Poetry Series

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

- poems -

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Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems) (8 June 1956)

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Reflections - on the road - 2009 ISBN: 978-1-4092-7104-8

50 is only half way to 100 - 2009 - ISBN: 978-1-4092-8954-8

www.ianbeckett.com

50 (Life Poem)

Being 50 you
should be glad,
100 would be
twice as bad.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

A Gentle Madness (Love Poem)

Love is a gentle madness that leaves you empty,
Giving everything and expecting nothing back.

Love is a gentle madness that makes you feel alive,
Taking pleasure in every little thing she does.

Love is a gentle madness that changes everything,
Making your life impossible without her near.

Love is a gentle madness that drowns your sorrow,
Blinding you to her perfectly obvious imperfections.

Love is a gentle madness that brings you peace,
Holding you closer than her breath each night.

Love is a gentle madness that turns your world,
Seeing only beauty as she looks into your eyes.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

A Poem Just For You (Love Poem)

Hot days, cold nights, warm bodies, soft loving
Your sunny smile is the magic in my rainy day
Your gentle touch is the passion in my night
Your total love is the comfort when apart.

Cold days, hot nights, soft bodies, warm loving
Your loving look is the happiness in my life
Your lasting love is the wisdom in my world
Your total trust is the fragile flower that blooms.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

AA First Class (Life Poem)

Gigi remembers the frozen vodka with flowers
If she likes you, you get to know her first name
Cuisine in the sky is now Armagnac-free coffee
Gilles conflicted by gourmetless veal burger
To be sure to be sure I have the rubber chicken
Made tasty with a reasonably decent Sancerre
Tacky blue tape repair to swivel seat and desk
I hope the engines not maintained like this
Captain tells us not enough fuel get to Miami
Heart beats fast wondering if First Class first out

Oops now falling fast……

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Across the Universe (Life Poem)

1,000 miles from the Merry Christmas muzak in Port Moresby
Fat Brisbane taxi philosopher's poor mouth moaning season
Navan road Sydney AMEX girl pining for the cold in Dublin
Along with traditional stuffing of turkey ham and trimmings.

10,000 miles to London via sticky Bangkok "Merry Clistmas"
And cattle class envy of First class lounge showers mid-flight
But Jetlag is the same nightmare at both ends of the plane
As we fly across the universe to be home for Christmas.

1,000,000 people flying to their friends and families
Do all those sad, glad, bad, mad once-a-year reunions
Make it to Happy New Year without killing each other
Resolving to be prosperous, viceless and happy again?

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Alan (Life Poem)

I have Uptown Girl on my DVD,
And Friends on the floor,
I am moving to the music,
And rocking to the beat.

I have training centre every day,
And I am working very hard,
I know that I am growing up,
Everyone tells me so.

I am at Bayside Gym each week,
And have won a lot of medals,
I got them at gymnastics events,
In Dublin, Belfast and Milan.

I go to movies every Saturday,
And eat in Eddie Rocket's,
I like my dad to come along,
And share my coke and popcorn.

I love my mum and dad a lot,
And brothers John & Steve,
I know they are so proud of me,
Everything I do and am.

I pour my milk into a glass,
And cook waffles for a snack,
I hope you like this little note,
And that's all I have to say.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

BA Business Class (Life Poem)

Neighbours resent the forced eye-contact intimacy,
Seat barrier raised despite friendly pre-flight hello,
Too English to be happy, too weird to be interesting,
Smiling Simon says, “Nice to have you, with us, Sir”.

Irish Grubeen, Mature Scottish Cheddar after dinner,
The port on London to Miami is strangely Stiltonless,
Scottish Tracy saves the day with First Class foray,
Admits she is a Lockerbie lass with nerves of steel.

Captain Lightfoot lands this little piece of England,
More gently than his movie namesakes ever could.
I count 55 Miami immigration stamps in my passport,
Maybe yoga would make this commute more fun.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Bedroom (Sorrow Poem)

Narrow single fall-out bedroom fear,
Four poster dreaming fantasy love,
King size suite is playing-field empty,
Twin queens wondering if just for queens.

Hard or soft, big or small, no fun alone.

These sleepless thoughts caused,
By ever increasing jetlagged jetlag,
Which now feels more like hangover,
But incurable with a walk or hair of the dog.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Beginning (Love Poem)

She watches him across the restaurant
She likes his smile and easy laugh
She know nothing ventured
She chooses sexy hello
She knows it works
She bumps him
She smiles

He laughs
He thinks “nice”
He wants to know
He knows a smile will work
He wonders if she will say yes
He likes the way she came on to him
He tries the pickup “do you come here often? ”
She thinks that will never work with her
She thinks he is just like everyman
She thought he was different
She asks him “no, do you? ”
She wants an excuse
She was mistaken
She says “Bye”

He looks sad
He asks her to sit
He says “even for me”
He looks deep into her eyes
He says “that was unnecessary”
He feels a hole deep inside him grow
He knows she is “the one”, he is afraid to lose.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Big Brother (Life Poem)

I see the green grass with autumn leaves
The season of change and naked trees arrives
Again – without thinking we see the continuity
Knowing Christmas is around the corner
The birth New Year starts the cycle
After the death of the old year
And some of our past friends
Whose passing was real
Too real for
Comfort.
How
Do
We
"Know"
What is real
When everything
From movies to magic
Is just imagery of imagination?
The TV a parade of our new enemies.
1984 "Big Brother" is now a reality show
And CNN is our reality of disasters and wars
Until we visit the place and see that we are told
What our "Big Brother" wants us to know.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Black Dog (Sorrow Poem)

All my life I have been visited by a black dog,
Who brings dark thoughts of death and dying.
Escape a coward’s way out in the light of day,
But no light penetrates this emptiness now.

The decisions I make and the people I lead,
Who trust and respect the results I achieve,
The family I love and the life that I lead,
Make the challenge of now so damn hard.

Sometimes this crazy seems sensible to me,
In the insecurity of fear that stalks me now,
But a mystery amazing to the people I love,
This secret unknown in my private distance.

When the black dog leaves my fears recede,
But I always remember him with respect,
And wait for the day when he will return,
And hope that he leaves before I escape.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Black or White (Love Poem)

Today your sunrise is a cold black hole,
The sky-black emptiness burns you blind,
Blue doesn’t care if you’re black or white,
There’s no drug to stop the pain of blue,
Tears are salt and blood is always red.

Tonight your night’s a star-bright stage,
A silver spotlight laser-lights these words,
Blind before the poet works a magic spell,
Tomorrow sunrise red and sky clear blue,
Electric-sharp your new addiction’s buzz.

Living your life in three dimension verse.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Bleeding Edge (Death Poem)

Change is living every second.
For me, it is the spice of life,
Proof that I am not dead – yet,
Living on the bleeding edge today.

Changeless, death by boredom.
For some, it is the sea of tranquillity,
Proof alas, that dead can also be alive
Living, but dying by seconds daily.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

BLUE (Love Poem)

The smiling eyes like deep blue pools of love,
Delicious drowning feeling every call I make,
A flash of our seventh heaven lunch in Wien.

The lovely feeling of you nestling in my pocket,
Forever with me, good vibrations, but apart,
This lonely traveller is sleeping with you now.

Ten thousand miles, so far but yet so near,
Another week before my blue turns bright,
In your “Hi, good morning” arms again.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Blue Horizon (Love Poem)

Woke up this morning feeling empty,
Faster than fire, slower than standing,
So far from home on this endless road.
Blue horizon slices this workday dawn,
Vapour vortex trails my hellish journey,
Living in very long seconds on this plane.
Hours to go before I sleep with you again.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Breakfast (Love Poem)

Orange squeezed, tea brewed, bacon fried
Self showered, beard shaved, robe wrapped
Wife kissed, tea brought, eyes rubbed
Juice sipped, toast munched, day discussed
Sugar stirred, tea drunk, watch checked
Kids rattled, cornflakes spooned, plates emptied
Mum fussed, kids grumped, teeth cleaned
Noses wiped, shoes on-ed, lunch packed
Stragglers awayed, byes waved, friends greeted
Office called, PC packed, car started
Wife snuggled, door closed, journey begun.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Buddy (Death Poem)

It’s over 50 years since the day the music died
The Winter Dance Party tour ended for some
On that cold winter’s night at Clear Lake Iowa.
It was Buddy, Richie, Jiles and Roger who died
But the party went on for Waylon and Tommy.
Bus or plane was a flip of a coin or a fever too hot -
How did they feel, did it change their lives for ever?

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Butterflies For Breakfast? (Life Poem)

Butterflies before you sit the final exam,
Butterflies before you go for a job interview,
Butterflies before you ask her out on a date,
Butterflies before you kiss her for the first time,
Butterflies before you propose two will be one,
Butterflies before you meet her family,
Butterflies before you see her all in white,
Butterflies before you make that big speech,
Butterflies before you see that your baby is OK,
Butterflies before you get news from the doctor,
Butterflies before you lose your job again,
Butterflies before you face any little crisis,

But -

No butterflies for breakfast.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Cat (Life Poem)

A dog is for life
A duck is for dinner
A dragon is for barbecues
A friend is for inspiration
A fish is for relaxation
A frog is for kissing
A cat is for ever
because it has
nine lives that make
it ideal for experimentation

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Christmas Party (Life Poem)

Monday party night with Mad Fish and friends
Conversations buzz of annual friends' reunion
Christmas cheer as enemies are friends again
Complex confabulations as wine wisdom flows
Midnight truths all revealed in vino veritas
Eccentrics leave early, party animals at dawn
Tuesday late unslept sleeping son on Dart
Brains slow to restart despite espresso kick
Hangover no handicap to present-wrapping
Inbox full from friends Happy Holidays hellos.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Clutter (Life Poem)

The agoraphobic need to clutter
The empty spaces in
My life with
Needless

&

Endless
Junk is the
Un-relaxing discomfort
In my struggle for a simple life.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Cochabamba Cristo (Life Poem)

Climb to the Cristo
Crystal clear Cochabamba

In Sunday sunshine
Sin stubborn steps

Teleferico is tempting
For thumping temples

Fretting feet feel
Fear of failure

Challenge completed
Cold beer calls

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Complex And Complicated

Sophistication is the refuge of the complicated,
High maintenance, it’s someone else’s fault,
Infecting everyone with their little paranoias,
A black hole, taking all and giving nothing back.

Simple pleasures are the friends of the complex,
User-friendly, reliable and rather iPod-like,
Touching everyone with their magical dreams,
A desert oasis, giving all but getting even more.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Creole (Death Poem)

Crisp white waiters serve you smiles in Haitian time
Going native on Saturday night with Lambi Creole
Ti Coca rhythm band beats the music of tonight
Running fast will be a heart attack in this old town

Red neck cops dine with plain Jane UN girls
Touch in weekend lust and hopeful smiling eyes
Local white eyes shine in contrast colourful love
Slow down chill out and move to the music now

Pétionville to Paris seems a million miles away
A tense post-carnival gloom sets into Cité Soleil
As naked kidnap victim runs free in desperation
Different worlds in this blinkered rain-soaked town

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Cuéntame Acera del Amor (Love Poem)

Yo te amo abiertamente
pero tu no puedes ver esto
por que tu estas buscando
en la dirección equivocada
solo dá la vuelta ahora
y tu verás.

te amo en silencio
pero tu no puedes oir esto
por que tu estas escuchando
en la sordera del silencio
escucha nuestro amor ahora
y tu oirás.

yo te amo completamente
pero tu no puedes sentir esto
por que tú estas tocando
algunas veces la tristeza
sosténme mas cera ahora
y tu sentirás.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

December 21 (Life Poem)

Mid-winter solstice, cold dawn,
The shortest day is the longest night.
Day grey skies, walking on rain empty beach.
Night bright carolling and mulled wine warming,
Friends’ festive mood balks bank depression,
The world turns and the days get longer,
On this 3rd rock from the sun
In snow-cold Dublin.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Deception (Sorrow Poem)

The guilty truth is we choose to deceive,
Sometimes to please, sometimes to win,
From our five hundred Facebook friends,
To that convenient little lie on our own CV.

And we think ourselves the un-guilty ones.
Why, I wonder, do we succeed in deceiving
The deceiver in this manner? Is it because,
We are at heart black both inside and out?

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Dementia (Death Poem)

A slow death, in eons of unremembered moments,
Like a dark star, she collapses into herself every day,
Fragments of her past memories intrude sometimes,
Incomprehensible now, like they are all in Russian.

This existence she hates more than life itself,
Flowing like an unending river, towards a sea,
Days of sleep, interrupted by family strangers,
Wearing her precious necklace and others' clothes.

At times I am 'Who? ', until her son is introduced,
Which produces a 'Happy to see you' smile, and
Complaints that no one ever comes to visit now,
She is living in a nightmare of empty spaces.

Her now ungraspable tranquillity, her living hell,
Punished for imagined sin, she now doubts God,
But wants to go home to Him, to ask 'Why? ".
She believed the childhood promise of heaven.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Disassembled (Life Poem)

I am now less than the sum of my parts - little pieces
Bits fell off and everything stopped working - strange
I feel I am coming apart at the seams - breaking up
All the parallel things I do every day - disconnected
The hotel booked for the week before I travel - dumb
A thousand euro lost due to card cloning - careless
Plans change so I am in the wrong place - drowning
People run away and ignore my requests - abandoned
Project symphony becomes a cacophony - confusing
I feel like Alice going down the rabbit hole - falling
Normality absent now as I spin around - breakdown?
My perception of the world has changed - problematical
I better get someone to glue me back together - quickly
Otherwise I will become invisible and irrelevant – not good
Like a set useless parts with no instructions - disassembled
Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Driving Rain (Life Poem)

Rain-blinded laser-focus on lights in front,
Always one second from impact, or worse,
A zombie living death of three more hours,
Slow down, let the mad and the bad pass,
Blindingly oblivious to their impending end.

This driving rain seems now inside my mind
A black cold cloud wraps my beating heart
With its unforgiving tendrils, it is a mistake
To think that it is always better to travel,
Than to arrive, in this driving, dying rain.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Driving To Dargaville (Life Poem)

Sunday-empty Auckland my pre-breakfast escape,
Sheep-spotted mountains in early morning mist,
Whangarei marina for a cauldron of cappuccino.
Shop of metal sheep starts a day of Kiwi weirdness,
Of customer requesting glassblowing lessons, and
"All Blacks" silk boxers, unworn by players I hope.

Driving to Dargaville for Mr. M. Ujdur museum treat,
That late gum-digging, Esperanto teaching, vintner.
Beside a colossal collection of accordions with muzak,
Playing an instrument-impossible Whiter Shade of Pale,
Plus coins and buttons and stamps and Scotsmen,
Left feeling stunned, like I was tripping on acid.

The possum cull with prizes seemed almost normal.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Drowning in your Eyes (Love Poem)

Sea rolls darkly in timeless silence,
Salt waves foam in endless harmony.
Drowning in your liquid eyes tonight,
Dreaming I feel the touch of your love,
Your soft warm body curling around me,
Sensuous darkness of living in your love.
Hearts and waves beat in synchronicity.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Drunk Weather (Life Poem)

An altitude of ale
A barometer of beer
A circulation of champagne
A depression of damassine
An equilibrium of eau de vie
A fractus of fenny
A gust of grappa
A hail of horilka
An isotherm of icewine
A jet stream of jenever
A kilopascal of kirsch
A layer of limoncello
A metamorphism of mead
A nocturnal of nuvo
An overcast of ouzo
A persistence of porter
A reaction of rakia
A storm of sake
A torrent of tequila
An updraft of unicum
A vortex of vodka
A winter of whiskey
A disaster of drink.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Earthquake (Death Poem)

Our so-empty lives are filled with pointless plans,
Every decision impacts life, and sometimes death.
The earth split - death was in that sometimes day,
Where unending need became the end of their world.

Montana was my home-from-home in Haiti,
Art deco paradise, an instant hellish grave.
What of my shoeshine man with dirty shoes?
Two hundred dead too hard, one is possible.

Little things we do to change the world,
The smallest possibilities in this nightmare,
Saving lives each day with lifeline texts,
Today we are the hand of God in hell.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

El Viaje Final (Death Poem)

Yo estaba muy
cerca de la muerte hoy,
en el camino a Cochabamba.
Las 'muchas' líneas de cruces tristes,
ninguna de ellas previsto para morir.
¿Cómo puede usted saber?
¿Cómo saber?
¿Cuándo?
Yo vivo cada día
como si fuera mi último.
Así que
cuándo
llegue
al final
del camino,
deseos incumplidos,
no me atormentarán
en la vida próxima, si hay una.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Espinada (Love Poem)

You lie in bed and close your eyes,
Your heart beats fast as you fantasise,
The restless feelings deep inside begin,
Hot as his fingers trace across your skin,
Over the hills and valleys his magic touch,
That exquisite burning fire you love so much,
Lips taste your passion wet musk perfume,
The urgent coaxing of the flower to bloom,
You lust on fire for him to take you over,
Thrust deep and bring you - oh so clever,
The thorns of pleasure - searing height,
As two are one and perfect is the night.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Every Time (Life Poem)

Every time we close our eyes to opportunity,
Every time we step over a helpless beggar,
Every time we ignore a friend who needs us,
Every time we forget to say goodbye.

Every time we prefer black and white to colour,
Every time we wash our mind with TV soap,
Every time we sit when tempting travel beckons,
Every time we turn the music on to dull.

Every time we bottle rage as if it precious was,
Every time we crush a new idea with sarcasm,
Every time we simply could not care to listen,
Every time we refuse a friends helping hand.

Every time we sleep instead of making love,
Every time we withhold our love as a miser would,
Every time we walk alone instead of holding hands,
Every time we cause pain that a smile could cure-

We die a little every time.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Eyes Wide Shut (Love Poem)

When I close my eyes and listen to
The thlunk of the fridge door,
The burble of water boiled,
The clink of a cup stirred,
The rasp of knife on toast,
The crispness of bacon frying,
The sweetness of butter melting,
The tartness of orange squeezed,
The closeness of breakfast for two,
The rustle of night-time silk,
I am where I love to be,
Close to you.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Face Lift (Life Poem)

Your old blindness
Now crystal clear
The world around
Now light bright.

It’s not just vanity
Friends assure you
And you look great
Did you get face lift?

No just new glasses!

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Facing The Door (Life Poem)

Here is life and love, pain and pleasure,
Ten years traversing those steps,
Tired waitress, twelve hours hell,
I am facing the door in Fratelli's.

Too-jolly Australians on a budget,
Eating soup and dessert, are missing,
The pasta, the best part, it seems,
I am facing the door in Fratelli's.

Miscreant male constantly corralled,
By his Austrian authoritarian aunt,
Filling her face with a pasta mountain,
I am facing the door in Fratelli's.

New lovers lost in each other's eyes,
Carpaccio di salmon slices sharp cold,
Their Gaja Barbaresco lust blood red,
I am facing the door in Fratelli's.

Old lovers holding hands in silence,
Pasta warm feelings of Taglioni Fratelli,
This Chianti Classico two will soon be one,
I am facing the door in Fratelli's.

Married couple, on different planes,
Broadcast to their neighbours the plans,
Of loveless friends in lifelong bondage,
I am facing the door in Fratelli's.

Meal memories of two and more,
Of friends and family, work and play,
Life and love and unforgettable moments,
I am facing the door in Fratelli's

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Failing to Fly (Life Poem)

When I was just seven years old.
I believed that I could run as fast
As a plane which was flying slow,
And so small, and high in the sky.

But my runway was short, and I
Ran out of road, and into a van,
The driver was laughing, at my
Failure to fly, without any wings.

But for the van, I believe that I would
Have flown up in the sky, but instead
I just ran away, so that was the last
Time I tried to take off from a road.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Fate (Death Poem)

Before I was born my fate was a thread,
To be spun and measured and cut at a time,
Determined by Fates inflicted on men.

Why is an impossible burden allotted to me?
And why the decision that since
Pandora was created,
My fate ever since,
Is determined,
By spinning of thread,
In the sandstorm of life,
By immortals who meddle.
On this earth, when I really prefer,
To be left on my own to live life in despair?

With my daily bread and a glass of wine,
And the love of the woman I love by my side,
Who sleeps in my arms as I dream or my fate.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Father (Love Poem)

He had sunken, slightly disappointed, kind eyes,
Illness barely gave him 3 score years and 10.
He always expected that God would intervene,
To prevent business failure after Biblical 40 years.
Trusting faithfully to the end – a gentle man.

"Look after your Mother" – his last words to me.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Feather Bed (Love Poem)

Softness envelopes you like a warm cloud
Sensuous touch brings us closer than skin
Time stops for almost endless moments as
We fly higher than the moon in the morning.

We are always good together methinks and
'Nothing can do us any harm'- like that song
We made out to from the White Album many
Years ago when you were just as beautiful
As you are today in our rumpled feather bed.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Feeling Numb (Sorrow Poem)

The cold snow stops me feeling
Anything, for anyone, anymore,
Which is why it’s come to needing
Escape from the consequences,
Of living my life, in a long tunnel.

The cold snow leaves a strange
Numbness, undesired at first,
But becomes a black friend who
So many desire but for most,
Is rarely found, except in a bottle.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Fire And Rain (Love Poem)

Fifty years a-growing with my pigtailed friend
I was frogs and snails and she was sugar and spice
Attraction of tortoise petting a perfect way to diet
Red-faced, tongue-tied, secret Confirmation admirer

Nucleus beauty besotted beard route to romance
Coffee and gooseberries companionship cooking
Chicken and almonds the way to this man's heart
Townley Hall first loving to closeness ever after

Tented separation in Mweenish was chilly silliness
Yellow bikini starvation Brighton beach memories
Sneaking bedroom cuddles in Westone wedding
Graduated to Beaufield dinners and Blue Nun

Parents fret about their two kids with two kids
Life challenges met in the riches of poverty
Grateful when God's surprising Gift was given
Altogether life more balanced and beautiful

Entrepreneurial pride of parents flying high
The stars of sons the brightest in the sky
The workaday challenges a learning lesson
Lunch in Powerscourt the pleasure of poverty

We fly and we fall but catch each other every day
In heaven at last in the castle of our dreams
'Ticks all the boxes' of my blonde beauty
Perfect harmony a Gateway to perfect storm

Togetherness triumphs over taxman trials
Best times ever as we conquer the world
Olympic pride and gradual OU degrees
Make sunburst of pride as we grow

Icarus-like flight forgiven not forgotten
Revalue every 'for granted' magic moment
'I want to grow old with you' wish and fear
Strength stronger than stupidity and stuff

In fear and loneliness I see fire and I see rain
I see sunny days now that we are one again.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

First Love (Love Poem)

Do you remember when she first held your hand?
Thirty seconds that seemed like thirty minutes,
The first kiss thrills with a scrambled egg feeling,
You simultaneously slightly drunk and flying high.

Never forgotten, never repeated, frozen instants,
The forever moment, now forever lost in time,
Unless she said yes and that faint reminder,
Of your first love, is a morning coffee smile.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Flash (Life Poem)

The moment of capture frozen, red-eyed, real
The playing of children free, magic, mud-filled
The conundrums of youth Beboed, carefree, cool
The adventures of travel, pink, tanned, taciturn
The history of love smiling, promising, pleasures
The marriage of minds trusting, glowing, giving
The responsibility of two eager, anxious, angry
The coldness of career tough, real, redundant
The birth of babies screaming, fragile, forever
The parties of New Year old, new, necessary
The death of life tearful, premature, passive
The optimism of hope fresh, green, growing
The world of pictures captured, mirrored, mine
The memory of forever posed, startled, stunned

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Flatpack Frustration (Life Poem)

1 simple set of instructions
4 heavy flatpack boxes
5 square aluminium legs
27 painted pieces of wood
100 ridged wooden dowels
101 white plastic screw covers
102 blister-causing screws of various sizes.

Assumption that no unter or ober
Equals drunken waves of shelves
Sadly means finished is unfinished
Reworked masterpiece complete at last
Male ego boosted by admiring plaudits
Value enhanced by effort expended
Flatpack frustration in 4 easy pieces.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Flight Delays (Life Poem)

Sympathyless disbelief when I complain again,
Delays are the balance for the glamour of flying.
Nine hours in Sao Paulo while the ATC strike,
Eight hours in Vienna while new wheel flies in,
Seven sins would be justified by this purgatory,
Six times six hours from CBB to DUB last week,
Five hours sweating in Port au Prince plastic chair,
Four hours for rain in Miami seems not so bad,
Three hours in Shannon for bomb threat search,
Two hours sitting in Seattle with mad dash in Kennedy.
One would be happier walking, swimming or driving.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Flying (Love Poem)

I travel into your liquid eyes this evening
Your smile just makes my grey day bright
Touch, with a feeling more than closeness
Tenderly coaxing the gentle flower to bloom.

I taste your sweeter than honey lips now
Your beating heart makes mine miss a beat
Loving, with a passion more than blood
Tingling temptation as the petals open now.

I feel your body closer than skin tonight
Your fingers desire claw me to you again
Passion, flying together in time and space
Deafening tranquillity as two become one.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Focus (Life Poem)

After three drinks, I sit and focus
On the night in Santo Domingo,
Like Greene's Honorary Consul,
It is "the right measure" for me,
Beckett reads Beckett remembering.
Where he strips man's inexhaustible
Search for meaning to bare bones.

These thoughts aided by a smooth
Handmade cigar and Carlos Primero,
I wonder as I focus on this scrap of
Scribbles should I keep it, or leave it
On the table, for some tramp to read,
While he smokes the dog-end of
What was a reasonably good cigar?

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Forever Young (Death Poem)

Adrenaline invincible speed empty road 3am,
Invisible tree stops speed & time forever.
Loved one’s anguish howl from 5am knock,
“Your baby died in a wreck on the highway”,
His 30 seconds of fame on the 8am news.
Life must go on for those not forever young,
Empty chair, empty life and broken hearts,
Missing him every second now forever old,
Anger at the waste of young life cut short.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Forgetting (Love Poem)

Love is so easy, forgetting is so hard.
I remember every moment I am alone
With you in the companionship of silence.
What do you think, where will I go now?
Staring into the blue ocean of your eyes.

Love is so short, forgetting is so long.
I remember every inch of you in my dreams
Without you in my empty room tonight.
What do you dream, where do you go now?
Staring at two ceilings across two oceans.

Love is so full, forgetting is so empty.
I remember your every electric touch,
Without you my world could not turn.
What do you feel, where do we go now?
Staring at the deep ocean of our love.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Friday (Love Poem)

Weekend beckons as work crazy week ends
Winter fire, relaxed dinner, wine warm glow
Couch cosy snuggle, TV moving wallpaper
Later virtual dog and neighbour walk to pub
Bar wisdom sets the world to rights again
Depression, recession is one drink less
Striding home in no worries happy haze
Warm bed snuggles with my best girl
Week ends wonderfully again.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Friday Night (Life Poem)

Chica cailiente, straightest hair,
Image rich, asset poor tonight,
Sexy sirens, seeking Mr. Right.
On this Friday in Santo Domingo.

Single fathers with kids, eager
To earn a weekly happy moment,
For all the mistakes of the past,
On this Friday in Santo Domingo.

The other men are here hunting,
Searching, looking everywhere,
But, into their partners' eyes,
On this Friday in Santo Domingo.

The girls here are too young,
The men are twice their age,
Desperately looking for love,
On this Friday in Santo Domingo.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Friday Two Hug Conversation (Life Poem)

Wanda greets me with a “Hi” and a hug,
? Qué hora es el vuelo los lunes¿ she asks,
Touch-less communication is absent here,
“Ocho y media” I reply in almost Spanish,
To be sure I email my itinerary for pickup,
“Tener un buen fin de semana” she says,
As a parting hug ends the conversation,
On my visit to the right side of Hispaniola.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Frustration (Life Poem)

Head throbs, I want results, I need results, today,
No dice, I want a gun, persuasion, for results, now,
Idiots all around, is it me or is it them, I wonder,
I see them dead, better than Red I think, but,
Why so hard I ask, always the same, pain again,
A voice inside says, that is why, I still get paid
Big bucks, to take this strain, and not complain,
I need a cat, to kick, humane, because it seems,
It will survive with nine lives, and I have only one.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Giving (Love Poem)

Living
Is giving
All of you,
In lots of
Little pieces.

Until you feel
Empty – then,
Something
Happens.

You start
To feel,
Alive.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Glass Bottle (Life Poem)

How fragile is our small world today,
Living in this glass bottle of our life.

Where guilt is the fear of discovery,
Where silence is the hope of salvation,
Where greed is the reason for everything,
Where lies are the stones that shatter,
Where love is the desire for peace,
Where hate is the anger of envy,

How complex is our small world today,
Living in this glass bottle of our life.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Glass Memory (Life Poem)

Diamonds of shattered glass sparkle in sunlight,
Grey cobbles contain a memory of past violence,
Was it blood and bone remnants of a car crash,
Or a vodka toast, of a long night of celebration?
Evidence of these past events a glass memory of
Unrecorded pictures, as my feet crunch through,
A brittle history of a Saturday night in Auckland.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Goodbye (Love Poem)

Is this madness, this something called love?
And sometimes desire and often just lust.
When I drown in the moment I forget who
I am, and more important, who I am not.
When the time comes for our goodbyes,
A last kiss always stays with me, so that
Although we're apart, I know we are not.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Growing Old With You (Love Poem)

When we are apart a part of me is missing
When we are one we fly “Over the Town”
When we are down we build each other up
When you say “Hi” a thrill runs down my back
When you are sad I want to hold you close
When you are happy my sun shines brighter
When you are in my arms you are always safe
When you wake with me the world is perfect
When you are blue I can wipe away your tears
When you are with me I am a better man
When I have news you are the first one I tell
When I am frightened you are my anchor
When I grow old I always want to be with you.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Handshake Or Hug (Love Poem)

Hands held
Fingers touch
Eyes smile
Happy glow
Warmth flows
Air charged

Hug hungry
Bodies close
Hearts beat
Happy rhythm
Lips kiss
Time stops

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Happiness (Love Poem)

Is a million memories...

Like your favourite Beatles track,
Like breakfast coffee in a Turin bar,
Like the old friends that never grow old,
Like your favourite Italian pasta in Rome,
Like summer swims in warm sea with cold rain,
Like the aria which sends shivers down your spine,
Like the magical taste of Gaja Barberesco for lunch,
Like coming home to a smiling face after a long trip,
Like your child buying you dinner for the first time,
Like how beautiful she was on your wedding day,
Like your first date movie being on TV again,
Like capturing a moment in a photograph,
Like rereading your favourite book,
Like watching Casablanca again,
Like publishing your first book,
Like living every moment...

... And a million more to come.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Holiday (Life Poem)

Perfected spending ideal day off
Prepared a hot breakfast in bed
Procrastinated Java or Columbia
Perused the paper cover to cover
Perplexed prayer over crossword
Pampered by bath-time bubbles
Phoned almost forgotten friends
Purchased Murakami on Amazon
Polished off a lunchtime martini
Postponed exercise with siesta
Perambulated the beach slowly
Pushed the boat out for dinner
Preferred Barolo to Barbaresco
Panicked - work again tomorrow.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Home (Love poem)

Home is
A feeling you get,
You don’t need to fret,
When at ease in your mind,
You can just relax and unwind,
No need to live a life out loud,
You can be alone in a crowd,
At one with your heart,
In a place apart.
At home.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Home Again (Love Poem)

I am with you now…
our distance banished, in skin-close loving warmth.

Your smile....
melts the icy chill of loneliness with springtime sun.

Your eyes…..
shine brightly now that a missing part of you is home.

Your lips……
express a long absent love in intimate eager urgency.

Your arms.….
banish an acre of empty bed in skin-close comfort.

Your body……
shivers in anticipation of loving touch that is meant to be.

I am with you now…
…needing you…holding you…loving you.

Sweet dreams my love.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

I Might Have Been (Love Poem)

I might have been a poet,
who was dreaming of the stars.
I might have been a scientist,
who was inventing nothing new.
I might have been an honest man,
who could not pay his bills.
I might have been a millionaire,
who was jumping to his end.
I might have been a criminal,
who was living like a king.
I might have been a terrorist,
who was fighting for a cause.
I might have been a politician,
who was playing dirty games.
I might have been a lover,
who was lost in search of you.
I might have been a failure,
but you made me what I am

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Imagine (Love Poem)

Imagine the world ….
….if you had never said “Hello”

Imagine the space….
….where you were meant to be

Imagine waking up….
….in a forever empty bed

Imagine the absent closeness….
….and perfect pleasures lost

Imagine a time….
….before your tender touch

Imagine the future….
….if fragile friendships end

Imagine the energy….
….we must spend to stop this

Imagine the heat….
….that our love will generate

Imagine the reward….
….of this lifetime together.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

In Dreams (Life Poem)

In dreams we feel the impossible is easy
In dreams we flee the burdens of this life
In dreams we fly to worlds that don’t exist
In dreams we find the love that cannot be
In dreams we follow a path that never ends
In dreams we fall forever in a nightmare chase.
In dreams we live the jumbled fragments of our lives.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

In Vino Veritas (Life Poem)

Dos cervezas por favor in De K’ffe,
Cold bite of the first beer refreshes.
Una mas and workday fades to dull,
The night feels bright and hopeful,
The Palitos de pollo satisfies hunger.
Conversation flows to Cepas de Altura,
Three bottles later the stories repeat,
Groundhog day of interesting lives,
With eternal friendship in every bottle.
Six corks line up like truth bullets,
In an aggression of arguments,
Maybe he has just said too much,
Friendship of an unremembered hug,
Next day sorry and failings forgotten.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Inside Out (Love Poem)

I know that I loved you,
And more than a little,
But now you are gone.

I feel...

Too heartless to beat,
Too lonely to need,
Too empty to cry,
Too raw to bleed,
Too heavy to lie,
Too cold to be,
Too sad to try.

Please...

Come back to me now,
You are the love of my life,
The part of me missing.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Insomnia (Life Poem)

Darkness envelopes me like a thin grey blanket
Listen to sleeping body snores warm beside me
Imaginary ghosts emerge out of the shadows
Tomorrow’s plans become tonight’s mental list.

Twist and turn, heart beats fast, should sleep
Can’t sleep, get up, drink tea, read email, yawn
Email replies at three clears the decks, wide awake
Online yesterday’s Irish Times becomes today’s.

Skype “Hi” to friends on PST and office in Asia
In bed, read Robinson Crusoe, always meant to
Watch watch, almost five, two hours to breakfast
Sleep heavy eyes, day bright,7am news, yawn.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Interview (Life Poem)

Shoes shined
Suit sharp
Shirt white?
Beard short
Breath fresh
Hair trimmed
Nervous sweat
Handshake firm
Remember names.

Three minutes is..
..all you've got
To win or lose..
..that new job.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Jewels (Love Poem)

Your eyes are like a window to a cave
Containing all the precious jewels in the world
The jewels are the reflection of our life together
Diamonds sparkle in bright light of an ice-cold day
Topazes glow with honeycomb fire in the evening
Rubies lust for love in a dark hour before dawn
Emeralds release a relaxing sleepy smile
Pearls display the heart of our loving.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Last Night (Love Poem)

All through the night she keeps you awake.

Her skin so soft as she sleeps in your arms,
Her breath so quiet as you hold her tight,
Her scream of pleasure as you come as one,
Her body on fire as you climb the hill,
Her heart beats fast with rhythm of love,
Her gasps of pleasure as you slip inside,
Her lips so hot as you kiss her so hard,
Her breasts so perfect in the act of love,
Her desire so strong as you feel her wet,
Her passion so wild as she strips for you,
Her love so perfect as you look in her eyes,
Her beauty so radiant as she smiles hello.

All through the night you remember last night.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Launch (Life Poem)

Living
On the edge
 Of adrenaline
With caffeine
No sleep.

Torture team
Manage manager
Calm customers
Shoot supplier
No sleep.

Fixes fail
Skype saviour
Possible plan
Fanatic focus
No sleep.

Forget food
More madness
Temper tantrum
Solution soon
No sleep

Rock & roll
Back broken
Problem past
Adrenaline addict
No sleep

Go to bed – write this poem.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Leonard (Love Poem)

Cohen liquid music trickles into the holes in our lives
It’s four in the morning at the end of December
I came by myself to this very crowded place
Now in Vienna there are ten pretty women
The walls of this hotel are paper thin
Everyone knows the dice is loaded
I loved you for a long long time
I stepped into an avalanche
The door it opens slowly
Baby I’ve been waiting
Like a bird on a wire
If you want a lover
But I am not lost
Snow is falling
Love is a fire
Silence

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Life And Death In La Paz (Death Poem)

Taxi from El Alto spirals towards the clogged streets
A thousand metres down from hell to high-rise
Thanksgiving in America a daily struggle in Bolivia
Street lamp effigies signal certain death to thieves
Two bodies on road surrounded by yellow tape
Hombres sleep-like stillness an uncovered curiosity
This morning neither knew it would be their last
Fifty police listen to chief behind mahogany lectern
Death brings them 15 minutes of news-time fame
Cars and peasants pass by with unheeding speed
Is death the end or just another part of life in La Paz?

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Little Things (Love Poem)

The hello again smile whenever I arrive home,
A welcome hug when I feel you in my arms,
The want you now look in a crowded room,
A want you back when I am going on a trip,
The sleepy smile as I leave you alone in bed,
A hope you have fun with our boys goodbye.

The holding hands as we walk on the beach,
A million Little Things in our lifetime together,
The no regrets ever as my heart beats fast,
A comfortable cuddle as we drift off to sleep,
The spring in your step after a sleep-in morning,
A closeness with the other half of me - with me.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Llama For Lunch (Life Poem)

Alta cocina in Cochabamba for eight,
It’s llama for lunch accompanied by
An Andean black rice which I find
Is quinola, which is easy to like if
You are already committed to llama.

This llama for lunch in Paprika, is good
I wonder if gauchos lasso them from two
Meters, at least, to ensure, they don’t spit
This is why Blazing Saddles used cows,
Makes the movie more macho methinks.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Love (Love Poem)

Love is two
Love is hello again
Love is a moment in time
Love is needing to be loved
Love is wanting to hold you now
Love is the spark when we touch
Love is two hearts beating as one
Love is the closeness when asleep
Love is curling up so close to you
Love is emptiness without you
Love is waking to your smile
Love is sad when you go
Love is you and me
Love is now.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Love in Three Dimensions (Love Poem)

We miss the body language in our telephone conversation,
Feelings expressed unseen, words of love are just words,
We laugh but fear the loneliness of an unintended slight,
Connected and divided by one dimension in time and space.

We hear and see without feeling on a nervous video chat,
Expressing our nakedness as Adam and Eve in the garden,
Deprived of touch words and pictures are distant and awful,
Connected and divided by two dimensions in time and space.

We hold each other in the tender embrace of long absence,
Whispered intimacies and smiling eyes together at last,
Contemplation of heaven and a hell that was missing you,
Connected you, a part of me, in three dimensions time and space.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Love Time (Love Poem)

Time passes in a mystery of minutes and months,
Days and nights a survival of solitude and sleep,
Life and living becomes an unending wait for Now.

Now is just a Technicolor rush of with you again,
But our time together always is impossibly short,
So that leaving you again gets harder every time.

Why is time a new variable with the one I love?
Why are the colours of love so warm for us now?
Why do Cupid’s arrows still draw blood so red?
Why are grey days bright and rainy days soft?
Why after all these years do I feel like this?
Why is time with you in too-short seconds?

If only our love stopped the earth turning,
We could love in a frozen second of time,

Forever.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Magic (Love Poem)

Words are just words that may blow on the wind
Touch is just touch that can hurt like a dart
Love is just madness that may bind or divide
Magic is my love for everything about you.

Feelings are just feelings that may change over time
Need is just need that can be selfish and crass
Lust is just want that can often cause pain
Magic is your love and the pleasure it brings me.

Hopes are just hopes that may frustrate and confuse
Stress is just stress that can be destructive and sad
Living is the life that you have given me to savour
Magic is our love and the electricity between us.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Memories (Life Poem)

Memories are
The building blocks
In the house of your life.
You can build a castle,
Or end up homeless.

Memories are
The rolling waves
On the beach of your life.
You can leave with barely a ripple
Or ride those waves.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Moments (Love Poem)

Priceless,
A moment with you,
In my life, my everything.
I am saving every memory,
Soon, I will be a millionaire,
With a treasure trove of,
Unforgettable moments
Like grains of sand,
Golden for-
Ever.
For
Us.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Mosquito (Love Poem)

Like a still small voice in an empty room,
The quiet nightmare of my lonely bed intrudes,
Remembering our togethers, now so far away,
Staring into the darkness at a hungry mosquito,
My endless hunger that only you can assuage,
His endless hunger a bloody angry morning itch
Absence makes the heart grow fonder methinks.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Mother (Love Poem)

A nurse’s care replaces impossible independence,
Too short heaven in a “delighted to see you” smile,
Lifetime of living remnants in a fragmented mind-
The woman becomes child of the man for ever,
Ten minute memories in oft repeated questions.

Picture book of life a set of disappearing moments,
Flashes of insight, questions prescient in perception,
Family names confused but still recognised for now.
Does love die or become caring for the living dead?
Will a God preserve me from this same living hell?

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Murder (Life Poem)

Looking to snooze on AA922 to Miami today
Little monsters scream all the way for fun
Seat kicking for exercise and expression
Murder in mind as red wine spills on shirt
Wishing it was little darlings' blood instead
Open the door and take them wing walking
Angry parents complain for some reason
Perhaps because I did not bring them back
Now sleeping, no apologies, dreaming that
Business Class minimum age the best policy.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

My Love (Love Poem)

Halfway across Europe, missing you,
Missing me, forever absent, always near.
Moments of intense closeness, followed by
Absence, more painful than a root canal,
But, the moments together, precious,
Beyond feeling, more intense than
Things, which we fill our lives for
Comfort, an antidote to the
Loneliness, that is part,
Of global living
Today.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

My Neologstic Budget Day (Life Poem)

Oatmealed and omeletted, start to a dull grey Seattle day
Mutual "Good morning" yawns wait the elevator gruzz
Cheery maid vacumates my room in a swirl of efficiency
Brundling my notes and my PC together I walk to work
Strumphing along beside the fumes of the grundling traffic

Email mountains confabulate the uncoffeed hordes
Typed kerattle the calm before the budget storm
Subterranean stocks desphorror of legal gamblers
Bonehead logic meets dumbling marketing aspirations
Now silent nerbling excuses of cur-whipped executives

Micawber's message crystal in strangression of promises
Fundamental economics the only possible bankerage
Blood will flow in abattoir of management incastrophies
Doe-like and frembling in the light of impending execration
The stapression painfully personal as reality bites as last

Beer time comfrunks gather early in a huddle of hope
Sheep-like they absorb the tendralations of others' fears
Remonstressing their misfortune in a depression of dinner
Relaxed at last in a hopefindation of beer goggle logic
Sleepfully staring at the mortgage arreared ceiling

My thankful escape to the Murakamied Sputnik symphony
Harmony in the silence of solitaricious nightcap with Hilton Mark
Wishing I was home now with my cuddlicious girl again
Grateful for loving and living in this aventacular world
I quietly srift off to sleep in a snozzle of sweet dreams

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

New Year In Vienna (Life Poem)

Old Year on last legs staggers slowly towards midnight,
Memories in our pockets are like butterflies and stones,
A deep dark lake of forgetfulness swallows the stones,
Some sink deep, others shallow, a source of pain again,
Butterflies now free lift our spirits in a tapestry of colour,
Flying high on past pleasures and treasured moments,
New Year born in a carnival of gluhwein and pink pigs.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

New York (Love Poem)

Snow at last, at minus ten New York wears its winter skin
Homeless escape the streets to the subway train warmth
Animal-house comments from shallow breathing commuters
Shocked smiles from startled stockbrokers and secretaries.

Slip-sliding on sidewalks, fills my shoes with slosh of slush
Hands reach out to hold falling commuter - ouch, thanks
Buzz in Bull and Bear bar, smiles as Russian détente provides
An expensive warm bed for drink-confident conference Adonis.

My girl is far away but close, reading my History of Love
I see her smile that "I want to spend a lifetime discovering"
Valentines' hearts abound, nervous dates in fancy restaurants
Incompatible to all but each other, tense jazz in the Red Eye.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Night (Life Poem)

Night moves slowly…
…a black treacle river of sensuous expectation

Night moods bright…
…as electric rush replaces grey day tedium

Night magic stardust...
...as lovers’ eyes lock in promise of passion

Night meets sunrise...
...as hopeful singles slink alone to empty beds

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

No Missing Parts (Love Poem)

You my love,
Are my other half,
I need to tell you, that
I love your hands and feet,
I still melt when you look at me.
I thank the skies, the seas and roads,
Because they bring us together,
From round the world. I know
That you are mine and I am
Complete again, with
No missing parts.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Paranoid Android (Sorrow Poem)

Depressed and bored but not paranoid at all
Marvin had all the solutions for the Universe
But he was sad, with a billion years of boredom
Waiting tables nightly at the End of the Universe
While awaiting the arrival of his Heart of Gold.

We meet our paranoid Marvins every day
Friendless beings fearing mortal threats
From us, the great unwashed human herd
Suspecting everyone, enemies everywhere
Unconscious of their need for a real hug today.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Parlami D'Amore (Love Poem)

Ti amo apertamente
ma tu non puoi vederlo
perchè stai guardando
nella direzione sbagliata
Voltati ora
e vedrai..

Ti amo quietamente
ma tu non puoi sentirlo
perchè tu stai ascoltando
nel silenzio assordante
Ascolta il nostro amore ora
e sentirai.

Ti amo totalmente
ma tu non puoi sentirlo
perchè ci incontriamo
talvolta in momenti tristi
Tienimi vicino ora
e saprai

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Parle Moı D’amour (Love Poem)

Je t'aime ouvertement
Mais ça tu ne peux pas le voir
Parce que tu regardes
Dans la mauvaise direction
Tourne-toi à présent
Et tu verras.

Je t'aime discrètement
Mais ça tu ne peux pas l'entendre
Parce que tu écoutes
Dans la surdité du silence
Cherche notre amour à présent
Et tu l'entendras.

Je t'aime entièrement
Mais ça tu ne peux pas l'éprouver
Parce que nous nous touchons
Parfois dans la tristesse
Serre-moi plus fort à présent
Et tu le sentiras.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Pretend (Sorrow Poem)

Close your eyes and see the endless sea of black rain
Listen as the waves crash on the shore of your life
Smile and make believe when you are crying inside
Think of who you damage beyond repair by your pain
Pretend you are happy when you are feeling blue -

It isn’t hard to do.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Prison (Life Poem)

If you feel imprisoned today,
In factory, office, school,
With woman, parent, child,
Just the groundhog day of life.

These words can set you free
From your private prison cell –

You can walk along the shore,
With sand between your toes,
And salt-caked cracking lips.

You can fly a million miles,
With sea below and stars above,
And wind-watered streaming eyes.

You can be your inner self,
With dreams and touch of love,
And razor-sharp passions edge.

Let the inspiration of my words be
Like the rumble of a small earthquake,
Or the flash of lightning thunder,
In the whirlwind of your future.

You can....

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Probablys (Life Poem)

Two halves would not be one,
If our paths had never crossed,
And we went our separate ways,
Where would we probably be?

Two halves on different paths,
But we were meant to be,
If not sooner than later, but
Where would we probably be?

Two halves in separate worlds,
Spinning apart never knowing,
They were meant to be one,
Where would we probably be?

Two halves would be unfulfilled,
Because if we're apart too long,
I feel empty and lost in space,
Where would we probably be?

Two halves of two worlds collided,
When years ago you said yes,
Our worlds are meant to be one,
Where would we probably be?

Two halves became whole, and
The part of our lives apart, is not
Going to be that question of,
Where would we probably be?

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Questions (Life Poem)

We have lost so much
What if we can’t make it?

We have made so much
What if we can’t live it?

We have lived so much
What if we can’t love it?

We have loved so much
What if we can’t take it?

We have taken so much
What if we can’t give it?

We have given so much
What if we can’t lose it?

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Rats (Life Poem)

Stepping through the building site of El Rancho,
The faded glory of the best hotel in Haiti once.
I think of “Old Times” when this was Paradise,
And a Rolls Royce collected you at the airport.

A seedy casino, neglect, an earthquake later,
Rats the size of cats show you to your room,
And “home from home” this is definitely not,
Everything turns to dust in the end, it seems.

Even us.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Reality TV (Life Poem)

Dinner, Dafney hot, courtyard cool and civilized,
Fettuccini fabulous, guest glamorous and glowing,
Eyes starlike smiling, pulpo carpaccio savoured.

Reality will bite in next week's jungle game.
Imagination runs riot, perfect picture of dinner
For ants, ambling in forbidden places, ouch.

Coiffeurless, bad-hair-day, dishevelled demon,
Boredom, book, arachnophobia perhaps, escape.
Red carpet missed, pampering needed, tranquilo.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Red Hot Summer (Love Poem)

Too hot for eating
Too hot for drinking
Too hot for thinking

Too hot for hugging
Too hot for kissing
Too hot for loving

Too hot for not

Too hot for shirt
Too hot for trousers
Too hot for almost anything

Too hot together in coldlicious shared shower
Too hot to stay cool as our temperatures rise

Too hot as ice-cold razors of water turn to steam

Too hot for hot.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Remembering (Love Poem)

Love is so easy, remembering is so good.
I forget the world every time I am alone
With you in the companionship of silence.
What do you think, where will I go now?
Staring into the blue ocean of your eyes.

Love is so short, remembering is so sharp.
I forget everything but you in my dreams
Without you in my empty room tonight.
What do you dream, where do you go now?
Staring at two ceilings across two oceans.

Love is so full, remembering is so complete.
I forget all but your gentle magic touch,
Without you my world could not turn.
What do you feel, where do we go now?
Staring at the deep ocean of our love.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Restaurant Life (Love Poem)

Table for one sir, a book my companion for a one-sided conversation
Restaurant conversations buzz around me with intimacies and angst
Pre-movie girlfriends split the bill for a bowl of gelato delightful chat
Spooning in the Italian atmosphere for the price of a McDonalds.

The repro man on my right boasts of dietary prowess to his fat date
On the rack for his gluttony assuaged by the second rack of lamb
Talking at each other I can feel the anguish of ugly gay loneliness
Italian waiters providing comfort in the form of tiramisu temptations.

Life the entertainment on Saturday night alone with ten pages read
A drink talking boy will sleep alone without his now cold girlfriend
Broadcasting life's loves and lies, everyone hears and nobody listens
The opera of living more tragic than Tosca and as brutal as Butterfly.

Rain soaked spirits sink on a trudge home to a lonely king-sized bed
Goodnight loved one Skyped intimacies a warming blanket of comfort
Sleep sweet dreams before the limousine blacked streets of tomorrow
Nearer to honey sweet kisses and close in my love’s warm bed “hello”.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Rooms (Sorrow Poem)

Every day living is a new room

I used to look forward
To the adventure of new
But now I know that I am
One of ten thousand guests
Who have slept in this bed
I feel my room is full of
Tired spirits of the night

Escape is to my old room now.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Sad Things (Sorrow Poem)

On occasions,
I think about sad things,
A pathos that touches my soul,
Like a cat half-drowned after swimming,
Or the empty feeling when your dog dies,
Or an old horse standing in the rain,
Or a man waiting in a dole queue,
Or a child lost in a supermarket,
Or seeing your parents cry,
Or never being in-love,
Or unrequited love,
Or being alone,
Completely,
Empty.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Saturday (Love Poem)

Reflections of Saturday night by the pool bar
Fans cannot cool the Christmas sticky heat
South Pacific beers in Port Moresby cool
Raskols in the streets and Indian in the Palazzo
Friendly staffs serve apartheid ex-patriots
Sunday diving in the deep blue sea
America is almost always yesterday
Europe is night and sometimes day
Home seems very far away today.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Sex (Life Poem)

Five, sex, seven
If and only if,
You are from Belfast.

If this is true
Why did they not focus on the sex?

“Make Love not War” etc.
Who really cares about religion?
Especially today.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Shadowland (Love Poem)

Trees whisper with a lazy-leafed murmur,
Starlight strange in this shadow-land stark,
At night window-watching, wanting, wishing,
Empty black winding road, without you.

Wind moans soft and branches knock,
Ceiling alive with my shadow nightmare,
An acre of bed, listless, lonely, longing,
Soft white sheets unruffled, without you.

Rain rattles like a rasping smoker’s cough,
Spot-lit droplets make snail shadowed walls
Staring solo awake, alone, alert, alas,
Boredom-struck insomniac, without you.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

She (Life Poem)

She lives
She loves
She laughs

She needs
She knows
She wants

She touches
She hopes
She holds

She feels
She flies
She comes

She is alive

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Shiftng Sands (Love Poem)

Half a million miles a year,
My carry-on is my home.
Living in three shirts, in
Indifferent cold hotels,
In far-away lands is like,
My shifting sands in life,
Until I see you again.

Sometimes I get homesick,
For places I've not yet been,
Where I will feel at peace alone,
Everywhere I make my home,
But without you this is like,
My shifting sands of life
Until I see you again.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Showering Together (Love Poem)

Save water
Green clean
Share shower
Love living
Parents play
Kids away
Soap lather
Hot bodies
Skin close
Electric touch
Perfect passion
Warm towels
Wet kisses
Afternoon love
Siesta slumber

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Sighs (Love Poem)

Sighs
In a silence
After the storm
Intimate whispers
Confess inner desires
The thrill as two of us
Become one again
As we fly higher
On starlight
And love.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Sky (Love Poem)

Familiar “Buenos dias” from Bianca again,
Sandwiched, betubed with 5000 miles to go,
The blue-black spaceness of the endless sky,
And runwayless earth of comfortable clouds,
Reflecting on what has been and is yet to come,
A million miles of poetry, pain and pleasure,
Star Trek on the TV, seared Tilapia on my plate,
Flying to you for a first-date hello-again feeling.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Slow Motion Heaven

When
Living life at
Speed, if you blink,
You will miss it, thundering
Down the road to hell, thinking
This is not the Promised Land, since
You wanted something cooler, never
Planning an afterlife of flames,
A somewhat hottish heaven.
I found the way by going
Slow, do everything
At 33 instead
Of 78.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Slow Motion Hell

The week was spinning at 1000mph
I was sitting at a bar with friends
Very slowly I reached for my drink
And drank savouring the moment
Feeling every second in 3D sharp
Living in the moment, in control
My friends noticed my escape,
Expressed concern that I was
Having a stroke, so be warned,
Living life in slow motion might
Lead men in white coats to your
Door, your new heaven, may
Become an unintended hell.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Snow (Death Poem)

Why
Worry
Muffled up
Falling silent
White on grey road
Treading on tyre treads
Winter naked tree skeletons
Icicles seem to hang from my nose
Footprints crunch across the virgin crispness
Smoke rises from drink happy crowd
Slip sliding home from the bar
Sneeze freezing friends
Alone at last slán
Breathing fog
Sit down
Sleep
Fin.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Snowman (Love Poem)

Sitting here in this heat, thinking slow,
Your last night loving thaws my icy soul,
This silly snowman loves the feeling as,
My cold-cold heart is melting to you love.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

So Close (Love Poem)

In love, a delicious drowning feeling,
Where stillness surrounds us, contrasting
A movie-like, high speed madness around us,
Bypassing us, because our love is frozen in time,
Growing now like the first buds in a spring passion,
Our touch electric-like, brings us closer than skin,
So close, that our hearts beat like one heart,
So close, that we dream the same dreams,
So close, that we breathe the same air,
So close, that we are one person.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

So Long Ago (Love Poem)

The loving look
Was all it took
To melt my heart,
My life to start,
So long ago.

Blossom blush,
Schoolgirl crush,
To take it slow,
We grew to know,
So long ago.

In midst of loving,
That 18 feeling,
When two are one,
And two were one,
So long ago.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

South Of The Border West Of The Sun (Love Poem)

South of the border west of the sun,
Cluttered emptiness cannot fill the hole.
Bridges fell in anger replaced by loneliness,
Murakami makes our languishing love raw.

The reflective silence eats into my soul.
The hell in the empty hello from Haiti,
Wanting you but I am on a different plane,
Knowing needs, the threads of our tapestry.

You my missing part I have been looking for
Love expressed in my doubt of past escape.
Coming back to you the fragile love of my life,
Bringing balance as my past pain takes flight.

We know the house of cards has fallen down,
Seeking new foundations for living loving life,
Can this 'best thing' open a door to our future?
Smiling eyes become the windows to our heart.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Struggle (Life Poem)

I know we struggle to survive, every day,
When I see us, with our unending problems,
That all add together, in minutes and hours,
The sum our life, in short and long fragments.

I know we struggle to survive, every day,
In this battle of life, more than we should
Have to. This I know makes us better than
The animals whose sole aspiration is dinner.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Suicide (Death Poem)

I feel bleaker than bleak
More empty than full
More restless than calm
More hopeless than hard
More gutless than strong
More boneless than brave
More pointless than sharp
More faceless than feared
More skinless than naked
More airless than breath
More lifeless than dead
More useless than you

I feel like crying inside.
Won’t someone just do something?

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Sunday (Love Poem)

Without you……

Loneliness is a selfish word
In empty corridors and cold beds
But I have never felt so close to you
I can feel your smile soft caress closeness
Distance is a nanosecond in light speed loving
Sleepy Sunday waking wanting wishing
Sad dreams now pastoral pleasures
Desire the reality of past love
Happiness beckons hope

…with you soon

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Symmetry (Love Poem)

Is a pleasing proportionality
Is imprecisely harmonious
Is before and after in time
Is the friendship of lovers
Is the mirror of reflection
Is a patterned similarity
Is an agreeable balance
Is two sides of one coin
Is a dyadic relationship
Is the love of friends
Is a perfect couple
Is you and me
Is us.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Tea & Mitsubhisi (Life Poem)

She sips tea with her son in a Tunisian tent
Orange and blue scarves sun-bright in summer
Mitsubishi motors mandatory for desert trek
Sardinia is two hours and a lifetime away.

Pensive thoughts on a desert dune heaven
Life can slip through the fingers like sand
Grasping the chance to live in the moment
Arabian nights’ stories for next week’s kids.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Teacher (Life Poem)

She gazes down on a daily sea,
Of expectant lesson hungry faces,
The teacher uses a carrot not a stick,
To prove these cast-off kids stomachs,
Will love them when they cook creatively.

Vogue-like poet on the catwalk of life,
She sees life in little things each day.
Weekend dates in the big smoke,
Will blue suit and red shoes work,
With him again, again tonight?

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Tell Me About Love (Love Poem)

I love you openly
But you cannot see this
Because you are looking
In the wrong direction
Just turn around now
 And you will see.

I love you quietly
But you cannot hear this
Because you are listening
 In the deafness of silence
Listen for our love now
And you will hear.

I love you completely
But you cannot feel this
Because we are touching
In sometimes sadness
Hold me closer now
And you will feel.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Tempting (Love Poem)

It’s five in the morning and five legs from La Paz,
Leaving you is so hard to do these days,
Vienna apartment bed is too tempting and warm.
Lufthansa to London is ice cold Teutonic charm,
Followed by an endless walk in terminal three.

A cosmopolitan coagulated soup of human cargo,
Onomatopoeia of Chicoutimi en route to Chicago,
In “The Bank Job” bad guys got away - that’s new.
Then it’s First to Miami and missionaries on 922,
Dowdily intent on saving souls in the land of coca.

It’s five in the morning again in airless El Alto at last,
A million peasants to save and salteña for breakfast,
Good for me that they all still need to call for advice,
To say “Hi”, “Bye” and “Why? ” in this socialist paradise,
The challenge of change and the pursuit of profit.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Texas In Cochabamba (Life Poem)

4
Friends
Face each other
Across a green field
With Johnny Walker Black
The smoke-thick fog hiding
The tell, from hooded eyes, as
Cards are dealt and the battle with
Bets and blinds and rivers and suits,
Begins in earnest. The chips are down
And up and down again, until four hours
Later the spoils are divided and winners
And losers agree a "'Let's do it again"
Pact
For tomorrow.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

The Blues (Sorrow Poem)

Montana shoeshine man has dirty shoes,
Billie sings “That Ole Devil Called Love”,
The sun is shining but rain falls over me.

Occasional internet frustrates all work,
Every problem is someone else’s fault,
A Groundhog Day of daily tasks undone,
The black dog is with me in this place.

Is it me or is it them I ask myself again?

Today I cannot even die enough to cry-
Guess it’s those old Haiti Blues again.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

The Donor (Love Poem)

Before was cool, after was a relief,
The “gift” delivered intact,
Is four hour operation normal?
Pain, pleasure and purpose,
Concern that the 10% rejection
Will be my kidney – only one to spare,
So far so good, after four weeks,
Thinking that my surgeon has a frown
At being called a butcher.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

The Final Journey (Death Poem)

I was very
Close to death today,
On the road to Cochabamba.
The “too many” sad lines of crosses,
None of them planned to die.
How can you know?
How will I know?
When?
I live each day
As if it is my last,
So that,
When
I come
to the end
of the road,
Unfulfilled desires,
Will not torment me
In the next life, if there is one.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

The Gift (Love Poem)

There was never any objection or obligation or any-big-thing in this,
There was never any problem or procrastination or pride in this,
There was never drama or doubt or decision in this,
Only love.

There was never any concern or confusion or conundrum in this,
There was never any plan or principle or project in this,
There was never any struggle or soul-searching or sorrow in this,
Only love.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

The Look (Love Poem)

In a moment she catches my eye,
The glance, the quiet smile for me,
I know the look, it was all it took,
For Cupid’s arrow to find it’s mark.

Sometimes after breakfast coffee,
And maybe after lunchtime snack,
And often after romantic dinner,
She looks at me and then I know.

That life is good and we are right,
And all the problems of the light,
Will be put to rest in bed tonight,
With just a look my fears take flight.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

The Surgeon (Life Poem)

I dreamed I met a butcher, she was slaughtering a lamb,
The kindness there, the act of faith, a truth for all to see,
In my dream I was that lamb, the pain as plain could be,
The sacrifice for life, for love, the pleasure in that pain,
I woke with a church of nurses ministering my needs.

A smile, a laugh, her inner strength and total focus,
Maybe this is just a job, but I think the mask could slip,
With always giving, from dead and living, these gifts of life,
To now undying, a new start that seems so normal now,
Someone very special has crossed my path today.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

The Tortoise (Love Poem)

This girl came to my party,
And petted my tortoise,
In nineteen sixty four,
When I was eight, and
No-one noticed, not even me.

She still complains today
That she missed out on
Her jelly and ice-cream,
When she was seven, and
No one noticed, not even me.

I think when ten years later this
Beautiful blonde said yes, she
Would be mine, and is today, this
Tortoise slow was still around, and
No one noticed, not even me.

I tell our children now grown-up,
That I have found a tortoise is
The perfect way to find the girl,
Who will be yours forever, when
You are eight and she is seven.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Think (Life Poem)

I stand
I see
I am
I think

I should
I know
I can
I think

I sigh
I love
I will
I think

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Thunder and Lightning (Love Poem)

Flashes of lightening in darkness freeze the moment
A freight train of thunder rumbles across the night sky
I love to sleep with the girl whose love spans the miles

Your sleepy voice hello makes my heart beat faster
Distant Vienna ballet memories and Loos bar champagne
I love to wake with the girl whose cuddles chase the cold

Lost alone in this big bed your comforting arms are absent
Together in dreams but our bodies chill with the distance
I love to be loved by the girl with the beautiful smile

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Time And Distance (Love Poem)

The time when the fire of love,
Becomes the warmth of loving,
When the electricity of touch,
Becomes the comfort of a hug,
When the pleasure of passion,
Becomes the marriage of minds,
When the frustration of routine,
Becomes the wish of escape,
When the distance of absence,
Becomes the need of closeness,
When the freedom of together,
Becomes the perfection of us.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Time Before Time (Love Poem)

I sometimes go back to my time before time
The past was over and the future was yet to begin
All moments since merged in a jumble of living
Slipping like sand through my fingers each day
Could I have known what the future would bring?
All the highs, the lows, the loves and the hates
Does it seem possible that all of this stuff
Just happened to me without reason or rhyme?
But when I look at my boys who weren't even born
Those unforgettable ripples in the pool of my life
I know then that everything is real and worthwhile.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

To Be (Love Poem)

Sometimes it’s hard to be apart
Sometimes it’s hard to be brave
Sometimes it’s hard to be cold
Sometimes it’s hard to be daring
Sometimes it’s hard to be early
Sometimes it’s hard to be friends
Sometimes it’s hard to be good
Sometimes it’s hard to be happy
Sometimes it’s hard to be in-love
Sometimes it’s hard to be just
Sometimes it’s hard to be kind
Sometimes it’s hard to be lovely
Sometimes it’s hard to be mellow
Sometimes it’s hard to be nasty
Sometimes it’s hard to be out
Sometimes it’s hard to be poor
Sometimes it’s hard to be quiet
Sometimes it’s hard to be ready
Sometimes it’s hard to be simple

Sometimes it’s hard to be together

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Together (Love Poem)

Together the whole world will be perfect

Time stands still when you are with me

I feel your smiling voice and sexy eyes

Distant closeness banished with a hug

Your laughter is the sunshine in my day.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Tonight (Love Poem)

In the darkness of this night,
Take my hand and hold it tight,
Caress me gently, touch my hair,
Just wanting you is hard to bear.

Kiss me now, our worlds collide,
Set free my passion deep inside,
Let me feel your heart beat fast,
Take away this pain at last.

Whisper soft those words of love,
Touch me, let your fingers rove,
To the place, we fly together,
Alone, together, each for other.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Touch (Love Poem)

In my arms you are safe tonight,
I feel your breath warm and soft,
Your heart beating fast, a memory
Of passion past and my fingers that
Traced a pattern on your skin, soft,
A gentle loving touch becomes the
Afterglow of lovers’ quenched desire.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Traces (Life Poem)

Traces of memories we leave in verse,
Which capture moments in time, that
Become invisible, once they are gone.

Traces of what we are and do and can do,
In our life from the day we are born, until
We die, a summation of hopes and fears.

Traces are the sticky air between, hope
Fulfilled and the fears conquered, while
Life flows slowly towards an endless sea.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

True Colours (Love Poem)

Blonde colours shine in my true love’s hair
Blue night solitude when we are apart
Red sunset romance of together evenings
Purple moments relaxing by the fireside
Grey eyes bright smile melt my heart
Pink glowing bodies curled on silver bed
White hot passion in my arms last night
Black coffee sips of breakfast intimacy.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Two Hearts (Love Poem)

In skin closeness two hearts beat as one
My love sleeps her soft breath on my back
Heaven is on earth when I am with my love
Perfect picture of blonde hair on blue pillow.

She smiles, my senses tingle, time stops
Shallow words of love made real with a hug
I feel the moment now is perfect happiness
Life is for love and living is for loving you.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Unquenchable Fire (Love Poem)

Monday memories of together again,
When ordinary things become special,
With you beside me, sharing the moment,
A pavement espresso, a smile, a place,
A knowing look, our post-prandial siesta,
Burns bright like the unquenchable fire,
The never-ending passion, of my endless
Love, for you and those little things you do.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Valentine (Love Poem)

Roses red
Sun shining
Bed blissful
Sheets satin
Lovers laughing
Shower shared
Touch tender
Sex sensational
Nightfall now
Sleep sudden
February 14th.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Vienna Valentine (Love Poem)

Strolling through Vienna on Valentine's weekend with
Blonde, red dress, black stockings, my beautiful girl,
Diamonds sparkle, eyes invite, this star-bright night,
She looks, she smiles, and she loves me completely,
This 'Star Trek' moment means resistance is futile,
Just madness to dodge Cupid's magic bullets tonight,
Sleep sound as one before the dawn of our new day.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Wagner (Life Poem)

Running rings around thirteen hours of opera
I sit spell-bound absorbing the angry music
Suppressing an urge to re-conquer Poland
Music a direct expression of world’s essence
Nazi passion means Israel is Wagner-free
Tristan and Isolde unplayed before Ludwig
Love and death and passion for Mathlde
Eros and Thanathos that predate Freud
Arthurian love story interrupted by Minna
Overwhelming influence frustrates his peers
Worried that his brilliance is simply anger
That guarantees you feel undead tonight.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

We (Love Poem)

We live
We love
We laugh

We need
We know
We want

We touch
We hope
We hold

We feel
We fly
We come

We are alive

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

When I Close My Eyes (Love Poem)

I can see your smile…
My heart beats fast, needing you with me in this exile

I can feel your arms…
Holding me close, I feel safe with the girl of my dreams

I can feel your body…
Responding to my touch, your kisses sweet as candy

I can feel your love…
Two hearts become one, your passion makes me feel alive

I can feel you now…
Your love, my life, my hope and my reason to be

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

When I Die (Love Poem)

My
Love,
When I die,
Wear a happy face,
Even though you may be crying inside.
You were my up, my down, my going in, my coming out.
You made me often happy and sometimes sad.
You were the life of my love,
You were my home,
Coming home
To.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

White Christmas (Life Poem)

Grey skies, contrasting bone-white tree skeletons,
Trudging home for Christmas is an endless nightmare,
Second night hotel-less on a Heathrow bed-less floor,
The crisp white snowiness of home but a distant hope,
Media revels in this travellers' misery, so switch off,
I think I will head home somewhat earlier next year,
This snow bound, homeward bound, hopeless man.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Wine (Love Poem)

Wine is for laughing
Wine is for talking all night
Wine is for living life out loud
Wine is for making us beautiful
Wine is for all-night conversations
Wine is for getting together again
Wine is for 'never again' tomorrow
Wine is for sleeping like a baby
Wine is for telling the truth
Wine is food for love
Wine is friendship
Wine is fresh
Wine
Can
Be
The
One
Perfect
Companion
At the end of a long day

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Winter Birthday (Life Poem)

Coffee and texts Happy Birthday
Snow outside makes it a brrrrday

Slip sliding to colleagues' bonjours
Your fixed smile will be de rigueur

Tonight your turn to buy the drinks
Friends will all be there methinks

You hoping that their thoughtful gift
Will give you a twenty nine candles lift.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Winter In Spring (Love Poem)

Warm window-watching as winter hail hurts,
Spring surprise of sunshine frozen fingers,
Comfort wrapped hands around warm soup,
Global warming is better than global freezing.

Bedtime blankets stop shivering in spring,
Cosily cuddled and intimately intertwined,
Winter wind howling outside our cocoon,
Hands explore warm bodies’ hot promise.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Winter Light (Love Poem)

The words that express the love from last year's man
Warming the watery cold light of a winter morning
Expectant that flight will fill a cold bed with warmth
'Soon' is an empty word until 'now' arrives with a hug.

Dark mornings brighten the warm glow of waking
Interrupted slumber forgiven in comfort of closeness
Together in a time that is always too short for want
Magic touch soothes away the cares of the world.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

Without (Love Poem)

Like a car without a driver
Like a plane without a pilot
Like a boat without a captain

Like a town without a person
Like a hole without a space
Like a map without a place

Like a suit without a man
Like a shoe without a foot
Like a hat without a head

Like a cry without a child
Like a bark without a dog
Like a smile without a face

Like me

Without

You.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)

You (Love Poem)

You are
The sun in my sky
The stars in my night
The summer in my winter
The sand on my beach
The surf in my sea
You are.

Ian Beckett (love and life and death and sorrow poems)