

## Poetry Series

**ivor hogg**

**- poems -**

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### **ivor hogg (7/4/1934)**

Ex airman Ex policemam ex social worker etc  
rather varied career pattern  
Married second time around to a poetess artist and musician  
two duugthers one son two step sons 10  
grandchildren between us spread all over the globe  
Interests reading and writing poetry Reading sci fi and fantasy.Comparitive  
religion Re incarnation and Psi in general  
Retired and busier than I have ever been

#### Works:

Grandmas Button box poetry anthologu  
Bitter sweet poetry anthologyCollaborated anthology by my wife and I with  
publisher at present

## **A Gentlemans view**

I hold the door open for you  
a simple act of courtesy  
This any gentleman would do.  
To you I act insultingly.

Because you simply do not know  
how a true lady should react  
and the hostility you show.  
Just demonstrates this sorry fact.

How sad it is this should be so  
That Feminists can only see  
Politeness as another blow  
against their female dignity.

A lady knows how to accept  
such a proffered courtesy  
She feels entitled to expect  
to be treated courteously

I do not say that feminists  
cannot be ladies. I dare not  
I am quite sure some must exist  
In my experience not a lot

I will still act the gentleman  
I know that ladies understand  
I act this way to show I can  
Be as polite as any man.

So if my manners cause offence  
It is something I regret.  
But perhaps I might influence  
Some feminists so they forget.

Their attitude towards all men  
is fuelled by their ignorance.  
I hope that they will think again  
There might just be the slightest chance.

I recognise equality  
I merely choose to be polite  
If you prefer hostility  
It is your choice you have the right.

11-Jun-07

ivor hogg

## **A question of priorities**

A question of priorities

A portal closes then you see  
another one has opened wide.  
Is this an opportunity  
you have brief moments to decide.

If you go through this open door  
your life will change forever more

If you do not you may regret  
you lacked the courage to step through  
One thing for sure you won't forget  
the chance which fate had offered you.

A golden opportunity  
which you declined reluctantly.

You longed to go but chose to stay  
You knew that you were needed here.  
you knew you could not walk away  
From everything which you held dear

A wise decision to remain  
that question echoes in your brain.

When you decided not to go  
through that portal and explore.  
The truth is that you'll never know  
what lay beyond that open door.

But still you wonder constantly  
what you'd have done if you were free.

7-Oct-07

ivor hogg

## Affianced

The clock strikes twelve sonorous chimes.  
The witching hour of midnight is here  
the best of times the worst of times.  
That vampires love and humans fear.

Upon your balcony I stand and gloat,  
you lie unconscious that I am near.  
I feast my hungry eyes upon your throat  
I cast a spell of calm to soothe your fear.

Your raven hair upon the pillow spread,  
a startling contrast of light and shade.  
Your lissom figure lying safe in bed  
Confirms to me the choice that I have made.

Your fresh clean blood will revitalise me  
and send new fire coursing through my veins.  
Stop in its tracks the lethargy  
and prove an anodyne for my pains.

As mist I filter through the smallest space.  
To stand beside your bed and contemplate  
my latest lover from the human race.  
A source of life that I appreciate.

Your beauty moves me almost to pity.  
For one brief moment I hesitate  
but hunger overcomes my charity.  
My burning need is such I cannot wait.

Your throat's pulsating throb in the moonlight,  
The warm rich blood I see that flows inside  
holds me entranced so I delay the bite.  
Beguiled by the perfection of your skin

You move and I can see between your breasts  
a silver crucifix reflecting light.  
My frustrated blood lust screams its protest  
I have no choice for this I cannot fight.

Struck by your face and form you were my choice.  
A draught of nectar that would satisfy,  
a meal to make an emperor rejoice.  
A delight for me that you would not deny.

You are protected by that blessed cross  
I am frustrated but I cannot fight  
It is not fair that I should suffer loss,  
The cross pays no attention to my need.

But I must feed and very soon  
I leave you my delicacy

So I fly out under the moon  
and break my fast greedily.

Upon a tramp much coarser fare  
Than was intended for my feast  
His wine soaked blood cannot compare  
with yours my love not in the least.

You cross protected you this night  
and I was forced to turn and flee  
from power that I cannot fight.  
But you my sweet are meant for me.

You will forget to wear that sign  
around your neck but I can wait  
and when you do then you are mine  
a gift that I'll appreciate.

Your fresh young beauty calls to me  
I must and will pursue my quest  
and I will watch you ceaselessly.  
For you I've chosen as the best.

Sleep well my love and stay healthy  
Enjoy your life in happiness  
I know that you belong to me,  
Without your cross you are helpless.

You will forget to put it on  
Just one small act of carelessness  
Then you become mine alone  
And I'll enjoy your tenderness.

We vampires are a patient breed.  
Immortality grants us this  
We wait to satisfy our need  
Then we bestow the fatal kiss.

The tender kiss you do not feel  
Nor do you feel that single bite  
That pierces you, your blood to steal.  
That rapturous moment of delight.

It's only when you start to crave  
For sweet fresh blood that's rich and red.  
An urge that brings you from your grave  
You realise you are undead.

You join the ranks of predators  
that stalk the dark of night to feed.  
There is no justice or recourse  
From the half life you're forced to lead.

Once I was young and innocent  
but she seduced me with her charm  
A foolish youth on pleasure bent  
I knew not that she meant me harm.

No harm I mean to you my love.  
Nay I but grant eternal life  
A lasting life for you and me  
we can enjoy as man and wife.

ivor hogg

## **Alnham Pele**

The Pele Tower well fortified.  
Could dominate the countryside  
and there was plenty room within  
for all the clansmen and their kin.  
Long, long ago in days of old.  
The borders were a lawless place  
and every clan had their stronghold  
When border raids were commonplace.  
Now it acts as youth hostel. Though  
still a warm welcome awaits.  
Though not the sort that met the foe  
who tried to batter down the gates.  
A place where ancient history  
adds to its popularity.

5-Aug-07

Pele Towers and fortified manors were the only safe havens in the old days. The borders owed no allegiance to England or Scotland  
The borderers raided both countries and each other with equal abandon

ivor hogg



## **Am I prejudiced?**

I am a slave to poetry.

I do not wish to be set free  
a willing prisoner happily.

Constrained by strict parameters.  
Which form the rules for formal verse,  
to discipline I'm not averse.

Though modernists all claim to be  
Poets. I find I can't agree.  
Their work has small appeal for me.  
I can't commit to memory

One single piece of free form verse.  
In my opinion even worse  
they are deliberately perverse.

Delighting in obscurity  
contemptuous of clarity.

Yet still they claim it's poetry.

9-Oct-07

ivor hogg

## **An Ideal State?**

The brazen blare of trumpets sounds.  
As we approach the temple grounds  
the rattling kettle drums compete  
with ominously marching feet.

The people gather here today  
in the old time honoured way.  
To hear our leaders justify  
why they have failed to satisfy.

The peoples wants, the peoples needs.  
Explain their actions and their deeds  
The leaders have no other choice  
but hearken to the peoples voice.

If they have failed without just cause.  
The peoples justice will enforce  
summary execution.  
A permanent solution.

For politicians who have lied  
by all their fellows they are tried.  
Allowed to mount their own defence  
they must depend on eloquence.

We listen to their argument  
and we consider their intent.  
Their motives are what we must judge  
This is no time for them to fudge.

They ruled as triumvirate  
and so they must anticipate.  
If one is guilty then all three  
Will suffer the same penalty.

If we adjudge them innocent  
by a unanimous consent.  
They can retire honourably  
having served us honestly.

We the people make the rules  
elect the leaders as our tools.  
To do as we instruct them to  
They do not rule the peopled do.

If we decide they are corrupt.  
The peoples anger will erupt.  
For them there can be no appeal  
it was their choice to cheat and steal.

An object lesson plain to see

for those who aspire to be.  
Part of the next triumvirate  
Chosen to serve our city state.

Ours is a true democracy  
where every citizen is free.  
To stand for office or refrain.  
Those who have served may serve again.

But every two years they must face  
the peoples judgement of their case.  
Honest men need have no fear  
dishonest men just disappear.

Stripped of all their ill gotten wealth  
which they aquired by craft and stealth.  
They pay the final penalty  
they're put to death immediately.

The peoples will is sovereign  
Offenders will not sin again  
This is a dream I'm sad to say  
and not true of our world today.

Today our world is ruled by greed.  
Use any method to succeed.  
rewarded for dishonesty.  
The people pay the penalty.

19-Oct-07

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ivor hogg

## Another chance

I can recall nothing at all.  
My mind is like a pristine page,  
it's rather sad but comical  
I do not know my name or age.

I am aware that I'm a man.  
I recognise the common things  
I try to recall what I can  
and each new day some fresh fact brings.

I think that I must have a wife  
because I wear a wedding ring.  
Some fog blots out my former life.  
I can't remember anything.

Perhaps I have a family  
I wrack my brains but all in vain.  
It seems no one is missing me.  
My doctors say I may regain

My memory in increments.  
This does not really comfort me  
I don't believe in such portents.  
Between themselves they can't agree.

I think my loss is permanent  
Perhaps this is a second chance  
to start afresh by accident.  
As in some story book romance.

My tally sheet has been wiped clean.  
I have no baggage from my past  
I don't know what I might have been.  
I only know that time has passed.

Since I was who I used to be  
I have become a different man  
I will have to wait and see  
and do the very best I can.

To make a success of my life  
A golden opportunity.  
I have maybe escaped from strife  
what I become is up to me.

This cause me no great distress  
I have grown used to being me.  
The me I am now I must stress  
not the me I used to be.

The man I was does not exist  
he vanished with my memory.

Although some memories persist  
I can choose who I want to be.

25-Sep-06

ivor hogg

## Applegarth

There is a garden where the sun  
reflects from rough cast whitewashed walls.  
Close by the quiet river runs  
here you can hear the soft bird calls.

The scents of lavender and sage,  
which grow near to the lilac trees.  
Compete with fields of blue borage  
ich draw to them the questing bees.

The lawn of moorland turf is neat  
and everywhere the flowers bloom.  
The honey smell of meadowsweet  
is mingling with the perfumed broom.

This garden is a sheltered spot.  
Where old and tired from the fray  
I sit and doze when it is hot  
and ponder in my quiet way.

I think about the things I've seen  
and well loved people I have known  
The many places I have been  
in travels 'fore I was full grown.

My wandering feet have carried me  
to distant lands of snow and ice.  
Some lands without a single tree  
and tropic isles like paradise.

I always yearned to go back home  
but there was always more to see  
When I was young I had to roam  
across the world by land and sea.

My questing mind gave me no peace  
hard lessons I was forced to learn.  
Wisdom granted me release  
a truth I found I had to earn.

The fire of youth burns low with age.  
springy step turns to measured tread  
I learnt my quest was a mirage  
and came back to where I was bred

Although it's changed it's still the same.  
I see it now through different eyes  
and seek no more for fortunes fame.  
I realise to my surprise

I need not have travelled at all.  
As all the knowledge I've obtained

I could have gained within the walls  
of this small garden. Now maintained  
by younger men in their full strength.  
Who serve me with touching awe  
As one who's seen the breadth and length  
Of the whole world. As he sought for

the secrets other lands could show.  
Whose been to Canada and Rome.  
Seen desert lands and fields of snow  
But has returned at last to home.

A field stone house with roof of thatch,  
a garden sheltered from the wind.  
There was nowhere else could match  
the dream he carried in his mind.

Of Applegarth, old Applegarth  
a house that's filled with memories  
It's been his family's home and hearth  
for nigh on seven hundred years.

There's little left of the wide lands  
This proud family used to own  
but what there is Is my homeland.  
belongs to me and me alone.

This quiet garden in the sun  
the Rowan tree that provides shade.  
I know my race is nearly run  
and wonder if I made the grade.

Each morn I wake and greet the day.  
Determined that I will enjoy  
Whatever treats may come my way  
As carefree as a little boy

The little boy I used to be  
Before my wanderlust took hold  
and drove me overland and sea.  
I only learned as I grew old

That I could live contentedly  
at Applegarth and only here.  
Where I was always meant to be  
a message I was slow to hear.

ivor hogg

## **Ask yourself**

Is it not true? that most men lie  
Concealing faults which they possess,  
easier to lie than to confess  
Although they cannot tell you why  
a lie becomes their stock reply.  
A measure of their foolishness  
Is it not true?

Your truthfulness I won't deny  
but when you look me in the eye  
Loudly protesting honesty  
you plant the seeds of doubt in me  
Is it not true?

Rondine  
12-Oct-07

ivor hogg



## Aspiring to greatness

Some choose to write by candlelight  
and some compose straight on the screen.  
Whichever way to you seems right,  
that is the way it's always been.

In days of yore you chose your quill,  
made sure the ink was close to hand  
Before your parchment you could fill,  
then sprinkle it with silver sand.

A pencil is my chosen tool  
I scribble quickly on my pad  
and then transfer it as a rule  
to my computer: I am glad

to see it appear on the screen.  
Neatly displayed in black and white  
the font I use shows crisp and clean  
Then I will edit and put right

whatever errors I have made.  
Correct the meter and the rhyme.  
The final draft is then displayed  
. Re editing does not waste time.

It is a task you must not shirk.  
Though I'm afraid that many do  
and thus do not present their work.  
as perfectly as they ought to.

It is entirely up to you  
to show that you are willing to  
do everything that you can do  
to prove you're fit to join the few.

Whose poetry will still be read.  
Like the great poets of the past  
In years to come when you are dead.  
Whose golden words were meant to last.

6-Sep-07

ivor hogg

## Athena's Bird

The howlet hoots his melancholy  
Atop yon lordlings gray stone folly.

The Mithraic bull engages in debate.  
Papal bulls that legislate,  
the strict rules of celibacy  
enforced by gerontocracy.  
The ancient princes of the church.

I heard it then I hear it now, .  
thrice damned, thrice damned, the cuckoo cries.

As Aphrodite slowly dies.  
Then Jupiter steals Saturn's moons,  
and wicked druids cast the runes.  
The portents foresee unhappy times,  
but still is that the church bell chimes?

Bold Lancelot and Guinevere,  
made merry in adultery  
Ah well alas and lackaday  
'tis now the mournful bagpipes play.

The moon is full Diana hunts,  
and oxford students play in punts.  
Who listens to my plaintive cry?  
I point the road to Calvary.

Where crucifixion dims the sky,  
the cock crew thrice.I wonder why  
The words are in my glossary,  
wise quotes from sages in the past.

Noble thoughts to inspire us,  
wise rules that require us.  
To question those who govern us,  
in union e pluribus.

And yet, and yet men must still strive,  
to keep those noble thoughts alive.  
Buddhist, Hindu and Christian,  
Muslim, Taoist and Shinto from Japan  
Have sought and are seeking still.  
The reason men must seek to kill  
the otherness of other men.

Until the Christ child comes again,  
and rules in glory only then.  
Will freedom ever truly reign,  
over a world that's free from pain

The howlet hoots his melancholy,

sadness to see mankind s folly

ivor hogg

## **Aubade 07 for M lady Jenna**

The blackbird piping at the gates of dawn  
does only what his instinct bids him to.  
Announces to the world the day is new.  
it was for this that he was born.  
His melodies composed to greet the morn,  
he whistles first a stave or two  
and then he sings his morning hymn anew  
His fluid notes on morning breezes borne  
to those of us who rise before the sun  
His never failing morning paeon of praise  
to he who created everything  
The darkling shadows of the night are gone.  
The sun gives light to all with warming rays  
What better reason could he have to sing?

5-Oct-07

ivor hogg

## **Bare Feet for Thad**

A centipede does not wear shoes.  
If they were offered he'd refuse.  
Say he's afraid they'd hurt his toes  
and he knows best I must suppose.  
Although I do suspect that he  
makes excuses Cos he's lazy.  
He'd have to tie a hundred bows  
which I think would drive him crazy.  
If I was forced to go barefoot  
I am quite sure it would not suit.  
For shoes are something which I need  
but then I'm not a centipede.

24-Oct-07

ivor hogg

## **Big Boys don't cry for Thad**

I dreamt a dream I can't recall.  
I only know I dreaming wept  
tears soaked my pillow as I slept.  
I can't remember it at all.  
I try to penetrate the wall  
What sorrows into my dreams crept,  
I'll never know I must accept.  
I try to climb the wall but fall.  
I cannot conjure up my dream.  
There are some things I may not know,  
such as the reason for my tears.  
I must confess to me it seems  
I have emotions I daren't show.  
Except when sleeping it appears.

27-Oct-07

ivor hogg

## **Blinkered**

Am I run mad that I believe?  
In things that others cannot see.  
I do not wish you to relieve  
me of divine insanity.

I can reject reality  
it holds but small allure for me.  
I much prefer my fantasy.  
My dreams that others cannot see.

Although you doubt my sanity.  
That does not mean you are correct  
The things I see you cannot see.  
You are too frightened to accept.

Your mind is closed you do not see  
Remove the blinkers from your eyes  
and see the fairies everywhere.  
All I can do is sympathise.

You do not really want to see.  
Your version of reality  
is all you think that there can be.  
But still you dare to pity me.

14-Aug-07

ivor hogg

## **Bon Voyage**

Afloat on the immensity  
of waters rolling endlessly  
Their huge canoes borne easily.  
Their voyage was exploratory.

The brown skinned folk who formed the crew.  
Did not know where they were going to.  
But hoped to find some land that's new.  
Long trips they were accustomed to.

They navigate instinctively.  
They read the language of the sea  
and caught fresh fish abundantly.  
They journey on triumphantly.

Their dream to find a new homeland.  
Some fertile place to make a stand.  
A friendly shore on which to land,  
establish homes for their whole band.

These long limbed strangers from the sea  
fulfilled an ancient prophecy..  
They founded a new colony.  
That's how the Maoris came to be.

Kept to the customs which they knew  
and over time grew from a few  
into a nation which was new.  
Just as they were destined to do.

27-Oct-07

ivor hogg



## **By example**

A mother sings a lullaby  
To let her baby know  
that she is near no need to cry.

The babe is sleeping peacefully  
In safety warm and dry  
Still mother listens carefully.

As baby sleeps her mother rests.  
Relaxed but vigilant,  
the mother love which she invests.

Will in time pay rich dividends  
at compound interest.  
Mutual love which never ends.

The child becomes a woman grown.  
A daughter and a friend  
When she has children of her own.

She knows exactly what to do  
to care for her baby.  
Do what her mother taught her to.

7-Oct-07

ivor hogg

## China doll

I have a little china doll, a figurine,  
she stands in pride of place on my bookcase.  
Sometimes from the corner of my eye,  
I think that I can see her cry. I wonder why.

But when I look to check what I have seen,  
her painted smile is fixed serene  
and then she winks at me.  
Can this be the start of some odd malady?

She sometimes gives a quiet sob, that I  
seem to hear with my ear. Really queer  
I don't believe that I'm insane. But why  
should I imagine such strange things? Oh dear,

She has just stuck out her tongue at me  
and smiled a wicked little grin. How odd  
I've had her for years, What can she see  
in me she hasn't seen before. I nod

involuntarily, .She lifts her skirt  
and starts to flirt with me, shamelessly.  
Perhaps she has been unhappy for a while  
and wants me to make her smile. It might be

a figment of my imagination  
or is this actually happening.,  
Maybe it's only a sublimation  
of the pain I feel. She starts to sing.

an aria from Madame Butterfly.  
This is absurd. Her voice is very clear  
the sad wistful longing makes me cry.  
I wish that she was real and she was here.

She would make my loneliness disappear  
and we could join in wanton dance. And drink  
Champagne, eat caviar. But you my dear  
are just my little china doll I THINK.

ivor hogg

## City Streets

The gaudy glow of neon lights  
dispels the darkness of the nights  
on city streets.

They pop and fizzle noisily  
creating a cacophony  
on city streets.

The sober folks walk warily  
and drunks stagger uncaringly  
on city streets.

The ladies of the night parade  
for there is money to be made  
on city streets.

Drug dealers ready to retreat  
if they should hear a coppers feet  
on city streets.

The night shift workers wend their way  
towards their work to start their day  
on city streets.

The noisy revellers thin out  
as one by one the signs go out  
on city streets.

The gradually noises abate  
and ghostly shadow congregate  
on city streets.

For some few hours peace will reign  
before the noise will start again  
on city streets.

The early morning traffic sounds  
start with the milkmen on their rounds  
on city streets.

This builds up to an angry roar  
as cars and lorries inward pour  
on city streets

then when at last rush hour has passed  
noise levels will subside at last  
on city streets

I thank the lord that I am free  
to leave this noise far behind me  
on city streets.

I walked my beat the whole night  
through exactly as I'm paid to do  
on city streets.

I choose to live outside the town  
where constant noise won't get me down  
on city streets.

My village is a quiet place  
A haven where I need not face  
the noisy streets.

8-Jun-07  
poeticpiers

ivor hogg

## Compensation

September sings of summer sun.  
Whilst trying on her autumn dress  
Recalling happy days of fun  
but recognising none the less.  
This is her final chance to show  
what she can do to demonstrate  
a range of shades which simply glow.  
It's her attempt to compensate  
for the winters coming snow.  
When she discards her finery  
stripped by the cruel winds which blow  
The trees will then stand nakedly.  
Black silhouettes against the sky  
sheer beauty to an artist's eye.

5-Sep-07

ivor hogg

## Conscience

I am the inner voice you hear,  
when quietly you meditate,  
Inaudible to any ear  
but yours.

All I can offer is advice,  
which you can follow or discard  
You have free will which should suffice.  
Of course

sometimes you find it hard to choose.  
between the options offered you.  
What to accept and what refuse.  
No force

on earth can make you listen to  
advice you do not want to hear.  
It is your choice it's up to you.  
But pause

consider well which path to take,  
before you make you finally decide.  
The burden of any mistake  
is yours.

Do as you will but lose or win.  
There has to be a settling day  
a price you will have to pay: In  
due course.

10-Aug-07

ivor hogg

## Could it?

It could be true! That nothing's real.  
That all the dreams that we pursue  
are just illusions which appeal?  
It could be true!  
That all the things I thought I knew  
are delusions and are not real.  
You have another point of view.  
Can you believe that what you feel?  
is not just an illusion too.  
Or does it still seem real to you  
It could be true!

18-Jun-07

roundel

ivor hogg

## **Credit unworthy**

What lies behind that charming smile  
I must suspect dishonesty.  
Professional polished style  
which you display: Not just to me.

You are a salesman and you pitch,  
your sales talk most creatively.  
But I'm a cynic; Life's a bitch  
there's nothing you can sell to me.

I only buy the things I need  
I never buy impulsively.  
Value for money is my creed  
I tend to spend reluctantly.

I owe no man a single dime  
I pay in cash every time..

21-Oct-07

ivor hogg



## **Crisis, What crisis?**

Today the world depends on borrowing.  
Most people purchase things with plastic cards  
Hard cash has become a thing of the past.  
You must keep up to date with everything  
You have to have the latest technology.  
Demonstrate your success symbolically.  
Although your finances are in a mess  
You borrow more to pay your debts  
for things you did not really need. Success  
is measured by how much we owe.  
We pay more attention to our public image  
Than we do paying off the debts we owe  
Some day quite soon the bubble has to burst  
The burning question who will come off worst?  
The lenders who encourage us to spend  
or borrowers who can't afford to pay.

6-Aug-07

ivor hogg

## **Culpable**

Culpable

Re-echoing.  
The words we spoke but now regret.  
Re-echoing.  
The pain they caused still lingering  
although not meant to cause upset.  
They are not easy to forget.  
Re-echoing

Rondelet  
18-Jun-07

ivor hogg

## **Dangerous Moonlight**

When moonlight shines through frosted glass.  
Its quality becomes diffuse  
and very often will produce.  
Impressions which will slowly pass.  
before your eyes: A moving mass  
of crawling things which reproduce.  
The terror which this can induce  
may cause the bravest man alas.  
Begin to doubt the wits he has  
The filtered light serves to reduce  
his thinking capability.  
Before the final coup de grace  
His brain synapses quickly choose  
escape into insanity.

12-Oct-07

ivor hogg

## Deleted by the Author

I do not KNOW but I suspect.  
The world is not as we accept.  
Reality is mutable,  
we tend to see what we expect.

Although it seems impossible  
I think it highly probable.  
We do not really understand  
what is and is not possible.

Although we try to make a stand.  
The future we cannot command  
We must allow for sudden change,  
when fate decides to take a hand.

Then we must quickly rearrange  
although in fact we find it strange.  
The way we see reality  
however limited our range.

We must admit reluctantly  
that times are changing rapidly  
Perhaps much faster than we think  
as we approach maturity.

We may be standing on the brink  
of abysses as black as ink  
The end of all humanity.  
Be jettisoned to downward sink.

Because we would not learn to see  
That all men should live peaceably.  
Another failed experiment  
which must be erased completely

29-Sep-07.

ivor hogg

## **Destressed**

When twilight falls in shades of blue.  
I turn my gaze towards the west  
where clouds adopt a rosy hue  
The setting sun goes to his rest.  
The rosy glow soon fades away.  
Pale blue deepens to Indigo  
and marks the passing of the day.  
This is the hour when I know  
The stillness and the quietude  
the peace which will refresh my soul  
My heart is filled with gratitude.  
The silence plays a major role.  
Each evening, anew I find  
solace for my troubled mind.

13-Aug-07

ivor hogg

## Diet Coke

I eat to live not live to eat  
but I can still enjoy my food.  
As I am quite sure I should.  
I dine on vegetables and meat  
because I know they do me good.

I do not frequent fast food joints  
to eat cheese hamburgers and such.  
I do not really like them much  
Which does not earn me brownie points  
from friends with whom I keep in touch.

What suits them does not suit me  
They are quite free if they prefer  
the food the fast joints can offer  
AS for my self I'd rather dine  
on wholesome food I get elsewhere.

My friends are mostly overweight  
Because they choose convenience  
and really cannot see much sense  
In eating what I advocate  
They see my views as sheer nonsense.

But I am slim and fit while they  
are frankly fat and ill at ease  
in other words they are obese  
and yet they still feast every day  
on hamburgers with melted cheese.

Of course they all drink diet coke  
a fact that still amuses me.  
Although they drink it constantly  
I do not think they'd see the joke.  
I 'd rather they were fat than me.

12-Jun-07

ivor hogg

## Differential perceptions

The stars look down indifferently.  
The earth is bathed in pale moonlight.  
The night is passing peacefully  
or so it seems apparently.

Believers in astrology  
who are convinced that they are right.  
Say stars affect our destiny,  
I do not see how that could be

They're too remote, too far away  
Those twinkling beacons in the night  
to influence effectively  
each person individually.

Astronomy, astrology  
two systems which are opposite.  
One proven scientifically  
The other believed fervently

I accept the reality  
of the bright stars I see at night  
I can't accept astrology  
and offer no apology

Although you may think differently  
It is your choice, you have the right.  
What proof have you to offer me  
which will stand up to scrutiny?

1-Sep-07

ivor hogg

## Diplomacy

Offspring of a Siamese sexual mishap  
gutter bred and brothel born.  
conceited overbearing bureaucrat  
lover of archaic rules forlorn..  
You greatest pleasure to forbid  
forbid and quote the rules to prove.  
It matters not what you forbid  
as long as you can cause distress  
by your unhelpful attitude.  
May you be pilloried by the press  
your wife bedeck you brow with horns.  
Your misery be bottomless  
your feet afflicted with septic corns.  
May all you favourite rose trees die  
and you suffer from barbers itch  
in crimson blotches on both thighs.  
May you discover life's a bitch  
obesity mark you for its own.  
Insomnia be a nightly curse  
May you forget all that you've known  
your memory grow steadily worse.  
You snivelling jumped up little berk  
your pretended petty authority  
An air assumed by a useless jerk  
who has not heard of empathy.  
I think you might just infer  
from these few words that I say  
that I would much prefer  
To rub your face in cow dung  
or you would if you spoke Urdu  
Which of course you don't  
I really do not like you  
I have scraped better off my shoe.  
I nod my head and smile  
you think that you have won  
You small excrescence filled with bile.  
the battle has not yet begun  
You think because my skin is brown  
you have the right to turn me down.  
It is not just it is not true  
I am a better man than you  
and in a while I'll prove it too  
Then you will grovel on the floor  
and why.  
because I am the ambassador  
You lowborn casteless piece of dirt  
then I shall kick you where it hurts.

Jul 2004

ivor hogg



## Disrespect

A crafty cat crapped in the crypt.  
A furtive feline felony,  
it left its mark and then it skipped.

The parish priest proclaimed that he  
had cause to curse the cunning cat  
for sacrilege and blasphemy.

He double damned the dastard cat  
that crept into the crypt and crapped.  
The theocrat though that was that.

His saintly self-control had snapped.  
The phantom feline failed to flee,  
the moggy met with no mishap.

The crafty cat quite cleverly  
decided it would demonstrate  
that it could crap contentedly.

His contempt to communicate  
to parish priests. Quite powerless  
to declare excommunicate.

Unchristian cats who crap in crypts  
or pagan pups, which pee in pews.  
They are exempt from his prescript.

All animals act as they choose  
they won't refrain to please the priest  
impervious to his abuse.

Such is the nature of the beast  
who only do as they must do  
. Priests do not matter in the least.

04 Jun.07

ivor hogg

## **Dreaming**

Breezes soft as an angels kiss  
caress the sleeping maiden's hair.  
Whilst she is lost in dreams of bliss.  
Reality cannot compare  
with the sweet dreams of innocents.  
Who have not yet met with heartache  
or suffered from life's accidents.  
Alas too soon she'll have to wake  
to face up to reality  
and leave her childish dreams behind.  
In pursuit of her destiny.  
She too will learn to plot and scheme.  
To try to make her dreams come true.  
Just as the rest of us must do.

21-Aug-07

ivor hogg

## **Drifting and Dreaming for M lady Ernestine**

In a secluded forest glade  
the interplay of light and shade,  
as sunlight filters through the trees.  
Gives rise to pleasant fantasies.  
The muted light has qualities  
which redefine realities  
I'm half convinced that I must be  
submerged beneath a sunlit sea.  
Here somnolent as in a trance  
I watch the mermaids stately dance  
a sight which fills me with delight  
I know it's just a trick of light.  
But I don't care I'm happy there.  
Reality cannot compare.

9-Oct-07

ivor hogg

## Enlightenment

Through outer gates of carven teak  
then inner gates of ivory  
The pilgrim ventures who would seek  
an answer to the mystery.

The seeker must be clad in white.  
Pure in heart and innocent,  
his only wish the serve the light.  
He must be truly confident.

Ready and willing to accept.  
The answer to his question may  
not be the one he might expect.  
Obscure and nether yea nor nay.

It is his task to interpret  
the meaning of the words he hears.  
Etched deeply so he can't forget.  
To understand them may take years.

The culmination of his quest,  
when finally he understands.  
A man can only do his best  
the outcome lies in his own hands.

The riddle of the ages solved  
no longer hidden by the Gods  
To win a man must be resolved  
to battle on against the odds.

Pursue his goal determinedly.  
Through outer gates of carven teak  
and inner gates of ivory.  
The answer to each man unique.

11-Oct-07

ivor hogg

## **Fantasy Friends**

Imaginary friends are commonplace  
In children brought up on their own.  
As a phenomenon it is well known.  
They usually disappear without a trace  
when real live friends are made to take their place.  
While it's not something which we can condone  
most probably much better left alone.  
Imaginary friends are hard to chase.

Unless their seems to be some urgent need.  
Far better not to intervene  
As children grow these fantasies recede  
until it is as if they'd never been  
Most children without our help will succeed  
in banishing their old friends from the scene.

7-Aug-07

ivor hogg

## Feeling the draught

Tom tiddle om, tiddle om tom tom.  
The drummers played as they marched along,  
close behind were the infantry.  
they were smart as smart could be.

The cavalry were there of course,  
each man riding on his horse.  
Oh what a wonderful sight to see  
the soldiers in their finery

At the head was Major drum  
who had a very large tum tum.  
He was dressed in red and gray,  
But his big tum tum got in the way.

As he marched so very proudly.  
Someone in the crowd said loudly.  
He wont cut such a dashing figure,  
If his tum tum gets any bigger.

The people yelled, the people cheered.,  
the king was laughing in his beard.  
The queen. she nearly had a fit.  
when the Major's trousers split.

First they sniggered then they laughed.  
when the Major felt the draught.  
No one there had ever seen  
a major wearing shorts of emerald green.

April 2003

ivor hogg

## **Femme Fatale**

Femme fatale

My soul is sick, soon I will die  
I seek the comfort of the grave.  
I suffer from love's malady  
and may not have the love I crave.

I yield I am no longer brave  
My love has made me cowardly  
There's little left that I would save.  
My soul is sick, soon I will die

She spurns my love so easily  
though I would be her willing slave.  
Regarding me contemptibly.  
I seek the comfort of the grave.

Her sins I readily forgave  
although she acted wantonly.  
I saw her as a soul to save.  
I suffer from loves malady.

This love will be the death of me.  
She sees me as a spineless knave  
and so treats me disdainfully.  
I may not have the love I crave.

She gladly took all that I gave  
and played with me dishonestly.  
I'm fevered now and left to rave.  
She has no further use for me.  
My soul is sick.

Rondeau Redouble  
10-Jun-07  
poeticpiers

ivor hogg

## First Born

In the softly scented twilight,  
walking slowly simply musing.  
My thoughts turn to my hearts delight  
she is sure now to be choosing.

Which young man she wants to marry  
now she has become a woman.  
Hopefully I am her quarry now  
that she must chose her man.

Long dark hair which flows like water,  
flashing eyes that hold the moonlight.  
Running Elk the chieftains daughter  
graceful as the swallows in flight.

She is full of joy and laughter,  
she sings sweeter than the song birds  
Can I win the chieftains daughter  
may the Great Spirit hear my words.

Many moons now I have loved her  
watched her grow into a beauty  
Now the goddess' hand has touched her,  
she must do her sacred duty.

She is old enough now to wed.  
She must choose her life's companion  
to share her tepee and her bed.  
I long to be her chosen one.

I am proud with much to offer.  
Doughty warrior, careful tracker.  
I have much that I can proffer  
defence from any attacker.

Great Manitou lend me your aid.  
Guide her footsteps let her choose me  
from all the braves who will parade  
Let her heart see my honesty.

Make me show worthy in her eyes.  
She is young and needs a husband  
who know that he has gained the prize.  
Fairest maiden of all this land.

Through the night I'm vigil keeping  
praying to ancestral spirits  
Whilst the other braves are sleeping.  
Night long prayers can bring benefits.

In the morning as the dawn breaks.  
Tribal elders call the young men



from their beds as the camp awakes.  
To let the maidens look again.

Each young warrior wears a brave face  
Hoping he is the chosen one  
Now each young maiden takes her place  
their faces set as cast in stone.

Will she chose me I must wonder.  
If I find favour in her eyes,  
she'll lead me to the forest yonder.  
Where we may enter paradise.

Be still my heart let not your thunder  
sound so loudly. I must appear  
indifferent as I wonder.  
Though I can feel her drawing near.

Her soft strong hand encloses mine  
Running Elk the chieftains daughter  
has chosen me so she is mine  
We walk away midst peals of laughter

quickly towards the forest grove  
There in the quiet of the trees  
we can enjoy our new sprung love  
Caressed by sunlight and the breeze.

For one full moon we need not be  
concerned with any other thing.  
For one full moon we are quite free.  
She is my queen and I am king.

But then we must rejoin the tribe  
take up our duties separate  
As tribal customs all prescribe  
as married man and chosen mate,

Though presently we do not care  
lost in love and burning need.  
We live on love and dine on air  
in this we are firmly agreed.

When the moon is full we will go  
back to the camp to our tepee  
and let her loving kinfolk know  
that she has chosen happily.

We will maintain our dignity  
at least in public where we're seen  
But in our tepee privately  
I will still treat her as my queen.

Although the tribal laws dictate  
a wife must meekly serve her lord.  
I see no need to dominate  
I'll let her have the final word.

For I have observed carefully  
the way my older kinfolks live  
and those who live in harmony.  
Know when to take and when to give.

My Running Elk is my delight  
and I provide for her the best  
WE work by day and love by night,  
we know by heaven we are blessed.

Beneath her heart a new life thrives  
a mutual product of our love  
A treasure to complete our lives  
A sign of favour from above

The first born of our family  
The chieftain takes it in his stride  
Her mother tells us privately  
That he is swollen up with pride.

Her mother well advises her  
what she must and must not do  
.As she makes clothes of softest fur  
to fit the babe that is soon due.

But as me I'm terrified  
I would rather face a bear.  
She brushes all my fears aside  
and tells me that I won't be there.

Some things men aren't allowed to see  
At child birth the old women rule  
and I agree wholeheartedly.  
Because I am frightened fool.

But when he's here I'll play my part  
and teach him everything I know.  
Make sure he has the finest start  
of any child and watch him grow.

My wife's convinced it will be a she.  
She says the goddess told her so.  
It matters not we both agree  
for in due course we'll get to know

I am a man I have a wife

I am as happy as can be.  
Together we created life  
that I await impatiently.

My Running Elk just laughs at me.  
She says she must do all the work  
In nurturing the life to be  
while I just wear a silly smirk

As if was all down to me  
I did my bit I did my best  
and she conceived triumphantly.  
I think I passed my manhood test.

I'm what a proper man should be  
I am so proud that I could burst  
My Running Elk indulges me.  
All men are proudest of their first.

Nine moons have passed this was the last.  
Now I am banished from my tent.  
I sweat and bid the time go fast.  
I cannot rest til news is sent.

Have I a daughter or a son  
and is my Running Elk alright.  
The babes arrived the battle's won.  
Just as the morning star shines bright.

Now Running Elk must have her rest  
and I am not allowed to see  
the babe that's suckling at her breast.  
Until my sweetheart calls for me

To thank her for this wondrous gift.  
the pain she underwent for me.  
I feel my lowered spirits lift  
I hear her calling come and see.

I go to her and hold her hand.  
My son is sleeping peacefully.  
I cannot speak I simply stand  
and gaze upon my family.

My heart is full she understands  
she reads me like an open book.  
My son she places in my hands  
I stand amazed and thunderstruck

A sturdy boy, his shock of hair  
as shiny as a ravens wing

I cannot say how much I  
but she can hear she's listening.

The hymn of praise which my heart sings  
will tell her all she longs to hear  
To me our son a king of kings  
and she the dearest of the dear.

My mind replays the day she chose.  
I was afraid that she would not  
and somehow even this she knows  
but is still pleased with what she got.

She is much more than I deserve  
although she won't agree with this.  
For all my life I'll gladly serve  
my family for her sweet kiss.

She knows my love will never fade  
that I will love her faithfully  
She knows I loved her as a maid  
and that's the reason she chose me.

She bids me go and get some sleep  
she knows the vigil that I kept.  
Our love is strong enough to keep  
and words must wait until we've slept.

I go my way and find a bed  
I close my eyes and know no more.  
When I awake the sun is red  
and night is falling fast once more.

Tonight I sleep in my own bed  
beside the wife that I adore  
My son will sleep beside her head.  
What man could ask for any more.

Revised Sep 07

ivor hogg

## **First Lady**

Darkness descends and silence reigns  
across the mountains and the plains.

The Moon Goddess has yet to rise  
but soon she'll dominate the skies.  
The focus of adoring eyes.

Though new religions rise and fall.  
The faithful few resist their call.  
They have no doubt, no doubt at all.  
That their Goddess rules over all.

The orb which lights the sky by night  
is only meant to signify.  
Her ever open watchful eye.

She still regards the race of men  
indulgently as her children.

16-Aug-07

ivor hogg

## **First Love**

I've been around the block a time or two.  
Long since; I lost my childish innocence.  
For what I lost I gained some recompense.  
One of the bitter lessons life has taught.  
I loved her: She loved me or so I thought.  
Her practiced lies defeated my defence.  
I fell because I lacked experience.  
I was a toy to her just something new  
to play with for a while and then discard.  
I was seduced, betrayed and cast aside  
to satisfy her selfish vanity.  
I learned to cope but found the lesson hard.  
So now I view romance suspiciously.

18/07/2007

ivor hogg

## **Food for thought**

Food for thought

The fields are bare, the harvest safe in store  
Now is the time for man and beast to rest  
King winter will enforce his frigid rule.  
The fields are white, the harvest safe in store  
In time the sun will shine and spring return  
The earth will show renewed vitality  
When sunshine puts an end to winters reign,  
the frost retreats to let the spring return.  
The farmers and the peasants know the score.  
The city folk are merely parasites  
who do not know nor want to know the score.  
They are convinced they do not need to learn.  
Confident that gold can buy anything,  
this is not true. When famine strikes they'll learn.

6-Oct-07

Sandwich sonnet in blank verse

ivor hogg

## **Food glorious food for Friend Thad**

The hunger pangs I feel are real.  
My stomachs growling to be fed,  
This is no quiet mute appeal  
refuses to be quieted.  
Nouveau cuisine just will not do  
no pretty pictures on a plate  
I really need something to chew  
some prime beef steak to masticate.  
My stomach clearly understands  
exactly what it wants and needs  
Expects me to obey its commands  
and as always it succeeds.  
A T bone steak with some French fries  
My stomach usually satisfies.

31-Oct-07

ivor hogg



## Freelance Contractor for M'lady Lucianne

I've been a ghost for centuries.  
Qualified by experience.  
No diplomas or degrees  
but plenty of self confidence.

Although I died quite suddenly.  
Beheading does not take too long  
I just accepted readily  
the choice of sides I made was wrong.

I lived my life as best I could  
like other men I made mistakes.  
And did not do the things I should  
One wrong decision all it takes.

Although a failure as a man.  
I am a most successful ghost  
I do the very best I can  
Although I am not one to boast.

I take a pride in what I do  
I can appear and disappear  
(I'm one of the accomplished few)  
to fill a humans heart with fear.

I've haunted stately homes with pride  
I've walked abroad without my head  
Through solid walls I quickly glide  
I am enjoying being dead.

Alive I earned but small respect  
in fact nobody noticed me.  
But now in my ghostly aspect.  
I'm treated most respectfully.

Some day I know I must move on  
but I can feel no urgency.  
Although my dearest friends have gone.  
A ghost is all I want to be.

I've been a ghost for centuries.  
I find it suits me very well.  
I do exactly as I please  
The skills I have I freely sell.

26-Oct-07

ivor hogg

## **Frustration**

I would that I could ever be.  
Allowed to worship thy beauty.  
but thou hast little time for men  
now past their three score years and ten.  
But old men still dream young men's dreams.  
So when I sleep it truly seems  
thou wouldst accept me as a swain  
for I am young and strong again.  
I wot that in reality  
such foolish dreams can never be.  
The secret dreams I dare not share  
are but a burden that I bear.  
Desire outlives ability  
a lesson in humility.

1-Nov-07

ivor hogg

## **Full Moon a storypoem**

The moon is full and bright tonight.  
The tensions rise within these walls  
Although the corridors are bright  
I clearly hear the eerie calls

of those affected by the moon  
Their madness raised to fever pitch  
I pray that morning will come soon  
I feel their hatred like an itch.

Which creeps and crawls across my skin  
An itch for which there is no cure.  
Although I know they are locked in,  
the full moon makes me insecure.

Although the experts disagree.  
They don't patrol the floors at night.  
They will be sleeping peacefully  
Smugly convinced that they are right.

Those of us who watch and ward  
do not neglect the evidence  
A full moon we can't disregard  
we've learnt by hard experience.

That when the full moon rules the sky  
we must increase our vigilance.  
Her rays enhance insanity  
we can't afford to take a chance.

I do my rounds reluctantly  
I check and double check again  
I feel mad thoughts chaotically  
impinge upon my tired brain.

When daylight comes the tensions fall  
and stillness permeates the air.  
A brooding silence lies over all  
the patients who are in our care.

A full moon without incident  
I can report to my relief.  
Which he accepts without comment.  
I know we share the same belief.

I can go home my shift is done  
and seek the comfort of my bed.  
Next month there'll be another one.  
But I will be on days instead.

15-Aug-07

ivor hogg

## **Future in the past? for MY Wife**

I dreamt that she and I had met  
when we were young and fancy free.  
It is a dream I shan't forget  
but will remember happily.

We fell in love and we were wed  
together raised a family.  
I see the pictures in my head.  
My dream was Oh so right to me.

It was a dream that could not be.  
We did not meet we did not wed  
but yet I hold the memory.  
Perhaps allowed to look ahead

See what in time would come to be.  
She married but she was betrayed  
I wed and raised a brood of three.  
A sad mistake which fate had made.

When we were old and fancy free.  
We met as we were meant to do  
The fates had reversed their decree.  
Brought us together and we knew.

That you were meant to be with me  
and I was meant to be with you.  
Too late to have a family  
I am content just finding you.

Perhaps it's possible to see  
some things which haven't happened yet  
That in due course will come to be.  
A vivid dream you can't forget.

Some sort of future memory.  
I only know my dream came true  
when you agreed to marry me  
I had to wait so long for you.  
24-Jun-07

ivor hogg

## Glosa

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day.  
The lowing herd winds solely o'er the lea.  
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way  
and leaves the world to darkness and to me

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day.  
A hush descends upon the countryside,  
now is the hour when owls come out to prey.  
Like ghosts on silent feathered wings they glide

The lowing herds winds slowly oe'r the lea.  
Quite soon they will be relieved of their distress.  
The bursting udders emptied easily.  
Their heightened pace betrays their eagerness.

The ploughman homewards plods his weary way.  
He's more than ready for his evening meal,  
he and his horse have worked along hard day  
and both were glad to hear the tocsin bell.

And leaves the world to darkness and to me.  
I wait and watch for the stars to appear  
and marvel at their punctuality.  
I wonder if they too some signal hear

Poeticpiers aka ivor

ivor hogg

## Good News to Share

Now what's amiss?  
No welcome kiss  
That's not like you

Usually  
you will give me  
a kiss or two,

Your smiling face  
tears now replace  
What is to do?

Why are you sad  
or are you mad.  
Now tell me true.

Did I offend?  
I will amend  
I promise you.

I am not mad  
but I am sad  
I cannot do.

All I would will  
I feel too ill.  
I really do.

Once out of bed  
I vomited.  
What should I do

What did we want?  
You are pregnant  
I'm sure it's true.

We soon will be  
not two but three.  
I'm proud of you.

We will be three  
a family  
I'll care for you.

So frown no more  
smile as before.  
Come kiss me do.

All will be well.  
Who first to tell  
I leave to you.

7-Jun-07

Rhupunt welsh bardic form

ivor hogg



## Grace Notes for M lady Tara

I'm haunted by a memory.  
A tune I cannot quite recall,  
in quiet times it comes to me  
as into reverie I fall.  
Somehow it seems to soothe my soul  
makes all my troubles disappear.  
Knits up the pieces makes me whole,  
assures me that I've nought to fear.  
A harpist plays the melody  
accompanied by a silver flute.  
They blend in perfect harmony  
as if it was composed to suit  
my taste when in a pensive mood.  
I would record it if I could.

23-Oct-07

ivor hogg

## Graduated success

The World's my university.  
Where lessons are taught painfully  
I made mistakes as all must do  
and to be honest not a few  
I missed some opportunities  
but I learned slowly by degrees  
When things looked too good to be true.  
You'd best step back and review  
the situation once again  
and save yourself a lot of pain.  
Nothing worth having comes for free.  
So weigh things up judicially  
Then if your certain go ahead  
but still be careful how you tread.  
The best laid plans can come to nought  
when things don't go as you thought.  
You're bound to fail a time or two  
such setbacks can be good for you  
You have to learn from your mistakes  
resilience is all it takes.  
Life knocks you down; get up again  
and in a short while you'll regain.  
Your sense of purpose and move on.  
There's nothing more you could have done  
Another lesson you have learned  
you sometimes get your fingers burned.  
Just persevere and you'll make good  
the way you always knew you would.  
We don't award fancy degrees  
nor give cast iron guarantees.  
What you learn are realities  
unlike other universities.

24-Jun-07

Cyhydd naw ban      a welsh bardic form  
poeticpiers

ivor hogg

## Heavenly protection

No moon tonight no silver glow to guide me where I wish to go  
The road becomes a mystery. Though I have eyes I cannot see  
which is the path that I must take I fear I might make a mistake.  
Although familiar to me it's possible that I might stray.  
I dare not stop I must go on, my stock of courage almost gone.  
Strange beings roam the moors at night odd creatures who avoid the light and prey on  
poor benighted fools who do not know or ignore the rules.  
I pray to her most fervently I know my Goddess will hear me.  
She will take pity on my plight and flood my homeward path with light.  
Once I am home and safe inside The goddess once again will hide  
the radiance of her countenance now she has given me the chance.  
To reach my home without mischance. Created a safe circumstance.  
I will pray to her in gratitude. She succored me I knew she would  
I worship her and she protects me, a form of mutuality.

26-Jun-07  
poeticpiers

ivor hogg

## Hello World

We start our lives as parasites  
and selfishly take all we need  
to satisfy our appetites  
to mothers wants pay little heed

Inhabiting a paradise.  
A place of comfort and delight,  
it comes to us a surprise  
to be expelled into the light.

Our first reaction is to yell  
protestingly to no avail  
Expelled from paradise to hell,  
just the beginning of our tale.

We are presented with a teat  
and fall to suckling hungrily.  
The breast is warm the milk is sweet  
we feed and then sleep placidly.

In my small world there's only me.  
Nothing and no one else exists.  
Save only what I feel and see.  
A point of view which long persists.

I make my demands forcibly  
because I rule the universe.  
My mothers there to comfort me  
and feed me when I wish to nurse.

In time I came to realise  
my mother isn't part of me.  
My wants and needs she still supplies  
but does so voluntarily.

I recognise her by her smell  
and fret when she's away from me  
I scream in anger and rebel  
because she has no right to be

anywhere but in my sight  
and so she sings to comfort me.  
I give in and cease to fight.  
Then when I'm sleeping peacefully.

She can get on with other things  
the household chores which must be done  
But she flies back as if on wings  
if I should stir or cough of course.

My daddy sometimes watches  
me while mummy has a well earned rest.

His antics make me with laugh with glee  
but I still love my mummy best.

I've ceased to be a parasite  
I can live independently.  
I know when mummy's not in sight  
she's never very far from me.

I still return to paradise  
when mummy sings a lullaby  
and rocks me 'til I close my eyes  
and fall asleep obediently.

5-Aug-07

ivor hogg

## Help

Angels come in many guises.  
Different shapes and different sizes,  
concealed by their odd disguises.  
Angels manage to surprise us.  
Sometimes we do not recognise  
because of blinkers on our eyes  
or the dark clouds that fill our skies.  
The title angel still applies.  
To those that lend a helping hand  
or only try to understand.  
The problems which seem to demand  
resources which we can't command..  
Your guardian angel will appear  
to calm your mind and quell your fear.

18-Aug-07

ivor hogg

## **Hold back the night**

Hold back the night. Let not the light  
fade and disappear from view  
I still have duties yet to do.  
Hold back the night I'd fain put right  
and leave with honour shining bright.  
Mistakes I made as all men do.  
before I bid this world adieu  
and then accept the fall of night.

I'm truly not afraid to die.  
Because I know I've done my best  
and that is all a man can do.  
I hope I'll be remembered by,  
when finally I'm laid to rest.  
Those who I loved, who loved me too.

16-Jun-07

ivor hogg

## Household Goddess

She moves with fluid stealthy grace.  
Although compelled by circumstance  
to accept now a lowly place.  
A loser in life's game of chance.

She can pretend to be a pet  
But don't be fooled make no mistake,  
for she remembers even yet.  
When the whole world was hers to take,

to freely do with as she chose.  
None had the power to say her nay,  
deep in her savage heart she knows.  
That she will reign again some day.

You might think she is just a cat.  
Exactly as she wants you to.  
Though she is not, she's more than that.  
One day she will reign over you

when she resumes her rightful place.  
As the ancient Egyptians knew,  
each cat a goddess in her own right.  
But until then she will make do.

She lets you think you're in control  
Yet she can rule you easily  
I think that truly on the whole  
you recognise her majesty.

The feline race were born to rule.  
Which they all know instinctively.  
If you think otherwise: You fool  
yourself most comprehensively.

13-Jun-07

ivor hogg



## **I have the right**

Alas and alack: My lord is dead.  
Now who will protect me in his stead  
I must wed, I can't rule alone.

It seems to be traditionally.  
That no widow lady can be  
allowed freedom to reign alone.

Although I have proved competent.  
The powers that be are not content  
My ascent, they cannot condone.

They view it as a prime disgrace!  
A woman ought to know her place  
They can't face the fact. He is gone.

I am the ruling castellan  
I do not want another man  
Any man to usurp my throne.

I will defy their foolish laws  
because I have no other course.  
Use of force. I defend my own

My men swore loyalty to me  
although the lords may disagree.  
I am free. They serve me alone.

They respect my ability  
despite my femininity  
Quite happy that I rule alone.

Offended masculinity  
must accept the reality  
which for me. I rule, he is gone.

I am prepared to stand and fight  
with naked blades defend my right  
day or night to hold what I own.

6-Jul-07

Cywydd Ilosgyrnog  
welsh bardic form

ivor hogg

## **I know**

A busy woodlouse wends his way  
across the tiles of black and gray.  
A vast expanse beneath the sky  
I wonder where he goes and why.

A tiny creature harming none  
he journeys on his way alone in danger  
from the birds that fly.  
I wonder where he goes and why.

Wood lice have no defence at all  
except to curl up into a ball.  
He hurries on determinedly.  
I wonder where he goes and why.

Now he will travel on no more  
he has become the breakfast for  
a hungry blackbird passing by.  
I know where he's gone and why.

Revised sep 07

ivor hogg

## **I See**

Some few have the ability  
to see what others cannot see.  
Is it a blessing or a curse?  
A process that they can't reverse.

Some few but they are very few  
are happy that they can preview.  
Future events and be forewarned,  
Although their prophecies are scorned

by those who are unwilling to  
expand their narrow point of view.  
Blithely ignore the evidence  
which tends to support prescience.

When things foretold prove to be true  
They cannot change their narrow view.  
Perhaps afraid that what seers see  
must happen: Inevitably.

But those who have the second sight  
do not claim they are always right  
The fleeting visions which they see.  
They may interpret wrongfully.

Nor do they claim they can foresee  
every eventuality  
They know too well the scenes they see  
may be long past or yet to be.

In due course most will decide  
to keep quiet; try to hide  
the fact that they sometimes see  
the future intermittently.

If you have this ability  
then you will surely understand.  
You won't see what you wish to see  
it is not under your command.

23-Aug-07

ivor hogg

## **I wish**

I wish

From where I'm standing I can see  
the seagulls wheeling gracefully  
I'm well above the high tides reach.  
This is my favourite stretch of beach.

The waves which roll in from the sea  
in summer, do not threaten me  
I love to watch the seabirds fly  
and hear their raucous shrieking cry.

They circle, waiting patiently  
for tasty titbits which the sea  
will leave behind at turn of tide.  
Their needs will soon be satisfied

Then they will squabble noisily  
these flying bandits of the sea.  
The land is not their true domain.  
They'll quickly feed then fly again

The masters of the sky and sea.  
Present a spectacle for me.  
I sometimes wish that I could be  
a gull instead of being me.

14-Jun-07  
poeticpiers

ivor hogg

## **Idle Idyll**

Adrift upon a sea of dreams  
I do not really understand.  
Nor will I ever so it seems  
These dreams aren't under my command.  
I am confused by changing themes  
I may not dismiss out of hand.  
Adrift upon a sea of dreams  
I do not really understand.  
I know to boost my self esteem  
I really ought to make a stand  
and swim strongly against the stream  
that takes me into fairyland.  
Adrift upon a sea of dreams.

31-Jul-07

Rondel

ivor hogg

## **If you dare**

Although I'm fond of poetry.I find  
the modern free form style lacks appeal for me.  
I prefer disciplined formality  
because I think it clarifies my mind  
I chose my words, so my thoughts are well defined.  
I cannot claim impartiality  
nor dare I quote any authority.  
All poetry I think should be designed  
to serve some purpose which is clear to see.  
Some train of thought the poet wishes to share.  
Something he has seen in reality  
or high flown fantasy beyond compare.  
This is the art of writing poetry  
To prove that you can do it, you must dare.

18/07/2007

ivor hogg

## **Illusions**

Reflections from rain washed pavements  
perform their own experiments.  
The red tail lights of passing cars  
become a myriad crimson stars.  
The gaudy hues of neon lights  
break down into component parts  
which swirl and change then re unite  
Impressionistic modern arts.  
Which when disturbed by passing feet  
can quickly change and re arrange  
into new patterns which compete.  
Producing effects rare and strange.  
But few see this phenomenon  
which briefly shows, as quickly gone.

26-Oct-07

ivor hogg

## **Immutability**

Although things change they stay the same.  
What changes is our point of view  
beneath the sun theres nothing new  
Although things change they stay the same.

We only see part of the game.  
Circumstances limit our view  
we tend to see what we want to.  
Although things change they stay the same.

There is no need for praise or blame.  
From time to time we must review  
the way we see things: So we do,  
although things change they stay the same.

Although things change they stay the same.  
What changes is our point of view  
beneath the sun there's nothing new.  
Although things change they stay the same

7-Oct-07

Catena Rondo

ivor hogg



## **Impossibility (Irenga)**

Glorious sunset,  
the western sky ablaze with shades of red.  
Nature's artistry  
beyond a mans ability  
to emulate or imitate.

Nature's artistry  
beyond any mans ability  
to emulate or imitate.  
Although they still try.  
Perfection beyond their grasp.

Natures artistry  
beyond any mans ability  
to emulate or imitate.  
But driven by some inner need  
they are convinced they can succeed.

First stanza  
5 syllables  
10 syllables  
5 syllables  
8syllables.  
8syllables

Second stanza  
repeat last three lines of first stanza  
then  
5syllables  
8syllables.

Third stanza  
Repeat  
Last three lines of first stanza  
Then  
8syllables  
8syllables  
Japanese style poetry  
no obligation to rhyme.

22/07/2007  
A new form to play with have fun

ivor hogg

## **Indefinable?**

I can't define with certainty  
what is or is not poetry  
There are so many schools of thought  
but I recall what I was taught.

When I was young and still at school.  
That there was but one basic rule.  
Most everything you write is prose  
but poetry you must compose.

You choose your words selectively  
so that they say efficiently  
exactly what you want to say  
but in a smooth and flowing way.

In common with all forms of art  
sheer inborn talent plays its part.  
All artists need to learn the rules  
provided by the different schools

of thought which proliferate.  
Study past masters of your art  
so you learn to appreciate  
artists who are worlds apart.

All poets write in their own way.  
Free verse, free style or formally.  
Some styles will last some fade away.  
Why do you write primarily?

What is it that you wish to do?  
What is it that you wish to share?  
Your feelings or your point of view.  
Are you afraid or do you dare.

admit that you don't know it all.  
That other folks know more than you  
Pride always goes before fall  
I think you'll find that this is true

You can of course choose to refuse  
all helpful offers of advice  
and disregard all other peoples views.  
Though in the end you pay the price.

I can't define with certainty  
what is or is not poetry.  
Though I can say with confidence  
that poetry should make good sense.

3-Sep-07

ivor hogg

## **Independent view**

I reject Christianity  
the teachings of Mohammed too  
I must confess I'm not a Jew  
I deny their authority  
I choose to take a different view.  
But I do not expect you  
to give up what you believe is true.  
I can accept quite easily.  
Others may hold different views  
which they believe in fervently.  
It's up to them But I refuse  
not to act independently  
I have free will so I can choose  
To take responsibility.

26-Aug-07

ivor hogg

## **Inerasable**

Inerasable

I wrote love letters in the sand.  
Incoming waves washed them away  
The fickle sea can't understand.  
That sometimes love is here to stay.

This is a price I gladly pay.  
I place myself at your command  
stay by your side and come what may  
We'll face the future hand in hand.

My love is wise makes no demands  
she is far wiser than the sea.  
Instinctively she understands  
I offer love and loyalty.

The words the sea has was washed away  
I etched upon her heart today

10-Jun-07  
poetic piers

ivor hogg

## **Inevitable**

The setting sun as daylight fades,  
before the dark of night descends.  
Must paint the clouds in pastel shades  
almost as if to make amends.

Before the dark of night descends.  
Soft hues of various shades and grades,  
make valiant efforts to defend  
their last stronghold from darkness' raids.

Must paint the clouds in pastel shades  
in vain attempt which won't extend  
the closing of the day's parade.  
Today as all days has to end

Almost as if to make amends.  
The night winds softly serenade  
Mark the beginning of the end,  
the fall of night cannot be stayed.

Retourne

29-Jun-07

ivor hogg

### **Inevitable conclusion.**

Grey figures moving in the mist  
that rolls across the battlefield  
Although long dead they still persist  
and stubbornly refuse to yield

The can't go back and won't move on  
perhaps convinced they're still alive.  
So they still wander woebegone  
they've given all they had to give.

They still have hope although in vain.  
That they will wake up from their dream  
and be set free to live again.  
To see once more the bright sun beam.

I wander with my pen in hand  
I try to record how I feel  
I do my best to understand.  
I hear somehow their mute appeal.

On holiday in Flanders fields  
I write my journal every day.  
Each battlefield I visit yields  
more ghostly figures in the grey

of swirling slowly fading mist.  
Evaporating in the sun  
I can do nothing to assist.  
But if I could I would have done.

Almost a century has passed  
since that great war to end all wars.  
Still in the mists sad ghosts are massed.  
But mankind has not changed his course.

He has evolved the means to kill  
in greater numbers than before.  
It seems that mankind lacks the will  
to live in peace. He prefers war.

7-Oct-07

ivor hogg

## **Initial Attraction**

What lies beneath the surface smile?  
which you display to everyone?  
The mask you wear to be in style.  
What lies beneath is yours alone.

Does it indicate interest?  
What lies beneath the surface smile?  
And will I perhaps pass the test  
enjoy your company for a while.

Is it a sign of practiced guile?  
or simple act of self defence.  
What lies beneath the surface smile?  
Must I rely on my sixth sense?

My need to know grows more intense  
I am prepared to wait awhile  
to try and gain your confidence.  
What lies beneath the surface smile?

20/07/2007

poeticpiers

ivor hogg



## **Insist**

Above the tree line, normally  
you do not find a single tree  
But now and then a sapling grows  
it knows no better I suppose.  
Accidentally taken root,  
the tender shoot adapts to suit.  
the lack of soil and nutriments  
It will defy the elements.  
Gnarled and twisted by the wind  
which stunts its growth it will still find  
the will to live: Refuse to die.  
It does not think to question why.  
It grows because that's what trees do,  
because its instincts tell it to  
So learn a lesson from its stance;  
no matter what your circumstance  
You too can overcome the odds  
high stacked against you by the Gods  
If like the tree you just insist  
you have the right to grow: Persist.

6-Jun-07

poeticpiers

ivor hogg

## **Insolvent for my friend Aldo**

The silver leaves of aspen trees  
which shimmer in the playful breeze.  
Each separate leaf reflecting light  
like newly minted coinage bright.

Quite soon will be a memory  
as autumn winds strip every tree  
until no single leaf is left  
Their branches naked and bereft.  
Though they still shiver in the breeze.  
The naked branches do not please  
the eye the way they used to do.  
I long again to see the view  
of silver laden aspen trees.  
which dip and curtsy in the breeze..

28-Oct-07

ivor hogg

## **Interlude narrative verse for M lady Ernestine**

The silent cello waits in vain.  
Her owner can no longer play,  
her twisted joints in so much pain  
Arthritis has now won the day.

Those hands which once caressed the strings  
are gnarled and twisted dreadfully  
Though in her mind the cello sings,  
its silent in reality.

The music stored within its soul  
longs for release impatiently.  
Its destiny to play a role  
assisting some child prodigy.

The owner cannot bear to part  
with her treasured instrument.  
She holds a dream deep in her heart.  
Some one will come who's one intent

to learn to play the cello well.  
Prepared to suffer for their art,  
beglamoured by the subtle spell  
this cherished cello can impart.

Her children show no interest,  
no musical ability.  
Perhaps, she thinks it's for the best  
The cello waits impatiently.

One day her grandchild comes to call  
A pretty child who's not yet five.  
She exhibits no fear at all  
her fingers bring the strings alive.

The cello knows this is the one.  
The child it has been waiting for.  
and grandma knows she has passed on.  
The love she felt so long before.

Before she learnt to play a note.  
She knew it was her destiny  
that music was the antidote  
to soothe her sensitivity..

The chills is lost in wonderment  
and strokes the cello lovingly.  
This could not be an accident.  
It was her grandma's legacy.

She seemed to know instinctively

Just as her grandmother had done  
That music was her destiny.  
The cello knew that it had won

In course of time the girl surpassed  
The skill her grandma had possessed.  
It was the spell the cello cast  
She always said that made her best.

When grandma died she died content  
Her well loved cello sang again.  
Now her grand daughter's instrument  
Their patient wait was not in vain..

30-Oct-07

ivor hogg

## **Interpretations for M lady Marcy**

We are confused by our odd dreams  
when nothing is quite as it seems.

Though dreams may be our minds at play.  
Sometimes they can show us the way.

High light the pitfalls and the snares  
we might fall into unawares.

The dreaming mind can see ahead  
along the future path we tread.

But dreams use symbols to convey  
their message in a concealed way.

If we can learn to recognise  
what every symbol signifies.

Then we have solved the mystery  
and can walk on confidently.

Quite sure we can avoid the traps  
Which lie in wait for us perhaps.

But first we have to learn to read  
the symbols if we would succeed.  
31-Jul-07

ivor hogg

## **It might be you for M lady Tara**

A silver snake the river ran  
deep and slow beneath the moon  
It knew as only rivers can  
the time was coming very soon.

When some lone traveller must pay  
the dues it was entitled to.  
Some reveller who's on his way  
after he's had a drink or two.

The river chooses carefully  
the one who'll be the sacrifice.  
The victim will die quietly  
his ordeal over in a trice.

Each year the river takes its toll  
a man or woman who's full grown.  
Releases their immortal soul  
from all the sorrows they have known.

The locals know that this is true  
and treat the legend with respect.  
They know that when the fee falls due  
the quiet river will select.

Somebody who will foot the bill.  
Somebody who does not expect  
this quiet water way to kill.  
Though with their death they will protect

other travellers who cross.  
The river is quite satisfied  
with one who did not get across.  
This sacrifice has mollified

the ancient hoary river horse  
The Kelpie who controls the flow  
of this deep river in its course.  
But modern men don't want to know.

Attribute deaths to accident  
investigate to find a cause  
for every single incident.  
They disregard the River Horse.

Mere superstition so they say  
and disbelieve the old wives tales.  
But still the Kelpie has his way  
one death per year he never fails.

Nobody see, nobody hears  
there are no witnesses at all.

When the River horse appears  
as he collects his yearly toll.

It has been so since days of yore  
the records show with clarity.  
One death per year and never more.  
The river does not change its fee.

So should you choose to holiday  
in Scotland you had best beware  
The river valley of the Tay.  
Unless of course you do not care

to listen to the tale I tell  
and just dismiss it out of hand.  
I speak of that which I know well  
but I advise I can't command.

You have the choice do as you will  
take heed or not just as you choose.  
You don't believe that rivers kill  
so bet your life its your to lose.

I am local bred and born  
and I have seen my threescore years.  
You may regard my tale with scorn  
until the river horse appears.

You will believe than far too late  
that Kelpies can and do exist  
That's why the legends still persist.

24 Aug 06

ivor hogg

## **It's not Fair**

I am the worm that never sleeps.  
My given name is jealousy.  
I live within the twisted deeps  
of human minds: Wait patiently.

I won't attack you openly  
for that would lead to my defeat  
I nurture envy secretly.  
I know how hard you must compete

For the success you hope to gain  
and when it's rudely snatched away  
I will exacerbate your pain  
and make you think a different way.

Why should they have what I cannot.  
There is no reason I can see  
Injustice makes your blood run hot  
and you are wracked with jealousy

I am the worm who slumbers not  
residing in the hearts of men  
who are unhappy with their lot.  
The wakeful worm has won again.

29-Jun-07

ivor hogg



## **Journeys end**

The stream meanders to and fro.  
Here where the cattle come to drink  
the yellow cowslips gaily grow.

The weeping willows stooping low  
adorn the banks on either side.  
The stream continues in its flow.

Past meadows where the cattle graze  
and fields where corn is ripening  
but here and there red poppies blaze.

The stream now to a river grown  
now deep and wide; it gathers strength  
Its purpose to itself unknown.

Past cottages which stand alone.  
Small villages and market towns  
and bridges built of weathered stone.

It has become a thoroughfare  
which slices through the city's heart  
With rush and bustle everywhere.

The docks and quays and factories  
confine the river in its course.  
There is no grass there are no trees.

The river flows on turgidly  
until at last it gains release  
and flows into the open sea.

But in the distance still the stream  
meanders gently to and fro  
Where cowslips nod and lovers dream.

21-Aug-07

ivor hogg

## **Knit one slip one**

Marie Antoinette's great mistake,  
she told the peasants to eat cake  
The final straw destined to break  
the camels back, for pity's sake  
Revolting peasants lost their cool  
The foolish queen soon lost her head  
Republicans began to rule  
She was a fool she should have fled.  
The Sun King thought he was in charge  
but in due course regretted it  
When he met Madame La Farge  
whose greatest pleasure was to knit.  
Whilst watching executions  
without undue exertions.

15-Oct-07

ivor hogg

## **Know who you are?**

Do you know who you are? Do you?  
perhaps you only think you do.  
Can you accept that just maybe  
you could have faults you cannot see.  
Are you afraid that you might be  
far different from the way you see  
yourself? The darker parts of you.  
you do not put on public view.  
We all have something which we hide.  
Some deep dark secret locked inside.  
We all have traits we would disown.  
If it were possible to do.  
You must accept they're parts of you.

29-Sep-07

ivor hogg

## **Les Miserables**

The po faced elders in their pews.  
Still cling to their old fashioned views  
that we're all sinners who will be  
condemned to hell eternally.

They think to show a smiling face  
inside the Kirk a grave disgrace.  
These leaders of society  
display their public piety.

They are convinced that happiness  
Is a sure sign of sinfulness.  
Their brand of Christianity  
forbids their acting naturally.

They're out of date and out of touch.  
I pity them they miss so much.  
Their minds tight closed they cannot see  
God should be worshipped joyfully.

26/07/2007

ivor hogg

## Light and Movement

The sky is blue bright sunshine shows  
the changing colours of the trees.  
Which ripple in the playful breeze  
A changing tapestry that glows  
with autumn colours which compose,  
contrasts and subtle harmonies  
An artist palette sure to please  
the eye of anyone who knows.  
That they are free to look their fill  
on Mother Natures artistry.  
A still life which is never still  
but always moving fluidly.  
Obedient to the artists will  
eschewing mediocrity.

20-Oct-07

ivor hogg

## Light verse 07

The candle glows but no one knows  
what happens when it is blown out  
About the flame and where it goes,  
something is changed without a doubt  
But what has changed I cannot see.  
I can still feel the candle's there  
exactly where it used to be  
Though something's different I'm aware..  
The wind put out the candle flame  
and darkness overcame the light.  
Then terror with the darkness came.  
I am prepared for flight or fight.  
I only need to strike a match  
to frighten off the bandersnatch

22-Sep-07

ivor hogg

## Lingering Torment

She is bewildered and afraid  
no longer sure of anything  
Remembering mistakes she's made.  
She finds that she is confusing  
the present with the distant past.  
Two different realities  
but neither of them seems to last  
life is full of mysteries.

There is a man who comes to call.  
He seems to know her very well.  
She can't remember him at all  
Although his features ring a bell  
She sometimes wonders where she is  
but loses soon her train of thought.  
How sad to see it come to this.  
She can't survive without support

She does not know, she does not care.  
She is perpetually bemused,  
her mind is now beyond repair  
She is contentedly confused.  
Though we who love her suffer more  
to see her reduced to this state  
Not Compos Mentis anymore.  
With saddened hearts we can but wait.

For death the final arbiter  
to pardon her and set her free  
I am quite sure she would prefer,  
if she could say competently  
Not to be here but be elsewhere,  
a better place where she could be  
with those who have preceded her  
Once more a soul at liberty.

4-Sep-07

ivor hogg

## **Little has changed**

In days of yore she would have been  
condemned by neighbours as a witch  
Their lack of caring was obscene.  
They would have "Swum "her in some ditch.  
If she survived she was guilty  
If she did not quite innocent  
They showed her little charity  
a facts that's all too evident  
In modern times it's different.  
We merely have her put away  
in some old peoples home: Content  
she is no longer in our way  
Once out of sight she's out of mind.  
Solution of a different kind

15-Oct-07

ivor hogg



## Looking ahead

Sweet peas in gay profusion grow,  
their blossoms dancing in the breeze  
Their pastel colours softly glow.  
With beauty which is sure to please.  
my lady's most discerning eye.  
She enjoys beauty while she can.  
and does not seek a reason why  
they have outlived their normal span.  
The days grow short the nights grow cold  
my lady knows they soon must die.  
She values them much more than gold.  
Next year their story will be told  
by seeds which she saves carefully  
and will be planting thankfully.

26-Sep-07

ivor hogg

## **Love conquers all**

She walks alone.  
She does not know  
but she will learn.  
each in our turn.  
  
her lack of trust.  
indeed she must.  
As a young maid  
she was betrayed,  
Won't take a chance,  
to seek romance.  
her heart to melt.  
She has not felt  
Find someone new  
as she ought to.  
Nature dictates  
we must find mates.  
Love conquers all  
We hear her call  
She walks alone  
when she's full grown

27/07/2007

ivor hogg

She chooses to.  
what love can do  
Like me and you  
She will review  
  
Perhaps renew  
alter her view.  
she trusted men  
daren't try again.  
far too afraid  
Her fears forbade  
It stays ice cold.  
she should be bold.  
to meet her needs  
Her pain recedes.  
the game we play  
We can't say nay.  
or so they say  
and we obey.  
but for a while  
she'll change her style.

## **Love will find a way**

I'd known false love and been betrayed.  
I built a wall around my heart.  
I learned to trust another maid  
and with her help made a new start.

I built a wall around my heart.  
A wall she breached so easily  
and with her help made a new start  
Because I knew that she loved me.

A wall she breached so easily.  
A wall I thought that I could trust,  
Because I knew that she loved me  
I let crumble into dust

A wall I thought that I could trust  
which would protect my wounded heart.  
True love can overcome distrust  
because it is a thing apart.

I found I need not be afraid  
time had healed my broken heart  
I learned to trust another maid  
and with her help made a new start.

5-Aug-07  
pantoum

ivor hogg

## Loves lament

Loves Lament.

The dragon sings his mating song  
and voices his sad loneliness.  
To be alone he feels is wrong  
he seeks a mate a dragoness.

He sings it from the mountain peaks.  
A song of love and tenderness  
He lets the world know that he seeks  
to find a mate a dragoness.

But female dragons are so rare  
his hopes of happiness are few.  
His lament fills the upper air  
there's nothing else that he can do.

He sings his love song every night  
when day is done and twilight falls.  
He hopes one day that he just might  
receive an answer to his calls.

He sings his plaintive melody  
resounding clearly everywhere  
and always listens carefully.  
He's sure that there must be somewhere.

A dragoness who's lonely too.  
One fine night he hears a voice  
an answer that's long overdue.  
His heart aflame he must rejoice.

A dragoness has heard his call  
and from afar she quickly flew  
. She lands upon his eyrie wall.  
says" I am Flame but who are you"

He bows to her and he replies  
" My name is Star I live alone.  
Your coming took me by surprise  
The greatest gift that I have known"

She says that she too seeks a mate.  
His love call lifted her despair.  
Perchance it's time to celebrate.  
She thinks they'll make a lovely pair.

He then proposes formally  
for Dragons are a polite race  
and she accepts him readily  
and couches her reply in grace.

But still each night the dragon sings  
of how he loves his dragoness.  
Enfolds her safely in his wings  
and treats her with great tenderness.

You may not think my tale is true.  
For fools say dragons don't exist  
I can assure you that they do.  
That's why the legends still persist.

Although they may be far and few.  
If you are lucky you may see  
a pair of dragons: If you do  
then just enjoy it quietly.

There is no need to brag and boast.  
you will be labelled as insane.  
But you are luckier than most  
to see the dragons fly again.

Oct 05

ivor hogg

## Loves messenger

The rose that in the garden grows,  
obeys the rules of the season  
Delights the eyes, the heart and nose.  
It has and needs no other reason.  
Obeys the rules of the season  
and fills the air with sweet perfume  
It has and needs no other reason  
A rose's role is just to bloom.  
and fill the air with sweet perfume.  
It flowers then it fades and dies.  
A rose's role is just to bloom.  
Of all the flowers which men prize.  
It flowers then it fades and dies  
but sets seeds which will ensure  
The lovely rose will long endure.

I am convinced the crimson rose  
must be the fairest flower that grows.

19-Jun-07

Pantoum sonnet with couplet envoi

ivor hogg

## Master work

The cello weeps a melody,  
the woodwinds deeply sympathise  
The violin a threnody  
adds to the sobbing harmony.  
A woman's voice rich contralto  
takes up the theme. A tale of woe  
a male sings basso profundo.  
The music peaks in crescendo  
then descends, diminuendo.  
The audience is moved to tears.  
Stunned silence reigns because they know  
such magic quickly disappears.  
The curtain falls and they are left  
Sad, grief stricken and bereft.

10-Jul-07

ivor hogg

### Matching pair dual vilanelle

Upon this man I've cast my spell.  
He is forever bound to me  
I know he loves me I can tell.

He knows he loves me, loves me well  
he also knows that I am free.  
Upon this man I've cast my spell.

I have a dream as all men do.  
A dream which keeps despair at bay  
I live in hopes it will come true.

My dream is old yet ever new  
I can review it every day.  
I have a dream as all men do

My heart beat rings out like a bell  
which he must hear assuredly  
I know he loves me I can tell.

Perhaps in time he will dispel  
the fears which haunt him constantly.  
Upon this man I've cast my spell.

I have but one dream I pursue  
to while the lonely hours away  
I have a dream as all men do

Then with three words my fears he'll quell.  
Then I will wed him willingly.  
I know he loves me I can tell

Why is it that a maid can't tell  
the man she loves so openly  
Upon this man I've cast my spell  
I know he loves me I can tell.

A dream is better shared by two  
but you don't even look my way  
I live in hope it will come true.

I know I am in love with you  
and yet I am afraid to say.  
I have a dream as all men do  
I live in hope it will come true

3-Jun-07 It takes two to read this aloud adequately

Poeticpiers aka ivor

ivor hogg



## **Meditations after Li Po for M lady Helen**

I  
I follow in the footsteps  
of old poets of the past.  
As geese fly south in autumn.  
Instinct is my only guide.  
My attempts to emulate,  
may not bear such worthy fruit.  
I can only do my best

II  
The trees discard all their leaves  
and face winter nakedly.  
I ask myself why this should be  
but I receive no reply.  
Winter winds pass freely through  
the leafless twigs and branches.  
Dead leaves return to the earth.

III  
The trees stand as sentinels  
coated with white bitter frost  
Bowing in submission  
to the power of the wind.  
Better to bend than to break,  
the trees know instinctively  
the wind dies as spring returns.

IV  
Only when the time is right  
the geese will return once more.  
The trees will put forth new leaves,  
flowers spring up underfoot  
The spring sunshine will inspire  
Poets to take up their brush  
and ink: To write poetry.

21-Oct-07

ivor hogg

## **Mighty mouse**

A predator, the pygmy shrew?  
It seems unlikely but it's true.  
To satisfy its appetite  
this tiny scrap of dynamite  
will tackle creatures twice its size.  
They're dead before they realise.  
This little creature has to eat  
twice its own body weight of meat.  
On each and every single day.  
the pygmy shrew's no easy prey.  
Some larger creatures find to their cost.  
Make the attempt and find they've lost.  
The pygmy shrew's ferocity  
means that he wins inevitably.

24-Oct-07

ivor hogg

## Misunderstood

A vampire born, a vampire raised.  
Why is it that you look amazed?  
Did you not think that vampires too  
could love their children just like you?

Genetically we are quite close.  
We are related I suppose  
But in the past long, long ago  
we chose a different path: Although

we take our food in liquid form.  
Human blood is not the norm  
Our staple diet is fruit juice  
but vegetables we don't refuse.

We find it quite ridiculous  
that people are afraid of us.  
We do not sleep throughout the day  
we don't hunt humans for our prey.

The tales which people tell of us  
just serve to make us furious.  
We might live in your neighbourhood  
Would you be worried if we should.

How would you know if your best friend  
was one of us. You can't pretend  
you'd recognise the difference.  
Live and let live makes much more sense.

The vampires that you read about  
do not exist there is no doubt.  
But vampires do make no mistake.  
You'll find we are not hard to take.

If your prepared to take a chance  
and will a friendly hand advance.  
We really are misunderstood  
and would be happy if you would

See we have the same rights as you  
to live and love the way you do.  
Although we live a longer span  
and have done since the world began.

Its not our fault we did not choose.  
We were not asked could not refuse.  
I'd like to set the record straight  
but I'm afraid that it must wait.

Until you reach maturity.  
Then when you can accept that we

vampires do not pose a threat.  
That time will come but not just yet.  
26-Sep-07

ivor hogg

## **Much Needed**

The night draws near now day is done.  
Blue shadows lengthen on the ground,  
the traffic noise is almost gone.  
The ticking clock the only sound.

The children safe and snug in bed.  
I have some precious time alone,  
I try to read but drift instead  
into a small world of my own.

Where I am young and innocent  
without responsibility.  
There I can please myself content  
I need consider only me.

I wake up with a sudden start  
adjusting to reality  
Adopt again my real life part,  
and say goodbye to fantasy.

Quite soon my husband will be home  
and ready for his evening meal.  
He will expect a warm welcome.  
No fantasy now this is real.

26-Aug-07

ivor hogg

## **My view**

I view the world in wonderment  
the daily miracles I see.  
Don't come about by accident  
at least that's how its seems to me.  
Considering the evidence  
it would appear there is a plan  
much greater than the mind of man  
The truth is nobody knows for sure.  
You're free to choose what you accept  
Childhood beliefs may long endure.  
Some you believe and some reject  
What I propose is tolerance  
give all beliefs an equal chance.

1-Nov-07

ivor hogg

## **My view 07**

I view the world in wonderment  
the daily miracles I see.  
Don't come about by accident  
at least that's how its seems to me.  
Considering the evidence  
it would appear there is a plan  
much greater than the mind of man  
The truth is nobody knows for sure.  
You're free to choose what you accept  
Childhood beliefs may long endure.  
Some you believe and some reject  
What I propose is tolerance  
give all beliefs an equal chance.

1-Nov-07

ivor hogg

## **Naturally for M lady Marci**

At midnight still the roses bloom  
Their colours pale beneath the moon  
Scenting the air with rich perfume  
while nightingales sing their sweet tune.  
When all good folk are fast asleep  
as slowly past the night hours creep.  
Hidden by darkness lovers dare  
enjoy their latest love affair  
They snatch a stolen hour or two  
in some well hidden rendezvous  
Forbidden love they can't declare  
Makes their life easier to bear  
The rose does what comes naturally  
so do the lovers actually.

14-Oct-07

ivor hogg



## **Next time I'll know better for M lady Lucianne**

I hear a tapping at my door.  
It's trick and treaters I expect.  
I have some candy treats in store  
which they will happily accept.

I slip the latch so easily  
but it appears there's no one there  
I look and listen carefully.  
I find the silence hard to bear.

I close the door return inside  
I feel a presence I can't see.  
Although there is no place to hide  
I gaze about uneasily.

The tales they tell could they be true.  
At Halloween the veils grow thin  
and homeless spirits can pass through.  
I feel my head begin to spin.

When I come to the sun is bright  
but I'm not who I used to be.  
Some homeless spirit won the fight  
and is pretending to be me.

I'll have to wait another year  
before I am myself again.  
A long and lonely wait I fear  
before my body I regain.

I only hope that it is true  
they must give up their tenancy.  
When the next Halloween falls due  
I'll have to wait impatiently.

Beware of answering your door  
especially on All Hallows Eve.  
Fate may have a surprise in store  
for those of you who don't believe.

That this night spirits come and go  
and each one seeking for a place  
another chance although they know  
they'll have to wear another's face.

Far better to pretend your out  
on no account answer the door.  
You will be safe without a  
now you've been warned You know the score.

31-Oct-07

ivor hogg

## No Change

In days of yore men preened and posed like peacocks to impress  
the haute monde with their quality: Put on a brave display,  
although often a hollow sham. Which only served to say.  
Fine feathers do not make the man, although they may express.  
His vapid personality and general uselessness  
Today image is everything, it is the modern way.  
We kow tow to celebrities, a silly game we play  
We have not learnt lessons from history. That image matters less  
Than well proven ability and sterling honesty.  
We let ourselves be taken in by what spin doctors say.  
We are too ready to accept as truth, the clever lies  
Which at first glance appear to be completely bias free.  
Well designed publicity by those who earn high pay.  
by portraying as honest men: Thieving rogues in disguise.

3-Jul-07

Petrarchan sonnet  
alexandrine meter  
Italian sestet

ivor hogg

## **No Escape**

Death conquers all: None can defy  
his clarion call all must obey.  
He names the time the place the day  
the very minute that we die.  
A simple fact we can't deny  
nor yet in any way delay.  
Death conquers all.

Although we feel compelled to try.  
Each one of us in our own way,  
some rave and rant whilst others pray.  
It matters not all men must die  
Death conquers all.

Rondeau Prime

10-Jun-07

ivor hogg

## **No free passage**

The long grey furrows of the sea  
which switch and change incessantly  
Conceal the graves of fishermen  
who trusted her, once too often.

The sea is not trustworthy  
her mood can change so easily.  
She is a kind and cruel bitch.  
The trouble is you don't know which

side of her she's going to show  
Something that you can never know.  
Until one day she will decide  
her needs can't go unsatisfied.

This is the day she turns on you  
and there is nothing you can do.  
You are the chosen sacrifice  
and only your death will suffice.

Each year the sea demands her toll  
and she will take it forcibly.  
She will select some simple soul  
and drown him quite remorselessly.

The sea, the sea, the cruel sea.  
She fascinates all sailormen  
who travel on her hopefully  
She sometimes brings them home again.

7-Jun-07

ivor hogg

## **No Thanks! !**

There is no way I'd like to be  
somebody else: I quite like me.  
I'll never be a household name  
but I am happy just the same.

Content to be ordinary  
by no means a celebrity.  
I have no wish to seek great fame  
to me that is a foolish game.

I know my limits and accept.  
I have no reason to expect,  
that Lady Luck will smile on me  
There is no reason I can see.

Why she should, although she could  
or so I've always understood  
The lady's known for her caprice.  
Although she does not always please

the person who she singles out.  
Although entertains no doubt  
I only hope she won't choose me  
I'm happy to be ordinary.

20-Oct-07

ivor hogg

## **None too soon**

The moon is shining through the mist  
upon the bench where we first kissed.  
So long ago, so long ago  
I know you know how much you're missed.

I must return from time to time  
recalling happiness sublime.  
So long ago, so long ago  
Although we hadn't got a dime.

Whilst you were here I was content  
to make you happy my intent.  
So long ago, so long ago.  
My heart went with you when you went.

I know you did not choose to go  
and leave me in this world of woe  
So long ago, so long ago.  
Your early death a hammer blow.

My turn will come I pray quite soon  
I tell my secret to the moon  
But she well knows, yes she well knows  
My death will come as a great boon.

On wings of love I will soar high  
towards the brightness in the sky  
and none too soon yes none too soon  
We'll be together you and I.

9-Oct-07

ivor hogg

## **Nostalgic recollections for M lady Tara**

The garden still beneath the moon, the silence echoes with a tune.  
The tune we danced to, the night we met. A melody that lingers yet.  
We fell in love two crazy fools, for others not for us the rules.  
Our raging hormones were to blame. We were both losers in the game.  
that nature plays to procreate. We understood but far too late.

What we felt was transient, a short lived lustful incident.  
We parted then as we both knew. It was the only thing to do.  
We saw it as a passing phase and so we went our separate ways.  
Made no attempt to keep in touch. I thought of you but not too much.

I wonder do you think of me and if you do is it kindly.  
The way that I remember you. I like to think perhaps you do.  
Long years have passed and I grow old. I am no longer brash and bold  
I think you will have mellowed too. A happy life my wish for you

30-Oct-07

ivor hogg



## November

November month of fog and mists.  
The early mornings have a bite  
the silver grass by Jack Frost kissed  
in the dark hours of the night.  
The sun reluctant slow to rise  
His winter rays no longer warm  
that frost persists is no surprise.  
This is the calm before the storm.  
Winter advances openly  
no power can withstand its might  
What has to be will come to be  
A winter world of black and white.  
Though advent justifies a feast  
the winter cares not in the least.

1-Nov-07

ivor hogg

## October Day

The bright white clouds against the blue  
are moving slowly, passing through.  
Their shadows cast upon the ground  
move slowly too without a sound.  
The winter sunshine's slanted rays.  
Join in the game and seem to chase  
the shadows which the clouds have cast  
Shining brightly when they've passed.  
The sky is clear unbroken blue.  
It feels a little warmer too.  
A little sunshine does I find  
lift up my spirits change my mind  
about the way I view the day  
I do not like it when it's grey.

28-Oct-07

ivor hogg

## **Odd Man Out**

Because I dare to stand alone  
they look at me suspiciously  
It is as if they've never known  
they could act independently.  
They strive their hardest to conform  
Afraid of acting differently  
The closer they are to the norm  
the happier they seem to be.  
What is it drives me to rebel  
insist on being different.  
There is no sure way to tell  
perhaps I'm just an accident  
My individuality  
Is all I have to prove I'm me.  
11-Jun-07

ivor hogg

## **Old Age is a Pecious Gift**

Refuting

D.R Geraint Jones" Let me not see old age"

God grant that I live to my centenary.  
When I was young and strong I thought I knew  
everything that would be of use to me.  
Indulged myself as youth is wont to do  
I took my simple pleasures casually,  
but slow advancing age has forced me to  
consider my future path most seriously  
I recognise some things which I must do.  
I must greet each day optimistically  
Although I know that they may be very few  
There is so much I want to say and see.  
Every day I discover something new.  
Although I lack youthful agility  
I still retain mental ability.

19-Aug-07

ivor hogg

## One Man

Deserted now: The village stands.  
The plague has taken everyone  
But still the work of human hands  
preserved in every stick and stone.

The bodies long returned to dust.  
No living soul now dare come near  
Their fear still holds in check their lust  
though there is nothing left to fear.

The plague died when the people died.  
There was no one to pass it on  
Natures laws cannot be denied.  
The pestilence is long since gone

In time they will re occupy  
the empty village and renew  
its heart and soul.They will supply  
the busy life that once it knew.

But until then the houses wait  
for men to overcome their fear.  
In time men will appreciate  
that they will be most welcome here.

All that it takes is one brave man  
to move in and claim for his own.  
A house to share with his woman.  
Others will follow when they're shown.

That it is safe to settle here.  
Although the houses need repair  
and that there is nothing left to fear.  
It only needs one man to dare.

21-Aug-07

ivor hogg

## One of a kind

My D.N.A's in disarray  
Genetically I am quite mad,  
I just found out the other day  
I never had a proper dad.

They hatched me on a petri dish.  
From bits of that and bits of this  
and kept it warm to incubate  
How I turned out was left to fate

I finished up a vertebrate  
but I will never find a mate.  
In all the world I am unique  
I shall not live to be antique.

I'm six feet tall and three feet broad  
and I blow bubbles when I'm bored.  
From both my ears I swear it's true  
Now that is something you can't do.

My greatest hero's Frankenstein  
who was the first to recombine  
Assorted parts into a whole  
that could compose a barcarole.

The promised me before I die  
go to that great Lab in the sky  
They'll do their best to raise a clone  
so I wont feel quite so alone.

There is one snag, their plan will fail  
for any clone would be a male.  
I won't be happy I am not gay  
a male won't chase my blues away.

I think I'd rather be alone  
when all is said and all is done  
I have no wish to procreate  
a family without a mate.

For single parents life is hard  
a lot of work with small reward  
I'll concentrate on breeding fish  
I WILL NOT wed a petri dish.

ivor hogg

## Oriental selection

Bare winter branches  
beneath the moon wreathed in mist.  
Seem to bloom again.  
Echoes of memories foresee  
future in the past.  
xxxxx

In the soft moonlight  
blossoms from the cherry tree  
Scattered on the ground.  
purpose served, hey leave the stage  
Autumn will grant them honour.  
xxxxx

Sharp edged shadows cast  
by the brilliant winter moon  
on the earth below.  
Poetry written on the snow  
only lovers understand  
xxxxx

The wind stirs the reeds  
making music by moonlight.  
Plaintive melodies  
the wind needs no audience.  
the moon listens silently.  
xxxxx

The moon my lantern  
the scent of blossom lingers  
The moon lights my way  
I walk beside the water  
yesterday is gone.  
xxxx

Sun sets, moon rises  
constant repetition  
She follows her lord  
xxxx

Night without moonlight  
restless spirits walk abroad  
seeking solace.  
xxxx

Moonlight soothes my soul  
as I meditate alone.  
Trees whisper to me.  
xxxxx

A pond holds the moon  
why should the mind of man do less

achieving stillness

xxxxx

Gently moonlight falls  
like silver rain silently  
lotus blossom sing.

Apr 06

ivor hogg



## **Paling into insignificance**

Paling into insignificance.

Sometimes dawn dresses the world in pink,  
on other days in apricot.  
Sometimes it hovers on the brink,  
  unsure whether to break or not  
  but always, always in the east.  
The clouds take on refulgent hues  
which do not matter in the least.  
because they are transformed to blues  
When the sun risen high in the sky,  
  surveys the world in majesty,  
On these impostors turns his eye  
  with such an air of gravity  
The pastel shades are forced to flee  
  the sun's divine authority.

5-Jun-07  
Poeticpiers

ivor hogg

## Passing comments

With slow and awful majesty  
The horse drawn hearse passes slowly by.  
It is the last, the final journey made.  
Behind the hearse, mourners silently parade  
A friend has gone has travelled on ahead.  
They come to show their respect to the dead.  
Although nobody dares to criticise  
the man the vicar will soon eulogise.  
He'll praise him for his upright honesty.  
Epitome of Christianity.  
Though those who knew him well know the truth  
a lying rogue and drunkard since his youth.  
Like hypocrites we all pretend respect  
but later on in private we dissect  
His character and personality  
the faults he had in great variety.

3-Oct-07

ivor hogg

## Passivity-Phooey

The time has come for you to die!  
I have your name in my black book.  
Or so death said and my reply  
you'd better have another look.

You eyesight's poor you cannot see  
I think you've made a grave mistake  
This is not number thirty three  
Look for yourself for goodness sake.

You may be right about my sight  
My visual acuity  
is much poorer in the dim light  
I fear its fading rapidly.

Perhaps I ought to book a test  
a visit to Vision Express.  
I've heard it said they are the best  
But I am vain I must confess.

Maybe horn rims add gravitas  
I must maintain my dignity.  
I made no comment let it pass  
My glasses are to help me see.

I bid death a polite farewell  
and wished him well in his eye test  
the white lie I was forced to tell  
was in my own best interest.

I am too busy yet to die.  
One day he will catch up with me.  
This lesson I will not forget.  
You can fool death quite readily.

He's very old and not too bright,  
has trouble with his memory  
on top of that his failing sight  
Makes fooling him very easy.

Now should death chance to call again  
I am quite certain I will lie  
to make quite sure that I can gain.  
a few more years before I die..

I will not go without a fight  
There's so much more I want to do.  
I will decide the time is right  
when I should die: When I want to.

28-Oct-07

ivor hogg

## Peaceful rebellion

Brainwashed, conditioned to obey  
Harsh rules laid down by foolish men.  
Who tell you it's the only way  
while you are young and still children.

They have no answer when you ask,  
but brush your questions aside  
and sternly take you to task.  
What is it that they have to hide.

Do they believe the things they teach?  
I am quite sure there are a few  
But most don't practice what they preach  
Whilst still insisting that you do.

I will not do as they expect.  
I will rebel and choose my way.  
I think it foolish to accept  
as true the things they say.

I think it wise to scrutinise  
The myths and legends we are taught.  
Attempt to sift the truth from lies  
From every source and every sort.  
14-Aug-07

ivor hogg

## **Peak experience (Adult content)**

When we are cuddled close in bed.  
We know, although no word is said.  
This is the place now is the time  
to reach for ecstasy sublime.

I feel my flaccid member rise  
as though he's come to realise.  
Quite near a warm wet welcome waits  
the kind that he appreciates.

By now my lady's well aware  
she too can feel her passions stir  
She takes my hand and guides it to  
the place where she would like me to

caress her with my fingertips  
I softly stroke the outer lips  
until my finger slips inside  
and gentle pressure is applied.

To stimulate her pleasure zone  
and she begins to softly moan.  
I feel her muscles start to tense.  
This is real no false pretence.

Now when her juices start to flow  
the time has come for me to show,  
I claim entry to paradise.  
I place myself between her thighs.

Then I inser myself inside.  
Our passions must be satisfied.  
We conjoin and reciprocate  
and we attain a rhythmic rate.

Until at last we reach the peak.  
Achieve the ecstasy we seek.  
I am content and so is she  
exactly as we ought to be.

We fall asleep with limbs entwined  
our love renewed and underlined.  
We may be old but know for sure  
how to give and recieve pleasure.

A life time of experience  
makes making love much more intense.  
The ultimate togetherness.  
the love we mutually express

17-Oct-07

ivor hogg

## **Perverted Progress story poem which became a rant**

The bards are dead and none recall  
the glory days, when every hall.  
Would echo to their epic tales  
and hear the news they would regale

The ancient bards were men of law  
They were welcomed at every door.  
A peasant's cot or chieftains hall  
it made no difference at all.

They were accorded great respect  
as arbiters as you'd expect.  
These minstrels wise in Brehon Law  
and holders of the magic lore.

All men were treated equally  
and their decisions seen to be  
delivered so impartially.  
The way that justice ought to be.

No man could buy their loyalty  
They were all that they claimed to be.  
Men of prodigious memory  
who could judge - impartially.

The rights and wrongs of any cause  
and had the power to enforce.  
Such was the power of Brehon law  
which ruled the land in days of yore.

But time moves on and all things change  
invaders come and re arrange.  
The world to suit their foreign ways.  
The bards refused to sing their praise.

So they were hunted down and killed  
This left a gap which would be filled  
by lawyers of a different sort.  
Corrupt men who could be bought.

By those who had he greatest wealth  
Well versed in lies deceit and stealth  
Although professing probity.  
Behind the scenes where none could see.

These lawyers aided thievery  
and favoured those of high degree.  
Against the poor but honest men  
who had their lands and goods taken.

To fill the coffers of the rich  
whose greed consumed them like an itch.



Unsatisfied they craved for more  
and so perverted every law.

Judgement was now a mockery  
which could be purchased for a fee.  
A price the poor man could not raise  
and thus he always lost his case.

Things are much the same today  
unless you can afford to pay.  
Outrageous fees which lawyers ask  
You face an impossible task.

You wont get justice you'll get law.  
That's what you pay your lawyer for.  
To find some loophole you can use  
so that you need not pay your dues.

Avoiding any punishment  
however evil your intent  
He'll find some technicality  
which he'll invoke to set you free.

The golden days when laws applied  
to all men equally were set aside.  
So justice wears a blindfold now  
that's fastened tightly round her brow.

The lawyers dare not let her see.  
How they have made a mockery.  
Twisting the meaning of the law  
and making use of every flaw.

and every legal argument  
to thwart the laws avowed intent.  
To protect the innocent.  
Another failed experiment.

We have to find a better way  
which does not favour those who pay.  
As it was in days of yore  
when no man was above the law.

Then justice was not bought or sold  
the bards had small regard for gold.  
They were renowned for honesty  
dispensing justice without fee.

Supported by all honest men  
we shall not see their like again.  
Until the people indicate  
they will no longer tolerate.

This rank injustice any more.  
Demand we overhaul the law.  
Rewrite them so they will apply  
to everybody equally.

Justice must be seen to be done  
to anyone and everyone.  
Impartially as it should be  
and truly independently.

But Alas the bards are dead  
and we have chaos in their stead.  
Today the world is ruled by greed.  
Me first, me first the only creed.

26-Jun-07

poeticpiers

ivor hogg

## **Philosophical Argument**

Man has a brain which comprehends  
the idea of infinity.  
Although his point of view depends  
on which school of philosophy  
has taught him to think logically.  
Investigating every clue  
relevant to this mystery.  
Exactly as he was taught to.  
Although in his experience.  
that which begins must also end.  
It seems to counter common sense  
and he is prepared to defend,  
his point of view vehemently.  
To other scholars endlessly.  
High lighting the futility  
of studying infinity.

1-Oct-07

ivor hogg

## Potsherds

Collectors of antiquities.  
Renowned for eccentricities  
are very often to be found  
hanging round some battle ground

Dug up by archaeologists.  
For whom they are apologists,  
they are ready to accept.  
Some archaeologists' concept,

his latest greatest theory  
of what some artefact might be.  
Although in truth they do not know.  
They will insist it must be so.

Professional experts every one  
who are convinced that they are right.  
They make deductions based upon  
false premises to my delight.

They either can't or won't admit  
that their opinions might be wrong.  
They are convinced and that is it  
The rest of us should go along.

With what they say no argument.  
What can we know which they do not.  
They're sometimes right by accident  
but just as often they are not.

The Piltdown man a clever hoax  
fooled all the experts for decades.  
Yet still some of these learned folks  
do not believe mistakes are made.

I often watch with interest  
the TV documentaries.  
Which put their ideas to the test  
and prove they're only theories.  
3-Nov-07

ivor hogg

## Preview

I am conscious and aware.  
How can this be?  
I see my body lying there  
but I am free.

I see before, behind and up and down  
Quite easily  
I have more freedom than I've known.  
Triumphantly.

I can ascend towards the light  
which I can see.  
Is it my choice have I the right  
to disagree?

I still have tasks I wish to do.  
I make my plea.  
Quite suddenly I'm back into  
my own body.

Somebody whisper quietly.  
"He's coming round.  
My eyes open reluctantly  
and I am bound

Again within the boundaries  
I used to know  
It is not time for my release  
I cannot go.

Now death will hold no fears for me  
because I know  
Death is a friend who sets you free  
from earthly woe.

11-Aug-07

ivor hogg

## **Productive Chaos for M lady Tara**

Ideas are swarming in my brain.  
Each demanding to be heard  
insisting time and time again  
it is their turn.It's quite absurd.

If they would learn to stand in line  
instead of jostling for a place  
Then everything would work out fine.  
But as it is I cannot trace

which are the ones I should pursue.  
Immortalise in flowing verse  
and give to each attention due.  
My situation could be worse

perhaps it's unfair to complain  
because I have a fertile mind  
Far better than a tidy brain  
where inspirations hard to find.

7-Oct-07

ivor hogg

## Promenade

Bells across the meadow ringing  
carried on the evening air.  
In the distance choirs singing  
a sense of peace beyond compare  
As we walk my love and I  
hand in hand: We always do,  
we pause and watch the darkening sky  
as it becomes a deeper blue.  
Denoting day is nearly done.  
It's time to wend our homeward way.  
Without a word we turn as one  
as our rapport comes into play.  
When we reach home we are content  
our evening stroll sufficient.  
4-Aug-07

ivor hogg

## **Pure poetry for Paddy Scott Hogg**

Each word selected carefully  
and then precisely put in place.  
Each chosen for some quality  
perhaps to add a touch of grace.  
A poet must try constantly  
to modify his style, and face  
the purist's fierce hostility  
When you are writing poetry,  
it must be written from the heart  
or else it lacks sincerity  
an insult to our noble art.  
Poets who write fine poetry  
imbue their work with honesty.

10-Jun-07

ivor hogg



## **Pure prejudice**

A prude regards all nudes as rude  
unchanging in their attitude.  
Which they perceive as rectitude.  
A sign of their ineptitude  
They cannot see as pulchritude  
the naturalness of being nude.  
The will allow no latitude,  
just being bare to them is lewd.  
It must be sad to be a prude.  
Because they have misunderstood  
that being nude need not be rude  
It need be neither lewd nor crude  
Reluctantly I must conclude  
that once a prude always a prude.

11-Jul-07

ivor hogg

## Quality Tells for M lady Ernestine

Though poorly dressed she's clean and neat.  
She has a smile for everyone  
She doesn't live on easy street  
but looks as though she might have done.  
At some time in her hidden past  
.She still retains her dignity  
and holds to values which will last  
Faces the world confidently  
She has known wealth and poverty  
and sees them both for what they are.  
Impermanent, temporary  
Which she will not allow to mar.  
Her inborn sense of her own worth  
A lady still but down to earth.

14-Oct-07

ivor hogg

## **Que sera.sera**

Beneath the trees like drifts of snow,  
the dropping cherry blossoms fall.  
It makes me sad to them go.  
Like fleeting dreams beyond recall.

Their images I have safely stored  
imprinted in my memory  
I conjure up from my record  
and once again I clearly see.

The spring clothed trees all pink and white  
before the fruit begins to form  
and I can marvel at this sight.  
One miracle I can perform

Predict the future from the past  
extrapolate and then forecast.

Poeticpiers  
May 07

ivor hogg

## Recipient or donor?

Smile at a stranger on the train  
Someone you'll never see again.  
Just acknowledge he is there.  
He may be sunk in black despair.

Perhaps he will smile back at you  
but you must not expect him to.  
He has his life and you have yours  
and they are separate of course.

Your smile might change the way he sees  
his world as full of miseries  
He goes his way and you go yours.  
You'll never know you changed the course

of this stranger's life in some way.  
Perhaps the words you did not say  
that made him feel your empathy  
Which enabled him to see

his future much more hopefully  
A simple smile is all it takes  
If it is received gratefully.  
To let him know that past mistakes.

Can be forgiven totally  
if you repent and change your ways.  
He almost imperceptibly  
nods his head and looks your way.

He got your message loud and clear  
Your kindly smile has changed his mood  
But you will never know I fear  
there is no reason why you should.

We all impinge on others' lives  
in ways we do not understand.  
A kindly smile often survives  
as long as any helping hand.

Smile at a stranger on your way  
it's such an easy thing to do.  
To brighten up a stranger's day  
Today maybe I'll smile at you

8-Jun-07

ivor hogg

## Relief

Now is the hour when night takes flight  
and dawn breaks into pearly light.  
Before the sun has risen high  
Now is the hour of mystery.  
When nothing seems to be quite real  
concealed in trailing morning mists.  
Now is the hour when I feel  
nothing and nobody exists.  
The air of unreality  
persists until the sun is high.  
Which then dispels the fantasy  
I conjure up. I will deny  
the subtle fears which haunted me  
left over from prehistory.

2-Jun-07  
poeticpiers

ivor hogg

## Relieved

How strange it is to be pain free  
after long years of misery.  
A life confined to my wheelchair  
I found was difficult to bear.

I tried to bear it patiently  
and clung to one hope stubbornly  
That they would find a cure for me  
and once again I would be free.

To live quite independently.  
Take control of my destiny  
To come and go just as I pleased,  
from my paralysis released.

Freedom took me by surprise.  
It took a while to realise  
that I was free completely free  
no longer tied to my body.

I had not thought of death as kind  
. I can see now that I was blind  
Death turned the key to set me free  
and I rejoice exultantly.

I've left a hollow shell behind.  
I spread my wings and go to find  
those that I loved who've gone before.  
I do not think I'd ask for more.

17-Oct-07

ivor hogg

## **Right Now**

The pivot point of time is now.  
When anything potentially  
can step on stage and take a bow.  
The past is gone beyond recall,  
a moment or a century.  
There is no other time at all.  
The next second may never be  
although we always hope it will.  
There is no perfect guarantee.  
Now is the sole experience  
we've ever had or ever will.  
Against this truth there's no defence.  
Whatever has been or will be  
must happen now it's plain to see.

1-Aug-07

ivor hogg

## **Rights for M 'lady Tara**

My tabby cat is rather fond  
of watching Koi carp in the pond  
She sits and watches quietly  
a picture of serenity

What thought go through her feline mind  
what great ambitions lie behind  
those slitted eyes of amber hue  
The evil schemes she would pursue.

She's well aware I'm watching her.  
Regards me with a knowing stare.  
What would she do If I should leave.  
She'd learn to swim I do believe

Across the pond I stretch a net  
She hopes one day I will forget,  
she lies and watches quite content  
Her dreams are far from innocent.

I watch her watching and reflect  
there's nothing else I can expect.  
She knows that fish are meant to eat  
and she will not accept defeat.

She thinks if she waits patiently  
She'll get her opportunity.  
She has the right to dream her dreams  
I have the right to foil her schemes.

14-Oct-07

ivor hogg



## Rising Ritual Balasi stanza poem

I shall greet the day  
in my normal way  
Rise from my bed and go  
as is natural  
not unusual  
To see the sunrise  
with wide open eyes  
See the east is aglow

A rich rosy hue  
which will turn to blue  
as the sun ascends sky  
Early morning show  
I have come to know.  
Throughout the years which fly  
very quickly past  
Nothing seems to last  
But for the sun and sky.

Why it should be so  
I may never know  
but I will continue  
to watch the sunrise.  
The daily promise.  
a morning routine  
I am compelled to do.

9-Aug-07

Parameters

xxxxxa  
xxxxxa  
xxxxxxd  
xxxxxb  
xxxxxb  
xxxxxxd  
xxxxxc  
xxxxxc  
xxxxxxd

A form I came across recently i thought might be interesting to share  
poeticpiers aka ivor  
ivor hogg

## **Rose tinted recollections**

I would that those who wish might go  
back to their childhood innocence  
but I am wise enough to know.  
That looking back makes little sense.  
The memories you cherish now  
are merely vignettes which express  
the happy times: Hiding below  
are recollections you suppress.  
The things you don't want to recall.  
The times of abject misery.  
If you went back you'd face them all  
Each long forgotten memory.  
Given the opportunity  
I could refuse quite easily.

3-Aug-07

ivor hogg

## **Safe delivery for M'Lady Tara**

Lost in the undecided light  
which lies between the night and dawn.  
When wisps of mist shine pearly white.  
like shredded remnants of fine lawn  
The waiting time that hesitates,  
uncertain of its future role.  
The growing light facilitates  
its transformation: Makes it whole.  
The sky ignites; a living flame  
spreads from the east and fills the sky.  
To all the world it stakes its claim.  
New life burst forth triumphantly.  
A new born babe yells lustily.  
Enters the world reluctantly

14/07/2007

ivor hogg

## **Safely stored**

Inside of me I have a tree.  
Where every leaf's a memory  
and every memory can connect with  
something else I recollect  
Although some leaves do fade and fall  
I do not need to keep them all.  
The sad, bad ones I can let go.  
Ones I no longer need to know.  
The happy ones I safely store  
within my trunk for evermore.  
Of course this system has its quirks  
but I am glad to say it works.  
At least it usually works for me  
I can access it readily  
2-Jun-07

poeticpiers

ivor hogg

## **Sans Merci**

Wouldst thou then I should depart.  
A hollow man without a heart,  
a victim of thy cruelty.  
Hast thou non, e no trace of pity.  
They beauty doth ensnare young men.  
Thou toyest with them heartlessly  
The bored, thou bidst them forth again.  
A maiden lacking all pity.  
Thy turn will come and thou wilt lose  
thy heart in turn to some young man,  
thy beauty's lure he will refuse.  
Thou art surprised because he can  
Hoist upon thine own petard  
methinks it is thy just reward

poeticpiers  
31-May-07

ivor hogg

## **Scribbles transcribed**

Some write for glory and for fame.  
I write because I am obsessed  
and wordplay is my favourite game.

I concentrate on poetry  
Because I find it to my taste  
and pass my time creatively.

I could not sit and watch T.V  
and live my life vicariously.  
That would drive me to insanity.

I have a wide vocabulary  
which I love to exercise  
Harmless but it amuses me.

What better way to pass the time  
than writing formal poetry  
I do not find it hard to rhyme

I'll never be a household name  
Which does not bother me at all.  
I write for fun and not for fame.

My writing will not make me rich  
I very rarely publish it  
I merely write to scratch my itch.

My pad and pen accompany me  
No matter where I choose to go  
Though I scribble illegibly.

Record what takes my interest  
and jot down anything I see.  
When I get home I do my best.

To read the jottings I have made  
which is sometimes difficult  
as pencilled words tend to fade.

I find that if I persevere  
for long enough I understand  
enough to make it very clear.

I sometimes wish that I could write  
In a clear and cursive script  
If I had perhaps I might.

But I am too impatient to write  
All of down the things I want to  
My scribbling will have to do.

Thank God for printers and P.Cs  
So when I post its legible  
and you can read my verse with ease.

The feed back which you give to me.  
I read with greatest interest.  
And it improves my poetry.

My hand writing will never be  
capable of being read  
by anybody else but me..

18-Jun-07

ivor hogg

## Secret Dreams

The abbot is a saintly man.  
He praises me because I can  
transcribe and illustrate the word.  
So that the gospel may be heard

by other men on other lands,  
He says that God has blessed my hands.  
Although my frame is poor and weak  
and that my talent is unique.

The holy books that I produce.  
A bishop would be proud to use  
From other duties I am free  
save for my calligraphy.

But still pray to God each night  
to heal my body set me right.  
Because I would much rather be  
outside and work laboriously.

But I must do as He commands  
The abbot says he understands.  
How very hard it is for me  
to write of things I'll never see.

Each man must serve as best  
he can as soldier priest or husbandman.  
To everyman God gave a skill  
his part of Gods plan to fulfil.

We are all where we're meant to be  
and must accept this patiently.  
I trust the Abbot he is wise  
It's not for us to criticise.

Where we are placed in the great scheme.  
but still I am allowed to dream  
and in my dreams I'm tall and strong  
I need no crutch to get along.

but dreams are not reality.  
I am not as I'd like to be.  
So I will do the best I can.  
As God expects from any man.

Although I sometimes wonder why  
I must suffer from such frailty.  
It is the cross I have to bear.  
My faith in God I can declare

by copying his Holy Word



I wield my quill pen like a sword.  
I am too frail and weak to fight  
but I have strength and skill to write.

I transcribe and I illustrate  
the word of God in copperplate,  
in coloured inks of different hues.  
My given task I can't refuse.

The abbot says he can rely  
upon my skill and my trained eye.  
To train the younger monks to do  
the work the way I've taught them to.

The time will come when I can't see.  
when old age catches up with me.  
The copying will still go on  
long after I am dead and gone.

Then I shall reap as I have sown.  
My secret dreams to God are known.  
I do not think he will condemn  
my wish to be like other men.

28-Sep-07

ivor hogg

## Secret Sadness

In silver ripples music flows.  
From strings so gently plucked my heart takes wings  
aloft to wander in the skies. She sings  
of love and other things. She sighs and plays  
upon her harp such mournful lays. I would  
bring her comfort if I could  
but she might enjoy her melancholy. She does  
not look for sympathy She chose to be  
a recluse voluntarily. What right  
have I to interfere I might upset  
her even more. She can forget her pain  
by playing soft sad tunes but yet I feel  
beneath her pain a will of steel. I know  
that how I feel may be unreal. I can't  
believe that she would ever want me to  
let her know that I listen to her play  
it forms the highlight of my day to hear  
her play and sing is my delight. I pray  
that she finds happiness one day again  
but until then I can listen. As she  
sings and plays so sorrowfully. Oh dear  
I am truly selfish I fear, to gain  
exquisite pleasure from her pain.  
Its true but there is nothing I can do to help

Oct 03

ivor hogg

## See and Share

The gleam of moonlight on the sea.  
The sun's heat haze across the moor,  
are both of them a part of me.  
Seen through the ever open door

to my own world of fantasy.  
Where my wild spirit can explore.  
a different reality,  
providing memories I store.

Recording them as poetry,  
so I can share them with my friends  
Who praise my versatility.  
Here, inspiration never ends.

I do not write my poetry.  
How can I make you understand,  
it is my poetry writes me.  
Fresh new tales from fairy land

That's where I always long to be.  
But even I obey the rules  
Sometimes I do act sensibly  
to prove that poets are not fools.

We have the power to break free  
From physics rules of gravity  
Describe the wonders that we see  
with pristine perfect clarity.

Poeticpiers  
31-May-07

ivor hogg

## Selective Recall

An elephant never forgets  
The things he's done which he regrets.  
He cannot edit memories  
which human beings do with ease  
This is a burden he must bear  
increasing slowly year by year.  
His past mistakes accumulate  
and he is weighed down by their weight.  
But human beings can erase  
all memories of their younger days  
By wiping out the evidence  
they can protest their innocence.  
I'm glad I'm not an elephant  
and can block out what I don't want.

20-Oct-07

ivor hogg

## Selectivity

I sometimes choose to read the news.  
Although I seldom share the views.  
Which the so called experts express,  
those gentlemen who use the press

to try to gain my sympathy  
for some outlandish theory.  
To which they give their full support  
but very little serious thought.

I may be wrong but I suspect  
these pundits really do expect  
That I should believe their every word.  
However patently absurd

But I am not fooled so easily  
as they seem to think I'll be.  
I'm wise enough to disagree.  
With their brand of idiocy.

I gather facts which I cross check  
from other sources that find.  
A pinch of salt, I need a peck  
They do not think I have a mind.

I'm not incapable of thought  
I draw my own conclusions  
A little trick that life has taught  
me. I have no illusions.

They're only men the same as me.  
Entitled to their point of view  
however stupid it may be.  
I am quite sure you know this too.

14-Jun-07

ivor hogg

## **Self Defence**

I view not with my earthly eyes  
the scented fields of paradise.  
A self deluding fantasy  
I see that which I want to see.  
A panorama of delight  
a riverside bathed in sunlight.  
A place of peace and harmony  
where I can set my sprit free  
A place where I am sure to find  
a solace and my peace of mind.  
For here no evil can exist.  
This is a place that I persist  
in visiting when I'm distressed  
To let my troubled spirit rest.

1-Aug-07

ivor hogg

## Seven deadly sins

### Greed 1

Those who consume more than they need.  
Must surely merit punishment.  
In time will suffer for their greed.  
Those who consume more than they need  
With selfishness their only creed  
to others peoples detriment.  
Those who consume more than the need  
must surely merit punishment.

### Envy 2

To covet that which you do not have,  
leads to a life of misery  
best to be content with your lot  
To covet that which you have not  
for envy of no matter what.  
To covet that which you have not,  
leads to a life of misery.

### Lust 3

Succumb to lust, a foolish game.  
A trap into which most may fall.  
If pleasure is their only aim.  
Succumb to lust a foolish game  
an urge, the wise ones try to tame  
.For empty pleasures soon must pall.  
Succumb to lust a foolish game,  
a trap into which most may fall.

### Gluttony 4

A glutton will refill his plate  
he lives to eat. Not eats to live  
His tastes are far from delicate.  
A glutton will refill his plate,  
his appetite he cannot sate  
He eats to prove he is alive.  
A glutton will refill his plate  
He lives to eat. Not eats to live

### Anger. 5

Intemperate he shows his rage.  
His wrath conceals his mortal fear.  
His fury merely camouflage.  
Intemperate he shows his rage.  
He acts a part as though on stage,  
his lip curled back into a sneer

Intemperate he show his rage,  
his wrath conceals his mortal fear

#### Sloth 6

Procrastination is his way.  
A life of slothful idleness,  
tomorrow is another day.  
Procrastination is his way  
I am too tired he will say  
when chided for his laziness.  
Procrastination is his way  
a life of slothful idleness.

#### Pride 7

He who is proud is sure to fall.  
The grave renders all men to dust.  
In death all men become equal  
He who is proud is sure to fall  
Wrapped in sack cloth or silken shawl  
All men decay because they must  
He who is proud is sure to fall.  
The grave renders all men to dust

14-Aug-07  
poeticpiers

ivor hogg



## **Sexual discrimination for the Ladies**

Most women are content to be  
to men a total mystery  
Their thought processes baffle us  
we find their thinking curious.  
Men think in a straight forward way,  
the answer must be yea or nay  
But women don't they intuit  
most often rightly I admit.  
It is not true that men are fools.  
We don't attempt to learn the rules.  
because you'd change them right away.  
There's little more that I can say  
We love you unconditionally.  
That is the way it has to be.

3-Aug-07

ivor hogg

## **Sgraffito**

Graffiti is a modern art  
though few artists can claim great skill.  
to some it is a thing apart  
a driving urge they must fulfil.  
They place their art on public view  
and leave a tag, a signature.  
To show they're proud of what they do  
Although their efforts won't endure  
The onslaught of the cleaning crews  
the city pays to wash away  
graffiti: which they all refuse  
to see as art anyway.  
Although the spray can artists do  
and will no doubt continue to.

26-Sep-07

ivor hogg

## **Silent Night**

I do not enjoy aural sex.  
The creaking of the bed next door  
is always guaranteed to vex.  
I don't use motels any more.  
Especially the cheaper ones  
where beds are rented by the hour  
I cannot stand the ersatz moans  
which some poor fool is paying for.  
I bought myself a mobile home  
where I can get to sleep in peace.  
No matter where I'm forced to roam.  
From sleepless nights I've found release  
A salesman's job is not much fun  
when there is travelling to be done.

9-Oct-07

ivor hogg

## **silver shoes story poem for M lady Ernestine**

Sometimes when the night is falling.  
I can hear them softly calling.  
Come and dance the night away  
the moon is shining bright as day.

My fairy friends are gathering  
to dance within the fairy ring.  
I leave the comfort of my chair  
and go outside to find them there.

Already to commence the dance.  
I watch them as they skip and prance.  
I am too big to join the dance  
but gladly given half a chance.

I would discard my human guise  
and dwindle down to be their size  
Titania points her wand at me.  
I find I am quite suddenly.

Much smaller than I used to be.  
The fairy maids all laugh with glee,  
each one wants to dance with me  
I gladly join the revelry.

We dance until the morning breaks.  
A single word is all it takes  
to restore me to my own size.  
Titania is very wise.

She weaves another magic spell.  
I can recall but cannot tell.  
When I awake in my old chair  
Gripped in my hand I find a pair

of tiny silken, silver shoon  
the colour of a bright new moon.  
A little keep sake it would seem  
to prove to me it was no dream.  
11-Jul-07

ivor hogg

## **Sons of Vulcan for Colin**

The Smith strikes sparks with every blow.  
He is a master of his trade  
The inert metal seems to grow,  
by magic it becomes a blade.  
If myths and legends do not lie  
I see no reason why they should.  
Smiths are adept at wizardry  
but use their magic lore for good,  
Vulcan: Blacksmith to the Gods  
passed on to smiths his secret lore.  
Which has survived against the odds?  
The smiths still use their magic for  
creating artefacts by hand.  
Their artistry still in demand.

22-Aug-07

ivor hogg

## **Spinsters Legacy**

Great Grandma's walnut cabinet.  
In my house still holds pride of place,  
displays her treasures even yet.  
Fine china that we could not replace

A solid silver tea service.  
Presented to her when she wed,  
Objets D'Art beyond all price.  
Rare curios she collected.

It has passed down the family.  
Mother to daughter faithfully  
by each one cared for carefully.  
Until at last it came to me.

I have no children never wed  
so this tradition ends with me.  
I have decided when I am dead,  
this piece of local history.

Should be on show for all to see  
I have bequeathed it clear and free.  
To a museum locally  
in honour of her memory.

I have no living kith or kin  
with me will die the family tree  
I had a brother Benjamin  
but he died young, a tragedy.

11-Aug-07

ivor hogg

## Staying Power

The surging stream which drives the wheel supplying power to the mill  
a close inspection will reveal can be diverted if we so will.  
A heavy gate can stem the flow and channel it another way  
so that we can in safety go beneath water wheel and pay  
attention to its maintenance a task which is necessary  
we can't afford to take a chance. So we inspect it properly  
Then when we are quite satisfied that all is as it ought to be  
Again we'll turn the stream aside into the mill race easily  
The mill has stood for centuries the water wheel though has been changed  
but not in living memory. The latest date which we have traced  
was more than ninety years ago. Which proves that craftsmen of the past  
had skills, today we proudly show. Their artefacts were built to last.

8-Jul-07  
Poeticpiers

ivor hogg

## **Still Smoking a rant**

A cigarette will soothe away  
the stress and troubles of the day.  
That's what the doctors used to say.  
When I was young

When feel down and skies are grey  
a smoke will drive the blues away.  
That's what the doctors used to say.  
When I was young.

A smoke will help you work and play  
and do no harm in any way  
That's what the doctors used to say.  
When I was young.

New fads and fancies come along.  
Without admitting they were wrong.  
The doctors sing a different song.  
Now I am old.

If they were wrong why should we  
believe their latest theory.  
The doctors sing a different song.  
Now I am old.

Smokers die younger so they say  
younger than who I ask today.  
The doctors sing a different song.  
Now I am old.

I have smoked since I was ten,  
part of my daily regimen.  
The doctors sing a different song.  
Now I am old.

Presumably I should be dead.  
If I believed the lies we're fed  
The doctors sing a different song.  
Now I am old.

The choice is yours to quit or smoke.  
Myself I treat it as a joke.  
The song the doctors sing today.  
I am quite old

Both smokers and non smokers die  
which I accept I don't ask why  
Despite the song the doctors sing.  
I'm still smoking.

7-Aug-07



ivor hogg

## Summer rain

The raindrops on my window pane  
drum with a syncopated beat.  
Sometimes they stop then start again.  
Like tap dancers with flying feet.  
The silver moon beams struggle through  
rain clouds, which try to block their light.  
They won't succeed they never do  
because Selina rules the night.  
I slowly drift back to my dreams  
soothed by the sound that wakened me.  
I visit other worlds it seems.  
Worlds where the sun shines constantly.  
I've grown used to the dancing drops  
of summer rain which never stops.

26/07/2007

ivor hogg

## **Surreality for M lady Tara**

In pale grey light before the dawn of day.  
Which lends an air of unreality,  
as light and darkness interplay.

The morning mist disperses and fades away  
all adding to the surreality.  
In pale grey light before the dawn of day.

We're forced to see the world a different way  
faced by the predawn lights tranquillity  
as light and darkness interplay.

There are no colours only shades of grey  
A seeming superficiality  
In pale grey light before the dawn of day.

When each man sees in his own way.  
Decides his own reality  
as light and darkness interplay.

I do not have the words to say.  
The way I feel confidently  
In pale grey light before the dawn of day  
as light and darkness interplay.

26-Sep-07

ivor hogg

## Tea Time

My watch says four its time for tea  
but I'm not where I ought to be.  
Instead I'm stuck in this foul trench  
amidst the mud and slime and stench  
Rotting remains which used to be  
young English soldiers just like me.

My country called I volunteered.  
My parents saw me off and cheered  
They were quite proud to se me go  
"To teach some manners to the foe"  
But now the smoke and gas has cleared  
I'm on my own just as I feared.

Our forward trenches over run  
I'm trapped behind the wily Hun  
I would surrender if I could  
but I cannot I'm losing blood.  
I think my time is nearly done.  
The only thing that I have won.

A nameless grave like many more.  
No one can calculate the score  
of those who died on either side.  
Involuntary suicide.  
There are no winners in this war  
a fact the generals ignore.

I watch my life blood drain away.  
Surprised to find I do not mind.  
I will be pleased: I have to say.  
to leave this rotten war behind.  
A game I volunteered to play  
I cannot stand another day

The mud the blood and misery  
which all around me I can see.  
I leave behind without regret.  
But I can see them clearly yet  
My mothers friends all taking tea  
I wonder if she's proud of me.

24-Oct-07

ivor hogg

## **The curate had the grace to blush**

The young curate grew quite harassed  
discussing sexuality.  
Because he was so embarrassed  
Although he tried quite doggedly.

When questioned on conjugal rights.  
By a young lady to be wed  
He tried to be so definite  
of duties which pertained to bed.

He stated blithely that a man  
had appetites he must fulfil  
What rights she asked, had the woman?  
The question was beyond his skill.

He only knew what he'd been taught.  
Naïve and inexperienced  
He did not have a stock retort  
and what he said made little sense.

He thought he'd better call a halt.  
Refer the lady to the priest  
and readily admit his fault.  
It did not matter in the least.

The priest could only say the same  
relying on the churches rule  
He too had never played the game  
which left him looking like a fool

The question was legitimate  
Why should only men have rights  
and women submit to their mate.  
She rightly thought would lead to fights.

Neither of them could satisfy  
the lady's curiosity  
and she was left to wonder why.  
The church favoured celibacy.

You can't advise if you don't know  
the subject you are asked about.  
Which to the lady served to show  
the churches failings without doubt.

25-Oct-07

ivor hogg

## The Final Link

A graveyard set beside the sea,  
with headstones placed haphazardly  
That is, not set in tidy rows  
which made me wonder: I suppose

used to city cemeteries  
with flagstone paths and shrubberies.  
Well tended lawns and flower beds.  
To see a wilderness instead

came as a culture shock to me.  
Not what I expected to see.  
This is the grim reality  
of a neglected cemetery.

I'm searching for my ancestor,  
They're difficult to find because  
the salt winds blowing from the sea  
affects the legibility

of names and dates carved in the stone  
Some few are left but most are gone.  
I find what I am looking for  
inside the porch set in the floor.

Though weather worn I can still read  
the final details which I need.  
Confirming the validity  
of my illustrious ancestry.

My great grandfather twice removed  
was once a power in the land.  
A given fact which can be proved  
quite easily I understand.

Now I have traced my family tree  
I can call a halt to my quest.  
I find it's satisfactory.  
I'm sure that I have earned my rest.

Although it may not matter to  
anyone but my family.  
I have proved the legends true  
we were once aristocracy.

02-Sep-07

ivor hogg

## **The final Visitor**

Kushih

The slate blue clouds massed row on row  
now dominate the evening sky  
A lanthorn burns in my window  
What does the lanthorn signify?  
That I am old and stay at home  
and that I welcome visitors  
Infirmities won't let me roam,  
I dare not venture out of doors  
I'm weary but I cannot sleep.  
I smile as I recall the past  
Though roads were rough and paths were steep.  
I was young and unsurpassed  
by any other youthful swain  
Who sought for love illicitly.  
Delights I can enjoy again  
if only in my memory.  
I have grown old, I've lived too long  
I wait for death to visit me.  
I won't resist but go along  
without protest and joyfully  
Death knows my name and my abode  
that I await him patiently  
Each day I live is time borrowed  
I must repay eventually  
Perhaps my next life will be short  
if I've won sufficient merit.  
I comfort myself with this thought  
and contemplate the infinite.  
15-Aug-07

ivor hogg

## **The Gospel singer**

The atmosphere was smoky blue.  
The singer's voice was smoky too  
When she picked up the microphone  
she fascinated everyone.

Her frail form hid a mighty voice  
you listened to. You had no choice.  
A voice which made the rafters ring.  
She certainly knew how to sing.

She sang without accompaniment.  
Then she set up a precedent.  
She softly crooned a gospel song  
and took her audience along

Tough mobsters sat tears in their eyes  
such was her power to hypnotise.  
Cold killers who had made their bones  
affected by her dulcet tones.

She sang as though she was possessed  
without a break without a rest.  
From nine o'clock til near midnight  
Then suddenly was gone from sight.

Nobody knew the singers name,  
nobody knew from whence she came  
Some believe she was a ghost,  
an angel from the heavenly host.

But I don't care I heard her sing  
and to this day I proudly boast.  
That I was there and listening  
to an angel or a ghost.

I only know that she changed me  
She altered my whole attitude  
so now I live respectably.  
Recalling her with gratitude

15-Oct-07

ivor hogg



## The High Life

She pinned her shapeless hat in place.  
Then stood before the fireplace  
and gazed into the mirror bright.  
To make quite sure that she looked right.

Before she ventured down the street  
to purchase what she needs to eat.  
A weekly trip she undertook  
and perhaps change her library book.

The library first and then she'll go  
around the village to and fro.  
The simple things she wants to buy  
the village shops can well supply.

She's shy and seldom stops to speak  
This is the highlight of her week  
She nods to neighbours on the street.  
She will stop soon to rest her feet

She will outside the baker's store,  
she'll do as she has done before  
Beneath an awning find a seat.  
Have tea and cakes her weekly treat.

She'll sit and watch the world go by  
surprised at how the hours fly.  
Then quite content she'll make her way  
back home. She has enjoyed her day

Once back at home she'll feed the cat  
and carefully hang up her hat  
Then put her groceries away  
thus ends another shopping day.

18-Aug-07

ivor hogg

## **The house wins**

We play the game: We win or lose  
because we must. We cannot choose.  
to be spectators, play no part  
until our time comes to depart.  
Life's rules seem designed to confuse.

We can select the means we use.  
Circumstance may change our views  
from those we hold when we first start.  
We play the game.

You may well have a change of heart.  
Which overturns the apple cart  
by using your most crafty ruse  
to change the path your fate pursues.  
The game ends only to restart  
We play the game.

15-Oct-07

Rondeau

ivor hogg

## **The' IN 'place for M lady Marcy**

A string quartet plays melodies  
beneath the shade of potted palms  
like resurrected memories  
Which added quaintness to the charms

of London's latest rendezvous  
The place to see an be seen  
by those in search of somewhere to  
be players on the latest scene.

It looked as though no time had passed  
since Edward occupied the throne.  
As if transported from the past  
it had a glamour of its own.

Recalling a more gracious age  
when everybody knew their place  
Providing posers with a stage  
on which to preen and show their face.

Though it looks old it was brand new.  
Instructed to spare no expense  
Its decorator knew how to  
create an air of opulence.

Designed to let nonentities  
blessed with more wealth than common sense  
pretend to be celebrities  
and to display their affluence.

The venture was a great success  
it was the only place to be.  
Demand grew greater never less.  
Which only proved one thing to me.

That Barnum's dictum was correct.  
There are new mugs born every day  
ready and willing to accept.  
To cut a dash you have to pay.

12-Jul-07

ivor hogg

## **The Knights Tale**

A dirty night without  
a dirty Knight within  
I entertain no doubt  
The dirty knight will win

the naïve maiden's heart.  
She's ready for romance.  
He'll play the lovers part  
most grateful for the chance

to satisfy his lust  
and at no extra cost.  
Betray the maidens trust.  
Her innocence once lost

can never be replaced.  
She has lost, he has won.  
She is no longer chaste.  
The Knight will travel on

another conquest made.  
Without a backward glance  
spares no thought for the maid  
who thought she's found romance.

So much for chivalry  
but still young maids again  
fall for this old story  
that's told by travelling men.

26-Oct-07

ivor hogg

## **The law**

The Law.

The moon a silver crescent riding high.  
The naked trees shiver in the cold wind.  
A hunting owl is circling silently  
his eyes adapted to the lack of light.  
His lawful prey he can see easily.  
Small creatures forage for their nightly food,  
he chooses his target unerringly  
He stoops to conquer and his talons  
grasp his victim. His triumph a tragedy  
Natures rule; some must die so others live.  
The silence of the night is broken by  
only the last cries of his chosen prey  
The owl feeds as the echoes die away  
The moon ignores what she has seen before,  
the owl has fed, he'll live another day.  
Nature rules: no creature can defy her law.

5-Jun-07

ivor hogg

## **The Minarets of Trebizond**

I can still see though distantly  
the soaring spires of Trebizond  
I take my leave reluctantly  
upon a quest which goes beyond.

The confines of my city state  
where every street's familiar  
I am condemned by cruel fate  
who chose me in particular

To cement alliances made  
so long ago they need renewed  
and so I lead a cavalcade  
of fighting men. My attitude

at once humble and dignified.  
Befitting an ambassador  
who has the power to decide  
Shall we make peace, prepare for war..

Why was I chosen for this task?  
A question which I do not voice  
I do not know who I should ask.  
I only know I have no choice.

The powers that be selected me  
for reasons I don't understand  
To be their sole emissary.  
I am their servant to command.

If I succeed I will return  
to adulation from the crowds  
An honour I will have to earn  
If fate decrees I am allowed.

But if I fail I shall not see  
the spires of Trebizond again  
I'll be exiled permanently  
such is the fate of broken men.

I'll do my best I can but try.  
Conduct my quest with courtesy  
Renegotiate each treaty  
in friendship not hostility.

My journey took me several years  
Forgotten by the powers that be.  
But I return to hearty cheers.  
The people still had faith in me.

Oppressed by the dishonest men  
who had seized power in my absence.

They looked to me to take again  
the reins of power and commence.

the cleansing of our city state  
So I took power reluctantly.  
It seemed to be the will of fate  
That I should rule with honesty.

And who am I to disagree.  
What fate decides that she will do.  
I will submit to her decree  
I will the rule of law renew.

In my beloved Trebizond.  
So that her fame will spread afar  
beyond her borders far beyond.  
She will become the guiding star.

For city states both far and near  
They can observe and emulate  
the simple laws are few and clear  
in this successful city state.

Which fate has called on me to rule  
against my wishes I confess.  
I am aware I'm just a tool  
a simple tool no more no less.

That fate can use for her purpose.  
She knows I hate dishonesty,  
that's why she chose me I suppose.  
To take responsibility

for Trebizond this fair city.  
Which had been subject to misrule.  
by men who lacked all honesty.  
She chose a fool to be her tool

I am content it should be so  
For Trebizond I gladly serve  
until it is my time to go.  
Then I will reap what I deserve.

But Trebizond continues on  
if only in men's memories.  
A dream to pin your hopes upon  
and visit in your fantasies.

7-Jun-07  
poetic piers

ivor hogg



## **The other side for M lady Tara**

Two little ghosts out walking at night  
When one little Ghost cried out in fright  
Oh Dear I think I see a man.  
He's over there I'm sure I can  
The other ghost says you cannot do  
there are no men they are not true  
Just old Ghosts tales to frighten you  
and if they were what could they do  
There are no men there never was  
I know that's true because.  
My old professor told me so  
and he was clever he should know.  
The whole idea amuses me  
A living man you'll never see

Apr 04

ivor hogg

## **The Write Place**

I have a desk at which to write  
but I prefer my old arm chair  
It is so comfortable, just right  
I usually do my writing there.  
I have a pc which I use  
mainly to edit and correct  
The quick outpourings of my muse  
as do most poets I suspect.  
A pad and pencil are my tools  
I use modern technology  
but stick to my old fashioned rules  
when I'm composing poetry  
My desk is very nearly bare  
but books abound by my arm chair.

21-Oct-07

ivor hogg

## **Thou Shalt not Kill**

A man can be a fundamentalist.  
Be totally convinced his faith is true  
His mind is closed to any other view.  
but that does not make him a terrorist  
Any man is entitled to insist  
that his religion is the only way  
Rejecting what other faiths have to say.  
A good man will condemn the terrorist.  
A faithful man will hesitate to kill.  
It is forbidden by Gods own command  
A law that is not hard to understand.  
although God gave his children their free will  
There comes a time when they must foot the bill  
because they chose Gods laws to countermand.

8-Aug-07

ivor hogg

## Thunderbox

In Granddad's garden there still stands  
a thunder box. A monument  
built lovingly by Granddads hands,  
intended to be permanent,  
But fashions change and indoor loos  
took the place of earth closets  
So now it has a different use  
but he can cope with life's upsets.  
It houses now his garden tools  
Green painted and in good repair  
Granddad has little time for fools.  
Who cannot change and will not dare.  
But Granddad can and Granddad will  
accept the world cannot stand still.

21/07/2007

ivor hogg

## Time Flies

As yet untouched by passing years.  
Her lustrous hair as black as night  
the maiden's smile is a delight.  
As yet untouched by passing years.

Without a doubt she soon will wed.  
Such beauty must attract a mate  
A good excuse to celebrate.  
Without a doubt she soon will wed.

Take on the duties of a wife.  
In time she'll bear a child or two  
make all her girlish dreams come true.  
Take on the duties of a wife.

In time all fledglings leave the nest.  
Then he and she are left alone  
amazed how fast the years have flown.  
In time all fledglings leave the nest.

Her raven locks now streaked with white.  
He sees her with a lovers eyes  
and pays no heed for he is wise  
Her raven locks now streaked with white.

The passing years have left their mark.  
The love they share still strong and true  
binds them together like strong glue.  
The passing years have left their mark.

They are still happy and content  
as much in love as when they wed  
.When first they shared their marriage bed.  
They are still happy and content.

29-Jun-07

Catena Rondo

ivor hogg

## **Time is of the essence for Friend Thad**

Herbert the hippopotamus  
was feeling rather amorous  
The female hippopotami  
avoided Herbie's roving eye.

They politely gave their reason  
This is not the mating season.  
Although he sang his best love song  
the ladies would not go along.

So Herbie had to go without  
of this the ladies had no doubt.  
They told him firmly that he should  
go cool his ardour in the mud.

Then come back when the time is right  
to satisfy his appetite.

20-Oct-07

ivor hogg

## **Todays reality**

I long to hear that sound again  
The happy voices of children,  
of children playing happily.  
I must rely on memory.  
My fledglings from the nest have flown  
and they have children of their own  
But alas they are too far away  
to hear their children at their play.  
We've reached another stage in life,  
There's only me and my good wife.  
I care for her she cares for me  
exactly as it ought to be.  
It's sad but true we only see  
our grandchildren infrequently.

7-Aug-07

ivor hogg

## **Tomorrow is another day**

The last rays of the setting sun  
cast dark shadows beneath the trees.  
The long hot day is nearly done.  
How welcome is the cooling breeze  
which brings relief to everyone.  
In answer to the fervent pleas  
of those who suffer beneath the sun.  
The night will grant them quick release  
from their confinement to the shade.  
Now they can move about freely  
which hitherto the sun forbade.  
Night has cast down his tyranny.  
Enjoy the coolness of the night,  
it may be just a brief respite.

31-Jul-07

ivor hogg



## Tongue Tied

I've heard it said romance is dead.  
Perhaps my friend you've heard it too.  
A lying rumour which has spread  
around the world as rumours do.

It is not true, it couldn't be.  
As long as men and maids exist,  
romance will thrive eternally.  
Love letter writing will persist.

Young ladies dream of high romance.  
Young men pretend that they do not.  
Both he's and she's join in the dance  
when Cupids's arrow hits the spot.

If they are lucky they will find  
the words with which they can express.  
With eloquence their state of mind  
in passionate inventiveness.

Romance is very much alive  
and poets prove this everyday.  
Though lesser mortals have to strive  
to tell their love in their own way.

So three short words must satisfy.  
When spoken with sincerity.  
No matter how hard some men try  
they lack the capability..

But somehow they communicate  
their love for you is strong and true  
and let their actions compensate  
for words they cannot say to you.

7-Jul-07

ivor hogg

## Too Late

The time has come for harvesting.  
Long overdue; we are too late.  
The human race is flourishing  
they have discovered how to hate.

Warlike and belligerent.  
They're not the docile race we knew  
By some genetic accident.  
The human race evolved into

a race of high intelligence.  
Which has advanced technologies  
We daren't deny the evidence  
which is presented to our eyes.

Therefore we must tread carefully  
they will not fear us any more.  
They'll look on us suspiciously  
Not simply worship and adore.

As they had been conditioned to  
when first we landed on this star  
They saw us as their guardians  
come to protect them from afar.

The fools accepted us as gods  
to whom they must make sacrifice.  
Now time has evened up the odds  
we can not hope to fool them twice.

We should just leave. It would be wise.  
erase all traces we have been.  
Except for racial memories  
we have no way of wiping clean.

I am afraid I must confess  
of what the human race might do.  
The rate at which they can progress  
there seems to be no limit to.

Should they suspect that we exist  
They will not rest until they know  
and with research they will persist.  
They simply will not let it go.

Though once they were inferior  
I think they are our equals now  
and will become superior.  
If the laws of fate allow.

Our race grows old and decadent  
Perhaps its time to leave the stage.

It seems to me quite apparent  
the human race will now engage.

In doing what we used to do  
Exploiting every race they find  
because they feel entitled to  
again like us they will be blind.

To the potentiality  
which younger races might possess  
in pursuit of their destiny.  
The speed at which they make progress.

We've had our season in the sun  
the human race will have theirs too.  
It has been so since time begun  
the old must give way to the new.

2-Jul-07

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ivor hogg

## Travelling

As we grow old our boundaries,  
become more circumscribed it seems.  
Although we don't give up our dreams,  
we must accept realities.

Acknowledge what we cannot do  
and celebrate the things we can  
Accept with grace its natures plan.  
which we must constantly review.

Our travels may be limited  
by age and growing frailty  
Therefore we must rely instead  
on our mental ability.

To use selective memory  
and visit where we want to be.  
31-Oct-07

ivor hogg

## **True love endures**

True love endures when passion dies.  
This should not come as a surprise,  
it is a lesson all must learn  
at their own pace each in their turn.  
True love endures.

In time we learn to recognise  
the honest truth from the half lies  
and find the love for which we yearn.  
True love endures.

There is no room for compromise  
.The truth is written in the eyes.  
What you receive is what you earn  
After the flames of passion burn  
away the half truths and the lies.  
True love endures.

Poetic piers

ivor hogg

## Unanswered Question

I am awake but cannot see  
nor am I sure that I can hear.  
A silent darkness surrounds me,  
I know the meaning now of fear.

It is as if I'm paralysed  
I try to move without success.  
My deepest fears are realised  
I am controlled and powerless.

I am not dead I cannot be  
If I were dead I'd be at peace.  
I wonder is this purgatory?  
What must I do to earn release?

I'm lying on a slab of stone,  
there are no shackles binding me.  
I am held fast by powers unknown.  
I try to think coherently.

Why am I here and where am I.  
I cannot hear I cannot see  
I cannot move although I try.  
Am I condemned eternally?

What grievous sin did I commit?  
deserving endless punishment.  
I may have sinned I must admit  
unknowingly without intent.

I pray to all the Gods I know  
to have my harsh sentence repealed.  
To set me free just let me go.  
Implacable they will not yield,

Refuse to alter their decree.  
I may not live; I may not die  
I must exist in misery  
and never know the reason why.

2-Sep-07

ivor hogg

## Unconstrained

The mind of man can't be constrained  
by any measure that we know  
A fact that cannot be explained.  
Your mind is always free to go

beyond the normal boundaries  
which are imposed by gravity.  
It disregards such laws with ease  
and has no trouble breaking free.

To visit realms of fantasy  
where we can designate the laws.  
A different reality,  
imagination rules of course.

The science fiction of today  
tomorrow will be common place.  
We dreamers think a different way  
to other members of our race.

Ability to fantasise  
and look at things a different way.  
May prove to the greatest prize  
that we have won along the way.

In man kinds rise to dominance.  
Though there is much we do not know.  
That we can dream gives us a chance  
to choose the way we want to go.

16-Jun-07

ivor hogg

## **Under the influence**

Imaginations heady brew  
With which all poets quench their thirst  
may prove a little strong for you.  
I would advise small sips at first.  
Until you grow accustomed to  
the strange effects it can produce  
which will forever change your views  
becoming wider more diffuse.  
You can explore the universe  
and travel at the speed of thought  
Adventures which inspire verse  
as the best method to report  
The visions which you wish to share  
with other people everywhere.

19-Oct-07

ivor hogg



## **Unprotected species**

The morning mist lifts and reveals.  
A scattered colony of seals  
Their breeding place beside the sea  
protected by the enemy.

The fishermen who used to kill  
and if allowed would do so still.  
They do not dare to harm a seal  
the penalties are all too real

The fisher men bitterly complain  
the seals are free to fish again.  
Unhampered by the silly rules  
complied by bureaucratic fools.

The fisherman can't understand  
why they are bound by this command.  
But not the seals apparently  
They just ignore bureaucracy.

Seals are creatures of the sea  
and as intended they are free  
But the fishermen are not  
That's why they all bewail their lot.

22-Jun-07

ivor hogg

## Unsung

Dead heroes hold an honoured place  
in histories of the human race.  
But I am forced to wonder why  
we only honour those who die.  
To live and raise a family  
would seem to me to be.  
A much more worthwhile thing to do.  
Just common folk like me and you.  
Who in their quiet way contrive  
to keep the human race alive.  
The heroes leave behind their fame  
But I pass on the family name  
ensuring immortality  
at least for some small part of me.

17-Jun-07

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ivor hogg

## Unsung Heroes

The land laid waste and desolate.  
Opposing armies came and went,  
that neither thought to contemplate  
the end result is evident.

There'll be no harvest here to reap  
There's no one left to till the land.  
Beneath the soil the farmers sleep.  
The warriors failed to understand

In war there is no victory.  
The winners and the losers fail  
to learn from all past history.  
That warriors die to no avail

The real heroes are men of peace.  
The farmers and the labourers  
the men who toil without surcease  
to feed themselves and their neighbours.

14-Aug-07

ivor hogg

## **Vicious Circle**

Buy now pay later is the cry.  
Just use your friendly credit card,  
your every need we can supply.  
You'll find it isn't very hard.  
Seduced by advertising lies  
to spend more than you can repay.  
Because you fail to recognise.  
There has to be a reckoning day.  
I blame the lenders more than you.  
The system is designed that way,  
the people they give credit to  
are those that cannot pay their way.  
They have to borrow to repay  
the debts they incurred yesterday.

5-Jun-07

ivor hogg

## Waht day is it?

The more I learn the less I know.  
I'm sure it wasn't always so.  
There was a time I do believe,  
my memory was not like a sieve.  
I could remember easily  
all that I entered casually.  
Today I struggle to recall.  
Oh almost anything at all  
I have a good forgettery  
perhaps it is protecting me  
From things I do not want to know.  
Bad memories I have let go.  
I can remember easily  
when memories don't hide from me.

6-Aug-07

ivor hogg

## **Waste not, want not for M'Lady Dee Daffodil**

Dead leaves which lately clad the trees  
in autumn colours brave and bold.  
Are scattered by the playful breeze  
Their day is done their story told

Their purpose served they're obsolete.  
A dry dead blanket on the ground  
which when disturbed by passing feet.  
Produce a crisply rustling sound.

The earth will re absorb them all  
though slowly, there's no need for haste.  
A process which is typical  
of natures attitude to waste.

What has been used will be re used  
and very little is refused.

10-Oct-07

ivor hogg

## What Democracy?

Is democracy a dream?  
The human race aspires to  
such things are seldom as they seem.

Although the people have a choice.  
They seldom think their choices through  
and so the wishes which they voice.

Can be ignored and flagrantly  
by those who hold the power reins  
which they acquired dishonestly.

The voting system is unfair.  
Votes do not carry equal weight.  
The major parties do not care.

They are content to wait their turn  
To ride upon the gravy train  
enjoying perks they do not earn.

If every vote was made to count  
Then that would be democracy  
Hold politicians to account

for promises they make then break.  
Perhaps it's time to rectify  
the present system: Which would take.

a social revolution  
to institute democracy.  
Instead of the confusion.

The rule of many by the few  
who claim they have the peoples vote  
A statement patently untrue.

The vote I cast has no value  
in this so called democracy  
Its very sad but very true.

10-Oct-07

ivor hogg

## **What dreams may come?**

I fear to sleep for dreams may come  
which force me to relive again.  
Dark memories which aren't welcome.  
Such dreams can drive a man insane.

Things I have done which I regret.  
Long years ago and far away.  
Some things it's better to forget  
Spring forth to haunt me still today.

Sometimes you do not have a choice.  
No time to think you just react.  
You pull the trigger and rejoice  
that you shot first and that's a fact.

You have shot dead some innocent  
mistaken for an enemy.  
It's just another incident  
embedded in your memory.

I'm tired and I fain would rest  
but peace of mind's denied to me.  
Such recollections deep imprest  
can't be erased from memory.

Odd times I can sleep peacefully  
with no bad dreams to cause distress.  
I fall asleep eventually  
Anaesthetised by weariness.

13-Aug-07

ivor hogg



## **Where there's a will there is a way for Lucianne**

The skunk was not aware he stunk  
His only wish was to make friends  
forgive forget and make amends  
His family motto so he thunk.

But he got frightened easily  
and when he did emitted smells  
offending others dreadfully.  
His life was full of fare thee wells.

He drove potential friends away  
He was destined to be alone  
Then he discovered body spray.  
He's popular with everyone

Now body spray has saved the day  
He's welcome to join in our play.

20-Oct-07

ivor hogg

## **Who is in charge?**

My muse continues to abuse  
her position. She will refuse  
to use her skills to help me out  
That she's in charge she has no doubt.  
But I have bad news for my muse.  
I have arranged some interviews  
with other muses unemployed  
Who say they would be overjoyed  
to find themselves in with a chance  
Which would improve their circumstance.  
My muse is old and crotchety  
she really thinks, she employs me.  
I think it's time that she retired  
a thought which she herself inspired.

9-Oct-07

ivor hogg

## **Who is responsible a rant may offend some**

The paedophile a parish priest  
Whose outward trappings hid a beast.  
Perverted lust that raged below  
the saintly face he chose to show.

He preyed upon the innocent  
his vile desires warped and bent.  
A loathsome smiling predator  
who thought he was above the law

He disregarded celibacy  
in favour of depravity.  
I do not know why this should be  
it happens all too frequently.

Then when his sins are brought to light  
the church assists him in his flight  
to sanctuary in the Vatican  
and they protect this evil man

from punishment he well deserves  
Offensive to the God he serves.  
But it seems not to the papacy  
who view his sins more tolerantly.

20-Jun-07

ivor hogg

## Who Won? story poem

Although you see me as brute.  
You will in time learn to love me.  
This vow I take is absolute  
I swear by all the gods that be.

My captive: you have captured me.  
A woman of a noble race  
you look at me contemptuously.  
I see no fear upon your face.

Such courage I must bow before.  
Your pride still makes you stand erect,  
although a prisoner of war.  
I hold you in highest respect.

I will treat you courteously.  
though I will never let you go.  
I hope that one day you will see  
me as a friend not as a foe.

The lady learned that she could trust  
his given word he would not break.  
An honest man not ruled by lust  
he wanted but he would not take.

what she was not prepared to give  
and so he waited patiently.  
The maid was young and so alive  
that she considered carefully.

What alternatives she had.  
To marry him and reign as queen  
this prospect did not seem too bad  
and just forget what might have been.

To take him as her chosen mate  
transfer her love and loyalty.  
It seemed to her decreed by fate.  
She was where she was meant to be.

He was a man of noble blood  
who by his actions tried to prove  
his love for her as best he could.  
She found it in her heart to love.

This man who'd been her enemy  
but then had showed he was a friend.  
Declared his love quite openly,  
his hope she'd love him in the end.

Was this pure practicality  
or had he really won her heart.

A question which still bothers me  
Can love and life be things apart?

26-Jun-07

ivor hogg

## **Wine can only be drunk once**

Fine wine, unlike fine poetry.  
Must be given time to mature,  
selected for its quality.  
You must be absolutely sure.  
To store it very carefully  
undisturbed perhaps for years.  
I much prefer fine poetry  
which rings like music in my ears.  
Dependent on your taste of course.  
My ears drink in well spoken verse.  
My taste in wine is rather coarse  
but it is easy on my purse.  
I read fine poetry for free  
from books stored in my library.

5-Sep-07

ivor hogg

## Women Weep

Behind a banner men unite  
arrayed in armour shining bright.  
Each warrior prepared to die,  
ready to fight but knows not why.  
It has been so since time began,  
each yearns to prove he is a man.  
The widows weep and wail and mourn.  
Was it for this our sons were born?  
To die upon some battlefield  
be carried home upon his shield.  
Because his chieftain would not yield.

That's how it was in days of yore  
when tribal chieftains went to war  
Still human nature does not change  
and foolish men see nothing strange.  
Enlisting in some obscure cause  
to fight and die in useless wars  
Their women folk are left to cry  
the price they pay is far too high.  
The burning question must be why.

We do not learn from history.  
There really is no mystery,  
young men are still fooled easily  
by politicians who they see  
As learned men who are just and wise  
and foolishly believe their lies  
The women folk are not so blind  
but head strong men pay little mind  
to well found fears of womenkind

Though womenfolk have always known  
that once men hear the trumpets blown  
The men folk lose their common sense  
and rush to fight in the defence  
of what they're told is liberty  
by those placed in authority.  
So children are left fatherless  
and womenfolk in deep distress.  
Men's foolishness is limitless.

19-Jun-07  
Cyhydd naw ban

Welsh bardic form

ivor hogg

## **Words are Inadequate**

The moonlight on the waterfall reflects.  
A rainbow colourless but radiant.  
A rarer form of beauty I suspect  
than any human eye has seen before.  
The time, the place and moonlight combine.  
Exquisite beauty which no man can store  
in any way electronically.  
Technology is not up the task  
we must record it in our memory.  
Try as we might: Words are inadequate  
to describe such ethereality.  
A sight all artists would appreciate.  
Who were not fortunate enough to see.  
Moonlight and water dance exquisitely

26-Jun-07

Free verse sonnet

ivor hogg



**YOU      experimental form**

You  
can do  
anything.

You  
really  
want to do.

I  
Believe  
this is true.

Why  
won't you  
even try?

Too  
afraid  
you will fail.

If  
you do  
try again.

Some  
must win,  
some must lose.

Take  
a chance  
join the dance

You  
must choose  
to move on

Or  
remain  
as you are.

Up  
to you.  
Which you do.

No  
complaints  
listened to.

1-Oct-07

ivor hogg

## **You do Know**

You know it's true. Yet you deny  
the evidence: you can't accept  
your dream of love is fantasy  
You know it's true

There are some rules you can't defy.  
Which by now you must suspect  
such things as love you cannot buy.  
Which overthrow your dream concept.  
You know it's true,

You hopes are dashed and fade away  
and with them goes your self respect.  
Today is not your lucky day  
You know it's true.

20-Jun-07

ivor hogg

## **You might be wrong**

Uncouth ill educated lout.  
You make your mind up instantly,  
you are quite sure you have no doubt.  
He is what he appears to be

You later find to you surprise  
he is in fact a gentleman.  
Regarded by the world as wise.  
Not as you thought an also ran.

Because he does not look the part.  
You thought him worthy of disdain.  
But now you have a change of heart  
you have been forced to think again.

Clothes do not make a gentleman.  
Quite often they disguise a thief  
who's out to steal all that he can  
He's confident of your belief

That you can quickly recognise  
the calibre of those you meet.  
Forgetting that appearances lies  
when other men are out to cheat.

The cover does not tell the tale  
of what is written in the book.  
If you are wise you will not fail  
to take a second searching look.

ivor hogg