Dappling warmth from mellow sun
Urges him to shade.

Basking in dull green-mist
The goldfish waits.
Globey-eyed and pouting lipped
He moves, then hesitates.

Silvery-watered gleaming splash

The goldfish LEAPS.
A careless fly then lost his life.

The goldfish sleeps.

Fay Slimm

Protecting the Wild.

When we learn not to tamper.
Respect all things wild,
Then land and inhabitant
Will not stay maligned
As at present. When reason
Sends signals to cease
Interference, a season
Of prosperous peace
Can begin. Wilderness sings
When allowed. Protect
Then inheritance, it brings
It's own prize, rejects
Only crass carelessness
And rebels by its death.
Must we want blood on our hands?

Fay Slimm

Protestation.

Now deaf from bad memory's fearful sounds,
Unyielding nightmares mean pressure abounds.
Re-living, over and over again.
What has awful warfare done to our men?

Inner respect has been taken away.
Now facing their battles from day to day.
Blinded from peace by the horrors of war.
What have these brave veterans been fighting for?

Fay Slimm

Quenched Thirst.

Brimming with care, prepared is our love-cup.

Thirst quenches deeper now nectar runs clear.
Not wanting to waste in sips, I drink up.
Swallow to glassy dregs, and unfearful
That love will taste bitter after such draught,
I settle it deep, and heart feels emboldened.

Now sweetened, ready for honeyed laughter
I escape the dreary norm, take firm hold
Of fate's hand and head for life love will control.

Fay Slimm

Quiet Speaks Out.

Today, surrounded by shimmering sea,
Silence here slices portions of still air,
Wafts them towards lawn and they comfort me,
Quietly waiting on terracing chair.
Out here peaceful morning breaks and daily
Refreshes blades of greenest grass, then edges
Down slopes toward the tidal beach and bravely,
Suffuses itself into sea, thus embeds
Tranquility fast into late-spring day.
It seems quiet intends to speak anyway!

Fay Slimm

Quieter Waters.

Experiencing storm, excited seas
Stir..... and soon boisterous
Becomes noisily loud.

Blown about water is proud.
With mountainous waves it tries,
To quell force..... to no avail
It wants to restore quiet again.....
And fails.

Calmer seas,
Feeling unpressured will
Ease themselves..... depart
From turbulent wilfulness,
And find peace.

Like our own measured skill
In dealing with storms
Of the disturbed heart.....

We can permit, ...unwillingly
Stressed seas of life
To lay us to waste
Or gently thwart them..... partly
By calm.

If we seek harbour, increase our peace
By staying gently afloat.....
Noting safe ports, ... stress
Will decrease.....

Then calmly..... and unafraid
Of occasional gale
We will prevail.....

Our quieter water days
Will be here.....
To stay.

Fay Slimm

Rainy-Day Mindset.

Windows awash, waterfall mind drifting
To long-ago times, warding off more tears
She stayed out of sight hoping mood lifted
Before day was done. Like raindrops, she
Fearing the coming night, let wet dry, chased
Away salt from her face and weeping stopped

This mind-set must cease, shoulders be shaken
And braced, this would not do, she adopted
A new braver smile. He was away now....
So many months were to pass before hope
Could begin and he be home again, - frowning
She looked out at rain, and started to cope
With the wait. Together they'd make it, - love
Never minds either distance or time, proving
Rainy-day mind-sets can be risen above.

Fay Slimm

Rarer Breeds.

Those who take life and shake it
A bit, to make trauma less,
And fit error in little
Pockets of love, enmeshing
Forgiveness in and around
Each hurt, become special breeds,
With rarer hearts, and sounder
Minds, who have no vested needs
And so are free in spirit.
These unblemished souls will soar
Toward untroubled life, fit
And much stronger than before.

Rare love is worth fighting for.

Fay Slimm

Reaching Out

So many times throughout the day
My thoughts reach out to you.
Every waking hour, straying
Into realms of dream, a true
Yearning starts within my heart
And does not let me rest.
Your soul calls and mine responds, part
Of me resists, - protests
That sun is yet at zenith still
And nightime is our hour
For being one, but weak in will
I long for you, lose power
To wait, then desperation fills
My soul, and skin bleeds heat.
Defeated, reaching out begins
As need to feel replete
With you is easy any time.
Your presence then is mine.

Fay Slimm

Reaching Out.

In the throes of our love
.....I became alive.
The lamp of my soul
..... still lights well my way.
Reaching out to our star
..... I find on arrival
The mem'ry of you
.....invites me to stay.

Forasmuch as you gave
.....fresh meaning to life
And taught me what only
..... freedom can bring,
I salute you with warmth
..... dear friend, as rightly
You stay ever close,
..... you, who made my heart sing.

Fay Slimm

Reflecting On Love.

So deep these words, so utterly complete.
Devotion - Commitment - Affection - mean
Nearly the same, a quiet resolve, meeting
Requirement for love is more than it seems.

A caring, compassionate outlook, warming
The soul makes for whole love. Such devotion
To showing tenderness weathers each storm
Of troublesome doubt. Without it all motion
Towards displaying love ceases. We fail
Entirely in closeness. Dishonour denies
Love if devotion only to Self prevails.
With lukewarm affection preciousness dies.

Therefore reflecting on love, uppermost
Time and again comes devotion, with truth
Alongside. Riding these two we can boast
Then of discerning what's missing in youth.

Experience teaches that conquering time
Needs devotion, then our poem will rhyme.

Fay Slimm

Regretful Love?

Love can be abnormally
Unfair, and yet
The wisest among us
Choose not to forget
That doing our best
To achieve goals we set
Means life can be lived
Without deadly regret.

Fay Slimm

Release

Be glad my soul.
Now the healing has really occured.
My two dearest gifts,
After years of my waiting
And silently yearning,
Have come now to settle
For sibling affection.
Strong breaches repaired with a word.

Rejoice my glad soul.
Now that neutral stands really have won.
These loves of my life,
With burdens now lifted
And gratefully shifted,
Can live now united
In family reunion.
Hearts released, we can now all move on.

Fay Slimm

Remember Then?

Do you remember that lazy midsummer
In faraway Europe of long time ago?

I guess like me, you can still see
The girls in their dirndl skirts, such
Pig-tailing heart-stoppers, really
Hopping to serve us, with whirling
Smiles, and coffee-cup twirling.
Yes, you know you were there!

I know you'll recall all of us felt they
Broke many a heart then, as swaying
Flicky honey-bright, blonde shiny hair
Frilly-wenched blouses throbbingly full
Aroused all our heartbeats with yearning.
Those low gingham-clad tables fairly
Arranged in disorderly style, 'specially
So everyone there had their share.
Remember? You were there!

Were you there for the festivals?
Big men in tiny short shorts, sportingly
Cavorting chamoisery waistcoats, and
Lederhosing around every big Square.
Huge-bellied scoffing of full-fatty sausages
Swilled down with foaming great frothy
Glasses of beer - were you there?

Did you go walking among frescoed houses
With fresh-painted shutters at each side
Of the still flowering boxes on windows?
Attracting the brushes of poster-paint
Artists who muttered so inaudibly low
As canvas they splattered with
Such serious care? Were you there?

Above was the heart-stopping scenery. as
Meadows of picture-card greenery
Swayed, high in the cloudless blue skies.
Sliced through by twisty dark roads, once
Cut so painfully hard, by large-knuckled
Vassals, working by moonlight as well
As by day for nothing but honour, and
For such little pay, living in squalor still
Under their Fatherland's irony hold.
We didn't dare stay! You were there!

Greeny-blue lakes led to fairy-tale Castles.
High on the list for each equipped visitor
Curiously intent on cycling long miles.
Given to culture, then striding out hiking

To pine-girdled heights where, when there
They noisily inhaled pure air, then quicker marching
Would exhilerate passion for yet more,
So, on to other such proudly described
Fashionable retreats they'd obediently go.
I know that day you were there.

You surely remember the crunchy-white duvet
We hid and were smothered in as we both
Discovered yet another strange world?
That hot summer's holiday spent together
Turned into something like no other.
We soon lost our youth as the doom-clouds
Revealed truth of an impending war that
Some of us never were to forget, and
Millions would remember no more.

In memory of dear Uncle George
Killed in action, April 23rd.1917

Fay Slimm

Remembering You.

Scratching their way over dusky-blue sky
Clouds gently herald the night.
Low streaming ranks wisping long silver lines
Into the evening light.

As colours fade fast with luminous hue
Birds reflect glow from the west.
Lonely sun setting sets my mem'ries too
On someone I truly loved best.

Where are you now in this magical hour?
Does sunset invoke for you too
Love's former days when we roamed these same lanes?
Evenings always remind me of you.

Fay Slimm

Remembering Corfu

The olives sigh, and languidly lift
Branches laden with sun-filled fruit.
Heated breezes caress once more swollen globes.
Grapes hang mournful on forgotten stem
As Autumn flaunts her bounty midst the Corfu roads.
The Island smiles.

The ageless quiet in grove and shady glen
Reaches out toward eternal shore,
Where sleeping lizards bask in Autumn's warmth,
And skuttling as foot scuffs rock, they hide
In hushed and waiting freeze 'til safe once more.
The Isle. beguiles.

Twixt honking horns and tourist ridden blare
Of deafening noise, another sound
Ominously hangs upon sultry air.
As from mountain top the rumble breaks
And tosses claps like cabers all around.
The Island's riled.

The storm errupts, and heaven alights with
Dazzling colours of electric hue,
The torrent lashes fury in one pure
Fervent hour, drenching thirsty ground with
Hard and angry flood, then, cleaned and sparkling new
The Island sleeps again.

Fay Slimm

Rocker's Tale.

No-nonsense chair, it solidly graces
The kitchen-hearth corner, cushioned, prepared
For heavy or lightweight to try pacing
It's movement of hypnotic rock, shared
By centuries now of differing sized hands.

It glows with polish, asthmatically groans
When abused, but some carpenter planned
This object of strength. Time-capsule, honed
By soothed memory, embedded there by
Stories unfolded while rocking. Moments
Soporificly sped. Plans quietly vyed
With family security and found pent
Up in this chair. Stroke it and feel vibrant
Lives striving for betterment, realized
Hopes all float here in distressed wood, dyed
In somnolent rhythm so greatly prized.

Phantom faces flicker in it's depth, will
They share more secrets if I sit still?

Fay Slimm

Round the Lighthouse

There she stood
..... personified naked strength.
Mighty white finger
..... which reached for the clouds.

Lonely round lighthouse,
..... rock-bound yet unfenced,
Save for a circling wall,
..... small, but surrounding
Her base, which looked,
..... for the strangest of reasons
To be offering protection
..... from waves! !

It puzzled me that,
..... throughout the seasons
Which men spent there,
..... the ring served to behave
Like some soother,
..... a pseudo-garden wall,
Head-high tall,
..... behind which greenery grew.

The mystique of the thing
..... held me enthralled,
So much so,
..... I fancied domestic scenes
Where vegs. thrived,
..... and fowl provided company
Then food for the pot,
..... but shaking my head
Saw the force of the sea,
..... and ceased such reverie.

The trip round the lighthouse
..... ended instead
In light mist,
..... but I knew I must go again
And discover more
.....of this secret terrain.

Fay Slimm

Running Deep.

Deep as my love runs so runs yours too.
Caught at the point of the centre, our hearts,
Beating deep, retreat further as true
Love and devotion merge. No more apart,
Our souls meld, then reappear, fired as one.
We are the same, identical aims run
Along a joined vein of life. Desires become
Cemented in needs of the other. Some
Days the pulsing of you fills my spirit
With rivers of longing. When will you come
And claim what's your own? I must inhibit
The joy of that day, but as summer shone
Bright over my clouded life then, so rain
Your love deep, flood me with sunshine again.

Fay Slimm

'Rust to Dust'

Clocking time idly, cargo boats lie open
To sky, emptied and hungry, their restocked
Trade held in containers, secured and roped.
Standing amazed I watched them stowed and locked
Before I moved on. These old docks, manned long
By Cornish toil, musty now, looked supreme
In retrospect. Winter sun highlights rungs
On ladder rising from the sea, tells me
That the tide is on the ebb. I must leave
A scene of modern rust, and trudge my way
To ancient dust. Pendennis Castle weaves
It's spell in style. Long lists record past affrays
With foreigners who dared to land ashore.
What's more King Henry had a second skin
Built into Castle Tower, and such gory
Battles were once fought hand to hand within
It's ramparts. Now dusty noise is canned.
Artificial guns roar hourly, - - - heard
By gasping public, who startled, jump and
Coyly grin. The granite utters not a word.

Fay Slimm

Safari Into Self.

Safari into Self means
.....riding passion
Wisely, it is ageless.
..... While reality moves
Constantly, inner self
..... remains still, fashion
It to bridle sound,
.....a silent heart proves
A steed of defence.
.....Reign it with true peace.

Desires, formed at core
..... always win if helped
By unbounded spirit.
.....Find love increasing
With gained proof,
.....by identifying Self
As the soundest ally.
..... Safaris made
Into deeper parts
..... work for us favourably.

Fay Slimm

Salute to Wine

Clean sipped, clear and lovely yellow,
Amber-bright with nurtured glow.
Warming aid to winter's sorrow.
Come from many-petalled flow.
To liquid love in ferment locked,
And closeted in close embrace
With fervent act in passion rocked.
Made merry love at snail-slow pace.

Fun-filled glass with wicked bubbles
Glinting power with saintly smile.
Foretelling death to many troubles,
With wink they beckon to beguile.
Down-drunk the potion lingers long
In heady heights with careless jest,
As revellers sing their rousel song
Receiving full the wine's bequest.....

Fay Slimm

Sand Memories.

Youngling the sand diggers
..... work at low tide
Castle and moat support,
..... flags on the keep
Shell doors, pebbled paths,
..... trees of kelp drying
Mindless of time they make
..... tunnels so deep.

Sand blown and sweaty,
..... young faces turn red
And soulfully cry when
..... called home, they yearn
For more wars,
..... bad knights must be beheaded.
Sand memories
..... outlive the tide's return.

Fay Slimm

Sands Of Time.

Reckoned to be running out, humanity
Keeps chasing Time, follows carefully
Time's demands, obeying insanity's
Frenetic rush. Folk run, hardly aware
Of sands - sink, and dashing stick blindly.

Present ignored, they strive for the future,
Or past, yet being sucked down, always found
With perplexities, no joy, demuring
From race for a moment, just flounder,
Sinking still more. Time's needs are not kindly.

We miss contentment if clutching no peace
We heedless rush on, no standing to stare.
Goals from a sandpit will never be reached,
Scurrying quicker will not get us there.
Time which is Now is the only benignly.

If we fail to admit the present wonder of such,
The Now, which is timeless, yields us not much.

Fay Slimm

Saturday Shopping!

I leave early to visit the market.
Weekend shopping gets more of a battle.
I scrape paint off the car as I park it,
Then forget parking-fee in the hassle.
The pushchair for baby needs mending, an
Ominous wobble begins in the wheel.
The dog slips his lead and chases a man
In a van, then he won't come back to heel.
I much later arrive at the fruit stall,
Dog, baby and wheel all by now screeching.
I grab the fruit bag which splits, apples fall
All over the floor, - I begin reaching,
And knock over more, - but it's eggs this time!
'Anyone breaking will pay' says the sign!
I laugh as I pick up my parking fine!
Is there anyone else with luck like mine?

Fay Slimm

Saturday Valentines

Today is the 'flowers and hearts' day, no
Ordinary Saturday this, but a blissful
Anticipatory day, which can flow
From the soul of love. Valentine kisses
Are sweeter when sent with a well-meant thought
Of commitment to showing a lifetime
Devotion, a dated notion and brought
From the past, but needed to make love divine.
So when we say 'Please be mine' let no clock
Dictate until when. Be timeless in love
And love will succeed. Saturday shopping
For casual loving then ascends above
The norm, and this Valentine morning achieves
What lovers desire, a love in which to believe.

Fay Slimm

Scent of Love

Follow it avidly if ever you catch
A scent of real love.
Oh, it is rare.
Like high mountain lily that ever matches
Itself with the sweetest
Perfume, daring
To smell like no rose, it grows true and never
Gives out aromas
Of make-believe.
Genuine love has the same
Inhaled, ever
True- to -self smell.
No chance of reprieve
From the scent of soul-love
When whole-heartedly
Shown. Breathe it in when found,
So true love can start.

Fay Slimm

Scent of Time.

Wafting, by breeze of past scented summers
The breath of our days together drifts over
Each vision of mem'ry we made. Our fun
As we sensed the other's desires, wove
Colourful dreams which lived for a while, all
Blown away now. Yet then time stood totally
Still, we willed it that way. Some of the falling
Stardust remains, and reminds me to note
How we laughed back then. Time only allows
Us what we inspire it to be. Perfumed
Gold of glorious days still thrills me. Now
I recall our delights they fill the room.

Fragrancing all my heart, I am grateful
For then. Scented memories are our fate.

Fay Slimm

Schooling for Cygnets.

An unusual scene
Met me quite recently.

Thirteen young swans, in an orderly crowd,
Sitting beside the path to their pool, waiting
To join in watery fun, - calling loudly,
But banished for now from the lake.

White feathered, half grown, last summer's cygnets
Are now out of bounds when Father's around.
He has a new brood of recent begetting,
And Mother ignores their piteous sounds.

So, settling they huddle, wait for the time
When young are protected no more, danger
Will then be past, and change will remind
Fiercest parents that all need favoursome
Room. Yet until that day no way is found
For thirteen young swans but hard schooling
In patience. Two weeks of hanging around
Has made them appear forlorn and subdued.

Thirteen half-grown cygnets
Now looking for outlets.

Fay Slimm

Secondhand Love.

No-one wants second-rate love
Somewhere in the middle of
Genuine feeling and hate.
No, but secondhand love is
A different state.
It's had first-time around
To get grounded in giving,
And if been allowed, to have
Founded a bastion
Of caring worth sharing
When another heart now
Makes the right sound.

It can be beautiful. Often
Offers a tender dessert
Of hard learned charm, so
Give me the wiser, experienced arm
Of a lover who bravely turns, and
Takes on loving again.

In the fight for creating
Delight in this life
We need never depise anything
Under the guise of
Secondhand love.
Exerting more willingly now it implies,
Let's undertake that.
As long as we know
Such devotion worth showing
Is ever the sort of true love
Needed, no matter
How many rounds we all go.

Fay Slimm

Secrets Of Bedrock.

Striated solid bulk
.....emitting power,
Your dark streaks dominate
..... lone rock statements.

Along this beach.
..... slated layers tower
Into immovable shapes
..... which, lately
Washed, now glisten.
.....Time-sliced, wet and exposed.

Your laminate shelves
.....have braced against all
Raw sea-moods.
..... Slivered now, in your knowing
You bed deeper,
..... thus you will never fall.

'Tho your walls vibrate,
..... your face stays, sagely
Evoking stone-solid form
..... which is ageless.

Fay Slimm

Segments Of Time.

Time seems naturally sliced into sections.
Divisions of work, sleep and play.
Divisions divide when you FEEL as you DO.
It's these times which keep boredom at bay.

Times to feel happy occur when you work.
Doing need not take all the time.
Stop for a second, look around and you'll see
Something somewhere that makes your eyes shine.

Then there's the need to give time to feel peace.
Essential in times where we live.
Give a moment to peace, feel it now deep within,
Catch the increase of calm peace can give.

Divide time once more into time to reflect
On misfortunes of others you know.
Send a thought-wave of sadness in empathy, felt
Only a moment, - and then let it go

There are times, we are told, to give our hearts ease.
We deserve to know how to excel.
Actions are easily scheduled, but please
Pencil in feelings as well.

Fay Slimm

Seizing the Day.

Every day dawns with renewed, freshly cleaned
Night-laundered air, begins again with daring
Insistence we cannot resist. Gleaming
With promise, it offers itself for caring
Takers, to make of it something supreme.

It calls to be seized, shaken from stardust,
Awakened, and set to release our wildest
Dreams, if we permit it. New days need trust
To begin to weave beauty for each child
Of the Universe who grasps the day's chance
To take lessons in life's ecstatic dance.

Fay Slimm

Sense of Myself.

Mindfully conscious of who imposes
Such tight control, and why, I reveal
The potential real me, sensibly go
Underground for a while and conceal
Any awareness of take-over motive
Designed to batten me down. I just smile
And sensing my own informed aura, know
How to bide time before a beguiling
Question I raise, as to who is wiser,
The fool who allows control, or the clown
Who faces possession and disguises
Mirth at the notion of being brought down.
Discerning the awesome power in me
As an amazing person with choice, life
Becomes meaningful, with reason to see
That sensing freedom brings enlightenment.

Fay Slimm

Senses Delight.

Blown roses waft what is described as scent,
But bending near and inhaling, we find
Much more - - an essence of unfixed, heaven-sent
Spirit-core, being itself - - - not minding
Invasion by others. - - The rose accepts
Intrusion into it's space, graciously.

Finger-tips brushing each other's skin begins
Invisible contact too - - - - human soul's
Softest approach is touch, tenderly rings
Bells to awaken ecstasy's boldness.
Warmth, invoking sensual thrill wraps close
Around caring hearts - - to comfort wholly.

Silence is toweringly tall, if observed
And heard as beauty, quiet places drench
Us in an awareness all their own, nervous
We may be of yielding to unfenced
Solitude, but the cosmos when entered
Listens with us. - Senses are universal.

Fay Slimm

September Day

Greyly hangs the sky
And chilly winds moan winter to the eves
As, pulling covers close 'gainst draughty day
I catch the sighing of the trees.

They call in vain for sun
Which, peeping from dour clouds with cheery smile
Gives momentary hope that 'ere day's done
Summer will be back for just a little while.

Fay Slimm

Sharing Things.

The whitest icing-froth on tops of waves.
Breakers sweeping in, wetting sheets of sand.
Blue horizon, showing how much distance
Lies between us, you and me. Then I save
A shell I find, thinking you would love such
Pretty edge of brown and white. I might just
Try to visualize the ancient rocks, which
Hollow into secret caves. There is much
Today to tell you. Sharing things I see
Lessens all the parting miles for me - nearly.

Fay Slimm

Shelter Me.

Be to me a Sanctuary.
Cloister me with love.
Shelter me.
In covert hide shade my face
With yours, enter into
Every cell of me, to prove
My Rock's soul spacious.
Shelter me.
Roof me with your heart.
In seclusion cover and
Umbrella me, with skintight
Fit, so we wont part.
Shelter me.
Be to me a valiant Knight.
Fight for me with words.
Love's darts, tried and true.
Soften me, nightly.
Shelter me.
Gold-filled verses will,
Like swords, cut small doubts
Right out, unleashing
All my yielding soul.
Shelter me,
Then I will wholly know
Love's conquest has occured.

Fay Slimm

Show Me Love.

Take me aside and show me love that over-rides
Doubt, is non-judgemental, a love that finds ways
Of refusing to fight, believes in providing
Reasons for misbehaviour and, yes, prays
For both victim and perpetrator. Love
Like this exists, and survives to relieve.
.....
Show me a love that outshines hate, and above
All, a love that dares to forgive and reprieve.
Faces life with understanding, feels delight
In all that is worthy of being thought good.
.....
Many harsh words and hurts fail to ignite
If shown bountiful love and fed love's food.

Fay Slimm

Shreds of Emotion.

Love only needs love,
..... but nothing less.
Mere shreds of pale
.....strained emotion remain
When love is neglected
..... and becomes stressed.
Then passion usurps
.....love's place and it drains.

Best of feelings can
..... no longer blossom.
Lust used as substitute
..... covers no pain.
Hurt asserts itself
..... and hurt is costly.
To compensate, hearts
..... just need love again.

Emotions work best
.....to demonstrate love.
Shredded, they only prevent
.....love's movement.

Fay Slimm

Sigh Of Relief.

The need for assurance is quicksand deep.
Doubt disappears with strongly tied feelings.
A plea for love merely seeks reconcile.
Can a heart sigh with relief and not smile?

Reward comes from trust in new love, unworn.
From some faraway place I feel your warmth.
Today sees me aloft, high now and whole.
I reach for your hand and you send your soul.

Fay Slimm

Sighing For You.

I wait, and am filling my soul with you.
I drown in the longing, my heart will break
If you do not arrive from space, wooing
Me with your passionate word. We will make
Paradise sing when you step into my
Welcoming arms. Nothing will harm me again.
In your tenderest care I will take flight.
Pleasuring you, come tonight I'll make plain
How I thrill to your gentle embrace, take
Me my lover as you will, - - a fire
Lives in my soul and desires you, so make
Your bed soon in my arms. Lift me no higher
Than into your heart, taste honey with me
Tonight, I will feed you with love's dew, then.
We will no longer fight against fate. Freedom
Awaits, so come, let's be sated again.

Fay Slimm

Sight Unseen.

There are birds in dark masses,
Prior to migration.
Collecting in marshes,
On ploughed land or green.
They heed a clear image
Of far destination.
Over great waters
They use sight unseen.

There are fish in the rivers,
Prior to spawning.
Battling strong currents,
Or leaping upstream.
Amazingly agile,
Unceasing their efforts.
Knowing no limits,
Though by sight unseen.

There are animal instincts
Prior to mating,
Send herds across deserts
To locate their dream.
No mountain or forest
Prevents the intention
Of ending their mission
Without sight unseen.

There are people, who living
Prior to meeting
Instinctively knowing
Such distance between
Will never be barrier
To love's culmination
Of waiting with longing,
Despite sight unseen.

Fay Slimm

Silence Reigns.

Silence envelopes my world tonight.
Quiet asserts itself, mists my sky
And lies heavy. Stars are dull, blighted
By gloom, and like them I cannot rely
On clear light. Your love has now flouted
My own, surrounded by doubt, before
Long I shall be hoarse by this shouting
At quiet. You are gone, and I am alone.
As silence reigns, my grief is showing.

Fay Slimm

Silent and Silken

Silent and silken
Your image encases
My mind and my senses
Relentlessly chases
My conscience, as sensually
Patterns unspoken,
Your presence caresses,
Inviting a token

I cast off convention
And, wilfully wayward
I welcome sensation.
Surrender is savoured.
To follow my freedom
With captive emotion,
Re-living the pleasure
Of new-found devotion.

Fay Slimm

Silken Words.

Bathed at first in milky dreams, creamy
Smooth flowed your silken words to me,
Drenching my heart, and without too
Much sweet-talk I, aware that you
Cared was emboldened with tender
Affection. No need to pretend
Shyness now. We feed from parts
Of the same fate, unseen but heart-
Felt, - a soul-love always waits, tight
Bound, but spacious enough to lightly
Lie in the mind. Silky soft words
Catch the spirit of love at first,
Then, with time words harden to stone,
Embed; themselves deeply, and honed
With devotion, become a part
Of the union of coupled hearts.

Fay Slimm

Silver River Mouth.

Midday sun from bluest sky sets ablaze
In diamond surface river's silver haze.
As tidal beach sucks gently at the edge,
I sit and stare at sparkles from a ledge
Of granite rock, taking in the glory
Today has brought my way. The river Fal
Is mouthing out to sea, streaking valleys
In it's tail of silver bands, dazzling me
With firework display. I look across and see
An idling boat lazing in quiet creek,
Perhaps enjoying some of self-same treats
As I this afternoon. Breeze, now cool, sighs
Restless, and increases. Time to say goodbye.

Fay Slimm

Silvered Light.

Phosphorescent bands of silver bright
Across romantic
..... night-borne
Still and silent sea,
..... informing
Me that beauty such as this lies
Deep in eyes of love,
..... binding
Souls as friends for all of life.

A part of true romance is the right
Of love to take it's course,
..... yet may
We mortals never have a say
In what strange moonlight
.....lays in trust?
Within our minds
..... silver stranded lustre
Shines it's willful way
.....despite our plight.

Fay Slimm

Sing in Sunrise.

Over dim woodland floor dew starts to rise.
Birds feather into cool breeze and take flight,
And dark night, like a thief, steals fast away.
Harmony now needs to lead, tunes it's keys
And sings in another bright day.

Come feel the beginning of dawn with me.
Inhale this new sunrise, and naked we
Will bathe in the fragrance of fresh clean air.
Joining hands we will sign to fate's calling
And let sunrise know we are there.

Fay Slimm

Sinking In Summer.

When heat draws the sap
..... from pale blades of grass,
Crisps to brown
.....all valiant stalks of corn,
Dries morning dew too soon
....., and when sun's vat
Of broil defeats all
.....by drowning the norm.,
Bring me relief.
..... Cool me with salt breezes
Fresh from the sea.
..... Fan me with Autumn-time.

Quench me with prime berries,
..... splashed with teasing
Wet gusts of white mist,
.....which like bubbly wine
Will keep me afloat.
..... Sinking in summer
Means languid control,
..... which gives a listless
Need for great cooling draughts
.....so work gets done.
To give summer it's head
..... is too risky.

Melting in summer's song,
..... most life abjures,
Yet bows as it sinks
.....to sun's claim for more.

Fay Slimm

Sleeping With Love.

Love does not lie easy with unkindness.

Bed-mates of Love yield place to the power
Which makes love supreme, and have reminders
Of supports this force demands, namely flowers
That petal their way daily into hearts.
One such that perpetually blooms is Trust.

Resting with Love means leaving what argues.

Embracing Affection brings traits which must
Invite love into their bed, - - in the sphere
Of cool sheets Peace then appears, and Love
Settles down to begin setting Doubt aside.

Sleeping with Love assures life's smoothest ride.

Fay Slimm

Sleepless In Cornwall U.K.

Help! I'm submerging beneath waves of words.
It's three in the morning in Cornwall U.K.
I'm meant to be sleeping, but rest just disturbs
The march of the Muse on poor sleepless Fay!
I've counted sheep vaulting countless barred gates,
Tossed, turned, then bored in my untidy bed
Sleep flown, now the Muse begins and dictates
Rhythms and metres to my sleepy head,
So, bolstered with coffee plus paper and pen
I resist the compulsion no more.
I scribble, erase, then scribble again.
Nothing emerges, and now it's past four!
What made me think I could ever write rhyme?
I know! - just for fun I'll post this on line! !

Fay Slimm

Slight Shadow.

The shadow
that parts us
.....is slight.
starting
With not even
a whisper
.....of darkness.
We are.....
all but the pair
that fate
.....decreed.
.Not distance
but love.....
brings us
.....nearer,
indeed
a breath.....
of remembered
summertime
.....air
gives no
slighter
.....a shadow
that
somewhere
Keeps us
apart.
A mere.....
heartbeat away
Is where.....
we are
.....now.
and where
we will
.....stay.

Fay Slimm

Slivers of Silvery-gold.

With sun now subsiding
Over horizon,
I gaze in sheer wonder
At what comes to me.
Channel of mystery
Narrowly opens
Atop ebbing waters
Of candy-floss sea.

A pathway of silver
Waving it's glazes,
Inviting my pleasure
With wet molten gold.
The sun is still trying
More dusky colours,
When most reluctantly
I take myself home.

Fay Slimm

Snowbound Gayle.

Feather-light flakes of now what seem weighty
White have all day fallen outside your door.
Unable to walk, is everyone skating
While facing challenges not known before?

With temperature freezing below degrees
Gayle uses guile, brews something called 'toddy'
To those who bring shovel and aim to please
She ladles it hot, then to one and all
Shouting 'More please' with snow up to knees
They work to clear up before the big freeze.

Some merrily say now they like the snow.
'Cos for hot warm up they know where to go! !

An imaginitive ditty for friend Gayle.....

Fay Slimm

Something Special.

Whever we find something of value
We tend to secrete it, cosset with care,
And regard it with awe, which is the more
Ear-marked the nearer it is to the rare.

Rare indeed are exceptional treasures.
Distinctive things deserve being hoarded
With miserly pride, taken out at times
Then sighed over, quietly, whilst adored.

Adored as uniquely uncommon, claimed
With inordinate joy, something to cherish.
Deeply held needs are explicitly filled
By a trophy we know will never perish.

Perish away with decline, nor will vanish
Wthout any trace, so we handle deftly
This admirable bounty, put out of sight
But not out of mind and thought of as best.

Best of all special things, friendship, when found
Seems worth the wonder at such a rich prize.
Blessings of friendship and as close as ours,
Means it will ever be special, in my eyes.

Fay Slimm

Soon Gone.

How soon love's flame
..... can be disclaimed.
It lives in some
..... but a small time.
Afraid of commitment,
..... they blindly
Discard the way to the stars,
..... mainly
To pursue
..... an undemanding line
In life's affairs.
.....This is a shame.

For love, fanned and fed,
..... is supreme.
To grow it needs
..... nothing but urge
Of warm sap from
..... our own need's call.
Cast its seeds to a distance,
..... dream
The imposssible
..... which verges
On faith,
..... then love leaves not at all.

Fay Slimm

Soul Music.

Whispering songs of romance
You won me to your melody,
Which now breathes a symphony
Within my soul. My heart dances
To your faraway raphsody
As summer-song music, dreaming
Down time's corridors, feeds me
With shining star-sound. Themes
Of musical dance sweep my mind
Clean. Clear from sad moodiness
I thrill to your music in rhyme.
Joining the chorus, distance
Frightens no more, music's the thing
That from now on cements romance.
Soul music is making me sing.

Fay Slimm

Soul-Mates United.

Mating, defined as coition, means One.
Separation, once ended,
Now togetherness begun.

Resulting from union, offspring appears
Blood-bonding is finished, but
Soul-mate love outlives the years.

Abundant in zeal, this uniting breeds
Creative and tenderest
Thoughts, from gentlest of dreams.

Unfleshly love seems, unbelievably,
To produce, from dreaming, words
Of much passionate release.

As souls combine, making love timelessly,
They then create poems more
Beautifully easy to rhyme.

Therefore soul-mates united take flight to
Unrealised bliss, making
Love irresistable too.

Fay Slimm

Soured Wine.

Meadow in honey-soaked sun.
Bunches of ripeness swing from each vine.
Work of the pressing just begun
When ardently your glance caught mine.

Wine hot-fermented for days.
Gold-beaded nectar you spoke with lips
Bubbling poetic love. From page
And red-juiced ink you bade me sip.

Unsealed was my palate, speech
Of love's sparkling effervescence spread
Romantic smile, blushing my cheeks.
But it soured, and spoiled months ahead.

Laughter's drink spilled, you started
On rougher new vintages which brought
Me gall. Trust wept as we parted.
Taste for fine wine cannot be taught.

Fay Slimm

Spaces Between

Let there be spaces
In any togetherness.
Welcome the other's need.
Make room for solo
Times, the self likes exploring
As from inside it feeds.

Things can dominate
And thinking can suffocate
Yearnings for 'timeless'. Still
But peaceful, escape then,
Make entrance into such spaces.

No shadowed tree, we find
Grows big. We take care
Not to plant closely. Often
Then breathe your own air.
Space at times calls silently
And we, following wisely,
Acknowledge a need is there.

Fay Slimm

Speak To Me

Speak to me low now
With gentle, slow love words.
Soft-as-a-dove words
Chocolate-smooth whispers.
Speak low to my ear.

Velvety croon-words,
Silvery spoon-words,
Speak to me wooingly,
Soft in my ear.

No loud, hard abrasive
Words, meant to persuade me.
Such harshness would merely
Flow over my head.

But caress my emotion
With words of devotion.
Breathe murmers of love
Faintly, into my ear.
Oh speak low to me now
Words I'm longing to hear.

Fay Slimm

Speaking of Stillness.

Resting in 'selfness', flowers colour forth, with
Brilliant hues. They do nothing but be
What they are, and can therefore wholly give
Of themelves with intensity, while we
Have to be so much to many. Our faces
Have manifold sides, but trying the still
Serene 'being' with which nature erases
All else, we too can find quiet and thrill
At the peace felt inside. Like the flower
We have a beauty, though hidden, that shines
From our core with awareness. Power,
Resulting from calm, means we can refine
Every moment, then colour with love our
Own self. Stillness does for us as with flowers.

Fay Slimm

Speaking Of Work.

Nothing is still, and we need to keep pace
With seasonal race, as earth itself works.

Life's march is relentless, submission wise,
As eternity lies in and around
The urges to work.
Nature hates shirking.

Starting today, join in the harmony.
Play the symphony along with the universe
Learn that tasking begets much
Self-respect from the first.

There is a saying, those who love work
Love life, and labour enables the worker
To tap it's secrets of utmost delight.

All knowledge leads to it, all love
Is filled with it, structures are built with it.

This love of work is a linking with self
And a binding with others, even with God,
For the Great Workers' example
Stands as it's own proof.

Injecting something of spirit in work
Is shown, no matter what object attained.
Pertaining to effort,

A mere loaf of bread, statue of stone,
Table of wood, flagon of wine,
All have the breath of their maker around
And inside, hiding golden rewards.

Because labour is visible love
In perpetual motion, resulting in action,
And always achieving
Only what love would approve.

Fay Slimm

Speed can Destroy.

Numbed by trickles of sheer icy fear
She knelt, as the dark flow of red
Treacled it's circle, dis-colouring green.
Oozing it's way round his head.

Silenced by shock she lifted glazed eyes.
The once sporty car pieced the ground.
Spewing confusion, unearthly, yet still
Her eyes fixed on wheels idling round.

Destruction's illusion caused time to back-spin
Re-flashing she saw, as before,
The tree halting speed, the air-piercing crash.
Now a young heart is beating no more.

Fay Slimm

Spring Fever.

Sing SPRING, and feel the thrust of newborn thing.
Spring-warmed sun arouses earth,
Then blazons dormant trees to work.
Roots awake, and crawling, shyly nudge and shake each branch.
Soil breaks next, with rank on lush green rank of shoot.
And buds unfurl.
Colours zing, as blossoming life begins again
To sting old winters indolent sleep. Breathe this resurrection theme.
Sink this bursting spring-like dream deep to feed on all year through.
Then when summer dulls the sense of new and autumn carries sadness
On its wing, rouse remembered wonderment. Just sing SPRING.

Fay Slimm

Springtime Dreams.

Scooping up dropped wings of unused fantasy
I contest the rest of winter,
.....and let spring
Declare war on same dark hourlong days, rank with
Damp seashore mist,
.....while I imagine spring-things.

Kissed with woven threads
.....of golden sun-shiny
Skies, vision has plants outgrowing their neighbours,
While trees, re-frocked in greeny hues,
..... benignly
Spread lush re-growth around feeding flocks, braver
Imagery, out-running mind's hold,
.....benefits me.

Re-dressed in skimpy clothes, tanning pallid skin,
I close winter's door
.....to let spring in, freedom seen
Means shortest days gone,
.....and as scheming begins.
Fancy's bud bursts and rehearses springtime dreams.

Fay Slimm

Stardust Nectar.

Unbelievably bright, the moon tonight
Gleams lavishly full. Mysterious balloon
Consumes my feverish mind with roomful
Of cocooning, shimmering light. I pull
Open the window wide, twinklings of stars
Rain through. Glorious silvery choices
Are ours, and from Plough to faraway Mars
We will play, my love and I, in our dark
Cyberspace sky. Moonlit meeting is bliss.

Floating clouds blanket us, obligingly.
We sip the nectar of stardust, and rise
With the moon, to welcome in paradise.
Wordless, our union begins with a kiss.

Fay Slimm

States of Mind.

Grey is a mind-map, sleep too
Is weak when it dreams gigantic
Lonliness, creating traps,
Covering moods with fine fabric
Netting of black. What deep hue
Does dawn bring to state of mind
Which sees only cold draft behind
Each ray of light? Yet, finding
Escape, reality's pan
Of bright shades surely can
Lift dull spirits and banish
Whatever is seen as blue.
If the sunshine rids burdens
With happiness it will, when
Mood lifts, liven hearts again.
See then what warm smiles can do.

Fay Slimm

Staying Alive Now

Bare now, bodies brown and skin-thin,
Limbs outspread, shaking in the cold,
Arms flung awry, trees sigh within,
And nakedly stand, looking old.

Yet, branching out towards relief
Sense spring afar as poised they wait
Bearing rough times, in the belief
That trees, in retreat stand fated
To re-leaf again. They store sweet
Rewards in roots, to impregnate
Dormant buds, daily, if needed.
Such revival trees contemplate.

Unclad they live, but still they thrive.
As a tree so are we, both claim
To hold on, and, by staying alive
Both will survive to blossom again.

Fay Slimm

Staying Alive.

Much more than breathing is staying alive
And it is vital to understand why.
Alive is vibrancy, sparkle and fun.
A love of real beauty where passion thrives.
We need never put on the coat of age.
Our heart, unclad by frustrated resentful
Hurt, will then wing to paradise, where eye
Has not seen nor ear heard of 'old', the pages
Of life's book do not contain that word. Become
Ageless, and all that is ever required
Is state of existing in Now, not done
The counting of years, but formost desired
Are dynamic forces pulsing right through
Youthful hearts. Staying alive, is it for you?

Fay Slimm

Sticky Strawberry-Red.

Well may they be a woodland plant
Where, cool and hidden, grow
In shady nook, but here at home
My forty-foot long row
Of strawberries needs expertise
In patience, as in time,
I crouch and bend in full hot sun
To gather from that line
A feast of red, so sweet and small
With fragrance all their own,
My Alpine bed of strawberries,
When picked, are mine alone!

At least thats what I'd like to say
When half-way through I gasp,
But being me I know I'll share, - -
Or be attacked en-masse.!

Fay Slimm

Storms of Fear.

Bent trees are a proof of persistent storms
Which batter against many defences
Incessantly blowing off-course, warning
No-one ahead. Gales, determined to drench
With fearful strength any opposing force,
Cannot endanger the heart, that within
Is calm. Fear is the storm which remorseless
Battles the soul, resisting strongest will
To it's ultimate break, but as trees bend
In recovery, and survive, attack
From inside needs such resources. We send
Out signals too like trees, and we fight back
With door, which without bolts cannot be made
To open up to fear. Love stands unafraid.

Fay Slimm

Struggling Through.

When life seems to blunder into disorder
And rips all our sense of proportion asunder,
Discontented confusion reigns high on agenda.
We muddle on through then - we do not go under.!

Discordant with jumble the days mesh together,
Sometimes with chaos we feel out of control.
When life's perplexities become too rife, it's
Good to remember to smile, and stay whole.!

Flustering muddle can only make headway when
Escape to more peaceful existence seems dead.
Abstract distractions will only bewilder us
If we give in to them - so we take stock instead.!

We struggle along until life starts unknotting
Dark problems we thought would forever be tied.
With bold persistence stress unravels it's hold
And leaves us the victor, self-respect satisfied.!

Fay Slimm

Suffer The Children.

Surrounded by scenes of suffering
Children are caught, despicably,
As terror and hate fly between
Them and their lives.

Terrified girl dies. Heart attack
Takes her, as bomb wrecks her home.
She was fourteen and alone. Now back
Her family mourns.

Three innocents play in the street.
Aged eight to ten, inoperably
Injured, they lie, one minus his feet.
No-one survives.

Shame on the uncaring hard hearts
Who, hearing no pleas, will then murder
Even a child. Missiles can part
No bad from the good.

Need we ask how we feel when guns
Tanks and bombs scream death to the young?

Fay Slimm

Summer In Autumn.

Sheltered warmth
Penetrates.
Swimsuit-sun shines
Yet again.
Auntumn
Must wait.

Fay Slimm

Summer Stands Tall.

July empties itself over hot fields.
Grass, long since faded, now droops sadly while
Quielty dying, - even the earth yields
Up no droplet of dew. Barren, it smiles
Brown with dust, while merciless heat cracks even
The stones under which, collecting shade, crouches
A lizard, hardly alive, yet breathing
Invisibly. No cloud today to vouch
For rain. Summer stands relentlessly tall,
But with Autumn's demands, summer must fall.

Fay Slimm

Summer Starts Here.

Summer sings loud round a table with friends.
Amid much welcoming, with well-earned fruitage,
Summer laboured, now laced with unending
Smiles.and wine-loosened tongues which reduces
Every familiar face to chuckling grins.

Hot, priceless days mean memories made again.
The summer always starts here. My glass raised
In salute to hard-working hands, I begin
A shy speech, but am stemmed at my praises
For countless kind times enjoyed round this hearth

So I quietly sit - - and let summer start.

Fay Slimm

Summer's Song.

Awakened, we will,
Along the rill of summer's edge,
Find the glory of sound.

Light of foot, treading
On airy, hallowed, woodland ground,
We sense summer pledging
Our delight. We may,
By not straying far, hear striking
A stone with shell, the thrush,
Breakfasting. Or catch
The twitter of chicks in rushes,
Being fed. Trout rising,
Resonate the stream
With rippled trills. A blackbird sings
Nearby and thrills the air,
And seed pods explode.

Summer sings loud, and we, sharing
By ear, hear hidden things.

Fay Slimm

Summertime Love.

Vaulting above us with heavenly blue
Sunlight played true through each clandestine day.
Was ever time better spent than with you
In that longago summer, when love found it's way
Into young willing hearts filled with desire?
Future adventures were put upon hold.
We had more than sun then to set us on fire.
Our summertime love-tryst never turned cold,
Exploring each facet and unearthing then
Freedom's expression to feed love's demand
In ways of delight remembered again,
When summer and ardour inevitably calmed.
Leaving us choices to make then and there
Of lifetime devotion to each other's care.

Fay Slimm

Sunburst

Leaden for days, the sky wept sombre rain.
Sullen clouds banked up lowering gloom,
Shading with hazy mist my flowers again.
Summer was stifled, and soon this noonday
Would herald more wet, but forgetting much
Previous wonder, I mistake a change
In the face of the roses. They cease clutching
Their stems, and flush. Brightness re-arranges
The sky. They and I turn to encounter
A sunburst vividly slicing with light
All the grey, and blue appears, errupts founts
Of orange blush onto the gloom. Fighting
For room the sun explodes, cracks a hole, splits
Asunder all veils - and brilliance emits.

Fay Slimm

Sunday Surfing.

Black clad, rubber-skinned lad
Plods by, hauling his ungainly board.
Determined, barefoot, to solidly pad
Beachward, where wavlets afford
Little real surf - - - - but it's Sunday!
And come rain or shine
It's frog-footed Surf-day!
Rather his effort than mine.

Fay Slimm

Sunset Bewitches

Spreading red sunsets assault naked eyes.
Carving raw seams into gashing lines
They cut deep bleeding swathes through dusky skies
While forecasting weather as fine

Colour bewitches, enriches our lives
Flooding us joy in every sense.
Richness abounds and nowhere more vibrant
Than light, the effect is immense.

Sky drenched in sunglow reflects into skin,
Stimulates, eases, smoothes out stress.
Psyche is altered when sunlight seeps in.
Souls, red-enfolded worry less.

Orange bears health and gold harnesses strength
From the final rays of the sun.
Submerging self in these defences
Sunset works magic when twilght's begun.

Fay Slimm

Surviving Love?

Love comes to conquer.
It prevails over reason, triumphs where
Intellect grieves.

A powerful force,
It precipitates feelings of helpless
Uncontrolled needs.

It's aim is to stay.
Embedded in heart, it roots, expands and
Produces seeds.

Limitless then, love
Thrives unbounded, it eats alive censure.
Protest recedes.

Can love be survived?
Infinite power, perfectly processed,
Love pays no heeds.

Thus with explosion
It's spears enter the soul, wholly at home.
Love feels easy.

Then destiny calls.
Battle is won, no more warring, as love
Always succeeds.

Fay Slimm

Survivor's Aid.

Compounding small troubles, clouds sweep across
Mind, and envelope the will at times, test
Out strengths, and feed doubt. We're at a loss
To understand why, but forcing our best
Face forward, we try. We are Survivors,
So we believe. Fragile minds conceive fear
In storms of emotion, but will revive
If given a seed of faint hope. Clearing
Our sight, we inhale fresh thinking again
And see sense. Ability to reason
Will surface only if we find painful
Any hurt.. Survivors take seasonal
Checks on life. They delight in heartfelt peace
Which early forgives, so brings love's increase.

Fay Slimm

Sweet Dawning.

Light creeps casually along misty panes,
Spreads it's creamy white on shadowy walls,
Pauses to hang up night's corners to dry,
I, unchained now, awake smelling sweet morning.

Attention then claims our yesterday songs
Which, learnt by heart, bear repeating again.
Ethereal words shape time into dreams
Replete now, we unfold our own new dawns.

Fay Slimm

Sweet Sorrow.

Yes, our partings have progressed to become
Sorrowed but sweet.

Trusting tomorrow, reluctantly we
Tear, discreetly
Away, obeying no impulse to stay.

Holding back beats
Of incredible passion, our hearts now
Part, retreating
With hope that Fate soon discloses some way
Of completing
Destiny's call. Our yearnings, now braided
Round sorrow's feet
Can then seat themselves at Heaven's sweet door.

Then meetings
Can flourish fulfilled, - replete forevermore.

Fay Slimm

Swinging Back Home.

As a compass so is my mind, which finds
Any excuse to swing back to dreaming
Of you. At oddest of times you, behind
My eyes, appear inside my head. I mean
To be good and relegate you to nightime,
But whenever I see beauty which pleases,
I see you instead. I find myself fighting
To keep your dear face hidden away. Breeze
Blows through my hair, and I feel fingers there
Teasing curls from my brow. How like a needle
Swinging to home is my heart. Frequent care
Taken, but you fill my soul, with reason.
For you pleasure me with your love. Swinging
Back solely to thoughts of you, I come home,
And despite intent, my heart starts singing.
Encompassed by you, east, south and west,
With you in north too I love that the best.

Fay Slimm

Taking Flight.

Darkness dislodges with
.....sweeping of dawn.
Crystals of clarity form
..... without sound.
Night now is bound and captured
..... by morning.
Blanket of stillness folds
.....heavily round.

Trees stand translucent
.....in mantles of mist.
Daylight reshapes every shadow
..... of night.
Facing fresh air earth now stirs
..... to be kissed
And life wakes, sparkles
..... and takes to new flight.

Fay Slimm

Taking the Plunge.

Once gold is created from common straw
Scribe's wordy power proves worthy of call.
Poetic expresson, absent before
Brings eloquent phrase to primitive form.

Construction of verse makes art as its end.
Accepting the gift means taking the stand.
Acquiring the Muse is gaining a friend.
Having taken the plunge, have pen to hand.

Fay Slimm

Taking The Risk.

And the day now came

When the risk it took

To remain in bud

Was giving more pain

Than the chosen chance

Now her brave heart took

To blossom again.

Fay Slimm

Talking to Pillows

Only to pillows, alone in my bed
Do I pour out my soul, wholly ready
For passion to show with the coming dusk
That ushers you here. Receive you I must,
So I begin waiting for sleep's gateway
To bring me relief, for you are my fate.
Pillows only talk back to fools like me.
Carefully warning that once more they see
Me lonely and sad, weeping for love that
Cannot be. Still, living in hope I chat
To them more, clutching at chances we may
Be meeting in more than ether one day.
Then I sleep, and with the first dream I feel
Your love and reach out, it is so real.
I imagine the pillow-soft bulk your
Warm frame lying alongside me. For
Comfort I cling to the cushion, cover
My head, whispering low to my lover,
Wetting my words with hot tears I now try
Accepting my fate, without knowing why.

Fay Slimm

Tall Ships Race.

Commisioned, as I am, to write a rhyme
By one who sailed with Tall Ships in his time,
I see with child's eye, come the thrilling day,
As folk appear from far and near in close array
To watch the Tall Ships sail off from the bay.
Squatting family columns sit astride each patch
Of nearly dry, but coveteous space of coastline grass
To catch the rare-seen vista of large vessels as they pass.

Wide-eyed, up-turned, ice-cream smiling faces
Cheer, as Herculean riggings start their paces
Of un-furling sail, and suddenly, with graces
Fit for ballroom, gliding gentle through the glassy sea
White billowy gowns appear, which, sunlit, seem to be
Transforming all small boats, hot with hasty knots,
Into bath-time bobbing toys which each giant quietly mocks,
As silently retreating, they leave behind the docks.

Liquid blue, their watery bed rocks the monsters far away.
White-winging into hazy mist, invaders of a previous day.
But we agree there's never been such spectacle before.
Even, in the year of nineteen seventy four,
So Grandad says, when he had, for sure,
Taken part himself in Tall Ship races way back then.
He had known he proudly says some very brave seamen
Who now through unrelentless age would never sail again.

So now they're gone, it's home in setting sun to bed,
Sauntering on we try to keep the vision in our head.
Collect up togs and dogs, give help with laden pram,
Hold tight to hands, but keep an eye on sleepy Gran.
Steering clear of beery tents or chip smells from the van.
Next time Tall Ships come I may be old but I'll not miss
Another chance of seeing such a sight as this.

Fay Slimm

Telling Me Simply.

Simply lovely is well-expressed, rounded-
Out romantic love, everyday phrases
Of tenderness from you come easy, sound
Like warm honey, are never abrasive
.
They just drip like pure gold into my soul.
Starting with you my life has been taken
From drab, into the state of happy whole-
Hearted delight - - a dream in the making
.
Telling me simply of how much you care
Has taught me responses I never knew.
My heart is bursting with things now to share
With you, verses of love bind me to you.

I tell you now simply, soul-mate and friend
My devotion to you will be unending.

Fay Slimm

Tender The Flame.

The flicker of our fragile fire
Burns low.

No bright flaming lights
Shoot out.....
As before.

Sparks need fresh,
Airy breezes, ...
Dancing below.

Where lies life lives hope
That hot flames.....
Kindle more.

Words flowed like lava once
From our.....
New furnace.

Fierce was the heat
That warmed.....
Distant plight.

Fire almost dies when,
Doused wet.....
With neglect.

Before our night falls,
Ignite more.....
Our tender lovelight.

Fay Slimm

Tender the Heart.

Great hearts know no hard
Unforgiving core
They speak with soft words,
Bring peace to the fore.

Always prepared to
Repair, not destroy,
They quickly with care
Use love, and employ

Means to soothe any
Hurt soul, and dissolve
Doubt, and that heart is
Yours, my dear, it solves

Mind's troubles, is kind
To my need for love
Lifts me high daily,
Tenderly proving

Valentine's day does
Not have to be only
On one day. Be mine
And I'm never alone.

Fay Slimm

Tether Sweet Dreams.

Such tenuous hold have dreams
On reality, blowing
Aimlessly, galloping free.
They take unkindly to ties,
Prefering to fly, but catch
Them we can if we're wise.

Tethering dreams, only gold
Cascades, drifts then in gleaming
Star dust, which, handled dextrously
Sparkles, and while unfolding
Dresses us in night's ecstacy.

Sweet dreams, reigned in are a must.
Thus ideally we will see
The future rainbowed, visions
Of love will unfold, revealing
An undreamed-of bliss. - Hold then
Intangible dreams skintight
And re-live their magic again.

Fay Slimm

That First Kiss.

It almost passed and missed its mark.

It happened in the park one day after
We had walked. We stopped to pick
Wild flowers from a patch which somehow
Caught the sun and lit the glade. Laughter
Came as daisy chains began to break.
We fell out on who had made them safest.

I first caught signs of his advances
As he brushed my finger tips, lifted
And then looked at them, smiled yet boasted
He could kiss them clean, and with moist lips,
Warm as toast, he licked them, one by one.
Said they smelt like daisies in the sun.

Next moment he leaned forward, took me
Lightly in his arms, and then begun
What was for me mouth to open mouth
Of powerful energy. That first kiss
Lasted momentarily, but locked
Itself in memory, and sparkles
Fresh with its own magic, wistfully
I dream of what that first kiss did for me.

You may have guessed I was, back then
But eight years old - - and he was ten.

Fay Slimm

The Conquerors.

Each one a gem.
A shining orb of pride, who,
Midst dungeon-dark of alien age,
Aspired to good.
They saw the road.
They caught the hidden shine amongst the slime
And took a-hold.

Grasping Hope they grappled up.
And, wrenching each sin-laden limb
From deep within, the climb began
To Elevation.
Though slowed with sick humanity's century-heavy load
Of fallen man.

The way was pained,
Was stabbed with sharp and bruising stones of Self
Oozing grudge, and greased with greed.

And all the while, as upward peering
Through the mists
They groped in loveless gloom, they clung to need.
Soul-sobbing frames.
Set on search for healing flames
Of full and statured life.
They staggered on.

But not alone, as through gross dark there surged
A shaft of lifting light. A hearing ear was won.
Now, showered with sun, celestial powered
Which sparked with selfless joy,
Upward soared.

Their brilliance yet more brighter seems
As earth's sad death-throes vomit gall.
Their radiance beams.
Enlightened truth emit's it's timeless news of hope.
Ascending, they send forth a shout.....
'Existence is not what it seems'.

Fay Slimm

The Sea-Fever.

From liquid glass to boiling foam, moody Sea
Can gentle be, or scream out her commands
With restless need for exclusivity
She drowns attempts to flee her reprimands.
Savage mistress she.

Skirting coastline, Jezabel in uniform
Will smile teasingly, beguile us, winning
Love with fickle heart, until she strips, storms
Forth naked, then fury-dancing begins.
Savage performer she.

Watch fever unchained, behold hell regaining
Tempestuous wilful hold, - - but calm reveals
Her face again. Love of sea, lifelong, remains
Alluring as a mermaid's kiss, - - unyielding
Savage sweetheart she.

Go to her then, stay awhile you coastal child.
Sea fever is addictive more than gold,
But beware, leaving her will drive you wild.
Her siren call imprisons with strong hold.
Savage jailor she.

Fay Slimm

The Awakening.

Kaleidoscoping from dark to the light,
My heart needed to be reigned in tighter.

To ricochet in some swaying rope-dance
From somnolence to wanton dalliance
Was recipe for every mental ailment.
So seeng life should not be thus, my intent
Was not to cheapen but to value days.

My heart must have a holiday, not lazy
Or recreational, - - transcendental
It would then capitulate, see essential
Harmony in peace. A sabbatical
With silence would not be too radical.

Giving time to time with pressures lost
In present moment would not prove costly
A secret anniversary - - - with Me.
Some spot within where I could dream, freely.

Now I, awakened with this revelation,
Welcome my newfound regeneration.

Fay Slimm

The Climb

Still hearts know no fret
Nor do they feel remorse.
For peace to reign as King hearts yet
Must learn again the Kingly course
Of tranquil thought, which precedes love.
This only will the spirit move.

Warm hearts need not fear
When cares beset each day.
This earthly cloy would hold us near
To stressful Self, thus turn to clay
And push away the heartfelt joy
Our higher spirit could employ.

Strong hearts feel no guilt,
As those who still resent.
Resort to blame by gallows built
In mem'ries name, with judgement's
Aim to harm, defame - this must bespeak
A spirit growing sick and weak.

Light hearts are never sad,
Nor mourn for what has been.
They favour good, forgiving bad.
The fallen state they thus redeem
And letting go at last they find
The climb that leaves all death behind.

Fay Slimm

The Fire of Love

Wordless he stutters, and meaningless, mutters
Crossed thoughts incoherently wrong.
Tonge-tied and spell-bound feeling his heart pound,
Sensations, familiar and strong.

Throat tight and burning, already the yearning
To flee from eyes passioned with flame.
Mouth dried and knees weak stumbling his steps seek
The lips which allure him again.

Fay Slimm

The First Time.

As the strip of fire edges its way
Over the backcloth of night's dark bay,
And makes horizon afterglowed
With sunset's bed of reds, echoed,

I think of the first time with you.

As the while collared waves, washed clean
And unrollling themselves, give meaning
To romantic scenes as this, gliding
Atop waiting sands, shyly uniting,

I think of the first time with you.

This rope of togetherness might
Well snap under stress of being too tight,
So must be loosened, yet until then,
As I feel the bond of need again,

I think of the first time with you.

Fay Slimm

The Heart Of Me.

Stumbling wordward, I try hard to express
In inadequate phrasing this happiness.

Overwhelming my senses, unspeakably strong.
It's the heart of me singing my lover a song.

The lyrics fall softly from deepest of space
Through layers of ether hiding his face
From my welcoming heart. Starting the moment
We met, peace replaced previous tormented
Fears. Now alive and so happily whole,
The heart of me whispers this song to his soul

Fay Slimm

The Here and Now

The wonderful sphere of this 'PRESENT' time
Where eternity always lies.
The truth of the beautiful 'HERE AND NOW'
Often stays hidden before our eyes.

We need release from guilt of the past.
Our future should never hold dread.
But how to obtain that magic domain
What has to be done, or said.?

Come with me to the place of 'JUST BE'
Which will always remain in wait
For such as we, who long to be free.
Let's hasten, and not hesitate.

Just put to the test the power of 'NOW'.
Let attention rest solely there.
Not allowing the mind to think - just unwind
And discover a time free from care.

Or imagine small gaps between the clouds.
SEE the vividness of that blue.
Say, inwardly - -'NOW' - and the power of the NOW
Will open it's timelessness too.

Let's stay in that place as long as we dare.
Experience the bliss NOW will bring.
Visit if often-- and soon we will find
Our hearts will learn well how to sing.

Fay Slimm

The Only Gold.

Layering one on another,
caresses.....
Fly with gilted pen,
.....signing my destiny.

Searchers for fortune
strike only.....
.....seam-gold.
Yet hidden in phrasing
is.....treasure untold.

Secrets which,
wrapped in verse,
shiny.....
.....and shook
To retain mystery,
..... burst when I look.

Dipped in burnished
.....molten word,
their dripping
Nectar.....
covers my tongue
.....the more I sip.

Send then a potion
.....soon.
To be imbibed
.....as golden
liquid dose,
....then I can survive.

Fay Slimm

The Road Ahead.

With clearance of rocky pathways, now straight,
Life's road ahead becomes even and bright.
When no dark remains most troubles abate,
And as each day shines so it shapes insight.

When stumbling, weary and footsore with pain
Some space is needed to sit still and rest.
Time to reflect, and pick daisies again,
Doubtless, in life, we shall then invest.

With paving of love's fine quality stones
Life's pathway ensures we will not walk alone.

Fay Slimm

The Saddest Lines.

She wrote to him of her esteem
for his work.
..... His reply seemed keen
to meet, discuss and
.....form a scheme.
.....
In time exchanges came to mean
so much.
.....A love grew, evergreen,
which destiny could not redeem,
meant they comply
.....with moral theme.
.....
Her final note closed
..... love's sweet dream.
.....
Sensing all her thoughts,
..... hid between
the saddest lines he'd ever seen,
were the words
..... 'It might have been'.

Fay Slimm

The Shell.

Ivory white, and quite symmetrical,
It oozes artistry.

Hardened by time and water's frenetic
Movement, this shell imparts
It's own magnetic pull on my poet's mind.

Bright bold stripes adorn it.
Holed now, minutely, by another kind
Of life, it still fits
My idea of perfect shape for usage.

Up from the watery deep,
I will keep this former house of beauty.

It's unused silent harvest I will reap.

Fay Slimm

The Sunflower

Towering tall, and smiling benignly on all
The sunflower stands.
Giant of heart and of limb.
Soaking up power, as hour by dazzling hour
The sunflower stares, face upward
And heat pours in.

Unseeing eyes, searching threatening skies,
The sunflower waits.
Thirst quenches growth all around.
Motionless leaves curl as they beckon the breeze.
The sunflower sinks feet deeper
Into parched ground.

Glistening seeds, bubbling in mane of wet gold,
The sunflower drinks
Deep of the cool summer rain.
Lion of flowers yields to deluging hours.
The sunflower sighs - unheard
Then smiles again.

Fay Slimm

The Times Between.

Floating around us as friends or lovers
Are numerous moments, which only are seen
When, un-needed by other, each then can discover
The mystical meaning of 'Times Between'.

Unscheduled, invaluable hours cry a greeting
To us, otherwise missed, they insist we need
Time to grow without shadow, discreetly.
They make us aware that we too must feed
But in solitude - -; hearts given to growing
Have to own breezes between, known as spaced
Time, - - - for One only has heart's custody.
Then meaningful love will not be defaced.

Big trees spread better in specimen states.
Standing close, but best a little apart.
Precious space taken between times with mates
Will mean shadowless growth from the start.

True love never creates fettered-tight bonds
That in strangling itself makes terminal wounds.

Fay Slimm

Then and There.

There on the lonliest
Bench in the park,
Realizing your faithlessness,
There in the dark
I saw you again, and
From there I then knew
You would hurt me no more.
I'm leaving you.

Fay Slimm

This Day.

Today has all
the hallmarks of greatness.

If it is proclaimed.

Nothing has ever
before been this day.

Nor will be again.

We must seize each
moment or it will fade.

It will not remain.

Grasp at the chances
found now in today.

It can't be reclaimed.

Fay Slimm

This is the Way

This is the way it ought to be.
Nodding heads of snowdrop-white,
Green-stalked sea of sheer delight,
Ten thousand strong. The subtle power
Wafting a message along the gladey path
Caught at my heart.

This is the way it was meant to be.
Undisturbed vision in winter sun.
Blooming the truth, until time has run
Once more it's course. Alone and quiet
In woodland dell, the force of sudden
Foresight stopped my breath.

This is the way it will be again! !
Painful wars will be forced to cease.
Folk and flowers will be left in peace
To blossom and grow. From wondrous trees
Will healing flow, as earth re-builds
Her paradise again. Amen. Amen.Amen.

Fay Slimm

This morning I saw.

I saw this morning, exulting in the morning light,
A half-grown, half-tame, well-fed blackbird,
Shaking off the rest of night.
At once he took to flight, and seemed to dance his way
Across the open vault of blueing space.
Into the start of his day.

Fay Slimm

Thou Cometh

Early morn, midst moonlight flooding the room
I awake feeling thy presence my love. Thus
Arising from bed I forsake more sleeping
And betake me to casement, where, keeping
Sight of yonder light, high in night sky, dost
Wait. The stardust will bring thee hither soon.

I wouldst thee beckon yet again. Yearning
With heart astir, I see Love's coach, bedecked
By silvery dreams, now approach and descend,
Then alighting, thy dear face beams and ends
My chilly wait. So strongly affected
By welcome, I blush as my desires burn.

Whereon thou, gleaming with passion, and armed
With fire, soon hast me held, melting again
In embrace. Yielding upturned face to thine
I taste of thy kiss, drink nectar divine
And am lost. Thou, thus boldly obtaining
Mine ardour, unfold me more to thy charms.

Moonlighting trysts my lord, capture completely
Mine unlocked heart. Canst thou feel its strong beats?

Fay Slimm

Thoughtless Words

Better than knives
Of fine pointed steel
Which pierce, so the hurt
Lingers, painful and long,
Are weapons of words
Which, when thoughtlessly used,
Sink deeper than flesh,
Twist sharper, drive inward,
To injure the strongest of strong.

Fay Slimm

Thoughts of Thee

My daylight hours forbid a thought of thee.
I must not even write thy name on rainy
Steamed-up windowpane. The leaves of windy
Whispering tree may comfort me by naming
Out it's gentle song to thee, but not for I
To utter single sound. Clouds pass shameless
Patterns of your face, forming in the sky.
I seeing, inward start, for joy - but blame
The sun for blushing my pink cheeks, spying
Frowns on surrounding watchers, I hasty
Take my fan and smile, and with calm remain
All day, - but when at night I fall asleep
With my first dream thou my love comest too.
My dearest one a rendevous I keep
Within thine arms. With thee my hopes come true.

Fay Slimm

Threshold of Love

When friendly concern becomes more than need
For occasional contact, - - then beware!
When you find yourself feeding too deeply
On words, and yearning for more, - - then take care!
When days seem unfilled unless voice is heard
Of immeasurable warmth to your ear.... when
Exchanges, however mundane are occurring
Without any excuse, it is plain then
You have crossed a fine barrier, the threshold
Of love has been breached, and has captured you
Wholly. - From now on you will be emboldened.
Your heart is lost in the crossing, - 'tis true,
And from now on no threshold of love remains.
You have entered the Paradise love contains.

Fay Slimm

Through the Mist.

The sound of the oars was dreadful, God's slave
She was, yet helpless before God and men,
And she knew, as they rowed her to the grave,
She would never hear sound of rowing again.

Though the lady was Queen she shook inside,
But how great was her fear no-one would know,
Because, into the mist, on this last ride,
As brave Mary of Scotland she must go.

So young to her death and much unprepared.
The Tower had been her home for past years.
Despite her pleas to the Queen with red hair,
She was condemned and there must be no tears.

I often remember, as taught at school,
Goodly Queen Bess cried in cousinly grief
When she signed the Warrant with stately rule
That usurping her throne would end in defeat.

She reminded Pretenders to this, her shore,
Before claiming reign, not to think like fools.
Some had aimed and missed, as this girl before
When mist took her to kneel at the axe's stool.

Fay Slimm

Tidal Reach.

Rumblings of falling waves, ever tumbling
Into sound. Perpetual shaping makes
Ocean's mission, which grindingly crumbles
Granite into sand, astounding. Creates
Milled gems, smooths rocks to shiny pebbles round
Which sea-moss clings. The labour of the thing
Brings brightness to whitest shells, which abound
By the score at tidal edge, like jewelled wings
They shimmer in the light, each side with pearly
Sheen, all cleanly washed by wet, and hiding
Now in weed, provide, if gathered early
A tasty fishy meal. Generous nature's
Bounty lies waiting as waters recede.
Seabirds busy pecking as high tide abates
Show no fear as we walk near them, their needs
Are met, flows will not wait, so our time gone
We leave next tide to do what needs be done.

Fay Slimm

Time All Arush

Tumbling one upon another
In passing flight the moments speed.
Waiting not for us to wonder,
Catch the sense or see the need
Of trapping, breathless, one small second,
Standing back, then filled with awe,
Listening in to Life that, silent,
Tells of peace not heard before.

Giving time to Time we stagger
Stunned by sheer simplicity.
Nations milling round their issues,
Having eyes yet cannot see.
Stealing from the rushing moments
The beauty of the Here and Now
Brings insight not begot by yearning
After past nor future hour.

Giving to the moment glory
Which deserved so rare receives.
Brings enrichment beyond measure
Test, and see what it bequeathes.

Fay Slimm

Time Will Come.

Although time waits not
..... for a single soul,
It can pace slowly,
..... and unroll long hours,
Make days that imprint needs
..... on the lonley.

She, hoping for good news soon,
..... and vowing
To outdo sly time, sits in wait.
..... The day
Will come, time will spell it's signs,
..... allowing
Love's return.
..... Until then amour delays,
Binds tight to second-hand,
..... and hangs around.

Hearts beat like clocks tick,
..... pulses resonate
To rythmic thrumming,
..... she contemplates reason
And wisely, bides her time.
..... She, just lately,
Sensing love will appear
..... for a season,
Anticipates that, for a while,
..... romance
Will beguile, unwind her,
..... and set time dancing.

Fay Slimm

Timeless Grace.

Upon the Springtime walk today
As striding forth we, son and I
Sought the hidden glade,
The glade of promise, so 'tis said,
A verdant by-way known to few.
We feasted eyes on early bluebell green
Which shyly thrusting thru the mellow floor
Of woodland bed, peeped out in disbelief
And blinked at winter's sudden leave.

Buzzards skewed to show the way,
With tantalising glimpse of beak and claw.
Around a bend, with rhodedendron screen
Secreting still more the patch of light
That half-revealed the prize.
We, with breath a-bate, crept to catch
The whitening wonder laid before our eyes.
Ten thousand nodding heads a-bloom
As one, in sudden gladey dell.
Snowdrops aglow with life anew, yet hidden so
That only hearts that care could
Ever find this glorious Springtime show.

Bending, we absorbed in face to face
Afront their heady scent and power
Then afterwards, as leaping stream
In homeward walk we, son and |I
Gave silent thanks for small pure things.
Spirits henceforth enhanced by sight of timeless grace.

Fay Slimm

Timeless Saga

In a time of long ago, he, - dying,
Turned to look at his true love, and needing
No assurance, took her hand. She was crying
As she saw his wound was deep. Wicked greed
Had robbed her of her Knight. His eyes told her
Of his everlasting love. Whispering low
So only she could hear, he mouthed this prayer.

He said love like theirs would conquer death,
And with faith, one day they would meet, and know
Each other, in another life. - Breathing
Then his last he slipped away. Her sweet face
Became a lonely mask of hidden grief.
No-one on earth would ever take his place.

From that dreadful day she never once more
Smiled, and after many weeks of fret, Lady
Dorothea died of broken heart, nought
Could save her, and they laid her in his grave.

A few more years then passed, and bright young men
Went hiking in the Scottish Glens, - the group
Had stopped to take the view, and two of them
Looked over gates into a field. A troop
Of maidens, dancing for the harvest yield
And dressed in white, now rested, she then turned.

Caught his stare, blue eyes met green and feeling
Suddenly unsteady, she swayed. - A tree
Was near, they took her to the shade. He ran
To help, left his friend, and by her side
He took her hand, and they knew. So began
Their story once again. She was crying.

They realised then they had been lovers
They had met and loved before. Another
Time, another place, but they had parted
Just to wait in secret timeless state, until
Fate had brought them near again, to start
Another cycle of their love. - Souls will
Find their mate when once true love's been known.
Timeless hearts are not left long alone.

Fay Slimm

Timing so Fragile.

Gathering,
the towering clouds
billow their way,
greying the blue
with sign of storm.
Shining,
the watery sun
gives untrue
assurance
to dusk-time.
Lying,
the lowering sky,
which moments
before swept by
with cornflower eyes,
showing wide,
now turns promise
to threat.
Dreaming,
the grazing sheep
gain full bellied night
by browsing
while rain pours.
Crying,
the white birds spill
through darkened
night air,
timing so fragile
in which they
must reach roost dry.

Fay Slimm

To Us - dot com.

Amazingly woven
These webs of togetherness
Winging the oceons
Laden with line.
Cementing new friendships,
Souls begin meshing
By unseen exchanges
Unsullied by time.

Wonderfully riven
In manifold verses.
Heartfelt or soulful
They speed on their way.
Marking fresh access
To romantic places
Allowing the willing
To have just their say.

Long live the messages
Sent for communing
With beautiful meaning
Our postings of Word.
Hearts become closer
By such intercoursing.
Although never speaking
Our soul's being heard.

Hi to all the lovers of poetry reading and writing on PoemHunter
Keep up the fine spirit you show. Peace and love. from Fay Slimm.

Fay Slimm

To Eternity.

Blood is not
.....the only tie.
Blood-tie in fact,
.....can be a lie.

Soul is tied
.....so tight it binds.
Soul-tie leaves
.....blood-tie behind.

No tighter bond
.....is in existence.
No soul-tie allows
.....resistance.

Tied thus are we,
..... for certainty,
Tied from now
.....to eternity.

Fay Slimm

Tomorrow's Reality.

Effortless time spent can never be sung
With voiced delight.
Idleness blights then impregnates with wrong

Every meagre attempt made to succeed
In our yesterday
Creates tomorrow's exciting reality.

We are the effect, now let us be 'cause'.
Find reasons for living.
Purpose achievement with zest each morning.

Where love stays hidden no flower forms.
Open, look closely and live.
We can foster our future, this is our all.

Settled, we thrive in the now, moreover
Adorn it with presence.
Tomorrow still simmers on yesterday's stove.

Fay Slimm

Touch of Class

He touches his hat as he saunters past.
She sits in her furs, a touch of real class.

He brushes a speck from his trousered thigh.
She brushes his arm as he passes by.

He adjusts the cuffs of his fine silk shirt.
She from the bar stool adjusts her short skirt.

He unbuttons his coat with suave aplomb.
She checks breast-buttons and unfastens one.

He flashes a wallet and looks her way.
She flashes a smile and her gold chains sway.

He thinks this classy girl will just about do.
She thinks he is ready, - and she is too! !

To be Continued.....

Fay Slimm

Touch of Class (sequel)

He offers a drink and ogles her ring.
She rings a number, but says not a thing.

He orders champagne to be sent upstairs.
She sends a message, he waits unawares.

He pats the bed as he shrugs off his coat.
She removes rings then pats her dry throat.

He plans the theft swiftly without delay.
She knows the real plan is going her way.

He frowns when aware she knows of his game.
She makes him aware 'P.C.' Smith is her name.

He tries to bluff when he knows he is caught.
She catches her breath and waits for support.

He jumps at the sound of the door bursting wide.
She burst out commands when he tries to hide.

He oozes sweat as he's taken away.
She oozes style in her 'touch of class' way.

The End.....

Fay Slimm

Touch of Warmth

By dreaming I reach
..... the core of your warmth.
Breathing you nightly
..... keeps me undaunted.
Loads melting, float
..... weightless within my heart.
My mind drinks your word
..... or it becomes parched.
How many sips
.....will render me thirstless?
Time cannot enliven me
.....like your verse.
Keeping you near means
.....my spirit survives.
If this be love, friend,
..... then it nets me alive.

Fay Slimm

Tracing Shadows.

Everything appears
.....in just it's own time.
Birthed from need. we
.... blossomed for a short while.

Our summer was dappled
.....with passion's juices.
We traced with abandonment
.....love's fruitage.

Mem'ries now walk my mind,
.....tenuously.
Only to vanish
.....when reason impends.
.
Yet their traces leave
.....fragranced afterglow.
I value the love
.....you taught me to show.

Fay Slimm

Travelling Light.

Bags filled with the past.
Hanging, heavy as lead,
At times lasting well
Into future years,
Which much lighter would be,
It has to be said,
If bagless we faced life
Without memory's tears.

Fay Slimm

Treasure Unfound.

Deep inside the feel is
.....mysterious.
His mind reels
.....as dark solid rock enfolds.

Ebb-tide shelving floor
.....of washed sand appears
And lures our adventurer
.....nearer, - - - so bold!

Peering into the gloom
.....he tiptoes forward.
Dripping room of rocks
.....could hide treasure!

Alcoved maybe, mermaid's
..... secreted hoard.
Coins - - up from the deep.
.....casketed pleasure!

Prepared for discovery,
.....bent with greed,
His fingers entered, groped
And found.....Seaweed!

Fay Slimm

Trees Like Me.

If a tree could be me, and I the tree,
it would be fun to feel
wet droplets race,
after rain, down my body,
trickle freely
through deep clefts
between my hairy toes, lace
my roots with earthy mineral water,
which then,
sucked up through cells
in roughened trunk
for distribution everywhere,
is wisely brought
into my branchy tops,
and greedy drunk
by all my green-veined leaves,
like filtered wine.

Distilled from deep beneath the ground,
ambrosial, nectared,
sun-powered juice,
oozing life, refined by upward climb,
which, assisted by osmosis,
finds its way into my cells,
energises all of me,
helps me breathe out oxygen
which humans need for life,
and gives me use.

Yet trees like me
are dying through pollution.
What happens then,
when all the trees are gone?
Life on earth
will become a travesty.
A parody, which will be worthless.
The trees and I agree,
may that never be.

Fay Slimm

Trencrom Climb

Easter sun invites a weekend walk, around
The oldest sacred hill of local fame.
Enormous granite stones became unbound
From moorings long ago, now custom claims
The giant who dislodged them will return
One day to topple such precarious hold
And roll them down. Eager climbers learn
Their own endurance, trying skills, boldly.
Poised they push hard, pose for camera's eye
But all in vain, no gigantic boulder moves,
Nor will. Now we clamber up the mighty
Slopes to reach the topmost height, thus we prove
Trencrom can be breached and won, the all-round
View of Cornish vista, we vote, astounding.

Fay Slimm

Tribute to Evergreen Love

After years of togetherness, nearly three-score
I pen the Saga of being with you.
Of living and loving as never before,
And learning of freedom, and happiness too.

With resilience, consistence, and outright charm
You tenderly made me your wife.
Wrapping me tight in your youthful warm arms
You became to me 'Love of my Life'.

You epitomise gentleness, quietly contained;
Yet evoking a passion so rare.
'Light of my heart', our ties have remained
Evergreen, and will always be there.

Love is a spirit-fruit, not caged in Time.
And as such it remains ever new.
Love's buoyed up our tears, made our poem to rhyme.
It's a fairy tale really come true.

Partner and lover, husband and friend, with
You I have laughed, cried and prayed.
Age has not dimmed our song of romance
For with Eternity love is inlaid.

Fay Slimm

Tribute To Love.

Love is the composite
..... of many fine traits,
With finesse drawn from caring,
.....by small acts
Toward hurt hearts.

.....Love always intiates
Qualities like gentle
..... compassion, factual
Usage of such gives results
.....without scheming.

Love heals sick minds when
..... even an enemy
Counts enough to disarm anger
..... from feelings
Rank with hostility.....

..... Love will defend
Most selfishness,
..... injecting hope into
Those with need.
....moreover love feeds kindness
.....liberally.

Love you are mighty,
..... from you
Pours the best medicine
.....this world
..... will ever find.

Fay Slimm

Troublesome Love.

Where is my girl with the lisp?
The girl with a twirl in her step
As she skipped at my side?
Her eyes, brilliant blue, glinting
Mischief she tried hard to hide.?
My girl of troublesome love.

Eager to find life's delight
She fought every restriction.
Amber-hair flying free, she
Ran full steam ahead until
One day she really took flight.
Oh my girl of troublesome love.

She danced to a life which became
A distance of darkness where
Love never glimmered to comfort
Her need for affection, but
Riddled with heartche and pain.
My lovely girl troubled with love.

She turned homeward, eyes igniting
Again, but with steely-glint now.
Womanhood punctured, she knew
Somehow to survive, cornered
Not beaten, but still fighting.
This time for untroublesome love.

Fay Slimm

Trumpets of Gold.

Drifts of gleaming bright accost the eye.
Breeze stirs, and each dreamily sighs.

Glowing with gold now, hedgerow and field
Carpeted thus, to Sun-god yield,

Who lights up their stage daily, and saves
His warmth for some yellow Spring play.

Gently he sets them a merry dance.
Daffodil days can't help but entrance.

Trumpeting treasures of golden hue
May your spread seed ever accrue.

Fay Slimm

Two Different Lives?

Had she misunderstood those warm invites
To travel and taste a different world?
Her sheltered close life denied her. She might
'Tho allow fancy to fly. Control learned,
She could only re-read the lovely lines
Of tenderest words, and bury them deep
In her innermost soul. Unbidden, her mind
Now uncovers new dreams, secrets she'll keep.
In different places within her warmed heart.
Knowing, once found, soul-mates are never apart.

Fay Slimm

Two-Way Trust.

For wet-nosed welcomes and four-pawed hugs, none
Can match the dog. Fur-bound coat, eyes so wide
And velvety melt our heart and, 'will' gone
We most willingly succumb. Keen to hide
Our love affair, we fake a careless style
And tone our voice to suit, but when tail wags
As if to break while greeting us, we smile,
Even when there's muddy floor, bedraggled
Dog just glances at us wistfully. More
Than that, a quiet whine, defined as
An apology is all we need. As for
Two-way trust it grows, and if by chance passed
Over for a newer canine pal, our
First love pines, two-way trust declines, then dies.
A dog's love is of moment and of now.
That's all the canine heart can feel applies.
Thus, well or sick, lonely or in pain, fairly
Constant, man's best friends let us know they care.

Fay Slimm

Unchanging Beauty

The pool glistens,
Silence speaks
This morning,
And I listen.

Robin comes.
Elegant swans
Flotilla to my side
Eyes shyly wide.

The woods whisper,
Freshly crisp
From early rain.
I listen again.

Squirrel bright-eyes
Runs for nut prize
Birds in trees
Hypnotize me

The atmosphere
Elates here
Changeless wait.
Cold abates.

Springtime firsts.
Soundless burst
To mystify me.
How serene.

Fay Slimm

Unfinished Life.

The years can be counted by used love tunes.
Sing me no finished melodies, as like
Dreams their echo of future hope dies soon,
But love sees clearly an unfinished life.

The air still vibrates with rich glowing sparks.
Encounters with friends can stimulate too,
But if in warm core and depth of their heart
Yearning for love is heard, I will hear too.

Unfinished with life is the way to live.
Then when late love calls we naturally give

Fay Slimm

Unforgettable.

The first time I saw
..... those brown eyes
I was hooked.
..... LImpid, very wide
And inviting,
..... he looked my way,
Stared with an
.....impudent playful
Gaze, saying he
..... wanted me near.
I obeyed,
..... and soon without fear
He swam closer,
..... head up and moving.

I noticed his skin,
..... velvet smooth,
Then wonderful
..... moments began
Seal looked at me
..... as we swam
In the afternoon sea,
..... encased
Within sun-spangled time
....., we raced
The tide in,
.....before he was gone
Into the deep,
..... the seal turned upon
Me his look once again,
..... adoringly
Could I wish for
..... anything more?

Fay Slimm

Unquenched Thirst.

Ever imprinted with yearning,
..... heart-beats
Hang heavy,
..... atrophied air needs desire.
Tomorrow will bring
..... untreated relief.
The same pain comes nightly
.....to set us afire.

Because of such want,
..... much thirst stays unquenched.
Imprinted, my friend,
..... are you upon me.
I write you in verse
.....as recompense.
Send word back to me,
..... then I am appeased.

Fay Slimm

Unseen Love.

Life spins with a dynamic throb,
Assailing our senses, vibrates from above
And below, be-speaking great care
Used in land, sea and air,

Love exhibits unseen, wisdom so grand
Giving love's evidence, very well planned.

Yearly renewing of green leafy tree
Resulting in nurture we cannot but see.

Newly born offspring of animal-kind
Needing care for survival, many born blind.

Star-bursts of power, showering
Brilliance, hour after cloudless night hour.

Marvels of miniscule petals encompassing
Thousands of statements of Love we call 'flower'

Expressions of God-love shown by the flight
Honed to perfection in birds of the night.

Could it be that the cream of creation, humanity,
Uses one day it's trait of humility.
Looks closer, discerns the intelligent design
Universally used by a Love that's Divine.?

;

,

,

Fay Slimm

Unsettled Weather.

Louring heavy skies
Threaten rain.
We must hurry home
Yet again.
Passing scurry-crabs
Seeking caves,
Fleeing to avoid
Powerful waves.
Winging back to roost,
Flurried gulls
Battle to reach cliffs
As it comes.
Harbouring, small boats
Race the storm.
Hoping to be safe
'Til the dawn
Changing fickle wind
Turns about
Then proceeds to die,
And fizzles out.!

Fay Slimm

Upon Another Time.

Yet another day to fill, she turned away,
Her sigh dare not be heard. It was Maytime
And she was needed at the special play
Which village lads and lasses would be miming.
Food was being organised, the feast arrived
But busy as she was a tear fell down,
Unguarded, and another filled her eye.
Shaking fine dark curls, smoothing velvet gown
She grieved inwardly. He was not there, sharing
At this festive board as before, beguiling
Her with tales of foreign lands, his daring
Life at sea gave much to tell. Her father's face
Recorded some displeasure at her blushes
When he looked her way. Later they embraced
Beneath the chestnut tree. Behind the bushes
He, in time, took her virginity, alas
He went away again, and now she feared
The consequence of child. Such barriers
She must overcome, he was gone, poor she
Could only weep and wait, and look to sea.

Fay Slimm

Uprooting My Heart.

The garden surrounding my soul, being long
Under control, bore no visible weeds.
Every bed seemed tended, all plants belonged
To a known pattern of life, no wild seeds
Allowed entry, until on digging deep
One day, I uncovered my heart, and found
It bleeding, and starved. Not worth the keeping
I threw it away. Uprooted, it sighed, bound
For graveyard and fire, it then caught your eye,
As careful, you planted again with words
Of tenderest care, and there you watered
It daily, feeding it love, then occured
A regrowth. Now it responds as it ought.

Uprooted, my heart deferred to your touch.
Rooted, now blossoms, and loves you so much.

Fay Slimm

Ursula's Fantasy.

Her fingers stretched out to touch his dark hair.
His boyish frame, covered as he slept there.
He lay in the bed she had used when a lass.
His ankle now healed - but when would this pass?

This longing for love which surged through her soul.
She had, for so long, been living alone.
Her sweetheart had gone in the great World War.
Those years ago, she had known love before.

She fancied he looked like her lost young man,
And slowly her mind had hatched a bold plan.
She would not report him washed up on shore.
Life need not be again as it was before.

Her white hair she could dye, and buy new clothes,
Put on some lipstick, paint fingers and toes.
These fantasies raged in her head at night.
He would come to love her if she looked right.

But, seeing him there, in his flush of youth,
Her eyes swam with tears as she faced the truth.
So far was the distance between their birth.
Her impossible dream had no real worth.

Except to imagine what might have been
If he had been lonely, and she, seventeen.

Fay Slimm

Valentine Moon.

So many hearts now peering towards you,
Pleading you hear as you grace each night sky.
Tis time soon for speaking of love, perhaps new
But unspoken. Valentines Day draws nigh,
And, wondrous white Queen, you see the longing
And witness yearnings for Valentine hope
That declared love be spoken, so give tongue
To the tongue-tied by your own copious
Moonlight, assisting shy lovers to voice
Passionate feelings. Bolster such ardour
Before you sweep onward, help hearts rejoice,
Favour us earthlings, power us from afar
And reward waiting souls. Bestow on all
Valentine Love.. (p.s. make me your first call.)

Fay Slimm

Velvety Love.

Shimmering rich. it covers all previous
Hurt, warm softness asserts it's own power.
Reflecting light hourly, opulent hue, flowering
From shades of sensuous dyes, blaze the soul.

Falling in careful folds, newly found love
Kisses the heart. Velvet caresses wholly.
Lifts life into lightness. Hope can then move.

Like touching smooth velvet, dreams can revive.
Sinking in lustrous care, love will survive.

Fay Slimm

Virtual Paradise.

Alongside the real is the virtual world.
Paradise realised, now proudly unfurled.
A new race of people, brought by machine
Brightening lives by technology's dream.
Phantom-like friendships, developing by
Tenuous air-waves aloft in the sky.
Producing connections which always meet
With response, - this on-line, unseen retreat
From everyday life makes a life of it's own.
Brings magical change from being alone.
Spectral soul-mates can appear from thin air
Made by transmitted message wrought with care.
Virtual heaven appears on earth's scene.
Mirage's marriages, - never quite being
But moon-shine reality, yet they provide
Real feelings of love no-one can deride.
Miraculous virtual paradise
Invents a contentment - - but is there a price?

Fay Slimm

Voting for Youth.

Youth's but a state of our mind
Not a time in our life.
It's a matter of will.
It's a freshness, a vigour,
An outlook that calls
To adventures out there, waiting still.

Let nobody say they grow old
Merely by living their years.
This illusion will try
Replicating the lie
That wisdom brings sorrow and tears

Youth can remain throughout life.
Keep deep waters fresh
With zeal, nothing less
Will ignite all the wonder
Which holds old age under.
So, for Young-at-heart-veterans vote YES

Fay Slimm

Walking Behind.

I keep asking myself
Why I walked, deep in the shadow
Of one I thought clever,
Much brighter and stronger than I
Ever thought I could be.
I sit, hugging some mem'ry
Of stunning discovery, when
You abandoned my try
To remind you of how I never
Made the move to be free.

Your cold calculation
That conditions arisen meant end
To what we had been., but
By ignoring imploring you
Brought blind adoration,
Which had hid from my mind
Your unbending need to be right
In whatever you said,
To an end. Out from your shadow
Life is so good in the light.

Fay Slimm

Walking in Wildwoods.

Silence leans, heavy and low in these woods.
Assailing ears filled with previous sounds
It drowns them in quiet. I sense I could
Smell the ancient, mishapen trees around
As they lie fallen in streams, which willfully
Wetting and liquidly glassing them, burst
Before bubbling away. Pregnant air, still
And languid, careless feet tread unrest, first
Bird then butterfly, but calm descends again,
Throws soft muffles of magical peace over
The atmosphere, and silhouettes the same
Age-old green things found here. Uncovering
The draw of this spell-binding place, I may
Then, today in wildwood haze, find a fey!

Fay Slimm

Walking on Air.

From deep blue mood
of try-and-try-again
daytime behaviour,
I sink in relief
to dark of the night.
.....
After starvation diet
of time without you,
come the dusk,
I feed to the full
on dreams of us two.
.....
Then fighting fit,
I feel you enter
under my skin,
permeate it,
fill my mind, and
begin to take me
to paradise.
.....
I melt within
passion's fire,
no need to
assure me
you are there,
Your nectar I liken
to drip of rare
rich and ripe,
ready fruit.
.....
Before I fly, with
my feet astride
shoulders of
strongest amore,
I am aware inside
I am walking
on air as before.
.....
And why?
because my love,
you are here,
and having you by,
nightime lonliness
has nothing to fear,
I just have to try.
.

Fay Slimm

Walking the Edge.

Taking a stroll between land and sea, walking
Makes music, dances the song of life-force
In one easy stage. Decisions seem forked
Only when pathways cross swords, aborting
Our essence of choice. Before that, amble
And sheer variety wll gently take hold
Of our hand, as we edge toward gambling.
Take life's offers, but pick only pure gold.
Walking edgeside will not always produce
Perfection, but it will have it's uses.

Fay Slimm

Walls Can Come Down.

Bulwarking their message to keep out - (or in) ,
Wall shouts it's menace to wall.
Heralds of fear in days long ago,
Some walls brooked no breaching at all.

Yet defences of mind hold no less a fear,
Errecting - - Exclusion! - Keep Out! .
Fierce ramparts built high to withstand even Love,
But Love will prevail without doubt.

Love will smash with soft blows
Walls stronger than steel.
Persistently chipping away
With calls of the heart. What mighty rampart
Has ever been able to stand in Love's way?

Fay Slimm

Want to Be.

I want to be there
When you awake.

Every moring my heart
Aches, so much that
I feel I am where
You are - - no parting
To grieve us then.

My soul now knows great
Loneliness, - but
Starts to imagine
Your good-morning smile.

When you awake
I want to be there.

Fay Slimm

Warmth Awaits.

Shine me into your night, brighten
Your life with my gleams of lovelight.

Torch me deeply into your dark.
You may rely on my ardour.

Invoke my soul, however weary
You feel, use my presence freely.

Trust, without doubt, I will appear.
As soon as you call I will be here.

My glowing warmth waits, just as sure
As fate, which has drawn me to you.

Fay Slimm

Warmth Travels Fast.

Words burst from folds
.....of love's warmth in your heart.

Song of friendship
.....wends often its seasoned way.

Crosses salt foam
..... and in no time imparts

Its kindness wrapped tight
..... in wild-flowered bouquet.

Warmth travels fast
....., arrives safely dear friend.

And brings grateful comfort
..... to every day's end.

Fay Slimm

War-worn.

He crouched
.....in tears,
clutching letters
closely.
Head bent,
his bulk
.....reduced
by weariness.
The weeping
spelt relief.
A letter
was the
.....most
He hoped
to see
.....of home.
War.....
still seething.
As noisy
hell.....
held sway,
.....heavy
shell sounds
Bounced
around
.....in rote.
He daily
faced.....
lines
.....of foe.
full knowing
.....fear
yet he had
found
that.....
taste of
.....home
too much,
.....and wept.
The sign
of weakness
.....gone,
helmet on,
he sped
.....away.
We will
never know
his inner
.....state,
but,
The image
of this

....soldier's
face
.....stays.

To urge
our prayers
for war.....
to cease,
.....utterly.

Fay Slimm

Weaving Words.

The muse comes drifting by,
Then from glistening, thread-like
Strands of soul's eternal mist,
Unrolls a virgin-new creation
Of well-sewn, ironed verse.
Shaped and moulded words.
Pleasing both the ear and eye.

Unrehearsed, the urge to pen
Sees skeining deep inside
For spinning, as poetic thought
Unwinds, thus begins again
The weaving of emotive cloth.
A fine array, laid down in
Such a way of well-spun word
That ultimately, the process
Of perception's being stirred.
And desire to scroll begins.

Poet's verse, discreetly cloathed in
Rhythmic style of structured metre.
Changing after little while
With liquid flow, and right repeats,
Stresses neatly dressed, and
Sequenced, lined correctly, will
Grammatically complete the piece.

But working webs of words
Is Drama - cloth for wearing
Next to beating human hearts.
Meant for being heard - performance
For effect within the living soul.
When read aloud, the written word
Sits well.- Artistic weaving has occured.

Fay Slimm

Wedded To Love.

Missing him all day she aches
For the night when, no more forsaken
She now lies ready for love.

Prepared and alert, waiting
With deepest breath almost abating
Her mind feels heady for love.

At last he is near, taking
Her into his arms, passion now breaks
Her skin so ready for love.

Nectar runs dewing, making
Means to ease love's final elation
Every cell's crying for love.

Wondrous union needs no relating
Climaxed together, they lie until late
Sated, she's wedded to love.

Fay Slimm

We'll Meet Again.

How many sing, nostalgically now
Those popular war-time songs?
Remembering the horrors, as unknown
Numbers, no matter how young
Were setting out finally, leaving behind
Sobbing sweethearts and swollen-eyed wives
To travel to terror in unknown lands
And offer the best of their unblemished lives.
Sometimes to suffer and end their short days
In bloody dark ditch, muddied black
By other young innocent blood, fazed
Beyond sense, did they know they wouldn't come back?

Will nobody ever outlaw the wars
That crucify truth, as misunderstood
Freedom? God only knows
How many false hopes courageous souls
Watched smashed, as they hummed the songs
About meeting again, such as those
They had learned just a little before
The beginning of hell that was now called war.

Fay Slimm

Wet Monday Blues.

Why does rain never affect me the same
On any other day of the week?
Weekend fun done, I expect some
Monday sun sometimes, not this bleak
Drivingly incessant rain. I look in vain
For a last minute Monday reprieve
But still get the wet-Monday blues!

I could, if I choose change the name.
Sad-sounding 'Mournday' needs cheering.

Then the sun may be coaxed nearer
To showing his face. Was it in ancient
Fear that mourning, performed in the drear
Atmosphere of a Monday, besmearing games
Must have caught on, because from then on
There's been enough of the drizzly stuff
Daubing with teardrops of wet we call rain.

So lets wave a wand over more days of yore,
Perhaps then wet-Monday spells will be gone!

Fay Slimm

What of Passion?

Passion and judgement often wage war, bold
Reason tho', speaks to make peace, and awards
Both rudder and sail to unseasoned souls,
Who, broken by passion unchained, broaden
Pain to deep grief, as in sailing ahead
With unfettered ardour, birth more stormy,
Ill-disposed fantasy, which covets dreaded
Control. Instead, haul in fervour, to form
Anchored alliance with reason. Harbour there,
Where, touched by compassion, hearts without ire
Can flourish passionately, yet fairly act.

Willing to serve, eagerness meets desire,
Catches fire, and true rapture emerges.
Shakes free illicit lusts, then is purged,
And becomes purely ecstatic gold-dust.
Such ageless rapture will never grow old.

Fay Slimm

What's in a Name

Love by any other name
Would never sound as sweet.
To whisper sentimentally
Complacent words of gallantry
Would hardly ever do.

Love by any other name
Just doesn't sound complete.
Could never mean 'foreverness'
When describing our togetherness.
Nothing less would do.

'Love' - the never -failing word
When springing from the heart.
Could any word of tenderness
Evoke such deep-felt happiness
Re-placing...' I love you '? .

Fay Slimm

When Parting.

Ring the change gently when new love moves in.
Old habits die harder as others begin.

Turn the page softly then no-one gets hurt.
Words spoken in anger cannot be reversed.

Let love down lightly, although it may cost.
Make the break cleanly, then care is not lost.

Friends don't come cheaply, relationships count.
Molehills are better than cliffs to surmount.

Swansongs are pleasant when played with right tunes.
Old flames die easy when love lights the rooms.

Break-ups are better when handled with heart.
Showing the right moves to make, when parting.

Fay Slimm

Whence Came We?

Why wait until old or frail
Before asking whence we came?
Were we, before we appeared here
On earth some bright star? Endearing
To many is that we, aware
Of earth's real need, chose this caring
Role. Heart beating love towards all
Will bring peace, but does not recall
The true state we dwelt in back then.
At times, the mind seems to sense when
There was no earthy form folding
Wraps around our radiant soul.
Was our whole spirit revolving
Around lovelight and life, solving
This problem of place, as above
Us, pervading all, was Pure Love
Weaving true peace? Asked then to prove
We could become earth-bound, and move
When invited, to bring again
Whispers from God, do we remain?
When we know heaven is not far
And never forget who we are.
Can we be true? If so we know
There is so much more work to do.

Fay Slimm

Whilst Flying.

A moonless night, and in mid-air flight
The pilot dimmed plane's internal light
To see, unseen cosmic sight.
.....
Eighty thousand feet up in the air.
Higher than anything flying there,
Gave sky-view of a scene so rare.
.....
Gleaming expanse of the Milky Way.
Brilliant white-striped delight, and swaying
With glittering light before his gaze.
.....
Canvas was studded with sparkling stars,
Clustered most densely, then from afar
Space was shot through with golden bars.
.....
Like a firework display without sound.
Every few seconds stars darted around.
With radiance not seen from the ground.
.....
An eerie shine, of celestial glow,
Lit incandescently heaven's show,
Despite speed the plane seemed to slow.
.....
To a humbled stillness, and was part
Of a much greater power, which startled
The pilot's unbelieving heart.
.....
Taken aback, he thought then, the plane
Compared to this, could not be again
The pride of the sky as acclaimed.
.....
He was left wordless with what he'd observed
As he noted the glory whilst flying 'Blackbird'

Taken from written experience of a
pilot of SR 17 'Blackbird', in flight..

Fay Slimm

Whispered Appeal.

Let him know, oh God.
Make him know that you care.
Every moment he's gone
You'll need to be there.

Bring him safely home.
Hear my prayer of appeal.
Be beside him please God.
His danger's for real.

.....Amen.....

Fay Slimm

Whispers of Winter?

Windfalls appearing as each cooler breeze,
Snapping at leaves, releases them forcibly.
Morning-mist windows give hints from the east
Of winter's first whisper, which nature endorses.

Bulging of berry-red, harvest-tall vines
That we gathered last year, ripe and juicy,
Remind me again of autumn's kindness
To our first 'Hellos', and gave us our muse.

As summer retreats, sing me your wordsongs,
Whisper me warmth, then winter will not stay long.

Fay Slimm

White Spectre Flying.

The forest was dim.
Dusk had set in
Unobtrusively.

A clearing appeared
Dogs' barks sounded weird
Unexpectedly.

Caused him to veer instead.
Old barns lay ahead
Unsurprisingly.

He stopped in his track
And whistled dogs back
Unsuspectingly.

But to his delight
Barn-owl took to flight
Unintentionally.

White spectre in dusk
Ghost wings shown thrusting
Unrestrainedly.

A blood curdling shriek
Came strident from beak
Undeniably.

Dogs took to their heels
But he vowed, with zeal
Unpretentiously.

To return soon to mark
In daylight, not dark
Underhandedly.

Sans dogs, this same plot.
Soon nestlings he'd spot
Unmistakably.

Fay Slimm

Why Love Stories?

Heaven itself cannot hold hidden
Accounts of great human love.
Many a tale has been expertly written,
Transmitted by muse, but dispatched from above.

Great or tragic or merely mundane,
Love, as most writers stress
Is themed very often, with sweet love refrain.
And numerous tributes will always impress.

Love cushions, attracts, satisfies soul.
Pleasures desires, gives meaning
To why we aspire to do good - - makes us whole.
Inspires feats of courage, sets the heart dreaming.

Love seems to answer every heart's needs.
Great love affairs, requiring
Us to acquire more attention to lover's deeds,
Stress that Everyday love at times needs re-firing.

Why is the story of love so great?
It aids universal proof,
Which the Unseen world dares to anticipate
Will envelop the earth which needs nothing more
But - - - - - - LOVE.

Fay Slimm

Wild Things.

Encounters with wild things leave marks
On our heart. Affinity seems
To start a strange partnership, sparks
Off a mutual trust, our schemes
To tempt nearer the Badger or Fox
Need patience, with spacing of meals
Which if strictly observed bring lots
Of hope, that in time such stealing
Back into hedgerows will cease, might
Be then amber eyes shine into mine,
When Fox has no reason for fright.

Badger too has been hunted down
For reasons mistaken perhaps.
Unable to see clearly, renowned
As a fighter, he relaxes
Into easily trained habits, Brock
En-trances, and values both life
And liberty. Can we take stock
Of our role in creating strife
For wild things that need loving care?
Badger and fox have a right to be there.

Fay Slimm

Windy Ridge Living.

Gushing, as suddenly breeze turns to spite
And spits rain, here, once again unremitting,
A precursor to dour grey, it looks quite
Stormy. As prelude befitting, I sit
Here measuring life at the top. Gale approaches,
Which will bellow and blow fiercely, then stop.
Then as soon as rock feels sun, I will broach
The subject of warmth. Rain or not, mocking
At blow, rock, secretly like me, loves free
Spirited air, which daringly changes
It's face at will. Amazingly this windy
Ridge has survived vagaries like danger
From capricious winds, and so have I, life
Here has to be faced full on and mightily.

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Fay Slimm

Winnow the Day.

Surging with eagle wings
Day carries weight.
Watch 'Choice' standing
Legs astride
Defyingly.

We winnow well
Who sift chaff from grain,
Then, hands high,
In day's light,
Send chaff flying.

Fay Slimm

Winnow the Wind.

Soft as the cobwebs that dance the vine.
Moist as the droplets that dew the rose.
Warm as the first taste of ruby red wine
Is love, which once planted sturdily grows.

Harsh as the wind in the willow's branch.
Cold as the mountain lake's icy flow.
Hard as the drought that dehydrates romance
Is wilted love, growing where the gales blow.

Winnow the wind, divide chaff from grain.
Discover pure gold, come love me again.

Fay Slimm

Winter's Farewell.

Iron-gray and warmth repelling
Cloud clad skies in winter drab.
Lowering and laughter quenching.
Cold errodes in icy grab.

Stone-still and mind consuming.
Clammy air bites into thought.
Blanketing and effort dampening.
Movement to cessation brought.

Grave-quiet and breath dispelling.
Stifled breeze bestirs no leaf.
Shivering and strangely yawning,
Nature hangs in heavy grief.

Love-sick for sun's restoring.
Waits, entranced by chilled suspense.
Sensually, in silent pining.
Anticipating recompense.

Rose-pink with blush of longing
Imagines 'Spring' on conquest bent.
Garlanding and colour strewing
Nuptual bed's abandonment.

Fay Slimm

Wisdom of Love.

True love will not easily split into parts.
To represent truth, love is wholehearted.

Can a droplet be mistaken for a sea,
Or a whisper of sound for a symphony?

Flakes of devotion, like snowflakes, will melt
In life's heat, security then is never felt.

Love is complete, so it's parts make a shell
Which cannot be broken, as time will tell.

To love only in part is not love's proof.
To say we loved once is denying the truth.

The sum of whole love is greater by far,
To describe it, than the sum of it's parts.

To say we loved once is not seeing love right
True love cannot die, therefore love outlasts life.

Love stands alone with it's clear clarion call.
We who say we loved once never loved at all.

Fay Slimm

Wishing You Spring.

For all the splendours of winter
Which accost the eye
With sparklings of white flaky
Frost-fairies lighting the sky,
I still wish you Spring.

For then earth bursts with passion.
Births abundantly
In multitudes. As life-force
Spills, feasting to redundance,
Yes - I wish you Spring.

Fragranced delight inspires love.
Blood heats, as soil, when
Faced with pulsating urges
To blossom, so once again
I will wish you - - Spring.

Fay Slimm

Without a Doubt.

There was something eternal
.....between them.

Something electric,
..... uncontrollably
Real though astral,
..... it was quite lustily
Physical too,
..... releasing - consoling.

They knew this to be so,
.....and gratefully
Counting each benefit won
..... they remained
Best of friends,
..... respect for destiny's fateful
Attraction ensured
..... they kept what was gained.

By allowing leads
..... which came from above
This they knew without doubt,
..... they had found love.

Fay Slimm

Without Destiny.

There are some thoughts that when spoken take on change.
They can become something different when uttered aloud,
moreover their power increases.

Better then keep them unsaid, and seam them away
into the folds of the mind.
That way is kinder to our survival as patient waiters for fate's call.
When held closely, feelings retain all the magical colours we need.
They most willingly perform lifting of pain soaked hearts, but
must be preserved only as dreams.

Change them to plans and they soon damn us.
Without vision we are nothing but victims of fate.
Take then a rainbowing archway
of picture-paste dreaming,
paint and plaster it over the heart, and leave it,
a footprint appears as it eats its way in,
marking an easing of pain entrenched in the soul.

But the hurt of lost dreams has a bite filled with venom,
which swirls unmercifully with force of a hurricane.
When we realize finally hope is gone
and search unremittingly to unearth it again,
all we may find is piercing pain,
which demands we leave and move on.

Keep imagery clear and see it alive, but as yet unspoken,
fill it with hope, bring it out nightly, re-dream it,
then burnlish it brightly.
This treasure alone is ours, and has its own beauty
which feeds us while awaiting the real.

Without destiny life seems unfair, barely endurable
and the future looks empty indeed.
Let us guard then our daily dreaming.

Fay Slimm

Without Henry.

So much about Henry will follow us
Into our everyday thoughts.
The comfort of nuzzling wet muzzle, soft
Wooly coat, never in moult
But growing anew every season
Like sheep's covering, keeping
Them busy with regular clipping.

Talk will be coloured with Henry's
Undoubted show of pure canine love.
Anyone calling he would have to approve
By a wag of his 'Airdaley' tail, as
He availed himself of all whom he could.

Henry will from now, not be seen
But be felt, deep in serene air, the green
Of the farm weaving his calm untroubled
Life into where he was loved
As probably, no dog had been.

Dilligent eyes following every last move
Of the family cats, watching the tracks
Left by incoming visitor's cars, by far
The gentlest of dogs, encased in such
Gigantic frame - - - how can
Life be the same without Henry?

Fay Slimm

Woman of Substance.

Her voracious energy
.....captured life.
She devoured days,
.....poetically climbed
The mountain of 'being',
.....and thrived
On romance,
.....being born to a new time
When expressions of love
.....became accepted,
Yet still in man's world,
.....soon scribed her way
And another fine classic
.....she perfected,
Proving female persistence
.....could win the day.

To women of substance
.....thought had occured
That then was the time
.....their voice could be heard

Fay Slimm

Woodland Rendezvous

Thoughts, creamily flowing
Adhesively cling
Around all the places
Discovered last Spring

Leafy-bowered woodland
Stippled with shade.
Secretly carpeting
The bed we had made.

Covering with rustling
Leaf-sounds, our new love
Modestly hidden
By breeze up above.

Tumble-down cottage
Deserted and worn
Bore witness to passion
Where before there was none.

Re-finding these places
Was sad, as it seems
They conjure up pleasure
Now only in dreams.

Fay Slimm

Word Of Autumn.

The colder wind today brought word of change.
With Autumn on its way soft blossoms shrink.
Berries dropp their plump hued heads in phases,
And shorter days pull Autumn to its brink.

The sun sheds less its brightness in full streams.
Pine trees sigh, branching closer to the ground.
Early morning grass recalls frosty dreams.
Autumn hunkers closer with autumn sounds.

Light hearth's cosy warmth, pull covers higher.
One of Autumn's blessings is a blazing fire.

Fay Slimm

Workaday Holidays.

Tucked closely into the cossetting green
Of such deepest countryside finery,
In the middle of cleanly kept farmland,
Edged by glorious coastal scenery,
Lies old Saddle Rock Farm.

Boasting the quaintest of holiday cottages
Of the cosiest open-beamed charm ever seen.
Owned by the friendliest couple with faces
Of undisguised kindness, gleaming warmest
Of welcomes, whenever anyone's been.
Sits old Saddle Rock Farm.

Producing the wooliest sheep, and the
Fattest and happiest pigs, this farm is
Kept in strict order, marshalled between
Two of the bounciest dogs, busy with
Wettest of roughest lick-washing-clean
Attention, they organise all who venture
To undertake work in this holiday scheme
At old Saddle Rock Farm.

Sending, contented, the visitors home
Restfully happy, by having been breathing
Keenest of air, pleasantly walking miles
While making firm determined intentions
Of repeating their holiday scheming
Again, after the shortest of whiles,
With old Saddle Rock Farm.

Fay Slimm

Yellowed Gorse

Humble, prickly, yet nearly a golden sea
Of gorse this time of year engulfs my soul,
Rippling delight down the yellowed freeway
As I travel into dusk, evokes whole -
Hearted rush to motor home. Gorsey moors
And silver hedgerows fill my Cornish mind
At springtime. I insist all city doors
Be shut, and along with high-life, leave behind
All fetid air, to reach this countryside,
Where hill flowers, banking down to brush my feet
Join nodding daffodils. Seems, far and wide,
Spring is spilling over me. Then, replete
With restful air and quiet, have of course
To leave the heavenly scent of yellowed gorse.

Fay Slimm

Yesterday's Child.

Wings of adulthood grown, now I can fly
And will sing myself loud into each day.
Early elation comes easily, - - trying
To grow up too soon though loses the way
It takes time to learn the language of life.
Just enough lifetime to teach free thinking.
So here I stand, nakedly clean, priceless
Waters now tested, my feet on the brink,
Clean sheeted, my bedrock of yesterday
Still lingers on, but now a child I am not.
Uncalled for scheming is swept all away.
How to be glad to be me not forgot.

As yesterday's child I shall take a bow.
Adventure in life I will find somehow.

Fay Slimm

You Are.

You are to me a constant in my days
Of dull inconsequential life, I share
Every happy dream which, bubbling, stays
Inside my mind, until a chance prepares
It's breezy journey to your heart. Winging
Over distance our auras call, absurd
And carefree, I fly. Ordinary time
Ceases, while I feast upon a single
Rhyme, eloquent with depth and underlined
With honest love, assuring me you're mine.
You are all that - - - and more.

Fay Slimm

You're in Love.

Love shows but a colourless wing
Before a heart learns how to trust.
Bleached with disuse
Neglect and abuse
Love can only just wait, as it must.

As trusting takes hold with it's touch
Vibration begins in love's heart.
Scintillates, - then
Eruptions begin
Like lightening the fireworks start.

Bursting with wings spreading wide,
Love colours with every known hue.
Flaming with gold
Passion takes hold.
Then beware! ! Love has happened to you.

Fay Slimm