Poetry Series

Flying Lemming

- poems -

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Flying Lemming

I like to create, draw, write, whatever, and I find it easy to just not do anything, so I am trying to get this site to spark me into getting a bit more active mentally, we'll see how it goes 8)
I enjoy talking to people and expanding my ideas and beliefs. If you fancy a chat or anything let me know... I think there is no one in the world who can't learn more about themselves by meeting more people.
I also like a challenge so if you have any subjects or ideas you want to throw at me go for it!
www.twitter.com/FlyingLemming

A Cat's Life

I stand and meow or sit and purr
I take some time to preen my fur
Before I go to have a nap
In my basket or on a lap
Then it's time for me to eat
Some tinned meat or a crunchy treat
I play with the laces of your shoes
Before I have a timely snooze
Then off I chase a bird or mouse
Not straying far from the house
As soon I'll need to eat again
And after will be sleeping then
Want to eat more, but no time for that
It's not an easy life as the family cat

Flying Lemming

Adrenaline Rush

I'm an adrenaline junkie
I live fast and hard
I laugh at danger and give fear my best regards
I climb up high mountains
And when I reach the top
I stick ski's on my feet and rush back down the drop

I scuba dive with sharks
And camp with grizzly bears
Some worry that I will come to harm but it's not me that cares
I bungee jump and parachute
And abseil from great heights
I explore caves and dank dark holes I never get the frights

I've rafted down the rapids
And been on desert trails
Whatever task I set myself my courage never fails
I've never had companions
As I move across each nation
Cos the only thing that scares me is to have a conversation

Flying Lemming

Ambition

I was at my art class studying shading
When a stranger caught my eye
They seemed to be doing their best evading
Glances from passers by
Sat at the back in dark glasses
And large coat and big floppy hat
I'd noticed them there in most of my classes
Looking quite rounded and fat

I wandered over to take a look
When something became very clear
And by great surprise I was took
It was an elephant shaking with fear
'Don't tell what I really am please
I want to learn this craft
But when I told the men on the trapeze
They just choked and laughed
The same was true for the whole circus
They didn't think I was real
They do their best to deter us
Not caring just how we feel
I've always been the nervous sort
The big top never suited me
When the crowds gathered my only thought
Was to just turn and flee
But I was filled with a strong desire
A need to paint and create
It burned in me just like a fire
I knew that I could be great'

So I didn't tell, though it was kind of funny
And he studied harder and moved himself on
And finally decided to make some money
And followed his fortune up to London
So if you are in London town
And getting your portrait done there
And the artist seems very grey and round
He's nervous so please don't stare

Flying Lemming

An Idiot

I'd love to be an idiot,
And never have a care.
About the crap that's in the sea,
Or poison in the air.

I want to be an idiot,
And never be afraid.
Of the snipers deadly gun,
Or muggers slicing blade.

I long to be an idiot,
And live in my own world.
Where violence doesn't raise its head,
And no abuse is hurled.

I beg to be an idiot,
Not waiting by the phone.
And even when I'm by myself,
I'd never feel alone.

I wish to be an idiot,
A dim and dozy dope.
Whatever things went wrong with life,
I'd never give up hope.

Yes, if I was an idiot,
Hatred, hurt and pain.
Would never ever bother me
And I'd be born again.

But, if I was an idiot,
And missed out all the strife.
I'd miss out all the other things,
That make up every life.

The heartfelt words, the warmth, the love,
The closeness and all that.
I don't want to be an idiot,
I think I'll stay a PRAT

Flying Lemming

Christmas Card Cramps

Now Christmas card writing I have Begun
So I get my pen and start card number one:
'Merry Christmas to all that you hold dear
And the warmest of wishes for the new year
I hope that you and your life are well
And you'll have a healthy and wealthy spell
Best wishes to you and your family
Kindest regards as ever, from me'

The envelope licked and the card sealed inside
By card number five I've lessoned my stride:
'I hope that you and your life is well
And you'll have a health and wealthy spell
Best wishes to you and your family
Kindest regards as ever, from me'

I carry on more at a fairly strong rate
But the lines become less by card number eight:
'Best wishes to you and your family
Kindest regards as ever, from me'

By now I am feeling less than keen
So when it comes to number fifteen
When they open it up all they will see
Is: 'Happy Christmas, from me'

Many cards later I have a bad cramp
Think next year I'll just get a stamp

Flying Lemming

Christmas Chaos

Dashing to the shower
Dashing to get dressed
Dashing to the car to get to town before the rest

Queuing for a parking space
Queuing for the shops
Queuing for the tills, the waiting never stops

Pushing to the counter
Pushing through the mob
Pushing passed with bulging bags, such a tiring job

Folding paper round the gifts
Folding cards all day
Folding licked envelopes that taste in a foul way

Laughing with your family
Laughing with pure love
Laughing in joy at Christmas, it’s worth all of the above

Flying Lemming

Christmas in the key of turk

Turkey curry, turkey roast, turkey casserole
Turkey sandwiches, turkey stew filling my bowl
Turkey in batter followed by turkey kebabs on a skewer
Turkey quiche and turkey cakes, now my taste buds are fewer
Turkey crumble and turkey meat shoved into a pie
Turkey gravy poured on turkey slices piled high
And when you think its over turkey ice-cream will appear
I think that I'll have beef for Christmas next year

Flying Lemming

Codes

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Q = & R = * S = (T =) U = ~ V =? W = > X = <
Y = { Z = }

Print it out, work it out 8)

Flying Lemming

Conversation Between Me And Another Poet - A Rant

Other poet:
I have this new verse
I'd like to converse
I need not rehearse a moments time

Me:
But it doesn't rhyme

Other poet:
It shows my true self
My bare lack of wealth
Emotions by stealth just divine

Me:
But it doesn't rhyme

Other poet:
It's symbolic as a whole
My minds lost control
I speak from my soul and my mind

Me:
But it doesn't rhyme

Other poet:
It's free flowing thought
So hard to be caught
And much often sought by all kind

Me:
But it doesn't rhyme

Other poet:
The tempo reflects
Where my heart will go next
The pause genuflects 'fore each line

Me:
BUT IT DOESN'T RHYME!

You say you're a poet, that just makes me laugh
That's not a poem, that's just a paragraph
The art of just saying what's inside your head
Is the art every drunk has when he can't find his legs
Hit a piano with hammer and you'll find you need skill
To make the notes flow and not make others ill
It's as true with words they need to fit right
Linking sounds together can take all night
But when it's done properly it will make you proud
And be something that anyone can safely read aloud
Without stumbling or wondering just which line goes with which
Or if this bit is a pause or that bit is a twitch

It may make you feel clever to be dramatic or severe
But a lack of rhyme makes poetry very hard on the ear

Flying Lemming

Critical

Criticism affects us different ways
Some will feel the pain for days
When someone feels the vile need
To do their best to try to impede
Any attempt to make or create
Something, be it minor or great

I find more amusement than hurt
When someone wants to throw the dirt
I look past the front of aggression
And any negative thoughts soon lesson

The thing that you must ask yourself
Just how strong is their mental health
If they need to belittle and chide
Behind a screen so they can hide

You’ll find that those that criticise
Tend to have the emptiest lives
And feel the need to take a dig
To try to make themselves feel big

Don’t feel anger or negativity
Critics just deserve your pity

Flying Lemming

Election Special

“Thank you all so much for your warm applause
I promise you that I am a very worthy cause
I stand here proud, asking for your vote today
As we get the election process well underway
My policies will make life be as easy as it should
I cant say what they are, but I promise that they’re good
And I will cut pollution with no money being spent
And lower tax and raise income and make all crooks repent
Answers to all life’s problems are resting in my head
What they are I can’t say so I’ll attack my opponent instead
I refuse to do mud slinging, or to try to cause a smear
Although I could tell you things he wont want you to hear
Like his finances, notice he has a bigger house
And more holidays, and a job there for his spouse
Doesn’t his car look new, cant have had that long
Makes you kind of wonder where the party funds have gone
But I wont stoop to his level, I’m too refined for that
Not even to mention he’s looking well fed and fat
So here I am before you, trying hard to impress
Or trying to be the guy that you dislike less
And as I’ve made my standing clear, you must now agree
Your only sensible option is to vote for me”
“Now here’s our next candidate, I’m sure that you all know him”
(continue this by going back to the first line of the poem)

Flying Lemming

Embrace The Change

I changed my hair I changed my style
I changed my look I changed my smile
I changed my hat to suit the fad
I changed the clothing that I had
I changed my diet and my routine
I changed into a fitness machine
I changed my lifestyle I changed my physic
I changed from welcoming to quiet and meek
I changed my character and changed my friends
I changed the way the story ends
I changed the goals and sights I'd see
I changed everything that made me me

I changed my mind I changed direction
I changed how I viewed my reflection
I changed right back to how I began
Exactly the same but a completely changed man

Flying Lemming

Freedom

You can say what you want, just not so anyone can hear
You can live how you want, just not while living here
You can criticise those in power, just never out loud
You can be an individual, as long as you stay in the crowd
You can have your own opinions, just keep them to yourself
You can do just what you want, if you've got the wealth
You can choose to look however you want, that is very true
But if you look too different then we wont talk to you
You've the chance to be you, if you are like them and me
Why aren't you smiling, you should be glad to be so free

Flying Lemming

Happy Dog

I’m a happy dog at the beach
If I had the power of speech
I would tell you all
To throw my ball
I’m a happy dog at the beach

I’m a happy dog at the beach
There are no new tricks you can teach
I’m bouncy and glad
And my tail wags like mad
I’m a happy dog at the beach

I’m a happy dog at the beach
My joy is always in reach
Whatever the talk
It’s the best place to walk
I’m a happy dog at the beach

I’m a happy dog at the beach
As I hear the seagulls screech
I chase and I bark
Long into the dark
I’m a happy dog at the beach

I’m a happy dog at the beach
And I don’t want to start to preach
But if you ask me
The best thing to see
Is a happy dog at the beach

Flying Lemming

Happy Dog 2

I’m a happy dog in a car
Hope we’re not going far
I walk up and down the back seat
At each corner I’m rocked off my feet
I’m a happy dog in a car

I’m a happy dog in a car
Zooming down miles of tar
Sniffing around everywhere
I know where we are by scents in the air
I’m a happy dog in a car

I’m a happy dog in a car
I’m feeling well above par
On the window I’m sniffing near
My nose leaves a slimy wet smear
I’m a happy dog in a car

I’m a happy dog in a car
We’re on our way, hurrah
Happy thoughts run through my mind
As I stare and wag at the car behind
I’m a happy dog in a car

I’m a happy dog in a car
And going slightly gaga
Too excited to lay down and nap
I’ll look out the window and let my ears flap
I’m a happy dog in a car

Flying Lemming

Happy Dog 3

I’m a happy dog at the park
I yelp and woof and bark
Along with the sound
Us dogs run around
I’m a happy dog at the park

I’m a happy dog at the park
You may think me off the mark
But I’m not by mistake
In the mud by the lake
I’m a happy dog at the park

I’m a happy dog at the park
I hunt like a big hairy shark
When the bunnies trail
Puts a spring in my tail
I’m a happy dog at the park

I’m a happy dog at the park
I’m glad that some bright spark
Brought a ball to throw
Now off I go
I’m a happy dog at the park

I’m a happy dog at the park
I’ll be wagging well into the dark
Enjoy fresh air and fun
Is my tip everyone
I’m a happy dog at the park

Flying Lemming

I Am Pigeon

I am pigeon hear me coo
I'm not glamorous this is true
In every city of every country
There is a chance you will see me

Before I hop off into the distance I want to make a few remarks
We may not have the same glory as swallows, hawks or larks
But we are multi-national, the true birds of peace that's us
We hobble on regardless with no ego and no fuss
People try to poison us, they call us 'rats with wings'
Just 'cos we're not romantic like a nightingale that sings

But we fight this persecution
With our pigeon revolution

We're the only beauty of wing in the city
When other birds take flight we're still sitting pretty
On high ledges and on windows we will gather everywhere
Sitting between the plastic prongs designed to stop us sitting there

So please throw us a crumb, from wherever you come
Whatever country, party or religion, there will always be a pigeon

Flying Lemming

I Love You As You Are - Now Change

I love the way you talk to anyone, do you have to talk to her
I love the way you love animals, you know I'm allergic to fur
I love the way you are different, you're not going out in that hat
I love the way you dance, do you have to embarrass me like that
I love the way you are well read, you gonna waste money on that book
I love the way you think I'm beautiful, why'd you give me that leering look
I love the way you'll help anyone, bet it's just to fuel your ego
I love the way you're spontaneous, this isn't where I wanted to go
I love the way I fill you with desire, I told you I'm not in the mood
I love the way you're relaxed about your body, do you really need all that food
I love the way you are still fun, do you really need that toy
I love the way you still act young, sometimes you're like a little boy
I love the way you collect me from work, isn't it time you got a new car
I love the way I feel natural around you, stop looking while I'm only in my bra
I love the way you always have a smile, why'd you have to wear that silly grin
I love that you just let yourself go, do you really have to try to sing
And if you keep on with that annoying laugh I don't think I'll last another day
I'm so glad we met 'cos I think that you're perfect … why you walking away?

Flying Lemming

I Took A Seed

I took a seed and planted it, and it became a vine
I took the vine and nurtured it, and it gave me some juice
I took the juice and processed it and that gave me some wine
I took the wine and drank it all and then set myself loose

I took my car and drove around not seeing very straight
I took a corner much to fast and came upon a cliff
I took evasive action but just a bit too late
I took a steady plummet and almost became a stiff

I took an ambulance and at the hospital took root
I took two weeks to come around and everyone agreed
I took too many risks in life, and left me with some fruit
I took the grapes and ate them and was left with a seed

I took a seed……

Flying Lemming

I'm Not That Bothered

Half way through the day I notice I've odd socks
There is a different time on each of the clocks
I have my tea ready then find no sugar there
The random spikiness of some of my hair
Forgetting which pocket my parking tickets in
Getting corned beef, cutting myself on the tin
No batteries in the house when the remote control stops
Remembering what I needed after I come back from the shops
Sitting down then spotting the remotes not by my side
Not having my coat on when it's tipping down outside
Having no idea where I left my locker key
I'm not that bothered, but it slightly annoys me

Flying Lemming

Inspiration

What inspires us
Who do we inspire
What is it that makes us have the push to aim much higher

Some poeple say it's greed, a search for money and treasure
That makes some stretch their skills or talents beyond measure

Or is it fame that drives us all
To get our names up on the wall
So we can go to friends from school
And feel so smug, important and tall

This may be true to some who write
Could be what keeps their eyes alight
And powers them right through the night, to them it is worthwhile

But as far as i can say
What keeps me going on my way
Is knowing that someone, someday, will read these words and smile

Flying Lemming

Legacy

I was asked today if I would be remembered
If any of my work will last beyond me
If my name will be mentioned when I am gone
Will anything go down in history

Will the verses I write ring right round the world
When I am no longer here
Will people still comment to me what they think
When I'm not around to hear

Will the poems still live for many years
When I am no longer around
Will the words fill the sky up above
When I am deep underground

I thought about this, and then I said
'I wont care, I'll be dead'

Flying Lemming

Life's A Buffet

I cant eat that think of my weight
Who know the number of calories
Will attack me if that’s on my Plate
I could grow quite fat with ease
And if I dared to stay out late
My skin will just sag as it please

I dare not travel, I may get lost
And I don’t like to be out in the heat
Just as much as I dislike the frost
Odd climates will just have me beat
And think of the trouble or anguish or cost
Or my poor aching legs and feet

It could be fun having something new
But just how new should it be
There may be a wonderful panoramic view
But I may be too worried to see
I could be too timid to give it its due
The change might be wrong for me

Don’t live in fear of change, laugh and play and sing
Life is just like a buffet, try a bit of everything

Flying Lemming

Our Greatest Weapon

The evil dictator prepared for the day
Against all weapons that might come his way
By pulling on his bullet proof vest
With extra armour across his chest
Including the mesh stab proof lining
With his titanium helmet shining
Climbed in his flameproof air tight jacket
With lead set panels inserted to back it
Covered with a lead lined coat
And padding with steel wrapped round his throat
Adrenaline pills to keep poison at bay
A mask so gas won’t get in his way
He stepped out to the crowd and soon he felt halfed
He had no defence against the people who laughed

Flying Lemming

Perspective

The tourist laughed as he thought of the native that made a deal
And swapped an uncut diamond for a Rolex that wasn’t real
He took the diamond and sold it, gaining a pile of cash
And gambled and went to bars and frittered away his stash
The native smiles and thinks of how he swapped the watch for two goats
That gave his family the chance to live without hunger at their throats
The tourist still chases more money, no time to rest or for calm
The native sits in the shade and watches his children tend the farm

Flying Lemming

Pitfalls Of Caring

It’s hard to have no one dislike you, for if you are friendly to all
Then some will see it as suspicious or odd, and think that you play them the fool
It’s tough to be truly honest, as even if you speak no lies
There are those who will question just what do you mean, as they view you through accusing eyes
It’s difficult to be giving, be generous and continue to give
For some will ask what’s in it for you, there must be some other motive
Its’ not easy to welcome the stranger, to offer your home as their home
For some will decide that there must be a catch and rather be left alone
It’s a struggle to show some compassion, for it may be mistaken for love
And you can be blamed for any that fall and think that you gave them a shove
It’s much easier to just be nasty, vindictive and cold hearted inside
To tell all the lies and con everyone and get all of them on your side
But that way will lead to rejection, isolation from all that you near
For its better to be disliked for kindness than to be loved in fear

Flying Lemming

Pop-up Adverts And How They Crush Your Soul

I sat by my screen intending to write
An ode to the woman who gives my soul flight
Start up the computer and run through my mind
To see what emotions and feelings I find

'Your eyes make my heart beat so fast it'll pop'
(pop) SHOOT THE DANCING BEARS HAT AND WIN A LAPTOP!

I click the advert closed and try to regroup
My thoughts and my dreams and take another swoop

'Your smile gives me joy other people wont know'
(pop) JOIN OUR NEW ON-LINE HYPER CASINO!

My flow interrupted again by this ad
I close it and try to get back what I had

'Without you by me the world becomes scarier'
(pop) MEET OTHER HOT SINGLES WHO LIVE IN YOUR AREA!

A scowl, a click, I growl and flick my screen back to my ode
I try again to board my train of thought back down the road

'Your voice gives me love, all my heart will allow'
(pop) FREE SMILIES AND POINTERS FOR YOU TO OWN NOW!

I pick up my paper and ready my pen
To start to create my poem again

'Your soft touch sends sparks all over my skin,
Like the sparks that fly from the computer in my bin'.

Flying Lemming

Power Struggle

My alarm clock this morning woke me up late
Which meant that my day didn’t start great
The toaster, joining in the attack
Made all of my toast come out black

The kettle just seemed to do what it felt
The iron made my work shirt melt
The house alarm wouldn’t set today
The garage door wouldn’t move out the way

The car stereo wouldn’t play my CD’s
The traffics lights changed just as they pleased
The security keypad lock at work
Ignored my code number and just went berserk

When I got home the TV popped with a spark
And the lights all fused so I’m now in the dark
Everything electric has broken tonight
I’m surprised the computer is working alrig…

Flying Lemming

Smoke Screen

It’s just (cough) unfair, call this democracy
I can’t just (hack) enjoy what brings pleasure to me
It’s (cough cough hack) disgusting, this stupid nanny state
I know (hack cough spit) what’s best for me, it makes me so irate
When out at (cough) restaurants when in a joyous mood
It’s my right to (cough wheeze) smoke so I can’t taste my food
And if I want to (hack cough pitoo) go out to a bar
A smoky (cough snort) atmosphere is much better by far
People working in a bar know (cough) the risks there
Get a job outdoors if you (choke) like fresh air
And just cos (cough snort hack pitoo) some health freaks say it’s bad
You wont scare me from (cough cough wheeze) smoking like my dad
He smoked 20 a day (hack snort) and lived to 85
Thou (cough) was on a ventilator the last 20 years alive
But it hasn’t (cough) effected me (hack) I can tell
(Cough cough cough wheeze hack cough wheeze spit)
Could you call an ambulance please, I don’t feel very well

Flying Lemming

Spider Election

Three dozen spiders gathered round for their annual meeting
‘We must elect a new leader as the time we have is fleeting’
Sam, who hungered for the job was waiting out the back
About to tuck into two juicy flies for a quick snack
‘You’re on stage now, the public waits, no time to fill your face
It’s now that you must take your stand in the election race’
Sam sighed and wrapped his meal up tight and headed right along
Not knowing that the living meal wasn’t held that strong
It ripped and then the food was loose and buzzing round the stage
The crowd all laughed to see that Sam was chasing them with rage
They couldn’t take him seriously as round and round he spun
Not the first to have lost respect ‘cos his flies had been undone

Flying Lemming

Stormy Performance

The orchestra were set to play
On a windy, stormy day
Seated in a roofless room
Preparing to create a tune
When suddenly down rain comes
Beating on the kettle drums
The sky is filled with clouds so black
Which crash and thunder and boom and crack
Lightening flashes through the barrage
And hit the man who’s stood in charge
He just smiled and shook his head
‘Well I am the conductor’ he said

Flying Lemming

The Big Ride

Standing in the queue waiting for the big ride
It feels like there’s a whirlwind going on inside
My stomach start lurching, my heartbeat quickens
The thought of getting on the ride just really sickens
I hear it zooming past and the people screaming loud
I look for other nervous faces waiting in the crowd
I feel like I’m the only one with this grip of fear
And every time the line moves on I feel the cause grow near
Just a few steps left until I am locked in
My mouth becomes quite dry, all the moistures on my skin
I look at every bolt and every join upon the frame
The thought that one could pop makes my heart burst into flame
I take my seat, the restraining bar locks into place
I try to force a brave smile but it wont come to my face
The carriage jerks along and then hits the incline
Higher higher higher clicking creaking all the time
The noise of the theme park is lost down below
As the carriage meets the top and very soon I know
That it will lose its battle against gravities greed
Hitting twists and turns and loops all at great speed
The carriage starts to roll away and oh no here we go
The feeling of the speed and movement makes me feel a glow
I laugh with real enjoyment as I experience each turn
The thrills the spins the spirals that I wanted to spurn
Give my such a buzz that I come off the ride grinning
Wondering why I worried so about the twists and spinning
I march on proud to the next ride brave and full of grit
But as I wait there for my turn I start to think a bit
Standing in the queue waiting for the big ride
It feels like there’s a whirlwind going on inside

Flying Lemming

The Chase

There it is still taunting me
Out the side of my eye I see
But I can wait patiently
Until the moment is right

The battle has spanned many years
My adversary still appears
Offering its goads and jeers
Spoiling for a fight

I see it there hovering still
Trying hard to break my will
The thought of chase still gives a thrill
So I make my move and strike

And as I lunge it knows my thought
And dashes off to not get caught
The chase becoming my new sport
A game I've grown to like

As I keep on in close pursuit
Determination taken root
I hope my hunt will bare some fruit
This time I will not fail

And observing this dramatic slog
The owner gives his partner a jog
And smiles as they both watch their dog
Continue to chase its tail

Flying Lemming

The Expert Diner

I can feel the tantalizing aroma drifting up to me
Both smooth and rich and delicate and tart and buttery
The exotic silky texture runs mellow down my tongue
Yet has a tangy scrumptiousness that floods me by the ton
The juicy fluffy wholesome feel is clean and heavenly
A spicy sour flavour that’s fresh distinctively
The look is eye catching and tempting I must say
And the creamy, nutty, crunch it has is lively in a way
The sharp luscious zesty side, has peppery undertones
Velvety and fragrant, that thrills me to my bones
The soft tasty ripeness makes my taste buds feel so wealthy
Mouth wateringly delicious, delectable, hot and healthy
All working well together, inviting me to taste
And finish it entirely with not too much haste
The waiter smiled and nodded his head
‘You’ve just eaten the placemat’ he said

Flying Lemming

The Great Explorer

I am the great explorer, or my plan is I very soon will be
I aim to see the world and find various sights to thrill me
I'm working out a list of all the places I want to go
With a globe right here in front of me so that I will know
How many thousands of miles that I will pass along
All carefully planned and organised so I wont put a step wrong

Although there's a lot of water, which gives me a bit of a scare
I'm not so sure that I want to go anywhere by air
This is my first excursion so maybe not by plane
That's something I will build towards when I travel again
So I get out a map of Europe, open it and I can see
There's still a lot of destinations waiting there for me

I want to immerse myself and bring something new to my eyes
Filled with mystery and offering round every corner a surprise
But something that concern's me is that letters are different I heard
If the alphabets changed then I can't even try to read any written word
This leaves me with France, Spain, Italy, Germany and Holland I guess
Which is still a lot of scope to make my first adventure a success

True, even if I know the letters I still wont know what they say
So maybe trying something I know will help me on my way
I took a few lessons of French at school and some is still in my brain
And it's still a different country so my adventure's back on again
France would be a good shot at something familiar yet new
So I get my France guidebook out and have a look through

Yet looking at the pictures printed here in this book
Makes me wonder how much I know as when I take a look
I find that nothing comes back to me, none of the words compute
If I need help or get lost, i'd be silent as a mute
I get out my map of the UK; Ireland, Scotland and Wales
They are different countries so my adventure is still on the rails

Ireland is across the waves, a flight would be needed for there
Scotland and Wales are still left, leaving me miles to spare
Both places have gorgeous views and breathtaking sights sun or frost
But trains cost a lot and are not comfortable, and when I drive I get lost
England my homeland has so much to offer, I can explore round here
Castles and sights and adventures can also be found fairly near

So I get out my map of England, looking for some inspiration
Taking in all the various regions and points across this old nation
The map shows me all kinds of places from which I can pick
But not too far as on long journeys I often feel quite sick
But within an hours drive there are still plenty of places to go
Cities and towns with museums and curiosities on show

All with shops to buy things and restaurants to drink and eat
Pretty much the exact same ones that are found on my high street
I could save money on the fuel needed to run the car

And still stay in a nice hotel without having to travel far
There is a big 5 star hotel just the other side of town
But I'll still have packing and booking and parking to get around

It seems like a waste of money to pay for a stay so close by
I have an idea, I have a tent here, I'll camp out under the sky
The great outdoors surrounding me, what lessons that nature can teach
Camped just at the end of my garden as I'd still want a toilet in reach
Technically I wont be under my roof so my adventure is on again
I am the great explorer … hold on … that looks like rain

Flying Lemming

The Greatest Thing

It’s easy to make if you have the knack
It’s terrific to give and better to get back
It’s priceless and free and worth the world
It’s warm and friendly and slightly curled
It crosses ages and races and times
It’s found in far of tropic climes
It’s miles away and right near you
You can tell when it isn’t true
It can change a sentence’s tone
It’s wonderful when you have your own
It’s owned by all no matter their wealth
Sometimes you’ll give one to yourself
It’s great to wear, it’s always in style
I’m talking, of course, about a smile

Flying Lemming

The individual

‘I don’t like to conform’ said the guy to his friend
‘Don’t like to be normal to fade in or blend’
They pushed past the racks of clothing on view
And hunted around for something new
‘Can I help at all? ’ said girl in the shop
‘Are you looking to get yourself a new top? ’
He smirked, gestured the racks of clothes
‘You have anything that’s different from those? ’
‘I don’t want to look the same as the rest’
The girl looked thoughtful at the request
Then gestured him to follow near
And after checking the coast was clear
She reached below the desk for a bag
And from it produced a shirt like rag
It was black with silver skulls stitched in
And buttons made from twisted up pins
The sleeves were jagged and collar was frayed
And layers of black were overlaid
‘I have just this one, I made it myself’
‘It not normal enough to put on the shelf’
‘The owner wouldn’t let me display it’
‘Said that the look just didn’t fit‘
The guy smiled and said ‘that’s the one’
‘Something to stand out from everyone’
‘Something unique, something bizarre’
‘To show the rest as the sheep that they are’
He bought the shirt there and then
And putting it on strutted off again
The shop girl smiled, and checked the till tray
That was 12 of those shirts she’d sold today

Flying Lemming

The King's Sword, Part 1/5

As told in hushed tones by some old bloke in a medieval tavern.

We meet like this, as you will see
So we can maintain secrecy
And you must also promise to tell no one
It involves two armies with two kings
And war and death and other things
And in the battle's where it all begun

You see the king of the first lot
Held a sword that he had got
Covered in countless jewels and gold
And like a bull (just twice as large)
Into the battle he would charge
With his sword, or so his lot was told

'Cos of the stuff upon the sword
For a lot, it was insured
And he didn't want to get it bent or scratched
So as a back up he held by
A stack of fake swords two foot high
And into battle these were then dispatched

And when the fray had reached its end
The fighting king would then pretend
That his rich sword had served the final blow
Truth being that the sword of jewels
Was left behind out of these duels
Hidden in a barrel down below

Buried in a pit beneath
The kings tent out on the heath
Where it was left safely 'til the end
But it was know that the swords guard
Found staying sober very hard
A thing that was exploited by my friend

My friend I say, I'd met him twice
And I soon saw he wasn't nice
Always going after easy money
His name was Thomas Claude Duval
His job description was black mail
He found exploiting people very funny

Well he came up with this plan
To make himself a very rich man
By using for his gain the good kings weakness
The sword, which was gold and handsome
He would steal and hold to ransom
This was Claude using all his sneakiness

He gave the guard a bottle of rum

And he had only just begun
Soon following were a scotch and whiskey
Two shots of vodka one of gin
The guard was soon out of his skin
Which made the swords removal far less risky

The pickled guard he tiptoed past
And with some digging he at last
Got the barrel out of the ground
Then checking no one was in sight
Pushed it hard with all his might
And sneaked away without a single sound

The battle won the fake sword shown
And the army all marched home
The king returned and flew into a rage
The guard was down on hand and knee
Being sick quite violently
Having reached the drinks revisit stage

The king pushed past the retching man
Into the tent he quickly ran
To be greeted by a gapping hole
He charged back out and kicked the drunk
Then down into his knees he sunk
Despair ripping at his very soul

Flying Lemming

The King's Sword, Part 2/5

The court adviser walked on by
The king's displeasure he did spy
Then through the tent he saw the hollow pit
His pulse worked fast his brain did to
He guessed why the king was blue
And could tell they were in the muck

'But sire we all make mistakes
And anyway you've got the fakes
They've fooled the army for quite long enough'
The king looked up and shook his head
'The problem, ' he angrily said
'Is not the army but Lord Jack McDuff.

I took his castle in a war
Now he wants to even the score
Destroying my army with planted doubt
He checks my sword almost each hour
He knows that it inspires my power
Hoping one day to catch me out,

And when he learns the sword is gone
He'll spread the word, it won't take long
Soon the army will all lose their bite
Their faith destroyed, their courage too
McDuff's army will just walk through
There won’t even need to be a fight'

The adviser helped him to his feet
And in his mind tried to complete
A plan to get the king out of this mess
Silent minutes drifted past
Then the adviser said at last
'Sire I have a plan, well more or less

The swords a symbol as you say
It can be shown a different way
You don't need to use it in a fight
It still can be of use to you
As long as it remains in view
Perhaps being shown from some great height'

'Of course' the king replied with power
'I'll tie a fake sword to a tower
I'll say it helps to spread the sword's good luck
And from that distance none would know
The real sword has happened to go
Stolen by some evil thieving shmuck'

They checked the plan it did make sense
To give the king the best defence
They dare not leave anything to chance

The king rushed off a speech to make
The adviser dashed to grab a fake
The guard was posted off to fight in France

The speech was said, the story swallowed
The king, outside, the people followed
To see the fake strapped to the towers roof
And if a doubt was ever raised
Upwards the doubters eyes would gaze
To see the solid shining sword of proof

All went well a day went past
T. C. Duval surfaced at last
And crept into the castle to negotiate
He looked around quite carefully
Was shocked and surprised see
That not one person was mad or irate

He ran around his fist did shake
He shouted 'that sword is a fake'
'How do you know? ' asked a passing man
T. C. thought fast he daren't admit
That he had gone and stolen it
So away he disappointed ran

Flying Lemming

The King's Sword, Part 3/5

He had reached the castle gate
Looking really quite a state
Where he was stopped by a voice so gruff
'I heard you cry the swords not real
And I want to make a deal'
Held out a hand 'my name is Jack McDuff'

Tom took Jack's hand which he did shake
And told everything about the fake
Jack listened hard then he laughed out loud
'I knew it' he wickedly said
'The king is now as good as dead'
Then they both walked off to avoid the crowd

When they had found a quiet spot
They both sat and began to plot
Both trying to maximise their gain
A drink or two the deal was set
A huge fortune Tom would get
And Jack McDuff would be king again

Tom dashed off to get the sword
To help McDuff expose the fraud
McDuff went to the tower up the staircase
He planned to get the fake sword down
And parade it round the town
Proving that the king was a disgrace

He climbed the steps with each large stride
And reached the top and looked outside
The sword was there but he could not quite reach it
He exited onto the ledge
And across did slowly edge
Because he did not like heights, not one bit

He climbed the roof dislodged a tile
Then looked down what seemed a mile
To see the slate shatter on the ground
He hung there for a minute or two
Could think of nothing else to do
Then with a sigh continued edging round

Tom dashed back with the real sword
Thinking of his big reward
He reached the bottom of the fake swords home
He swung the sword quiet easily
But there was no one there to see
So patiently he waited all alone

The sword held pointed to the sky
Inside he gave a dreadful cry
What if McDuff had been found or killed

He thought, then with himself discussed
Had McDuff really earned his trust
With evil thoughts his head was quickly filled

McDuff could be the King's best friend
Who just needed to pretend
That he was bad to earn a big reward
He could have set up the whole thing
Conning me so I would bring
Delivered to the King the real gold sword

Tom slyly looked from left to right
Peering at the creeping night
Then sighed deep and slowly shook his head
If McDuff wasn't a real pal
The army would be here by now
And I would now be either caught or dead

Above McDuff had reached the sword
And prayed loudly to his lord
He'd slipped and now was just left hanging there
The thin cord from the sword was all
That stopped him from a deadly fall
And that, worse luck, had just begun to tear

Flying Lemming

The King's Sword, Part 4/5

Across the other side of court
The adviser ran fairly distraught
Then he arrived and fell at the king's throne room
Screaming of the cad McDuff
And plans and swords and other stuff
And soon told how the King now faced his doom

The king calmed the adviser down
Then they moved across the town
To see what damage had been done by Duff
They sneaked by to avoid attention
And as a form of crowd prevention
Until they had both travelled far enough

In front of them they saw at work
A little, short, rough, bug-eyed nerk
Waving the real gold sword in the air
Who turned and looked at king and friend
Then shouted 'your life's at its end
Your precious army will know the facts so bare

Of how you've lied and led them on
With faith stuck where it don't belong
Moral will disappear and you will fall
A new leader will take your place
And finally he will erase
You name by sending you lot to the wall'

'You mean McDuff' the king asked Tom
'That evil cad' he carried on
'If he wants a fight then I'll begin it'
Tom smiled his crooked grin
And said 'don't worry about him
He'll be here to face you any minute'

Tom didn't know how right he was
With these last words of truth because
Above him there was a snap then yell
As McDuff with sword in hand
Headed towards flat hard land
Screaming more with each new foot he fell

The adviser and the king looked up
On hearing Duff squeal like a pup
And Tom joined them to see the growing blot
Directly up above his head
He knew real soon he would be dead
But found that he was rooted to the spot

One sword was up one pointed down
And as McDuff hit the ground
Each sword found and stabbed into a person

The two bad guys were both impaled
Their evil plan had badly failed
Poetic justice, just a gory version

The town’s folk came to find the scream
And to check what they had seen
And quickly the adviser grabbed the blades
He shouted to the growing group
'This is how low McDuff would stoop
He made a fake to make our lives charades

He climbed the roof to get this sword'
Then he held the real sword forward
The crowd all looked and saw the real swords shine
'He planned to change it for this fake
Which I am now going to break
To keep this scandal gone for all of time'

Good as his word he raised his knee
And broke the fake quite easily
The crowd all cheered their faith now back all right
The king shook the adviser's hand
'This went better than we had planned
From now on consider yourself a knight'

Flying Lemming

The King's Sword, Part 5/5

A party thrown the sword recovered
With lots of drink the folks were smothered
And soon the whole town was all laughs and claps
Everyone was full of cheer
Supping quite a lot of beer
And soon the king’s platoon had all collapsed

Every guard had lost his head
That is the ones who were not dead
But in the mayhem someone was quite sober
He searched around and found in place
A hidden door with, in a case
The precious sword, which all this fuss was over

In one swift move he smashed the trunk
And dug through all the packing junk
To find the gold expensive tool of war
And hiding it inside his jacket
Sneaked back out into the racket
Then ran so fast he hardly touched the floor

The king who had heard the crash
In through the hidden door went smash
And found the sword was gone from him once more
When this was learnt by everyone
The king said 'I'll now stop the fun
By telling everything from the first war'

He told of how the fakes were used
And how their trust had been abused
He'd understand if they wanted him thrown out
Silence was at first the sound
Then came a cheer from all around
'Long live the king' came the public's shout

The king he could not comprehend
Why they wanted to be friends
After the lies he told so bold
Then from the crowd there came a voice
'You really are the public's choice
We don't care what type of sword you hold

It may be fake, it may be real
We have no preference in this deal
It could be made of gold, wood or tin
You still lead us into fight
And battle hard with all your might
Because of you we know we'll always win'

The king thought hard, could this be real
Is this how they really feel
Led on by me and not a golden lie

He saw the faces in the crowd
And felt very big and proud
'I shall never lie to you again' he cried

You may ask how I know this story
Of the swords a tale so gory
And where the sword is now you'll ask of course
Well I have travelled quite a lot
And all the info I have got
Has come to me from every type of source

This story was all told to me
By someone who was once greedy
He stole the sword but then he saw the light
He tried to take it back to them
But they didn't want it back again
Without it they were coping quite all right

Where is it now I hear you say
Well as I pass my weary way
I pick up things, and here I would not kid
I have that famous sword of gold
And now its story has been told
You can have it, only twenty quid

Flying Lemming

The Little Balloon

The young balloon was in his room
The storm was raging outside
So he scooted off to his parent's room
To find somewhere to hide
He asked his daddy balloon
As the storm was thundering
'Could I sleep in here with you and mum?
This storm's a frightening thing'

The daddy balloon looked down at his son
And said in a stern voice
'You are getting to be a big balloon now
Its time you made a choice
To be brave and strong and face your fear
Now go back to your bed
And I don't want to hear any more
Of the worries in your head'

So the boy balloon went back to his room
Vowing his best to be brave
But an hour later the thunder still roared
And his strength soon caved
So he crept back into his parent's room
And they were both asleep
So quietly up to their bed
He continued to creep

He tried to squeeze in between them
But didn't quite manage to fit
So he undid his daddy carefully
And let some air out, just a bit
But he still couldn't squeeze in the bed
So he did the same to his mummy
And with them both slightly deflated
Tried wriggling in on his tummy

But there still wasn't room for him
So he undid himself a tad
And after letting out some air
Could squeeze between mum and dad
The next day his dad was furious
When he found out what he did
And he had an angry voice
While talking to his kid

'You should be very ashamed'
To his son he had to tell
'You've let me down, you've let your mum down
And you've let yourself down as well'

Flying Lemming

The Mouse Wedding

The Bride holds her flowers and straightens her veil
The Groom cleans his whiskers and straightens his tail
The Tiny biscuit box church is full of light
The bells chime loudly, the sun shines bright
The two families of mice sit either side
As the groom mouse waits for his bride inside
She arrives making the wedding complete
Dress that’s a white sock with holes for her feet
The priest mouse continues, being well versed
The rings are passed over as had been rehearsed
A mouse in the pews can’t stop her cough
So she is quickly, quietly lead off
The kiss is taken the crowd all cheer
So joyful that this day is here
The couple leave and all pile outside
A stretched white roller skate for a ride
Then at the reception with all the relations
Forgotten the days stress and frustrations
Shaking their tails on the dance floor
Begging the DJ to play some more
A buffet of nibbles, the most they could make
And three tiers of cheese form the wedding cake
Whatever the animal from human to mice
Sharing your life makes it twice as nice

Flying Lemming

The Multi-poem

First choose what mood you are in the take the numbered words in that list and put them in the corresponding places to get your poem.

A 1 of 2 was the first thing I noticed
And it made me think of 3
While little 4 of 5 filled me
Which brought me 6

Then suddenly 7 surrounded me
Making my 8 almost 9
And 10 like nothing before
Bringing 11 of 12 to 13

But 14 returned back to 15
And 16 once more poured through
With each 17 my 18 grew 19
Telling me that 20

Love - Hate - Emo - Surreal
1 Wave - Rising - Crash - Flock
2 Contentment - Bile - Depression - Telephones
3 Your eyes - Your pain - My death - Billingsgate
4 Sparks - Thoughts - Stabs - Tractors
5 Happiness - Hate - Despair - Penguins
6 Ecstatic surprise - To loathe you - Life’s pointless breath - Burnt shoes on a plate
7 Laughter - Red mist - Darkness - Custard
8 Heart - Eyes - Soul - Kneecaps
9 Burst - Bleed - Cry - Spin
10 Thrilling me - Venom pumped - Bleak realisation - A tiny little orchestra
11 Cups full - Ideas - Thoughts - Buckets full
12 Joy - Death - My longing - Squirrels
13 My thirst - Be freed - Die - Craft tin
14 Your smile - Vengeance - Normality - Stripy socks
15 Hold me - Haunt me - My mind - Their dancing
16 Comfort - Anger - Reality - Giggling
17 Glance - Slight - Step - Day
18 Heart - Heart - Mum - Vision
19 Prouder - Darker - Closer - Weirder
20 I love you - I must kill you - Dinner was due - I shouldn’t sniff that glue

Flying Lemming

The Perils Of Owning A Rhyming Dictionary

I walked down the street
Following my feet
Down the road I went
My hair was flocculent (1)

I went in a café
That was on my way
I ordered some fries
And began to gormandise (2)

That didn't scratch my itch
I dreamed of a whole flitch (3)
Almost swallowed my spoon
May have an entozoon (4)

Then I wandered home
My jacket very roan (5)
I didn't get too far
Felt I had a fistula (6)

I looked towards the sun
Shining like molybdenum (7)
Not sure where I should be
Like my mind is a heptarchy (8)

When you write a poem or verse try to use your own voice
Speak as you speak in general speech that's always the best choice
Using long words to sound very smart can have a lot of appeal
But, like a cow on a skateboard, it will look cool, but it won't look real

Meanings:
(1) like tufts of wool
(2) eat fast or like a glutton
(3) side of bacon
(4) internal parasite
(5) (of horses) a coat where the main colour is thickly mixed with another
(6) pipe like ulcer
(7) silver white metallic element
(8) ruled by seven

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 01

A site that lets you add poetry
Sounds like good fun to me
But my writing has been very lax lately
So a test will allow me to see
If I still can put lines together
And get them to scan and to rhyme
'Though lately my input is never
I just never give me the time

So I'll set myself out a new quest
To get one of these wrote every day
It might get me a bit stressed
But it might spark the old spongy grey
I don't have a plan of the themes
Or how they will form themselves out
I'm just gonna sit at this screen
And let my mind throw stuff about

I dont know if you will be waiting
Or if I will talk to myself
Either way I will keep on creating
Be it bad or good for my health
So I'll end this opening poem
And see if I can last the week
Cos right now I've no way of knowing
If it'll end with a roar or a squeak

7th August 2007

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 02

The initial burst has had its time
A random ramble of reasonable rhyme
So now I sit and start to find
Day 2 is here for me

I guess I should lay down some rules
For me or other poetic fools
Who want to test their literary tools
And write some poetry

Rule 1 each poem must be written on the day and not before
Rule 2 it can number any lines from 40 to 4
Rule 3 I will give myself a daily 30 minute limit
And won’t let myself go over it by even just one minute
Rule 4 I will submit it even if I think it’s poor
'Though when I look at my work I'm never very sure

So here I go, how long for, I really cannot tell
If I will keep it going or if my brain will rebel
If it will get harder or easier, or if I will run dry
Or if I will spout gibberish and make the readers cry
But I've set my course and hauled the rigs and sailed across the drink
To see what destination waits, I wonder if I'll sink?

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 03

It's only just occurred to me
As I enter into day three
The pitfalls and problems that this quest could bring

I could end up just saying 'day four'
'And now I'll write a little but more'
Which could very quickly become quite boring

So I will try to not mention the day
And maybe find some other way
Of connecting the poems so they form some chain

Or maybe just link the titles
Of these little drivel recitals
And let the body of the thing remain

Just as random as it comes
Although I doubt that anyone's
Really taking a great deal of interest at all

But I'll see how many my brain completes
At least it keeps me off the streets
Which is one thing that should keep everyone grateful

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 04

Random thought number 1
As we buzz round the sun
Does the sun want to swat us just like a fly?

Random thought number 2
We've two feet its true
So why do women need so many shoes to buy?

Random thought number 3
If we took from the sea
All the water just how much would it weigh?

Random thought number 4
Can I type for much more
Now that I am on my fourth 'poem a day'?

Random thought number five
If Elvis is alive
What would he make of thrash black death metal rock?

Random thought number 6
When the mouse pointer sticks
Does than mean my computer is having a mental block?

Random thought number 7
If it’s perfect in heaven
Does that mean that smiles are compulsory?

Random thought number 8
Now I'm tired and its late
Why didn’t I buy that rhyming dictionary?

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 05

Five small ducks went out for a quack
One looked forward one looked back
One looked left and one looked right
The fifth relaxed and smiled so bright
They'd alternate so one by one
They'd find some peace out in the sun

Five grown men went out for a walk
All looked forward, none would talk
Each was trying to be in front
Trying every trick and stunt
To win, achieve, and gain more ground
Think I'll be a duck next time round

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 06

Six days in and my mind has gone blank
Have I got a leak in my own think tank
Has easy living meant I have lost the drive
And passion to keep the skill alive
Has lack of exercise taken its toll
I do little more than an occasional stroll
Do I need a sharp shock to jump-start my brain
Like a bungee jump or a leap from a plane

Does a new outlook mean more ideas or is it true to say
The more you learn the more you know so there are less shades of grey
Is knowledge just a wall that will stop all contemplation
When you know all do you stop looking for an explanation
Is the person who knows nothing the one with the most to say
This must be true as I know little, but got through another day

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 07

Time is relative its often said
Depending on what's in your head
If you are anxious seconds will drag
Slowly time will stall and lag

But when your life is full of fun
It's all too soon the day is done
That’s why you must embrace the joy
Play with it like your favourite toy

Every smile you must savour
Enjoy each view and sound and flavour
Don’t spend a second dwelling on
Your problems or what has gone wrong

Don’t stress about what you can't change
Or people’s thoughts that seem so strange
Just keep on smiling through it all
And happiness will start to call

If you sweep the darkness from your mind
A deeper peace you will soon find
And if you smile when all seems so bleak
You will, like me, get through the week

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 08

A week’s gone past and now I sit
And wonder if this is it
I didn’t think I’d reach this stage
That my mind had dulled with age
Or lack of use, or lack of smarts
Could not contribute to the arts
But somehow I staggered through
With a dodgy rhyme or two
And randomly a group of ducks
It’s sometimes weird what my mind plucks
Out of the air when it does wander
But now I’m left to gently ponder
Do I stop now or see how long
I can continue carrying on
I must admit its still a task
To wake my brain and then to ask
If it can send out another verse
Though it is a little perverse
To force creativity day by day
Just to check its not gone away
But I believe I will keep going
Though I’ve no way of really knowing
If anyone is even reading this
And it doesn’t matter if no one is
Sometimes its good to test yourself
For even if you lack great wealth
Or power or glory I still find
Its good to know what’s in your mind

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 09

The wonderful thing about poems
Is todays random thought
Is that some are long, winding and vast
While others are just very short

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 10

10 is a nice round figure, well half of it is the rest is straight
And now I find with some vigour, that I'm set again to face my fate
I will just keep on supplying, verse after verse after verse
Although there is no denying, that they just could keep getting worse
There is a very real danger, that I will run dry of ideas
And poetry will seem like a stranger, who I haven't seen in years
But I will just persevere, and fire more lines every day
For in them there might just appear, something special in some kind of way
A phrase or word or line, that I could take and expand
An interesting arrangement of rhyme, that I will just keep to hand
So carrying on's what I'll do, trying to make the words fit
As with carpet bombing its true, sometimes you will get a direct hit

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 11

The distance between people can often be something that is very hard to define
Its not only miles that get in the way but sometimes its thoughts and time
Sometimes the person who’s in the same room can feel like they’re worlds away
While those who live in some far away land can connect without delay
There are those who you love even though you’ve not met
There are neighbours you never speak to
There are those that seem to know you so well
Even if your encounters are few
Anyone can be another friend if that’s what you try to be
Accept all and judge none and try to work out what it is that they see
Dismiss anybody and you will find that you will be dismissed
You wont get everyone to change their minds no matter how much you insist
But if you let change enter your life and prepare to bend just a little way
You will find that this massive cold world will get smaller and warmer each day

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 12

It’s hard to have no one dislike you, for if you are friendly to all
Then some will see it as suspicious or odd, and think that you play them the fool
It’s tough to be truly honest, as even if you speak no lies
There are those who will question just what do you mean, as they view you through accusing eyes
It’s difficult to be giving, be generous and continue to give
For some will ask what’s in it for you, there must be some other motive
It's not easy to welcome the stranger, to offer your home as their home
For some will decide that there must be a catch and rather be left alone
It’s a struggle to show some compassion, for it may be mistaken for love
And you can be blamed for any that fall and think that you gave them a shove
It’s much easier to just be nasty, vindictive and cold hearted inside
To tell all the lies and con everyone and get all of them on your side
But that way will lead to rejection, isolation from all that you near
For its better to be disliked for kindness than to be loved in fear

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 13

Superstition can be self inflicting, if its numbers or omens you fear
Then you being on edge when they are around will make accidents appear
Cats crossing your path, salt being spilt or even the number 13
Mirrors being smashed, all of these things can make you flee from the scene
Some come from good sense, walk under ladders you're likely to get dead
Mainly because someone up them may dropp something on your head
Open up your umbrella inside and bad feelings will be found
Because you are likely to knock you mums favourite ornament to the ground
But I am quite willing to consider the fact that there really could be bad luck
It's a useful excuse when I get something wrong to not seem so much like a shmuck

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 14

Week two’s end has crept up on me
Of this endurance poetry
And I still don’t know if I’ve achieved anything

There has been some inspiration
And a bit of sheer frustration
But I never really knew what I expected it to bring

It has been a fun test to do
And I don’t mind telling you
It’s a nice kind of way to end the day

To open up your head
And let the words all spread
And see what thoughts or rhymes come my way

They say an active mind
Will have an active body behind
And that mental stimulation is the key

To a long and healthy life
And so you don’t feel like the knife
Of time is cutting away at you slowly

And it hasn’t been much stress
Playing this rhythmic game of chess
With my own mind night after night

And it’s gratifying to know
That my mind is still aglow
Or at least give off a dull light

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 15

I took a seed and planted it, and it became a vine
I took the vine and nurtured it, and it gave me some juice
I took the juice and processed it and that gave me some wine
I took the wine and drank it all and then set myself loose

I took my car and drove around not seeing very straight
I took a corner much to fast and came upon a cliff
I took evasive action but just a bit too late
I took a steady plummet and almost became a stiff

I took an ambulance and at the hospital took root
I took two weeks to come around and everyone agreed
I took too many risks in life, and left me with some fruit
I took the grapes and ate them and was left with a seed

I took a seed……

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 16

I’ve lost my mobile phone
I’m feeling all alone
I can’t connect with my friends out there
I’ve lost my mobile phone

I’ve lost my mobile phone
I miss its ringing tone
I’ve searched for it everywhere
I’ve lost my mobile phone

I’ve lost my mobile phone
And now I cannot roam
I must stay near in case it rings
I’ve lost my mobile phone

I’ve lost my mobile phone
I do not wish to moan
It has numbers, dates and all kinds of things
I’ve lost my mobile phone

I’ve lost my mobile phone
And now I guess I’m prone
To wander like a lost zombie
I’ve lost my mobile phone

I’ve lost my mobile phone
I’ve no mind of my own
Without it there to organise me
I’ve lost my mobile phone

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 17

I had a message sent to me
From a certain Sandrine Nzi
Telling me a tale of woe
Of things that happened long ago
And asking for my help and trust
To save her from a fate unjust

A tale of lost parents and millions of pounds
That is as ridiculous as it sounds
And all I need to do to get a share
Is to help her transfer it from there
Just give a few details, like my bank account
And I will receive a large amount

Her father on his deathbed told her
The intricacies of a financial folder
And to buy shares in hotels and management
With a foreign investor who’s heaven sent
And outlined a plan just before his death
He must have had one big last breath

So what do I do, what step should I take
Sounds like a decision I should make
I think on the whole it would be unwise
To give any details to that pack of lies
I doubt that there is every any money
For anyone who listens to Sandrine Nzi

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 18

Once there was a son
And then there was a gun
There are tears in our eyes
Now the son doesn’t rise

A lost life full of promise
Left lives full of pain
We must never ever let this happen
ever again

R.I.P Rhys Jones. Age 11

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 19

I wanna go home
I don't wanna die
I didn't even start this stupid fight
Whatever the reason, killing don't seem right
I don't wanna die
I wanna go home

I wanna go home
I don't wanna die
The reasons and facts all tend to confuse
Fighting for land that I will never use
I don't wanna die
I wanna go home

I wanna go home
I don't wanna die
I'm tired of shooting and blasting and running
And killing and choking and falling and gunning
I don't wanna die
I wanna go home

I wanna go home
I don't wanna die
Through history soldiers can be heard
Shouting in pain the following words
I don't wanna die
I wanna go home!

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 20

Considering we had no plan I think it went ok
Considering we got a bit lost we finally found the way
Considering the dog was big I only lost a limb
Considering that the ship sank I soon learnt how to swim
Considering it was hot inside I kind of enjoyed hell
Considering only one of us died I think the meeting went well
Considering I was poisoned that was the best meal I had
Considering it took ten minutes I don’t think this poem is bad

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 21

Random pauses in the middle of a poem

Can annoy everyone

But _____ with___ position___ the
___ Messing ___ the _____ of _____ words

=-=-=-= Lot
=-=-=-A =-= Of
=-= Be =-=-=- Fun
Can =-=-=-=-=-=- 8)

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 22

I gazed upon the beauty in front of me
The dazzle … no … the sparkle in the eyes
That made me want most readily
To give out my every prize
The smile that melted my heart
Captured my hope and filled my soul
A style far greater than art
That made my life feel whole
I looked at perfection in admiration
The poetry of movement looked back at me
Every moment of life and creation
Meeting its ultimate destiny
I watched the smile grow wider
And was struck by a sudden thought
That filled me with warmth and desire
'This is the best mirror I ever bought! '

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 23

Now I've reached the third week
Of this project quite unique
And I can rightly choose to speak
About not being a mild squeak
But a test that showed my mental physic
Even if it looked a little bleak
And almost got stranded up a creek
With rhymes that sometimes made me freak

Maybe I have reached my peak
With lines well formed and looking sleek
But I will try to stay so meek
In case my brain will start to creak
When lines I try to move or tweak
Will make me really want to shriek
Into the next day I will sneak
I know that I have got some cheek

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 24

Two dozen soldiers marched along
Pushing through the swaying throng
Their weapons poised and set to fire
These ruthless hard nosed ‘guns for hire’

They aim and press the trigger tight
Spewing out a flash of light
Spreading fear just like a nazi
The relentless gang of paparazzi

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 25

I’ve got all the latest gadgets, all the games and toys surround me
My Wii, X-box and Playstation all set out uniformly
A whole wall full of DVD’s, several racks full of CD’s,
Reclining electric vibrating chair to tilt and put me at ease
The coffee machine with the little pods is sitting on the side
A flat screen digital television that’s 60 inches wide
A music entertainment station with I-Pod connection bay
The latest computer system that I updat every day
Leather sofas and expensive art scattered here and there
Deep pile carpet warm and soft laid everywhere
Everything I could need or want my money has got for me
So why do I sit and cry because the place feels so empty

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 26

The sun shines bright through the window,
And crawls past me on the table
I really should go out to greet it
But I feel that I am just not able
Energy is sapped from my body
There is none left on which I can draw
My legs feel like lead, my body dead weight
I cant left my feet off the floor
I'm stuck in this pit of depression
I'm low as I ever could be
My face has a sullen expression
Cos I've run out of milk for my tea

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 27

As you sit on the edge of awake and asleep
Before being aware you are where you are
And still swimming along and flying so steep
And floating round every star
Before you stretch and rub sleep from your eyes
There’s a moment where everything’s true
And even the fool can be the most wise
And peace is all that you knew
Not slumbering deep yet not fully awake
Just being here in a vague way
Still dozing still drifting still semi-unaware
That’s how I feel every day

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 28

Something I think of as I go through the day
Is life for us all set up the right way
Its like its always been but who can say
If we have got it all right

Earning and paying and keeping afloat
Pushing and ploughing, not rocking the boat
Trying to keep the wolfs from our throat
Why should life be such a fight?

Why it is seen that the more you spend the better a person you are
How can it possibly reflect your worth just cos you own a big car
Does having nothing yet still giving all show you are the bigger man
If so then why do the rich and reckless have all the fame they can
Why show another 'star' getting drunk or breaking law on the front page
And treat the babblings of some airhead celeb like they are great words from a sage

Its times like this I start to think
Have we already gone over the brink
Is the ship of life starting to sink
These thoughts run round my head

I should fight against it and try with all might
To see if I can help set it all right
But my enthusiasm just takes flight
I think I'll go back to bed

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 29

I spent some time in the garden, feeling with nature entwined
I stepped out in the sun with my lawn feeding gun to see what pleasure I'd find

I start to prune at some flowers, feeling so close to the land
Plucking and pulling and picking away, eww there's a slug on my hand

Pulling on my gloves I move right along and continue to enjoy the dawn
I kneel by the bed my knee goes instead into what a cat left on the lawn

I wipe myself down and get back into pace pulling at weeds with no qualm
A bush I attack then quickly throw back as a thorn goes straight into my palm

--

I sit back and admire my garden, with a drink to make my day complete
My mind wont be taxed I can truly relax now that its covered in concrete

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 30

The runaway mushroom has broke free
Dashing off to try and see
What’s new out there, what can be found
Now its uprooted from the ground
The endless dreams the potential for fun
The laughter found in everyone
The skill of making up its own mind
Leaving small minded folk behind
The chance to feel a true self worth
And find some purpose here in earth
While all other mushrooms stay in the dark
And are fed manure without remark

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 31

A month already?
Can it be true?
I've gone quite steady
And ploughed right through
A month of poems
Some short some long
With rhymes and rhythms
That weren't all wrong

Again I reach another marker in this project of mine
And find though it got a little shaky I'm still doing fine
So I'll keep on keeping on for as long as I can go
And see what else my mind throws out 'cos you never know
There could be a gem that still is lurking inside my head
A guiding light to show us how a good life can be led
Some spark of brilliance or an inspired leap of thought
A brand new revelation that for years has long been sought
An outlook on life that can make the dark thoughts shrivel
Or, and this is most likely, another month of drivel

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 32

The end of the world is nigh he said
And he was right, I shot him dead

You can spend far too much time
And energy looking for a sign
That life is going to end real soon
To pop like some doomed balloon
And all your dreams will go unseen
You'll not be what you might have been
That all the struggle is for naught
Your time on earth will be cut short
Just don't forget as you live in fear
To enjoy the life while its still here

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 33

I sit as the morning sun is forcing its way through the blind
Pondering what thoughts or ideas live in my waking mind
The tea beside me steaming softly though my taste buds are still sleeping
And across the town hundreds of alarm clocks are beeping
Cats are stretching and yawning heading off for their morning prowl
As the sunbeams slowly dry the dew like a gentle dabbing towel
Many thoughts jump for attention but one pushes its way through
Why do I always wake up early on days that I don't have to!

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 34

34 days on and a snag pops out
That I have not thought about
What of the days when I can’t get on-line

If the computer does its best to crash
Or the internet after having a bash
Decides that it wont let me connect this time

So as a remedy today
I have found another way
Of keeping the quest ploughing on once more

I will stick to the half hour a day
And spew out rhyme my usual way
And keep the poems filed away in store

For when I get on line again
And can abandon paper and pen
And type and click and post and put on show

Same goes for if on holiday
If I grab a week away
You’ll have to bear a load of bilge in one go

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 35

Two cats on the lawn
Stretch and yawn
And relax in the sun all day
While I dash far
From house to car
And wear myself away

And out one the street
Two dogs meet
And sniff and wag and run
While I push and shift
And move and lift
Until my day is done

As I drive by
Two birds in the sky
Flap and glide and spin
As I stop and park
And without any spark
Drag myself back in

But then I have found
The tables turn around
As the end of the day draws near
Cos the dogs and the cats
And the birds can’t relax
Like I do with a nice cool beer

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 36

Three dozen spiders gathered round for their annual meeting
‘We must elect a new leader as the time we have is fleeting’
Sam, who hungered for the job was waiting out the back
About to tuck into two juicy flies for a quick snack
‘You’re on stage now, the public waits, no time to fill your face
It’s now that you must take your stand in the election race’
Sam sighed and wrapped his meal up tight and headed right along
Not knowing that the living meal wasn’t held that strong
It ripped and then the food was loose and buzzing round the stage
The crowd all laughed to see that Sam was chasing them with rage
They couldn’t take him seriously as round and round he spun
Not the first to have lost respect ‘cos his flies had been undone

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 37

The moth flaps round the dusty shade
His grey/brown wings fully displayed
Causing flecks of dust to cascade
As it flys towards the light

The spider lurks in her web home
Waiting patiently alone
For a single fly to roam
To feed her through the night

The rat curls up in the corner
Finding some shelter to warm her
Moving silently like a mourner
Or a nervous little lost pup

The grime and filth quite unhealthy
Is everywhere that I can see
And one thought always drives through me
I really should tidy up

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 38

You’ll never do it, not a chance
I can see you’re useless at a glance
You haven’t got the skills you need
The craft, the poise, the will, the speed
You’re all off line, you’re way off aim
You’re not even in the same game
Outclassed again, you’ve lost your fight
Too late, goodbye, so long, good night
Not a hope why even try
Might as well try to paint the sky
But you wont listen, cheese for brain
So I will watch you fail again
-
You did like I said you would
I always knew you really could
I know what really got you through
Was my unshakable belief in you

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 39

Tonight I'm having an early night
So I will have an early write
Maybe attacking this task right now
Will give my brain a chance to wow
With a bit more life and a bit less ware
I might find something sparkling there
Or maybe make some sense at least
Unlike my usual rambling beast
And posting it a few hours early
Means different people will get to see me
A whole new group of readers who'll
Think I write richly or I dribble drool
But we shall see if I'll do fine
Can't be too picky by poem 39

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 40

While walking along with my aunt one day
She had her new hat on display
It was bright and blue with swirls and a bow
As we walked the wind started to blow
The clouds grew dark and a storm seemed near
And distance thunder we could hear
And all of a sudden the rain came down
My aunt she gave a grim looking frown
She bent down and grabbed the hem of her skirt
And, though she never was a flirt
She lifted it up to cover her hat
I was a bit shocked to see her like that
I said ‘when you do that did you know you show
Everything you have below? ’
She said ‘I don’t care if that’s what I do
My bum’s 40 years old, my hat is new‘

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 41

I received a scam message in my mailbox today
From ‘Helena Lambert’ but the same in every way
To the one mentioned in my 17th ‘poem a day’
Which makes me wonder who

Is still falling now for these obvious tricks
Of hidden fortunes and a quick money fix
With the hint of rewards thrown into the mix
That are so clearly untrue

It must be the same people who get sucked in
To the phone in shows that they will never win
And the scratch card cons you find within
Magazines all the time

That tell you that you have either won
A grand holiday out in the hot sun
Or a car that will bring you a great deal of fun
If you call their premium rate line

Why can’t they see such an obvious hitch
In sending away money to make yourself rich
Why doesn’t that thought make their brains itch
Enough to spot the swizz

But I have hope that they will come through
If they just learn what we already knew
If something sounds too good to be true
That's because it is

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 42

I checked the mat this morning
To see what had been sent
There was a pile of letters
Waiting for me when I went

One offered me a loan
Two offered credit cards
One was letter from a gas company
Offering me kind regards

And asking if I was happy
With the service I currently get
From my current gas provider
And another asking me to bet

With their on-line gambling web-site
And another one promoting a car
Two from restaurants, one from a gym
And one from a local sports bar

Not one piece of mail that I wanted
Nothing there that I would like
I really must say I wait for the day
That the postmen go back on strike

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 43

I met a man down on his luck
Life had treated him quite bad
I got him some tea and a bit of tuck
And he told me a tale so sad

Show business used to be his game
With an act so new and bright
He had a parrot, Pete was its name
And they sold out night after night

The parrot could do impressions
Of famous folks old and new
And although it never had lessons
It could sing like the pop stars do

It would sound just like John Cleese
Doing its own parrot sketch
Then Tom Hanks, John Wayne and the BeeGees
It wouldn’t find a stretch

But the call for variety died
And the money stopped coming in
And soon he had to decide
How to save his own skin

So sadly he came to the task
Of eating the parrot, beak to wing
‘What did it taste like? ’ I asked
‘Beef, Pete could imitate anything’

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 44

I stare at the screen my mind going numb
Wondering why I had ever begun
To let my eyes fall onto its shine
As it slowly drains the thought from my mind
A million people all spouting at once
Talking down to me like I was a dunce
Nothing of value is ever on screen
Mindless opinions they shout and they scream
Telling me how I should be and think
What I should wear, what I should drink
Mass media produced by the mass brain dead
So I turn off the TV and surf the ‘net instead

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 45

My alarm clock this morning woke me up late
Which meant that my day didn’t start great
The toaster, joining in the attack
Made all of my toast come out black

The kettle just seemed to do what it felt
The iron made my work shirt melt
The house alarm wouldn’t set today
The garage door wouldn’t move out the way

The car stereo wouldn’t play my CD’s
The traffics lights changed just as they pleased
The security keypad lock at work
Ignored my code number and just went berserk

When I got home the TV popped with a spark
And the lights all fused so I’m now in the dark
Everything electric has broken tonight
I’m surprised the computer is working alrig…

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 46

I changed my hair I changed my style
I changed my look I changed my smile
I changed my hat to suit the fad
I changed the clothing that I had
I changed my diet and my routine
I changed into a fitness machine
I changed my lifestyle I changed my physic
I changed from welcoming to quiet and meek
I changed my character and changed my friends
I changed the way the story ends
I changed the goals and sights I'd see
I changed everything that made me me

I changed my mind I changed direction
I changed how I viewed my reflection
I changed right back to how I began
Exactly the same but a completely changed man

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 47

It's funny how old faces can make you feel young
A familiar voice takes you back to where you begun
You all move on and grow your lives but deep inside its true
There is an original copy of an old version of you

From school days and beyond there is always a way back
Your directions may all vary but the connection will not crack
When your paths cross again you find it is worth while
To be able to cross the years from just seeing a smile

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 48

Two cows stood in a field as cows often do
One called Daisy the other called May
Daisy chewed some grass and then said ‘moo’
May replied ‘that’s what I was going to say’
Daisy looked un-phased and said ‘baa’ out loud
May, now completely distracted from the foliage
Asked ‘what you doing now? ’ and Daisy said proud
‘I’m teaching myself to speak a foreign language’
Meanwhile not far away two fish were in a tank
One called ray and the other called sting
They looked at each other but had drawn a blank
Ray said ‘so how do you drive this thing? ’

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 49

I’m a happy dog at the beach
If I had the power of speech
I would tell you all
To throw my ball
I’m a happy dog at the beach

I’m a happy dog at the beach
There are no new tricks you can teach
I’m bouncy and glad
And my tail wags like mad
I’m a happy dog at the beach

I’m a happy dog at the beach
My joy is always in reach
Whatever the talk
It’s the best place to walk
I’m a happy dog at the beach

I’m a happy dog at the beach
As I hear the seagulls screech
I chase and I bark
Long into the dark
I’m a happy dog at the beach

I’m a happy dog at the beach
And I don’t want to start to preach
But if you ask me
The best thing to see
Is a happy dog at the beach

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 50!

50? … 50? ! ? … half a ton?
Is that how many days I've done?

It really hasn't felt like that many have gone past
Which is a sort of sign I guess that maybe at last
I have found a way that works to keep my mind alive
Something to prompt me to think and give me the drive
To try to stretch my ability if only once a day
And communicate quite randomly in my own kind of way

But really reaching half a hundred?
Would I last I often wondered

Its true I started this whole thing as just a test for me
To check that I could still create ideas and rhymes freely
But as more out there read my work and seem to find within it
Thoughts that they connect with it pushes me to the limit
So spread the word and we can try to make sure this never ends
Like it says above Paris Hilton's bed 'if you've enjoyed it tell your friends'

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 51

You can say what you want, just not so anyone can hear
You can live how you want, just not while living here
You can criticise those in power, just never out loud
You can be an individual, as long as you stay in the crowd
You can have your own opinions, just keep them to yourself
You can do just what you want, if you've got the wealth
You can choose to look however you want, that is very true
But if you look too different then we wont talk to you
You've the chance to be you, if you are like them and me
Why aren't you smiling, you should be glad to be so free

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 52

Warmth and heat and safe and sound
Soft and close and wrapped around
Cosy and snug and grinning wide
Set and perfect and held inside
While rattles and splats attack loud
The drumming of the falling crowd
That whistles and whips against the pane
The gurgle of torrents down the drain
Cold approaching but kept at bay
Make me want to stay this way

In case you wonder what I mean I will now explain
I’m still in bed while outside I can hear the rain

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 53

I was outside the pub with paper and pen
Ready to jot down a poem when
I noticed something odd happen there
As I looked around my chair
Other pieces of paper came out
And pens were dotted all about
And others were starting to jot down ideas
All lost in their worlds of hopes and fears
It seems that writing is infectious
Maybe because it always lets us
Explore all thoughts or feelings that
Would normally just be left flat
The glorious thing about poetry
Is it’s open to anyone and completely free

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 54

The man and his horse rode into town
Strolled up main street and then back down
He tied his horse by a local bar and wandered inside
He was dressed in blue and red
A ten gallon hat was on his head
The chink of his spurs rhythmically followed every stride

The bar went quiet as he walked in
All the eyes were glued to him
He scanned the room checking every face
He walked right up to the bar
Light shining on his sheriff star
As people moved uneasy round the place

‘I’m looking for big bad Jake,
The low down lying cheating snake
Wanted for cattle rustling across the land'
The barman slowly shook his head
‘I can’t help you there’ he said
'As this is 2007 and you’re in southern England'

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 55

The frost on the grass looks almost like glass
The mist in the air drifts slowly
The cold on the pane reaches me again
As the ground looks chilled below me

But although there is a definite chill in the air
As I look outside I am suddenly aware
That the frost and the mist take the edges away
Making the view somehow less grey

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 56

Criticism affects us different ways
Some will feel the pain for days
When someone feels the vile need
To do their best to try to impede
Any attempt to make or create
Something, be it minor or great

I find more amusement than hurt
When someone wants to throw the dirt
I look past the front of aggression
And any negative thoughts soon lesson

The thing that you must ask yourself
Just how strong is their mental health
If they need to belittle and chide
Behind a screen so they can hide

You'll find that those that criticise
Tend to have the emptiest lives
And feel the need to take a dig
To try to make themselves feel big

Don't feel anger or negativity
Critics just deserve your pity

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 57

When there is pain and hurt around
When there’s a sad despairing sound
That’s where the vultures will be found
The sick psychics circle

When you feel so down and lost
You will have to pay their cost
They promise results with fingers crossed
The sick psychics circle

When your children disappear
They will profit from your fear
Though they really have no idea
The sick psychics circle

Even the fact is no psychic has ever found a lost person or solved any crime
Doesn’t stop those who need to have hope, giving them their money and time

Abusing the weak and emotionally drained
Saying their ‘powers’ can be focused and aimed
Their true motives can be easily explained
The rich psychics circle

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 58

As you go through life I find the best that you can want to be
Is as good a person as you can and treat people kindly
And by being the best that you can and not being open to hate
You can make more people smile and sort of direct your fate

The best thing about being good, being someone nice to know
Is the fact there may be others that you will inspire also
And in turn they will inspire others and so it will go on
And the good thoughts will make life more fun to travel along

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 59

Today I was talking with a friend
Who asked when I think that I'll end
This project of mine that I am ploughing through
And I honestly don't know
How long I will continue to go
But thinking about the ends not what I do

Too much of time is spent upon
Thinking about when things are gone
And I think it needs no explanation
That when you take the time to see
There's much to enjoy on the journey
To worry about when you'll get to the destination

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 60

I went to a gathering today
A few of us managed to find our way
To the home of a good friend of mine
Who’s lifestyle isn’t the usual you’d find
He doesn’t need all the modern contraptions
He’ll just relax with no distractions
No computer and no TV
A stereo is all that I could see
We all just talked, played cards and joked
No need for drink and no one smoked
Some quiet music, barely a hiss
We began to reminisce

The odd thing is when I got home
I left the TV and computer alone
I wrote this poem, had a hot apple drink
And gave myself some time to think
Much modern technology and progress
Makes our eyes work more and our brains work less

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 61

R you proud
U should be, if you come from my country
G its good to
B right here, at this sporting time of year
Y the joy, the sounds of glee?
We just beat the aussies at rugby

I know that we have a way to go yet
But we'll take any victories that we can get

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 62

I'm an adrenaline junkie
I live fast and hard
I laugh at danger and give fear my best regards
I climb up high mountains
And when I reach the top
I stick ski's on my feet and rush back down the drop

I scuba dive with sharks
And camp with grizzly bears
Some worry that I will come to harm but it's not me that cares
I bungee jump and parachute
And abseil from great heights
I explore caves and dank dark holes I never get the frights

I've rafted down the rapids
And been on desert trails
Whatever task I set myself my courage never fails
I've never had companions
As I move across each nation
Cos the only thing that scares me is to have a conversation

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 63

It cant be done they said to me
A phrase that made me want to see
If they were right or if it could be done
I mentally prepared myself
Not caring for my own sweet health
And soon the task had already begun

The strain was great I felt it first
When I thought I was through the worst
More and more bombarded my poor senses
The seconds dragged as my brain fought
Against the pain of the onslaught
Making me feel totally defenceless

But I stayed true to what I said
Throughout the throbbing in my head
I powered through as driven like no other
And when at last the task was through
I was proud of what I could do
I'd managed to watch a whole series of 'Big Brother'

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 64

I’ve taken to spending more of my time
Being somewhere else instead of on-line
Every other day I give myself a break
And I’m not sure what conclusion to take
Am I starting to tire of the glare of the screen
Do I think there could be more to life’s scheme
Is the technology starting to grind
Do I need a release to open my mind
Could it be that my time is so thinly spread
Or just that it’s cold and I wont leave my bed
Maybe it’s just that I gain inspiration
When I am at a different location
Does the keyboard seem scary and hungry to me
Does my mind need the clean fresh air to be free
Do I feel like the outside is where I belong
Is it too much effort to turn the computer on

I don’t know what the answer is, I doubt I’ll ever know
But I’ll keep writing these poems wherever I may go
If that’s a good or bad thing I don’t know any more
But I might as well keep going now I’m at number 64

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 65

Standing in the queue waiting for the big ride
It feels like there’s a whirlwind going on inside
My stomach start lurching, my heartbeat quickens
The thought of getting on the ride just really sickens
I hear it zooming past and the people screaming loud
I look for other nervous faces waiting in the crowd
I feel like I’m the only one with this grip of fear
And every time the line moves on I feel the cause grow near
Just a few steps left until I am locked in
My mouth becomes quite dry, all the moistures on my skin
I look at every bolt and every join upon the frame
The thought that one could pop makes my heart burst into flame
I take my seat, the restraining bar locks into place
I try to force a brave smile but it wont come to my face
The carriage jerks along and then hits the incline
Higher higher higher clicking creaking all the time
The noise of the theme park is lost down below
As the carriage meets the top and very soon I know
That it will lose its battle against gravities greed
Hitting twists and turns and loops all at great speed
The carriage starts to roll away and oh no here we go
The feeling of the speed and movement makes me feel a glow
I laugh with real enjoyment as I experience each turn
The thrills the spins the spirals that I wanted to spurn
Give me such a buzz that I come off the ride grinning
Wondering why I worried so about the twists and spinning
I march on proud to the next ride brave and full of grit
But as I wait there for my turn I start to think a bit
Standing in the queue waiting for the big ride
It feels like there’s a whirlwind going on inside

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 66

Its odd how small the world’s become
With travel for almost anyone
Its easy to explore somewhere new

Just take one click on a web site
And you have just booked your flight
Ready to expand your worldview

But when you travel keep in mind
To have respect for what you find
And always try to be a good guest

Imagine a stranger in your home
Feeling he has the right to roam
Nosing about and being a real pest

Laughing at your colour scheme
Stomping round in boots unclean
Telling you your food tastes weird

Complaining that everything is wrong
Don’t you think it wouldn’t be long
Until you wished they had disappeared

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 67

I turned on the TV and all I could see
Were programs telling me how to be me
Where to go out, how to act when there
What deodorant to use, what clothes to wear
How to cook my food, how to decorate my home
How to make my garden not look like my own
What I should like, what I should view
And what I should never attempt to do
How to make friends but only the right kind
How to expand my knowledge yet close my mind

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 68

There is no mystery, to the art of poetry
It can come quite easily, straight to you or me

All of us have heard, word after word after word
And picked some we've preferred, even if absurd

So then all that you do, is connect one or two
And soon you have a few, dashing right through

You don't really need an aim, to play this rhyming game
And if they look the same, you just try it again

And don't feel you must quit, if you're not a hit
The ultimate point to it, is to free your mind a bit

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 69

Organisation is not one of my talents
I tend to leave everything too late
I never am able to find the balance
And just seem to procrastinate

I have good intentions and mean to get moving
But get too comfortable slouching around
I should aim to get myself improving
But cant seem to get my feet off the ground

I will leave everything to the last minute
If I have a task you can be sure that I
Will wait til the night before to begin it
Or even the morning no word of a lie

But I've found this style suits me splendid
I've met new friends in various guises
Even if I don't go where first intended
The edge of panic can bring nice surprises

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 70

Now comes the time that I must pause
Within this daily poetry cause
As I am going to be a global commuter

I will still write my poem a day
But wont get them on display
As will be far away from my computer

Before you smile and feel content
About me being so absent
A point I'll raise, a fact that you must know

You may escape from reading these
But don't feel too much at ease
As you'll then get a weeks worth in one go

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 71

Running to the car, waiting on the motorway
Rushing to the check-in, meeting another delay

Finally bags are checked in, there’s some engine fault
More hours wait ahead now I’m grinding to a halt

Nothing is improving, hours dripping past
Eagar to get moving, nothing happens fast

Hour after hour, just waiting around
Seems a far off dream to be outward bound

But it adds excitement, anticipation is increased
It’s true the longer the hunger the tastier the feast

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 72

Rev, beep, snarl, fume
Bumper to bumper, don’t leave room
Everyone in a hurry, places to go
But the speed of the traffic is slower than slow

Make noise, be aggressive
That’s the rule of the road
Grind your teeth, shout out loud
Til you feel you will explode

In their metal petrol chariots
These gladiators fight
To win a fraction of tarmac
To show their skill and might

One thing I’ve never understood
And don’t think I ever will
Is why its called rush hour when
It’s the time that all stands still

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 73

I am pigeon, hear me coo
I'm not glamorous this is true
In every city of every country
There is a chance you will see me

Before I hop off into the distance I want make a few remarks
We may not have the same glory as swallows, hawks or larks
But we are multi-national, the true birds of peace that's us
We hobble on regardless with no ego and no fuss
People try to poison us, they call us 'rats with wings'
Just 'cos we're not romantic like the nightingale that sings

But we fight this persecution
With our pigeon revolution

We're the only beauty of wing in the city
When other birds take flight we're still sitting pretty
On high ledges and on windows we will gather everywhere
Sitting between the plastic prongs designed to stop us sitting there

So please throw us a crumb, from wherever you come
Whatever country, party or religion, there will always be a pigeon

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 74

Why wherever I go do people ask directions from me
Seems I look like I know but have no clue generally
People of all nations come to me for advice
And although the feeling of trust can be rather nice
I have to smile and shrug, can offer them no direction
Two strangers in an unknown place, an equally lost reflection

And I'm sure if they knew me they wouldn't bother me so
I'm not the person to ask as I just follow where my feet go
My mind takes in everything, I can always find my way home
I just have no real interest in the direction that I roam
So if you see a guy in a hat, wandering and grinning
He can't tell you where he's going, but can take you back to the beginning

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 75

Almost is a word that hounds my life its true
I almost get to something but don’t make it right through
I almost win competitions, I almost am on time
Almost get inside while the weather is still fine
But always get rained on just a few steps from my door
I almost manage to not dropp my dinner on the floor
I walk for miles to see a sight and when I'm almost there
I find a gate or wall blocks me, it all seems quite unfair
74 wins the raffle while my ticket is 73
The special prize always goes to the person next to me
The best seat at the show is the one just on my right
But mine has a pillar or hairdo filling up my sight
This always used to bother me until the day arrived
When I was almost run over, that day ‘almost’ meant I survived

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 76

Countless golden sparkling cathedrals
Bright coloured buildings breaking up tone
Parks full of life, bursting out beauty
The run down tower blocks called home
New shiny buildings being built
Towering up filling the sky
100 year old flats with warped frames
And ceilings that are cracked and high

Little kiosks selling food and drink
Dotted all over the city
Beer bottle tops trod into the ground
Leave patterns both random and pretty
Car horns beeping on every street
Traffic often the only sound
Yet the chaos has it own order
There’s no delays on the underground

Early morning while the city sleeps
Road sweepers keep the streets clean
Beer drank regularly but not reckless
No violence can be seen
The people don’t seem joyful
As if life has been a hard stroll
The soviet oppression has ground them down
Cold winters have taken their toll

But kindness lives within their eyes
And optimism built to last
Although every penny is hard to come by
Humanity keeps walking past
Yes the main feeling I get from Kiev
That surrounded me throughout my stay
Is the feeling of hope and power of life
To grow brighter right through the grey

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 77

Too soon the adventure is over
And I hear the jet engines drone
Strapped into my seat, my journey complete
As I find myself heading home

I'll add the map to my collection
Points of accommodation marked on
In a few years time, if I feel so inclined
It'll spark memories of where I have gone

And now in the post-travel gloom
Knowing back to work I must go
But I sit and I smile, as I think for a while
About the new things that I know

How to move round a different city
New words and thoughts of what I did
Orange beer is all right, mushroom crisps a delight
But I'm not keen on salted dried squid

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 78

Democracy
For you and me
Comes easily
To all you see
But how can we
Really be free
When the money
Rules eagerly
Is it truly
For everybody
From the lowly
To top of the tree
The price maybe
Grows a degree
What’s the fee
To live equally

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 79

I’m a small dog sitting in a park
Pondering my next big bark
Should it be a mild yelp
A frantic woof asking for help
A general yap, a moody snarl
I haven’t done one of those for a while
Or a repeating loud deep ruff
An hour should be long enough
Or just a curl of my lip with a growl
But I lose the menace with a wag of my tail
I don’t want to scare away possible food
But want them to know I’m not in the mood
To be prodded and chased, just a minimal stroke
Will be all I need, its really no joke
The careful thought the problem will need
Think I’ll just sit here and chew on my lead

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 80

I sometimes wonder if animals have a better life
Do they live more happily without the stress or strife
They don’t have to wait for calls, don’t have to wait in line
And there’s no fashion issues if you’re naked all the time
They don’t worry about finances, don’t get stuck in jams
You don’t get loans or credit cards offered to the lambs
And if you are an animal that gets to be a pet
You’re fed and watered and kept warm, you never have to fret
You don’t have to be so serious, your main object is play
You can meet your mates in the park and run around all day
If an animal acts a ‘human’ way then it is seen as cute
But if you act like an animal, others will persecute
If a parrot talks like a man it’s regarded as OK
But if a man talks like a parrot people slowly walk away

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 81

Maybe it’s a sign that I am getting old
But today I found that I really felt the cold
When I got in I started by turning on the heat
Then made myself some steaming chunky soup to eat
I feel I want to hibernate in front of the TV
A total lack of movement is sounding good to me
It’s the feeling in the air at this time of year
When Winter is drawing in and frost is getting near
It doesn’t help in the morning it’s still dark outside
Instead of heading to work I want to curl up and hide
So I’m in my furry slippers and thick dressing gown all snug
Drinking some hot chocolate with some brandy from my mug

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 82

The tourist laughed as he thought of the native that made a deal
And swapped an uncut diamond for a Rolex that wasn’t real
He took the diamond and sold it, gaining a pile of cash
And gambled and went to bars and frittered away his stash
The native smiles and thinks of how he swapped the watch for two goats
That gave his family the chance to live without hunger at their throats
The tourist still chases more money, no time to rest or for calm
The native sits in the shade and watches his children tend the farm

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 83

I think that I should exercise
Maybe a bit would be wise
The papers say we are all getting too large
A swim or jog or strain or run
Could be what will get it begun
No boundaries when my will powers in charge

I need an exercise routine
That will help me too get lean
Pushing hard covered in aches and sweat
Do some push ups, lift a weight
Maybe even meditate
So I can have the best body I can get

But none of that is really me
Exertion won’t fill me with glee
I doubt I’d like the fit me it would bring
Maybe I’ll do it another day
I like my lazy kind of way
And only run if I’m chased by something

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 84

Why are we here
Asked old Ted
Scratching his head
Studying his beer

I don’t know
Answered rod
Gave the dog a prod
With his toe

The dog slept on
In a time lag
With a gentle wag
Dreaming along

It dreamt of bones
And chasing cats
Chewing postman’s hats
And more happy tones

No aim to his life
Living all at ease
Doing as he please
Enjoyment was rife

It may seem extreme
I’d give all I could give
Just to be able to live
In that dogs dream

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 85

I wake up at 6pm
Wash and dress and shave and then
Get in my car, to work I drive along
I'm working throughout the night
Though I'm still feeling bright
Even though midnight has come and gone

Late night radio has no DJ
Line of music just plays away
And no one else seems to be awake
Working hard the time flies past
Keep on going until at last
The sky grows light and the dawn starts to break

Work all finished heading home
The streets are empty I drive alone
The sky is blue and the birds start to shout
I drag myself back into bed
Try to rest my tired head
While my body clock tries to work it out

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 86

I sense the figure behind the door
A chill runs down my Spine
I don’t think I can take much more
My nerves all start to climb
I know he’s outside, standing, waiting
My heart beats at this intimidation
My mind and strength are still debating
If I should head to a confrontation
My resistance starts to crack
I open the door out onto the Street
I can’t stop now no turning back
He looks at me and says ‘Trick or treat? ’

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 87

I am single minded, you are round the twist
I follow firm beliefs, you're a crazy activist
I have determination, you are a stubborn fool
I took my own route, you dropped out of school
I am forthright, you are outspoken
I see things differently, your brain is broken
I have confidence, you are far from meek
I dress individually, you look like a freak
I avoid confrontation, you have no nerve at all
I offer advice, you are just critical
We are so different, in mind, soul and heart
So why do others have problems telling us apart

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 88

I have a pet, not the usual kind
Could be the strangest you will find
But there’s a bond between him and me
That suits us both perfectly
Its not a cat or dog or bird
You may not believe what you’ve heard
But I tell you no word of a lie
My pet, Sebastian, is just a fly

I haven’t felt a connection stronger
But he wont be around much longer
Flies don’t have a lot of time
And I’ll miss this little friend of mine
He’s well trained in what he does
He has a reassuring buzz
He’s easy to water and easy to feed
But folks laugh when he's on his lead

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 89

The weapons were useless
No words could hold back
The sudden and violent
Full scale attack
The people were scattered
The houses were crushed
As the powerful front
Surged and rushed

More than lives lost
Homes and jobs too
The army stood useless
With nothing to do
Devastation for long
After that day
When the tide flowed up
And washed all away

Whole neighbourhoods gone
And families split
When we doubt nature’s power
We could be next hit

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 90

90 days already? It can’t have been that long
it just feels like I started doing this
and even if I have occasionally gone wrong
I think I can’t be easily dismissed
I may have rambled here and there, just a little bit
But I must say I’m proud of pretty much all of it

It doesn’t seem that long ago I was aiming for a week
And the end of that seemed so far away
But I ploughed on, kept going for a creative streak
And I don’t mean that in a nudist sort of way
But what will happen when I hit the big one zero zero
Will my name go down in history as some poetic hero

I don’t know and I don’t mind really its true
There may be no one reading these right now
But I have achieved what I set out to do
And kept my mind creating verse somehow
But when I reach the 100 will I just disappear
Or try for another two six five and have a complete year!

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 91

Too many gone
Too many lost
Too many hearts
Left in frost

Too many eyes filled
With too many tears
Too many days filled
With too many fears

Too many guns
Too many knives
All cutting short
Too many lives

Too many tragedies
Repeated once more
Surely there can’t be
Too many more?

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' project - Day 92

‘I don’t like to conform’ said the guy to his friend
‘Don’t like to be normal to fade in or blend’
They pushed past the racks of clothing on view
And hunted around for something new
‘Can I help at all? ’ said the girl in the shop
‘Are you looking to get yourself a new top? ’
He smirked, gestured the racks of clothes
‘You have anything that’s different from those? ’
‘don’t want to look the same as the rest’
The girl looked thoughtful at the request
Then gestured him to follow near
And after checking the coast was clear
She reached below the desk for a bag
And from it produced a shirt like rag
It was black with silver skulls stitched in
And buttons made from twisted up pins
The sleeves were jagged and collar was frayed
And layers of black were overlaid
‘I have just this one, I made it myself’
‘It not normal enough to put on the shelf’
‘The owner wouldn’t let me display it’
‘Said that the look just didn’t fit‘
The guy smiled and said ‘that’s the one’
‘Something to stand out from everyone’
‘Something unique, something bizarre’
‘To show the rest as the sheep that they are’
He bought the shirt there and then
And putting it on strutted off again
The shop girl smiled, and checked the till tray
That was 12 of those shirts she’d sold today

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 93

I was asked today if I would be remembered
If any of my work will last beyond me
If my name will be mentioned when I am gone
Will anything go down in history

Will the verses I write ring right round the world
When I am no longer here
Will people still comment to me what they think
When I'm not around to hear

Will the poems still live for many years
When I am no longer around
Will the words fill the sky up above
When I am deep underground

I thought about this, and then I said
'I wont care, I'll be dead'

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 94

Watching dogs run round at the coast
Starting the day with tea and toast
Spotting the moon in a clear blue sky
The crunch of the leaves as I walk by
Getting the chance to make someone laugh
Reminiscing over an old photograph
Seeing the pigeons in the park have a flap
Finding the time to have a quick nap
Hearing the music of the morning birds
Sitting here and playing with words
These things bring a smile to me
And are almost all completely free

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 95

It’s brand new and was released today
It’s better than the others in every way
It’s motion reactive and touch sensitive
Can offer far more then the others can give
It’s way more expensive than all the rest
Which proves it really must be the best
It's compact and practical and very fast
Its technology is designed to last
It’s shiny and smooth and clean and bright
To get mine I had to queue all night
I’ve joined in the frenzied media buzz
‘Thou I don’t actually know what it does

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 96

Start
Take part
Just join in
Once you begin
It will keep growing
And without you knowing
The syllables will just add
Which might well work out good or bad
But if you find it gets too long
Cut it as you go along
Until it fits you right
It still can have bite
Words you will find
From your mind
Will drop
Stop

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 97

Some gave their lives, others had them taken
Dead laying in land still forsaken
They fought on bravely for a noble cause
Until shrapnel gave them eternal pause
Shells and bullets and tanks and bombs
Pain and suffering just never belongs
For those that fought to keep us free
To bring an end to tyranny
Who put our lives before their own
And doing so never came home
Much against war and hate and violence
Can be said in a two minutes silence

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 98

A day of nothing, just to relax
Far from where work attacks
To give you just the basic facts
A lazy day suits me fine

Concentrating just on me
Lounging in front of the TV
Or watching a new DVD
Maybe surfing a bit on-line

No deadline or task in my head
No clock watching just instead
Long hours laying around in bed
Gives me a feeling sublime

Some will criticise I admit
But that wont bother me not one bit
I think if you are enjoying it
You are never wasting your time

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project - Day 99

You may think I'm mad or a little confused
But I find that my peace is being abused
Whenever I try to sit and relax
I hear the noise of my cat eating snacks
And when I change rooms to escape from the crunch
I smell my dog cooking himself stew for lunch
And when I leave the house to get free
The sound of the birds eating crisps above me
I hide in the shed but while I'm in there
I get the scent of the spider's éclair
Wherever I go I find that the sound
And smell of food follows me around
It didn't always used to be that way
It's 'cos I started my diet today

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 100! !

100 now
Don’t know how

(The poet attacks
with an anticlimax)

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 101

So past the 100 mark I've gone
Maybe on for far too long?
I took a moment to reread my lot
Surprised at just how far I'd got

In just three months I've brought out of my mind
15,000 words of verse, which all rhymed
Over two and half thousand lines I've typed out
A variety of subjects I've typed about
Some seem to make repeat appearances
Animals keep showing with their experiences
Through four poems birds have flown
And the pigeon, rightly, had one of his own
Spiders are in three, cats in four
And dogs had four plus three more

Some poems have been serious, some have been sad
Some wrote while I'm laughing, others while I'm mad
Some hint at being deep, but mostly they are light
I know I didn't always hit the spot just right
But I kept my mind moving, and if you think me dumb
Fact is I said 'thought' 37 times and only once said 'bum'

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 102

It’s easy to make if you have the knack
It’s terrific to give and better to get back
It’s priceless and free and worth the world
It’s warm and friendly and slightly curled
It crosses ages and races and times
It’s found in far of tropic climes
It’s miles away and right near you
You can tell when it isn’t true
It can change a sentence’s tone
It’s wonderful when you have your own
It’s owned by all no matter their wealth
Sometimes you’ll give one to yourself
It’s great to wear, it’s always in style
I’m talking, of course, about a smile

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 103

It was a quiet little house
And he never made much noise
The neighbours thought him friendly
Had humble stature and poise
No one knew much about him
He kept himself to himself
There were sometimes unkind comments
About his mental health
But he was harmless and quiet
Which is what everyone likes
To have from a neighbour
But then a shock strikes
There are blue flashing lights
And the sound of many men
Searching room after room
Upstairs and down and then
Out into the garden
A team search high and low
And slowly dig the earth up
To find what’s hidden below
The police keep excavating
Slowly turning the ground
Inch by inch uncovered
Another body is found
A brutal end of a life
And the family it destroys
It was a quiet little house
And he never made much noise

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 104

Is greatness behind us, is it all in the past
Is there anything or anyone that will forever last
As a figure of greatness, respected in history
Or have we reached a time of life lacking nobility
There hasn’t been a rival who comes close to Dickens
A Churchill to rouse the blood until the pulse quickens
No ‘Citizen Kane’ at the cinema, no Beatles in the charts
No on screen or on field legends to take away our hearts
What could be the reason, what has dulled our senses here
I don’t know, think I’ll watch TV and have a beer

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 105

The evening is cold and I am hungry
Think I will make some food for me
It's about time I tried to create
And produce some of the food I ate
So I get some water to fill a pot
Put it on the gas to get it hot
Then I start putting vegetables in
Carefully peeled out of their skin
Carrots, potatoes and onions sliced
A pack of beef already diced
Some garlic granules, pepper, salt
A few herbs for a full flavour assault
To add some heat some mustard powder
Crank up the heat and it bubbles louder
Throw in a couple of cubes of stock
A sliver of butter sliced from the block
A dash or two of Worchester sauce
All l the time giving it a sir of course
Then I taste the food I cooked with ease

-

Three piece chicken meal with coleslaw to go please

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 106

I sat with no one else around
Some music soft in the background
was the only gentle sound
I just relaxed my brain

Gave myself some wind down time
Allowed my thoughts to dive and climb
It really can’t be a crime
To be selfish now and again

To feed on my own company
To be silent and solitary
To have some time for only me
To dream and float along

Safely cased in my minds fort
Escaping to my own resort
With a glass of sweet rich port
And my furry slippers on

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 107

I am offering you the best deal
So good you wont believe its real
So great I can barely hold my excitement

It’s the latest and ready to go
Just like the advert says so
And off the price I will take 80 percent

Of course you will need the guarantee
To secure parts and labour free
With a fully comprehensive cover

And with a small sum of money
You can pay the delivery fee
That you’ll find offered by no other

You’ll also need our insurance
Which we can help you to finance
In case you find it stolen or lost

Please keep the small print from your eyes
Or else you might then realise
It’s half the price but really twice the cost

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 108

While out walking on Tuesday
An object was blocking my way
It was metal and large and wide
Then a door opened on one side
A short man with large green beard
And bright purple suit appeared
Inviting me aboard his ship
To go on an amazing trip

The ship made a humming sound
And began to lift off the ground
Then flew at speed through the clouds
Past the feathery flapping crowds
Over the ocean it took a dive
To see the sea fresh and alive
Zipping by the whales and fishes
We munched on our cheese sandwiches

Back in the air we flew for hours
The craft showing its super powers
As it grew late, to tired to roam
I asked the man to take me home
The little man waved and flew away
My head still spinning from my odd day
Ok … that’s not true, it was a sham
We didn’t eat cheese, it was pickle and ham

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 109

My car is faster, sleeker, newer
The very example of Cool

My house is bigger, grander, posher
It has it’s own heated pool

My wealth is richer, larger, safer
I get an amazing fee

My life is the saddest, loneliest, emptiest
Please spend some time with me

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 110

It wasn’t me, I wasn’t there
I didn’t pull away your chair
I didn’t set your hamster free
I didn’t put soap in your tea
Or itching powder down your pants
Or fill your bed with bugs and ants
I didn’t grease the toilet seat
I didn’t tie your hands and feet
Then throw you into the cold lake
If you think so, that’s your mistake
I am really your friend its true
Now have this drink I made for you

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 111

Certainly we each start the day
Uniquely on our own way
Pushing us out through the grey

Others have coffee or a smoke
For me I find that just a joke

Through despair and drama, war and worry
Encouraging us throughout history
Always you'll find a cup of tea
!

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 112

There it is still taunting me
Out the side of my eye I see
But I can wait patiently
Until the moment is right

The battle has spanned many years
My adversary still appears
Offering its goads and jeers
Spoiling for a fight

I see it there hovering still
Trying hard to break my will
The thought of chase still gives a thrill
So I make my move and strike

And as I lunge it knows my thought
And dashes off to not get caught
The chase becoming my new sport
A game I've grown to like

As I keep on in close pursuit
Determination taken root
I hope my hunt will bare some fruit
This time I will not fail

And observing this dramatic slog
The owner gives his partner a jog
And smiles as they both watch their dog
Continue to chase its tail

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 113

This should be easy, no problem at all
I have the instructions and the right tool
I've opened the box and laid out the parts
And now the construction part starts
A piece of flat pack furniture's mine
And when it's made it will look so fine
A needed addition to my house's look
So I start to read the instruction book

With my first hand I take part one and stand it rough edge in
With the next hand I take part 2 and stand it against its twin
Then with the next hand I take the bolt, but I've run out of hands
That cant be right, let's have a look at those diagrams
The way of connecting all this stuff isn't obvious
The instructions clearly have been written for an octopus
Planks in hands, screwdriver twixt teeth, I try to make it fit
But slip, yelp and shake my hand as the tool stabs into it

Plaster added, blood wiped off, I have another go
How it fits together I still don't really know
But I twist and bolt and knock and swear long into the night
Determined that I wont lose this hardwood fight

In front of the finished product I now proudly stand
With bruised toes and plasters covering each hand
A bookcase new and shiny, built by me cos I am able
Shame that it was really meant to be a folding table

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 114

Trust me, I’m in the government
I know how your money should be spent
What wrong with taking large donations
From shady firms or dodgy nations
Democracy is well known
To be dependant on who you own

And what if it ends up that we
Are in the pocket of some company
If cigarette makers boost our wealth
It won’t affect our stand on health
But it’s just polite to let them say
What we should do if they had their way
Even though polluters give us a fee
We’ll still take the environment seriously
Just cos oil suppliers keep us loaded
We won’t leave the trains broken and corroded

The thing that you must understand
That’s how it is in this land
Money guides the power, which is why
We have the best government money can buy

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 115

I’ve just ‘Google’d me and found out
My poems are also on ‘Poemsabout’
It, like Poemhunter, collects poetry
But would’ve been nice if they’d asked me
A lot of mine are on that site
Even if the order isn’t quite right
There’s no way of contacting me through it
Which annoys just a little bit
So I followed the link to their contacts
And found a number for a French based fax
And a link to send them a comment
That never worked when it tried to be sent
Now don’t get me wrong I’m not possessive
Was always brought up to share and give
I like the idea of more folks seeing
The poems that I brought into being
I think it’s fairer if everyone gets
The chance to send comments, complaints or threats

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 116

Half way through the day I notice I've odd socks
There is a different time on each of the clocks
I have my tea ready then find no sugar there
The random spikiness of some of my hair
Forgetting which pocket my parking tickets in
Getting corned beef, cutting myself on the tin
No batteries in the house when the remote control stops
Remembering what I needed after I come back from the shops
Sitting down then spotting the remotes not by my side
Not having my coat on when it's tipping down outside
Having no idea where I left my locker key
I'm not that bothered, but it slightly annoys me

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 117

Join the dance, move your body
Don’t think of yourself as shoddy
Let the rhythm be your guide
Feel the movement from inside
Doesn’t matter if your feet
Don’t hit every single beat
You can find some inner peace
Just give your soul and mind release
Music helps your life feel fun
And is open to everyone
Don’t be shy, don’t make a fuss
You may look odd, but everyone does

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 118

Packed and ready, new home near
Excited that moving day is here
I thought that it wouldn’t appear
But now the destination’s clear
The paper works taken almost a year

Keys handed over, now all set
The biggest place that we could get
No longer will rent cause a fret
I must make sure I don’t forget
The home and bedding for my pet

Our first real home as man and wife
Fun and enjoyment will be rife
A place to hide away from strife
To cut through stress like a knife
And start a whole new part of life

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 119

A chill through the air, fog on the road
Don’t need to follow the Highway Code
So what if my vision is impaired
I’m king in this car, I’m not Scared
The roads may have an icy condition
But I can drive by intuition
I speed past truck and petrol station
The grave my final destination
As I skid and flip and meet disaster
‘Cos I was dying to get home faster

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 120

On the Twelfth Day of Christmas
My Actions Brought to me:

12 Pints of Lager
11 Types of Spirit
10 Drunken Dances
9 Unknown stains
8 Embarrassed Friends
7 Bouncers Flinging
6 Greasy Kebabs
5 Random Fights
4 Ruined Clothes
3 Broken Ribs
2 Police Reports
And a Night Spent in Casualty

Hope your Christmas is memorable for all the right reason – Look after yourselves 8)

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 121

When I woke up in my bed
A small note was by my head
In tiny writing it said
‘Good morning, my name is Fred

I’m in your head at the controls
I sit between your eyeholes
I fill a number of important roles
I guide you when you go for strolls

I help you safely on your way
Steer you right through every day
Sometimes it’s tough but I can say
So far I haven’t let you stray

But one thing that confuses me
I never have been able to see
Why your favourite activity
Is watching sports on the TV’

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 122

There is a magical thing
Contentment it can bring
When almost choked or drowned
I will bring you around
When words are hard to find
It helps relations bind
It can slow down the manic
Good for shock or panic
Mid fight, chat or clean
It’s a welcome calming routine
All it really could be
Is a sweet hot cup of tea

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 123

I always had a certain quirk
Ever since I started to live
At School or home or even at work
I've always been Indecisive

I have never made a decision
So blame on me would not land
It felt like a big imposition
When asked to take a stand

My job gave me the break
To sit and stay silently
And when a direction we'd take
Wouldn't back it or disagree

In that way I was never wrong
Couldn't be blamed for a loss
And found that before long
I had been made the boss

Through companies I'd quickly rise
From area boss to director
And was ask often to advise
But would just be a silent reflector

I then joined a political group
And my vagueness work well for them
I soon moved right up the troop
That's how I became the P.M.

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 124

I am the doggy millionaire
There are no ifs or butts
I’m covered with the greatest care
The luckiest of mutts
My owner just went and died
He had been very ill
And everything he could provide
Was left me in his will
A mansion in which to run
My feeding dish is gold
I eat fresh steaks by the ton
My Fur bed keeps out cold
I get stroked every single day
Though I may be getting fat
I’m true to my roots in my own way
I get my butler to chase the cat

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 125

I don’t have any skill at all
I've never had a Craft
I didn’t learn a thing at school
The other kids just laughed
I grew up spoilt and annoying
Had too much to drink
Was into drugs and everything
I never had to think
I’ve never earned my money
I’ve not been worth some pay
So isn’t it kind of funny
I’m in the papers every day

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 126

My God is forgiving
Disrespect him and you Die
My God has the answers
But he never says why
My God is the true god
I know that I am right
My God has love for all
So in his name I fight

My God, your God, their God – one thought just stays with me
If there weren't any God's, would we live more happily

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 127

A report came out today, with some quite odd news
It seems that recent studies have shown some new views
We think ourselves the brightest creatures on the land
But there are other hopefuls always close at hand
Chimps are apparently quicker at playing memory games
They have a natural instinct the scientist now claims
Now many of us still see chimps as a class below
Seen as far from clever and the reason we think so
Is they don’t have cars or mortgages or jobs like us
Don’t get crammed in trains or run for a late bus
They don’t have reality TV to watch both day and night
They don’t have wars or invasions, don’t think its cool to fight
They aren’t ruled by time, by minutes, hours and seasons
And the chimps think they are smarter for exactly the same reasons

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 128

We had some smiles, a simple time
It suited you and me just Fine
Not so much a banquet, but an enjoyable meal
Not grand or magnificent, but still the real deal
Time dissolved, no present, future or past
No worries if it was right or if it would fail or last
Just natural and open and honest, no need to rehearse
Words just find themselves whenever we converse
It may not have been important when all is said and done
But we had laughs and smiles and trust and fun

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 129

Space is gigantic, truly massive
There must be so much for it to give
Far out among the endless planets
Are views our exploration never gets
So through my telescope I continue to stare
Searching with hope for life out there
Something different, new and exciting
That one day will visit me and bring
My sad lonely existence a reason to be
As I find this planet doesn’t fit me

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 130

I find I have some time free
So pick myself a new Hobby
Something different, that’s the thing
So I choose balloon modeling
Will I be good, only time will tell
So I buy some balloons and pump as well
I inflate a balloon but unsure when to stop
I inflate it too much and it goes off pop
Several tries later I tie the open bit
And end up with my finger tied to it
Twist here and spin there the learning process crawls
But I find I only end up with mutant animals
After hours of practice and a few mistakes
I’m brilliant at making worms and snakes

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 131

Is it ever over, will it ever end
Or are we really just trying to pretend
Once you start to share emotions so deep
And enter each others life and sleep
When joined so strong can you ever be just you
Or will the other person always wander through
Once connected, no matter what the circumstance
Will there always be the hint of another chance

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 132

I start my new quest
Put myself to the test
I open the hatch
Path lit by a match
There’s a web in my face
I find the old case
Bring it down then I see
I’ve my Christmas tree
I set up its stand
It looks far from grand
It leans to the right
So I put up a fight
And find with dismay
It leans the other way
I wrap the lights round
The sort that have sound
Plug them in but they’re broke
And just let off a croak
With some bulb replacing
A new tree I am facing
Which sparkles and glows
The brightest of shows
And know on that moment
It was time well spent
As some peace comes to me
When I see a Christmas tree

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 133

Now Christmas card writing I have Begun
So I get my pen and start card number one:
‘Merry Christmas to all that you hold dear
And the warmest of wishes for the new year
I hope that you and your life are well
And you’ll have a healthy and wealthy spell
Best wishes to you and your family
Kindest regards as ever, from me’

The envelope licked and the card sealed inside
By card number five I‘ve lessoned my stride:
‘I hope that you and your life is well
And you’ll have a health and wealthy spell
Best wishes to you and your family
Kindest regards as ever, from me’

I carry on more at a fairly strong rate
But the lines become less by card number eight:
‘Best wishes to you and your family
Kindest regards as ever, from me’

By now I am feeling less than keen
So when it comes to number fifteen
When they open it up all they will see
Is: ‘Happy Christmas, from me’

Many cards later I have a bad cramp
Think next year I’ll just get a stamp

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 134

Dashing to the shower
Dashing to get dressed
Dashing to the car to get to town before the rest

Queuing for a parking space
Queuing for the shops
Queuing for the tills, the waiting never stops

Pushing to the counter
Pushing through the mob
Pushing passed with bulging bags, such a tiring job

Folding paper round the gifts
Folding cards all day
Folding licked envelopes that taste in a foul way

Laughing with your family
Laughing with pure love
Laughing in joy at Christmas, it’s worth all of the above

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 135

I was at my art class studying shading
When a stranger caught my eye
They seemed to be doing their best evading
Glances from passers by
Sat at the back in dark glasses
And large coat and big floppy hat
I'd noticed them there in most of my classes
Looking quite rounded and fat

I wandered over to take a look
When something became very clear
And by great surprise I was took
It was an elephant shaking with fear
'Don't tell what I really am please
I want to learn this craft
But when I told the men on the trapeze
They just choked and laughed
The same was true for the whole circus
They didn't think I was real
They do their best to deter us
Not caring just how we feel
I've always been the nervous sort
The big top never suited me
When the crowds gathered my only thought
Was to just turn and flee
But I was filled with a strong desire
A need to paint and create
It burned in me just like a fire
I knew that I could be great'

So I didn't tell, though it was kind of funny
And he studied harder and moved himself on
And finally decided to make some money
And followed his fortune up to London
So if you are in London town
And getting your portrait done there
And the artist seems very grey and round
He's nervous so please don't stare

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 136

The orchestra were set to play
On a windy, stormy day
Seated in a roofless room
Preparing to create a tune
When suddenly down rain comes
Beating on the kettle drums
The sky is filled with clouds so black
Which crash and thunder and boom and crack
Lightening flashes through the barrage
And hit the man who’s stood in charge
He just smiled and shook his head
‘Well I am the conductor’ he said

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 137

What you see isn’t always what you get
Another meaning can be hidden inside
If you think you know, then you haven’t got it yet
The hint of something else will be implied
Revealed sometimes when correctly viewed
Other indications point your way
Something always in code will include
Everything a woman has to say

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 138

I want a poem that is quick
Something easy is the trick
So I think that I
Will have my first try
At doing a Limerick

The layout is very well tested
It’s simple and cannot be bested
The rhythm is neat
Fits the words to a treat
And not much mind powers invested

I am quite enjoying this style
After giving it a fair trial
It’s a quick way to write
Night after night
But’ll grow stale after a while

So maybe it isn’t my fate
To use this layout so great
But the light has diminished
And I find I am finished
So it got me through poem 1-3-8

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 139

A fisherman went out on his ship
Floating with the ebb and flow
And travelled at a mighty clip
To the Gulf of Mexico

As he pulled his net aboard
Something odd in it appeared
That was too big to be ignored
A man with trident and beard

‘I am Neptune, God of the sea
You pulled me from the drink
Which is a bad way to treat me
So I curse you now to sink

Your ship will have a dozen holes
No, a dozen and a half to be sure’
It sank with the terror that involves
The fisherman was washed to shore

In a tavern you’ll find him guarding a beer
Where sailors test who’s tale is worse
But none fill their hearts with more fear
Than Neptune’s 18 hole gulf curse

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 140

I cant eat that think of my weight
Who know the number of calories
Will attack me if that’s on my Plate
I could grow quite fat with ease
And if I dared to stay out late
My skin will just sag as it please

I dare not travel, I may get lost
And I don’t like to be out in the heat
Just as much as I dislike the frost
Odd climates will just have me beat
And think of the trouble or anguish or cost
Or my poor aching legs and feet

It could be fun having something new
But just how new should it be
There may be a wonderful panoramic view
But I may be too worried to see
I could be too timid to give it its due
The change might be wrong for me

Don’t live in fear of change, laugh and play and sing
Life is just like a buffet, try a bit of everything

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 141

Turkey curry, turkey roast, turkey casserole
Turkey sandwiches, turkey stew filling my bowl
Turkey in batter followed by turkey kebabs on a skewer
Turkey quiche and turkey cakes, now my taste buds are fewer
Turkey crumble and turkey meat shoved into a pie
Turkey gravy poured on turkey slices piled high
And when you think its over turkey ice-cream will appear
I think that I'll have beef for Christmas next year

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 142

I’m the lord of the manor, the guy in charge
I can handle any problem be it small or large
I am trendy and with it and covered with street cred
Of all the bad boys on the street I always get ahead
I have a natural instinct for poise, grace and style
My very own kind of cool stands out a mile
I cruise the scene check out the chicks I find in the town
Many try to out gun me but never get me down
The ladies all come after me, they have to join the queue
I’m the coolest of the cool, leader of the jet set crew
I will wander round my patch acting wise and great
That is if my mum will let me stay out late

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 143

I stand and meow or sit and purr
I take some time to preen my fur
Before I go to have a nap
In my basket or on a lap
Then its time for me to eat
Some tinned meat or a crunchy treat
I play with the laces of your shoes
Before I have a timely snooze
Then off I chase a bird or mouse
Not straying far from the house
As soon I'll need to eat again
And after will be sleeping then
Want to eat more, but no time for that
It's not an easy life as the family cat

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 144

The water swells and crashes
Against the side of the boat
Amid the ripples and splashes
I struggle to stay afloat
Pulled around by an angry current
I feel my mind full of dread
And the water pours down in a torrent
As I try to steer straight ahead
But there’s a worse turn to my luck
And things are as bad as they get
As the boat hits a giant rubber duck
‘Are you finished in that bath yet? ’

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 145

I have a plan to get some fame
So everyone will know my name
It's sure to make me so famous
Fans will chase me off the bus
And girls who want me will flood in
The game of life I’m sure to win
I’m brave and cool and here’s the proof
As I take my skateboard to the Roof
And start to roll down that great height
‘And finally on the news tonight
A boy who fell of a roof in London
Will always be remembered as a moron’

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 146

The definition of happy is a dog with a squeaky toy
The definition of waste is a life spent with no joy
The definition of hard is a safe filled with cement
The definition of pain is a zipper accident
The definition of annoying is a squealing snorting laugh
The definition of startling is a blue whale in your bath
The definition of confused is my nan with a video player
The definition of surprising is a nun rocking to Slayer
The definition of style is me out in my hat
The definition of deluded is me just saying that
The definition of government is throwing money away
The definition of compulsion is doing a poem a day

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 147

He stands high up on the stage
Jumping and moving as if in rage
The DJ playing in his little booth
With designer clothes and gold tooth
Pressing buttons and spinning decks
So no one knows what’s coming next
And just when everyone gets in time
He throws in a noise or movie line
To try to sound cool among the noise
A habit that really just annoys
And interrupts the music’s Beat
So dancers lose where to put their feet
But he just does it more and more
‘Til no one’s left on the dance floor
Self obsessed, its plain to see
No one loves him more than he

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 148

The Bride holds her flowers and straightens her veil
The Groom cleans his whiskers and straightens his tail
The Tiny biscuit box church is full of light
The bells chime loudly, the sun shines bright
The two families of mice sit either side
As the groom mouse waits for his bride inside
She arrives making the wedding complete
Dress that’s a white sock with holes for her feet
The priest mouse continues, being well versed
The rings are passed over as had been rehearsed
A mouse in the pews can’t stop her cough
So she is quickly, quietly lead off
The kiss is taken the crowd all cheer
So joyful that this day is here
The couple leave and all pile outside
A stretched white roller skate for a ride
Then at the reception with all the relations
Forgotten the days stress and frustrations
Shaking their tails on the dance floor
Begging the DJ to play some more
A buffet of nibbles, the most they could make
And three tiers of cheese form the wedding cake
Whatever the animal from human to mice
Sharing your life makes it twice as nice

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 149

I lay on a beach, feeling warm and tanned
Surrounded by gentle waves and golden sand
A smile on my face and a cool drink in my hand
Relaxed and happy and feeling grand
Just laying out in the healing Sun
Filled with joy and peace and fun
No boss, no brats, no anyone
Like true serenity has begun
Beautiful views wherever I Look
The scent of food starting to cook
Escaping away into a good book
The most wonderful break I ever took

My alarm rings beside my head
I drag myself out of my bed
I pull the curtain to one side
It’s cold and still dark outside
The rain down the window streams
Why cant life be more like dreams

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 150!

Today we had some snowfall
There wasn’t very much
Only ten minutes in all
Not even a drift as such
But watching it flutter around
Still made me want to smile
As it muffled every sound
Made time stop for a while
I don’t know why it affects me
It’s something deep within
Maybe back in my ancestry
I’m actually part penguin

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 151

Just feel the beat
From the top to your feet
It is a real treat
You can’t be discreet
Which doesn’t matter
As the beat gets fatter
And the drum sets clatter
And piano pitter-patter
Get through the day
In a joyous way
Your body’ll sway
As you hear it play
What is still true
To feel brand new
All you have to do
Feel the music in you

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 152

There are dark clouds, it doesn’t look great
I think I want to hibernate

I scrape the ice from the car screen
Never a very fun routine
Walking through the drizzling wet
As cold and down as I can get
My mind in a dreary state
I think I want to hibernate

I’d miss out the Christmas insanity
The bilge that’s piped through the TV
The cranky family, the kids that shout
Cards sent to folks I don’t care about
I will now just reiterate
I think I want to hibernate

I’d miss the end of year despair
Goals being missed everywhere
Nothing changed, in depression sunk
Sick and sad and down and drunk
You get the feeling this is not your fate?
I know I want to hibernate

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 153

I’ve a complaint I’d like to tell
My shopping trip went far from well
When I walked in I got no smile
Only acknowledged after a while
The things I wanted were not on the shelf
I had to bag my fruit myself
I went to the counter to get some fish
What I thought was a simple wish
When there I found I had to wait
Every minute made me irate
There was none of the bread I needed
The brown one that is triple seeded
There’s 20 types of milk in stock
But the one I want is not, no shock
I asked one staff for some yoghurt
They clearly were far from alert
And when I reached the busy tills
I found the staff lacked language skills
They barely talked, just gave a grunt
And gave my bags a careless shunt
The whole experience has been so bleak
See you all again next week

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 154

I’m the creature of the night
I fill you with real fright
I live in the dark and gloom
Or in the corner of your room
I haunt the nooks in town
And make your comfort drown
In a rough sea of fear
That I may be lurking near
I’m the wild weird stranger
The hint of death and danger
The creeping horror in the mist
Truth be known, I don’t exist

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 155

A good drink
Will make you think
A nice beer
Will give you cheer
A smooth lager
Will calm life’s saga
A cool gin
Will help you win
A soft wine
And things seem fine
A warm brandy
Makes you feel dandy
A sweet sherry
Will make you merry
A strong cider
Is a smile provider
A spiced rum
Will heat your tum
A dry Champagne
Will ease your brain
A shot of Tequila
Makes dreams seem realer
A rich port
Is a restful resort
A blended Scotch
Moves you up a notch
A Vodka with ice
Makes life feel nice
-
For your information
Keep it in moderation
If not, instead
You’ll end up dead

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 156

I’m giving up Facebook tomorrow
No more will it take all my time
As I know I was heading for sorrow
Wasting life is just a crime

I’m giving up Facebook next weekend
It’s not true reality
I’ll add not one more unknown ‘friend’
And soon be totally free

So I’m giving up Facebook next week
Joined so many groups I can’t count
My social life wont be so bleak
My free time will be a fair amount

I’m giving up Facebook next season
Send my last graffiti or message
Be a pirate/vampire for no reason
Sat at the screen for an age

I’m giving up Facebook next year
It’s what I have to do
I will manage it, have no fear
In only one year, maybe two

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 157

Welcome to my humble dwelling
Please make yourself at home
The day has been long and telling
So treat my place as your own
But just before we go inside
Could I please ask of you
To leave your shoes outside
As the carpets are quite new

Now find your way along the hall
Take the first door on your right
Try not to rub against the wall
I like the wallpaper bright
I'll welcome you just like a brother
Please help yourself to a seat
Just let me first put down this cover
I'm trying to keep them neat

I'm sure you'll like a cup or tea
I know I wont have to force
You wont be at ease with fine china like me
So just a mug for you of course
You say you are going, that's a pity
And I think somewhat a disgrace
You show someone real hospitality
And they throw it back in your face

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 158

I’m a little stick man doodle, at the bottom of the page
Barely a couple of lines, show no laughter, fate or rage
You could say insignificant, not even half an inch tall
I don’t have any details, just merely brief and small
But my existence does have meaning on this big page of A4
Neatly lined with a margin in red like a million pages before
Strict and clean and formal, regimented horizontally
I squat and disrupt the order, with a dash of humanity

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 159

I’m gonna stand out from the crowd
I’m gonna buck the trend
Do it my way and be proud
I am brave, don’t need to pretend
Gonna be true to my convictions
Gonna make a stand right here
I will not keep to the restrictions
Gonna leave the Christmas tree up all year

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 160

I’m gonna have a cleaning attack
My friends are often on my back
About the state I let my place get in
I’ll sweep and mop every floor
No dirty footprints anymore
And that is only where I’ll begin

Every surface will get a dust
And a dash of polish is a must
To get them shining just like new, no sweat
I’ll mop the hard floors, vacuum the rest
Whichever suits each floor best
And get the cleanest carpets I can get

I’ll strip and clean each bed of course
Chasing the grime out with force
All dirt and dust will tremble before me
The fridge, oven and sink I’ll clean
Making them look so pristine
As soon as I’ve finished watching the TV

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 161

The reunion of families that have been apart
Many languages all transmitting smiles
Travellers with tales, long distance from the heart
Emotions lasting long over the miles
People just on business, others taking trips
Different cultures, backgrounds of each sort
Relief and joy and hope on every face slips
I like watching the arrivals at the airport

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 162

“Need a cab? need a cab? A taxi costs a lot
why waste your cash, I’ll get where you’re going like a shot
Just tell me what’s your destination
Don’t dwell on that hesitation
You’ll be quite safe along with me
No need for an expensive official taxi”
Now shut in the car with your bags in the boot
You don’t recognise this route
“It’s a back way there, I know where to go”
At a dark quiet place he starts to slow
The driving’s erratic to test your endurance
He has no road tax or car insurance
No licence either, but he’s got a knife
A cheap trip that might cost your life

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 163

Some times we get complacent, we think we are on top
That humans are the rulers of this planet
But though we are resourceful and seem never to stop
We’re not the ones who long ago began it
Nature’s always been around before and after us
Surviving anything that dares hit it
Quietly evolving and proceeding without fuss
And if its tired it never will admit it
When we build upon it, or plunder for our gain
It just moves on and grows in whole new ways
Birds made homeless soon settle once again
And any time the human race strays
By over decimating with arrogance and pride
It occasionally still shows who’s in charge
With flood or tornado from which we cannot hide
Showing its power strong and large
But it’s the little signs that get noticed by me
That show that nature's fight is still alive
And it always makes me smile whenever I see
A green shoot popping through a tarmac drive

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 164

She said “I’m not being funny, but I need my benefits
So I can fit my kids in a big new car
I their dads can’t pay as they’re all different guys
And I don’t really know who they are
And I’m not being funny but I need handouts for food,
Yes, its true that most is spent of cigs and drink
And of course my lottery tickets should be funded by you
So it’s not my cash going down the sink
And I’m not being funny but I’d really like a job
I want to get some work honestly
But not cleaning or manual stuff, I’ve to much pride for that
And every boss has it in for me
They asked me to turn up on time and work while I am there
And won’t let me skive which I find cruel
I’m not being funny but you should all pay for me”
And I didn’t find it funny at all

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 165

Looking in the mirror, a tired face looks back at me
Slightly more aged, not as glowing as it used to be
My eye sight's gently fading, my voice a lower tone
I start each new day with a chorus of cracks and clicks of bone
The odd sign of a wrinkle creeping on my face
My mind often wandering quietly off into space
Standing in a room forgetting why I went in there
The odd grey hair is surfacing in my dark blond hair
I find myself using words like 'youngsters' and 'nowadays'
I feel myself getting older in many little ways
But I will not go quietly I'll still act young for sure
Just cos you grow in years doesn't mean you must be mature

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 166

It’s just (cough) unfair, call this democracy
I can’t just (hack) enjoy what brings pleasure to me
It’s (cough cough hack) disgusting, this stupid nanny state
I know (hack cough spit) what’s best for me, it makes me so irate
When out at (cough) restaurants when in a joyous mood
It’s my right to (cough wheeze) smoke so I can’t taste my food
And if I want to (hack cough pitoo) go out to a bar
A smoky (cough snort) atmosphere is much better by far
People working in a bar know (cough) the risks there
Get a job outdoors if you (choke) like fresh air
And just cos (cough snort hack pitoo) some health freaks say it’s bad
You wont scare me from (cough cough wheeze) smoking like my dad
He smoked 20 a day (hack snort) and lived to 85
Thou (cough) was on a ventilator the last 20 years alive
But it hasn’t (cough) effected me (hack) I can tell
(Cough cough cough wheeze hack cough wheeze spit)
Could you call an ambulance please, I don’t feel very well

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 167

I sit in my office, my large desk showing power
Indicating how important I must be
In the penthouse room at the top of a tower
No one has an office quite like me
Mahogany panels and large leather chair
Every surface polished until it glows
Expensive lumps of art scattered everywhere
I'm the boss and everybody knows
I stand by my window and see far below
People meeting and laughing, and I groan
Wondering to myself if any of them know
At the top you really are alone

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 168

I need a pint of milk, my fridge’s run dry
So set out to the shops, a pint of milk to buy
On the way I nip into a shop with a sale on
Just to have a look around I wont be there long
Books on offer, so I’ll get just one or two
Or three or four, or maybe more, be silly not to
Then just next door, the music store, has brand new CD’s
And I save money if I decide to buy them in threes
Then a few steps on the clothing store is calling me
So I’ll wander in just to have a quick look-see
Another flash of my credit card and I’ve moved next door
To buy a couple of DVD’s, although I wanted more
But weighed down by my bags of loot I head home again
And get inside just before my fingers snap with strain
What I need now’s a cup of tea, hot and smooth as silk
Here’s the cup, the tea, the sugar, all I need is the...

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 169

The door thrown open, the light goes on
He takes what he wants and then is gone
Day after day the same routine
Intrusive and violent, I just want to scream
One day I yelled at him, my nerves on a ridge
He stopped, blinked and said “get out of my fridge”

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 170

I think its time I got a new hat
Friends give hints like ‘I’m gonna burn that’
So maybe its time for me to be bold
Marvin the Martian is looking a bit old
But what do I want in its stead
What would look best on my head
A bowler is too formal, not like me
A cap lacks class and looks chavy
A beany just looks like you’re wearing a sock
A pink frilly hat may be a shock

Top hats are classy but expensive to get
And pilots hats haven’t found their place yet
A flat cap is from an old fashion
A beret needs a bit more passion
A hard hat is designed for rubble
A leather cap is just asking for trouble
The Pope's hat’s cool, but where’d you buy those
They come along with the job I suppose

I could always have not hat
But where’s the fun in that

And a hat keeps the sun out your face
You can remove it to be polite
And it’s handy for judging headroom space
Which is useful when you’re my height

So I think I’ll stick to the one I’ve got
A slave to appearance I guess I’m not

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 171

It’s a joy to be all at sea
The feeling of breaking free
Makes me as peaceful as I can be

Wrapped in my waterproof coat
Alone, just me and my boat
A pleasure to just gently float

And if there is a light rain
I feel no worries, stress or strain
And that I can easily explain

The sound of the water can ease any rift
Nature gave us a wonderful gift
The chance to just relax and drift

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 172

To sell my business is why I'm here
The product’s about to have a big year
And I’m offering you 20 percent

I really think its day has come
Even though I’ve not sold one
And my budget is already spent

But I know that the gap is there
There’s none like this one anywhere
Which I admit could mean there’s no need

I don’t have business acumen
But don’t you start assuming
I can’t make this product succeed

I just need someone to guide
A clear sharp mind on my side
And of course a large amount of dough

What? you wont listen any more
I’ve said this to you all before
Oh well I guess it was worth a go

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 173

I’m a hamster on the run
Took my chance to break free
I waited long and picked my moment carefully

I’m out of my cage
With a joyful squeal
Away from pointless running inside that damn wheel

Its not that I’m mistreated
Or kept in a bad state
But every creature likes to take control of their fate

I saw a break and took it
Sprinting past my owners knee
To satisfy the piece of wild animal still in me

I’ll scurry under floorboards
And scamper all around
She’ll try to track me down by following my sound

She doesn’t need to worry
I just want to explore
But I will come wandering back across the floor

After a couple of days adventure
When I have fulfilled my mood
And more importantly when I am missing my food

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 174

I’m a D.I.Y. spy
The cut-price private eye
No job to small or big that is my tag

Any case you bring
I’ll be just the thing
To get the right results in the bag

If anyone is lost
At a very low cost
I’ll track them down wherever they may be

If you have a hot trail
Someone you want to tail
I’ll see the job through quite easily

There are times, I must admit
When the budget bites a bit
And certain jobs where I don’t really suit

For example on a case
If a car I have to chase
Its tricky if it not on my bus route

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 175

The world was burning
Our race stopped learning
And she just smiled
Life seemed more hard
All beauty was scarred
And she just smiled
The hurt was past healing
There was no safe feeling
And she just smiled

They asked “how can you smile when all is dark? ”
She just smiled at this remark
They asked “What about pain and fear and war? ”
She said “when is a smile needed more? ”
They couldn’t understand what she had to tell
She just smiled as they tried to fight her
And when others saw her smile they smiled as well
And the world seemed a little bit brighter

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 176

All my friends have grown up
It happened over night
The age of being young and stupid has just taken flight

Instead of comics and toys
They all have savings plans
Don’t ask me how it happened, I’m not one who understands

Talk is of home owning
And various mortgage rates
No more pointless buying stuff or slouching round with mates

And some are having babies
It all seems just surreal
I remember when the height of class was to buy a happy meal

And choosing schools and doctors
And which flats on which streets
What happened to when the biggest choice was picking bags of sweets

Does this mean I have to join them
Be mature or at least act so
My furry slippers and Dr Who pajamas tell me no

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 177

I slide open the wardrobe and see the past
The clothes she left behind
A love and life that was thought fit to last
Now lives just inside my mind

Each item plucked from a moment
Taken from our lives chart
Moments that even though long gone still live inside my heart

The jeans that got soaked through while walking in the rain
The sweater that kept her warm as we waited for the train
The t-shirt we walked miles round many shops to get
The coat worn at the coast where the wave got her wet
The brightly coloured stripy socks that were a Christmas gift
The ‘London Girl’ T-shirt that gave my smile a lift
The pyjamas with the bear on that she wore while we dreamt
The summer top she wore when the sun felt heaven sent

All markers of a happier time, way back when
I wonder if she’ll ever return and fill them again

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 178

Britney has lost it, she has gone insane
So we'll push cameras at her to add to the pain
She is clearly suffering, at a delicate place
So when she looks out we'll be in her face
Surrounded by cameras and bright flashing lights
Its ok, no one cares for her rights
And if our attacking pushes her to the brink
She'll just act more crazy and then just think
OF how much more money we can get for her pic
Our wallets grow the more she gets sick
She may get better, that wouldn't be too bad
Smiling happy pictures, warm and glad
You may think me vile but I think instead
Of the cash I could make if she ends up dead

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 179

If a horse is outside is it unstable
If a parachutist jumps has he explained
If you are run over while tied to the tracks does that make you well trained

Are you taught how to act by a stagecoach
Is a priest who likes spuds a chipmunk
When a sink is unwanted and thrown away, is it then called a sunk

These various puns intrigue me
One more floats round my head
If a tin can has holes so nothing stays in, is it called tin can’t instead?

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 180

Off on another trip, this time I'm heading to Rome
I have my friend travelling with me as its better than going alone
Just a four day adventure, so packing is quite light
Also because we got a cheap deal and you cant take much on the flight
We have no set itinerary, we will just go with the flow
She has the guidebook and I have my hat so we are ready to go
The flight is fairly early, and we have traffic to beat
So we get up at stupid o'clock, and wander bleary eyed to the street
Then sitting for hours at the airport, until we finally get on
When you are waiting to get away everything seem to take long
The wheels rumble across the tarmac, and go silent as they lift off the ground
To me the start of a holiday is signalled by that lack of sound

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 181

First day in Rome, an exciting new place, full of passion and cred
But after the really early start we spend a few hours in bed
Determined to see some of the sites we set out on a night tour
Clutching our guidebook and pre-marked map we stride out of the door
We see several sights, all covered with lights to make them stand out from the dark
And have a fresh meal, an Italian real deal, accompanied by a little dog’s bark
Taking in the scene, feeling serene, back to the hotel to relax
A tiring day, we both drift away as soon as we get on our backs
Already with cameras bursting with photos and many more on the way
We’ve munched the cuisine, some sights we have seen, and its only just the first day

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 182

I’m trying to talk Italian, it is only polite
I haven’t got the hang of it, don’t get it quite right
I’m ok with ‘hello’ and ‘thank you’ which are good know
And should be the basics you learn wherever you go
Now at a meal, I’ll ask for the bill myself
‘Il conti per favore’, no wait, that’s a shelf
‘Il conto’ is what I mean, like tonto with a C
I think that I am picking up Italian easily
Its important to make the effort, to show good intent
And try not to speak English with an Italian accent
Which is a habit I fall into thou I don’t know why
But people seem to like it if you at least try

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 183

Motorbikes everywhere, lining all the corners
Surprising monuments when you walk in any direction
Statues and fountains dotted around
To sit by and relax in quiet reflection

People giving ‘free’ flowers out, then harassing you for money
A millions places to wander and smile, whether its rainy or sunny
In the middle of the road four temples just appear
The most delicious ice cream ever tasted is sold here
Crypts lined with bones, respectfully placed
The speed of life seems to be perfectly paced
The metro trundles on, crowded but reliable
Lots of little tacky shops with products just un-buyable
That still cant take away the splendour of the city
The night time walks with everything's lit up so bright and pretty

Hundreds of umbrellas being sold when it rained
Friendly people giving directions helpfully explained
The Roma Pass making it easy to get around
The Sistine chapel deafening you without a sound
Maps that don’t show the roads very clearly
Leading to us getting run over, well nearly
Big structures, enormous buildings that make you feel humble
And massive plates of meat so my stomach wouldn’t grumble
Trying to find the information desk at the train station
With maps that are badly marked leading to frustration

The countless treasures at the Vatican museum
That would take years if you wanted to fully see them
The Colosseum that is truly breathtaking
That must have used much time and talent in the making
Caesar’s tomb, the forum, the Trevi fountain, capital hill
All places that inspire awe and they always will
Saint Peter’s Basilica, which is more grand than I can tell
The cheerful, helpful, friendly staff at the hotel
Standing in the ruins of a mighty emperors home
These are some of the thoughts that come to me from Rome

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 184

In my bright orange suit, with green lapels
And Bow-tie that lights up and spins
My hair dyed purple spiked all over
I'm sure to raise a few grins
I practise my scales to keep my voice clear
With my nose that honks and inflates
And push my way through the curtains
To approach my public that waits

After the show I'm deflated
My dance didn't raise just one smile
The chirpy song they all hated
My jokes all missed by a mile
I'll get me a new job instead
This last gig was really the breaker
I guess they were right when they said
I'm not cut out to be an undertaker

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 185

It’s a sad fact of life that many out there
Don’t like the body that they have to wear
Some think they’re too big and others too small
While some just don’t like themselves at all
Some have a real mania for changing their look
And spend hours laying on a sun-bed and cook
Others change hair colour or eyes with contacts
As in their own skin they can never relax
Some take steps that are even more drastic
And have lumps cut off and reshaped with elastic
Which I think’s a shame that they turn to the knife
Accepting yourself is the first task in life
And whoever you admire or want to emulate
You bet they have parts of them that they hate

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 186

I have a new enemy, a sly little soul
And there is a battle for who keeps in control
It’s an ongoing struggle and will always be the same
The creature I am up against is my own brain
Sometimes it will desert me when I’ll in a crowed place
Desperately trying to put a name to a face
Other times it will offer information readily
Unfortunately it tends to be things useless to me
When I need the key-code to get to my friends flat
In my head’s the theme tune to the cartoon ‘Henry’s Cat’
I need to recall directions to get from A to B
The only roads seen in my mind were ones in Italy
It makes me put my keys down in a new place every day
So I waste time hunting where they are before I get away
And if I get the bus while waiting in the queues
It makes me put my ticket in a pocket I never use
So when the driver's waiting and the crowd is in a strop
I have to pull out all my pockets before we leave the stop
I hope to call a ceasefire, have peace before long
Or else it might make me go out without my trousers on

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 187

I've got my special bean cutter
And brand new mango slicer
The stick for coring apples
And the bladed onion dicer
The mallet for the meat
The turner for the spuds
And tools for carrot cutting
None of which are duds
I've the pot for cooking slowly
The device to cook with steam
Grills of different sizes
That all work like a dream
There's the potato masher
Garlic press, measure cup
The plastic bowl with built in paddle
That mixes salads up
The cutting boards, the rolling pin
The food mixer of course
The bread maker, ice crusher
And several drizzlers for sauce
I have countless pots and pans
Of every type and dimension
And racks of knives from small to large
And all spoons you can mention
I have the tools to make anything
Whenever I'm in the mood
Well, I could do if I had the room
To keep a supply of food

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 188

You've laid your card of battle down
Its time to make my move
I have an attack lined up that no one could improve

You character has much strength
But mine has so much more
You entered in this battle not knowing it was a war

I see you have a shield of flame
My wand of ice will chill it
And your steed, the wolf you ride, my giant rat will kill it

I'll use my thief qualities
And guide them straight and true
To steel your 'kneepads of allure' so no one can help you

You try to save your character
By throwing out a curse
My amulet of strength and light will easily reverse

It back at you so you fall fowl
And lose more energy
As I pile on another hit, you shouldn't mess with me

I am all powerful, masterful
The boss, the king, the great
Now I'll head home as my mum said don't stay out too late

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 189

My heart has been stolen away
Suddenly, without warning today
Taken by Roksana at the KFC
When she turned and smiled at me
She brought me my meal and pack of fries
I was captured by her sweet dark eyes
Her gorgeous accent filled with appeal
When she asked if I wanted the large meal
My mind filled with song, unable to think
As she asked my preference for what type of drink
I bought four more sides to extend the moment
Until most of my money was spent
And I could hardly lift the tray
So I thanked her and wandered away
It’s the feeling of joy such a moment can give
That makes life a wonderful thing to live

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 190

I stand at a stall in the middle of the mall
Not my choice of place at all
I try to catch the passers by
But most wont look me in the eye
I stand at a stall in the middle of the mall

I stand at a stall in the middle of the mall
Sometimes I don’t like it at all
When people treat you so abrupt
For daring to try to interrupt
I stand at a stall in the middle of the mall

I stand at a stall in the middle of the mall
It can make you feel quite small
When some stare right through
And some send a pitiful look at you
I stand at a stall in the middle of the mall

I stand at a stall in the middle of the mall
But I still stand proudly tall
I earn my wages honestly
If you had to, could, like me
You stand at a stall in the middle of the mall

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 191

I do the impossible three times a day
When they ask for anything I say OK
They want clothes that make them look thin
Some make up to help hide their double chin
Shoes that make them look more tall
But designed so they don’t tumble and fall
I handle the press and keep them away
Or keep them alert if it’s better that way
Make sure the ‘spontaneous’ moments are seen
And the fights or mistakes are kept of the screen
I take real pride in my own art
I keep all the hero’s looking the part
The glamour, the glitz, the razzmatazz
Is not something that everyone has
I train it and nurture and keep it going
Invent it as well? I’ve no way of knowing
I provide a service, no ego, no fuss
Would you like knowing your idols are just like us?

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 192

Valued more than money
A pure pleasure to greet
Lips so kissable, so warm, so full, so sweet
Energetic and funny
No other felt so right
The smile I can more than happily stare at all night
I've always felt sunny
Next to you is divine
Excited every year that you will be my valentine

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 193

I’m a traffic cone up a tree
Someone on a drunken spree
With all of their might
Gave me new height
Here for all to see

I’m a traffic cone up a tree
Not really where I should be
I’m usually found
Much nearer the ground
Lined up uniformly

I’m a traffic cone up a tree
It makes me feel rather free
To have reached a place
No other cone’ll grace
Fills me with real glee

I’m a traffic cone up a tree
Plastic and bright orangey
I might catch the eye
Of some strange passer by
Who’ll write a poem about me

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 194

I don’t understand why all the fuss
I didn’t actually hit that bus
I think you just worry too much
When you hear me ride the clutch
It may seem fast from your seat
But in my car my powers complete
My style of driving please don’t question
I think red lights are just a suggestion
When playing chicken I never lose
I know the driving dont’s and do’s
Talk on the phone you’ll end up dead
So as I drive I text instead
I weave through traffic as I dash
Speed limits are for people who crash
They don’t apply to someone like me
Who controls their car perfectly
I’ve never had an accident on the roads
Though it is true I have seen loads

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 195

Tiffany granger never saw danger
The unknown wouldn’t phase her
The threat of knife or razor
That could be concealed by a stranger

Her sister Beryl lived in peril
Saw hints of pain or attack
Was always watching her back
For people wild, dark and feral

Tiffany saw things to explore
A whole world of things to find
Filled with people honest and kind
And wanted to find out more

Beryl’d say this could be the day
When evil picks to bring me down
She bought a house far from town
And kept herself locked away

Tiffany’d trip, have the odd slip
The joy more than outweighed the bad
Beryl had no chance to feel glad
Locked away losing her grip

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 196

It’s never like the first moment
The first meeting feeling fades
The jolt of excitement of a new smile
The mystery of a new event
Time slow always jades
Until the first thrill’s gone after a while

Though some claim to keep the feeling
Like an actors first step on stage
Certain people in life always thrill
Their presents can keep you reeling
Even after knowing them an age
And you know that they always will

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 197

Beware the curtain twitcher
I like to keep an eye
On every thing that’s happening
And whoever passes by

I’ll know your every movement
I’ll say if you’re too loud
I’ll hover over all you do
A damp grey snooping cloud

I know everyone’s business
All along the street
Watching from my window
You’ve no chance to be discreet

I like to judge your lifestyle
And the friends that you have in
If you’re the kind of person I like
Or if you’re plagued with sin

I look down on you with pity
But your life still interests me
Because I like to know everything
And because mine is empty

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 198

The lake was still and calm
There was hardly a breeze
But something in the air
Gave a feeling of unease
There was the slightest ripple
As if the fish below
Were clearing out of the area
Panicked, hurrying to go

Then suddenly there’s movement
Pushing, barging, splashing
And breaking through the peace
A horrific object's crashing
The sight brought on great fear
Ladies screamed and children cried
And many ran as fast as they could
To get safely back inside
The vision was quite scarring
Disturbing and yet gripping
Then a young voice shouted out
“Mum, granddads skinny dipping”

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 199

The general thoughts on the news are that it’s all getting worse
That hoping for peace or smiles or laughs would be quite perverse
Whenever there is a good result or we win in any sport
The comment is that it was a fluke, or something of that sort
When exam results are better than ever, they say tests aren’t as hard
We’ll all be homeless and lose every penny ‘cos we have a credit card
We’re over crowded with immigrants who steal, pulling our country down
And young hooligans rampage through the streets of every single town
The cry is how every thing’s ruined; the downward trend is our route
No use hoping the tree of our lives will ever bare any sweet fruit
But looking around I don’t see all that, the things the news only show
I see hope, friendship and kindness to all are among the things that grow
The fear and hate and pain the news needs to sell its ware
I hope one day we'll all realise that it isn’t really there

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 200! !

It feels quite strange mentioning that this is the 200th one
I had no idea I would reach this on the day that I begun
It has kind of melted into one, like it’s all a pretence
The word NOW is number 25,489, how can that make sense?
But it’s true, I’ve gone that far, it seems a bit surreal
I never thought this little idea would have such an appeal
I didn’t know that even if one week I would last out
Or ever find 200 things to even write about
But it hasn’t been a chore, emptying out my head
I feel more sorry for the people who read the stuff instead
If you have read from 1 to 200 entirely
That probably means you slightly more crazy than me

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 201

It’s odd how people with money claim it isn’t everything
Those who buy what they want, say its not enough to bring
Fun or laughter to your life, that having lots of cash
Is a hindrance to finding joy, something to make you crash
That wealth shields off contentment, making it hard to find
True satisfaction or a feeling of peace inside your mind
Can anyone be at ease while rich, I really do not know
But if someone wants to fund me I will definitely give it a go

Money can’t buy happiness
When all is said and done
Then again nor can poverty
But money is a lot more fun

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 202

I always doubted reincarnation
I may need reconsideration
As it’s the only explanation

You may not believe me
But I can see quite clearly
My hair was once Houdini

The greatest escapologist
Is here right now and does exist
Far from being gone and dead
He’s living sat upon my head
Nothing can contain my hair
It just sticks out everywhere
With any gel or wax or mousse
I find it’s all of no use

The pattern in which it has grown
Shows it has a life of its own
No compliance has it ever shown

But I treat it as my friend
It’s not that bad in the end
And unstyled is the latest trend

So we now live quite peacefully
On a truce we both agree
I don’t bother it and it doesn’t bother me

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 203

I think I just saw Elvis
But it can’t really be
If he was still alive now
He’d look quite differently
The black greased hair would be grey
If it wasn’t all gone
No towering quiff, just a hairless globe
On which the sunshine shone
No cheesy grin, just toothless now
No support to curl that lip
And if he tried hard to gyrate
He’d likely crack a hip
It must have been someone else
Or I’m just out of touch
But I’m sure as he walked by me
I heard ‘thank you very much’

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 204

I stand surveying the angles
And slopes of the land
A plan in my mind and a golf club in my hand

The ball is waiting ready
To live its final putt
This shot is gonna happen, I feel it in my gut

I check the wind direction
And condition of the green
I weigh up all the angles, want the shot to be clean

I plant my feet real sturdy
And eye the balls route
I slow my breathing down as I prepare to shoot

I swing the club back slowly
Now going for the kill
But slip and clip the edge of the plastic windmill

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 205

An earthquake rocked our country
Didn’t quite bring us to our knees
The only real casualty
Were some crumbling tumbling chimneys
But was enough to make the papers
Start the morbid ‘could have been’s
How a disaster could have struck
The highs, lows and inbetweens

I’m thankful that in our little country
The forces of nature are tame
No earthquakes or storms crushing whole towns
Our days are all mostly the same
When I see the brute devastation
Distant tales of pain meet my eyes
With relief I smile at the beauty
Of our dreary damp grey skies

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 206

I got the latest gadget
Sleek and slim and bright
It cost a lot to get it
So I must have got it right
It plays the latest games
On several new flat screens
Its fully multi platformed
Though I don’t know what that means
But it must be the best one
The price shows that alone
But when I ask why it’s the best
No one has really known
But I don’t want to admit that
So I’ll fake I’m one who knows
Do you recall the story
Of the emperors new clothes?

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 207

I stare at the page
My mind starts to throb
Don’t know if my brain is up to the job

The blurred Hieroglyphics
Covering the page
I try to decipher at each crucial stage

The lines that build
The Secret code
Halts my mind in its fact finding mode

Giving in to frustration
I throw out the thing
Even I cant read my own hand writing

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 208

When my heart was breaking
And my soul was aching
I couldn’t stop shaking
But you got me through

Suffocating doom
Covered every room
Filling me with gloom
Your support was still true

I could no longer cry
My tears had run dry
I just wanted to die
You steered me to glad

You knew when I was in pain
You’d listen to me complain
And always come back again
You’re the best dog I even had

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 209

A bead of sweat rolls down my brow
Everyone looks at me now
Waiting for me to make my move
I study every angle there
A sharp tense feeling in the air
And there’s no way that it will improve

I judge every open choice
Inside my head a tiny voice
Tells me a slight tremor could ruin all
A breeze blows gently north to south
My heart tries jumping out my mouth
I try to keep myself from a great fall

I set my jaw and take a shot
At the best option I have got
But half way through my hopes have all turned grey
As the block I take disturbs the tower
And the rest succumb to gravities power
I don’t like playing Jenga anyway

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 210

Gather round I'll tell a tale
The saddest tale I've told
Will make you weep and sniffle
And your blood will run so cold
About a forsaken journey
Of which I dare not boast
When a few of us set out
On a drive to the coast me boys
On a drive to the coast

The sun was hanging heavy
The clouds were scurrying round
We'd packed up drink and sandwiches
And soon were south east bound
We had our kite and towels
So we could paddle away
But as we hit the road
The sky went a dark grey me pals
The sky went a dark grey

Then the rain came pouring
Drowning out our dreams
Of laying on the beach
And eating cool ice creams
'it may clear up when we're there'
Our driver said with hope
But our spirits were so beaten
We didn't believe that dope me lads
We didn't believe that dope

But the rain kept on coming
And curses crossed our lips
As we stood in the beach bus shelter
Eating bags of soggy chips
The crazy golf was closed
The view was wet and bleak
So we all got back in the car
We'll try again next week me boys
We'll try again next week

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 211

Never had a penny from the government
Though I've paid loads all my life
I've always been self-reliant
Got myself through every strife
Well of course the bins get emptied
And road sweepers keep all neat
And the police patrol now and then
So I feel safe on the street

But nothing I get handed
My taxes just get drained
And not one penny do I get back
As I just explained
It's true I see the doctor
And I get my teeth done free
And my eyes are regularly tested
So I can clearly see

And my bus-pass is quite useful
Now they've built a lot more stops
And the roads are tarmaced smoothly
For my trip down to the shops
It's appalling I get overlooked
My payments are all on track
But apart from the doctors, police, transport, cleaners, opticians, dentists, social workers and a feeling of safety and good health
I get absolutely nothing back!

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 212

She met the guy of her dreams
He promised her the stars
Riches, holidays, romance
A safe home, two big cars
Soon she fell pregnant
Her dreams crashed around
He wouldn’t return her calls
He just couldn’t be found
Much tears and thinking later
Her life she has to plot
A decision that rips her apart
But is the only option she’s got
Outside the clinic pro-lifers
Stalk and shout at the door
They call her a sinner
And a hooker and a whore
It’s easy to judge others
When you’re not in their shoes
I hope that they never find
Themselves having to choose

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 213

If you had a year left to live
How would you spend your time
Would you travel and see more sights
From weird to the sublime

If you had only a month left
Would you waste it on hate
And fear and anger or would you
Show love before its too late

If just one week was left for you
Would you hold things in
Or be as open and as free
As you always should have been

If today was your last day alive
Would you still pretend
Or live for life and grasp each second
Right until the end

All I have to say
Is why wait until that day?

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 214

One thing that I enjoy the most
Is a simple piece of toast
Nothing fancy or flash for me
Just toast with a cup of tea
I don’t need a great big roast
I’m quite happy with my toast
Lightly grilled or burnt and dark
It’s guaranteed to hit the mark
As a late night snack or morning meal
It has a universal appeal
It’s handy if you’re on the go
Munch it without having to slow
On the way to work or while getting dressed
Its flexibility passed the test
While I’m waiting for the post
I’m munching on my piece of toast
It’s cheap, convenient and quick
By toaster or camp fire on stick
From worker to student to lady or lord
It's fan base is extremely broad
Across the land from coast to coast
We’re all united by tasty toast

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 215

I can feel the tantalizing aroma drifting up to me
Both smooth and rich and delicate and tart and buttery
The exotic silky texture runs mellow down my tongue
Yet has a tangy scrumptiousness that floods me by the ton
The juicy fluffy wholesome feel is clean and heavenly
A spicy sour flavour that’s fresh distinctively
The look is eye catching and tempting I must say
And the creamy, nutty, crunch it has is lively in a way
The sharp luscious zesty side, has peppery undertones
Velvety and fragrant, that thrills me to my bones
The soft tasty ripeness makes my taste buds feel so wealthy
Mouth wateringly delicious, delectable, hot and healthy
All working well together, inviting me to taste
And finish it entirely with not too much haste
The waiter smiled and nodded his head
‘You’ve just eaten the placemat’ he said

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 216

“We have cappuccino of course and espresso to
Not to mention mocha or arabica for you
It’s all Fair-trade organic from the dark roast to the light
And extra strong Colombia coffee to keep you up all night
It can be instant granules or freshly grounded here
From Guatemala, Nicaragua and places far and near
The dark roast Italian is popular, very highly rated
And all we have also comes as decaffeinated
Organic Machu Picchu or Dolce Gusto Latte
The kick of the Irish Cream Coffee always starts a party
The Kenya Blend and Mountain Blend come from afar
As do Alta Rica and the Monsooned Malabar
Or something a bit lighter, a Frappuccino’s nice
If you don’t like your coffee hot this one is made with ice
A dash of cinnamon tops it off, I’m sure you will agree”
I couldn’t bring myself to tell him I fancied a cup of tea

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 217 (TH 'PM A DY' PRJCT ~ DY 217)

ITS ODD THT WTH AL TH MBL PHNS
MR PPL R TLKNG EACH DY
TXT MSSGS BEING SNT THRU TH AIR
VRYBDY HS SO MCH 2 SY

YOUD THNK THT THS MEANS ENGLSH GRWS
WRTTN WRDS R INCREASNGLY SHWN
MR PPL DSCVRNG NW FN WRDS
NSTEAD OF STCKNG 2 THEIR OWN

BT TH SD THNG IS THT WRDS R NT
GRWNG ND FLWNG LKE HNY
NSTEAD THY R CHPPD UP MKNG THM LOOK
HRSH ND UGLY ND FNNY

S IF U R SNDNG A MSSGE
I ASK U 2 PLEAS DO THS TRCK
SPLL EVRY WRD AS IT SHD BE SPLT
ND MK OUR WRLD SEEM LSS THCK

Translation:
Its odd that with all the mobile phones
More people are talking each day
Text messages being sent through the air
Everybody has so much to say

You'd think that this means English grows
Written words are increasingly shown
More people discovering new fun words
Instead of sticking to their own

But the sad thing is that words are not
Growing and flowing like honey
Instead they are chopped up making them look
Harsh and ugly and funny

So if you are sending a message
I ask you to please do this trick
Spell every word as it should be spelt
And make our world seem less thick

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 218

I stand outside all night cos you wont put me away
My silver body work is a grim kind of grey
You drive me miles and miles every single day
It’s not much fun being your car

You rev too much, burning oil every mile
Keeping on going really is a trial
All I ask is a service once in a while
It’s not much fun being your car

You haven’t cleaned me inside or out for years
When you’re in a hurry you start to grind my gears
If I whine up goes your music so you’re not one who hears
It’s not much fun being your car

You have me roaring down the motorway again
Through the wind and grit and dirt and fumes and rain
Being used so carelessly really is a pain
It’s not much fun being your car

But one day on the road my engine will just die
And you’ll have to wait out in the rain til help comes by
And when the mechanic starts me I will work first try
I can have some fun being your car

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 219

Some people dread each day they work
Each morning is a chore
It takes real effort to get themselves out of the door

And all the time at work they moan
And feel so down and bleak
Which makes every single minute feel like it’s taking a week

If you start off negative
You’ll just keep going down
And everyone who sees you will end up with a frown

I find it best to be up beat
Jolly up your mind
The day will go by quicker and be more pleasant you will find

Make each day a good thing
Choose your attitude
As every task seems easier if you are in a good mood

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 220

I’ve planned the perfect murder
Faultless in every way
My alibi is watertight
I’m covered all that day
There’s no link from me to him
Nothing to trace it to me
No weapon to dispose of
It works quite subtly
I just sit in my office
And raise the tax on fuel
So he can’t afford to pay
I know that may sound cruel
So the old guy will slowly freeze
And to his death is sent
And I can sit here snug and warm
With the rest of government

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 221

January is too soon here
A damp and cold start to the year
February follows on
With snow and ice that’s seldom gone
March appears next in line
And down comes rain all the time
April showers now are due
Lasting the whole month through
May and showers still persist
Bringing frost and fog and mist
June gets hot, insanely so
Everyone’s red and aglow
July bring chills mixed with hot
You’re never sure just what you’ve got
August the sun is up and bold
But the wind still keeps it cold
September the drizzle and ice is back
Keeping up a relentless attack
October’s colder so I hide
With a hot drink and stay inside
November sees your breath in the air
And colds and sneezes everywhere
December’s cold but brings some cheer
Then bloody January’s here

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 222

I’ve heard all kinds of music
From easy listening to heavy rock to blues
2 tone, ska and acid jazz, all made me move my shoes

I’ve jumped around to punk
Calypso, beat-box and industrial dance
Mellowed with chill-out tunes like ambient house techno trance

Barn-dance and funk rock and gospel
Soul music is simple sublime
I’ve listened to new age music, but thankfully only one time

Songs sung a cappella
A balled of be-bop or two
Even a bash at Karaoke when I’ve drunk quite a few

Big band brass boogie woogie
And disco help my mind settle
I’ve even hummed happily along to blackened thrash doom death metal

Even the specialist styles
Like shanties or yodeling or Christian rock
Sit proudly alongside pop music and rock and roll when I take stock

I’ve enjoyed all sorts of music
From every time and place
So why when someone is playing panpipes do I want to punch their face?

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 223

When the full moon wanders out
The freaks of nature jump about
They talk of passages of the sun
Which bring the power to everyone
The stars hold secrets and steer our fate
And guide us to a future that’s great
Listen to the trees they give us clues
About which paths we should use
The cosmic oneness of the universe
Is waiting for us to converse

You see them all out in the middle of the night
Gazing up at the sky at the moon so bright
In the dark and wet and cold they chill
All they’ll discover is how to be ill
People running round as we’re sleeping in our beds
It’s funny how the full moon brings out the empty heads

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 224

I’ve never had the talent, of making life fit right
It’s always seemed a struggle, a battle or a fight
By the time I get the day straight it’s already turned night
And more deadlines have been missed

I’ve always looked jealously on those that find it easy
That step from one thing to another, airy, light and breezy
While I hit every wave ‘til the journey makes me queasy
I feel like I’ve never got the jist

As if I’m always walking at the totally wrong pace
While others lives just seem to fall right into place
Whereas I just tend to fall flat on my face
Time and again although I’ve really tried

But asking round I find that everything I say
Is pretty much how everyone feels day by day
I guess they got it right when they first had to say
Everyone’s life is easier from the outside

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 225

I sit and wait, the pressure great
The tension in the air
And now I find, that in my mind
I'm turning to despair
The time ticks by, I wonder why
I let myself get here
Sweat on my brow, I'm trembling now
As the question gets near
What I can't see, is why ask me
I know I'll get it wrong
I want to leave, it's hard to breathe
And now it wont be long
My heart beats fast, how will I last
My face is turning pink
She opens the door, in dress number four
"Well, what do you think? "

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 226

I be the rap master, the words be my tool
Flipped out brain wise while at school
The streets trained me good, as they could so they should
Spent my life being misunderstood
I beat to your brain, drive my voice through your cranium
I ain’t Australian, but deadly as uranium
When I throw verbs you feel under fire
You’re music be cheesy and I be the cheese wire
The hip hop tones are in my bones
My brain be giving my talent loans
MC of the free that’s me
More humped out than a dromedary
I’m hip, fly, cranking, bigger than big
Though slow rate low rate jivers cant dig
The king of move’s, groove’s, power through each day
Floating demon like over all I survey

The nurse just smiled and patted his head
“Now take your medication and go to bed”

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 227

Lazy Ash would never dash he just took things slowly
And every day in every way he'd show lethargy
He'd give himself extended breaks taking his own pace
And when caught he'd just resort to lying to your face
His arrogance made him believe he didn't have to work
He'd face attempts to speed him up all with a gormless smirk
Continually he'd wander off several times a day
Thinking that life owed him, in a childish sort of way
This child like side shielded him, made others want to guard
He lived off this and coasted through while others work so hard
A girl called Sam had her own man but fell into his eyes
And being kind she'd soon find herself mixed in the lies
He thought that he was popular but behind his back
His friends would bitch about him as they had to take the slack
Of the jobs he didn't do, the work all left undone
And people fighting on his side were leaving one by one
No one could feel anger, pity in its place was grown
From knowing through his selfishness he would end up alone

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 228

I've reached a late part in my time, my life has past me by
All I've left or so I'm told is just to wait to die
But even so I'm not sure that I want to say goodbye
And anyway I'm only 83
My relatives all gather round and tell me to stay still
'You should take it easy now' and 'have you made your will? '
But I'll not stop until I've lived every single thrill
You haven't seen the last of me

I'm an OAP with attitude a biddy on the boil
I'm meant to have a garden on which to scrape and toil
But I can't stand bloody plants or digging bloody soil
Cos I'm an OAP with attitude a biddy on the boil

I took up scuba diving exploring corral reef
I took up hang gliding and frightened those beneath
I took up bungee jumping and lost three sets of teeth
But you can't stop me now
Driving lots of fast cars and running every light
Going to the dance clubs and raving every night
Going to the football and starting every fight
Everything my bladder will allow

I'm an OAP with attitude a geriatric guy
I'm gonna pass every test until I touch the sky
I'm gonna do all sorts of things and never wonder why
Cos I'm an OAP with attitude a geriatric guy

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 229

I fail to see,
Why your blaming me,
For your misery,
When I want your happiness, and that is true.

Of course I stashed,
A load of cash,
When the market crashed,
But that's just what I'm expected to do.

I may be faceless,
But saying I'm graceless,
Is really quite tasteless,
I just have a totally unexpected view.

In my clean pressed suit,
I'm the banks recruit,
Who you'd like to shoot,
I give out loans, well maybe one or two.

I'll never budge,
Through forms I trudge,
And I like to judge,
I'll grind up your dreams until your blue.

But in the end,
You can depend,
On me as a friend,
Unless you’re poor in which case bugger you.

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 230

An easy task I thought it was, a simple thing to do
I wandered off to the shops to get me some shampoo
Rows and rows of plastic bottles, of all shapes and sizes
Some to enhance what you have, and others as disguises
Pro-V Radiant Colour, Anti-Breakage, Time Renewal
Various promises and claims that were not true at all
Enhanced Layer shampoo and an Ice Shine built within
And gentle action Aloe Vera added for your skin
Shampoo for smooth and sleek hair and some for full and thick
Whether it’s blond or red or brown there’s something to do the trick
Some that’s meant to repair and protect from damage every day
Highlighting colour expression to hide any trace of grey
All kinds of scents from almond to apple and cranberry
Coconut, lavender, watermint, mango, honey and strawberry
And every one has a conditioner with which it is meant to go
Or even has the ‘2 in 1’ if you have no time to slow
And now Aromatherapy and UV Filters in the stuff
Plus a range of medicated to get rid of dandruff
I wandered off more confused, knocked right off my tracks
Think I’ll just shave it all off and get a jar of wax

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 231

We’re the rabbits on the roundabout
Our home is lush and green
The road keeps any troubles out
Our lives are quite serene
We have no fear of predators
Cos of our tarmac ring
No debts or bills or creditors
No worries of anything
A heaven that’s man made
We run wild and free
It’s rare to see displayed
Nature and man in harmony

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 232

I’m a faded years old statue
My dog’s chin on my knee
My nameplate’s worn and useless
No one knows who I used to be

A rusty green tinged with brown
For decades I have just sat down
By what used to be a market square
But now is just a busy road there
The car fumes add a layer of grey
To the plinth I rest on every day

I was once very famous
But now look tired and rotten
If being remembered ends like this
I’d rather be forgotten

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 233

I’ve evolved over generations
Many countries and many nations
Resulting in a glorious thing
With beauty of grace, style and wing
I have a wonderful ability
To glide and soar and be free
Nature really got it right
When it gave me the gift of flight
So I must say with sarcasm and rage
Thanks for putting me in this cage!

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 234

I’m a happy dog in a car
Hope we’re not going far
I walk up and down the back seat
At each corner I’m rocked off my feet
I’m a happy dog in a car

I’m a happy dog in a car
Zooming down miles of tar
Sniffing around everywhere
I know where we are by scents in the air
I’m a happy dog in a car

I’m a happy dog in a car
I’m feeling well above par
On the window I’m sniffing near
My nose leaves a slimy wet smear
I’m a happy dog in a car

I’m a happy dog in a car
We’re on our way, hurrah
Happy thoughts run through my mind
As I stare and wag at the car behind
I’m a happy dog in a car

I’m a happy dog in a car
And going slightly gaga
Too excited to lay down and nap
I’ll look out the window and let my ears flap
I’m a happy dog in a car

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 235

Thought I'd try something new
As I said I find that do-
-ing this is a way to be a-
-head of my brain every day
So I'll try using half a word
As I don't like to be herd-
-ed into place or set routine
Rather be odd if you get my mean-
-ing, maybe it's a lack of grub
that leads me off into this troub-
-le I find that the hint of hung-
-ger can get me highly strung
So before it's out of hand
I'll go get myself a ham sand-

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 236

I got to ‘A’ and was assaulted and abused
And attacked and ambushed and anger was used
And acute agony left me anxious and bemused

Then went to ‘B’ and got bloodied and battered
And burnt and bashed and bruises were scattered
And beaten and bones were broken and shattered

I then gave up when a friend told me
Worse things happen at ‘C’

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 237

You may have never heard of me but I have passed by you
Slinking around quietly is what I'm designed to do
Unnoticed, I've taunted you, I'm very sure of that
For I'm the mythical mystical magnetic cat

I wander in and out of every flat and house
Unlike other cats I don't look for a mouse
I just walk past your keys, wallet, purse or phone
And when it attaches to me I quickly leave your home

When you lose something that you're sure you left right there
Take a moment to look around for metallic silver hair
Or inverted rounded paw prints made by static on your mat
Then you'll know you've had a visit from the magnetic cat

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 238

“Thank you all so much for your warm applause
I promise you that I am a very worthy cause
I stand here proud, asking for your vote today
As we get the election process well underway
My policies will make life be as easy as it should
I cant say what they are, but I promise that they’re good
And I will cut pollution with no money being spent
And lower tax and raise income and make all crooks repent
Answers to all life’s problems are resting in my head
What they are I can’t say so I’ll attack my opponent instead
I refuse to do mud slinging, or to try to cause a smear
Although I could tell you things he wont want you to hear
Like his finances, notice he has a bigger house
And more holidays, and a job there for his spouse
Doesn’t his car look new, cant have had that long
Makes you kind of wonder where the party funds have gone
But I wont stoop to his level, I’m too refined for that
Not even to mention he’s looking well fed and fat
So here I am before you, trying hard to impress
Or trying to be the guy that you dislike less
And as I’ve made my standing clear, you must now agree
Your only sensible option is to vote for me”
“Now here’s our next candidate, I’m sure that you all know him”
(continue this by going back to the first line of the poem)

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 239

I’ve never liked inbetweens,
For me they just annoy
People or things that get in the way
An obstruction to your joy
Tasks or jobs to overcome
On your journey through existence
Some say they make you stronger
And teach you real persistence
I find them just in the way
Of where I want to be
And worse is when the inbetween
Turns out to be me
When I have friends who argue
And I’m left right in the middle
Trying to understand both sides
Though they’re both talking piddle
Like standing on a tightrope
Just trying to be fair
While actually I’d rather be
Anywhere but there
But the inbetween I hate most
That turns my blue sky grey
Is someone inbetween me
And the 'all you can eat' buffet

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 240

No jam was in my doughnut a couple of days ago
My fortune cookie was empty, is there something I should know
I'm used to odd socks going, and pens go all the time
But are there wormholes in life through which things climb
Spare keys, you know where they are until the day they're needed
Keeping track of needles, in that I've not succeeded
And maybe its not just small things that disappear through space
Just think of all the people that vanish with no trace
And buildings that were always there sometimes are just gone
Some say its demolition but they could all be wrong
Big and small, nothing is safe, it's all starting to fit
Something in space is collecting earth bit by bit
Maybe I should tell someone that we are not alone
I'll do it now, if I could find where I put the phone

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 241

You’re not quite the height I like but I can bend a bit
You’re wider than the girls I like, I guess you could get fit
You hair is kind of mousey, not the shiny blond I seek
Your voice isn’t velvety and your laugh has that odd squeak
Your eyes are brown and I like green, and one is slightly higher
You don’t have the slender cheek-boned face that I tend to desire
Your figure doesn’t have many curves, just one on either side
Not quite petite, more filled out, did I mention you were wide?
You’re a bit refined for my taste, I like them loud and brash
And I must just add if you want me you’ll have to shave that ‘tash
Your hairy lip just makes me cringe, as does your taste in clothes
I mean how did you ever think you’d look good in those
But as I have no other options I’ll give you a try
Most girls don’t seem to want me, I can’t imagine why

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 242

I want it back
Or else I'll crack
You say its gone
Been gone to long
I want it back
My mood is black
Would you please bring
Back the thing
I want it back
I've took the flack
For letting it go
Now they all know
I want it back
Get back on track
The fan was hit
When I lost it
Please bring it back
I'll get the sack
Such a big fuss
Over a lost bus

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 243

The wall that still needs painting
The garden that needs some work
The exercise and training which I now just seem to shirk
The cleaning, polishing, dusting
Painting the walls border
Things I should be doing are now left in sheer disorder
It’s as if when she left
It wasn’t just my heart
That was broken, torn, shattered and ripped apart
But my drive and motivation
Went with her out the door
Maybe if I stop moving I will feel the pain no more

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 244

Welcome to the concrete jungle safari
Please climb aboard if you want to travel with me
Keep arms inside all the time you're on the tour
Of your personal safety I want to be sure
We'll start by heading up to the gorillas over there
That stand by clubs and throw out guys with the wrong hair
Packs of coyote muggers hang round looking for prey
A weak person wandering off won't last long this day
The cheetahs sit by the lights, revving, roaring more
Then zoom off at stupid speeds disregarding law
In alleys lurking in the dark the scavengers all wait
For drunken gazelles staggering by not knowing their fate
And in the dark the lions keep control along the line
Their violent threats underlined with fang like blades that shine

Animals are thought as vicious, full of temper fit to burst
Of all nature, human nature has power to be the worst

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 245

Balance is important in every step you make
In plans and dreams and working out what path you're gonna take
Work is still important, we all need the money
But must be balanced with the time you spend with family
And lifestyle must be balanced, partying is lots of fun
But if you over do it you'll end up dying young
We all need balanced diets, eating junk grows your behind
Only eating healthy will bore you out of your mind
Balance is important to manage despair and hope
But probably most important when on a tightrope

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 246

I know the date didn’t go that great
Collecting you I was an hour late
And while I was waiting in your flat
I knocked over your plant and sat on the cat
And it really wasn’t that bad a mess
When I shut the car door on your dress
And when we were at the restaurant
I ordered stuff I thought you’d want
But you didn’t want what I’d suggest
I don’t know why, it was cheapest
I thought you’d like to have fondue
Though I admit I didn’t really ask you
Then I knocked over the melted cheese
Into your lap, scolding your knees
And when I responded to your yelp
I Spilling your wine which didn’t help
And after it had all calmed down
I wanted to turn the mood around
I tried to be tender with gentle touch
But because I had drank too much
I caught my sleeve on your earring
Which must have given quite a sting
It’s lucky you had that red shawl
The blood didn’t show hardly at all
And I really must apologies
That I took so long to realise
That I didn’t have my wallet in sight
So thanks for paying the bill that night
But through all this there was a spark there
It’s a pity next week you’re washing your hair

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 247

It’s odd how amounts make views change
This project of mine is fairly strange
But those who called it a stupid idea
Are now asking if I’ll get to a year
Before when begged for an explanation
It’s now look on with some admiration
When previously asked what I’m doing it for
Now I am asked to keep doing more
Those not fussed with poems or rhyme
Respect endurance after a time
I guess something carries more weight
When it has gradually grow more great
Though looking round at all we do
I find that this is always true
Millions of followers or just a smidgen
Is the only difference between a cult or religion

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 248

I saw the ghost I know its true
I know you doubt me like you do
But it stood there as clear as you
Big and bold and scary

A massive figure looming large
No fake vision or dreamt mirage
My nerves crumbled at the barrage
Grim, ghostly and hairy

It was a big man so very tall
Or may not have been a man at all
And possible was rather small
But so clearly outlined

A soldier killed out in some war
Or maybe a sailor’s what I saw
Possibly a pirate and what’s more
It wasn’t that defined

Or could have been a lady there
With spooky flowing long black hair
Who hovered three feet in the air
Or possibly a monk

At least something in a gown
With a sad and lonely frown
Or maybe grinning like a clown
I was just slightly drunk

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 249

I have a tiny army of little people here
Wherever I go, I know, they are always near
Not one of them is more than an inch in height
Following me all day and guarding me at night
Thousands of them in my house, where from I don’t know
They like to keep me happy, keep my life one smooth flow
They do jobs around the house, they like to fix and clean
They are friendly and smiling, not nasty, tough or mean
Except if someone upsets me, that’s when they start to change
They get all dark and vicious when the culprit is in range
So don’t you try to bother me whatever you may do
Or you’ll feel thousands of tiny eyes staring at you

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 250!

I’ve noticed that things often tend
To merge together, to fade or blend
Until they don’t stand out so proud
Don’t wave or leap or shout out loud
As you get older your birthdays mingle
So each one doesn’t stand out single
You even find you forget which year
You’ve reached when it is drawing near
Travelling to work the same old way
It’s hard to separate each day
You find it tough to answer when
Asked what you were doing then
Auto-pilot’s your mind’s condition
When faced with endless repetition
I guess that’s why it surprised me
To find I’ve reached number 250

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 251

Think of the most expensive product that you have
Somewhere in your home right now
There’s one thing worth more than anything else
But I can’t understand how

When you think of what you get for what you pay
When you want to get some from the store
Printer ink’s the most costly liquid around
Only rocket fuel would cost more

And I can’t figure out why that is the way
What’s in it that makes it such a price
It would be cheaper to write things in blood
Though I guess that wouldn’t look so nice

Hundreds of years ago ink was made with mud
And berries and other natural stuff
And the pictures from back then are still around today
They have lasted through time well enough

I decided I wasn’t gonna be ripped off anymore
And went back to basics the other day
Collecting berries and mud as I walked down the street
Which is why they came took me away

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 252

Space is an important thing in everything around
Space between people or activities or sound
Many see a therapist for one reason or more
But who would if ‘the rapist’ was written on his door
When someone’s talking to you, don’t you find it gross
When they are clearly standing just a bit too close
Personal space is needed in any relationship
Any over crowding can lead straight to a trip
But so can vast remoteness, being too far away
Space is hard to judge sometimes in every kind of way
But the space that I can’t figure out, that brings me close to tears
Is the space that the world leaders seem to have between their ears

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 253

Surrounded by night every day
I sit in my capsule in space
I’m gently floating away
A calm and tranquil place
Just me and my thoughts
Time to reflect all right
I fill out my daily reports
Then scan the dazzling sight
I look out and see the earth
Bright and blue and beautiful
Its radiance and majesty
Completely irrefutable
Some find recycling a bore
To much effort to save energy
They can’t see what it’s all for
If only they could be here with me

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 254

You think you know your body, that it has no more tricks
You're used to the aches and pains, the cracks, pops and clicks
Then it does something extra, just to keep you on your toes
A random twitch or spasm that out of nowhere grows
Or you arm will just go numb, the reason far from clear
Your jaw will click, your knee will pop, you'll go deaf in one ear
Or you'll wake and find one day that half your face wont move
As if your body has something that it wants to prove
It doesn't like being forgotten, or even understood
Don't take it for granted like you generally would
For all its little ploys and tests it's best to get along
No matter how bad your body, you'll miss it when it's gone

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 255

There are many mysteries
Clouding our understanding
To find answers to them all would be quite demanding
Are we truly free?
Or are we ruled by fate?
Why do I remember most things just a bit too late?
Is joy built within us?
How do we learn to laugh?
Why does the phone always ring the second I'm in the bath?
Do we need pain?
Does courage come from strife?
Can anyone work out the point of Paris Hilton's life?
One that always get me
I'll never understand
Is why can't we buy Mountain Dew here in England?

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ DAy 256

A few days back, almost a week
I found something I thought unique
It was an object small and rare
I'd never seen one anywhere
So perfectly shaped and understated
It never could be bashed or hated
Both ancient looking and brand new
It had quality stamped right through
It's elegance and style were prime
As if it were from another time
The colours on it seemed to change
Right through the whole spectral range
It had a sort of music to it
That chimed and hummed gently through it
The most amazing thing I saw
Nothing could entrance me more
I may annoy you now because
I'm not going to tell you what it was

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 257

I’m a happy dog at the park
I yelp and woof and bark
Along with the sound
Us dogs run around
I’m a happy dog at the park

I’m a happy dog at the park
You may think me off the mark
But I’m not by mistake
In the mud by the lake
I’m a happy dog at the park

I’m a happy dog at the park
I hunt like a big hairy shark
When the bunnies trail
Puts a spring in my tail
I’m a happy dog at the park

I’m a happy dog at the park
I’m glad that some bright spark
Brought a ball to throw
Now off I go
I’m a happy dog at the park

I’m a happy dog at the park
I’ll be wagging well into the dark
Enjoy fresh air and fun
Is my tip everyone
I’m a happy dog at the park

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 258

The challenge - to write a poem using each letter of the alphabet once in order finishing with a piece which says something! Strictly 26 words only allowed.

Another Big Challenge Dealt
Excitingly Faced Generally
Here In Jollity Knelt
Letters Manipulated Naturally

Other Passions Queuing
Revealing Subtle Tone
Unveiling Visions Within
Xbox Yearning Zone

Or

Attacked By Cold Dread Every Friday, Gathering Howling Idiots
Justice Karl Leads My Nerves
On Precise Quick Random Swerves
To Upset Various Wild Xenophobic Young Zealots

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 259

Digging through some old things I found a bathroom pack
That I'd been given at Christmas a year or two back
It had some soap in it with a faintly floral smell
Some bath salts and five floating candles as well
I thought I'd try them out, relax my body and mind
But the right way of using them was very hard to find
First I placed them in the water but when I tried to light
They kept moving around which didn't work quite right
I tried holding them still but just splashed them wet
The way to hold and light them I just couldn't get
So I put them on the side and then lit them there
But while lowering to the water I just dampened their flare
I eventually got them going but when I then got in
They floated round my leg and burnt parts of my skin
As I yelped and splashed around trying not to fall
They got knocked and wax was splashed halfway up the wall
Then I'd had enough, it didn't feed my restful yearning
I just threw all four away, why can I smell burning?

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 260

There is always great debate
About what things are worth
And mainly should professional footballers be paid the earth
Some say they get too much
A ridiculous amount for their job
Just ‘cos they can kick or strike or tackle or catch or lob
Should one football player
Earn more in a year
Than a whole hospital of nurses and doctors get near
But I say they should have it
They need the money it’s true
How else can they buy their way out of the law breaking they do?

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 261

I’ve got a twin I don’t like him
Which is fair cos he doesn’t like me
He drives me mad by acting bad
And annoying me regularly
He’s grown a big bushy beard
It hurts to see me that way
And as he knows I look bad in red
So he wears it everyday
But I now have a plan
To turn it on him instead
Wont he look the foolish one
When I go and shave my head

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 262

The young balloon was in his room
The storm was raging outside
So he scooted off to his parent's room
To find somewhere to hide
He asked his daddy balloon
As the storm was thundering
'Could I sleep in here with you and mum?
This storm's a frightening thing'

The daddy balloon looked down at his son
And said in a stern voice
'You are getting to be a big balloon now
Its time you made a choice
To be brave and strong and face your fear
Now go back to your bed
And I don't want to hear any more
Of the worries in your head'

So the boy balloon went back to his room
Vowing his best to be brave
But an hour later the thunder still roared
And his strength soon caved
So he crept back into his parent's room
And they were both asleep
So quietly up to their bed
He continued to creep

He tried to squeeze in between them
But didn't quite manage to fit
So he undid his daddy carefully
And let some air out, just a bit
But he still couldn't squeeze in the bed
So he did the same to his mummy
And with them both slightly deflated
Tried wriggling in on his tummy

But there still wasn't room for him
So he undid himself a tad
And after letting out some air
Could squeeze between mum and dad
The next day his dad was furious
When he found out what he did
And he had an angry voice
While talking to his kid

'You should be very ashamed'
To his son he had to tell
'You've let me down, you've let your mum down
And you've let yourself down as well'

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 263

Thank you for your call, it is important to us
We will try to help you with the minimum of fuss

If you know the extension you need
Please will you enter it here
Firstly entering your 10 digit user number
To make your identity clear

Press 1 if this is urgent, very urgent or deadly
Press 2 if you have talked to somebody already
Press 3 if this is a new problem started recently
Press 4 if your height is less the five foot three
Key in your phone number if it’s a problem on the line
Key in your bank number if you need to pay a fine
Press 789 if it is radish season
Stand on one foot and press 6 for no real reason
Press 5 followed by star if you’re wearing cream
Press your forehead to the wall and slowly start to scream

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 264

My dear close favourite friend
I have something I have to send
On to you that I just found
Sent to me last time around
It’s a message telling me
That I will upset destiny
And bring great pain and suffering
And lose almost everything
That’s in my life and live always
In deep depression all my days
Love will be lost and fortunes gone
Illness will spread before to long
Until I’m shrivelled and just a shell
Falling deep into my own hell
If I don’t keep the message going
And as I have no way of knowing
If it could really happen to me
I thought I better just agree
Stress and worry this put me through
So now I’m sending it on to you
How much more friendly can you get
Than to pass on a vile nasty threat

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 265

I took someone’s car and drove into the cops
I ran into a window while stealing from the shops
My attempts at thievery are all a load of flops
Karma is coming after me, yes it is
Karma is coming after me

I went to kick a cat but my shoe lost its grip
My balance was all gone and my foot started to slip
As my legs went different ways I heard a loud rip
Karma is coming after me, have no doubt
Karma is coming after me

I criticise everyone to make them feel small
I say they have no talent, are to fat or short or tall
And when I look around I find I have no friends at all
Karma is coming after me, every day
Karma is coming after me

I never give my money to any charity
I keep every penny I have just for me
I’ve lost 27 wallets since 2003
Karma is coming after me, once again
Karma is coming after me

I always use my car to splash the people on the verge
When I see a massive puddle I just cant fight the urge
I didn’t know the bridge was out so now my car’s submerged
Karma is coming after me, yes it is
Karma is coming after me

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 266

My food is cleaned and double cleaned
In a clinical environment
At each step it’s sterilised
Each and every ingredient
Untouched and vacuum packed
I know that it is pure
And safe from any germs
Of that I can be sure
It has no fat inside it
And no salt hidden within
No sugar or preservatives
E numbers or colouring
Nothing exotic or spicy
No hint of any waste
And hardly any calories
Which is why it has no taste

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 267

What could happen with just one more gun
Surely it can’t really harm anyone
But I feel I need it for my protection
As I lately realised on reflection
That I didn’t feel very safe any more
And needed more than the locks on my door
And it’s my right to improve my safety
Which I thought this addition would guarantee
But each new weapon is a new way to die
And I sit here unable to stop myself cry
He was only playing but I’ve now lost my son
What could happen with just one more gun

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 268

I’m thinking of getting a pet
But not sure what to get
I haven’t decided yet what it will be
With or without a tail
Coat of feather, fur or scale
A fun filled little pal, just for me

A dog would be first pick
Woofing, chasing a stick
A wagging tail, a friendly lick waiting there
But working most of the day
I would often be away
On the dog I must say it would be unfair

I’ve never really seen the point
Of fish tanks filling up the joint
They tend to disappoint, not much good
And birds where designed to fly
So cage them up? I can’t see why
That’s something that I have never understood

Reptiles are tempting to be sure
But need a constant temperature
I don’t think that I’d endure the effort or expense
Not got the time for a cat
Or exotic things like a bat
Any rabbits soft and fat would go under the fence

Rats and hamsters scurry all night
Chinchillas just don’t sound right
Spiders would give a fright, that’s not the way to go
That’s also true of scorpions yes
And bugs and insects leave a mess
As I can't decide I guess I’ll stick with just the hippo

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 269

Buy, buy, buy
Don’t ask why

The glittering prizes on the TV
You can own them all easily
Take out another loan from me
Thrifty is a word we don’t use

Shiny products at every turn
I hope that you will never learn
Not to spend more than you earn
And have to pay your dues

A new games system, clean and bright
A meal out and drinks every night
Brainwashed to think you have the right
To live beyond your pay

Spend what you can’t afford to do
Soon wolves will be hounding you
Taking things both old and new
‘Til it’s all been taken away

Be careful what you spend
Everyone pays in the end

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 270

While travelling on the train I saw the emergency cord
That you pull if the is a problem while you are on board
And I though of all the times that I could have done with that
As I went through life and my plans went flat
That night that I was out and called over the barman
Who turned out to be a butch looking woman
When turning up at work on a day I should be off
While sitting at the theatre and developing a cough
On dates when I always say the wrong thing
When drinking too much and deciding to sing
All the many times that I've acted the fool
I wish I'd an emergency cord to pull

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 271

There’s an increased threat to society
So you must now listen to me
I don’t intend to scare you at all
But when violence comes to call
You will be glad that I called you
And told you what you have to do
Just be alert and fear all strangers
Always expect death and dangers
We know how the threat can be controlled
If you just stay quiet and do what you’re told

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 272

I have had a recent request
To suggest which poem is best
I'm sure that you have guessed it is tough
I rattle them off quite fast
So I only remember the last
As so many words go passed, more than enough

So I was asked to rename
Those which I would claim
Were the ones that would remain my favourite few
As finding one, they say
Isn't easy in anyway
As they're all called 'Poem A Day', I guess that's true

So I have gone through the source
And took a few without remorse
The 'pigeon' poem's one of course, that I adore
To ease the readers trail though
Maybe spotting something new
It also gives the false view I've written more

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 273

Rabbits by the railway tracks
Munching on the grass
Barely noticing the great metal beasts go pass
Nature creeping in on us
Waiting by our side
Watching us then just coming along for the ride

It could be the grass is better there
Or the banks are undisturbed
But I think there’s another reason that the bunnies herd
I was quite tired on the train
And had started to slumber
But I’m sure the bunnies took out books and noted the train’s number

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 274

You are beautiful and I want you, you bring a heat to me
I want to rip your clothes off and explore you intimately
These are the words I ached to say to you at the bar
But the distance from brain to mouth proved a bit to far
I lost my nerve and missed my chance and stood there all alone
Not even brave enough to get the number for your phone

You are beautiful and I want you, you bring a heat to me
I want to rip your clothes off and explore you intimately
These are the words I longed to say to you in the street
But my head filled with cotton wool and lead was in my feet
So I just passed you silently, with just a little sigh
But as we passed I think that I might have caught your eye

You are beautiful and I want you, you bring a heat to me
I want to rip your clothes off and explore you intimately
I wrote this on some paper, when I saw you on the bus
And casually passed it to you, trying to make no fuss
You looked at it and smiled and laughed, making me feel great
And gave me your number and agreed to have a date

I was waiting round your house while you went off to change
Just me and your granny there, that’s when things went strange
She smiled and came over to me, wrinkly beyond belief
And grabbed my thigh and whispered through her false teeth
You are beautiful and I want you, you bring a heat to me
I want to rip your clothes off and explore you intimately

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 275

Now we really must think outside the box
Bring it to the table, not move the goalpost
I hear what you're saying, we've already touched base
At the end of the day that's what matters most
Are we singing from the same hymn sheet
Is the circle of our knowledge base fine
Some blue sky thinking to push the envelope
Will get all of our ducks in a line
Bottom line is the ballpark figure right
Will going forward keep the client group merry
If we start by picking the low hanging fruit
Will that give us another bite of the cherry
Think glass half full and address the issue
Take it to the next level living the dream
'U' and 'I' are both in the solution
But it's true there's no 'I' in team
At this moment in time it's no win-win situation
The fact of the matter it's mission critical
This is real octopus of a problem
We can face it if we each grab a tentacle

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 276

Welcome to you one and all
To this exciting demonstration
To prove right now without doubt
Our safes are the best in the nation
We have our latest model here
And as our guest coming today
We have the world's best safe cracker
Who I hear is on his way

Yes I speak of Diamond Dexter
The well known master thief
There is no safe he cannot crack
That has been his belief
But we hope to show you all
That our latest will withstand
Any attack from anyone
Up and down the land

You will recall his past exploits
The grand things he has done
They are all over the papers
And followed by everyone
The gold from Monte Carlo
He managed to easily steal
The guards at the tower of London
Still think their jewels are real

Not knowing the genuine items
Are added to his stash
Along with riches and treasures
And countless bundles of cash
He invaded the centre of Fort Knox
Left security there in a spin
I know when you see he has met his match
Your orders will come flooding in

Now just let me answer this call
No doubt news of our infamous star
…
I'm afraid he wont be joining us today
He's locked his keys in his car

Flying Lemming

The 'Poem A Day' Project ~ Day 277 Goodbye!

I think the time has come at last
To leave this project in the past
I have poems written here and there
But find a lack of desire to share
No, not that, more a childish side
Which I do my best to try and hide

When everyone was asking ‘what’s the point’
I was motivated to keep it going
But now I have support and followers
I find my enthusiasm slowing

Maybe I heard too often ‘you must get to a year’
That’s what made my drive seem to disappear
I’ve never done what’s expected, a minor character flaw
But without it I wouldn’t have written one let alone any more

I have no complaints about this project
I started it with no ambition
Just to test my creative side
I’ve succeeded in that mission

So thank you all who have read these
And those who left comments so kind
I’m glad you enjoyed witnessing
These poetic chunks of my mind

Flying Lemming

The Romantic

You’re not quite the height I like but I can bend a bit
You’re wider than the girls I like but I guess you could get fit
You hair is kind of mousey, not the shiny blond I seek
Your voice isn’t velvety and your laugh has that odd squeak
Your eyes are brown and I like green, and one is slightly higher
You don’t have the slender cheekboned face that I tend to desire
Your figure doesn’t have many curves, just one on either side
Not quite petite, more filled out, did I mention you were wide?
You’re a bit refined for my taste, I like them loud and brash
And I must just add if you want me you’ll have to shave that ‘tash
Your hairy lip just makes me cringe, as does your taste in clothes
I mean how did you ever think you’d look good in those
But as I have no other options I’ll give you a try
Most girls don’t seem to want me, I can’t imagine why

Flying Lemming

The Smile

The world was burning
Our race stopped learning
And she just smiled
Life seemed more hard
All beauty was scarred
And she just smiled
The hurt was past healing
There was no safe feeling
And she just smiled

They asked “how can you smile when all is dark? ”
She just smiled at this remark
They asked “What about pain and fear and war? ”
She said “when is a smile needed more? ”
They couldn’t understand what she had to tell
She just smiled as they tried to fight her
And when others saw her smile they smiled as well
And the world seemed a little bit brighter

Flying Lemming

The Truth Is In Here

Space is gigantic, truly massive
There must be so much for it to give
Far out among the endless planets
Are views our exploration never gets
So through my telescope I continue to stare
Searching with hope for life out there
Something different, new and exciting
That one day will visit me and bring
My sad lonely existence a reason to be
As I find this planet doesn’t fit me

Flying Lemming

There’s Someone In My Head And It Isn’t Me

There’s someone there behind my eyes
Who I have grown to despise
He’s with me wherever I go
When I say yes, he says no

At school when the bullies shoved
He told me it was weak to blub
When the teachers held me back
He begged for me to just attack

When growing up he burned in me
Each time I suffered more cruelty
The men who’d keep me in my place
The women who just laughed in my face

He’d mutter ‘you must make them pay’
For treating you this awful way’
But I would keep him buried deep
Although the strain would make me weep

At work, like school, I was kept down
I was the joke, the office clown
The bullies were still haunting me
But now had power and money

I’d never fit, I had no chance
I had no fun, no slight romance
A humiliation every day
The man inside would burn away

Telling me he’d take no more
Of retributions kept in store
And how they’d curse the slaps and jibes
And settle debts with all their lives

When I get pushed he growls so low
When angry he wants it to show
When I'm polite he snipes and sneers
He’s got much louder in recent years

There is someone behind my eyes
And now inside my hand
And now he’s picking up that gun
I hope you’ll understand

Flying Lemming

Thinking Of A Title Is The Hardest Part

Staring at the screen, hoping for a start
Thinking of a title really is the hardest part
Staring at the screen, hoping for a verse
Trying hard to fill my need to rhythmically converse
Staring at the screen, hoping for a break
I want to sound sincere and not plastic or fake
Staring at the screen, hoping for ideas
Watching as my wish to be creative disappears
Staring at the screen, hoping for a line
Think I'll just give up now and stop wasting my time
Staring at the screen, making one last bid
I need to write a poem, wait a minute, I just did!

Flying Lemming

Thoughts On Kiev

Countless golden sparkling cathedrals
Bright coloured buildings breaking up tone
Parks full of life, bursting out beauty
The run down tower blocks called home
New shiny buildings being built
Towering up filling the sky
100 year old flats with warped frames
And ceilings that are cracked and high

Little kiosks selling food and drink
Dotted all over the city
Beer bottle tops trod into the ground
Leave patterns both random and pretty
Car horns beeping on every street
Traffic often the only sound
Yet the chaos has it own order
There’s no delays on the underground

Early morning while the city sleeps
Road sweepers keep the streets clean
Beer drank regularly but not reckless
No violence can be seen
The people don’t seem joyful
As if life has been a hard stroll
The soviet oppression has ground them down
Cold winters have taken their toll

But kindness lives within their eyes
And optimism built to last
Although every penny is hard to come by
Humanity keeps walking past
Yes the main feeling I get from Kiev
That surrounded me throughout my stay
Is the feeling of hope and power of life
To grow brighter right through the grey

Flying Lemming

Thoughts On Rome

Motorbikes everywhere, lining all the corners
Surprising monuments when you walk in any direction
Statues and fountains dotted around
To sit by and relax in quiet reflection

People giving ‘free’ flowers out, then harassing you for money
A millions places to wander and smile, whether its rainy or sunny
In the middle of the road four temples just appear
The most delicious ice cream ever tasted is sold here
Crypts lined with bones, respectfully placed
The speed of life seems to be perfectly paced
The metro trundles on, crowded but reliable
Lots of little tacky shops with products just un-buyable
That still cant take away the splendour of the city
The night time walks with everything's lit up so bright and pretty

Hundreds of umbrellas being sold when it rained
Friendly people giving directions helpfully explained
The Roma Pass making it easy to get around
The Sistine chapel deafening you without a sound
Maps that don’t show the roads very clearly
Leading to us getting run over, well nearly
Big structures, enormous buildings that make you feel humble
And massive plates of meat so my stomach wouldn’t grumble
Trying to find the information desk at the train station
With maps that are badly marked leading to frustration

The countless treasures at the Vatican museum
That would take years if you wanted to fully see them
The Colosseum that is truly breathtaking
That must have used much time and talent in the making
Caesar’s tomb, the forum, the Trevi fountain, capital hill
All places that inspire awe and they always will
Saint Peter’s Basilica, which is more grand than I can tell
The cheerful, helpful, friendly staff at the hotel
Standing in the ruins of a mighty emperors home
These are some of the thoughts that come to me from Rome

Flying Lemming

To All The Flying Lemmings

It just won’t work, it can’t be done, you’re nothing special, you’re just no one
There’re no new tricks for you old dog, fate has its plan, you’re just a cog,
Don’t let your dreams enter your goals, you’ll just be one of those lost souls
Just fit in, keep your head down, we’ll give you your job, life and town
Just ‘cos you think you don’t deserve to follow instructions what a nerve
You dress too weird, you think too much, your music’s loud, you’re out of touch
No good will ever come of it, conform, obey, behave, fit!

To all of those who aim for the sky
Losers that win, lemmings that fly
When people insist that it will not last
Many have said that in the past
But people flew, and ideas grew
Don’t doubt the power that’s inside you

Flying Lemming

To The Christmas Tree

I start my new quest
Put myself to the test
I open the hatch
Path lit by a match
There’s a web in my face
I find the old case
Bring it down then I see
I’ve my Christmas tree
I set up its stand
It looks far from grand
It leans to the right
So I put up a fight
And find with dismay
It leans the other way
I wrap the lights round
The sort that have sound
Plug them in but they’re broke
And just let off a croak
With some bulb replacing
A new tree I am facing
Which sparkles and glows
The brightest of shows
And know on that moment
It was time well spent
As some peace comes to me
When I see a Christmas tree

Flying Lemming

True Love

I gazed upon the beauty in front of me
The dazzle … no … the sparkle in the eyes
That made me want most readily
To give out my every prize
The smile that melted my heart
Captured my hope and filled my soul
A style far greater than art
That made my life feel whole
I looked at perfection in admiration
The poetry of movement looked back at me
Every moment of life and creation
Meeting its ultimate destiny
I watched the smile grow wider
And was struck by a sudden thought
That filled me with warmth and desire
'This is the best mirror I ever bought! '

Flying Lemming

Worlds Apart

I am single minded, you are round the twist
I follow firm beliefs, you're a crazy activist
I have determination, you are a stubborn fool
I took my own route, you dropped out of school
I am forthright, you are outspoken
I see things differently, your brain is broken
I have confidence, you are far from meek
I dress individually, you look like a freak
I avoid confrontation, you have no nerve at all
I offer advice, you are just critical
We are so different, in mind, soul and heart
So why do others have problems telling us apart

Flying Lemming

You are Here

And now we're here
In the new year
Don't shed a tear
Or disappear
In abject fear
Of horrors sheer
The stage is clear
To get in gear
And draw more near
Your new career
Or lend an ear
To thoughts of cheer
And lots of beer
Though costs are dear
Pay the cashier
While misers sneer
When bills may reer
Just let them jeer
Chief brigadier
And engineer
Back from the rear
To the frontier
They'll overhear
Doubt you're sincere
And interfere
Call your thoughts queer
And try to smear
You just adhere
'Cos you can steer
Past every spear
On this blue sphere
With course unclear
You'll swerve and veer
Then reappear
From volunteer
To cavalier
That they'll revere
At a safe pier
With souvenir
Or so i hear

Flying Lemming