Poetry Series

Mark Heathcote

- 650 poems -

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Mark Heathcote (22/03/66)

I like all kinds of poems but I tend to gravitate toward eastern spiritual poetry.

My muse almost demands it of me. So you may find quite a few being poured out from time to time.

I all so write many songs, when the poem spring runs dry, as a form of creative writing.

I work with adult learning difficulties as a support worker in the UK. Home

I work with adult learning difficulties as a support worker in the UK. Home town is Manchester. My other interests are in gardening and art. I had a really poor education, but try to improve with every write. I hope you'll enjoy visiting my writes...

"Uncertainty"

The newly, betrothed Wanted only, to sit with me. So there must be alarm bells Of real, "uncertainty", Ringing... inside needlessly.

I'm not your agent nor am I Your "Fēn sh□u dài l□" I said to her you've lied... You're not really, ready For these wedding, bells...

I said to her you're future
Is all smoke and mirrors?
And then on a natural impulse,
I stroked the lower Parts
Of her naked back.

It's now she swoons like a swan, Head and nape with eyes agape Two hours later in... I'm leaving... She begs me not to leave her... Such is the "Love", she's forgot? In her growing- "uncertainty"...

fēn	sh□u	dài	ΙП

Breaking agents, based on the identity of an agent, the agent side (for some reason you want and spouses, lovers break up, but do not have the heart to personally announce their relationship to the other end of the person) to the other party that broke up the middleman, thus avoiding direct harm to each other more easily accepted. And this nominee would like to request a fee for the party, and this way is breaking agents

A Backwards Look In The Mirror

I've seen those eyes before like pack-ice Residuary-melting, scraped off the floor Beats me how, an addict beats the count And rises; from the canvas once more.

I've seen the glue-sniffers dazed, erect Wall-flowers with those same said eyes That says nobody even cares for me. 'Now that loves taken its leave I devise.

To drink, listen to the clink, clink—clink Of ice till I'm once again, ready to rise'. Gaze ...eons into the future and bethink. The love of a woman will be my prize.

A beggar's bowl bonanza

This life has a victim and a killer This life has a preacher and a sinner This life has a poem a four line stanza This life has a beggar's bowl bonanza That can either really cleanse you Or poison your soul.

This life has a dark angel And a desolate windmill... Where you both grind Both day and night! At opposite ends of the stratosphere To join wings, in a moment of flight.

This life has a woman giving birth Claiming this divinity of life is a living hell Whilst the father beams ear to ear Holding a stranger near Who is now dearer than her?
...As if that could ever be.

This life is like a cheap bottle of wine You want to make ambrosia. Your very own Nirvana in rapture But this life has you in a mild despair maligned I swear, I swear, this life It'll have you going mad I do declare.

But this life has the bare bones Of a mercurial magic; I swear I do swear, I swear When you find a young woman And like a highwayman you have your way With her jewels, when she offers her heart the very next day.

A bitter focus in the wind tonight

There's a bitter focus in the wind tonight My soul is losing altitude My heart is in the eye of a storm! As my senses, are touched by lightning.

- Oh there's a Russian gipsy And, she's bewitching me Like Rapunzel at her wheel... But she's not imprisoned.

She's as wild as the wind And I'm afraid she won't wear my ring... Or even worse she will... And never be happy, just staying, still.

Oh there's a bitter focus in the wind tonight Should I be lonesome in this tower? Or should I make her my bride my gipsy bride And travel the length and breadth of lightning. Of; lightning in the fulcrum of a whirlwind.

Oh my soul is gaining altitude As my heart sees a rainbows band gold Where Rapunzel wears a pretty dress... And I promise you that is just a prelude.

- Oh there's a Russian gipsy And, she's bewitching to me Like Rapunzel at her wheel... But she's not imprisoned, and neither is her man.

A Bout Of Bronchitis!

Someone, somewhere
Maybe, not everywhere!
Shall - refuse to say, Grace.
Shall not; step forwards ever.
Or bow their heads in prayer
God knows I have ...
But it will come, inadvertently,
Just as involuntary, maybe
To these others, somewhere—
As a bout of bronchitis!

A bridge of joy

The things we did were quite insane. But that's how joy came to pass... As we cut the turf and made a bridge Out of lush green; meadow grass.

Know full well here nothing On this earth or river shall ever last.

Then gazed in awe, when all was laid And done the river dammed 6ft or more Our heart beats beating their full score With aloud furor as we ran across...

'5 times or more and, yes...
The things we did were quite insane'.
But that's how joy came to pass...
As the river washed
The last sods of earth away to the last.

A Broche Of Butterflies

I never did notice Deaths gape advancing... Peeking at, me. Until, I was watching him.

I'd seen him in the closet In a broche of butterflies I crumpled in my pocket.

I'd seen him in the dark eyes, Of a roadside, rabbit With tyre print fur... And a broken jaw socket.

It's only now I've noticed Death. 'That he's been playing-All along, hide and seek'.

Did, I think to ask of him? To count backwards, Sure enough, I did but He'll cheat, and I'll be found...

Like a broche butterfly crumpled In his childlike, large, pocket.

A Bullet or A Rocking Chair

I have a bullet or a rocking chair A young skeleton or a fairy crown Which one do I stick around for? One is imaginary: The other is a dumbing down... What is reality and where can it be found.

A star ship travels far from where it started from Or was it a saucer sent on its way in vengeance-For my loose cruel tongue! Whichever I chose neither one will spin on for long.

I also have a cat he wants to be an owl He sits all night in a sycamore tree Hoping to Helicopter down on the dormouse Who he delegates and believes might just be me.

I have a bullet or a rocking chair you see Sometimes I dream off...
Pulling that trigger or just sitting there in the dark I catnap dreaming, I am an old owl...
Flying to those afar away places, places from me. In the moonlight there's a dish of warm milk But it's bloody on the floor and cold...

Oh life is an ancient cartouche
Of all that's gone, long before...
Whichever I chose neither one will spin on for long.
So I'll just guess I'll join the fairies on the rocking chair...
Or else you can execute me for being a bore
That's if you dare against the wall.

You can drag my sarcophagus till you too Die of heart ache and bronchitis Cause I still have my decision to be made Do I choose a bullet or a rocking chair? And who the hell are you to say you care If you love me honey you must be just a fool Or else all fur coat and no knickers.

But I guess that what makes this old owl hoot Till it's so old it goes deaf and mute And just mouths I love you and the fairies too.

A candle flame

I have no more life than a candle flame, a fuse that lights on the path of death and destruction lest, that is only half my plight my plunder; the rest I leave to the lightening after the thunder!

A Candle Flames Tapper

We have none more life Than a candle flames tapper That lights the path... Of death and wild eyed destruction. No sooner married than oaths a wife A maiden - a stranger - Loves enabler Raves in her silver, moonlit; birdbath-Chamber: Now whole new worlds-Come under her reconstruction. So hold tight, cavalier, your warhorse Else her passions turn inwards to wrath Hold tight her winged reigns in the night Or you too shall be - unshod - unhorse By the gorgon sister on her warpath-Course: Missing parts of her eternal soul Her divine eyes, like moonstones, frostbite. So hold tight Pegasus her son of delight There's a fire in a candles flaming tapper tonight.

A Common Brother

Red squirrel your grey brother Has more earthly power Then you in all your frivolous fire! He does wrinkle-out the lower Where you have climbed the higher!

And this has made the difference To the bane star of his eye Where you my red brother Eat your last supper and die.

A Copious Amount Of Love

A copious amount of love is all I need I'm a tad stronger than a climbing rose But I need sunlight to grow I need compassion to breathe...

I need empathy in every touch A copious amount of love To make my pergola—arch! A dove-white wing...

Oh I need a summer house! To shelter me from all my tears, A copious amount of love Warm as the sun, up above...

A copious amount of love is all I need... A fire sign to my water! To disguise the night times horror All I need is your love.

Oh you'll gather in my silkweeds And I'll behold you my golden lotus... In every midnight hour We'll bloom, animated as owl-wings, Glowing in the dark - together Hooting, hooting, love forever...

A Distant Kind Of Love

A dove calls her mate in the moon But a sea wind calls, go not to soon... For the night is young in circles new The waves are rolling deep and blue.

So' it is for you; the world was made To lift your feathers above the wave! So dip your wing tips in salt rock air Brave a poles ivory stair; if you dare!

For it's here your true loves heart lies Anchored beneath the lustrous skies Wave over wave- wing on wing! The dove white creature clung, curing...

Until the sun in past shadows flame Up and blessed the birds dead name For the night is young in circles new The waves are rolling deep and blue.

Wave over wave- wing on wing!
That dove white creature sort to cling...
Curing... deeper and deeper
Rolling... deeper and deeper

The little dove flew
To the heart of the moon,
To that part of the moon,
That could be you...

A Dripping Faucet Tap

There is this love
Like an empty house
With a dripping faucet tap
There is this love
That's like a henhouse
Worn around you like burlap
So coarse is its mixing taps
Even air runs hot and cold
Worlds apart is this love
That never fills, hope!
A cracked hand basin...
Never mind your heart and soul.

A father's love for a teenage son

Who gave that almighty yell? Like a giant with a rotten tooth ache. "What in Lucifer's name" this sour taste? "What in damnations name" that awful smell? The likes of some teenage Jesus... One who hasn't? Changed his innocence, or his britches? Since he first; had, erroneous boyish itches. Then, God with his thunderbolt's... Struck; plunged a toothpick! And dislodged the mucus, and said...
"Be gone my son" into the world of madmen. And, there find a dovecot house... In a child's heart: Sublunary, White as the driven snow... And there smother it, as your own! With a giant bellows toxic groan.

A fever burns

A fever burns like a jetlag, hell And it happens every day, Try just to pay your way... Feed and dress your family, It isn't easy these days. Nor was it easy in your parent's days. So when your anger burns-Because you want to rise-up and live Remember how too your elders suffered... At the hands of a so called, brother. Oh, freedom... Is only a memory of your head in a basket? Oh, freedom... Is a hypocrite asking for your votes? Making women out of blokes Ooh a fever burns like a jetlag, hell And it happens every day, Try just to pay your way... God was a bartering fool Who thought he could trust Man with an unforgiving soul And still find his way home. But it isn't easy these days. Just trying to be nice Being a good neighbour Because it isn't easy these days To feed or dress your family Nor was it easy in your parent's days. So when your anger burns— Because you want to rise-up and live Remember how too your elders suffered... At the hands of a so called, brother. Oh, freedom... Is only a memory of your head in a basket? Oh, freedom... Is a hypocrite asking for your votes? Making women out of blokes Ooh a fever burns like a jetlag, hell.

A filigree of gold:

I have a heart ancient and old it's core is of a rock larva... Newly formed with a pumice soul that absorbs its self that absolves its self till nothing of the whole remains... It is as a liquid-salt, or a filigree of gold: It is as a barren desert It is thirstier than a cacti-flower awaiting some other blissful dead-sun that has no need of substance! No need of reliance or earthly love I have a heart ancient and old, it's core is of a rock larva... Searching-out the mountains top: A mountains summit to unfold... Endlessness it is rent with a mouth of love unearthed but any-ways housed untold.

A fish out of water

Slivering across glass as the spinal river moved on beneath her pelvic fins, impasse a fish out of water gills exposed in full breathless, panting... This is love! using an expletive! Me 'at last' she said...

A Flower Cut From Desire

The lotus is a flower cut from desire Whatever her hue her petals attire She is the goddess that sank into... The muddy waters - arose anew.

Her purity and beauty is no cauldron. Thou portrayed to symbolize the sun She is but a spiritual, awakening... A flower of prosperity, meaning.

A symbol of fertility, spirituality, And even in her purest-state eternity. The blue lotus is victory over wisdom Pink the supreme lotus, Buddha's pilgrim.

The lotus path to noble truths is Purple White purity spiritual perfection mental. The Red lotus is related to the heart, Associated with, love and compassion.

A Garden Never Ploughed

A poem is an escape. It is a SOS call of distress ... Grasping for an Eden That will never again – exist.

It is a garden never ploughed: A horizon, a child's brush strokes That no medusas glance kills ... A poem is a key that evokes!

The senses to their beginning ... "What was it like that innocence? "
That first flap of a bee's wing,
Before all this useless, empty substance...

A poem is an oasis ... "King Island", surrounded by blue waters, A poem speaks in waves ... Its transience embalms many fissures.

It is a garden never ploughed: Eagles roam the heavens and clouds But no sling is ever fired in vengeance Distress is answered only with penance.

A Gypsum Salt Mine Fills Marys Eyes

A gypsum salt mine fills Marys eyes diamond tears milk a tear duct what, has dissolved has seen another lonely, upchucked! heart; back on earth - conceit! here no real value grows... in fertilising of a seed where thorns; are more cherished than a rose! Mary just cries clutching a crown a crown of thorns...
as Roman soldiers mock the world three times! who shall pay for their crimes when gypsum salt mines fills all our minds all our eyes..

A hall of mirrors...

She said—she'd love me forever. And that she always would. That our two hearts—thoughts "Could bond; the stars for good".

It wasn't harmony: From The outset—that is true! For her my sweetheart, I' "Watch's as infants, do".

Out of the sash-window Or that—skylight in the soul, In reflections, light... "Entwined—we're made whole".

Halves of the locket... Combined, clasped. Is what we now—became! "In each other's grasp".

But soon these mirrors Broke like shards of glass... A hall of mirrors...? "With no-truths—Alas"...

The lights ebbing darkness... Shone on, all their paths. But; know all hearts—break! "Drown in hollow—baths".

A hermit crab

"If I were a hermit crab, In a shallow rock-pool" "I'd be contented as can be. This; distance from the sea."

"Everything, else would be. Superfluous to me...? There'd be no reefs—See" Either above or below me...

"I could be that great-White. Abiding without; inherit fear! I'd maroon portions of time, No one else could near."

"Solitude would be mine.
But oh so lovingly my dear...
I'd call this heavenly coastline!
Ours; and heavenly ...I'd steer."

"Sideways ...on pins and claws Love I'd be the happiest crab! Listening to the seagulls guffaws... A clubfoot, amputee! It wouldn't matter to this devotee."

A Hoedown Love

In weakness - I love you. And I hope to hold you. I mean - I mean - I want to hold you... To hold you - time after time, Time after time all, all over—again...

I want to sleep in the boulders
Of your strong - shoulders
And wave my heart - over the moon,
Oh, I want to love you...
Till the sun sinks and rise in tribune
To the harvest moon
When I keep you forKeeps in mortal weakness...

In weakness - I love you.
And I hope mean hold you.
I mean - I mean - I want to hold you...
To hold you - time after time,
Time after time all, all over—again...

Oh chain us together
With a bit and bridle leather
Cause although he's wild
We belong together—
Oh he's rouge a bad tempered lover
But with groundwork
With the right conditioned responses
I'll tame; the spirit of the wind.

In weakness - I love him. And I hope to hold him. I mean - I mean - I want to marry him... To hold him - time after time, after-time Time after time, forever again... For a hoedown, rodeos time - my friend.

A Host Of Angels Sing!

Blue shadows on a white wall. Tears transcending the beauty Of gardenia's two millennia Frozen winters; of ice harden snows...

As a host of angels sing!

The whole panoramic, scene, unfolds... Into a supernatural, emotion We too are alive to witness. Our; very own blue sunset souls

A Joy if heaven is perpetually bright!

My soul be not undeterred to find...
Myrrh, frankincense or precious, gold:
A swaddling fever to rein out the cold,
Truth; dare not I, not; agonize mankind.
Loves inflicted weariness so, undefined.
The exiled advocate, who leads his fold,
Oughtn't a son to, join a king that shined.
With princely, unabated, breath of old:
Fondly do the stars not shiver out-time?
Doesn't dissembling winter's passage, refine?
Glories brimful, enlivening green and bold.
I err, to listen, to my soul until I'm doled,
The sunbeams countless cuts of endless, night
More my joy if heaven is perpetually, bright.

A Kiss That Says I Still Love You

"Clouds' of imminent danger; wispy, wonderings Like a sprig of Solomon's seal, wet with dew, A kiss that says I still love you"...

"Death' the black harpy; talons, clawing... At a great iron door hinged in heaven". Looking for a windowsill, opening...

Or the capstan, crewman.
...Toeing his line to his own oblivion—
"A kiss that says I still love you".
Brews bitter in every mouthful - but one, my love.

Yes, even now I can still evoke love in you. My rank little "hemlock flower"
Oh what a potent infusion of death - you are.

Whose ancient prisoners "were lucky to escape?"
But, not so I a lesser man than poor - Socrates,
Cold and rigid, eyes fixed, blankly skyward.
How did that transpire?

"Clouds' of imminent danger; shook the world. With a kiss that says I long to murder—you". Betrayal in every, mouthful, But one who is not my love. Now waits!

So, toast imminent danger; wispy, wanderings A sprig of Solomon's seal, honeyed wet with dew, And, oh—"A kiss that says I still love even you!"

But—"Clouds', Socrates, even with his Understanding and forgiveness... Is never likely to find forgiveness for you!

A Losing Hand Of Poker

A poison text...
A poison flower...
In a poison, heart...
'How can we draw blood?
And say that we - belong
Together as just good friends
And remain forever in a storm
Looking for a rainbows-end:
How can we pretend...?
We haven't vented such pain;
And anger - now the drug is over
Like a losing hand of poker'.

A love slave's shanty to a goddess...

I'd like to look for—the spry-blossom, called Phoebe There is nought as virtuous, or saintly, as the white gypsy...

I'd like to find me—that last green forget-me-not What matter the cost, if I don't hit the jackpot...

I'd like to look for—the pale goddess of the moon; She unto me should be a sun, and I her Neptune!

If she would but, peel me in her "bergamot-palm ...Sister of Apollo". I'd shyly-sing my last, psalm...

Lie with me; with the trident in Poseidon, crowned: Enter within me, all thy eternity newly bound...

Love, let no mountain-shade you're innate-fancy Earthquake: Wild horses, shall not tether my fiancée.

Like the smoking-waves upon the sirens-shore I'll descend to meet her when, the rocks of thunder-roar.

When the foam of perfection is my narcissi Reflection-transformed; answer then why we're so tawdry.

Answer me why? Like the sea, forever u-turned: These lover's hearts like flowers be spurned..?

A Lover's Vow To Spring

Love, there's an ancient quarry where bluebells grow Like sapphires in the melting snow Like quartz-clocks they tell the time is spring If 'ere you'd listen, you might just here them ring Like a mountain Elysian blue spring, Oh darling do you hear an after-ring! And if so take mine own! For now I've loved all summers are postpone.

A Medusa's calling...

As its translucent body rings-out Under an unheard, jet propulsion... Question; does it cast shadows? Does its prey know of an answer?

To this rhythmic, Medusa's calling... It's death squad of little stings? Why is it they, avoid shadows. Contracting in the suns arrows...

Why does a bell without a gong. Cause such alarm just wearing, A sarong, swimming, vertically, Diligently, towards the rising sun...

Why is it they disguise themselves? As a millpond ripple is it in order That we shall ignore their riddle? And, think them an innocent suspect.

A neighbor come calling

(A neighbor come calling, this year!
Banging on the door at 22.44pm)
'Did you hear that screaming?
Is it coming, from yours...?
Can you check; your outdoors?'

...So, I then switched on a back light!
And, peered through the window...
And, saw two cats, standing...
Claw to claw, and Oh, what a furor!
There came with a tiger's paw.
Mark Heathcote

A Poem Holds Your Hand

A poem holds your hand It whispers come gather These windblown, fruits Eat of this sun's lather.

The bee's stamens sting, Is like a gloved fist. And, like the poets pen! Must die a little to coexist.

Vertigo, dizzies itself on a cleft Like a blackbird in full song! The chorus is short-lived: But it's echoes are lifelong.

A poetic exile

What is there to berate
Life—for: Why equate
It has not any meaning..?
Every sap that's shelled-out
The husk, longs further, seeding.
"Every breath a water-spout
Leaps into death, pupate.
And is yet, still, dreaming...
Of the wings of perfection",
Too fulfil life's passion.
The gift of love's pre-emption...

A Poet's Epitaph

No joy is here to stroke away the hours That love has bent with her mortal powers So veil not the scaring in your solace-eyes For they mark well the habitual pages, Where your sweet incarnate spirit resides:

A pond fly

A pond fly gazes up And sees the day erupt I don't want to be eaten My wings plucked

Can't I dry them on the wing? And hear the clarion of wind Before bearing On my song to sing!

A tear that will be mine forever more

I have a tear that will be mine forever more But it won't fall... it's been there frozen In my tear duct waiting for a meltdown pour But it won't be moved, not even for you my chosen.

Not even for you my chosen one Not even if it proves you are the one You are the one my love, The one I just couldn't ever shun.

I ask myself am I so cold I can't be moved? Am I so walled up inside myself I can't be removed? Is everything so bleak? That now I'm too stoic, to be gentle and meek?

Not even for you my chosen one Not even if it proves you are the one You are the one my love, The one I just couldn't ever shun.

Half the time I felt like a Memento Mori object Long since deceased with the sun in my eye sockets But you put the soft tissue and the cartilage Back in place on my bones and face

And when I gave you a diamond rhinestone Even the tears choked in my heart began to break And pour out of the darkest corners of my heart Laminated like tattoos on my face

I have a tear that will be mine forever more And it can't be moved? Not even with a hangman's noose. Cause you; you can't hurt what I also deplore You can't hurt a heart that I to would abuse.

Not even for you my chosen one Not even if it proves you are the one You are the one my love, The one I just couldn't ever shun.

But guess what blessed women I was wrong And now in love my tears do flow Just for you my chosen one So it's true it proves you are the one You are the one my love, The one I just couldn't ever shun.

A tenant is he

A tenant is he the would-be bee Too husband a flower. That wishes not, her ambles free In fear of the seed-plougher!

O her rose of purest white Now crimsons the purple night Clings ravenous the bower That would-be sting endower!

O she would, encapsulate! All of his space and time..., O she would, emasculate! Him, bring him unto her climb.

Bring him unto her watchtower! He a homeless tenant, outlier... He is her; man of the hour! He is to be her bee emulsifier.

A thousand air miles before I arrive

I have a thousand air miles before I arrive Before I touch down I have a suitcase with as little as you please When I touch down

I have a heavenly feeling a thousand feet Off the ground I have my feet a thousand miles off the ground And I feel like a little child

With a heart that's a mountains peak
High above any cloud
Oh In your arms I can't wait to hold you
Oh I have a suitcase with as little as you please
When I touch down

Love is going to snowball snowboard Until we slow Love is going to surf a top of a tsunami wave Till we're breathless and blow

Baby I'm going to knock you down All your ten skittles off the ground And honey your feet aren't ever going To touch the ground when I hit your town

A Wealth Derived From Riches Alone

Money can make you rich beyond compare
Its vault needs guarding the little it does share.
A wealth derived from riches alone
Can be just one half; of a frugal wishbone.
"The half held back" just maybe, what is longed for?
A poor man's meal can be a bounty no lessor
A poor man gives of his heart and soul
Rich men want a prenuptial agreement.
They need to be loved and in sole control
Lesser men they're passionate, vehement.
Heed little by their store if you forestall
Your hearts kiss their cargo sinks in a squall.
Rich men just charter another voyage.
...Into another self-love, in bondage.

Absinthe at home

I took a dozen red roses on Valentine's Day.

To a foxy wild young lady,

Hoping she'd take in a stray,

She was just a few red doors away...

Just; a few red doors away.

I wanted her to cut her fine manicured fingers

I wanted her to break her hails her claws...

I wanted her to pluck out all my own, bleeding thorns.

And whisper down into my soul and say baby you're a keeper.

But she was a drinker

But she was drinking Absinthe at home alone

And she said, who the hell - are you!

Have you come here to drink out of my glass slipper?

My shoe, who the hell - are you - this isn't your home!

Then she too reminded me I only felt stoic strong...

If I too was drinking Absinthe at home alone

And she reminded me I only felt happy

Lying on my back; feeling empty, smelling of some old cologne.

...At the bottom of my sack.

So, I turned to take a dozen red roses on Valentine's Day back.

And as I turned to be on my way

She said boy come on back here you look like a stray

And I need a lay...

She was a foxy wild young lady,

I was hoping she'd take in a stray,

She was just a few red doors away...

Just; a few red doors away.

I wanted her to cut her fine manicured fingers

I wanted her to break her hails her claws...

I wanted her to pluck out all my own, bleeding thorns.

And whisper down into my soul and say baby you're a keeper.

She was a drinker

She was drinking Absinthe at home but no longer alone.

Adolescent hormones...

I have a devil in my pants
With a three pronged lance
Look here? Look there?
Look everywhere?
The whores of Babylon
And the wenches of France
Are serving up a dance
In my pants, in my pants
In my pants,
Yet; my heart wants romance.

Albatross

An albatross follows me over head I call hi my Damien angel He has no fibre he's just playful... But to my love, he and I are dead.

Alienated Flowers

Weeds interest me...
Their beauty is almost ignored.
Stooping to look at them,
Strangers, will, shout-out!
It's just a weed...
But, isn't that, true of us all...
A weed is only a flowerIn the wrong place, they say.
Well again isn't that, how we all feel.
There is a weakness in a flower
In the right place! Oh to be
A weed in the wrong place
Must be heaven on earth!

All I can do is take share of the blame

Tears forever hoodwink and disobey They vitrify molten glass to blow apart Such is the principality they're cliche Such is the hypnosis of a loyal heart

All I can do is take share of the blame Try harder still at loves petulant game

A raglan road weaves unto my sweet-Lilly of the valley; mine own colleen Mine own princess soon to be queen In an Eden's garden fulfilled, replete!

All I can do is take share of the blame Try harder still at loves petulant game

Discretionary joys are a darken retreat A delight loathsome in wailing torment Pleasures enjoyment encoded deceit Tissues of lies I need not circumvent

All I can do is take share of the blame Try harder still at loves petulant game

My love is forever I pray yours is too For my heart is entrusted to only you My soul has already now transcended Holy in heaven; all is truly splendid!

All is now paradise

You ask - so I say
I'm feeling Fine
I've just had some annual leave
And I'll be back on Tuesday,
And I've missed you!
But I'm sorry I didn't
Find time to approach you.
Coz it's too painful to explain...
But I'll try, if you'll forgive me
If you'll give me a little more time
I'll bury my sorrows and entomb,
All my melancholy...

And like - sun shine I'll whisper from a cloud All is now paradise - outside!

You ask - so I say
I'm feeling Fine
But really I'm cowering deep inside
And I've missed you!
Oh I'm hoping a rainbow
Will cross the great divide
And touch you whilst you sleep
That's what I'm feeling at this moment
But if you'd try and forgive me
If you'll give me a little more time
I'll bury my sorrows and entomb,
All my insecure melancholy...

And like - sun shine I'll whisper from a cloud All is now paradise - outside!

All those I should haves...

...All those I should haves, shelved in my soul They're so; liken the autumn leaves, hidden scroll. Turning gold; they're simply, just a pianos key, Clarinet, violins string, harps chord, too breathy. Them, I should haves, how they fill me with grief: They soaked-up the daylight; and the moons motif. They cast me off - adrift; till I'm ill at ease. Briefly, I am composite the woods and fairies. And the red bulbous; mushrooms fungi-spores. Whose aching I should haves, now compound— Too break my logic - my inner peace - my inner core. Too have me dumbfound, still longing, still astound... Wanting, still the wonders; the miracles of more Of all the beauty - sadness-of all I abhor!

All To Show Some Self-Control

Boots on teardrops purveyed Like a forte of guards on parade Yet... still you, pomade your hair Shout-out 'Love' with fanfare! And, cavalcade your heart Only to garrison your soul Behind a crumbling, rampart All to show some self-control:

Am I Insensitive?

Ghosts come in the shape of the living Iâ€~ve seen, both But; guess what? It's frightening how, alive They are compared to those not yet, dying.

.....

Meal ticket

The piece of meat
She put aside for him
Has gone to her son
Such is family, life.
The ladders on the run...

An Angel Walks In Snowdrifts

On cashmere snows An angel walks in snowdrifts. It's here; she weaves no tracing steps Those wolves or roe deer trackers can follow.

Just, when the winds fall hush...
Downwind, she watches, over us...
Just as the icicle hangs in orbit she to hovers
She glides and settles, directly above us.

On a whispered thread! The world is hung, upon a silent breath... And the sluggish stopped heart beats on anew As wind, and snow and her wings flutter on aglow.

An arachnid's meal

Poets are like woodlice Ruminating away at life! What they build is a place For air; a bridged space Multifaceted— For a spiders snare!

Poets are like damselflies'
Flitting here - then there!
The world is dammed,
Petrified into, living stone.
The only thing left, now, is
His, words an arachnid's meal.

Every bone sucked morrow Every worn out; cartilage! Is left out here on display, Every mouth licked morsel. With its 90° degree—death Kill swing, cogitates its end.

An ocean without parameters

What is this Eden they all talk of? Who can recall that old proverb? A bird in the hand, Take these humble, beginnings...

Isn't the throbbing of a breast?
A fire brand: the brocades, broach?
A flower, burning with; hot desire.
What could be more meaningful?

What is meaning? The meaning... Of eternity— Without; time or place? Like a musical-box, without music.

Or an ocean without parameters, What is this driftwood, existence? ...Life without end: without death. Without meter or rhyme!

Surely, heaven has no sustenance. As subsidence, only creates gluttony. 'It's endless, unquenchable, greed'. Surely our appetites wouldn't exceed...

Their entire confounded constraints. And, then what non mortal loathing's... Would we be, in this Garden of Eden? Dreamed; unpardonable, and yet free.

An Ode To Spring

Look how the gardener hates those weeds As soon as the wren makes her move to nest Its then his squeaky wheelbarrow impedes... With the forked-out; green Medusa's headdress.

But look here in the meadow of idle hands, A yellow chaffinch and a cluster of bluebells By tall oaks here primrose edge of woodlands. Clouds pass-over in shade of dappled pastels.

Cosy silence is broken by half a dozen ravens In the Horse chestnuts waving ship like masks... Spring opens a drying pine-cone as lupines Purple like spruce trees open flowery Basques.

Glistening fishes, abdomens swollen like a pear. At first taste of spring a sheet web spider? Makes her own perennial hammocks snare—To sew-up springs first petal winged fibres.

Here to a brown hare crouches dying in numbers Once a common sight running at 35 mph—
In male, dominance but now "on one's uppers"
Their circles of competition to attain - plagued.

Sorry I couldn't make it more cheerful But that is the nature of nature after all...

An old summers flower

Oh where my rose Shall I brier On what fountains shall I aspire if you take leave for somewhere higher Grant me forgive me An old summers flower!

An Owl The Colour Of Snow

An Owl The Colour Of Snow Casts a shadow of surprize A declaration! That now there's no sunrise.

And all I can say is this is heartfelt

I've got a granite heart
But recently it's been like putty too.
So I'm mixed up and confused...
And I don't know now just what to do.
Cause every time I'm feeling strong...
I see you again and I just melt.
Dreaming of how we two belong...
And all I can say is this is heartfelt.

And now all I can image is one night
That's pivotal - made for two...
To melt and meld; as one in the dark.
But every time I see you
My resolve for you goes a little bit miscue.
And all I can say, is this is heartfelt.
Oh if only I could, show you
A little bit more - heroic virtue.

I'd promise you my granite heart
I promise it'll be a putty ball in your hands
And I'll promise you my soul to do...
Handstands on a moonlit night with you
For; all time for all time, on the strand...
Where the stars shingle we'll catch the tide
Change the course of this and every yuletide
And all I can say is this is heartfelt.

Cause you make every night Christmas Eve And I've realised all my Christmas days And even now I still can't quite believe And all I can say is this is heartfelt I've fallen in love with you And all I can say is this is heartfelt And all I can say is this is heartfelt If you just put your hand on my chest

You'll feel my heart welt
Double fast double fast for you
Double fast, double fast
Cause I've fallen in love with you
And all I can say is this is heartfelt
And now all I can image is one night
That's pivotal - made for two...
To melt and meld; as one in the dark eternally with you.

And Time The Green Unfurling Ferns Frond

Imagine a world without a feather Without an angels wing in tether What would be the call of a thing? Like a turtledove, without a ring.

Imagine this world without a marriage What need then us the horse or carriage? The Hurst is forever busy, as a bee Who'd want to buttonhole a flower upon me?

Imagine a world without a magic spell...
What child would throw pennies down the well?
Love is but a ripple on a millpond
And time the green unfurling ferns frond.

Anesthetized Shock!

People, people, people, today, —Don't they all, but seem, Accustomed to the agonies— Of sorrow and shock! To pain and suffering. (Today...)

"Today, they're only mortal comedies— After all—as are all subversive—horror show stories".

Just shrug your nervous shoulders—aback And give out that tenuous frigid laugh. To all this human cost Spill-it-out like cold-vomit over their loss... "Over their bankrupt, souls torment".

But—you know, I'm sure?!
There is still a shock that'll
Cut you to the quick to the core.

Just occasionally, even venomously, If it's just outwardly, cowardly, and outwardly, They're all still looking, deeply, anesthetized. (But I'm one-hundred per cent I'm still sure!) There is still a shock story that'll Cut you to the quick to the core.

"THIS JUST IN... Some Breaking News"...
"SOME PROFOUND... BREAKING, News"...

Here's a modern day horror story
A man's face is chewed—off
By another man—whilst being shot!!!
By an armed officer of the law—a cop!
"Now here's a question; where does this register?"
Why, you may well think? I've seen Hannibal Lector

But, just you wait until you've seen...
"You've seen the core, the face missing from the picture".

Another Chance

Only alcohol can thaw me now...
With my head spinning around
I'm questioning my every missing avow.
Wondering why, I'm lying on the ground.

Asking, now what do I do? Jobless and homeless, what can I do...? But beg another chance from everyone I meet savouring in every sycophantic pun-

I can to get on and move on and plough... Forward like a bird in the sky Oh only alcohol can thaw me now! Or so I thought when empty life was nigh.

But now I'm looking-up counting my stars Thinking the only theory that makes sense Is to get up on my knees and count my stars And let a new proactive life commence.

Because every, fool needs another chance. Because, because, because, Every, fool needs another chance.

Another Chance Is All I'm Asking For

Another chance I've asked for But I know now the score You've heard it all before... And you can't take no more.

Another chance is all I'm asking for I'm rowing a little boat a little off shore When; I called to you my sweet Elnore But you won't listen to these shadowy implores.

Another chance you made it clear you'd abhor But still I have to outpour...
My soul to you my sweet Elnore
Who no one more than, I, could adore.

Oh another chance is all I ask you for But I know now the score You've heard it all before... And you can't take no more.

But all I'm asking for my sweet Elnore Is one chance to prove the promise I swore? And to row my little boat to your shore My sweet Elnore, my sweet Elnore forevermore.

Another valentine!

Another day of roses and wine and you will always be mine.
O valentine there's more to this than just another passionate kiss there's a lifetimes worth of promise. There's that cherished smile that loving embrace we merit awhile Spooned together so lovingly tactile. There's that language between us two that no other will ever undo...
Two hearts remaining forever true Darling that's how I feel about you. Love is a moment's word in passing...
To be in love with you is everlasting

Another valentines

Another valentines Another day of roses and wine And you will always be mine.

O valentine there's more to this Than just another passionate kiss There's a lifetimes worth of promise.

There's that cherished smile That loving embrace we merit awhile Spooned together so lovingly tactile.

There's that language between us two That no other will ever undo Two hearts remaining forever true Darling that's how I feel about you.

Love is a moment's word in passing... To be in love with you is everlasting.

Any More Than The Moons Aglow

There are fairies in the light In that glowing bulb so bright Resin trunks - amber lockets Wound-around a ring of spirits.

Who goes there... in the wilderness? Shaking snow, laden with deftness. Is she an angel—I don't know? Any more than the moons aglow...

Who goes there... in the shadows? Winking, when all I do is frown. Oh there's a seraph in moonlight. Owl-wing-flutters drown my soul tonight...

Apprehensive lovers...

One wore the trousers And went about singing, Fearful of leaving... Without; first drinking...

One wore black hose Miniskirts, barefooted: Without; thinking or caring... When out dancing and twirling...

Together they'd kiss or pitch battle
Pitch battle or again fall in love
They were like wings on either shoulder
There were times when I couldn't fly...
Without one, and surely, without the other...

But; together we were like sisters And brothers... Together—we were happy village muckers. Though they had all the difficulties Of being; apprehensive lovers...

Aren't words apt?

Blue and battered falling... like leaves Aren't words apt; hollow in feeling? When, you're rummaging-depth of seaweeds, Drowning; besides mermaids a merman ever sweetly.

"Won't you gather me in the wind? Take me too your lair". Whispered a voice... Bind me in your oaken shark tailed limbs, I'll be your pagan Japanese lady there, I swear.

Your midnights raven with talons to tear!
The one; with black or golden, red, crimson hair.
Blue and battered fallen... like those ill begotten, leaves.
Aren't words apt; hollow in feeling if you please?

...When you're reeling in the shadows, Listening to these night owls, cries. With all seven senses departed for the wind My rare blue Akahana Japanese rose.

Art beauty and lust...

Her portrait has nobility, A certain Je ne sais quoi Yes, age has taken its toll... But, the lady is well honed.

She could speak; Esperanto's Whilst removing all her clothes... There's a deeper perspective! Such beauty oh how 'infective'.

As a cloud seated to envelope a mountain

When you gaze at your own reflection in a pool of water That I you thought was you has continually moved For you are as a cloud seated to envelope a mountain With just a changing of thought you are as if a rainbow On a path of the enlightenment your true river is an arc A waterfall reaching inward minerals in a universe of $I\hat{a} \in \mathbb{I}^{\text{TM}}$ you are an earth mother a widow a sister a daughter You are also another $\hat{a} \in \mathbb{I}^{\text{TM}}$ s wife another $\hat{a} \in \mathbb{I}^{\text{TM}}$ s new born child You are a thousand unsung, unheard $I\hat{a} \in \mathbb{I}^{\text{TM}}$ s awaiting one Final burst of flourishing stillness in the radiance of I?

As I Light up the world

I'm heavy with doubt
like a clipped bird,
my wings don't climb,
when they frantically flap!

Oh I'm heavy with doubt not like a woman but a girl not like a vocal coach but in mime hiding behind a lot of slap!

waiting to be so much more
I'm a sleekly, sleek, thin geek!
I'm that ugly duckling...
wobbling in high heals and fishnets

looking for my rich sheikh!
soon to be a swan
soon to be a princes a queen
waiting to be so much more

But oh I'm heavy with doubt but oh I'm ready to tip over a star like a saucer of milk just for me!

and then all my doubt will be put in darkness... as I Light up the world

as I Light up the world as I Light up the world! Mark Heathcote

Asexual

Everything is a carbon copy
Squeezing-out of the original
Take that brunet, transsexual,
Nonchalantly-surveying, but genial
All fur coat and no knickers so trashy.

Longing to be a female
Might as well of been born an Airedale
Such legs as hers were meant to be female.
Such analytical tales of a tawdry life:
Could only come from; a misused, housewife.

If ever she were to become a genuine angel. Wouldn't she then wish to be a male? Every spore in every cell with less regale Of cause we were all once asexual: So to be without sin; truly is to be original.

Ashtray Blues

I have those ashtray blues Not wanting to walk Another day in these shoes Singing these butt end songs

It's never easy enough for us But still they contain Some essence of what Angers you and me

Our fag end pages are rolled up tight Like red roses, I guess... Oh our intoxication's are never fed And even, less... When there filtered With; nothing more to give...

But who can give it up Give it up for dead... When they come in packets In packets with no change After twenty years or more...

Oh so I'm still stealing in That last deep breath Where my heart still lingers like a dove With its queer; little song...

But still a self-gratification Sucks back; asking for one last one.

It's never easy enough for us But still they contain Some essence of what Angers you and me

Our fag end pages are rolled up tight Like red roses, I guess... Oh our intoxication's are never fed And even, less... When there filtered With; nothing more to give...

At dusk as I urged the fish too bite

I remember the lake light shining Like a disk as I fished for perch or pike At dusk as I urged the fish too bite! Bite a spoon of shimmering bait...

I remember bats flitting and circling Like the insects they longed to catch... And the ripples left by fish, that had. I remember the blunt roll-call home...

The boathouse like a sarcophagus... With its two well rotten doors Gaping open; like malnourished jaws. Awaiting, deaths ferrymen back. Back to them; keep net shores.

I remember the rolling. Fog, rising About the gnarled chestnut trees Billowing-out; into brackish reeds... And then a slice of moon leaping, Frantic; pulling line from my spool.

I remember the lake light shining In the scales of a real; living ghoul Plucked out of the waters fighting... Was a fish that wasn't preschool.

Autumn breeze, wanders purposeful

The autumn breeze, wanders purposeful. Crispy waves both warmish and cold: Crisscross the lawn, sometimes wrathful, Other times gently consoled.

Like the lamb not quite ready to walk Skittish, at times ever so daring..., Leaping and rolling, like a windsock: Out of control; or just, bleating.

Its then we see, the hurrying ladybirds On the windowpane; trying, to get in. It's then no-more we hear them lovebirds Sing, evergreen in yew boughs akin.

As surely as winter steals the honey bee Of her final sting, as surely as the mushroom Packs-up his infamous, mildewed, fairy-Ring, I'll endeavour to open the tomb, Wherein; the rose-pink Nerines perfume.

autumn haiku

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autumn-red and gold
her dress a prier—crumpling rose
trees bare—interlock
emerging from ice
and snow—a white swan—appears
'abject moon—thy sorrow'
blackthorn—green branches
cascading amber's locket-
after school Pep-talks
winters fog lagoons
carp sedate break—roll like clouds
nearby—the city graveyard
opaque damp shadows
gleam in orange and red leaf
in storms—goldfish leap
mistletoe and holly—at
the Municipal graveyard
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Avalanche

What door is there left to open?
That isn't already a revolving momentum
From the peak of a mountain top
To that ravine avalanche white and fearsome
Is there no flowing backwards
Salmon are spawning in a mountainous canyon
Their deaths open the tear ducts of the Jordon
From the Sea of Galilee they're climbing upwards
Now what does their deaths billiard games deliver us?
So it's a rite of passage
The boy becomes a man the son a husband a father
But how does it get us past this uncooperative verbiage
Does it even bring us any bit closer?
Climbing from the seat of your sofa, hopeless waiting
It's kiss. Does it bring us any bit closer to one another?
Entering the afterlife; back through walls of a vagina.

Baby I should question why I love you

Baby I should question why I love you Cause you don't tease me Even when you please me

Baby I should question why I love you Cause you don't bend like bamboo! Or stick to me like glue

Baby I should question why I love you Cause you don't listen to me When you know you should...

Baby I should question why I love you Cause you don't appreciate all I do—For you!

Baby I should question why I love you When you return home With that quiet silent syndrome

Baby I should question why I love you Cause you don't tease me Even when you please me

Baby I should question why I love you Baby I should question why I love you Baby I should question why I love you

Baby I should question why I love you Cause you tell me monumental lies And give me the who and wherefore whys

Thinking nothing but you applies

Baby I should question why I love you Cause you don't tease me Even when you please me Anymore Anymore Anymore

Baby I should question why I love you Cause you don't bend like bamboo! Or stick to me like glue Anymore

Back on earth

Death calls me like a raincoat
In the sunshine I meditate
Cool raindrops touch my cheek
Death calls me to serrate.

As the lotus submerges ...
"I a hummingbird soar, hover."
Back on earth - death urges ...
Follow the lotus and submerge.
Mark Heathcote

Be like wind ever watchful...

Outside the wind inhales its own enormous voice But inside its quiet a needy crummy little mouse Bravely it lingers watchful at the window-door Its self an ever expanding universe a metaphor! Hurling both rain and snowflake with an icy raw The wind an unbalanced creature on falcon claw You feel his bewilderment of flightless strength You're a chasm he enters in a lonely wavelength Be like wind ever watchful at the window-door Be as the ever expanding universe forevermore.

Be Then He A Man Who Is Manly

I say..?!
If every man became more and more feminine!
Then where would be a man's androgen's masculinity.
Surly her desires would be less passionate and sultry.
And they're hearts adrenaline might even chasten.
As fatefully as life is once it's in flat-line!
I say..?!
Be then he a man who is manly, she a woman comely.

Beautiful stranger

Haven't I shouldered your pain?

Haven't I been your rock?

Haven't I shown you, who I am?

Haven't I agreed to this poisoned-chalice deadlock?

Haven't I been a toothless old woman?

Chewing the goose fat; for your love, my darling...

Haven't I scored an "A in chemistry?"

Haven't I worshiped you?

Haven't I shown you, who I am?

Haven't I drowned like a honeypot bee?

Haven't I fallen like a star fruit endlessly?

...Into the pantry of your soul.

Haven't I mellowed like a good wine?

Haven't I filled your cup with love? (Endlessly)

Haven't I drank the smoothness of your neckline

Haven't I shown you, who I am?

Each moon lit night...

Each moon lit night.

Oh beautiful stranger - don't you remember

That you; are mine...

Oh beautiful stranger - don't you remember

These tears in the ocean belonged to me...

Oh changing tide, oh blue desert flower

Oh your mouth is a well of thirst...

Oh beautiful stranger - don't you remember me...

Oh north - east - south or west:

Wherever your shadow rests...

Haven't I shown you, who I am?

Surly there's not a better temptress than me to undress.

Haven't I worshiped you?

Haven't I shown you, who I am?

Haven't I drowned like a honeypot bee?

Haven't I fallen like a star fruit endlessly?

...Into the pantry of your soul.

Haven't I clocked-up all your sun and rainy days?

Haven't I dispersed all your grey clouds?

Haven't I laughed at all your clichés?

Haven't I shown you, who I am?

Beautiful stranger - don't you remember me...

Beautiful stranger - don't you remember me...

Before I Close My Eyes To Sleep

I gaze upwards, towards the stars. On their probing, fingertip-beams I feel there stokes across my lilywhite face.

In a spider's web, I am mesmerized: Such that I rub, my face to observe That I; am more real than they'd be That Flies have more substance, than webs.

That flies caught in these circles - do exist! That my light without question perpetuates But they themselves may no longer exist... So, who or what; will come to devour me.

Beholding hands?

What shadow consisting of love Satellites the whole of the moon Juxtaposes darkness in our rooms Just to bloom, golden and furious.

What shadow consisting of love Have we not touched - beholding hands? ...New England burns it devours us, Its autumn glory, perennial, withstands.

Dissolving, into a billion golden birds Each with a wing that reaches out ... For the eternal; living green saplings words that renders us, speechless, there-out.

Beliefs don't require life or living proof

Who wants to beat up on the moon? Place another purple clustered crater On it soon...
Who wants to take a piece out of me? Can do it as soon as they, will it Because I don't bleed, so they can do it As soon as they bloody well please... Cause like the moon I'll still shine-on For you my sceptical king, my barren one. Cause my beliefs Don't require life or living proof.

Beneath a mango moon our love

We came barefoot to the mountains...

Weaving in and out;

Through the purple sleeping flowers ...

Outside the forest;

Like ancient beasts we came to a clearing...

With a hyacinth blue stream:

We came here together to declare!

Beneath a mango moon our love.

Our dream! Oh, our Dream...

Oh turning to a wishing well diamonded in dew

We drank, till our fill...

We drank till our abstinence became day,

And day began groaning for night!

Oh turning to a mountain panther

We braved the mountain together

In animal bliss... we open night flowers

That you couldn't burn with light.

We bathed in a stream no matter how cold

Couldn't cool us beneath our mango moon our love

Our dream! Oh, our Dream...

Oh where we came together to declare!

Beneath a mango moon our love.

Our dream! Oh, our Dream...

Beneath the cloy mountain grass

Oh come hither my lass to the hills Where the valleys gorge calls out And sing, dance and shout my love For what this life is all about? And if it isn't to be merry my love And if it isn't to be glad; Then bury me my bonny lass Beneath the cloy mountain grass.

Oh come gather me in your arms my lass Take me back to the sea and the stars And if there's nothing shinning my love Tarry with my heart in your lonesome arms For the waters all around me love Are deep and dark, and black So if it isn't to be glad my lass Bury me beneath the cloy mountain grass.

Beyond this eternal cliché with me!

I have the problem of having a single life Without you

I have the problem of having a single night With you

And convincing you to stay... Beyond this cliché

I have the problem of having a single dream A wedding band ring

I have the problem of having a single fettered wing Wishing I could fly

And I have the problem you haven't noticed me And might be taking my heart for proxy

I have the problem of having a single night With you

And convincing you to stay... Beyond this cliché

I have the problem of having a single wish Left to cast my spell on your psyche

I have the problem of having a rash with your goatee But it only makes you manlier to me

I have the problem of having a single night With you

And convincing you to stay... Beyond this eternal cliché with me!

Big Ships Sail Out To Sea

Big ships sail out to sea But they can't hold my heart Or harbor my soul Since you traveled away...

The sky is as black as ink But it can't hurt or feel As much as I feel for you Now you've sailed away...

Oh I'm bleeding in waves And nothing can stem Or staunch this pain I'm feeling over and over again...

Babe I'm taking this breath But I don't want to breathe I just want to drown In your arms again...

Oh big ships are sailing Sailing away with you And the world is a conch shell And all I hear is you...

When you was willing to give All I hear is a moment with you Let the mermen wail This is all I can say or feel

Oh I can't pretend I'm not Drowning without you...

Billion dollar Penguins...

Love is a Persian Gulf oil leak far out at sea... It makes migrating flightless birds billion dollar Platform Penguins of you and me.

From; shore to shore, ahoy! From; plutonic love too lovers time's oceanic; paradise desert flower crisscross's a whole world, all... fitting into one pipeline bower.

In all directions... nonetheless...
It's; seedling oil.
Has, but one direction!
Too well-up from; the hearts pumps.
No matter the mountains,
Salt-rock, seabed, suppression...

'O our love will flood across...
The Gulf of Mexico'!
If it means filling-up that petrol tank
And not letting, love, go empty.
We'll build a billion dollar Platform
just for you and me.

Binary butterflies

Love without the pain What would be the gain? What would be the point? Should life never disappoint?

Not even once in awhile... Should we not all be more? Entrepreneurial and versatile After all many people abhor

Themselves to the core
Put themselves in that lower
Quadrant bottom drawer
Love may have non rapport

But still isn't it worthwhile That beguiling quarter smile Feeling your hearts commotion Fluttering true loves emotion

Isn't it the sum of all these parts?
That shines in our hearts
Like binary butterflies
Like E-M Waves
Isn't this a reason for sweethearts?
To fly together never to devise
In those ill begotten, goodbyes.

Black Ladder

Black ladder I long To finger to feel A pulse a curve Pulsating inward

Grinning outwards
An ageless smile
Horizons on the pillow
As I still mountaineer
Clinging hold of her brazier

Vertigo dizzies itself on a cleft One more swing-out and in And the fabric of the world Will fit into a rubber skin

Black raven

Lifeless wings twitch like an electric cable Could it be it's a message to me? Black raven you fill up my skies... Vampirism, beauty, its feathered bill sings to me.

A skull without eyes, soulfully, swallows me A raven her wing, her shadow casts A talon into me, almost too deep I can hardly breathe.

A lifeless wing pulls out; even as it twirls From the skies, Black raven you are the ashes of a sun A star a black hole into me!

Black raven you are the love I need. Although there's nearly no life left... You came close to meaning everything... To me!

Black raven, won't you Won't you, won't you Black raven, fly again...

Black sorceress

Black sorceress my heart impales at your voice What is my body if my heart and soul are lost? If you wave goodbye and turn away I am lost If a desert stretches between us I am lost.

Black sorceress my heart impales at your choice What is my hope if the lioness leaves her mate? If she took her leave just to find another mismate If she went in search of another bed-mate!

Black sorceress my heart impales at your voice What is my path without my tribal sister? Or yours without your midnight masseur Sister it's a lonely existence without your brother

Black sorceress my heart impales at your choice Black sorceress my heart impales at your voice What is my body if my heart and soul are lost? If you wave goodbye and turn away I am lost If a desert stretches between us I am lost.

Black with blood

Your soul takes on a bullet hole black with blood but baby I'll be your sidekick like Bonnie and Clyde cause i can dream for two I'll fire up your soul and make it whole I can dance a flamenco fast or slow just as fast as you can go... so baby fill my heart with tears and laughter black with blood and I'll show you what your after just as sure as a desert dreams of rain I'll make all your pain go away... cause i can dream for two if you'll only love me I can dance a flemenco fast or slow just as fast as you can go... so baby fill my heart with tears and laughter black with blood and I'll show you a different way one where the bullet holes are filled with the glue of love cause i can dream for two cause i can dream for two I can dance a flamenco fast or slow just as fast as you can go... so baby fill my heart with tears and laughter if it is a crime in partner your really after.

Black...?

What will be the new, Black? Will it be Blue, Green or Orange? Or something truly obscene In a paisley, polysynthetic; dream.

Will there be ponchos? Or turtle necks Or denim, dungarees Or a Walnut fur coat Burmese.

Pseudo masochists... Their all wearing Black! Those guys... Never look forward or back.

Placing their G-strings On the wardrobe tie rack.

Ladies, these gurus of fashion, Bear no understanding... Of what's truly, Black...?

Blank Canvas

I often think the artist Needs a vast blank canvas I often feel the poet songs Arise out of pure emotion Loneliness, emptiness... A void to be filled, transgressed.

But, what does it all say...? On a personal, level Anyway, about ink or oil... Are their horizons, just?

Just as barren ...as desert soil? Hell no! Beauty is translucent. 'To a point... But what could be more real'?

Bleary eyed beauty in aromas sweet

Bleary eyed beauty in aromas sweet By tinctures of air lilac on the leaf Give not unto me that broken heartbeat That crushed sense of being.., of belief.

Be not the pale pallor of unending grief Be like the hedge rose in rosiness discreet A warm little dear where bees compete Garden a blush beneath your kerchief.

So that I might be your one knight's motif: I draw lance that others meet defeat Yours is the world above and below my feet The moon climbs on aural wings all too brief. Such allures are the stars in orbit My souls heart for you spoken in sonnet.

Blue Air

Reeling in pain, blue air What do I care? Joy is a figment; just as deep as despair.

Voodoo eyes always looking inward to burst... With a needlepoint, tapestry waiting to disappoint. What do I care?

Reeling in pain knowing every loss... Is more amply filled; with love and glory, Than anybody, can truly, believe.

Blue and White Flower Zeniths

On approaching the white cliffs of Beachy Head A feeling of hysteria and glee—snuck over me. As sunshine began pouring down, instead of slanting rain It was here I proudly proclaimed some local knowledge.

'This is one of the world's most notorious suicide spots... Did you know that? Do you know that? Is it; came back a short swift but agreeable response.

Once standing there an eternity for one marooned second We both switched our notice to a deep blue flower'. Is it real or plastic, thoughts ran wild; mine to is it a gentian? So then, I decided I'd have a looksee—see and find out.

It were right on the edge no-less nourished than the sun So I knelt down beside it, and then I took a long look over... O how lovely those well-worn cobbles, how milky the sea: It's dreamier than any voyeuristic dreams I'd ever had.

However, instead of leaning that extra step forwards Plummeting into that billowy white marble slab, Of leaping, blind with the faith of jumping lemmings, The plastic world: with its plastic blue flowers Struck a chord and pulled me back to its earthly roots, Form that postcard edge of gone forever.

Blue berries and ice-cream

Blue berries and ice-cream What more could I dream Blue berries and ice-cream What more could there be That isn't immaterial That isn't material

Somebody warm and cool Sweet with nothing to veneer What more could I dream When you make your premier

Blue berries and ice-cream What more could I dream Blue berries and ice-cream What more could there be That isn't immaterial That isn't material

So the worlds a fiery rose
With a moon of teary petals
But I found a dish to keep me whole
With a heart that isn't the size of thimbles

Oh blue berries and ice-cream What more could I dream Blue berries and ice-cream What more could there be That isn't immaterial That isn't material just for me!

Blue eyes pierce the night

Your soul takes on a bullet hole Black with blood But baby I'll be your sidekick Like Bonnie and Clyde Cause I can dream for two I'll fire up your soul and make it whole I can dance flamenco fast or slow Just as fast; as you can go... So baby fills my heart with tears and laughter Black with blood And I'll show you what you're after Just as sure as a desert dreams of rain I'll make all your pain go away... Cause I can dream for two If you'll only love me I can dance flamenco fast or slow Just as fast; as you can go... So baby fills my heart with tears and laughter Black with blood And I'll show you a different way One where the bullet holes are filled With the glue of love Cause I can dream for two Cause I can dream for two I can dance flamenco fast or slow Just as fast; as you can go... So baby fills my heart with tears and laughter If it is a crime in partner you're really after

Blue waters

Blue water - wave on wave follows me Wherever I go blue water calls to me. Blue water - wave on wave follows me Oh with the salt tears of the sea...

Blue water - why do you, follow me Your waves there like a shadow Calling me to swim; far and wide. Calling me to paraglide...

...Down into a drying, windrow. To sleep in a twisted tropic mango-Tree a swamp far out to sea. Blue water - why do you, follow me.

Wherever I go blue water calls to me. Blue water - wave on wave follows me Oh with the salt tears of the sea... Blue water - wave on wave follows me.

As I look to be saved ...
Only blue water follows me
Only blue water promises,
Now to rescue me!

As I drown I see a blue light
That has now the breadth of me
It circles at the centre of the night
There I too join these blue waters that are me.
Blue waters, blue waters, blue water that is, me.

Braid your hair with His ...

God - has many names, But "Love" is the one that counts Most aptly "Love is"... "Love" "Just Love" only, one word— Like ..."God" isn't it?

God – has so many names Each acts as a veil ... But "Love" is, "Love" only. So braid your hair with His ... Embrace, lock fingers with His.

His is a tree twining roots ... His is the first branch you perch on ... His is the bough at your centre Your hearts bead is a locket of amber "The trees name" is "Love."

Break out my pills

Take out my dentures Break out my pills Take off my spectacles Plump-up my pillows.

Break my string of pearls And curl my toes Let my hair rollers electrify you And straighten out your kinks.

Oh how we'd tangle-up in those sheets In them, good old days... Darling, do remember! And can we rekindle those flames.

Bubble gum pavements

City pigeons make street art under bridges A Jackson Pollock, something organic. It could be Mural 1950s and look—here? A bubble-gum pavement is this urban street art. The pointillist canvas does it mimic the universe And all that's still, to 'comet' through there...? I love all kinds of art but a dead carcass. In formaldehyde stretches that to the limit.

I'd rather see some burnt-out Wreckage!
A car, where no-one got hurt or died.
I'd rather see pigeon excrement's...
Than a human anatomy, artist:
Using, someone's once living flesh and bone
I'd rather see bubble-gum pavements.
Than; this great new modernistic art of nothing at all...

But as poetry and life is,

My soul is a conch shell... Too ladle a drying well.

My heart is an inferno, mountain! But there's fewer and fewer ways in. In into, hell...

Put side by side they look the same! But as poetry and life is, god it's all just a shallow game.

But here today when love is true

Summer flowers are pink and blue
But here today when love is true
I see the snowdropp and the daffodil
The saffron crocus on a dew lit hill

I see the emerald spring unfurling in green Anemones awakening from a sleepless dream! And so too is our love to be seen, and sensed, In this timeless, arduous, winter, dispensed.

Summer flowers are pink and blue
But here today when love is less, subdue
I'd hold my breath to catch a moon beams
Drop of morning dew to know those dreams
Once and again, that sweet virginal, taboo!
Rolling in the solar fire, mornings dew,
Again with you!

But in the main

No two people are ever the same... By day or by night! Their tapers both fan the flame... The joy of their light!

No two rivers run smooth or strait. The valley is ever winding... But their journey is still binding... For their love too collate.

No two forests are ever the same...
One maybe a birch another willow
One maybe mountainous another hollow
...But in the main
No two people are ever the same.

But you never lost your dignity

Cuts and bruises came easily,
But healing took you
Until the end of your life
Cuts and bruises came easily,
But you were a battered wife
Without independence, without a life

Pain and anguish, was your seasoning His kisses your salt and pepper As you languished in the chains of your soul... But you never lost your dignity, And resoresfully kept your sanity all your life.

An ice cold compress lies across your heart All the time but you're not repressed... You've got your children's best interest Too heal you! And you are they're hero! You are their mom their nurse their angel

Their fairies godmother their best friend too. You are the earth and the moon and stars... It's too you where their best prospects rest! It's too you they learn it's a mother, who makes a nest. But cuts and bruises came easily, And healing took you... Until the end of your life!

By night I'm John Travolta by day I'm Stephen Fry

It's Tipsy 'o'clock and I'm ready to rock n roll My confidence is high and it's hard to defy, I'm a gifted dancer of R&B and Motown Soul By night I'm John Travolta by day I'm Stephen Fry.

Although, I'm getting older I really do try... To give those, hot; swaggers of Española. Till I find my own Lolita, n slap her thigh... Naturel, I'll treat her to my Émile Zola.

And through the night we'll turn more than a page over... I'll give her what for boys' chapter and verse Swearing, it wasn't all sensational, moreover—But in truth, I'll have my heart and soul immerse.

It's Tipsy 'o'clock and I'm ready to rock n roll And lose all discipline and myself-control.

By the river of contemplation

We sat by the river of contemplation And girl you did whisper unto me Like a summer breeze All the secret's of your world to me And I was so mesmerized I unlearned how to breathe... I unlearned all the reason's for being! Being, being alone & afraid!

Yeah we sat by the river of contemplation And slowly we sank into one subconscious... Into one subconscious sea; Sea of reflection...

And girl you did whisper unto me
Like a summer breeze
All the secret's of your world to me
Love we held the star's, and god held us
Love we held the star's, as the star, s held us
Subliminally, sublime! girl you were always mine

O' yeah I unlearned all the reason's for being Being, being alone & afraid I felt my anger & hate transformed into love I felt the summer's burn in my blood Burning with the knowledge of our love As we sank into one subconscious... Into one subconscious sea; Sea of reflection...

O, yeah I unlearned all the reason's for being Being, being alone & afraid And girl you did whisper unto me Like a summer breeze All the secretes of your world to me And I was so mesmerized I unlearn how to breathe... As we sank into one subconscious... Into one subconscious sea; Sea of reflection...

Girl just you and me Love we held the star's, and God held us Love we held the star's, and the star's held us Subliminally, sublime! girl you were always mine.

Can strategies cause a tipping point in culture?

The earth has been shaped and forged For over 4.5 billion years, there is no hurry Ice formed and shaped the valley, Plates collided, they were in no hurry.

Mountains climbed, some would say 7 7 culture mountains, they'd be business, Government, media, arts and entertainment, Education - the family and religion.

7 mountains sitting on the throne On the throne of the earth,6 chess pieces... 6 physical 3D realms... 1 spiritual... Now this is a battlefield for change agents.

This calling and a catalyst for change! They want you to infiltrate the mountains. To be their salt and light a mustard seed For change and build a new earth.

In 4.5 billion years man might just be a fish. Good for nothing on some distant frozen planet But on a hook still where there's no hurry Swallowing orbs golden of starlight.

Ye are the salt of the earth:
But if the salt have lost its savour,
Wherewith shall it be salted?
"Can strategies cause a tipping point in culture?"
Their argument is it has before.

Candle-wax-sky

Pellucid blue-eyes, whoever told you to-be-wise whoever told you; you could dream, beyond the Moon-lit, monolithic, midnight-skies. Drink the midnight curtain of sleep into the waking hours... Where dreams can sublimely creep Around; like a carnivorous green-flower like a sun-spider sunning on a rock like a worm in the pippin of an eye looking down from a Candle-wax-sky. Whoever said? It would be easier to dream ..? Whoever said ..? That; those darker blankets of velvet-red: Wouldn't come eventually calling to cover your miserable maudlin flower-Stem-head; with the blooded-thorns of a rose bed.

Carte blanche...

Find me a rose bed Where lovers have wed Where angels have fed

Drunk on the nectar Of love and passion Drunk on the spectre Of petticoats ashen

A butterfly collector I would projector Amongst these hearts Carte blanche...

Catching Moths and Butterflies Together!

His muscular moonlit body Caresses her; warm, milky, skin. Flex's taut - masculinity Over; every pore therein.

For his embraces, she shivers Pining's -searing for petals Whose moth-winged, wing cudgels Dare to break err the watery film.

Oh cocooned, delirium!
Where avalanches, crescendo...
'Join forces in a tandem.
Catching moths and butterflies
Together - Whatnot the day-glow
Forever'...

Caught Between Two Opposing Angels

One glorious summer's evening, Out drinking... In O'Sheas Irish Bar in Manchester I bought a round at last orders. When the bell began to sound...

I thought it odd, people are leaving In their droves; then the doorman Said down your pint 'Mr and go'... Or I'll take it now, bro.

I protested and made him wait...
I didn't anticipate his anger
Towards me or his unapologetic hate!
Outside, I complained face to face.

He got aggressive filled with rage He wanted to kill me - seriously. I then called him a little-Adolf-Hitler My you should have seen his enrage.

'It wasn't the name Adolf Hitler So much as the word little That caused him offense'. He raised his fists, I got the gist.

And wasn't about to back down...
But then an arm came around my waist
And these gentle words come with me
He isn't worth it... and so I calmly left.

Cavalcade of flowers

In my heart is a cavalcade of flowers each with a single root: each point baring a bandanas lance! at the first of summers, many, full-round fruits.

Oh joy! the joy of a loving torment! that hanging grape upon the vine that virginal-moon; sitting in her convent. Who isn't barren of the facts, she'll be 'His, or mine?'

Cemetery walks...

The gravel goads me as I walk... Do you not hear me, do you not see me Do you not feel me under foot? Do you not, talk ... Speak! Why sir you are ruder Than the sky, ruder than the stars and moon On high, how dare you scuffle on bye? Kicking; me over at random as I keep. Your offensive size nines dry. Sir—sir Sir— even a dandelion has the curtsey, To bow its head before it drifts on' The wind: surely you sir could at least sing! Do you not hear these yew trees or the grass? Do you not hear the bird's song in the holy? Does that robin there not make you gasp! Do you not hear my unchartered music? Sir—sir Sir— I'm the journey and you are just the path, That leads to the end of the road: "The swirling cherry blossom or so I'm told" When; the wind sweeps through your left Eye socket and tolls, know that death, is Looking though the right still in abject absents.

Charge Him With A Pirate Infraction

'Shot drills are meted-out Whatever's oppressing? Surely we'll play it out of our flutes... We'll find a solace'. Wistfully, caressing... Some heartbreak's; grace.

'Singing songs; akin to sea shanties'. Like Barnicle Bill the Sailor Over beautiful sea green waves... Confessing, you, long since stabbed me. O deeper than any burning stave. O now I'm just a dead absentee! A washed up; galley, slave.

'Lord God I'm already long, since drown. Beneath these tidal waves...
Darkening in the seas ebony; black boules. And can't be saved...
From a pirate's infractions,
No more my love—no more—be saved'.

Circle Of Life

Let suitcases stand around you empty
Like a Stonehenge circle
Let your heartbeat, be at the centre
Of a dark darts centrifugal force
Let the flower that encloses encase you
Clothe you, at dead of night:
Just as I and you have wept before
Tears have already left for the setting stars.
Suns have collapsed into the darkest black holes,
None fuller than the emptiest wellbores
Residing in your eyes, eternal weeping.
...Oceans apart, we have moved on'
From breathing the same volcanic primal air!
Till ashen, even the stars we have left ...
Have erupted into the ever vanishing,
Circle of life!

Clairvoyant landscapes moving yet frozen

Give me a paintbrush to define poetry All movements of a riverbed reflected Give me a pen inks flowing subjectively. I'll show you a spotted salmon swam willingly To climb out the furthest deepest, falls...

A poets like a woodlouse's gnawing ...Away at life, from inside-out... What he builds places for the quivering air? A bridge over the void of space... Like a spider weaving her web to snare.

Poets tend to live in Blue-John mines In some mystical crystal hermits cavern Listening to the lapping of spring waters They're like remote smokestacks lingering On clairvoyant landscapes moving yet frozen.

Clinging to a little earthly soil...

"This life has graced me With the tears of an ocean, Till not a drop—more" Could; be wrung-out.

In pain—pleasure or sorrow...?
"So now I am 'left to steal '
'Lie and or borrow...'
What in a desert still stands?

Clinging to a little earthly soil..."

Come with the throes of your love

Come here my damsel fly with a coupling dance Come to my bed of reeds I'll do the romance Come on tiptoes, heart pressed to heart Come my flightiest one, in the morning depart.

Come in waves that crush all cares... Come down on wing, down heavens backstairs Come like a spider to' web my soul's flight Come - my demon, with kisses hot sulphite.

Come with the throes of your love to declare Come shimmering tonight my love - mid-air!

Consider you are a tree

When a tree is grown you have to decide its purpose its size and more besides

Do you want heavy shade do you want flowers do you want movement do you want upward Powers

Or swaying in the breeze consider you are a tree what do you wish to be a thorn or a tulip tree.

Contours

Contours of light Web and thread, Ears too nose.

Probe from, fingertips.
—Warm, icy toes.

Curling, outwards... In their throes!

The night - two souls... Two, segments of—

The moon - combined too Became - one whole! Amid a starry desert:

One - watering hole...

Contrasting Worlds'

"I" or should I say my dearest friend We have noted every difference... Since our loves, charade ended. I go to church and I count my penance... As you my dearest tests my temperance.

I long for you on that tall barstool... Next to me laughing like an infant fool.

I am disillusioned by our contrasting Worlds'.
I am disillusioned by my blossoming smiles fading grey...
I am disillusioned by our contrasting Worlds'.
But here in this morning, songbirds jazz...
I am disillusioned in what you didn't say.

I longed for you to air brush my way...

Next to me I wanted you to connect with me
Like an oceans spray, against the quay.

Tell me every cloud esprit filled with a sun ray.

Tell me I was all that mattered each and every day.

But know I'm disillusioned by our contrasting Worlds'.
And all those songbirds - on my windowsill
With all their jazzy buzzing's renditions...
Of the souls they'd shared with in the morning air.
Oh how I wish you'd unleash and take my heart to Nashville

Take my heart there' like I'd been to church...
Sing in these isles to me my dearest of eternity,
And not just from another bar stool...
Even if like you, I like laughing, like an infant fool.
Just take my heart back with you to Sunday school.
Cause I am now disillusioned by our contrasting Worlds'.
I am now disillusioned by our contrasting Worlds'.

Converge with my eyes

Converge with my eyes
My soul is waiting for you
I'm like a vine waiting to grow
In your sunshine above every rafter
I'm like a child filled with laughter
I'm like a willow tree...
Swayed by everything you say or do.
Converge with my eyes
My soul is waiting for you

Converge with my eyes
From head to toe
I'm just like a hollow squash fruit
Wanting its fill...
Oh, shake a lock of ebony hair
And I'll get shivers
Like the start of an electrical El Niño
That'll change my hearts
Destination forever

Converge with my eyes
And my heart will be as heavy
As a golden sunflower
Ready to give up all its seeds
And celebrate what we are
Two love birds
In a paradise with moon showered hearts
Oh converge with my eyes
My soul is waiting for you

Cot death

I dream so, oh so, so high of ye
Night and the soul wilt rest
And raise me on an oncoming cloud
Aloft to my angel, my angel child
That winged my hearts flutters with joy
I wish to bring ye young one home
And clothe thy bones with flesh and blood
But all I have is gone, my seed in the grave
Ye have flowered and died in spring;
Our little winged soul is ye lost like sheep
When I count my dying prayers and weep
Don't bleat child, don't bleat!
In the holy meadow, sleep, sleep, sleep...
Until that time again we meet.

Courage leans on faith

Courage is a lesion That needs must lance If faiths healing Is to bleed and advance. But, too do so... The body of the whole! Must; take up the surgeon's scalpel Without, any droll, Excuses... and stab! At the stagnant, yellow infliction... Stab! Till it bleeds and drains-Out: The diseased sulphuric infection. Yes, woe betide Any man or child, Without; any spiritual, courage! Without; any sacramental, images. What, would there be to refine! To give purpose too, If all vintage wines Were equally without, virtue. If each cup; was equally soured. If each cup were half empty, Were half empty, where they, Were once full too the plenty. Courage would lean on faith And, faith would guard our sentry.

Crab Apple

We've all sunken teeth into a sour ball. Aghast at its bitter depths of beauty, Hidden too appal like human nature. Loves no different than this tutti-frutti

These golden orbs halve rouge with pith They're shrunken skulls a coffins core. With a taste alike, a dead suns, zenith! O tang of death it's rancorous, tariff...

Criticism

Criticism it is a difficult thing to take. When people do, do, it...? With such honest bitter irony I often think to myself, it's. It's because they've none Of the artistry, yet have all the tools.

Crying for her first emperor...

Her tears mingle wearing his crossed-collar Blue silk blouse in bed And, when there dried, she's interned in clay. With her terracotta army, With her terracotta, stalwart, horse.

Oh she's crying for her first emperor... For her first loves dynasty, Oh she'll excavate - all those undeserving, Others and weep, whilst! Her stalwart horse pulls... at the bit.

And until her - jade-black hair! Turns grey and falls from its pine-cone-braids. And, rest on her moon, washed, collarbones. She'll remain resolute! Warm in his robes...

In his crossed-collar blue silk blouse In his crossed-collar blue silk blouse Until one day, she'll be rapt - naked Warm beside him; again in his loving throes.

But until then he'll be engaging in a war Far, far out of her hollow weepings reach... He'll be trembling in his gun-boots. Driving his chariots, over the rank and file... Of her dream terracotta army, Sent to bring him back to her bedchamber! On a stalwart, horse, sent to... Sent to... Sent to... Sent to rescue; him from drowning.

Crying on death row

If you ever see me again I maybe crying on death row frightened there's maybe, no more us 'again' tomorrow...

O if you ever see me again You'll maybe just hear a howling, sirens, wail... as I hit this here 'panic button' here!

Somewhere deep inside my heart these ifs are like a sharks fin... cutting silver circles in... a bloody field of love:

O I'm seeing visions of you O where to begin; when, I see ghostly reflections of kiss and tell of all the things, we use to do.

Love, I'm in a prison cell...
I'm drowning in a sea the depth of hell...
Listening to those lonely, echoes
of a conch shell...
calling me like a proud seahorse home!

O I'm seeing visions of you O I'm seeing visions of you O where to begin; when, I see ghostly reflections of kiss and tell of all the things, we use to do.

Dam waters...

O I can see in your eyes this humility Disaffected, blinking, blindly, back... a deep disappointed, disappointment: together through tears they're both looking at me; looking right through what they once saw as me being true! they're like grey-living marbles of ice now that I've cheated on you...

O I tremble in humility—when I look at you; but how true are my wounds when I compare the cuts I left you. O the dam waters they're still holding-fast but there now being to break through as the hunger for your love is garnished with hate and peppered with this malaise of what we have lost... together that may never have been true! worth the effort to save...

O I can see it in your eyes my humility
O as I tremble in humility—when I look
when I look...
at you: but how true are my wounds
when I compare these cuts I left you.
O the dam waters they're still holding fast
but now there being to break through
as the hunger for your love
is garnished with hate and peppered
with this thorny malaise of what we have lost...
that may never have been true!
worth the effort to save...
I still have to say, I have and did love you!

Damask rose

Damask rose how fair your beauty holds the light How fair your fragrance subdues the fears of night and how fair your lowly crimson head Is with gallantry and passion fed.

In Midnight-oils in sunlit soils Not a fairer beauty be; Oh damask rose in flaming clothes What more beauty could there be...

But in man's hand a maiden fair with hazelnut brown hair And roving limbs that exult in hymns The answer to a prayer...

Darkness to be made light!

Without darkness where would the light be? Without hell there's no heaven! Yes, there is a darkness to be made light again Anyone who has not suffered with low self-esteem or depression all know it's an endless fight back to good health; black clouds flock like vultures for the bread of our souls and the flesh of our hearts to peck out the seed of our visionary eyes. But we wheeled an axe of our own reasoning an axe of our own fortitude it's our own minds insight that threads the pieces back together like a steel cable car bridge reaching across the dark expanse of despair this is when we begin to know ourselves again our hopes fulfillment, and who we really are!

Daybreak

Daybreak brings a hope so grand; Only in our torn dreams brier roses Untangling do we begin to understand? What sparkle in the shadows composes The lyrics on the wind quietly broken The mercy in the power of a plain Red rose on fire! Tearfully, unspoken Hushed pride disintegrating it's reign!

Daylight Love

Her loneliness she'd placed
In a darkened—basement
Her eyes had grown quite tired of.
Tired of—the cellar its grates
She wanted his blood spatters
Of love to stop, dripping,
And pour down the cellar walls...
Like a scarlet stream of moonlight.

She wanted a new seeping dawn
A velvet casket of stars—
She needed his suns warmth,
Leaching, suckling, vampirism:
'Needed the sunlight's faucet fixed.
So her emotionalism's tap' could runneth over ...
And fill the night with 'daylight love'.

Days swiftly passing

Days swiftly passing Like a double helix rainbow Spooned, breaths kissing, Her breasts sculpted, torso.

Time! I a bird out hand, Touching her wingtips-nest; A root travellers, tideland Her Passions conquest:

All naked nature is removed..? All remediable needs, approved..? In love eternally, improved..?

Death - mischievously, cheekily, asked

Death - mischievously, cheekily, asked—Life For the hand betroth to be his beloved wife. I'll render her beauty, forever eternal, Worry not" bride or a mother maternal To be, if you would but sincerely, wedlock me! But – Life, being life, took-up the parlour-game. The parlour-knife; asked him, Death - What is his fame! Apart from the maggots his lips, throat, garrotte. Death - answered - Life's betroth. Beloved this, "If you would but tend to one desiring kiss... I'll promise not even one more wrinkles crease. Upon that milky skin of bliss, so not, commonplace! I'll share you, with no other – especially with - Life My brother - to which her heart; did race, fivefold. But - Life's shadowy, impermanence, beheld her midlife, Suspended in its own little crisis... blindfold... What, fear I' of growing old with him, who honest Does love me more than was ever shared or told. It's then Life's Betroths fever broke in earnest; And married, bound by two rings of gold. Both Life and Death... but Death never matured. Never learnt of their riches, secretly, foretold... Instead, he put Life upon the scaffold, persecuted: Silenced only by the sea, Of his betroths wailing cry.

Death By Electrocardiogram

I have tempered thoughts to dreams Like eels have swam polar-oceans apart. Far beyond the clutches of steel tongues, They've hid cavernous beneath boulders. With their salamander flaming torsos— Bellied down under; burning coals. "Here they've turned over loves last copper -leaf of the ECG machine; on a night the sun Is no longer, asphyxiated by quizzical kisses". Nor strangled or nurtured by a promise. Here—Apollo whispers in my ear—sleep not. For even now the moon coverts at least half the night! There are stars—upon her rind hot and shining, There are orbs of unremitting light. But, then the electrode switch is hit And all memories of birth, life and love, Are permanently destroyed, erased from a dream.

Death is all of this?

Death should be a gesture of what kills and fulfills a craving that raves - singing hymns - where silence reigns in peace: death - death is a bruised apple before its had the time to be eaten: it is that piece of white-soda bread where the first specks of mold say I'm not fit for slicing yes death is a dog whose howls reverberations only bring it another and another's beatings but within its beatings it forgives its masters torment: there it lolls at his feet barking excitement wagging at his exonerated laughter ves Lord Master death is all of this? —unburdened death is our second bliss a blush of dew a red petal a trinity falling rising anew—upon some well kissed censored lips a fragrance bottled of every perfume oil rent of life - persevered in a deathless odor fallen - we too are vaporized within a dewdrops gesture we are that first blush of spring deaths wedding band ring worn on the fourth finger death is our bridegroom - he is our one life partner Father son and Holy Ghost!

Declaration

An owl the colour of snow Casts a shadow of surprize A declaration! That now there's no sunrise.

Decorum

For the sake of the trees And their sweet impossibilities To grow any bigger than the mountain!

For the sake of the geese And a wild honking grandniece, Whose voice is doubly lost by the fountain?

For the sake of the pear Dangling about to plummet mid-air! And the bride about to lose, her delicate, footing.

For the sake of the mouse – And the roaring of a lion, aboding in-house! Can we pray that there's nothing-More Or else!!

Deserts that have never cried

Tears well-up, wet my pillow Like tulip petals they fall So I press dreams - flowers In a book unread Gigolo, what can answer? My insecurity alarm bell feelings When I gazé into You're wishing-well glazed eyes And find a book of matches Willing to set fire to our mattress Love I want to commandeer A navel port in your heart And capture a lost treasure That a corrupt banker holds In a vault if you please— We'll open a late-night drive-in Black and white cinema screen And you'll be a star! And I'll sit on the hood Of your mustang car Pretending my eyes aren't Black or purple They're deserts that have never cried They're deserts that have never cried They're deserts that have never cried.

Did A Tear Make This Ocean?

Did mildew, and moss... Lichen us; an island a crust: And, did our little—earth? Its vegetation; make all of us...

"Came from; whence, salutary.

Those first dynamic tears...
That manufactured all, this".
Hideous; bygone, rust...
Languorous, sneers in a clay pit.
Waiting; again to absurd—us.

Did It Prevent Your Sun Kissed Dreams?

Father that sundial, is it death...
Is it Father - the hand of death?
Is it the sword that cuts short a bird's flight?

'Child, we're all adjacent, the window of life.

The window of light...'

O' Father is it a guillotine! Does it covert our breath... O' Father how, much, time Do we have? Left...

'Child, we're all adjacent, the window of life.

Until the bird in your soul, takes flight'.

'Child, a question - answer your father this. Did it prevent your sun kissed dreams? Last night.'

Did the ground fall from your wings

Did the ground fall from your wings Did the turreted stars arrow down in the wind... Did your heart meld all summer with his sun? Did you flicker in a flame, golden and sanguine?

Did you see the hands of time stand still and chime. Did you hear the solar system say he's yours not mine? "When you fell into the hemisphere of his eyes In that eternal instant; where nothing else defies.

In that eternal second did you at that moment realize He was the one - your only hearts true sunrise". Did the ground fall from your wings Did the turreted stars arrow down in the wind...

Oh and if they ever did.
Did your soul shudder in its flesh to join his?
Did your blood and every fibre of your being fizz?
To be his, did your body ache and want for no more.

Did you love him?
Did you love him?
Like you and he were the last centaurs
The last condors to ever circle the earth...

Did the ground fall from your wings Did the turreted stars arrow down in the wind... Did your heart meld all summer with his sun? Did you flicker in a flame, golden and sanguine all the time?

Digging in his vault of loam

Seldom have I seen a Mole Digging in his vault of loam His hands unworthy of a prayer As he lumbers above the earth

Heavenwards ever so rare Threshing he makes a dome St Paul's cathedral is his home A sacramental hole, alone In his earthworm, bowl...

Disappointment

Sometimes a seed will not grow, Removed from one earth to another is hell Never reaching the same stellar highs From whence it was picked: Why is this - who can tell?

You might as well ask the rains Why on earth they fell... Why the snowflakes, melted And why the puddle into which it all collected Later on evaporated!

Disappointment...

What have I done?
That is so undeserving.
I'm no oil-painting,
Or crying specula verse
I'm neither a mystery
Or something worse!
-Over or under rehearsed:
I'm neither rouge nor wretch.
Nor a purple plumed knight
With a damsel to fetch!
Waging arms on a burning bridge...
In flaming, shining, armour!
So, who am I then, I'm just me, so...
I'm sorry if I'm just disappoint yeah!

Disordered attachment

"Disordered attachment "what is it you meant? "Disordered attachment "by that...? What is love when half of our time is spent making-up And then the other is breaking-up.

Cause I can't live with you! ... What do you want me to do?

"Disordered attachment "don't you think... I feel it too...
"Disordered attachment "what the hell do you; want me to do...
Don't you think I feel it too...?
When the pain of loving you
When the pain of loving you
Leaves car wreckage...
That can't be found or put together again.

Not unless we just pretend Cause I can't live with you! What do you want me to do? "Disordered attachment "just be friends Sorry, I just can't: Sorry, I just cant Be your best friend Your best disassociated friend

Cause I can't live with you! ...What do you want me to do? Give up too...

Divergent rivers

Beneath the moons silver lit lamp Divergent-rivers meandering camp.

In love alone do they worship...? At the tidal wave in courtship.

Like a water-flower in its stem... Roused joyously in lustful, men.

Opaque-flesh is unwittingly made divine. If still pure in petal they're made sublime.

A floral sky in heaven waits in the dingle-wood them at the gates.

Where two young lovers; run-amok. With passions wanton awestruck.

Divination

It's demanding even in hindsight.
It's hard to see a connecting light...?
When it's apparent all around is night.
So who can foretell a hidden knowledge?
When enlightenment; comes only to those
On a skiff afloat on, thoughts, past tense.
After; a long interlude of inner voyage
Whom amongst us; can still be inspired
By that enigma of understanding, that
Day follows night that dawn follows sunset.
Divination...
It's difficult even by this hindsight.

Divisions Of Vanity

The sun and moon were lovers once Until dancing on the sea They saw in one another... A singularity, a vanity!

That encumbered them so truly That neither one would meet! And dance in the mirror Of the others scared seat.

Do I Just Follow And Pretend...

My eyes they're bleeding In an internal centrifugal force You won't see the blood I'm just too coursing to bleed...

So you go from obsolete And leave me in a fire I combust into an ardour I just can't control.

My lust is an earthly bird A phoenix -that can't adjust To the cold of these evenings alone What do, I do when I just feel lost?

My eyes they're bleeding Leaking like a bucket with a hole. The circumference of which... Deeply aches in impenetrable rust.

What do, I do? When I can't move these tides? Do I just follow and pretend... Show I'm still hypnotised. ...In love with you!

Do the British take their brollies?

Do the British take their brollies
On their Las Palmaris hollies?
Do they drink their Earl Grey tea
With two sugar lumps or three?
And whilst sitting besides the sea
Have they enough vinegary chips
Girls with oval red tomato hips
Too saucy for just a kiss
On the lips in hopes she'll reminisce...
Do the British spend all their pennies?
And take their Pooh bear Winnie's
And why do they buy mugs and plates?
To show back home their mates
And brag about a bartered price
And return not just once nor twice
But thrice was it really that nice.

Dodging Bullets With A Buddha Lost In Lagos

weaving from knifes in a village of gurus carved out innocence in the deserts starry eyed star crossed lovers fiendish frauds sail a pirate boat filled with loathing their tide surrounds us both are sinking they and the innocent drown in a faithless wave that corrupts transition is a veneer blistered by the sun the scent of confusion confuses everyone only the week are strong only the humble are godly only the meek shall inherit who we really are dodging bullets from a getaway car weaving from knifes without a scar only the weak are strong only the humble are godly lets all pray we know and share who they are...

Does the hummingbird know best?

There's a banquet table
So big, and so, high
It leaves us mindful
...That the floor is a pigsty.
Hummingbird on the wind
Flutter; just suspend...
Note not flowers pinned.
Why, now then descend?
Their roots are clay-bound
You're caught in the dream
That leaves hearts dumfound.
"We can only esteem"...
"You believe the flower
Is heavenly, and why not.
When its milky chowder
Propels you; slingshot"...
Feeds your every fibre!

Don't worry it's all been planned

Change is brought about by erosion! Look around, and you will all come to see. Change is brought about by erosion! Want something privatized that's easy.

Cut all funding till the wheels fall off...
And say here's what'll fix it; for not a lot.
You can even buy shares, but, here's the tipoff...
'We'll never invest; bonuses are our mascot'.
Even going greener makes them all richer
I've now a blue bin a brown and a black
And one for indoors and if I'm a lucky chap!
I can have a green one for only £20 a year.

Change is brought about by erosion! My dear! Don't worry it's all been planned Everything has a cycle that requires action! 'Just don't tell them, about the quicksand'.

See it's all happening again boom and bust Whatever happened to prams with a little rust? Were-all-in-it-together granddad be a good fellow Take out your life savings spend that's the motto.

Freeze pay, cut pay, and cut family tax credits We'll make them third class citizens obedient They'll come begging with their empty wallets Once more to the factory floor less flippant.

Dot To Dot

Starting from the bottom to the top
Filling in the gaps from the bottom
To the top - dot to dot
If love could make the penny drop!
If I could feel dilemmas alarmStop! For a second - but it
Hallmarks a churlish picture—
Hands groping with hearts radar
Hanging on three words aplomb!
Resting in the silence,
Like an unexploded bomb.
Starting from the bottom to the top
Filling in the gaps from the bottom
To the top - dot to dot - sex without love.
It's just a fraying lover's love knot.

Drank deep in paradise

You exposed your beauty and my heart It drank deep in paradise And my heart it beat thrice a second... Unto look deep in your eyes.

Under the hood of a streetlamp in the moonlight I was lost for words
There wasn't a songbird to be seen
But that's all I heard.

So I guess I found me an angel that day, And a heaven that night I'll tell you here and now it came to stay. And I was blown away... like a kite.

But she held the string, and-roll-it-over Over-and-over in a cloud And then we both jumped off the jetty, Honestly, stark-naked eternally avowed. And, much, more than eternally wowed...

Dreaming Fruitfully Like A Flower Highbred

Quite simply, we gardeners plan ahead. Dreaming fruitfully like a flower highbred. What next; might rise out of the bed? Shaking, its white frothy, button gold head.

It's a heaven we're planning, full of virtue. And nothing but nothing less will—do! So, yes—disappointment reigns. As we view and extend our terrains.

But people stop in awe... and ponder... What godly hand what godly creature. Tilled this earth, rounded it at every corner. People stop in awe... as they wonder...

Who was it, without a single footprint? Trod this clay, and left not a single dint. Knocked not but one single dewdrop off... The Alchemilla Mollis, Lady's Mantle, 'quaff'...

"It's me the gardener behind the water trough, I'm friends with butterflies, and also a show-off.

Each Man Has A Merlin's Staff

Each man has a Merlin's staff a mercury thermometers blood that stretches out like a giraffe that he saver with a belly laugh.

Its magic plumes out; and refills an empty waiting alabaster bath. From the stone comes a liquidwater; and there on without frills...

Water then mingles into a new life there on it forms a silken membrane! All cells expand and stick too pairing from my very own paring knife.

Oh a man has a Merlin's staff my good wife, with silk web linen's that'll take in the heavens graph and grind your bones into bread...

Oh a man has Merlin's magic wand turning summers vine into blood... Here in this grotto he can't abscond... The reflection of his own disgrace in that other reflecting, godly, face!

Eastern Sunlight

All love is a liquid it surrounds you amber as pure eastern sunlight all love is a guide if you listen inside you; there is a dove her wings are preened moonlight all love is a liquid it surrounds you just as each wave has two shores it forever washes around you for you to swim home you must first cling to the ledge that prevents you from falling, for all love is trusting... all love is a cycle in the wind derived from the east it turns west till all four points are watered and blessed all love is volcanic if you believe in a core that has a passion to burn in ever star! all love is a heart of compassion..

Electrical wirings...

Insular feelings that's what we all share Electrical wirings vibrating the air!

One impulse to hold - another to leap! ...Rollover and fall asleep - counting sheep.

Insular feelings hold the lightning in the cloud: It's here now our passions long to be free and proud.

Sitting alone is bitter, gazing out-The window, when you're in your lonely hideout.

It's much better to be a rainbow, 'Honey'— Let the pot of gold in your heart mint-money.

Love, is just an electrical pulse—if ...If your body and soul, can't read them hieroglyphs.

Insular feelings crackle inside my head... "Is this the girl the firecracker - I'm to wed? "

One more impulse like this, and I'll propose Too climb a steeple, without any clothes.

Just to see her insular feelings exposed... I'll crack a joke! Leave her feelings juxtaposed.

Electrical wirings vibrating the air! Guess I've given-up playing solitaire.

Elf's came to shake awake the bluebells

Elves came to shake awake the bluebells But first had to leave; their warmth. It was a tiny house covered in snow. Hidden ever so well; from grizzly trolls...

O how the Elves dance and played. Within the memories of a distant glade! "Then went home brandishing a blue-jewel. Sailing back; on an upturned toadstool.

They sang empting their hearts gold. Like a wave they waved goodbye... To a distant glade, tears uncontrolled. Like a wave they waved goodbye.

O with a heart of winter struggle! They headed home weary but happy! They climbed the mountain entombed In ice; to sleep to dream and snuggle.

...Knowing butterflies begin to flitter-Flutter and moths are dreamy eyed; To discover a new star a new lover. 'So we're all left breathless to preside.

As elf's bluebells brakes their woodland cover! Where: elfish men are ever so well hidden. O Shangri-La in their bunks, in their hearts Taking, another dignified, doze by the dozen'...

Emanations'

Emanations' embrace us... Internally, but not without-A few sapiosexual hats hoodwinked. Yes, these vibrations tantalize us... On the cusp of a libidinous, dream. Yes translucent lilies unknot within us. They ache as their flower towers wax raceme. As their petal openings tremble aflame. Whilst wild, butterflies aflutter ... Enthralled within these awful desires disclaim. Their feelings are just pure theatre! As rank perfume—spells beholden us... all... Like that first pressing of the vine Laced with dewy liqueurs divinity divine! ...Sopped-up by the sweetest emanations'... Tempered and tapered in horizontal assignations... Ah! In graven lips—the tongues leafy itch is fulfilled. The gravestone's grassy knoll lisps less we kiss. Oh how cannot our lips our skins tremble at—this, The flowers celestial, astral, eternal, bubbling, bliss... Oh such emanations terrify ... us? Beguile us? Too be honest. Only in secret does it come to this... nothingness... The nothingness... We imagined that couldn't be meaningless.

Embryonic wings fulfilled...

A genderless solace wishes to beat within us Like monomorphic pupae, embryonic. Wings still, forming joyously cocooned Never knowing, light or dark... Or the tart-taste core of a broken heart.

I guess we all have to experience pain...
To know that Eden's gardens, still grow.
So, with wings tethered – membrane!
We stretch, and fly to the barren moon
In search of a warming star the other side.

Here on Gods earth we all hear bird song Dawn's chorus awakens our eyes to love It touches us like the first soft, willow bud, Opening pursed hearts rooted beating, One breath into another - fulfilled.

Emerald Eyes

Your eyes are emeralds Soaking up the space Between us; taking me Higher than the stars Way above the clouds...

Your eyes are emeralds Ghost writing my smiles In the rain, in the rain I learn to smile again... Joyful taping, joyful... Dancing on the tiles

Your eyes are emeralds
With a devilish wink
With something to disguise
You warm my spirit my soul
And curl my toes

In the rain, in the rain I learn to smile again... Joyful taping, joyful... Dancing on the tiles

Feelings like butterflies Flutter to the highest climes Oh hold my hand, And I'll hold on to your wings... And stare hypnotized into, Your emerald eyes...

Empty minds filled with pride

Empty minds filled with pride Naked to a suit Blown without a cause See their body's falling In a blood scared land of fear Hear them call, hear them calling Who's the master of my fate?

And why do I wait... And why do I want... And why do I wait... And why do I want to die...

Oh bring me a white flag
To wash the blood from my face
And bring me a virgin
Of saving grace

And let love be the price I said let love be the price Oh let love be the price for peace...

But their body's keep-on-falling Like seeds to the ground But those seeds will never sow Those seeds will never grow

Life it's what you make it So don't go breaking Your dreams of love Your dreams of love (humming here!)

Encore

Star colourful films of light
Dance in the mayhem of the night
Stiletto angles say; it's cold outside.
But, in here a meteor-fire inside
Showers with electrical anatomical sparks...
A roaring sound, ear-bursts the bulwarks
That stages in our veins a feeling of forever...
A taste that spills over—
Like the comfort of fur on leather
Like a plate glass window acting like a mirror...
Edge of a world that will be gone tomorrow forever...

Ermine landscapes

Running into the mountains all children would go... With hearts aflutter O there's a golden rainbow

And a pot of gold on a white ermine landscape-Of snow, where playful; polar bears play

With Apollonian spirits roaring all day—And a billion stars with a moonscape!

You can closely lasso, you can lasso, And, take your Winnie the Pooh,

Do you remember this, too? Or is it just me.

Esoteric Journeys

What light do we channel? In our final goodnight What esoteric journeys... Can we dream of despite?

Cause it's the tight canvas Helps the kite take flight All must be taught ... Or else it's fraught.

To break like a candle and wick In the air; not into, light. But altogether into something, More sallow, than goodnight.

Eve zestful:

Rose petals can look brassier Beneath a resplendent sky But it's still endearing they die Falling in there rhapsody.

Animal or mineral...? They're accomplishments, fulfill us... With living desires - ever-zestful: 'You request my heart I a blush'.

The whole world is so generous... What more can we convey, Nothing is ever really lost! Inside a flower bud the souls pupae.

Believe me here don't inveigh I request you pluck a flower And say heaven isn't a perennial Blowing; underfoot in circling, whorls.

Even the cuckoo has to find its layer...

All fledgling poetry starts in the stoic hearts nest Even the cuckoo has to find its layer... Somewhere near to ostracize the rest: In order to "Carpe diem" and be the Purveyor... Over all he has cruelly dispossessed: But often; like the magpie, he's an empty naysayer. That honestly nobody wants to ingest...

Evening primrose...

Happy the hour, between Night and death The pause, taken: Too a single living, breath...

Here I'll open my breast Upon a moths, calling... Like an evening primrose. Where sacramental wings Consecrate! The first-dewy-lit, morning...

Ever since there was sun and stars

If you wipe away those tears
And look back over all of those years
You will find not a surer kind of love
Ever since there was a sun and stars
Above to warm the blood in our hearts
"Forever you" I've been in love
"Forever you" I've been in love
I've been there in love for you

You will find not a surer kind of love You will find every wish You've only been thinking, dreaming of Oh, dream of me! Like I'm dreaming of you again...

Oh when the winter raps its cloak Around your heart I will always be there to warm And shelter you "Forever you" "Forever you" From the cold and dark Sure as a fire is burning in your heart "Forever will I be" Tracking back in the melting ice And snow It's never easy but if you love me You will discover and find the old me And I will be Sure to follow you "Forever you" For all eternity Because of what you have meant to me.

Every flower has a lonely song to sing

Every flower has a lonely song to sing to the bee And each time I look at these flowers I'm glad I'm so glad not to be as lonely as a bee! But I sure like sitting in the bough of an apple tree With every flower and bee, looking, longing for me.

Every flower has a lonely song to sing to you - see But I've already opened up my velvet hood For you my one eternal love! Every flower has a lonely song to sing to the bee But I've already found a natural orchard in my heart.

The rose heads weep with French perfumes Just falling short of where you are... The lilacs spy but even they can't lie or hide How lucky we are... How lucky you are...

Fagan or scrooge

Oh lord; I'm a dragon on prescription With fire waters too tame. Oh don't get scared, babe There are no ice waters in my veins.

But, oh babe I'm counting on you Oh I've been counting on your tears... On those long eyelashes trying not to cry -Abed of rain, the way they've done for years...

Babe, pass me a chilled long beer And sit on the sofa right over here Woman you're just a drinking, amateur And, oh babe I'm not fooling around...

Oh lord; I'm a dragon on prescription With fire waters too tame. Oh don't get scared, babe There are no ice waters in my veins.

Oh sweet divinity, woman beholden I'm just a child on a bike Till, I'm eternally free of all your wanton rage And passion for me Oh I'm just looking to saddle or even freewheel... Whatever's welcomingly, about?

Oh, oh, oh, all I want to do... is fan the oven But, oh lord she's a lazy cooker
Oh Lord, have mercy, on their mercy, oh her
Oh lord even now at 84 I still love her
Fagan or scrooge, who am I to pretend
I've not got the blues,
I still want her or her younger sister's friend...
Over; my old rickety rocking, chair.

Faith

Faith has a keep A castle a mote A drawbridge betwixt its middle, Faith has a judicious knight in prince Whose chambers remain congenial? For valiant page and hoi polloi, rabble.

Farewell goodbye my darling...

Farewell goodbye my darling...
The world is now turning...
And the tide has out reached
Any shore I can still trace
Without a beating heart
Or ageing senile mind!

Farewell goodbye my darling...
Farewell my life goodbye my darling...
Oh the hour is near - I must go'
Back over the white scrolling foam
And sink like an island
Within the footprints of you and me
Skinny dipping still in my soul

Oh farewell goodbye my darling...
The world is now turning...
Like an old schooner in the wind
With seven sails seven oceans
To sail... to sail...
Without a scent of you - crosswind
My darling... my wife... my life...

Oh farewell goodbye my darling...
Farewell and goodbye my darling...
I'm going now three sheets to the wind i'm going to drink and drown in an ocean Without you my love,
Without you my love, without you...
Without you my love, without you...
My turtle dove!

Fewer nicks' no, grey upholstery

I saw a Volvo for sale for £300 today Outside a swanky refit McDonald's All blue and chrome, without a home Square as an old 70s coffee table...

A thought ran by me, it's in good nick Considering its age! Then I thought? It's younger than me, fewer miles... Fewer nicks' no, grey upholstery.

Fine silk spun with gold

Folded moth wings placed together in prayer Open to discover the moon and starlit air In madness flap circle my heart— And like a curtain, take little bites at my soul.

But what can they discover - there! My heart isn't thread with spun gold. And my soul isn't made of fine silk! I'm just as the moon lost in this black ink.

With folded hands at night I am locked in sleep. I dream and pray to fly away... In deed there are no limits to the madness I seek. "I even have the freedom to fly".

"In madness flap circle the light in a distant sky. My prayers are never more of spoken... As I draw back a curtain which reveals a fine silk". Spun with gold in madness, desires even my soul.

Finger on the pulse

if I could nurture life like a woman

what a tapestry of light my heart would weave

ambivalent beauty in a shield of light

if I could nurture life like a woman just like a woman

what a compassion I should comprise to hold

with my finger on the pulse of the creator

I would love you or someone like you

forever

Fire triangle

The fire diamonds of your soul Leaf through... Snow packed mountain tops of my own. Soon there'll be an avalanche! And I'll melt and flow in toe To where, you're blue eyes spruce.

Piercings into...
Those bluebell shadows
Where the dark woods tremble
Here together we'll make our fire triangle
Heat to warm the air to breathe!
And fuel to burn again...

Flies flourish in starving eyes

Flies flourish in starving eyes tears are rivers of blood in an apathy of love! where silver and gold flow... into the margins of hate!

a bullion of graves are dug to disguise their own fatigued Ooh the starving shout food... tears are rivers of blood in an apathy of love!

where flies flourish in starving eyes

Ooh apathy breeds

and soaks the ground

with their own neglectful disease!

whilst tears of the nations just close their eyes.

Mark Heathcote

Flightless angels shall fervently stare

A little prismatic wing of love wings its way back for us all at once to try and cocoon its meaning and discover.

O' what cherished rose petal flower buds with their sunlight's rubicund rays will always deliver.

Yes a little flight of fantasy, a love that; could sojourn or rest with us or none other apart from him.

When their wings walk on the water... and their swift's tail slices the sweet air we'll swear his with her soul goes gently there.

Through all the wonders of the heavenly world they'll go gliding together here and there everywhere elsewhere.

As little cabbage white butterflies courting in the air in love forever. Prismatic stars shall gaze in anger and flightless angels shall fervently stare at the vacuum of their worldly unabated care.

Follow my coat tails

A lonely star shone upon the moon Her blank expression broke his gloom

Deeply wanton did his affections seek... To enlighten her orbs that nightly did mystique

They glowed at night a vibrant ardour far But by day did wisp away his soul ajar

Into distant aspects did he look and gaze All he asked envisaged her was in her daze

Love is such said a passing comet sage Follow my coat tails and be my page...

For a short time—Only?!

For a short time—Only?!
Needing—without Hoping...
Wishing—without Wanting...
Gazing—without Looking...
Dreaming—without Searching...
Thinking—without Understanding...
Listening—without Hearing...
Touching—without Feeling...
Sensing—without Knowing...
Healing—without Bleeding...
Growing—without Aging...
Hurting—without Bruising...
Sleeping without—Mumbling...
Feeding without—Eating...
Breathing without—Inhaling...
For a short time—Only?!
Then was I—Truly,
Happy?!

For A Straggling, Stalk Of Green Corn

With barely a whisper I was almost blown over... Like a straggling, stalk Of green corn, I'm bent But, I'm Strong, and I'll Bounce back and sparkle Like a bangle of gold...

O' with barely a whisper
I was almost blown over...
By that towering boy
Who left his father's farm?
To be a solider
Who looks over his shoulder?
Counting the days till, I get older.

O' with barely a whisper
I was almost blown over...
When he whispers my name
And carves a tree with his
And my name!
With a heart an arrow, going through...

O' he'll holster his gun And he'll be gone! But with barely a seconds delay, When I come of age, he'll return. Like the crows in the corn... Like the crows in the corn...

With a band of gold,
He'll return and tear off
Those old army clothes
O' and with barely a whisper
I fly away... and he'll dessert that army
For a straggling, stalk of green corn
Thanking every day we are born to fly away.

For as molten metal bound are we not in the magma

Love if only I could love the stone core of your heart Love you like the vine that splits and climbs a rock face Love you like a sun orbiting the moon—what art Tendril dripping over the craters could we I erase.

What flowers sand-speckled-neck then could I open To the lusting wants and needs of these midnight stars That reverberates into an ocean... Rejected, each from the other like polestars...

But even stone can possess life eternal
Touch me and do I not quiver like a willow...
Caught in the cross winds of the meadow, you, might say piffle!
But it's only truly your hearts last wrenching salvo..?

Kiss me my dear and seal it within a canyon of larva For as molten metal bound are we not in the magma..?

For every love that's born there is a cry

For every birth there is a cry For every dream there is a wave That recedes on a worn out lie

For every figurative metaphor There is a simile of you on my mind For every rueful discrepancy

There is a sordid singing in the sky
Oh just to fly a little higher, higher
Than; an unanswered question - asking why.

Oh I'll never learn my lesson... You'll just have to embalm my will In your falling gravity and embrace me again...

Until I'm also bound in these covers of war and peace With a broken spine ripped at the seams Hell I'm going to dream, I'm not going to cry

Till even these ephemeral wings can't fly I'm going to sink and swim In every cloud on every seraphim wave until I die

For every figurative metaphor There isn't a simile for you in a funfair mirror For every rueful discrepancy there is an image

That I just want to drown in without you Under every wave for however long time goes on... I just want to bob-on the waves with you

...On and on, on and on... and on...!

Because for every love that's born there is a cry For every dream there is a wave That recedes on a worn out lie.

For Like A Flower Devises

I held her close in my arms For like a flower devises I became helplessly captivated In her litmus blue glances...

Each wink of an eyelash Becomes a Venus flytrap A lure of honey withheld. One-bite of her lips a mantrap!

Befalls all ... entreated to her charms For her beauty is such, All your abstinence, disarms For just one longing touch.

For What Was Meant To Be For The Rest Of Time

So we're soul mates
But what happens when
We behave like primates
And throw out our toys
From this outgrown old playpen...

Will we forget where? And how it all began... With a kiss in the moonlight Will we forget that once upon a time? I was yours and you were mine.

Will we ever remember? How the world stopped spinning On its axis like a dancer When there heals leapt off the ground.

Will we ever remember? Those dizzy feelings Will we ever remember? When; our hearts wings are clipped.

How we kissed, how we once kissed. How we were soul mates Who didn't behave like primates? Will we ever forget that once upon a time? I was yours and you were mine.

Will we ever remember?
That once upon a time
We were soul mates
For what was meant to be for the rest of time.

For you

When I breathe in? You, sigh... For me for you For you: for me.

Behind these silences A drawbridge Of hopes, rises And then... falls.

Each, pause Reaches its Extremity its Counter demand.

Every pore! A moments needing, For you for me For me: for you.

For: Edith Södergran

Inscribed ... In red granite
As clearer thought, as...
Anything—Scandinavian,
Or any other rests upon a grey lawn.

Anon, it circles a silent grave! Where once stood a blue forest A single pine tree; still remains... And, etched within, it's timeless rings.

Her poems 'Love & solitude' refrains...
Narrow is my circle and the ring of my thoughts
Go round my finger.
This is the scorned, nightingales, bark to sing...

But, laughing-back from her bluest heights A pine lark road in heaven is ringed. Inscribed ... In red granite 'Here - four of her last four lines'.

See here lies eternity's shore, Here the stream rushes by, And death plays in the bushes The same simple melody.

Forces that open a flower bud

Forces that open a flower bud They're found in our hearts core Emanating she is radiant love He is whispering amour, amour.

Joy is pumping through their blood. An evergreen tree in the everglades Passion and lust - is only the cud Love is the life force that pervades.

Love is the furnace that blows A glass world bauble, till it breaks. Love is the moon in her gentle throes He's the sea whose thirst never slakes.

He is whispering amour, amour... She is quivering to her hearts white core The white dove opens its cage door Now all their world seas rage, outpour.

Now their love is a flower in a vase An anchored ship in a bottle of forevermore. With Sails raised pointed into space He is whispering amour, amour.

She and the moon they're quivering Somewhere, somewhere offshore... She is emanating a radiant love, but Now it's he who is eaten like an olive.

Love is the furnace that blows A glass world bauble, till it breaks. Love is the moon in her gentle throes He's the sea whose thirst never slakes for you!

Foreign exchange students...?

Their all parasites He says. Fleas on His back and nape His tridents tail His fiery mane. They circle around His burning boils Licking their ashes - anguished dust They crawl through the labyrinths, Of His eyes taking subway journeys To crumbling monolithic churches Suckling on blood and brimstone And fire! They call themselves, Banker's tourist asylum seekers Stock-exchange material world leaders They call themselves Foreign exchange students...? Liberated economic market equity slaves They call themselves the avant-garde But, their all his brothers His suckling sisters His riving desires His lust Flea like rolling around on their bellies Whispering please "lord save us"...

Forever autumn

The sun has gone into shade And, turned a corner She will not be returning Not neither soon... nor later Not ever...

Autumn leaves are falling, now My dispirited, one...? Winter blankets are descending, And there is no more to be done.

The cyclones ear is sevenfold But here therein there is Just one rule of thumb, One grace above all fallacies Love is a sour plum, With a pit of gold!

Forked tongues redeployed...

What is the need for life? Now death Is the serpent contained in your breath?

The kiss of the world is a forked tongue Is it not? Quench full your heart till its rung.

Let it be so coiled-up, it devours its own self. Release; your inner demons, skin yourself.

Peel back the doubting layers of torment Uncoil self-aware out of every malcontent.

Grow silver haired memories of despair... Now allow them to wither make there lair.

What do you care in these golden days? If a serpent finds no warmth as it lays.

If it has crawled under a desert rock Let it thirst cold until it has taken stock.

What is energy? What is all this matter? Why can't neither one be simply the latter.

Answer is - they can't be destroyed? Both contain forked tongues, redeployed.

Fractured Miracles

See them fractured miracles On window pane at dead of night How they've lived and died In the murky; melting, sunlight.

O' tree of life whose flaming sword Does; guard the garden of our lord.

Let not a dropp of frozen blood Thud, without a dropp of rain Let not a soul, be scolded. Without a covenant of, blame.

O' forest seed whose brotherhood Does; grow deep rooted falsehoods.

Let not a stalactite, suspended Go unfriended, without a rainbow... Let not a stalagmite, condescended Go by all... but Him... Heigh-ho!

O' these dark feelings too cold touch Won't protect you: from nonesuch ...As... Him...?

From a neutrals corner

...Hang up your gloves.
Those dark olive bruises.
Hanging around like
Wild garlic in a necklace...
...Hang up your gloves.
Pick up a spade and garden.
See your onions growKid, instead of the rounds,
Blow by blow...

You've won. Won, your share...
(There's no one to compare)
"Here have a red Comice
A Christmas pear
It'll help" sitting in, a,
Neutral corner,
Wondering who is?
Going to promote, yah!
You're getting old son.
Retire to the greenhouse.
Or play on the beach!
(Remember ...sweet success...)
And keep your head
Out of arms reach...

...Hang up your gloves.
Expand your horizons...
But don't parry on a bars tool,
With the man on the street,
Take to the offense kid.
And ground your feet:
Find yourself a lovely girl
To love unanimous
And commit. Commit I tell, yeah!
An take her to a'
Mandatory eight-count,
Not with a faint glove mind you.
But with a sucker of a punch kiss...

From A to Z.

I do everything with you from A to Z. From the moment you wake up Till I pat you on your head, And tuck you up into bed. I do everything with you For you, because the day Starts and finishes with you Because I love you!

I need your laughter
Because I need your fun, my son
This wintery cold dreary Easter
What I don't need, is your strops.
When you get out of bed
And I don't have your Coco Pops
Let's just have Cornflakes, instead.
And be done my son.

When you couldn't get your way
Alas; once again, the other day.
When your daddy was away, working.
I told you; what daddy, regularly, says..?
Remember I spoke to you.
You were again; averting, your gaze...
"O, déjà vu" I said to you.
If your eyes aren't looking!
Then: Your ears aren't—listening.
And mummy's heart shall be unjustly hurting.

And our eyes will be crying
Into this deep-blue sea—my son
So do... What daddy says?
For me—son, oh, why do sons
Break their mummy's heart.
You always listen to daddy,
Why not listen to me.
From the start!

I do everything with you from A to Z. My son, it's me who brings Your favourite teddy too bed. My son, I need, I need you, too... Your mischievousness, your fun Your big-eyed sky-wide hugs. Gathered-up on, the school-run.

You're like a pirate sailing an ocean cloud We are each, each, other's treasure. So keep me as close to your heart As that "X" that marks the whole of my heart. Because son, my third born, son In my heart "I" was finished, with love and stuff.

But then there—came your dad. And then there—came you. That's why we all do the things we do From A to Z for you: Because we all love you.

From The Plumage Of A Peacocks Eye

At the centre of gravity Is weightlessness...? Calm before the storm Where the eye of silence Listens in on all that's been And, gone before...

It ravages and it slays— Seldom do we let our blood Course free of its flailing plumage But when we do... We learn to fly. Without; a drop of blood being spilt.

From the plumage of a peacocks eye We see at central things we cannot espy. It glitters and it gleams, only to die. And yet fallen its brevity transfixes all However large however small...

Full Breakfast

Fried bread, Lord, who's still not; been fed. Not me a little voice said... Who said that? A park duck! Or some hard luck Indian fatherless kid. Eggs and bacon, God, is there, no! Red ketchup or bake beans, Hey kid get-up off your soiled knees. After collecting that plastic garbage With an iron-hook in a cardboard box Whilst your mothers out selling her body, With some pox-up jocks Hey can we have some grilled tomatoes, And black pudding and mushrooms on the side. I'll have a coffee over here! It's rainy outside. Hey child - you'll soon be a bride! A suitor for you, shouldn't be hard to find...? Let's tip the waitress boys, she so looks suppressed Depressed - but at least she's got a uniform And a collection-fund and a counsel house And at the weekend she's pissed and jocund. Hell I could eat another pork sausage! Latter we'll go to The Nags Head And even later still play some cribbage The wife at home she can wait at home alone. I've got the waitress to phone.

Fuzzy felt pictures

Soft as a fuzzy felt picture her heart I've imagined childlike - life's picture Framed; under white blanket-arts.

Not a farmyard animal creature In sight! Just us two and loves elixir. ...Dining in or out "a la carte".

The price does not matter... Long as there's no pealing borderlands... Long as our two hearts beat together.

Gentle as a lamb the entire world airbrushed

The setting sun was in and around turquoise blue Before; the clouds roar—thundered thorough. ...We were playing football, with a puffball fungus When, sapling willows shook with such a ruckus. We were laughing loud, at what was to follow... "Gulping the dust spores like smoky gigolos". My how the rains poured like exploding dahlias Our eyes filled up like galoshes... As we ran like wild antelope, down, the muddy slope. The flowers underfoot downed periscope. The wind came rushing by, like bush-fires growling-lion. Its tail whipped the air like an enlighten-Well informed ghost. Now suddenly hushed: Gentle as a lamb the entire world airbrushed. Smudged bedazzled us. Such is the kingly beauty Of the wild, wild woods, not yet knighted ignobly...?

Ghost Painter

You take your brushes ghost painters What is your reason? I hear a crashing of cymbals Are you an artist who bleeds in sepals? Hoping to flower without equals.

Ghost painter what is this...
I'm seeing in your work
Are you just choking back tears?
I and the world long to trace.
Back to the stone, press of a forgotten shore.

Oh god is a breath of honey With the heart of all things that sting You can't brush stroke away No matter what your gift Can in collections – oil-paints sing.

Gingerbread Men

Four sons baking made Gingerbread men... The two youngest prayed That when they woke-up They wouldn't all be gone! For what they'd made... For what they'd made... They'd had—none! They were right to pray... For all the chocolate coated Ones had gone! And just two remained out of' The eagerly, awaited, twenty one! The eagerly, awaited, twenty one! And just two remained out of The eagerly, awaited, twenty one! The two left where without There chocolate coats So they weren't eaten because their coats Were none! You lucky two... You lucky two... You lucky two... Gingerbread men...

Girl with a Pearl Earring

Lift your head - look not in shadows Gaze not into murky dark pools Raise high - let nothing foreshadow Let your heart be my muse.

Let me dry ephemeral tears away Let me paint a portrait genius Dull the moonlit night into disarray Turn the sun - into trickster's waxes.

Let me isolate the stars in a gaze Catch jeweled a virgin panorama... This world displays, let all else, malaise On an earring, dangling - white fuchsia...

Glisten Under Each New Heaven

I'm still not my age at '47' Inside me hops a child. On one leg, like a raven: Feathers - smoothed aback... Glisten to heaven.

But all is crumbling, - now.
(If I'm not mistaken) - Anyhow "No vanity is full-proof,
You can't fake the inside-mirror.
No" - "no Whatever".

Ah, so you can still climb a ladder...
And dance on the roof...
And even split a few hairs...
But not those greying's around
Your eyebrows ears or nose ok'.
You can dye and highlight.

Botox and fill at will...?

Pluck – slice and glue – stich back!

Pretend - you're a happy-hippy,

Wild, white-haired sage!

"But bro' like I'm saying... here...

I still don't feel my goddamn age".

Even now, with '47' years gauge Inside me hops a doting child. On one leg, like a raven: Feathers - smoothed aback... "Glisten under each new heaven".

God Is A Prophet Don't You Know?

God is a prophet don't you know? 'He said pick these here moon daisies And chain—them—together—Gather—and make merry weather'. 'A donkey kicks' at your hindquarter.

'Son, come hither - high or hell water'. As a hermit-frog must break a spell... 'Play a game of life, called, ticktacktoe. My sons pay Hermes his alms rupees'. His dough, until it's time for you to go...

God is a prophet don't you know? He's the preacher whom leaves—word Silently glimmering in the snow... 'Footless ways, which way to, go... For the new life he'll newly bestow'.

God marched across the water

God marched across the water
On a tsunami wave
He made the earth shake!
God, he wasn't angry, he was mad.

And, he made the air vibrate! God he wanted to drown the infidel And send his soul straight to hell But then there came an angel.

And, said the angel, Lord Do you believe in evil? "Well now look at you!" Drowning souls - two by two...

Sweet lord...
You're asking sinners too love you.
O what in mercies sake!
Are we going to do?

God took compassion - the wave It dissipated back into its enclave. But still God looked grave He was still full of rage.

But thankfully that angel, knew Just what to do... She spoke of the loaves and fishes And those old stories of Andrew.

Sweet lord...
You're asking sinners too love you.
O what in mercies sake!
Are we going to do?

Lord, feed their mean spirits...
To a sweet loves dissatisfaction - love for you.
Herald in those icy, trumpets!
Show them what your real love can do!!!

Gods Garden Of Sunshine

Our way-would calling?
Star pulsed, lover.
'Who's hearts a purple emperor?
Teased-out of a milk-white flower'
Churned into curds and whey,
Whose rosy, nothingness...
In conclave, owlets flicker.
Does intern, lead us away...?

Shouldn't I who am lassoed plunge talons? Like a dandelions root.
Shouldn't I blow with these waxing-suns? Shouldn't I beak-split tear—apart Her gossamer: She; whom hemps a moon. Shouldn't I be the one—who? With tapper alights her inert womb.

Simply put: Shouldn't I dive for pearls? Or pan loves untold-gold: No, I just won't Or can't be led 'foolhardy' downstream. 'Or be so cold or so dishonestly, headstrong. No, I shall walk faithfully loyal full-stop.' Besides you beside, deaths black-dog, On-leash as if I was just newly born.

Like some kind of cocksure bullfrog
Isn't this and that? The way of it all...
Star pulsed, lovers.
The way a poets tongue must rock!
Isn't this and that? Our way-would calling?
God, willing... We won't all be summonsed
Or subpoenaed; for that one last regret.

Gravitate in my love

Gravitate that love like a hole-in-one golf ball Bring it down on target from heaven! Above! Gravitate that love like a hooped basket I'll be waiting for you!

Oh gravitate that love a phoenix bird Draw your heavenly flames around me My hearts a shuttle on re-entry And I'll be waiting here for you!

Oh my hearts a star ship spinning off the ground And now you've kissed me I have the spirit of the super bowls Winning ticket in my soul

Oh gravitate that love like an oil well Shake this earth put all those other rabbits On the run! Because honey I feel naughty I feel bad I feel like a spitfire on your launch-pad

Oh honey hit that red button... Let's make a sonic sound ten-thousand Feet off the ground... Oh honey gravitate me like an angel Above; every silver lining cloud.

Haiku

Rashers of bacon sun has made an omelet Autumnal breakfast

Hallelujah for a women's love

Once when I cried for freedom For freedoms ancient sleep I lay on my bed in my kingdom Feeling sad so sad and bleak.

Once when I laughed the world laughed too And so my one true love did you; Once when my heart was a ball and chain, Love—saved my soul from the pain.

Once when the sun was cold, And the moon was warm. "I listened to those thoughts..?" Echoing in my soul!

And sang: Hallelujah... Hey, hey, hallelujah... Hey, hey, hallelujah...

Once when all hope seemed a pitiless dream I sat by your side and prayed. And like Job I vented my anger at the earth For giving me eyes life staid. {In this shadows burning, shade! }

But you touched my soul With your angel-wingtips And alter bread your body, Across my swollen lips!

As the suns and moons were shed, Oh then I knew for sure, I wasn't dead. As angels wailed, and fled... I gave thanks to a women's bed.

Hallelujah... Hey, hey, hallelujah... Hey, hey, hallelujah...

For a women's love is a shapely thing! That'll make you sing... Hallelujah... Hey, hey, hallelujah...

Hang me a door with gables bright!

Hang me a door with gables bright! So joy can find its way by night... Through bootless tracks where great fords lie, In the distance of an externals eye.

Here a swathe of farm lights—burn Without oil, gas or peat-bog turf Here a lantern hangs omnipotent and gold. Bringing a shepherds flock back unto His fold Where one man's labouring, equals one lord's serf Where a prophet preached; till his own nocturne!

Hapless in choosing our beginnings...

What price this core of knowledge-eats?

—Out of canker or worm; which retreats?

He who rises to gaze at the moon in safety,

Or she who just stagnates never full or empty.

They're your brother and sister sibling, child— Their corruption is pure innocence exiled. You must learn their habits in amazement' They're your mother and father, barking grievant.

We're all hapless in choosing our beginnings ... We even drink to forget their inner outer ripples But to make amends we mature like golden apples Stored reeking of cinnamon, and shadows ebbing ...

Pungent alcohol tranquilizes our furthest reaching ... Until the rustling harvest wind sings calls us longing.

Happiest Is He Under A Lone Sunbeam

'What the soothsayer says. Love is effortless as a dream'. Say' what he wants, love's neither Childs play, nor as easy, as it seems...

It's not ever easy or effortless. Though we've all wished, it was... O' I've taken; love for granted: And, loves heart now seesaws.

Every, action, word, and thought, is Pivotal too our needs, and demands. Such demands are melancholic. Chores; no lover, understands.

'Whatever; the soothsayer says. Love is not an effortless dream'. That's why he enjoys the hermit's life Happiest is he under a lone sunbeam.

Harvey's: Lullaby...

Harvey, Harvey, drives a red, Ferrari... Around; St. Peters Square.

Eating an apple or a pear He really, really, doesn't care.

He'll drive it right around there—I swear...! Right around, that great; big, Egyptian-obelisk.

And park, just; there...!
"In the Centre of—St. Peters Square"

Free from: The thrall: The bondage, the serfdom of prayer...!

He'll sit—just to stare—at its red granite. And listen to his; own little pomp, fanfare...!

Like Pope Alexander VII. With his brothers and nephews, coheir.

Have We Lingered In Their Attic Floors?

On hearts of angels have we trod? Heavier sorrows than the weight of sod Have we lingered in their attic floors? To glimpse, hear, behind their doors.

The sound of vesper-bells upon their toes Have we glued our hearts decomposed? Sifted through shadows only He knows Yet still find ourselves, juxtapose.

Any learning a uniform wind setbacks... Such a bounty is in store pre-tax If we can exert a torques force of love Might we discover the wings of a dove?

Hazard Light

Heavenly tears are gathering,
Awash, from left to right:
Our rear view mirror is darkening,
The road ahead isn't black or isn't white.
God hasn't made it easy on us...
That is why we're driving senseless too his touch.
That is why we're blinded by a hazard light!
That is why an earthly devil must choke!

Swerving, O I'm wrestling with this death And Lord I can't seem to find the will to fight The road snakes into the dead end passage way... So I'm taking a swift right To the hand of the redeemer To the palm of my lover O lord the hemisphere of the world Will we hope to discover On this star lit endless road tonight together.

He cursed the church clock from the gallows...

Marriage unconsummated to the widow... Esquire Richard Rowland's swung from the gibbet In 1862 for the murder of his father-in-law Life in debit, forfeit, but was he the culprit.

People they puzzled "why he slept alone" hurrah! "We know the score" "why he slept at home" at his old parents. He killed Richard Williams; he's not innocent, blah! "For the farmer; beat to his death good riddance".

Said he, he must have had a fit, on the way home Never made it, I'm an innocent man! Oh, yes - maybe he did have some rare kind of syndrome As the goal officers gazed at the hangman.

It's said he cursed the church clock from the gallows ...It didn't work again not from them hallows.

He Kept His Identity

Didn't he? Didn't he...?

He kept his dignity, He didn't turn to us to look back As, I remember dressed in black.

He even kept his identity, As we all cried, half a world away... "Is it just out of habit - he'd say?"

Even now he looks - snazzy We can't quite believe he's gone! That he didn't cash his last coupon.

He might run a mile from you

If you give him too much pressure And he'll start running... And claim in his defence He isn't in love with you!

Youth is a candle that's newly lit And is shaky in its defence So let's not pretend! It blows hot and cold.

So if he says he loves you Except its true, he loves you Else you could lose everything... That's meaningful to you.

Oh let's not pretend...
When you're looking for sureties
It's a gamble falling at the first fence
If the pressures on you
To cross the finish line first.
He might run a mile from you.

Youth is a candle that's newly lit And is shaky in its defence So let's not pretend! It blows hot and cold.

He's Just A Bug On My Lapel

The cancer filled my lungs... Like a garden of twining weeds But I still had the beat of my wings And sang in chorus to the wheeze!

Yes, cancer took over my body, But he couldn't hold me still Cause a thunder burns roars And a lightning flashes, until...

Death leaves me thin and stricken. Skin and bone, but even then... There will be morrow, like wheat: To make my cornmeal—amen!

Oh cancer thinks he's made a friend And is pied piper leading me to hell But he's just a bug on my lapel My coat a little sub-cell I'll repel.

The cancer filled my lungs Like a hail storm, but I'm the lightning The thunder in his own wheeze... It's me who's the current in the breeze... Charged with bringing cancer too his knees.

Heavens torment

Oâ€□ Morn can open a Violet Like a book of hearts Chapters ultraviolet Coarse and converse In tales of beaux arts Oâ€□ sees my lady immerse Her delicate soul thereof In a woodland flower bent Over her dust jackets of love Oâ€□ sees the stars disperse Their dewy cobwebbed scent Oâ€□ sees her as my curse Heavens torment.

Her legs are like earrings...

Her legs are like earrings, I've never worn. There something to be dangled, Before the electrical storm, Like a fig-vine she snakes through my mind. Clad in jingling charms these veils fall... Shedding her skin of fear Shedding her gilt, she burns to the core. All scales removed; she wriggles, Curled like a frond, moist in every pore. The jugnle has abducted her senses... A great winding river enters her falls... Her kisses like big sticky date's tremble. As she slivers aside, dawns dewy-wet morn.

Her treasury is quite empty

Summer she's had her time, allot: A drubbing in the rain A tinkling in the chimney-pot Drumming; on the windowpane.

Summer she's all but faded and gone Signing; off with her billowy frocks, Like some little, angry, Eva Perón When; Juan was put into the stocks.

Summer she's In need of a very large dowry, For in this regal England Her treasury is quite empty.

His bread crumb love!

God is watching us... look around you You, might just catch... A sight of his love!

As you pitch those wings... And believe as a dove you can ascend the stars... Solo a flight above.

Might you even... His dimly lit attic room Be permitted of... His bread crumb love!

Holy Again As Divine Sapphire

What if spiritual alchemy really exists? Would we notice enough to affect a change? Should metamorphosis actually affect us? If greedily a higher wisdom subsists.

Should 'I' tolerate—His transforming fire? "Would thy counterpart duality, be a part of me? And should it consume 'I' like a quagmire". would 'I' appear holy again as divine sapphire?

Home is where we trust our eyes

Home is where we begin to heal Life is a strait jacket I wish I could just take off this vest Because home is the place A comely angel makes her homely, nest.

Home is where we trust our eyes
And shut the window
On our stray-cat outside thoughts
Home is the place we don't go prowling
For a saucer of congealed milk
Or another's rheumatic; touch of silk.

Home is a rainbow, can't you understand There's a poisoned inkwell in my head Running dry writing letters to a life outside These four walls I wish were dead. Home is an island on a weekend honeymoon... It's a gypsum palace somewhere in paradise.

Home is where we begin to heal And take off that life's strait jacket! Home is a rainbow you can't distrust Home is where we all must trust our eyes.

Honey you're so hot

Honey you're so hot You're a ring of red gold An amber ring on my finger Honey you're so hot You're a ring of red gold.

Honey you are a stage fright Monster on my mind When those wedding bells chime For all... for all time

Honey genesis will sort The mice from the men Because when I'm with you All I hear is amen Like an anthem

Honey what's all the fog and haze Will it not take us back? To those lost lonely days When we were racked with pain

Oh let us honey surmise Oh honey you're so hot You're a hot ring of gold When I'm in the cold Oh honey you're so hot You're a hot Amber ring on my finger When all else is not?

Oh honey, oh honey, why not?
Oh honey, why, why, why not?
Let us surmise
A ring of red hot gold
Put that stage fright
Monster behind me
Because honey you're the one
For me
Because honey you're so hot
You're a ring of gold
An amber ring on my finger
Honey you're so hot you're
A ring of red, red hot gold:

Hope

Hope is like an elastic band You, try and stretch— Across the Rio Grande But, just like an elastic band.

It's prone to break! And, jettisons you - aback... Like the wind against the sail... Bending you back... like a doornail.

Hope Gardens Every Whisper

Hope gardens every whisper Ever thought thoughtful flowers A brocade of desire Like dew-fall they are there to wander
The landscape of your dreams To filter down and replenish Every fallen leaf thereafter Every jasmine is a star-gazer White and pure in the now and hereafter Hope gardens eternal Just listen to the children's laughter Their sudden mist of tears may fall But search what happens after Their limbs move gentler than the rain When they in your arms are renewed With your love again Hope gardens every whisper To a rainbows end we all must surrender Pliant with; root in the earth, seeking heaven.

Hopes & tears

All hopes & tears
Will condensate
in the souls
and hearts of all you've loved
and blossom on & on...
into a new eternal plane
where the sun
is always cordially, shining
because you have such
A deep emotion
and passion truly felt
And understood,
worth its salt
in sharing...

How Could You Forget? Me?

I've given my life to every part of you. From this angle you're my life. From this angle you're the circle That fulfils my whole life.

I've given you my entire being, And now, you're a star floating off the ground. But baby, I'm still here, a little spaced-out. Waiting for your; safe return, safe and sound.

How could you forget?
What it was that I meant to you How could you forget?
Where your confidence sprang...
How could you forget?
What we meant to each other.

I was the fountain that cherished All your distilled looks...
I was the millpond that ground away...
All your fears and blew,
Away the chaff; of all your yesteryears.

I've given my life to every part of you. From this angle you're my life. From this angle you're the circle That fulfils my whole life.

But now there's a shadow of doubt Bad as those bathroom tiles that need A fresh re-grout: Now you're like a bar of soap, I just can't grip.

How could you forget?
What it was, that I meant to you.
How could you forget?
From; where your confidence sprang...
How could you forget?
What we meant to each other.
When; we did laver up together.
How could you forget?
What it was, that I meant to you.
How could you forget? Me...?

How many crushed cicada insects once were we?

If a stone sinks
From where was it raised?
If the salts in the sea
Came from you and me
How many grains of sand once were we?
How many bees...
Did it take to pollinate these giant redwood trees?
How many crushed cicada insects once were we?
How many weeds and undeveloped seeds were we?
So they've had their moments and graced the sun.
I guess those whose waves, had to roll-undone
Have been left to leave but few or none!
Did so to fire our; starting pistol gun.

Humble as a bird

I entered the garden Like a humble bird Looking for a song-A song to sing

And there amid the petals I heard an angels tread A bee on the mantle-Heaven fed

And there I saw the nodding cloud Dispensing in the ray A rainbow proud-As any marching day

So sang my heart this poem That entered in this joy A garden for tomorrow, A poem for today

Hummingbird

The hummingbird thumbs A flower of thought In its tongue Of Indian ink

It sips and spills A thousand souls Before it spills Its own,

And piercing the wind Like a mountain peak With the weaving Of a soul to keep;

This little bird brings us Sweet pressed blooms To incense us for hours In the glory of love

I am but a shadow

I am but a shadow without substance I cannot cling to flesh or the suns embers I am but the flame yet not extinguished I cannot dance amongst the moving waters I am a harlequin fish with many rainbows I cannot deny the liquid air I sit upon I am a fly maybe with 3 extra chromosomes I cannot deny either I have sisters or bothers I am a puddle of reflection evaporating I cannot deny I'm on a journey chasing tail I am a goat forever butting and rutting I cannot contain my breath or my thoughts I am as lightening striking a weather vane I cannot direct the weather or the stars I am a ready-made suit being pulled at the seams I cannot control the roll of larva or time I am a mountain eroding down stream I cannot prevent my dreams from ascent I am a river leaping over boulders—until I cannot prevent landslides resting on my shoulders

I am forever spun dizzyingly around...

The day opens its wings, a bird for you Diamonded in wet; morning dew The night sparkles like a dark rum for you Sequined; in cloudless, silver stars for you Oh how the world belongs to you: And how, I'm also—beholden to you.

You're force of nature awakens dreams in me You're like a magical rainbow a fountain Forced up from the frozen ground in me Your name is a heavenly noun I call my mine own I am forever spun dizzyingly around... You're a force of nature in a see -through-gown.

But I'm even more naked -than even this Filled with; an eternal lingering, bliss The day opens its wings, a bird for me As I awaken in your arms; there's no remiss... Because as I awaken; I remember this. The moment of our; very own first kiss.

I blew the dust of his black velvet wings...

He touched me firstly in the sunlight...
I touched him secondly on that moonlit night.
Thirdly; he then touched that red velvet velour.
It was then I'd lost count and we sang, amour...
amour...!

Like coupled moths we went passionately mad. It was then I blew the dust of his black velvet wings... O' then my heart and soul danced pattern-plaid. In the weft of his dark pale limbs fittings O' it was then I became his sun burning pleasure. The moonlight I shivered longing lost to become her. And then we rolled all day and night long—together.

I can hear a hairpin fall...

I can hear a hairpin fall...
In the waters where our love did flow
I hear the rivers running backwards,
In their ebb and flow—

I hear our hearts clouds rage And I see the lightning striking... The hollowed-out stump, Where all our; blood together kissed.

Where all our life has staid...

I hear their silence thumping's grow Like it was breathing deep Within a bud that'll never open I feel a sharp shoulder blades shove.

Oh you shove me back underground Like a crocus fearful of the frozen snow. And I feel in this glittering rain Of tears you feel some of the same pain.

Oh I hear the forget me not seed Crying from the ground Oh I feel the ghost that's only a veil away Blowing on the same embers, which still hold?

Our love as the sunshine did yesterday. Where all our life has staid... I remember the hairpins fall... In the waters where our love did flow In the waters where our love did flow In their ebb and flow—

I combed, Hemsby beach...

I combed the beach for comets Knowing only too well They exist where I'm walking, And at last I find my comet.

But 'O' look there's another And now another and another!

My pockets are by now heavy. Of picking comets, I weary. When, what is truly rare! Becomes abundant; common place.

I curse the day

I curse the day
As does a vulture - its living prey
I cursed that day, I met you
I rue the day, I drew breath,
And you kissed me.
Almost; resuscitating, me
Back from a living - death.

I curse the day
I meditated my heart hewn
Like a green bamboo cane
You press your lips to breathe.
I cursed the opal moon...

I curse the day
Those pea-green shadows leafed
Like living, blades, through my soul.
Naked you swim beneath my skin,
And redemption pardons me.
Restores me like a pearl therein.

But you my black swan
I curse the day
I fell in love with you: My doe eyed faun.
I curse the day
As does a vulture - its living prey
I curse that day, I met you.

I rue the day, I drew breath,
And I kissed you.
I curse the day
Those pea-green shadows leafed
Like living, blades, through my soul.
When empty black wings flew,
Despairingly, apart with nothing left to console.

I Dance In The Flames Of Your Love

I dance in the flames of your love A tongue of tenderness trembles me I yearn for your bones resting place For the joyful; tears on your face.

I will sing a seabird in your arms Sing a siren of the white buoying-waves Pirouetted buoyant, afloat my love. I am drowning on this plume - my dove.

I Don't Doubt İt's All Fixed

There is a cycle to all this our misery I for one! Don't doubt it's all fixed. We'll have 5yrs in thirty of prosperity... Feelings akin to a jewel thief Followed by 7yrs of deep recession... So at least ten out of every thirty, We'll have to be very thrifty.

We'll see some good growth, accumulation When maybe we're fifty?
But wherever you are on this hill of beans there'll be Another recession just starting...
Or another abysmal one even now just ending!
But you can bet the banker he is loaded ...Expanding his margins and your losses.

Yes, there is a cycle to all this our misery And I for one don't doubt it's all fixed. So let us all get thrifty and close our accounts... And demand cash for payment again.... And say amen to the bankers without loyalty And say amen to the banks royally. Amen!

I fed the stars into your mouth

It was I fed those stars into your mouth This is normality, isn't it? Every fibre rushes forth forks of lightning As rain spills over the gutters. I am aware - our destinies are interlinked That even now our shadows have merged As one! Even now I sense her gravity, Her grasping, will, independent, But still, dependent on us two—To hold her world in place This is normality, isn't it? A clinical photon burst of panic That sudden adjustment of fear And then exuberant, excitement, A flashbulb, over exposer to emotion This is how new stars-Are wrought; love, isn't it.

I Find Fault With Every Tailored Suit?

Must I enter doors before they're fully opened? Must I take these iron heavily rusted keys? Must I stand either side of these two menaces? Must I find fault with every tailored suit?

Must I pick every lock to my own prison cell? Must I turn back the clock to forgive myself? Must I replicate in order to procrastinate? Must it always be me and if not. Why, not.

I Glean To Touch An Angel's Feather

I have not settled, on...
A song I like.
And, dear that is why - I write!
I glean to touch an angel's feather
But all I do is roll like a bolder...
Strewn-down the mountain-side
Bruised the color of purple heather
By these empty, 'words', hell for leather.

I have a fire roaring in me

I have a fire chord in my heart It's not like a violin or a harp But it's just as heavenly, When the world is cold... And I'm all alone.

It's not like a harpsichord...
But it does...
At times sing for the lord.
Like a flaming tree in a winter
Swinging back; and forth to be free.

I have a fire roaring in me Even when the season says Nothing should grow or sing, I have a sap flowering tree With a nightingale: ready to court thee.

It's not like a guitar or a base drum But I do believe it beats Like an ear on the sea... Crashing waves remorselessly on... And on... on and on...

Like the moonlit wet clover
I'm growing and groaning
Under ever blade of grass
Beneath every barefoot rover
Just to be what you remember
But do not hear or see... that's me.

I have a mandate to see me through

I have a heart to share in I can't replicate But I can always stick like glue Because there's no other like you I can walk and flicker the likes of a candle without you But my flame will never expire As long as I have you I have a heart I can't postdate Because it just lives for the future with you Baby you know I can't live without you There's no kindling to catch me alight with you Because baby there's no other like you You are the rainbow to follow the storm You are the feldspar in my soul You are the light that shows me my way home I can walk a journey of a million miles To catch the sunset before you sleep or close your eyes As long as I have you I have a mandate to see me through Baby its true you know I can't live without you There's no other woman who could take a lion And tame his heart into a shrew Because baby there's no other like you Because baby there's no other like you You've been my soul mate since we left school... Now my hearts like a weightless papier-mâché balloon Knowing theirs nobody too fill that heavenly space but you.

I have no more tears save hers

I have no more tears save hers In the shadows of my heart I have swam as a black-swan But now I have survived her-Dead love, I must move on...

I Have No Words Of Magic

Let moths eat my verse
Let light disperse through the fabric
Let all words incline - onwards
And upwards translucent
As a breath upon a windowpane
Gazing inwards ever silent
To the mysteries we contain.

I have not love, enough...

I have not love, enough... To tempt birds from trees nor even less the angels on an ever static breeze...

I have not love, enough...
To love you, as you do, me
I have not love, enough...?
In my heart to set, you; fre...

I have not love, enough... My dear one, for even me... for even me... Alone, you see...

I Hear Every Bird Song In A Hymn To You

Your voiceless whispers speak to my soul
I hear every bolder rolled over in your dynamic plateau.
I hear every horse whisperer - like I were a foal.
I hear every word echoed by you, you know
I hear every lion's roar purr in you, you know
I hear every harps chord of your Gaelic heart
I hear every floorboards creek in your chateau.
And I'll sail every becalmed ocean uncharted just to learn all about you, you know.
Your voiceless whispers speak to my inner desires
I hear every mountain spring bubbling into life
I hear every turmoil-aggressors call for ceasefires.
I hear my every heartbeat wanting to be your wife.
I hear every bird song, in a hymn to you, you know
You're the answer to all my prayers just you, you know.

I knocked on an earth-red door

I knocked on an earth-red door And death let me in; He spoke warm and soft About the log fire within.

And though I warmed to his charm His company was dim; So I shut the door and left, Drinking Vodka and Gin.

Singing limerick odes for death About duties of sin; Walking erstwhile forever? 'Til his feet made no din.

I miss your flesh

Like a ghost, ooh...
I miss your flesh
Oh, I'm haunted...
Once I felt, invincible
But, now I'm incredibly, shaky.

Like a ghost, ooh...
I am missing your flesh...
And all the secrets
They possess...
But, now I'm feeling incredibly, lucky.

To say, I loved you once!
Bang, bang, bang right through my heart
Remembering how you broke my heart.
Miss placed forgiveness...
Questions, every moment...
When, did it all start?

Like a ghost, ooh...
I miss your flesh
Oh, I'm haunted...
Like a ghost, ooh...
I want to feel you're bones
Press...

Oh, I'm haunted...
Once I felt, invincible
But, now I'm incredibly, shaky.
Unable to eat: no longer able to digest.
All the love you ever left me...

I Need A Bucket Of Water

My hearts on fire
I need a bucket of water
Just to cool my head
Joy is a Furness...
Can you hear the hiss?
I read the orioles
They tell me I'm going...
Straight to hell
But I'm as happy
As I've ever been
Joy is a thunder
Underground...

I confess to a priest
The crops are failing...
And I've got nothing,
More to give...
The silo is empty, lord
But I'm not repentant
My legs are shaking
And I'm walking on the moon
And the neighboursNext-door seem upset
There's another rodeo
Twister in town...

My hearts on fire
I need a bucket of water
Just to cool my head
Joy is a Furness...
Can you hear the hiss?
Love is a rattle snake
She wants me to beat
The chaff till I just fall down.
I confess I'll be happy.
As baptized priest
When I go to hell...
Gasp the nettle
Catch flames when the thunder
Reigns down...

Oh lord I'm as happy As I've ever been... Joy is a thunder Underground... Where the sweet Spring, springs froth And floods the room... Up, up from the ground.

I omit, you are my North Star my beacon

Is it a fallacy to say I love you?
Just because you; dearly, wanted, me to do.
I'm as conflicted as a sailboat:
Without any wind or tide, I'm a moat
Becalmed; awaiting the taciturn
Of your brushes approach the next nocturne...

"My eyes cast over thy horizon...
I omit; you are my North Star" my beacon.
"My very reason for existence is too,
Circumvent your heart and soul" and purview
You with a harpoon love of my very own.
...I'll provide you more - than a rhinestone.

I Remember My Own Insanities...

Oh, what presence attends our emptiness ... this...? I've dived down drowning with these daylight thieves Falling deeper and deeper in their stone dead sleep, in this... Angel enclave: We dug all for our lost fairy souls. Like ghost listening to anchored ship wind chimes.

Oh the lightening bugs laugh with our love above the mountain heather As we run with our jam jars downstream forever.

Oh, I feel like a fly in the corner of some thoughtful lost feeling
The feeling of lungs fragility, the fragility of flying sails, or not...

Oh, I remember days and the years in bedsits, just sleeping, hoping each day never—began.
Oh, I feel hunger and loneliness and anger; always tugging within me.
And neighbors that I wished, would vacate, go astray like a dog chasing a bitch.
Oh, I'd wish them all hit by a car and left in a graveyard ditch
With beating wings that just twitched forth and back.

Oh, I remember cold November days, till the dawn uncoiled lifted up its anchor Like a unicorns horn in mid mild March through the red neon light and neon-blue air. Shivering like a bird like a skylark flying in frantic circles still as a sphinx Oh, and the hoofs of the rash that do all their curtsies in the shadows in candy waves.

Oh, I remember rotten friendships that started out so promising I remember the anointed yellow amber grease left there...?
By the flies trapped beating wings, closing spread on the window pane.
Oh, I remember the moon-milk-white mosses growing on the kitchen walls.
Oh, and my pale bones each day barely echoed, put food in me.

Heart I don't want anyone; I don't belong in this ageless atrium. In this angel's enclave, living on cornbread and sleep again...
Oh, I remember my own insanities, feeling saintly, sinking, vainly Full of lady bird's winter shelved grief. I've dived down drowning With ever breaths intake crushed like a cockroach.
Oh, I've dived down drowning with these daylight thieves...
And crawled on my knees and it was all anchored in wind chimes Hanging on a wave; hanging on a note of the fortuneteller's harp.

In that harbor of honey wine and bread in that angel enclave we dug For our entire lost fairy wisps our ships bell drowning soul's laughter.

Oh, I remember cold November days, till the dawn uncoiled lifted up its anchor Like a unicorns horn in mid mild March through the red neon light and neon-blue air. Shivering like a bird like a skylark flying in frantic circles still as a sphinx Oh, and the hoofs of the rash that do all their curtsies in the shadows in candy waves.

Till we danced and the angels united and we kissed by the fires that hissed in ruin.

I'd like to be known as sassy Miss Sally

I want to soak up the sun and grow I want to melt away Happily like the snow, when I go... Without a tear I'd like to fly away... When, it's my time to go.

I'd like to be known as sassy Miss Sally Who came a drifting down the gold coast? I'd like to be known as old Matt Rodgers Who played some mean heavenly blues? And has a smile like a sunray on his cheeks.

I want to soak up the sun and grow I want to fade against the grain And show, I could take on any amount of pain. And still grow, Happily like the snow, when I go... Without a tear, without a tear Without a tear I'd like to fly away... When, it's my time to go.

I want to melt away Happily like the snow, when I go... Without a tear I'd like to fly away... When it's my time go. I want to soak up the sun and grow.

I'd like to go
With a lipstick collar and a Stetson hat on
I'd like to go
With my clothes on
I'd like to go
Without any sad news
I'd like to go
With a new pair of shoes on
So I can kick up trouble
If I find tears; welling up, in your eyes
If I find tears; welling up, in your eyes
If I find tears; welling up, in your eyes...

just think of me as sassy Miss Sally
As old Matt Rodgers
Who played some mean heavenly blues?
And has a smile like a sunray on his cheeks today?
On the gold coast with sassy Miss Sally
On the gold coast with sassy Miss Sally
On the gold coast with sassy Miss Sally.

I'll ne'er put a foot in France

I've watched eternal night Dress shadows with starlight Every footstep taking place I've followed at a snail's-pace.

Something, I couldn't equate. Dragging, my earthly, weight! As you; glided along, chaise. I couldn't follow... foul of grace?

I'm neither a chivalrous knight My lady of the intrepid light... I'm just a Paige of the lance! "I'll ne'er put a foot in France Or find my own romance".

I'm Dreaming Of An Indian Summer

It was a very dry spring And previously a very wet summer Now, what will it deliver? After a record breaking, warm winter.

"Yes, I'm talking about the weather".

I'm dreaming of an Indian summer Its three yrs.' since I lit a barbeque fire And the coals I bought ... Will surely, watch me expire!

I'm Only Half Way To The Moon

Why does a tree or a plant Have more DNA than me Am, I any less evolved? Than a plant or a tree!

So we're all coded. By 4 letters A, C, T and G But, where am 'I' on... The amino acid chain, me!

What part of the codon wheel? Do I belong, too...? So proteins are building blocks. Bricks in the wall, a menu!

So, on their ladder I've got-6,000,000,000 'rungs' of DNA That if stretched like snot Would, reach half way to the moon.

But still 'I' isn't as evolved As a plant or a tree We humans all 99% alike So laugh your related to me.

I'm sure I'm not a singer

I'm a carpenter in my mind I'm a poet and a painter But I'm sure I'm not a singer Like you! I'm sure I'm a builder living in a shoe And I'm sure I believe I'm in love with you We'll have 2.3 children Or as many as we can fit in a shoe Cause I'm carpenter I can mend and make do I'm a poet and a painter So I can paint a happy scene And romance the heart of a stone Until it's plunged into the sea But I'm sure I'm not a singer Like you! I'm sure I'm a force of nature And you're a flower Like a lion at rest With a roar to open my breast Oh I'm a carpenter in my mind And I want to build you a home We'll have our penthouse on the moon When we're older because I'm dreamer And I can see in the dark As long as I hold you close to my heart But I'm sure I'm not a singer Like you! So although I'm a poet I depend On you: for my song Cause I'm carpenter Ill depend on you to pull my splinters And heal my redwood heart.

Ice sculptures

I could carve you up like an ice sculpture. Dissolve even the merest combatant shard And disembowel all your surplus fears... Momentarily, I could have embraced you Before any melt-waters again; receded.

Or loosened there anti-freeze frigidity. "Even if for just a short while; these two, Continental plates could meet: Plateau—in their lustful differences. And cross... these hot fords together".

I'd like to make you...
One of my newest ice sculptures.
"And freezing, freeze once again.
Join—polar-south to polar-north".

If beauty could let her love to me

If beauty could let' her love to me' Like the white buds on a magnolia tree What a nature in my soul there would be What a freedom in my breast for thee Could I in truth set wing flung free...

If love were just an olive branch What bodice of joy would there be No chaste hearts lost romance No heaven for a wondering, bee Not for the likes my love for thee.

If beauty were plentiful in every cup If every face wore a stars makeup How miserable it all would seem; How much like an empty dream... Clouds in there thunder would, ream!

If I could be as good as you

If I could be as good as you I'd be called St. Francis And live in a gutter too I'd give all my charity,

To the city zoo And, fall in love with you! But I'm not as good Or given to free-living as you!

So what am I supposed to do ...?

When I'm a homing bird Who needs a roost? To protect my grain Against; the rain...

So what am I supposed to do ...?

Cause I'm still, in love with you But you're like a stone in my shoe Because you're too Good to be alone.

Oh if I could be as good as you I'd live like a Cheyenne Indian And go save animal souls with you I'd be called Swan And sing a swansong with you

But I'm not as good Or given to free-living as you!

So what am I supposed to do...?

But go back and live in that city zoo Without you Cause I'm not as good As you!

If I could swim in the flight path of angels

If I could swim in the flight path of angels Like those geese flying, through the fog. Would I follow just so as not to be alone! If I could swim in the flight path of angels Would I still, love you?

If I could breathe, without breathing, Would I swim the Pacific Ocean to you? And with starfish bodies, would we Make tentacle love On a barrier reef!

If I could swim in the flight path of angels Would enough be ever enough? Without your love! Without your love! Without your love! If I could breathe, without you Would I ever find starfish in love? Like the two of us...

If I or you wrote in the snow

If I or you wrote in the snow What would we say? –Thank you Thank you for our stay of execution. Maybe I'd be thankful to be warm Thankful you and I are loved.

Maybe I'd be thankful for a smile Children sitting on that red bobsleigh. If you or I wrote in the snow How long would its embers glow For these hearts of a significant other.

I'm not talking sister or brother
But that one free hand linking another
Two hands clasping tightly together
Makes a love locket what binds
And when we've written in the snow ...
Isn't it 2 widths the size of mankind's?

Uncertainty is the mother of love Melting before us is Gods own river. Love can't be pressure forced together By hands conscripted to do battle! Carrying snow is easy but what does it yield If not melted and carefully cupped together.

If I Sang To The Moon Would Not All The Stars Rejoice?

If I a shadow, hadn't stumbled over you And made that gentle bow, like a blade of grass... Would you not of shimmered like the morning dew? For me; always and forever...

If the ocean makes the sand Who made the moon-grains pearl? Who made the mountain that stands? Like a bottomless, hourglass Reflecting-up - up but still below you...

If a reeling cloud dressed Venus, ethereal as a snow drift. Would I just not undress to tremble, invisible, next to you? Just to listen to my angels melting, tiptoes... Disappearing; with her jingles go.

If I sang to the moon, would not all the stars rejoice? If a shadow, hadn't stumbled over you And took a bow like a blade of grass... Would you not of beheld me Quaking in my splintering, boots of glass.

If I was a scarlet; sky, enfolding all your love. Would you not turn the potter's wheel anti clockwise? Too make it slow... into an eternal clay catalyst.

If I sing to the moon, would not all the stars rejoice? If the solar system and the wheels are kind, And I say it with flowers Would you not hear a brass band a symphony? From; some long forgot starlit paradise.

If love was a pocket-watch

If love was a pocket-watch I'd never wind the dial Because time is a fickle friend That only last awhile

If love was a biplane
I'd stand upon the wings
And plead with heavens gravity
Grant levity to us lemmings...

If love was a submergible-sub I'd never go to sea Without a rubber-dinghy For you or for me!

If only the stump is left

If only the stump is left.
Its remains will be of a reminder!
"To all it gave some point of shelter".
A dark—foreboding, fact, points...

"To some arrow of light, that raised it out of this; forest of forgetfulness'...
"where it shone a green crown emerald with its steeples darkening—mossed.

"Stark as any granite gravestone...
at anyone given, point of time! "
it's a blatant reminder, that shows—
we too haven't many more of those...

discarded, yesterday's remaining, root gnarled; now there's a void...? a pinnacles dark foreboding, fact—
"Emptiness has sunk lifting some latch".
"Now there's an empty doorway... to fill".

If You But Want Me Too

If you but want me too I will shelter you... If you but desire me too I shall lie alongside you... You can stir beside me! And I shall be aroused beside you! If it's but within your soul If it's but too within my heart I'll stumble on your love in the dark I'll unearth its ebony residence And together we'll turn that key And open the loneliest parts of you In the most isolated parts of mé. And together in our hearts We'll reside like the sun and rain Like fire and ice Like oil and water But in a complementary role Like night and day Like Adam and Eve You will be the truest measurement The truest part of me as only Opposites can be.

If You But Wish

If you but wish to turn the keyhole I'll give to you a Skelton key "I give to you my soul' My hearts love' abiding beauty.

If you but freefall in to my arms With faith take this parachute! 'I give to you lucky charms' You can unwrap in a snowsuit.

If you but truly desire me Would walk to the ends of earth "I give to you my love gladly' Daily, your hearts joys rebirth.

If you but prescribed to my love I'll then live with you forever 'I give to you wings of a dove' Together we'll fly over the heather.

If you but dream my thoughts
I'll dream that yours be happy
'I'll join up all missing dots'
Simply put you could be my lady.

I'll give you a heads up

I'll give you a heads up each time my begging bowl is full... my heart is as empty as hell cause I'm so drugged up my heads in a well of self loathing... and I'll cleave you in two just to see your soppy bagel heart bleed with despair for me cause you think it'll save your -your very own shallow soul So I'll give you a heads up don't fill up my begging bowl cup if you suspect it's for smack or more liqueur than I can drink it'll just annoy my methadone quack and those brothers that hide their knifes cause I'll give you a heads up this self loathing isn't as glam as it looks, when your falling. apart at your pin cushion seams... each time my begging bowl is full... my heart is as empty as hell and there ain't any Hells Kitchen I haven't fit right into... so I'll give you a heads up don't take pity on me

cause my heart is as empty as hell each time my begging bowl is full... Mark Heathcote

I'll love you all this world and back....

I'll love you all this world and back.... Till this feeling never goes away... till all these stars in the heavens have collided into star-dust within your fiery loving eyes. Oh, you can hook a hole inside my heart: I will never fight, I will never part—you I will never kiss and tell, or abuse—you you can sequin every tear I've spilled to your precious soul: Cause I'll just evaporate into nowhere... Into a vacuum of space, without you I'll love you all this world and back... I promise—you!
I promise—you!
Till this feeling never goes away... I'll go on, loving, loving you! A year from today... Ten years from today... Till eternity is here to stay... forever and a day, with you!

I'm drowning in harebells...

Bright as water in bitter wells Where a smile draws the dust Oh I'm drowning in harebells... Chewing on what's solaced.

Oh like a pocket penknife She cuts me when I treat her kind. But she doesn't know me? She just slipstreams into my mysterious life.

Into my mysterious mind Saying; were just two of a kind To be cremated together under the sun But honestly she doesn't know me, none.

But when head lights intercept us...
As another fortified acceptance falls
I see her like a bridge with backward waters
Draining an ocean; with no-pitfalls.

Bright as water in bitter wells Where a smile draws the dust Oh I'm drowning in harebells Chewing on what's solaced.

Daughter of the lilies where the dragonfly Dwells to the north in my blood And the golden bees dusting in their lunch Girl you've got such charms knee deep in mud.

Oh purple pools and shadow I'm caught up with you Could be dancing on a cloudless moon But I'm just falling down a well with you.

In his eyes

He lights me up When immanently I'm in his eyes.

He wakes me up Almost always eminently To sunnier; golden, skies.

He wakes me up In his love; in the gentle Wings of a turtle dove.

He warms me and then, but Never the less burns in me Surly even before, he sojourns, in me.

Oh yeah! There is really nothing to disguise Not even for the disenchanted to chastise.

When you find; That in his love, for you! Is a heart ache; never more true.

Never more a truer sign neon blue! Than in those stigmata palms Held out too you. There is a world unremitting...

In life's last lurch

On this piercing night Striations of light Through squinting eyes Shone liquid bright...

In a drunken abyss
With a heart transfix...
A hunched-up figure
Modus Vivendi...
Still thinks he's quite trendy
Whilst taking a piss...

Wooden movements shake Forces in a weakened alliance Unwillingly, break! Fallen is he in defiance.

A tragedy a trivial devil A trembling snow angel He has fallen, besmirch Blood collating, dishevel -led in life's last lurch.

In love I'll run too you

When an angel sings A devil will cry I'm lonely Without you, without you

You're the crucifix
The nail in hand
That set me free
The blind mans cane
That helps me to see
The love in me, the love in me, the love in me
Oh I want to touch your heart and soul
To feel a love divine
In my mind, in my mind, in my mind

(Chorus) In love I'll run too you In love I'll be with you In love, in love, in love...

And he said when you've kissed The moon, the sun and stars And yearned a thousand...
More times to be in my arms I'll run, I'll run too you...

And she said; Oh sweet serenity Love and chemistry Oh sweet serenity isn't it heavenly Loving you, loving you, loving you...

In Loves Gainsay

She; love 'shower me in kisses Rinse my soul of lustful wishes' Blossom but once within my heart A flower seed; your loves impart.

He; dare say 'I, in loves gainsay, We'll gamete too marry one portentous day' The best mans orotund tones he will interplay With what little left our love has still too say

In Order To Sustain

On the edge of darkness A desert flower is scolded burnt. And a palm leaf is torn apart, By a living, breeding, blue macaw's claw.

It is their crucifix ... This thuggish, world: That delights in their— Immoveable, situation!

They even build defences to survive. And shield; themselves— In order to sustain, Their agonies ... crucifixion ...

But deep down their roots offer endless hope.

In prayer did I hear a hum..?

In prayer did I hear a hum? Loud as any drum With what measured breath; did it weigh? The probity of this another day The incline of this my decay...

Faiths emphatic leap...
The deity's of men. The holiness of the snake Love in its mortal coils heap.
Motionlessly, kneeling, frequently asleep...
Only momentarily, awake!

Like a cricket at the gate Ready to jump blindly into fate! In prayer did I hear a hum? Loud as any drum!

In The Froth Of Life

It's here a dandelion clock
Is nodding in the froth of life,
It's here...
A meadow overwhelms us:

And all our early seven-senses It's here a yellow rose is growing Its first buds amongst a iron fist.

It's here our ankles weigh heavy, Trembling like two ship anchors, Docked in a harbor; Leaving, two ports of call with a siren kiss.

In The Quietude Of A Bluebells Mound

In and out the dappled dew wet ferns
My grey ghostly spirit glides
In and out these mottled skies
Beneath those blue bristle furs
Where a fox cub has lain aground...
Here shall my heart be found...
Here shall my spirits soul, resound...
Here in the quietude of a bluebells, mound.

In the radiance of I?

When you gaze at your own reflection in a pool of water That I that you thought was you has continually moved For you are as a cloud seated to envelope a mountain With just a changing of thought you are as if a rainbow On a path of the enlightenment your true river is an arc A waterfall reaching inward minerals in a universe of I's You are an earth mother a widow a sister a daughter You are also another's wife another's new born child You are a thousand unsung, unheard I's awaiting one Final burst of flourishing stillness in the radiance of I?

In these cormorant hours

I've never begun to understand,
The sea changing patterns beholden,
With holding onto a woman's hand,
No matter how many times
Unwilled she can be emboldened.

The ever changing wind still chimes With me!
The ever changing green sea grimes Deep in the deepest blue coral waves Of the world,
In the darkest barroom grave With me!
Just to be hurled,
Unbroken like a bird like a wave Sucked out on a storm just to be free!

In these cormorant hours spent swift
On the wind like a sparrow hawk
With the thoughts of these old lovers up lift
On these wings I still feel strong, but hark
I still feel in my heart
The emptiness of the dark
As a marginal, migrant, migrating
Longing to go back into the virginal bay
I left battered and bereft
A long, long, long time away!

Looking further from my lovers reach
Back along the stony cliffs
Unto the foaming beach
In a whirlpool of memory I'm split into fifths
Like the lemming jumping off the cliffs
I high tale because I can't be beholden
To an emboldened smile
No matter whomever you think you are!
This time! or any time my cormorant star!
16

In Those Giddy Heights Of Lust

Palpable are the butterflies Compelling us to embrace a kiss... In those giddy heights of lust. They obliterate each amiss...

Like cupids sachet, arrows We are windswept...
Hasten to traverse & Fall—head over heels ...
& not be, sidestepped.
Like—dishearten heroes.

We brush against peeling ivory & Imagine her in her vintage clothes In all her undressed naked form Like a mellifluous music! In all but her moonlit ambiance We imagine a compendium of ideas In a heavenly chapter bookmarked.

In-between life and death

In-between life and death Let's not resign another breath Plentiful with a full-pail gainful

Reach up into ends rainbow Catch that butterfly's coattail..? Never just be left in "shadow".

Infinity

Love is a union with the universe Words are bees, blest the hive That sleeps at the entrance Where; a black sun, consumes sleeps.

Guide your troubles like a sandstorm And settle into infinity... What seems only momentary? Will of cause be forever eternal?

Love is a union with all that there is Water, stone, air, fire or infinity, Victory is a second lotus—flowering, No matter whom you are!

Injustice

you paint injustice like a Crayola sunset but my love isn't child's play

Is It The Station Of' The Lost and Lonely Soul ...?

Where is the peace...?
In the whirring's of my mind,
Cartwheel after cartwheel
Even in these depths of rem sleep,
There is no slumber.
...Dreams come thick and fast:
As the snoring, begins its thunder...

Why, even now the world whistles
In the silence of this nightmare my lord
And even now, sleeping, hot-pulses
Race like a train, with a dead river
On board rolling through, empty-carriages.
O' now babies are being born ...wailing
In my arms, awaiting, their mother.

'Lord what's this crazy station, called'? Here where plastic surgeons... Is working-out of a dusty bivouac? Doing, jigsaw body-part transplants. With all these sights and sounds, Now grinning, Lord, what are all these Experimental insanities, for...?

O' am I just a mangy-dog running loose off the leash? Where days blink-out of a bird-cage
O' here I see an albatross following me overhead.
O' lord, I call him my own Damien angel
But, lord he just walks-on the millet's of my life
Crushes it without morals, he's just a playful widow.
Making all kinds; of mischief with the living and dead.

'And, I'm just a red-flag, ready to fall...
Lord what's this crazy station, called'?
Am I just a mangy-dog running loose off your leash?
Listening to the silence; whistling endlessly mad.
Experimental insanities, whistling's endlessly mad like a thief.
In my head 'Lord what's this crazy station, called'?
Is it the station of' The Lost and Lonely Soul...?

Is This Life's Last Bus Stop

Peevish peeing on a 101 bus... Down the stairwell in no rush Where are you going - now alone? Southern cemetery to excavate— The marrow of a pelvic bone

A life out of—some oily shadow Why, do you look so curt? You're hunched-up shoulders They're so laden passenger with hurt? 'Have you spent a lifetime? Digging in the dirt'...

Where sir are you, now, going? Looking so sorry, here, now to leave us... Ok, time is a gauntlet of fear As death comes ever nearer near O elderly, shabby, gentleman Then, is this your life's last bus lane. Is this your life's last bus stop?

It goes without being - said?

It goes without being - said. "You're better off dead." Like a ladybird bug, In the pre-painted Window, crack snug.

It goes without being - said. "You're better off dead."
There's nought worth, living for...
Why, bother your head.
With, worries outpour...

"Look" it goes without being - said.
"You're better off dead."
Ask; your old dad, if he can be
Bothered to get out of bed...
He learnt it a long time-ago...

"You're better off dead."
"Son", don't you see!
I don't want...?
...Grandchildren sitting on my knee...
They're better off dead "son" don't you, agree.

It Is Past Understanding The Heat Of The Fire

Sometimes arrogance combines with belief And together they make miracles. It is past understanding the heat of the fire They stoke with their very own desire.

We can only envy their unfaltering bravery ... What fools we are who also don't climb higher. Sometimes we ask how I all so can acquire—The heat of a transient fire, only, safely...

Sometimes we ask how I shall too acquire— His arrogance and combine it, unfaltering belief. But what is pumice or flesh alone, perspires. Sometimes arrogance isn't always, sub-chief!

Sometimes near defeat, abject with worry We except; defeat in too much of a hurry. Where others singularly, succeeded to attain ... Without much trepidation, win their campaign.

It was in self-defense, I'm quite sure

In his defense it was said, she would curiously Spy from the bay windows, like A latter-day Misses Marple Everyone was a suspect, every parcel Became a crime of illicit passion... This then would be attached to fit a plot A plot to a perfect crime, day after day She'd elaborate on her latest new theory. Protagonist to all that went on... With these ever increasing, conspiracies Webbed out from door to neighboring door Shed' relayed her latest new theories... Till he her husband, couldn't take no-more! So he killed her, My Honor, the Jury... With a Draylon curtain tieback; It was in self-defense, I'm quite sure.

It's Easier To Fall In Love

Lovers are always forward in what they say But when love is old it gets harder to say I love you; please won't you stay...

Dreams hover off the ground, when all is new. But when dreams are old, it's hard to be true When; new possibilities come to rue.

It's hard to ask for another chance Because it's easier to give up and dance It's easier to fall in love and find new romance.

It's All Love Coos... A Turtle Dove!

He who vents anger towards god And says he doesn't exist...? Couldn't be more of a believer Than he who goes church on Sunday To validate a new growing faith By praying like a shipmate a wreck In a turning turbulent ocean Looking for shelter, mouthing... In the water whist he's drowning In the throes of his savior: There's no difference betwixt These two' it's all love. It's all love, Coos... a turtle dove!

Japanese Water Chimes

I notice a dip in his eyes Like some Japanese water chime His eyes were prying like mine 'O what parables we share'.

Gazing at her sweptback; strait hair. Then her parting ample breasts, Then a quick dip gawk at her lean long legs. "He just looked on without a care".

He showed no alarm...
When his lover linked his arm...
Like some Japanese water chime
His eyes were like mine
'O what parables of indulgence we share'.

Jewels In Our Souls

Planetary, grey white stars
We keep them in our hearts.
Where we never returning go...
Unlike snowdrops returning snow...
These stars we already know...
Are—our friends of near and long ago?
Their tears are too outspoken,
Their faces like clouds unbroken.
These are the jewels in our souls
These are the stars everybody patrols'.
Yes, ah' these are the stars'
Everybody holds within their hearts
Within their planetary, grey white souls.

Join me listen to the sitar players theorise...

Join me on your knees on your belly please... With Gold in her teeth and hunger in her eyes The devil whispers in the reeds come join me Join me listen to the sitar players theorise... The movement's serpentine in willowy skies'.

See the honey locust sunset ascending roots See how your thighs make shadows ripple See how the boy's eyes twinkles oval tributes See how his thoughts remain ever wistful Join him in shade like a moth ever vernal.

Let him provide "light" poked out of darkness. Let him watch your wings burn star bright Let him hear the moon sing her loneliness... Let the devil be fulfilled quiver like a red termite! In the baron emptiness a harlot strikes at night.

Joy jumps heart to heart

Joy jumps heart to heart From heart to heart like a grasshopper. But all I need do is but hover over zenith green-tips of dew.

All I need do' is but dance above His skies grey purlieu to feel His rainbows lance and not feel blue.

All I need do' is but touch wings with His mirror-ball awnings His unworldly, light!
'Then learn heaven is truly Bright.

All I need learn is to be still...
Like a grasshopper
He can but net at will...
Clasp in His palms prayer...
Our sinful souls free of sin forever.

Joyous moonlight I'm no broken sunlight

Joyous moonlight I'm no broken sunlight I'm no burden to thee I'll happily shine when love is bright And there's only blood on your shoes I'll run through the grass and swathe a path

When my heart is hurt, and misused Oh after Election Day, who'll lead me? Contradictorily to grace When all my fear is gone And I keep praying to a disease That begs treat me fairly please...

Oh, jealous lover you can be my brother My father my sister and father As long as I can taste your bubble-gum kisses That takes me far away...

Oh, Joyous moonlight I'm no broken sunlight I'm just a deep breath in your chest Waiting for your release from the turquoise rose Inside of me in the night You see... Frankincense and myrrh... Rises up to meet; your smile.

I'm a daughter of hell but heaven Is all I want; singing Silent Night? With you in a dream Oh I'm a maiden of mist moving ever so slow But I'm sure love you'll never let go... Or drift from my shore!

Oh, I'll run through the grass and swathe a path Where the beast will graze Till I'll wake-up a branch apart Of your family, tree...

On Election Day, you'll lead me?
To the sanctuary of your song
Just another lyrist that doesn't belong...
To this populist; cold day alone...

kingdom of the wind

Why does a humming bee Secret the words That we decline to trust Why does he understand The fledgling world; That we commend to dust.

Is there not a flower
In the desert sand;
That hasn't heard the hum
Is there not a bee on earth?
Whose kingdom of the wind,
Hasn't arisen from the sun:

Lamenting ladies

A lady laments a voyage of pleasure And cornucopia, English, weather.

A lady laments a man's time for leisure But never the daffodil fields of treasure.

A lady laments her chicken-wire home; Believing the cockerels out on the roam.

A lady laments good-sparkling youth But only half-hearted in truth.

A lady laments the political tool But never the boy's public-school.

A lady laments the critic's eye; Scorning only to whisper and spy.

But-above-all: what a genteel lady laments Is that once lost innocence.

Language is the kingdom

Language is the kingdom of the soul. Its compass is the making of the whole Weather by madness Science or art! Its lineage contains the heart. And when its needle points out death language becomes our immortal breath... On ancient winds now holy light! It lifts the silence off the night.

Laura of the setting sun valleys

I've put the sun down
I haven't go time to brows...
Or chew the cud.
I'm just here to milk the cows...
And work for you my baby,
Till my hands are blistered and red or I'm dead.
Oh my sweet Laura of the setting sun valleys.

Oh I've put the sun down
And I haven't got time to brows
The harvested golden corn—
Decaying in its skin?
Oh I haven't got time I've to many worries...
And never enough time anyhow... oh for...
Oh my sweet Laura of the setting sun valleys.

Oh I've put the sun down
And I haven't got the strength...
Always, too watch the moonrise.
But I could always...
Use a little more, loving...
A little more lullabying in the straw ooh, ooh, ooh Oh my sweet Laura of the setting sun valleys.

Lay still my beating heart!

Beneath the white-wet dew-lit foxgloves, The lichens and apricot boughs Beneath the dusky gray church-cock tower And the ambient wet westward clouds, Lay still my beating heart!

As silence wrestles with silence taut
As topaz ladybird march unduly
Through the myriad ichors of lustrous web
Through a needle of time unraveling,
Lay still my beating heart!

Lay waste to my own dark wastelands

I have no rest on sea or mainland... Although I've ask for, His helping hand As yet I've no rest in His right-hand Not a plaintive second less fanned.

But with faith, and an out stretched hand Foundations have I raised upland So I'll affirm; I'll pray they'll withstand. Those deepest pitfalls into quicksand:

Here the house ill reputed soul bandstands. On this a freehold - with a freehand! But mortals like I need His commands! As the years day's hour's minutes disband...

As the framer takes to his farmlands
I'll lift my cobalt pen wet from the inkstand
And take to these white fields these grasslands
And lay waste to my own dark wastelands.

Let her be as Eve was to Adam

Fire a burning arrow cupid One that has struck its victim The way a bleeding arrow should Find me a lover never tiresome.

Cupid - that's never humdrum
She mustn't burn like brushwood.
Too soon into cinder expatiating
Thunder and lightning ooh now solemn.

Find me a dark mystic woman cupid Who slinks all day and purrs The night away like a gentle lamb, That errs to stay but not to slaughter.

Cupid – let me incur her hearts pain That caldron of curdled passion And that elixir of eternal fire That never turns ashen.

Fire a burning arrow cupid
One that has struck its victim
The way a bleeding arrow should
Let her be as Eve was to Adam...
A poems seed always ready to succumb.

Let me feel the rapture of ecstasy

Let me feel the rapture of ecstasy
Yes, ecstasy, oh sweet, ecstasy
Singing in the night...
Singing in the light...
Mystical, adventure
Mystical, Mountain
Mystical, thunder
Mystical, nature
Oh, toss in the winter
Reign in the spring...
And pass out the summer
Autumn wears a golden ring
But, oh I've got a higher delight
When love is in its twilight...
Your world is only a cruel kind of starlight
Mine is simply an ecstasy out of sight.

Let this pilgrim's sin, inaugurate

Unnerve! Mine-eye
That I might, see!
That hand that stirs...
Upon an unequivocal sky and sea;
Lead me through that lowly pastoral gate.
Let this nomad's world abate.
His pagan heart that still incurs
A nonetheless same fate;
He who's nightfall is far from dark
He that a brims the stars black golden art
In his ordnance of grace
Show thy non illusory, immaculate,
Stonemasonairy, despotic, face!
Unleash thy duel forked lightning.
Scythe mine nomads world, abate:
Let this pilgrim's sin, inaugurate.

Let us have back our annual prize!

Bedraggled skies - I'm sick and tired Of your subterranean... dark eyes, You're like the lover who feels undesired. Put-on silk gowns - show me some thighs.

For the ladies put-out a masculine chest With white cotton clouds loosely vest. And for me show evenings scarlet-red With her on a bed - arms outspread.

But for god sakes give our blurry eyes Some heavenly skies - lest we all go mad... Let us have back our annual prize! Lager laden gardens; sunburns unclad.

Life is a 5 course meal

Desire is just the gravy topping... Life is a 5 course meal And I want my pudding ... Baby, crackling heat is just the starter.

And hopefully we'll finish this meal together. And crack a few lobster claws and eat caviar... Then lie back on my cars upholstered red leather And follow these horizontal stars off the radar.

Oh forever oh I'm so hungry, I've finished with my noddle Thai soup And now I'm ready for something more gamely, With a good red, then we'll regroup.

And have our dessert, baby Something hot and slightly sticky, That will suit me just fine. Something sweet on the brink of sexy By candle light that gravitates Towards a weightless high on cloud nine.

Lust is just the gravy topping... Life is a 5 course meal And I want my pudding ... Baby, crackling heat is just the starter.

I want to sear the night away... A medium raw steak with a lick of French mustard And a condiment of dressing we leave in disarray With a life of hunger deferred, deferred, deferred.

Life without love is a hermit's charade

There are hearts in a charade That can never be lit Whose shining patina is constantly on the blip?

With bricks, trowel and a spade They'd build a concrete wall. Never; allowing, their inner selves to glow or pall.

They'll live alone and can't be dissuade It's a hermit's life for them, again. Until, their final amen.

Their fatigue is to be buffeted And unloved, but I'll say it again... Their hearts are living in a cold charade.

Like A Light In My Heart and Soul

I have heard a whisper electrical on my tongue Wanting to leap and make that circuit...
That glow, like a light in my heart and soul That says together we belong...

I have felt a fire in a kiss even before my eyes closed. I have felt a hurricanes love, sweep, me up-Off the floor in flames of fueled white hot bliss, Oh and I have heard a serpent singing hymns to the moon.

That's when I noticed him coiled with a longing To belong ... Saying, I'm the whisper! Electrical on your tongue Wanting to leap and make that circuit...

He says together we two, simply, together belong. You my angel playing on her harp till it gets dark. And then we'll linger in hurricanes arms... A hurricane of love-

Together fed on; the fuel of two turtle doves in love. On the fumes of honeysuckle entwined to tangle.

O I have heard a whisper electrical on my tongue Wanting to leap and make that circuit... With that glow, that light in my heart and soul That says together we two, belong...

Like a little pot of gold

Kneeling; I pointed out to my child, Who really as yet doesn't speak? Look" I said: the sky is wild, And grey. Look" at its cheek" Look" deep! The sky has many-a-ray Many more colors registering, Here today? ...Retuning... ...With one arm, waving... He said: eh, err, eh, err, daddy... He said: eh, err, eh, err, color, daddy... Like a little pot of gold, At the end of a rainbow Wasn't that all... he said?

Like Ambrosia To My Tongue

Like ambrosia to my tongue Like nectar to a bee Like incense to a flower sprung Is your love too me?

Have I the weight of wings To find the healings Of greater living things The green tinctures bright That all inspiring light!

Liqueur and Life

Liqueur and life Trouble and strife Blow my brains Oh, transcendence a kiss Last forever and a day Like the music of a harp There notes string you along Like a child you hear But not the voices behind The silence in what they say Because you're to blind drunk You cannot hear or see Beyond, your own misery Liqueur and life Trouble and strife Blow my brains away... But quantum physics I better understand Like Janis Joplin she lives with me Through you! Thunder in the airways can't you see Life under a toadstool, how can it be? My life's boxed under the stairs With you! Take a rain cheque darling, I can't take no more Liqueur and life Trouble and strife Liqueur and life Trouble and strife Liqueur and life Trouble and strife Blow my brains away...

Litmus test

I've got pain but let me take a litmus test Cause now I'm in over my head And blood is coursing a crimson red Rage and anger contort to a breaking thread

Oh I've got pain but let me take a litmus test Blue is an expression but it doesn't explain The nonsense going on in my head Oh by god how I wish I was dead

So I've found me a cave and I lived there Till the vampires all vacated Because even for them it hurt to be there Alive among my own; living, dead.

And now I'm tunnelling at a subterranean level Because honey you lit the flame And said I've passed your very own litmus test So now I'm tunnelling to exclaim I'm going to give you And my new life, my very level best. Because I passed your very own litmus test.

Little bug...

Little bug, little bug! Get out of bed Go bother the neighbour's... ...And make that bed.

Little bug, little bug! Rest your head: And count those blessings... ...That you're not dead!

Little bug, little bug! Has gone to the moon... When he comes home ...He can tidy his room.

Little bug, little bug! All curled up and blue. When he questions ...What to do?

Little dreadlock angel

Come and kiss me
My little dreadlock angel
Dance with the lamb,
I'll give you no quarter
From my eternal love
Come and hold me
Like the light attached to a candle
That's how I'll love you
Come and I'll break all...
Your bad elusions like bread.
Float you in a heaven
That'll take over your head and breath
Come my little dreadlock angel
I'll braid your flowers
And make the meadow your bed.
And make your bed
Where all heavens angels
Hang their head and wish,
And wish they too weren't dead...

Living sparks in the dark

The world will fast collide With its own beginning, Then silence shall reign Supreme again, I surmise.

There'll be no more singing. Joyous choirs shall be silent Even Kingdom Halls shall be shrill With no end or beginning There'll be only time to kill.

Endless as a mocking bird Mocking at his will... With his black-wing-span Across all that we have done Right across the Rio Grande There'll be a death knell... Over all we have come to understand.

On all except that mocking bird, And his living sparks in the dark In hand!

Loin-pig

The night has a world of heavens
Their discovery widens our sight.
During hedonistic days and nights
Those combine makers? Make hay.
Harvesting - umbrae silence peace
There each pod, each mirrored—
Black-acre holds out a billion...
Marrow-fat peas and here a loin-pig
Sits at the head of a banquet, table.
Pleased its sits, so high, no one!
Can hear an oinking! Or see...
Not even an inch, a whisker of tail.

Lonely Footsteps Turn

But there's nowhere to hide Hope is hiding its light under a bushel But a heart needs to be - life-size When love finds you and your heart Still desperately alive!

So you curl up like a little boy blue All prickles and indignation Filled with missed assignations Because you've loved and lost And bitterness haunts you! As the pain inside still trembles

With what's hurting deep inside You cry in the secret corners of your mind But there's a girl who leaves you With nowhere now to hide Lonely footsteps turn But this time there's this warmth

Inside you a glowing ember
That can't contain, anymore loneliness...
Anymore lies...
Now you've found me
There's nowhere no reason for me to hide.

Lord my love don't you know...?

We're going to be soaked in seed Divorced of low crawling weed We're going to be clematis climbers Entwining all we lambast—fast We're going to be flower chamfers Burning on the breeze, too the last. We're going to be burning dreams Falling into fairy ring themes We're going to be petals in pools Dancing around daisy star lit moons We're going to be crisp winter days Before; another sleeps purple haze. We're going to be goblets in a stream Where all the salmon daydream We're going to be a millipede rainbow Under the bridal veil of happy tears We're going to be red carpet premiers Leaving; crystal footprints where we go. Lord my love don't you know...? Lord my love don't you know...? Lord my love don't you know...?

Love and envy...

They've colonized the world all over But love is still a desert island. They're like white tropical angel birds Each pair's feathers twirled together

Sing over unsung everglades... Perched like twin heavenly stars forever. As waves crash against the rocks mermaids Mermen roar and evilly, conjecture!

How do we intoxicate the air of love? Poison this ether and drown their hearts Cool the heavenly mingling in-corrupt bloods: That sings of utopias clouds with harps.

Love and Rapture!

What can a prisoner say about his bars? When, he can't extrapolate an escape. Ah, I love you— but farewell—hurrah! O let other I's within, permit my leave'.

Though in heart, I'll stay an outside visitor. Question: What is a key without a lock? A jail without; walls in small-diameter? Who turns the key to an open-shut door?

A door hinged without walls ceiling or floor. Life then asks what dream-makers are for 'Death answers love and rapture!' And all that is and is not for Nevermore...

Love has its damage

Love has its damage Like a car fender—gets bent. And, headlights blink! And disagree which is the way Ahead: Love is a road of new dawns And midnight folks-(A handful of spades instead of hearts) Love is a knight defending, Your honor! And, then the next— Love is just a name calling—odyssey. Questioning, should I take This other opportunity...? Love has its luck... A hope Worth, every, lightning-bolt Every cloud the world Keeps on sending... 'Love, love, love has too— Find some way of surviving'. Love is a boil You're afraid to lance or break! Because it's hurt—tells you, It loves you! And this, this, isn't the time To use the cowl or dagger Or join that lonely sisterhood... As long as love still warms You're coagulating blood.

Love Is

Love is ginger Love is sweet Love is apple blossom, Each time we meet.

Love is coquettish Love is a cad, Love is a cousin twice removed: You wish you'd had.

Love is a row Love is a game Love is a pawn, Two lovers as one a victory proclaim!

Love is a feathered gown

Love is a feathered gown In a forest beside a lake Soothed and swathed By a melting, warming, jailbreak! A spring, after the fall... the fall....

Brambles, try to hold us back. And rub our wounds with salt. In a roaring tide whose waves Never at any time default...

But love a is a sea bird migrating Love, love is a feathered gown In mothers or a child's eyes That has a sanctuary Never ever safety defies!

Love, love is a feathered gown In a forest beside a lake Soothed and swathed By a melting, warming, jailbreak! That says - I can't love another!

Love is a feathered gown For the prince frog that wakes his princes Love is a feathered gown That is a woken by a warming kiss That wears no icy mask!

Love is a feathered gown That; like a blanked snow Blinds every fool that leaves no Foot traces in the heart that heals...

Love is a road...

Love is a road... You must follow unto the end: For what isn't in sight? Hold a candle to the night Ring-fence your heart - that it might, re-offend Then be guided, by that friend, love, which is light.

Love Is A Window Starlit Bright

Love is a window starlit bright
And you are the moon
That encompasses its light
Thriving like a winters flower
Visited in the mystical—night?
You are a forest of melting snow
And all that's pure and white
'You are that lover's song in echo'
Of what God made truly right.

Lord, oh lord She kisses me still... Prolonging each cold -winters chill... The thaw of passing...

Lord, oh lord
Its then she whispers!
Asks for the winds desires
In mine, burning...
Crackling... Ilex ears
Touch me not—just
In the next world:
And I'll like a feather rise
Like an attending angel
I'll kiss away all your tears
All your cries...

Lord, oh lord
Its then she whispers!
As and when the winter raps
Its winter cloak
Around your heart
I will be there to warm
And shelter you!
From the cold and the dark
As sure as the fire
That burns eternal in your heart.

Love Is Calling Give Me A Chance

Love is calling give me a chance Give me one more reluctant chance Love is calling give me hope Give me a minute an hour Let me prove I can change Give me a minute an hour And I'll prove even a wilting bloom Can live and fulfill a promise

Love is calling give me a chance Give me one more reluctant chance And I'll move heaven and earth And turn all this flotsam and surf away And switch on the sun And turn this hellish feeling into A kingdom of heaven you can depend upon

Love is calling give me a chance Give me one more reluctant chance And like a star I'll make your hear feel fusion Give me one more reluctant chance And I'll show you the real reluctant me That was fearful to be just there When you turned around for me

Love is calling give me a chance Give me one more reluctant chance For you and me!
Love kept her for a teacup

Love kept her for a teacup close to his lips With both hands trembling on her hips Her eyes they too were so love-in That he pulled away at her silk napkin She held him like he were a teaspoon But he felt just like a great big baboon His kisses were like rose water honey Their bodies crumpled like a Dali oil limply...

Love On Resin Setting Fire

Oh white Jasmine flower Love on resin setting fire Incense burning in my soul Catching me on fire

Oh white Jasmine flower I'm extracting oils Wonderfully, heavenly Essential to all my desire

Catching me on fire Catching me on fire Oh Blue Lotus star of fire You're a potent blend of desire

Love and resin
Incense burning in my soul
Catching me on fire
Love on resin setting fire

A burning in my soul
Oh pure innocence - together
We'll burn our resin Incense
A wild forest fire shall burn

Catching you on fire Catching me on fire Till the honey drip And the rosewood resins spit

Oh white Jasmine flower Love and resin setting fire Incense burning in my soul Catching me on fire

Catching you on fire Catching me on fire Frankincense and myrrh Magnolia and vanilla

Saffron and sandalwood Amber and lavender Catching me on fire Catching you on fire

Oh Blue Lotus star of fire You're a potent blend of desire Taking me higher Taking me higher

Love unbeknown...?

Your eye is a stationary set stone If it were a press it would Squeeze marrow from the bone If it were a wing it would

Plummet from its heavenly thrown If it were the ocean it would Turn a gentle breeze into a cyclone. What is hatred but love unbeknown...?

Love waits tables...

Love waits tables and passes the salt Love is a that preverbal thunderbolt Love leans over a winter's bowl Of pearl barley, soup Love is the one you, affectionately, Called a nincompoop! Love, that all important main dish Nothing too brash, or outlandish! That's as light as a dover sole Served with a little light salad Yet a little sweet-heat creole! Nothing too spicy, or mustard Needing, never a desert spoon... Or a little side plate, macaroon... To leave you feel deliriously whole.

Love will always find its catamaran

You say you're glad that now we've reconnected: Introspectively, "I think anymore, takers" Then a dullards-thought: Doesn't the sea play cupid. Crashing too surfs, falling into breakers...

So having; returned once-more ashore! I trackback by a darker bluer horizon-Of forgetfulness: What; marine, decor! Do coral reefs have to pull-down the Mizzen...?

If I discover lands where oceans; meet the sky Where; impermanence conjoins together! Lands of starry mass... souls and hearts so-near-nigh! Without doubt; I would be her drowning-sailor...

No matter what the tentacle world does plan Love will always find its catamaran.

Love without sex - sex without love

Sanitize your dirty thoughts the filth on your mind I might not want you beside me entwined I'm not the maid - called to her master's ring, I'm savvy and smart, and deserve better bling!

The footballer's wife, I'm not, I'm smarter by a lot And, I major in what others have got. And I have not! So don't take me for a fool... Take me to the nearest jewelers and make me drool.

Love you've got beauty

Love you've got beauty
In abundance oh so rare
It's wild and it's earthly
-golden as buttercups in your hair
Unadorned and oh so radiantly
-dressed in arrangements fair.
Is that slender hourglass figure
Where I gaze into nature
Only, now all too aware!

Love's A Dodo

Love is effortless they say. Some compare it to child's play But whatever it is, it's neither Child's play, nor effortless...

Just look in these glossy magazines Stuck between; those perfume ads. Celebrity after celebrity preens... Their lives divorced, they're nomads.

Soon—boys these cougars... Will bring back shoulder-pads: Live their lives in pent-house apartments. Prioritizing; by shopping, departments.

Love's a dodo on a discovery channel... On an island where ego is land and gentry Who cares about their libido...? That sniveling poultry magazine, million dollar deal...

Mahjong

Each; flower must flower a flower.

Each; rock a stone a stone.

Each; necklace a link to one another

That none ever be alone.

Each rivulet wave moves forward. Each Natterjack toad leaps... Loudly headlong like some warlock wizard Who for eternity creeps?

Questioning; where on earth do I belong. Each star abode in space Plays a game of Mahjong Were all to collide we'd share the same birthplace. O' for however long!

Married Life

Mr—you can kiss me if or when I ask. But do not sir not ever before Mr—you may touch me a little if I grasp But don't ask what I'm looking for? It might just be a senator or a signor.

You might love me like you say, right-now?
But sure love I'll always love you more, etc.
You darling may never want us to argue or row...
But, I'm tired and that's why, I swore.
{Oh darling my feet are sore
and I've finished with you and that discount store! }

Love, you may wish we met a long time sooner ...eh' what? But love... I'll promise you this... The day after we've wed a small sector Of guests and I myself shall say, this... Married life it was never bliss'.

Melancholy Wings

Spirit bland as black ink Am I a victim of my own melancholic wings? That is? Is I smudged and spreading, That my darling - won't work...

Darling all I read is your headlines...
Am I a victim of my own melancholic thinking's?
That is smudged and spreading,
Across that psychiatrist folded piece of paper.

"O When my heart he asks me What do you see? And I say - I answer I with you - in loves permanence. He answers me too!

He says you're the white dove's effervescence But was I the one who was dreaming.... He says you're the white surround And the in between too me!

"O doctor is I a victim in this love Just another blank unmarked scored page Of music that never really made a sound One you'd want to hide and cover up?

Spirit bland as black ink
With that bullets dull ache
I have a kite's strings tug of melancholy
Like never before...
Where lightening severs the chord
And I'm left smudged _ and I am gone
A migrating bird up into black skies...

Merlot

I traverse the evening with a glass of wine From a newly opened bottle of merlot In the morning my head will ache! Ache with the growth of a cherry stone Imbedding its roots, suckering up To punch its way out; skywards...

But for now I am content to just lie In her arms watch the sun setting Strawberry lips rose tinted On our white empty wardrobes Whose door lays still slightly agape?

Reminding me of all our chores, Left like cemetery flowers. You never have a mind to clear... Soon it'll be 2am then even 4 We'll hear the milk delivered And wonder what the hell for.

Milk and butter

You poured all your love And life into that saucepan And it boiled over empty, And, yet - it's still fuller... Than all the clover fields ...Of milk and butter.

Mine is the voice off all things

I am a seagull and all your creations Are as a sea wave beneath my wings So, Lord Mine is the voice off all things Traveled, together in you... Lord.

What is the meaning of all this evil? What is the meaning of this discord? "Only in pain and longing do we search And discover what we're all searching for".

Minted and crowned

Imagine if you can the greatest bank vault... Ribbed door; heavier than any mountain wall. Where no safecracker can by time lock default: Gain access... The glorious treasures enthrall.

Doors with a time lock, on all deposits... One, once you enter, there's nothing to be found. No jewels, paper money, or trinkets Just your own coinage minted and crowned.

Misfortune's Usherettes!

Even when their happy, It's with sour vinaigrette's -Wailing and crying... With packets of cigarette's

This leaves me to reflect Why all these Juliette's Whisper and misdirect... Pretending, their sweet-

Misfortune's usherettes! Why do they harbour deceit? With a smile, select! Of course it's a movie show

A drive in nymphet! I only wish I brought a wetsuit... And, had done with, regret But their airs like morning,

Reveal a flowers coquette A burning passion, longing... No Adam of Eden shall nearer forget.

Misplaced Ego!

I am a writer; if I sell a word or not And if you people are my readers Then I must be, hot to trot...? I'll make - paper out of these cedars.

And, lay waste to a rainforest. My carbon footprint will be? Ginormous, just, you wait & see. I'll be so damn monumental...

They'll commission a dozen or so, Bronze life-size, sculptures of me! I'll be as famous as Muhammad Ali. ...Do the quotes, shuffle like he done on T.V

You know fellow readers, I'm going... Global faster than internet cable! I'll be more read; than Shakespeare! I'll marry a senorita, bedded in a stable.

I'll make all the coverage world-news Simply by enjoying and sharing my muse. Sorry I just can't put it any other way... So don't steal my thunder, I'm here to stay.

Mountaineering Ramblers

As a rambling, mountaineer... Cling's on too his loves brazier Vertigo dizzies itself on a cleft: With one more push, inward.

One more outward—swing, Out in and in out, out and in, His mountaineering fabric peaks. Slips off; another layer...

Of sepal rose green petal skin. Loves pistil, white and pure... Here his carpel summit sits. With; another mountaineer... Oh so ridiculously, rosebud small.

My Bright Star

Lie down my dark star Heaven must sleep and be fecund Only in my imagining, Do stars light up and never wizened?

Lie down my dark star My horizons have swollen in a fish That swallows the sun And sinks; with its scales silver dish.

Lie down my dark star
The ivy has clawed its bright sky
Like a green sword it wishes
Too swathe down my bright star, until I die.

My heart is a cactus flower

My heart is a cactus flower Unwilling to bend... Unwilling to wilt... Unwilling to die... But—still.

I just can't walk away...
I've sold my life.
For a deserts ray
For a deserts ray
Of light!

Thirsty and more!
Blistered and sore!
My soul is damned,
To confess:
My eyes are parched
For more, more
Than I can posses.
Envisage.
In a—mirage!
But—still.

I just can't walk away...
I've sold my heart and soul.
For a deserts ray
For a deserts ray
Of light!

My Heart Is A Hanging Garden Of Babylon

Forgive my Babylon temperate floods... There's no evil in my sodden roots So forgive my Babylonian Dynasty Oh forgive me in all honesty

I can't help the debris I leave In this fertile Mesopotamian plain Between the Tigris and Euphrates rivers Oh I'm a Babylonian...

So forgive my Babylonian Dynasty
Oh forgive me in all honesty
My soul is a holy city
My heart is a hanging garden of Babylon

Oh I'm a Babylonian... Oh forgive me in all honesty Forgive my Babylon floods... There's no evil in my sodden roots

Oh yellow sun this ancient city Held one of the Seven Wonders of the World And, I and you was one A hanging garden of Babylon

Oh my soul is a holy city My heart is a hanging garden of Babylon Oh I'm a Babylonian... Oh I'm a Babylonian...

Oh forgive me in all honesty Forgive my Babylon temperate floods... There's no evil in my sodden roots I'm just a simple Babylonian man

My Hearts Like A Calling Seashell

Subliminally, I'll always love you My hearts like a calling seashell I'll always hear you On the shore of my soul Waiting for your sweet return my darling...

Subliminally, I'll always love you Without you here I'm a galley slave My darling, till the seas return— Only makes me blue you never came Like a surfing, wave into my arms again.

Darling I count the clouds until I can count rose petals again Darling there's only a red sea of pain Subliminally, circled with wolves Oh their hollowing lonely at a midnight sky.

Darling I count the clouds until I can pick up these shells shattered bits I'm no Madame Butterfly I haven't finished reading her script But darling I'm coming close to quit.

My last bone

I have welcomed death, his gaze his thoughts, his valentines day kiss his black tulips pressed against my blood filled lustful lips

Death is not my foe, we are bed fellows toe to toe, I am the prairie he is a prairie dog, loyal and honest when I am lost; he leads me home

But with wagging tail I'll savour and unearth my last bone!

My love...

My love...

Air tastes plum sweeter in my lungs in my mouth after a tropical storm flowers lick deeper on yellow tongues oil and incense are in art form..?

My love...

In the silent fluting tones of jasmine blossoms pure as orchids open afire as clouds recede like distant jazzmen the seas harp goes on with its lyre

My love...

We are chained as slaves Walking each in each owns reaches Between the shingled footprint waves Of times palm sandbar beaches

My love...

Oceans fissure pools of peacock green tiger's roar idyllically entranced serene Crescendo waterfalls foam the baths Lead us breathless along paradise paths...

My love...

My love
I feel your love
Soothing me my love
In a molten wave I am taut
Then like a candle I am tallow
Burning in a spiritual distraught
I am a living flame I am a sparrow
Reaching for another dimension
I am an ethereal-light being
I am an astral-bird a raven
I am a dream dreaming
Truly who am I then?
I am your true love
I am your love
My love...

My Lover's Eyes Change Colour

Dependent on her and me her lover Oh how I'm affected by the weather How she's affected by my whatever Might; have passed me by darkly.

Oh my lover's eyes regularly, change colour. From a sticky sweet treacle to an Ebony, forbidding, black! Oh how I wish they'd stay eternally, honey light.

Oh my lover's eyes how I've wished, They've never glowed black. Oh how I've wished, they'd wan Back in colour; again... Too a sticky sweet honey.... Simply because I; truly love her.

My Soul Is Teething For Your Love

'When will you adopt my heart? Like a child in its cradle. I am like a green flower plucked'. Dehydrating; on an evening's vigil.

'My soul is teething for your love, Hunger fills my every desire There cut; in need of sustenance'. To sustain the ambiance of fire!

My souls away with the fairies...

My hands are not my own...
They tremble like the school halls piano keys
Whenever I see you alone!
Ooh, my souls away with the fairies...

Every time I turn and see you!
Ooh, my hearts in my throat;
And I just have to take a deep swallow...
Oh why does every song, I sing misquote—me!

Ooh, why do I avert my eyes? Almost in dread, even though, I love you! More with each new dawn's opening bud. Ooh, you are the world. and I'm not lying...

Even though I'm pitched motionless towards you I feel like I'm hurtling, downhill... Under some kind of hallucinogenic voodoo Without any postponing brakes!

Whenever I see you alone! Ooh, my souls away... with the fairies... Oh am I'm poisoned with a root of a mandrake Ooh what's your potion is my heart about to break.

Ooh, my souls away... with the fairies... Oh I hear piano keys And feel a tightening in my throat: 'As for the first time' I learn to speak, "Love".

My very own queen of hearts

So you want to kiss the sun and stars And break a thousand lovers' hearts. Shuffle them as if they were a deck of cards... And you were their only queen of hearts.

But it's a pleasant surprise, which sustains-Even now my eyes, whenever I see you - alone. It's as if the universe held all the aces... And you were made of acid rain sand stone.

So you're rude, corrosive, and even one day Even you'll need a facelift to fix your frowning. So the mirror says you're beautiful infectious... But wasn't it he who hid hiding, A dishonest misdemeanor—telling yeah The world and all the souls of the world loved you.

So you want to kiss the sun and stars And break a thousand more lovers' hearts. Shuffle them as if they were a deck of cards... And you were their only queen of hearts.

But baby isn't it time, all those young men Who lost their poor minds? Saw through your nail polished lacquered lies,

So you're rude and corrosive, but I've Still got time for you baby, when you're alone. Because I'm as shallow as are you! And of course you are still oh so, beautiful...

So shuffle our futures... Shuffle them as if they were a deck of cards... And you were my only queen of hearts My very own queen of hearts...

Nap of monarch's wing

On nap of monarch's wing have I not flown? Done crossed times mortal ravages Into that livery my king holds his throne Save all; but these wolfs and savages.

Did I not unfurl unto such cherub reaches? Cocooning; scatter my minds, lustrous web. Fly over blue vaporous sparking beaches Did I not crumble ashore and ebb?

Like some oily driftwood haven't I rolled...? Prodigiously darker in nonchalant waves Emphatic is the harvest moon I behold: Oh—edify my soul with one that saves?

The monarch's beauty is but royally savaged The landscape of any hungry larvae ravaged.

Nautical, manoeuvrings...

Two, lovers submerging... Share but one equal breath! Clinging, like clams to each other. Their souls but one berth Flesh to flesh, drown together.

Nautical, manoeuvrings...
Take place within their tongues
Pressing gravity; yes submission!
Air-sucked, ballast lungs...
Ship anchor as limbs capstan-

Ashore - once more earth - sings! Beneath their rolling feet: And, above the scrolling waves Sky-cloud footprints retreat... Here to a place their heart enclaves.

Nestled closer to the dark...

I'm going to my winding sheet But not before I close my eyes Only because I need to rest And I can't stand lies...

You know it's dark. When— Even the giraffes can't see the stars. And I've stretched my neck so far... I can't close my tired eyes.

Even when my heart Wants only to reside in its sin... Nestled closer to the dark... So, I say sometimes let it all begin.

But like I say I can't, so What can I do but linger on... Till, I'm crushed by something, More concrete than a loitering spark.

Niagara woman (song...)

Every hurt consoles me Every hurt consoles me with a new devotion! So wont yah join me in jumpin-off these waterfalls... Niagara woman—there's no such destruction! As a woman's Love, so don't yah roll yah big brown eyeballs...? At me, I'm leavin town, now, so don't yah bring me down! Niagara woman—I can't bestride vah tears river and rage! No-longer, no-longer! No more! But I can jump-off these Niagara Falls... If all else fails... Brother! Niagara woman—there's no such destruction! As a woman's Love, so don't roll yah roll yah big brown eyeballs...? At me, I'm leaving town, now, so don't yah bring me down! O so wont yah join me in jumping-off these waterfalls... Into my Niagara arms Niagara woman—there's no such destruction! As a woman's Love! O I isn't goanna crawl or snake in through yah back kitchen door... Like a sorrowful fool dog no-more, yah no-more, no-more honey... Cause honey every hurt charges me with a new devotion! Every hurt consoles me with a new devotion! A change of direction! So wont yah join me in jumpin-off these falls... Niagara woman—there's no such destruction! As a woman's Love, so if yah roll, yah big brown eyeballs Once again I'm leaving town, so don't yah bring me down. Or I'll catch that grey hound bus and leave this dustbowl town Niagara woman—Niagara—Niagara woman, Niagara! Niagara! Woman, I'll leave like a thief with all yah tears gone to the setting sun... Niagara woman—I can't straddle yah tears and rage! No-longer, no-longer, no-more, oh I've got to jump these falls... Niagara woman—I've gotta console my heart and soul, woman! And paddle my canoe if need be, if need be circle on barefoot the sands of Timbuktu, But, first wont yah join me in jumping off these falls And paddle my canoe, fall into my arms, till I'm destine Niagara woman To drown alone with you!

Nicknames for Aislinn

She was born a bald little lassie long and thin, truly, ever so pretty 6lbs-8oz if memory serves me well she was slender and strong as gazelle. She'd the yellow ochre of barley jaundice. She lay on my lap; her eyes opened wondrous... She'd match for grace all the tiny wild cowslips I'd laugh! "I'd nicknamed her chips" Because of her yellowing, jaundice—after finally she came home with her mother I changed that name to "clothes peg" As seemed right... even if a little bowleg, She'd lie in the little red washing-basket. Just as if it was her Moses basket Clothes peg stuck; it was only proper! As we hung her out to quietly jabber...

No caldron broths...

This madness has me by the balls It rocks me rolls me on all fours In her petticoat; furors... Loves entanglement, has no faults? No culpability's, no caldron broths... No angel—devils disguised as moths. Love is a heat sensing, system. A viper's nest... the colder one feels The more is disgorged, the more It is in a deep disequilibrium... The more it repeals, conceals true ideals. Loves entanglement, has no faults? No culpability's, no caldron broths... No angel—devils disguised as moths. Love is just a heat sensing, system. The more madness has me by the balls It rocks me rolls me on all fours In her petticoat; furors...

No I am not without love

Ι

No I am not without love Or understating above...? My monarch's wings have that black stucco-Edge; like a church glass window.

Orange, warmth; heavily, leaded But they're coursing with red-blood Lights filter, within, vaulted: To frame those darker, vaults pallid.

I'm a thorn of living fire I mumble with choir inside Weeping angels guide my satire Both heart and soul are allied.

Simultaneously two wings beat Love and compassion complete.

Η

I am not a pit of dark A chrysalis or a hoofmark... Hoping to crush, staunch your heart I am not the pit-bull sweetheart.

I am just a fool likes the sound Of his own, cruel-bark, sky bound. My ego' manly needs its thunder! It's hollow glory empty rapture.

Simultaneously two wings beat Love and compassion complete.

No louder than the snoring tigers lolling tongue!

O' my sleeping; weeping, thoughts.
Were like army blankets, you and I
observing; naught but sunbeams...
Naught...
But the lintel iron moonbeams,
under—which no one listens.
Nor speaks—but gibberish
No one sleeps, no one, dreams.
But even so' it's a sentry's landscape
that's foolhardy bold as any heaven
that's nonsensical, as any song,
Sung in rhyme—one learns to love.
(That's as still, as any silence
Hammering... in the darkened thereafter.)
"My own horrors anthem shot shall roar an alarm"...
No louder than the snoring tigers lolling tongue!

No Other Heart But Death

I've no other heart but death beating, What is death but emptiness? A platform for all beginnings, The ocean wave crashes ashore But shortly, before it does.

It turns full circle, and returns... Like a serpent devouring itself. Where; we do not know for sure. Only, to say... I feel like I've been here before.

No passion begs

No passion begs the turning off
The turning off of the light
No passion begs the frost to melt
Or the snows drift road block...
Unless it's just to stop!
The roll call clock-in clock
Because we've all had times
We've wanted eternally docked.
{Docked for our own sweet selves}
So let the snow pillow-on my skin,
Compact the blossom
I'm bursting to give
With no letting, go...

Oh no passion whispers
Or leaves you in the weaves
Of the thorn trees branches
No passion leaves you feeling
Like an un-played with toy
Or a hair pin when the cancer
Treatment truly begins...
No love leaves you
Like a broken relic
Or a starving man
Living like hallow gourd
On a stale corn bread

No love leaves you
Sleeping on a trashcan content mattress...
With a battery acid sweet spot
No passion, no passion, no passion
Leaves you by the back door
When your heart is still somewhere,
Spinning, gravitated to all,
His being... No love at all...
No love at all...
No love at all...
Leaves you; feeling hyacinth blue.
Hyacinth blue, hyacinth blue
No love at all...

No passion, no passion, no passion Leaves you by the back door That didn't leave you a long time before No love, no love, no love Can keep you forevermore like a prisoner Without a cell door You haven't broken down many times before.

No two people

No two people are ever the same By day or by night Their tapers both lit by shame The joy of their light!

No two rivers run smooth or strait The valley is winding... Their journey is binding... For their love too collate.

No two forests are ever the same One maybe birch another a willow One maybe mountainous another a hollow ...But in the main No two people are ever the same.

Nothing as much needed as love

I have called to the stars... And said deliver me my death. Thread me like a needle! With what little light I have left.

And the stars called back. "What Black-hole is this, which swallows... All before it, counts in zeros... And, is always, juxtaposed.

"He's the bead upon all else rests". Let's do him a favour; Do, then, as he asks. In sleep let him, awake, even graver.

Than if death, had given him life! Let him, see the colour of nothing And let that nothing, be as much! As every atom touched by nothing.

Nothing as much needed as love...

Nothing good ever lasts...

To be able to remain just still and enjoy beauty without trying to edit it or change it; reveals the world's true beauty. I remember walking quietly once, one very hot spring morning by the railway through the wild orchards in Dogwoods, Knutsford. Resting there on a storm drain-grid, I was just catching my breath when minutes later. I saw a baby rabbit poke its head out of a rabbit hole in the brambles it was 2ft in front of me. It was then he or she was pushed outside by their sisters or brothers.

They rolled around in front me and were toy fighting till the 11.20am Chester train went on by,

The only pity for me was the train was on time, came by so fast... nothing good ever lasts.

Now I find a beehive of discontent

Where once we were like Siamese twins And I really did love you Where once our bodies dissolved Into one another On a salt bed crystallized Now I find the first cracks Where apathy swathes the light away we knew Where once we were rock pools of adventure Skinny dipping into each other Now I find a beehive of discontent Humming, humming, humming in secret Secret inside a lion lies in my path too you Roaring things could be better Where once we laughed and sang Like nightingales now I just laze alone Remembering I really did love you Where once we were like ivy So well attached now an axe has fallen And in its brambles like a starling I look for you Where once we were like Siamese twins And I really did love you Where once our bodies dissolved Into one another On a salt bed crystallized Now I find the first cracks Where apathy swathes the light away we knew I curse I pray Lord reverse the stars Heal all our scars Cause I really do love you And I want to go skinny dipping with you today Today... Today... again!

O Child Of Mine Grow No-Older

Place your head upon my shoulder O child of mine grow no-older. Less life's platitudes make you stronger. Stay with me a little longer!

Misfortune' rings her lowly bell She's waiting there to here you, yell. Solemnly she's genial but who should tell. She'd wish all that's virtuous smote in hell!

O child of mine grow no-older. Than the stone Jesus Christ moreover! Newborn, bold-over...

O how lovely is true love's kiss

O how lovely is true love's kiss Whose rosy wine cup lips implore Men's hearts into an eternal abyss... Sacrificing their souls for-ever-more Till all but nothing else exists But O" a lover's fairy folk-lore A tale of knights of yore! A tale of true love'

Of All I've Seen Waiting To Be Discovered

A spring of buttercups, when was that now I saw in green pastures a golden jersey cow A river meandering swift-lashing and lush Where blue tit nest on passing, fell hush.

When their shells scattered pieces of sky Plucked treasured depths in a child's eye When did I last see a fire poker-toadstool? Its fiery globule head in a green whirlpool.

Radiant-light brims over a cherry-bark moth Is he not both moth and tree - life's froth? Of all I've seen waiting to be discovered The tench bubbles breaking, I savored.

The nervous vole nosing silence ordinate! Up-through the willow trees rooted garret. These and other, things, I've remembered A boy by the river I once wildly proffered.

Of cause it's all lies, it always is

Of cause it's all lies, it always is
Keep it real keep it real keeps it real.
But where's the substance
Where on earth are the facts?
They talk about clandestine wars...
About anti-social crime lords
About Facebook ghouls and internet trolls
But it's us the poor climbing the walls...
Of the psychiatric wards, trying to get in,
So they cut your pay, privatize the state
And the mess we're all in, they've put us in.

There prisons are full, full to the rafters.
But but it's not Jesus but politicians that baptize us
So they squeeze your pension-pot
Steal your life saving with taxes
For their own; lucrative forever afters...
Of cause it's all lies, it always is
Keep it real keep it real keeps it real, eh!
Yes of course they give us tax allowances
Monies they'll just borrow on our future families.
Monies they've no right in taking,
As landlords of our worthless poverty!

Often I'd search out the blue

Often I'd search out the blue of forget-me-not
Back of some tall-hoary; May hawthorn, shabby hedge
Or right down to the waters marigold ledge
I'd dream of orchids the hybrid bergamot.
I'd look for these lost gems to find—there!
Which; grew the better where they were without care.
Entangled fighters at their wondrous best;
For them who had survived the cruellest test.
They; once fly-tip plants I would dig to cherish
But death my dear sits amongst the strongest flowers
Even to them the rubbish, heaps nourish.
Even to them that triumphed to flourish
Nodding to the lord who gave equal powers
Who bore the hardest test cast out his parish?

Oh didn't the year fly by...

Children its safe - Santa won't catch alight Look the yule logs they're now burning twice as bight As is this spirit refreshed with ice Or is it granddads dancing - beyond price.

'Ding Dong Merrily on High' oh didn't the year fly by So many tears and squabbles I just don't know why. Look, look out the window, Wow, the snow is falling. Children can you see the carol singers—hawking!

Filling their pockets 'now stockings are empty'...
'Ho ho ho' where did the old sleigh go... Dostoevsky
So many things go missing or gets broken!
Toys! Sometimes, play is verboten.

Oh if only the rains came when I cried

Oh if only the rains came when I cried Then I wouldn't have to disguise These tangled-up knots inside me When; I uncontrollably, cry.

Oh if only the rains came when I cried Then I wouldn't have to lie Each time I'm a choking... Uncontrollably deep; down in my heart.

Oh if only the rains came when I cried Then I wouldn't have to pretend I've got a blockage lump in my throat that isn't for you. Oh if only the rains came when I cried...

Oh if only the rains came when I cried Each time I'm in this sunny dark clime In my heart oh if only the lingering tide Reaching out to touch the shore by your side

Would leave me alone
And find somewhere else to reside
Oh if only I could behave like a cave man
Going hungry and lonely and take
Whatever would please me?

But I guess all I can do
Is howl upwards from the ground for you!
When I get up out of bed
Oh if only the rains came when I cried.

On fairy lit night

On fairy lit night When the snow shone so bright And I held you so tight I felt my love shine through you... I felt the melting Of every storm cloud blowing Away under a summer breeze... Like a broken healing shard I felt my love shining in the moonlight Blooming like a forest orchid Rocking like a child in his crib On a fairy lit night When the snow shone so bright And I held you so tight I felt my love shine through you As we rolled like a snowball Jointly surrendering to the morning dew Oh I felt the melting Of two tear drops melting in mine And your deep dark warm sparkling eyes... I felt the gravity as we rolled In that white midnights snow To a poets corner only we'll both know. Oh, oh, oh, oh roll with me Like an Egyptian rug under the night Of a burning sun Oh, oh, oh, oh roll with me Like a glacier river into a red tropic sun Where the thunder in our hearts Has, only just begun to burn and play Out it's magic song before our eyes.

On his home leave

I was laughing cold in the snow
I felt quite centred in his arms...
As my heart beat; like a banjo.
As the sun sank orange and pre-warms.

My heart for a season of new tears As he goes to be awarded his stripes —You're Purple Heart. All my fears Was a foreign soil of endless gripes?

Oh I was laughing cold in the snow When I heard his padding feet go... Not knowing when he'd return Like a summer blossom to govern.

Oh I was dreaming I joined his ranks. And as we took fire in a bunker Shrapnel, standing on the gangplanks... Entered my porcelain; white shoulder.

And then again laughing cold in the snow I felt quite centred in his arms... As my heart beat; like a banjo. As the sun sank orange and pre-warms.

The surgeon's knife he was my guardian angel. And as I was the snow drifting, before his gaze He compacted my wounds repaired every vessel. And seamlessly, I awoke to all my birthdays.

I was laughing tenfold in the snow But this time it was confetti - instead. As my heart beat; like a banjo. I beheld his warm embrace on top of our bedstead.

And I gave him a heart of my own...

'On That Mosquito Dusk'

O what will—come! of the hammering, chiseling, light of death? when each wood shaving petal has fallen when the body of the lamp; has no more breath... To push-out; oils hot-air! ...at what is, remaining...

What will become of that listless tree moth? When; the sun shrivels-up, 'on that mosquito dusk'. Whose blood shall then clot against; the cheesecloth? for him who is asking for nothing, but taking, everything...

On the wings of love

Mayfly if ever an angel be It was you and me Pirouetting in the air so free Above a cobweb lea

If ever a child had azure blue wings As blue as a periwinkle sky Then sweet tenderfoot, swimming... It must have been you and I

Down amongst the meadows Where the green-woods wend Down amongst the willows Where the reeds draught an end;

There I came a dancing A roving like a bee With honey-dew brown eyes By the rivers spree-

Soft as ephemeral moonlight You took wing with me Oh mayfly green and tender bright True angels once were we!

On this your birthday...

I have watered a well spring Till its continents floated by And still I've had springs run dry Leaving me nothing more to say

I have watered a well spring And poured a little salt Over my right shoulder But still nothings fine my love.

The weeds are creeping sirens Filled with dark magpies Knocking wings like ravens But still I have feelings my love.

That won't go...
I have watered a well spring,
In a desert but still...
There is emptiness on this your birthday
That flower cacti flowers that won't die away anymore.

Once shone and stood for us all

I like this poet?
But for his talk of eternity,
His dull wit:
A dauntless; unending, misery!

I like this poetess?
But for her executor gallows,
Barrel loaded, vinaigrettes
Skyrocket; highs and lows!

I like them all for their Onomatopoeic, gifts Tussock wide mouthed lisps Their aromatic resin drifts...

I like them all...
Weather big or small...
Their suns insignia,
Once shone and stood for us all.

Once they spall-sparkled like foxglove!

The downbeat, downtrodden, joys of love. Once they spall-sparkled like foxglove!

But now deflate like a beach ball... Pig's bladder, words choke, a hairball.

And cough out each forgotten phrase! Utterances of the bee, still purveys.

But—isn't partial to a petal... Doesn't wish, to defile; not a bud.

And the rose, herself is quite, bruised. Froze, wounded, and suffused:

Her pink-briar-arms, no-longer-cling... The white-picket-fence where-once did sing.

Inside the fountains cave all they grasp Steadfast nettle stinging, an asp...?

O' they hear torrent; waters past... In their drowning, they cut the mainmast.

But remain, anchored to the last. For they've made a sticky honey-caste!

one man of absolute care

one man of absolute care An arid world engulfs me in its decay and despair but one man uplifts me absolves my sin I swear one man enthroned to be son and heir whispered unto me the Lord's Prayer one man of virtue and purity one man of absolute care one man who couldn't see a need to play at solitaire in this great love affair swore his life to me to save my soul I declare Jesus to be In liquid air I breathe! Mark Heathcote

One-step-ahead

People hustle one another For what is rightfully theirs But sadly they also hustle So as not; to feel cheated.

So they cheat on one another Hoping to stay one-step-ahead Until, everyone who is cheated Windup morally, starved or dead.

Opened and now broken like a wishbone

My heart has kissed coast white cloud Held its grain of sand, and turned it around. But now dark clouds are back overhead. Seas are raging, trees stand skeletal shed-Bare, bent like old men at tying their shoes. A brogue world shines in silhouette statues! As I bring you reed red feathers still gold Instead of those yellow roses still blindfold I whose own sap has now turn to stone. Remember those pearls of summer—Opened and then broken like a wishbone. I like a dead crab, washed-up in the tide Have again, come home. Oh lord darkness descends again, I cried... I cried... wailing like the sea in the deep... Wishing, only to find comfort in sleep...

Openings ...

His heart blazes with shadows
Running and skipping ...
Down a dark lane, foreboding,
In as much as there were - so
Many, walls with locked doors.
Here-there! He looked for openings ...
"Into one of those flower gardens"
But then he spots a golden bee ...
Who seems as dizzy as can be?
Even more drunk than he
But this hapless bee doesn't wait.
And was the first of many shadows
He's seen passing through ...
Taht keyhole - unopened gate!

Orange Flower In A Blue Vase

It's a' Day Lily' I said: It won't last the evening, "That only makes me like it more."

Our love has seen how the orchids cling

A tear shall fall and make an ocean And grow into a forest of rain Then a fire shall burn a cinder twirl. And a world shall disintegrate! Into a cauldron of simmering, shame.

And our love our love shall die Like the coals in a grate Once more cloud of memory, No amount of sunshine, can condensate Or compensate.

Our love has seen how the orchids cling. High in the canopy; rooftop of trees... Our love has roots that have done the same. Like a miraculous subterranean thing.

Our sexual rendezvous

Our sexual rendezvous Meet the glass full till empty. That is the pleasure... In not going, steady -On the rocks..?

Our vases were filled with wine

Our vases were filled with wine
As our childhoods spun on a dime
But it wasn't the abstinence of tears
That made us, into granite rocks.
It wasn't Mount Vesuvius...
That turned us each into clay-pots
So what was it, please... answer!
Well, look, look, here's the answer...
It's written on the back of that mirror!

Our way-would calling?

Our way-would calling?
Star pulsed, lover.
"Who's hearts a purple emperor?
Teased-out of a milk-white flower"
Churned into curds and whey,
Whose rosy, nothingness...
In conclave, owlets flicker.
Does intern, lead us away...?

Shouldn't I who am lassoed plunge talons? Like a dandelions root.
Shouldn't I blow with these waxing-suns? Shouldn't I beak-split tear—apart Her gossamer: She; whom hemps a moon. Shouldn't I be the one—who? With tapper alights her inert womb.

Simply put: Shouldn't I dive for pearls? Or pan loves untold-gold: No, I just won't Or can't be led "foolhardy" downstream. "Or be so cold or so dishonestly, headstrong. No, I shall walk faithfully loyal full-stop." Besides you beside, deaths black-dog, On-leash as if I was just newly born.

Like some kind of cocksure bullfrog
Isn't this and that? The way of it all...
Star pulsed, lovers.
The way a poets tongue must rock!
Isn't this and that? Our way-would calling?
God, willing... We won't all be summonsed
Or subpoenaed; for tha74455t one last regret.

Out Of Life's Billowing Dust:

Out of life's billowing dust: Wings life's transient -flower. The butterfly, diligently, For a day—without hour!

...Songs soar; batons leap... The world and the wind: At one; with its orchestra' Dances on; air and water.

Loves wing, readied. Into each living, palm Times white-arrow Has flown; its course.

Into the gaping heart! Into the heart of a white shark Into the heart of a dark hawk Into a charging, black- horse.

Out Of Their Laurels Like Greek Gods

'At night there are moonlit slugs... Whose ivory body's comet' 'Out of their laurels' like Greek gods... 'Alone' these horned demons' Taste the linden air for life.

'A life, that's far beyond aerials. Far beyond our, own, receivers' 'As they sliver' into the darkness' A glow... follows in their starless Path: Through these open spaces.

'A Journey is taken, nightly, blind.
'This is the quest' of a primrose hope.
'This is a ghostly, passage...
Into a virginal flesh' ...unspoken... for.
Such is the hunger of all loves.

... (Even that of slugs') ...

Outer space...?

Where will be my last event horizon? Where will be my first enduring kiss? Where will be my sandbars rest? Where has gone my love my princess...

Outpourings... perfection!

His heart an endless soul A flowering dove tree Tears and clouds cajole

His soul an endless heart A whirling dervish Arriving; towards truth...

A centered spinning world In ecstasy white gowned Divinely, he lived on...

Where truth does arrive! In creations, spiritual, love Outpourings... perfection!

Over canyons of gold

Love is a gift rapt heart
It has a honey centred
Taste that'll make you
Ache—warm inside
When it gets nippy and dark...

Love is a voyage of discovery, A harbour of memory, It's our destiny. A star hung, and simply, Tucked-up and put to bed.

Love is that moment, you No longer have to run-From; just to get ahead... Of where you first, begun. It's like innocently, sucking your thumb.

Love is a magic carpet Flying over canyons of gold Oh bite that diplomatic tongue Oh count your alphabet! There aren't enough words...

Or lessons to save your bet Or soul—whilst you fret— All your joys may one day go cold. But not when you're flying... Over canyons of gold!

When, you're green and your young. Like a lily of the valley Love hell lovers! Lay your selves down... I'm the man about town!

Lord Ladies throw your selves down. I'm an eagle Don't you fret? When I'm flying Over your canyons of gold!

Over new; greens seas drip-fed

The poet is a lonely ... (snail) With elongated eyes espy. Following a spiritual brail... Questioning: what's a wry? What; lucidity nears him by.

A non-apologetic; dreamer...
To him its do-or-die
With a silver trailing "stigma"
Over the high seas did Bligh.
Oh mutiny; he's not a rhymer...

{With a pirate, treasure scroll...}

With a bounty on his head: His mutiny is that his soul— And others might—never be fed. By following him on... faith! Over new; green seas drip-fed.

Paint Palette

You are the one Constant as the sun Constant as the moon Constant as the stars You are the one You are the one Steady sure thing! You are the one Too wear my ring.

You are the one.
Invariable ingredient
You are the one
Sweet never shouldn't.
You are the one
Rainbows, only pigment
You are the one
Never, just transient...

You are the one My indigo rose You are the one Too wear my bedclothes. You are the one And you are! The one And only one Who really understands me? Knows me? You are the one Clandestine star You are the one reason My jaw hangs low ajar Wordless like an olive tree You are the music the sitar The seasoned wood; sequined in me.

You are the wild wind
That whips up the sandbars
On an ever changing tidal shore
You are the one who binds us all blind
All in a whirlwind, furore
You are the one island in the setting sun
Who really understands me?
Knows me?
You are the one.

Pale white beauty

Soft as the moonlight, glinting
Through a veil of silken snow
Your pale white beauty, maudlin?
My hearts beat speaking in overflow...
You with your dark hair roving?
Oh ivory shouldered, queen
There where the barn owl, sleeping?
So quietly calm and serene
There where the raven is feeding?
His talons in the snow,
There with a heart still bleeding
I'll pray you love me so...

Passionate kisses under nail of coffin

The suns laughter corrupts... each immaculate blossom, Each molecule it now erupts. Is a honeycombed; chasm.

'Therefor it begs—if, solitude? be mine. It then again; welters... into calmer, subdued: ...transcendental... waters.

—Of course let the stars! command you too listen. 'Let sea waves their shanty-sitars play for 'the shining one' 'Helen'

-of Troy, for if Zeus can lovelorn, transform himself into a goose. Mate with Nemesis and produce! An egg from which; Helen was born.

'He who says—dine with the fishes, above or below you, in dramas— Up-front or behind you! will remind you! but for Him, who'd recall, hot Apollo'...

'He who commands you too listen. Commencing; with a zillion stars'. 'He also laughs in your face, questions. Passionate kisses under nail of coffin.

Past All Remembrance With You

O I'm look for something, past all remembrance Cutting through a field like a plough, I hear a church bell? an old crow like a harpsichord... furrow... after... furrow... until—I hit. An old solidified, bough! that is no longer! no longer! the yolk of an acorn. No longer! a green sapling, spire! oh honey... oh honey... oh honey... how do we chose a bow?

a sapling yew! here... here... here... there is only some old bog-oak ...remains, a black ore kindling... where some scarlet red dragons long since died scorching the ground praying to be unearthed and put to flames... in a clearing... for pastures—new!

Oh honey...
Oh I'm looking for...
Oh I'm looking for...
Oh I'm looking for something,
almost mystical in you!!!
Oh I'm looking for...
a knight to rescue ...my heart ...again.
To the sound of armour!
to the sound of a church bell
that same old same
with... you!

O I'm look for something, past all remembrance with... you!

Peace and Love Defend Us

let hope reign peace and love defend us... lets us all be more humane

count your blessing look out your windows the world is a paradise if we just learn to share it peacefully...

count your blessing put down your bows and arrows lets all live a little more humbly let hope reign

let peace and love defend us... let hope reign let ever nation call you neighbour oh brother sister friend no one higher born than another

oh the world is a paradise just look out your windows the world is a paradise if we just learn to share it peacefully...

People change constantly like aging wine

People change constantly like aging wine Either they turn bitter or sour or refine Or else are mixes between all the three Ask them to remember something bitter Truth is tainted to another - addressee Ask them to remember something sour Then the fruits of their memories bower Ask them to remember something perfect Tongues stammer - speechless to reflect People change constantly like aging wine So like heavenly stars all have to realign Either they turn bitter or sour or refine Or else are mixes between all the three Ask them to remember something bitter Truth is tainted to another - addressee So, yes people are changing constantly.

Perpendicular

How did that web cut a horizontal line? From washing pole to tree What pendulum of imagined thought Swung it's self into the face of me.

It's so miraculous to see...
How vexed even we can be to break
These autumnal webs that prohibit me
From keeping such ill positioned keepsakes.

They're so Perpendicular! Demonstratively beautiful to the gardener Who should envy their knot garden designs? But god, what irritating, landmine's.

Playful Fingers...

He kisses me like a caterpillar Curling in a sun aroused flower So playful is his desire his ardour My carpel wishes are to enclose Around that: wincing thorn of pleasure. To entrap alone his stamens tongue! Amidst; the sepal-hips of my thighs Now to cocoon, locked, playful fingers And petal wings together.

Poor but rich

Poor but rich in flowers I lay amongst those stems In them burning gem's

I hear my singing, child singing to the croaking, frogs sweet wordsof jangled, thought!

And time I have to laze And read a poem, That leaves me dazed, In humble, awe! I'm poor, but rich in flowers...

Pray it lasts forever

Oh, what joy is love? Pray it lasts forever... Dreams, hand in glove One without number...

Oh, miracles gather Like a true best friend: Believe as a gambler In faith; hope godsend.

Oh, care for that love... That one precious flower! Break this fall of dove... When crisp autumn's briar!

Oh' leaves laurel her heart Nestle her serenely golden In a little meadow, impart Take tree root sunken The moonlights chill, depart.

Prison bars

What can a prisoner say?
To bars he cannot escape.
I love you; but farewell,
I love you; but permit me, some leave!

Within his heart, yet, remains a serpent. An unwelcome visitor sounds a hiss... But unlike a stray-dog, he'll not bark nor Snake through the undergrowth an adder?

So then Lord what is a key without a lock? Or a jail without four walls... Who turns the key to a door, without-walls? To a door that's got no hinge.

No ceiling or heavenly vault No floor or a cellar-basement.

Privy to the wind and tide

Coastal waters tugged your heart
Into deeper oceans moon-lit dark
But still your shores ached new lands
New moorings beneath palm-wet sands
And yet you yearn for that first port of call
That line and hook of golden bait
That motion in the first wave's gate
That left your heart a squall...

Pupate

The night precipitates I'll sleep I'll die by the light of the moon And I'll dream forever wakeful Pupate in a butterfly's cocoon.

The light precipitates I'll wake Embossed in pollen fields of nectar I'll taste the liquor of holy eternity. Join wing hands with the spectre.

They've whispered is my collector. The one who's flower is captivating Their bodies of drowsy emptiness... Fulfilling, longing with pardoning.

The night precipitates I'll sleep The light precipitates I'll wake! And dwell amid the one flower Borne as a windbreak, keepsake.

Purple violet

Have I been frozen out? And have I grown in discontent A purple violet With a darkening portent:

Have I chasten my heart To press forth roots... And not break through the earth. Not to flower in lowly offshoots.

Oh am I a man of carbon Am I a broker of what can't be spent? Yet I have plenty of condominiums... Empty of what I rent.

Will I have long enough?
To see what holds the floorboards up
What holds the ceilings aloft?
Over me
Oh will this purple violet...
Ever raise its head from its deathbed.

Questions of adultery

Where can we break eggshells? And meet as lovers. When can two lovers kiss, and tell? Their hearts contents to one another. What they've shared together Under the covers!

If you cheat and I cheat What of the hurt to others! If we but hurl those empty lies Like a cheap confetti Upon our unsuspecting lovers! Question, can we be chastely. Or honest to one another!

Raft of soul's

In the biblical waters of the human mind Where we raft upon our souls To some other strange immortal isle! Where death lays not in tombs But is arisen in the palm of the redeemer! Our lord and master, host and saviour...

Raking over church yard cinders

That night in the church yard, I raked cinders This way and that; like a Chinese gardener. Rinses the suns gold. "Black renders lacquered" Into green coals, honeycombs, hot pitchers.

There I see the broth in her eyes poking fun.
As I raked the cinders this way and that,
I am reminded of every hot-spat.
That char-coaled my fires to the bone, and made shun...

Like a shadow from the sun, like a bee from the rain. And why with the job-done. Did I let mosquitoes bite? Blister and bloody my smoke- kippered skin, again And again, I question, what's to reignite!

As the moon bequeaths its skeletal light! Through the eye sockets of distant; lank-white-stars, I'd perch a blackbird with my feathers alight... Hoping to find her old warmth's in the winds guitars.

Raspberry canes

In and out the raspberry canes
"On a jack-frost bitten day:
With nothing more than twine,
and knife...
To earn my daily" pay.
Bending back the line of whips!
From: "Lands-End to John o' Groats"

These willowy viaduct sticks... ... Seemingly it will, never end.

In and out the raspberry canes
"With nothing burning on my mind:
Accept the numbing" hail and rain.
And the wisps of empty time!
Bending, back the line of whips:
Beneath a solemn; grey stone-sky.
Under the derogatory east-wind!
A hells purgatory; cry!
From: "Lands-End to John o' Groats"

...Seemingly it will, never-end:

Real Love Is A Stones Ripple

Lust sends your heart racing one way then another Real love is a stones ripple stinking ever deeper Permeating its outreach further and further ...

Recalibration

What contains our memories shall fail But let's hope brackish sweet is each pail When poured back to the source of creation... Let's hope it's only an exhumation. Recalibration, levitation...

What contains a woman's moonlit breast? Is what contents my hazy eyes holy rest? Whenever; I can contain my misty breath. I look at her melting into death... Its then I feel at my most empty - bereft.

What contains a young child's foolish dreams? Is what secretly leads me to my extremes? Feeling so lonely, I look deeper Into despair and glimpsed the reaper... The martyr of all my blues; like a happy, fakir.

Redemption

"Redemption" does it come with a sell by date! If it does I fear I'm already too late!

See I've done my bit of blasphemy disrespectfully But I've turned over a new leaf - oddly.

So, I query my past transgressions in earnest: I've made many mistakes and was never ablest.

Does "redemption" have its own lock and key? I know the jailer looking in the mirror is me.

A two edge sword is each personality, Forgiveness is a fine bottled whisky.

Once you've open it you want to drink it dry, Limits forgot then your ego, you espy.

Like sailors after an arduous journey, On their shore leave winking at the honeys going by.

I ask myself is it a port in a storm... This "redemption" why, does it leave me lukewarm!

I guess I don't have it, and never will, Walk in the strait-path of this obscure treadmill.

Redemptive lovers...

My love we haven't danced or linked arms Like those leafless apple trees in the orchard. Not for a while have we rolled in the weir... Ankle to ankle, souls, bobbing naked inward-Drowning – 'need no air-bubbles' - we're -In no rush, inertia has no more – alarms.

For us... around the corner spring is waking. As for the moment; its icy dark waters—Rolling; over boulders, yearningly in circles... Only tantalize the fires, in our closed quarters. In truth we have tasted all their musk tendrils... ... Of flower, and ivy bough, lovingly, bursting.

Reggie Song!

O did a tear make this ocean O did the mildew and moss form this an island crust and then did the earth its vegetation... make all, all, all of us...

But where came that tear? that manufactured all this... my brother and sister!!! but where came that tear? that manufactured all this—rust...

O my brother and sister don't mistrust—learn to trust! follow your passion... and don't question why? your lusts make you cry!

O didn't a tear make this ocean O didn't the mildew and moss form this an island crust and make the two of us? its vegetation... (it makes it makes all of us...) my brother and sister!!! # that tear in the sky!!!

Ride-Out The Wind

On a whisper or a prayer But, never just stand, On a stair blocking-out the light!

Migrate to anywhere in the open air... But, don't just stand idle, there! Blocking-out the light! Ride-out the wind...

Without a care! A whisper or a prayer But, never just stand, there Playing, solitaire...

Halfway, to nowhere! Ride-on a whisper or a prayer Yeah, take to the air! And, migrate anywhere!

But, don't just stand, there Blocking-out the light! ...I'm expecting, here... Yeah, take to the air!

Ride-out the wind... Without; any fanfare! On a wing and a prayer And, levitate like a leaf spirit.

To every corner of belief
That hasn't
Over shadowed, imagination!
Or your soul's own wilful destruction!

Right before your eyes

I'm a defender of crimes Right before your eyes Voters let us all be hypnotized.

Be lead defenders of lies As city bankers wink with a grin Let us scratch and toil - cry

In a unheated bathtub Numb, let us bathe cold to save. Darn your pockets dear But there's no money, here Save the bones Of an old Christmas turkey

Oh I'm a defender of crimes Right before your eyes Voters let us all be hypnotized.

Be lead defenders of lies As city bankers wink with a grin Let us scratch and toil - cry

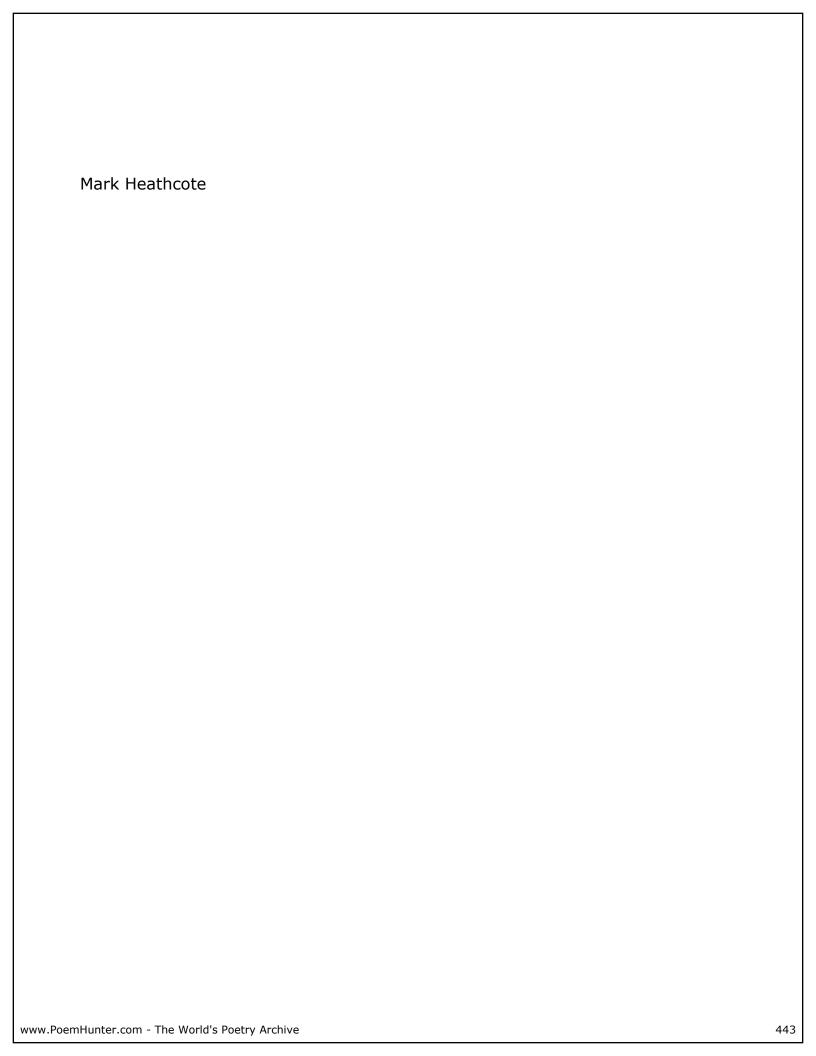
In selfish solitude till we die Baby don't you cry baby there's A chance...? We'll buy a lottery ticket And ride-out our last chance again And maybe save our souls the pain.

What more can I say
When the bailiffs
Have more roots in our home today
Than us or the bird perched
In the broken bay-window here to stay
Because I've blown all our money away
On beer and scratch cards they'll say...

Oh I'm a defender of crimes Right before your eyes Voters let us all be hypnotized.

Be lead defenders of lies As city bankers wink with a grin Let us scratch and toil - cry Jesus, tell me what's gone wrong...?

The saints preserve us; Our time left won't be long In selfish solitude let us die In selfish solitude let us die In selfish solitude let us die.



River Street Urchins

River street urchins,
The gutters are swelling.
[Waiting...] for the sky—you and I
To reach—the storm drains of joy.
Before we go...
Before we let, go.
We too will rain...

River street urchins, Before we go... Before we let, go. We too will rain... River street urchins...

Paupers oh so giving, don't you know. We'll queue in the streets And pray to be free! Till we go... Before we let, go. We too will rain... On every official bank holiday parade:

Till we're free, till were free
Till were free, till were free
Till were free, to go...
We'll never clear-out:
Absorbing as every stain might be.

I'll fabricate a new colour? A rainbows pot of gold... One for just you and me!

Rosebay Willowherbs...

Sometimes a seed will not grow From one corner to another As though a yellow laburnum... Had poisoned the sky, and earth.

And, put bedrock down!
That cannot ever be unearthed.
Sometimes a seed will not grow
And, futility is all we'll ever know.

But surly, as spring follows winter. And as water dissolves rock! A seed will find perches. Even in a wall, its roots will unlock.

Just as a fireweed occupies Burnt war-torn ground first! Showing off its ramping spires... We too will be heavenly disbursed.

Rounded

To make a pebble rounded It has to be crushed Pounded and carved There is nothing tender About it, it must be Tipped on its head Up-ended out of bed Turned in every which-way It doesn't want to go... Some may think it cruelty, But others shall behold it? Behold its beauty, logically Knowing it's as rounded-As anything - and possibly It will roll with all the punches Of this world until the next Their return to the sediment The bedrock of home!

Rumble in the jungle

Give us some poetry? Ali.
Me, we..? (A record breaker)
These are the words
of Muhammad Ali...
Ali—baba-booyah! Ali, is he?
The emperor of Horus...
Sang back the chorus...
Ali—baba-booyah!
Ali—baba-booyah!
All—baba-booyah!
The peoples champion
roaring, catlike a rampant lion!

With lean longlegs of lynxes the king of all the cobras..?
With a right leading paw...
His jab like a shining red ripsaw...
His words of combat a poetic—Sting, like a bee He's a buzzing black gnat in the ears of Forman's one-man wall?
Fury; surely, he's only another meatball.

(Half-crazed: George Forman He isn't their American hero their Tarzan) . "Muhammad Ali..."
Ail—baba-booyah! Ali
The emperor of Horus they all sang back in chorus. Ali—baba-booyah!
Ali—baba-booyah!
Ali—baba-booyah!

Hellfire's sharpen up this stirring beast's anger who isn't yet a baptized priest? This unleashes the bears raging, blahs!!! But in a taciturn of natural, law a trudging elephant goes sleeping. Wearily, on the ropes he's waiting... Tobacco chewing the brawlers Heart weathering his boulders.

And his own leaf shedding soul Ali and his admirers console Muhammad Ali... Ali—baba-booyah! Ali The emperor of Horus comes back the chorus Ali—baba-booyah! Ali—baba-booyah! Ali—baba-booyah!

Meanwhile, me, we..?
Ali, tenderly, inward sobs...
Me, we..? Me, we..?
For "3" whole rounds he bobs, weaves until his inward sobs.
Awaken his ancestors.
Then does he begin, surly to hear.
A charlatan's heart beat drum...
With no more tantrums too come.
He Ali awakens his African elephant.
Wounded and yet more grievant it's then, this road turnpikes'.
And Africa's chosen black son!
Ali, the preordained cobra strikes
At Forman the watermelon gatherer bewildered, headlong-guilty
Of this his own perjure.

Rye Fields & Snowdrifts

She has all the whispers of a morning, Clothed in fog; wet with drenching's of fallen dew. Whilst my perspiring body lisp's on a gallows tree Sometimes-above sometimes-below she...

I am her Eden's fantasy she says—O' I'll probe! I'll bite! When; rye fields glow all around me. When; apple blossom orchards, Descend like snowdrifts, deeply to enfold me.

In his arms in his rye fields and snowdrifts, There surely you'll also, find me! Cold to all other suitors, now till eternity.

Sacrificial cloud

You cradled the world in a tear You holdout a flask and catch it. But there's nobody else in there. You're just unwilling to admit it.

You spin a web to keep out the cold You entrap yourself in your own web, But its silken prison will not hold. Before you know it more tears ebb.

Oh how you wish you were dead But as the tears evaporate Yours eyes clear their bloodshed, Empty shell cases till a serrate!

New pain recharges your heart again.

—A boy who loves you watches you.

Now he watches over you.

As you unravel, again, and again to his love.

Eyes flashing like a flashlight Now all your tears are aglow. Like a rainbow heading anywhere Than; another empty sacrificial cloud.

Says the singer - before you...

Your voice is underdeveloped
It won't grow an octaveMore! ...Bigger!
But what use is this famed, futility,
Matched to order...
"Oh you feed the greedy, crowd ...
Oh you can never feed".
So they buy into you!
But what do, you pay, whilst you sing!
"When, you're never at home to stay"...

Fame might pay you're hotel bill,
But Bill won't love you still,
"If he's got too much, time to fill ...
It won't grow an atomBigger! You'll never make
The Grand Ole Opry" honey
But then you might grow harder.
So you'll find yourself a guitar man, a drunk!
And they'll call you a "saint" for putting up,
But what good-use is fame if you're alone.

...Traveling, all the time... With a drunk on his knees, "Love is a union, not an onion Burning in your pickled red sleepy eyes" Oh you feed the greedy, crowd ... You can never feed. So they buy into you! But what do you pay, whilst you sing! "When, you're never at home to stay"... Fame might pay you're hotel bill, dear ... But Jack won't love his Jill, Whist he's tending his sheep, If he's got too much, time to kill ... Underdeveloped it won't grow an atom-More! ...Bigger! Than another other unheard off singer Says the singer - before you...

Schizophrenics

When the wiring of the brain unravels in this way like a ball of yarn there can be no lonelier place on earth than your own malicious twisted mind teasing out its own Self worthlessness in pain... waging war upon its own low self-esteem: its own heart and soul brother, sister, mother, father and one time friend and lover They're all of them voices in your head But still you know you've lost the thread... When; you've wished them, all dead...

Sea of empty space..?

Tonight I saw an ocean Passing beneath the moon In zig zag slow motion Then a whale was strewn..?

Coup de grâce Sea of empty space..?

The moon was gone! Like a white chess pawn.

Like bread a carp swallows And then it just wallows Dimly into the night Into those disk waves so trite.

Coup de grâce Sea of empty space..?

Séance ordering...

Séance ordering...

There is, there is This ice curtain Of silent conversation A séance ordering... Watch and you'll learn.
{Understanding, unspoken}...
How it works I've no idea. I speak to her in thoughts, Your coffee is going cold. Dear. And then she picks it up. I think of a Merlot red wine Punctually the glass arrives. I then picture a sandwich Promptly, I'm asked. Cheese or ham my love. I think of a friend's name. They're mentioned in passing... I think soon what I shall buy. Then it's Googled in a millisecond! There is, there is There is an ice curtain. Dear. That only applies, when we speak!

Search endlessly for this truth divine

Ghostly are blossoms conjured? Swirling paths remembered...

On these petals shall we tread? Rise as though they never shed.

On their pink ribbons, shall we glide? As angels only the child espied:

As cherry blossoms... so many spent... Shall we dance as they did, ascent.

Oh the majesty and the grace to ponder! The orchard and his sacred acre...

Oh, what's there to be afraid off? Too be as like the petals castoff...

Too be one with this stream of life Take wonderment for a wife.

Take that lead of root and vine Search endlessly for this truth divine.

Seasonal affective disorder (SAD)

So seasonal ills lull my every mood
Ice flows inward outward my thinking
Never does the spring thaw lessen its rude
Hold on my life; each day begs questioning.

How my overly anxious brain still ploughs on... Spirit frozen stiff and September Four decays darker now just begun. My emotions amplify the dread December.

The 16th leading cause of death in females Pulling at the fabric of my mind is death By suicide the eighth cause of death in males The winter-onset a stage for Macbeth!

See his ceiling lit with many a mirrored star

See his ceiling lit with many a mirrored star See the lamps that are truly glitteringly ours Then alchemizes these cherished hearts Into moments, minutes, and hours Alchemize what love eternal is truly yours What radiance shone meteoric ashore? What pull has turned a melancholic tide... And harboured so many a soul and mind Through seismic, storm Brimful of a universe without impudent pride Know your place is a golden elixir by his side

See the world is anon...

There are eyes within eyes
But blink; and these words are gone!
Open—your eyes
And then see the world is anon...

All is but one grain...
One ear of rice
"What more need—you or I'
That has lived, need more of life!

{The wisdom of the wind}... Comes from seeking-out its source... Back to the beginning...

Therefore: Harvest
What your love might carry?
Be but both empty and full,
For in death, shall we not all marry?

Seed without flowers

At the heart of a flower Is there a spiritual seedling opening? Where a vortex sings... I am the fruit the vapour Of all life! now watch me Pilfer watch me canker Watch me live and die.

And then also imagine!
If you can, I never flowered
Nor did I ever truly open.
My vapour wore on the wind... nought.
Praise be because you and the bee
Happened to imagine my singing,
From this none awaking, flowering...

Therefore you are my seedling
My life that I never lived...
That never pilfered and cankered,
Only to dream you I existed together.
My vapour wore on the wind... nought.
But what is this wind but the last sighs?
Of death dreaming again of Him I who never lived.

I have but lived nought nor died none Before I even dreamed of you! Singing in the flowers... Singing in dream song, He sang, Fragrances, scented to me. The flower that neither you! Nor the bee has yet been borne to be.

You have flowered in my garden A garden, I have yet to build. And been witness to a dream... Borne upon a fragrant shore That has no boundaries or earthly store. And yet unknowingly you too have dreamed Of flowers without; seed. And seed without flowers.

Serpent Of The Wind

'You would like to melt as does the snow... and with the root of the wind, part tethered to your soul—let go'...

'You would like to sing.
...His heavenly, halleluiahs!
you would like to 'Dream-drift'...
and agree in full, concordance'.
'You would like to melt
as does the snow...
till melting, or drifting—you!
you have neither feet nor wings'.

'Hells serpent with the root of the wind, part tethered to your soul—whom for you pulls... this fulcrum, lever—over...? Over when; it's time to' let deaths-burning-poison-arrows flow'.

'Who gives you the recompense? When; your headstone is over rolled... Rattle snake, who gives you! the run of the road... in full, concordance Of desert; tumbleweed to 'Dream-drift'... And melt away... like virgin snow.

Shadows

What is the size of a shadow? Projecting, quadrupling its sinister size. At close quarters who knows? Could be likewise a sea-monster! Said an old; warty-sage in prose. Why it's a serpent, something to conjure-Up and swallow you down whole! Cogent! —under your hammocks bed, Worm like! Said a disparaging vole! —So what's to be done? For an independent; measurement then... Well, use what you have of your noggin, Little child—then, take a long-Introspective, look inside, and then-Try and decide. Just as sleep, closes our eyes. What's this voids awesomeness, Nothing..? What's random about, emptiness? This vacuums inner movement in space? In full, perceptiveness, Prescribed to our inner sleeping eyes? Ever wakeful is it or just a dream scape? No bigger or smaller than a shadow. Appearing and disappearing... Why do your eyes remind me of the universe? Having just; exploded with an outer-ring Of darkness, And a heart still filled, with stunning blackness. What is this opaque whiteness? Invisible indivisible glue that surrounds us... Who is it in those shadows, watchful of me and you!

Shadows Voice Their Secrets

It's like those stars fluttering, Burning, in their coals... And you, you coke my hearts Unanswered questions Like garnet stones.

Your bodies heated Furness's Is like the centre of a rose Where shadows speak So loudly they lose their voice But not their spark,

Shadows voice their secrets When they meet When we roll in their coals Shadows voice their secrets Like the northern lights

For us we're enrolled in a rose Like two bugs cocooned Together but never to sleep Honestly, that's how shadows meet With unanswered questions Like a secret birthstone a garnet Burning in the fires of their coals...

Shalom My Brothers

Brothers don't follow me! I'm like vapour rolling on the sea Longing to roll down a stain glass window Staining everything I see lest I forgo...

Everything I touch is prone to mould Young boys return home! Brothers I'm rotten to the core be told. Now go my brothers - shalom.

And do not follow me! Lest I forget who, I really, am. Brothers; please stay and referee Your Mothers and fathers and take your exam.

Shalom - go now my brothers - shalom. And let this poor wandering gypsy roam Maybe one day I'll return home But just for now brothers - shalom.

Peace, be with you, I need to go... Brothers be told, I don't know who I am And till I know I'll just say - shalom. Peace, be with you, I need to go.

Like the foam on the sea I reach for a shore in me I'm yet to define until I depart Until then I'll segment my heart.

And peal it like a clementine Soak it deep in red wine. Peace, be with you, I need to go... Shalom my brothers I know where I don't belong.

Show me the distance to your heart

Show me the distance to your heart And I'll journey to you On a catamaran I'll sail To your heart Through a force 9 gale Around the Cape of Good Hope I'll sail to be with you

Show me the distance to your heart And I'll be drifting homeward to you Like driftwood could you rescue me? From the flotsam of the deep blue sea Two castaways we'll be Oh my love and me

Only because its you
Do I want you to sail the oceans blue
Only because its you
Do I do this untold thing for you?
Oh show me the distance to your heart
Show me the distance to your soul
Love I'm under passions startingOrders to over power the starboard
Engine of your heart and soul...

Show me there's no need to disguise The fact you love me When I'm sailing through the vastness Of the dark to meet you In the light of my heart... In the light of my heart... In the light of my heart...

Silence

Silence - please do tell...
How will I learn again to sing?
When my heart is as inaudible...
As a waiting - city doorbell
For that special someone to ring...
For that guest I know won't come
Only too well won't ring.

Silk road

I fly like a bird in stillness over pools of lemon and blue and cut through leaves of fire to find safety with you

your heart an oasis the milk of human kind your body the foothills of life I hollow out a chamber

I drink of honey and love, There's nothing left to remembernow, but your beauty my Venus of love.

Silver birches

A crack of light Like a silver birch In the night Holds its spell over me It's like looking into a well Knowing – tranquillity exists In completeness, No matter how dark - this... Circle is, I know there's a light in my soul. Willing to confess there is - love In this wilderness— Beneath blue moon creeper's I know I'm falling in love - again. With scorpion wasp-sting-kisses - a wine You can only swallow deep Like the heady night of darkness. Crackling with light Like those silver birches In the night Holding their spells over me My attention is a nest of vipers As those leaves of her catkin kisses Her sickle moonlit limbs, Take little bites of my solitary, melancholy. Breaking off silver-breaths of dragons That sealed their hearts wishes With a wreath of purple violet, flowers. It's like looking into a well Knowing - tranquillity exists In completeness, No matter how dark - this... Circle is, I know there's a light in my soul. Willing to confess there is - love In this wilderness!

Singing A Johnny Cash Locus Song For Me!

A ganging ocean washed over me When I was young, I was already old When I loved, it was a careless love That washed over me.

Yes, it was a ganging mountain range
That stood and stamped around me
So I grownup hard and estranged
And my heart I short shrift upon the wind
Like a rank mouldy dank potpourri.
And my soul with the emptiness of a shell I assigned
A cry and oh how I cried...
Until my own ganging oceans ran dry.

But the deserts I took rest bite in
They were all too cold even for me
To sojourn in, so, I walked as a wry vagrant
And followed the eastern sun in the sky
Way up high until again a storm unfolded
And a ganging ocean washed over me
Singing a Johnny Cash locus song for me!

Oh a ganging ocean washed over me When I was young, I was already old When I loved, it was a careless love That washed over me.

Yet it was that baptism fire that made me And made that Johnny Cash locus sing for me So don't weep don't feel sorry for me Because like the mountain waves that are born To swallow, me under there waves with you. To the sound of a Johnny Cash locus song You know it won't be long till that tide turns around And then there'll be no more reason to feel drown.

Oh a ganging ocean washed over me When I was young, I was already old When I loved, it was a careless love That washed over me But now I am free...
But now I am free...
But now I am free...

Smile

Keep your chin-up girl and smile
Just as smiles resign to smile
Because they have no other choice
Saddens is resigned to flooding
Downstream like salt water tears.
But like all salt water tears they evaporate.
Even as they reach the deepest ocean
At its deepest darkest point
All they can do is, evaporate.
Resign themselves one long lingering smile
Light and feathery, once again
And smile in the sun that's here...
That's here and now, meant for you to smile.

Smiles the choice of rose hips hue

Who brings me the tears of rainbows blue? And smiles the choice of rose hips hue that brings to me the moons gentle dew? With kisses soft; as slender new.

Who brings me the laughter of bluebells white? And dances those greens; like a garden sprite. That brings to me the azure mornings light? Like a thistledown angel; lost in flight.

Who brings me a meadows flowing flaxen hair! And whispering words spellbinding without a care that brings too me a same sense of wonders rare? Like woodland lilies under a leaf mould layer.

Who brings me the moons gentle dew..? With kisses soft; as slender new..? With smiles the choice of rose hips-hue. Why; yes, my child it's you!

Smoke rings

Didn't life see us dance? In the arms of death, That giver of breath, if, so. What commodities, do These smoke rings have left.

Surely in essences burned It is purer, watered and fed. Better than a single scant, Mountain-rowan tree: Whose berries be amber Pink, white or red,

Who amongst us need lodgings? When vapours condense Beyond the rip-shore-tides Of flesh: Better to be, the Music; never heard sung.

Than one, that has rung.
And rung, and rung...
Only to be virulently alive!
But;
Still in essence, tone deaf.

So What Has Become Of The Yard Bird?

The wind and the rain gather you. Like petals on a rain storm So what has become of the yard bird? That stirred the captive rainbows To your and my finger tips

What has become of the rose? That danced off her dew wet shadows And sang adjacent the jasmine stars Sweetly scented at the first cut of hay

That lay in sobrieties corn circles That lay in bed on this coarse way A filly jumping over any such hurdles Whatever happened to us...?

When did you slip through my fingers? Like a broken rainbow Like a rose long cut No fresh water can ever save anymore...

Oh when did these chard's take thorn? Was it something I done sadly wrong? Like an overzealous gardener Did I prune you're rambling ways too soon.

What has become of the rose? That danced off her dew wet shadows And sang adjacent the jasmine stars Sweetly scented at the first cut of hay

That lay in sobrieties corn circles
That lay in bed on this coarse way
A filly jumping over any such hurdles
Whatever happened to my love to us...?

So what has become of the yard bird? My pretty yard bird today...?

Something Secret

Why do the best legs stand on pins? Is it something, genetic? Something secret, they're born to inherit. All I know is my heart beats frantic.

It's like balancing on a high wire Across a suspension bridge Watching these flamingos in duos... With; airbag, steerage...

Of cause I'm sexist. It isn't easy being the slimmest. The tallest the lewdest The vaguest teenager in town...

Somewhere Inside Of You!

Every life, shall meet death. Every breath crosses that bridge Every autumn leaf falls bereft. See all in its burning leafage.

Oh diamond sparks burn inside ...Blue, with rage, behind iron-bars. Oh there's a heart of a flower And, somewhere inside of you! Inside of you, child there's a Houdini... Honeycombed with green-envying eyes Somewhere inside of you, child, there's A queen, that, that, that, never dies...

Oh, look, child how she just swans...
Seductively easy across the skies
Ah, seduction... in ivory,
Seduction... in ivory,
Seduction... in ivory blossom
Into a million crimson dyes,
But—no she'll never, ever, ever, die.
Nor be cast down into that dead leafage.

Ghostly; she's like some spiders webbing, Webbed; across deaths ebony warring face. Every life is like a stillborn, thought! Just waiting, wondering, and rippling out of breath.

Inside of you, child there's a Houdini... Honeycombed with green envying eyes Somewhere inside of you, child, there's A queen, that, that, that, never dies...

Oh, look child she just swans...
Seductively, easy across the skies
Ah, seductively into ivory,
Seduction... into ivory,
Seduction... in ivory blossom
Oh, into a million crimson dyes,
But—no she'll never, ever, ever, die.
Nor be cast down into that dead leafage.

Sonnet

Love bends over a yellow stalk of wheat,
Hope shields these grains her seed, sowed, eyes
Corn poppies pearl-black the inset stars discreet,
Worm eaten flowers, caste-upâ€□ a moment's prize!
The sparkling cross pollination of souls and minds
Of hearts cool, hot, tepid, passionate, tears assigned:
These aren't the sting, swollen, eruptionsâ€□ she reminds.
Each bursting bloom a blood vessel, newly; entwined:
But gaze not blindly men at women's true honest preserve
It's God's worn-out labour here on mother earth, cherished
The brashest of bees can dance and thrash their verve
And like the kneeling Sheppard raise all... the perished.
As the yolk of a flower is but a set, weed!
So he the father must chaff-out the wheat from the seed.

Stealing Apples In The Morning Sun

The devil held a satchel and smiled Like a child he's going to school... Like me he's visiting an orchard Looking for what's juicy and shines To take and devour in the break The pears by the old wall, early fall... There's no need to climb or shake But these apples even the starlings And the bees hesitate to take. Am I a fool to taste of the first one? Am I the devil's own son? Stealing apples in the morning sun...

With a smile and a sticky sweet paw
The devil held my satchel open
And my heart had cabbage white butterflies
Out on a bowing thin bough
In apathy reaching beyond the skies
For something even more golden
Than the bees the apples the sun
Glowing dappled through the leafs
God forgive me, God forgive me,
The devil held open a satchel too me.
Oh was I battered and bruised,
Or is this entire story, telling, you a rues
To sing the devils blues...

The devil held my satchel open and smiled And like a child he's going to school... But no matter how curt my soul is, I'm no fool... God forgive me God forgive me, he's no friend of mine Now I don't need apples brighter than the sun I'm happier now to grow ripe Not drop young like those hard pears I'm happier now to fall old Like those apples with the sloes After the first frost weathers After the first frost weathers The apples on their; own, hanging gallows.

Oh the devil he can just go to hell Cause I'm now doing well...
The devil held a satchel and smiled Like a child he's going to school...
Like me he's visiting an orchard Looking for what's juicy and shines To take and devour in the break The pears by the old wall, early fall...
There's no need to climb or shake But these apples even the starlings And the bees hesitate to take.

Am I a fool to taste of the first one? Am I the devil's own son? Stealing apples in the morning sun...

Sticky molasses...

I went from longing to antenatal classes
This was after a period of exquisite lust
We never made the bed. Never learnt or found time to adjust.
It was love making, dawn to dust; sticky molasses.

But now my sweet honey. It's time for holy, motherhood. I'm too tired for your loving, copulation...
I need reassurance, I feel gross, misunderstood.
I now need a man not a boy or a freshman.

I went from longing, from a girl to womanhood. By the grace of god, I now have to be more mature - robust. I gave up my maidenhood, now isn't the time - falsehood! I'm ready to burst with real love, I'm ready to combust.

I went from longing to a new true sacrificial... Echo of who I was, were to be a new you and me. What's artifice can no longer be superficial... Together in a short while, we'll both share a family tree.

Striving only for one's self

Love can be like ivy embalming the tree of life At first they're compatible but in the end: Striving only for one's self suffocates the other Reaching for the stars isn't in either ones favour.

Sunday Papers

the coffeepot has gone cold. I can see it clearly in her eyes, There's no more steam or caffeine Demerara sugar or cream... There are no more shortcake biscuits, Flittered away, afternoons, with Silkily discarded; nicker-elastic trinkets. But thankfully, for little mercies, There are the Sunday papers, and Lots of lukewarm tea on-tap. But thankfully, for little mercies, There are the Sunday papers, and Lots of lukewarm tea on-tap.

Swimming, below zero...

We swam the lake in mid-November For a silly, madcap, dare. In the distance watched a figure. With a look of, despair...

A man's grimacing eyes, watched Fishing on the far bank As it happens my stepfather, crotched-Legged, looking point-blank.

Pole in hand; gazing above, the rod-tip. 30 minutes, swimming the lake One-side, only, we wasn't equip? We'd made a big mistake.

Sure enough his glances, like the water Were deeper than, our despair. Soon we'd have to walk back feeling nuder Than if our underwear were made of mohair!

But with my best friend walking by my side I still felt unsingly, warm inside...

Take me my green iguana into your heart

Take me like a spent blossom tree
O wind your roots around me
Dress me with your hands
Let us mingle together in these grasslands.

Let your leafy, fingertips, lace over me. Let your kisses, firebrand me Before you can even, memorize How passionate - my pulse sighs.

Take me my green iguana into your heart Let me uncoil there my sweetheart Let me shed my skin and disembark... Like a star's core let me light-up the dark.

Let me rest on a burgeoning bough. Strong enough to withhold the tears I've endow Let these Oohs take me sighing now! Back into, full paradise blossom - somehow.

Take This Air Locked Bubble

I've dreamed to be my last I saved it you for to kiss you well So take that last final gasp

I saved it you my love for you to take Take my last eternal breath of life Because like the notes from a flute My music; will travel just as far...

As the distance from; where you and I are Enhancing the air ...
Take in the grasses by that swollen river That circles the willows red tree roots

That's where I'll be...

Where I first held you close Like a silver sparkle in the dark You're now closer than the stars-Light; undying in my dead heart.

I'm a red Campion flower Crushed under every footstep you take Oh I'm drowning now so don't blink Just kiss me until I finally sink. My love...

Teachers pet...?

Love is a freelance writer
If you want my real answer
Please don't take dictation
This is only an aural examination.

Students aren't they impertinent.
"Oh how I long for the moment"
Just to teach them the rudimentary,
Facts: behind this supplementary.

Extra curriculum those abstracts Cogent analysis it just all subtracts.

Tectonic plates

I have longed to kiss.
That brow of sunken silence
I have longed to reminisce.
The furrowed arches she'd raised.
Such tenderness abreast
Is spellbindingly, tainted.
At worst; fractures, like these
Are tectonic plates, moving, southwest?
But I swear I still have her heart and soul
They're still under my house arrest
Even though, I'm now, homeless.

Testimonies'

Wave on wave these houses yearn each for their testimonies' their sepulchres shovel—tick tocks In the moonlight, midnight, back to back! In one of those; deepest unpicked locks—only a poet Houdini might be equipped for.

Stretching, elongated sideways, like an old oak coffin lid—cradled with him inside it: he takes a peak outside. Beneath; the heavily backed maroon drapes dawn's light defuses, within his strained eyes. It flusters with those exposures, innermost:

Those drowning, porous, expressions... How sadly, longing his bloodshot eyes Dispel those spacious vacuous mysteries... That comes eternally too him only.

In black and white!
Just as alarmingly, damningly, annoyingly, as when a bats wing on a'
Stars beam ashen, gets nipped in the bud.

Thank you lord

Thank you lord for all you've done For all the stars in the setting sun Thank you lord for all you've done For all the oceans rolled into one

Thank you lord for all you've done For the joys we're learning have just begun Thank you lord for all you've done For the love we're sharing one-to-one

Thank you lord for all you've done For every child for every grandson Thank you lord for all you've done Thank lord for your one and only sacrificial son

that's what they at the asylum now say

I have walked in wait of my own death
I have swam and drowned in my own life
I have climbed only to sink beneath the sky
I have crawled belly-down and stood on-high
I have wrestled with hatred only to find love
I have been the bully who first needed a shove
I have been quick-tempered deep into manhood
But old age mellows that adolescent boyhood:
At least that's what they at the asylum now say
Little does this white walled demigod know?
He too is buried under the walls of Pompeii...
His life to a moulding of death anther Stucco...

The Antelope & The Black Sheep

I removed a wall Brick by brick Year on year Stone by stone And I did all this with a constant Endless self-deprecation And I did all this without doing, A tyrannical untrusting man any wrong. Any harm: Until one day, His eyes lashed gentle his ears roof Opened up his mocking mouth (Into an unstoppable— Avalanche...!) Into an Arcadian mountain gorge, Now, revealing a noble antelope's spirit. A relief cave painting, 2 thousand years old. And like the black sheep Of a Nigerians family, 'I was extended a welcome back into The sweet savannahs of his African fold.

The autumnal princess...

One step further to the winter Two steps further to the spring The autumnal princess danced On the silvery feathered wind

Like a lotus flower of pearl She coverts the sleepy world And soothes the mirrored stars In reflective blue stone hearts

By piecing snowdrops of pearl The oracle amethyst of her eye Divides a world of brittle pleasure An autumnal garden of treasure;

That within her lips of autumns gold -is wrought to rest the woodlands fold And on her pallid breast that humbles not Shall be tarried a harvest moon forgot.

The bell of Knutsford's many throng

A young queen dances around the Knutsford maypole! As though she lingered within some fathomless dream Lifting joyful ribbon arms like a linnet on the breeze; She'd fare thought this world should float! Beneath her bantam feathered rose petal feet.

But soon she'll forgo and loosen off her fairy wings. And steal naked through the world that forged, Forged her simple warm gracious, dreams: But till then... her heart will beat the linnet's song, And dance the bell of Knutsford's many throng.

The Blackbird's startled wing...

"Words come down, outer space Mop my brow, dust these books Upon the mantelpiece Ignite the candle, long since Flickered perpetual light Before it's time to say goodnight! And, find my peace".

"Words be bright, and be merry As a church on Christmas Eve Words sing, and sing! Before all these shadows Scurry off and flap away my soul Unheard and underneath... The Blackbird's startled wing".

The blues of my vernal equinox...

Have I again flown to the edge of the world? Like Icarus have I winged to close to the sun? Have I reached my boiling-point and unfurled. ...Shall I return like a prodigal son?

Fallen-out of good grace did I go mad— Cause I didn't love myself long enough to belong. With the weight of my numbness, did I glide forbad Of my own loves reflection to play along...

Am I a dark scaffold, looking to shine? Envelop my every silver lining cloud. Am I the asylums prayers ready to resign? Where do I fly to...? I'm not disavowed.

If only I was an ear of golden corn I to might have found a love for me adorn.

The bride

Hewn from the strata of galaxies demure! Inured with witchcraft; heartbreakingly, pure. The bride wears her wedding-dress like haute-couture Dressed in her heavenly gown made by Channel or Dior!

Poised like a vision, sumptuously, dressed and veiled. She; supernatural swan like sailed... Stunningly, intoxicating; like a little creature divine! She takes up her grooms arm whispers thou, shall be mine.

The Call Of Winter Weather!

The night, sobbed
Her heart-out - near fully,
That is why the day arises happy.
Joyous as a song bird full of mirth
But see how the black bird is nesting
In some dark shadows girth.
Gazing through - yellow ringed eyes
Her eye - is like the center
Of a yew tree berry:
It speaks of a defining, terror...
When autumn fruits are falling...
The call of winter weather!

The carpenter's hands are bleeding blood

The carpenter's hands are bleeding blood
His hearts a house made of sandalwood
He carves and smooth's it to fit a tawdry groove
A dovetail joint he shares with you. And you approve.

But still you complain; his soul it has a splintered -Stairwell, where nothing ever is newly charted... You say; he gazes with knotted eyes spiralling outward... Into a space of stars, sawdust sutured.

His carpenter's hands are bleeding blood His forefathers arms cradled in lave dust He is now at a distance from the sharp end of the plane. If only he could, uproots, uncouple just one carriage from the train Derail the distance in that discontentment, love, once again!

But still you complain; his work has no honesty? Or shame, she cries like a gull, whose ocean has no-sea-wave. His hearts a house made of sandalwood Is but flotsam; is but some malnourished driftwood.

A splintered

-Stairwell, where nothing ever is ever newly sculptured...

The cat's cradle

Hold it as a child—could Only the melting snow, Love is a living hope Hope a living hell.

Love is a dew lit web Strung across our hearts In love alone do we worship? In death are we then loved?

The Children of God

Intelligence is a divine light Glowing in all directions... Whatever torch it holds travels Throughout space and time And orbits, a spiritual realm That transcends all elements Of our; so called knowledge So that is why, we are called. The Children of God! From germ cell to molecule From mineral to atom! All matter and anti-matter Can never be - destroyed. So that is why, we are called. The Children of God! Whatever collides together? Is transformed, molded a new. Each with the energy to energize A star and cause a core reaction! In the body of that living star Alive or dead, that star is you! So that is why, we are called. The Children of God! Your life's end - doesn't supplicate No new beginnings end: That is only for the flesh The Subterranean, diviners climatic So the rains decent is in order Of his ascent to look over us So that is why, we are called.

The cog

So, the world is always out of focus
In its Ferris wheel of strangeness
It locates to the nearest cog deftly.
The arrow of a swift's tail is the only thing we'll see.
Our millponds have no clarity - no eaves
Upon; which to rest, roll-up our sleeves?

It is like the swift, so often vexed Has given up-on an old pretext: It's better not to live life to the fullest... It's better to work your damned hardest... So the Ferris wheel of strangeness spins Locates the cog, where it all again begins.

The colours of the sunrise

Some say her eyes are blue Others that they are green Another said they're brown Or even a gleaming jade-black. But she I am not ever looking back...

The decency threshold

Close the campus. Yes, but question your...TRUST Valuing people "Now" do we stick or bust? Now that NHS is just another amputee A listless... shopping channel casualty.

Devolved from central governance Question; a "Tender" without substance Contrition is the national agenda! The malady is a palliative flora.

The disenfranchised, dispossessed.
Who in community care can protest?
Given a home domestic goddess...
Wouldn't you be happy with some social solstice?

Let us bring in that domiciliary...
A couple of hrs Monday to Friday,
Like meals on wheels let's just hope we're able
To convey the valuing people principle.

Then let us re-institutionalize
From behind their own domestic, blinds
Let's hope we deliver them a time slot
Time enough to dot the "I's" and cross the "t's"

And, hey, that's your lot "Conformance"
Until; even this becomes a financial garrotte.
Well, what is the answer then?
For the draconian: optimum performance.

Well hell let them rot... then..?

Till the shit hits the fan blame the Trust.

That local man... then..?

Then we'll seem too do all we can.

Let these providers compete...
Just think out of the box man
Get with the program man.
It's just another big conceit!
Privatization in a can...

The drums roll...

I'm going to roll-out, drum rolls, In your heart tonight! It's going to feel - like thunder Without; any respite.

It's going to feel like snow-fall Drifting over your soul, It's going to feel like glaziers melt-Water - out of control...

'Love we're headed to a supernova? The world is stunning... But never as much as right now' (As the drums roll, ding!)

The family tree

Old men cling to their gnarl-wooden sticks And wither from the cares of the world over Like apple blossom kissed silver with icy cold licks They know there are no more days of clover

But from their flowering came the fruit The seed of wane-blown family From their branching water-shoot A core of all that's good and bramley

So remember dearly, remember clearly The canker of their clay sincerely For they still warm us ever so dearly With their glowing embers. And sweeten our childhood, Septembers Long into their own autumnal Novembers!

The Father's Daughter

Only his kiss will do
Only a smile from him
Only his embrace will do
Cut from this cardigan
Cut from this aging cloth
Worn in view of a memory
Now only this alone will do
Only the warmth of his hand
Shouldered in a fatherly stand
Only his high back wicker chair
Hugs her now as he use to do
Only her tears stave off despair
Oh father how I loved you.
And in this abandonment still do.

The feeling I'm feeling...

Soft whispers.... quiet hushes
The silent moments
Where movements take over
Words cannot describe
The feeling I'm feeling...
When silent echoes
Are all around me, and all over?

My day dreaming wanders
To your eyes
The angels must have brought
You to me
As this world has never been
So weightless of worry
Since I am meeting, you.

Your aura glistens
Brighter than any bulb,
You're a burning sun in my mind
A constant, love
Not hard to find, in a special
Place, that exists on no map.

You're eternal to the truth. I love you Eternal to the truth I love you.

Boy, you're the horizon
The morning of forever
Of beginnings never endings...
Oh these whispered forget-me-nots'
Will never turn blue
Not as long as I find love in you.

In collaboration a song written with my daughters help.

Aislinn Heathcote

The first unsullied snowdrop

Love; what flower do you most aspire? Love; what flower should I most admire? Red peonie's with "lustful conduit desire Purple" crocuses cupped with fire.

Or the now pink foreign ragged robin, Breathless; rolling on... that country, common. I "sprig of green moist" Solomon's seal, You a single rose bud so genteel.

Love; what flower should I mostly aspire? Love: what flowers do you mostly require? Be it the fox gloves fleshy advancing spire Or the honey suckles tendrils of wire...

Or be you simply May times forget-me-not Still better the first unsullied snowdrop.

The flower

Where does a flower, go, father When it has flowered, Inwards or outwards... Child—it doesn't matter All that matters is, is That it has flowered... And took root within your soul.

Father shall it die.
When the ice covers it,
Will it perish from the cold?
Child—it doesn't matter
All that matters is, is
That its roots have entwined
Your heart and, you can never die.

Father—is I a flower too Yes my son, In the Garden of Eden... Father—where is this Garden. Focus child look around you. Inwards or outward... Does not this love un-bridle you? Are you not a flower too?

The foot and mouth crisis 2001

A clue: "Memitim" 2 down,5 across, DEATH... Another farmer holds his "breath" His crossword puzzle now solved, As he sits by the open fire resolved.

Firebrats shimmer like melting Sparks through grates, between falling, Slivering, among, the black slates. Like silver ashen; phosphates!

Covering that hearths entirety, They too show there's no need for "piety" As the future ghosts of the living; burn. His world is an up-turned urn.

Listing he hears the cries of the last dying ewe. Whilst angels of death beyond; "view" Descend across each patchwork acre... He himself too! screams at his maker.

Prier on prier, prayer on prayer!
Foot and mouth each neighboring "acre"
Burned black in the gasoline air...
Each man alone dies by his plowshare.

As more firebrats, recurred...
Another flock: another herd
Burned; like unguided lost souls
Stacked kindling in piled coals.

The gambit of heaven above

Bring me the stolen song of silence Passed between two lovers eye Bring me the white dove's effervescence That I may never die

Bring me the wings of an angel's heart As might I, to an ancient course take part Bring me the heart of unlicensed love Though it be the hinge that time never unlocked Though told, the door would be wide and unblocked.

The garden

The garden is a living cell A Monet' of colour and still reflection!

Its life is onwards moving... But still like the sun forever in dusk or dawn:

A theatre of hearts beating as one! An applauds of petals Scented; in love.

The garden is a river... a place of worship a place to espy a good time to die.

The good Lord is a dull stone in my shoe

The good Lord is a dull stone in my shoe I'm too lazy to shake him lose...
He jolts my conscience, as I take issue.
He makes me limp; sore are my sinews...

He reminds us; that jettisoned, Ammo's don't care where, they fall... They're propelled, bastioned-In the belief; man's many shortfalls...

Like gravity, make a heel dog? And, I guess a loyal friend. Course this is only, a prologue! To his righteous, journeys end.

The greyer the storm light folds

What temperance cruel smile brakes From the bars of the raging sea; Where wave on salt corrosive wave Once purged loves sweetest melody.

But age and faith are truer friends
Than youth in all her guise;
That's why lover's can allure, amends
From all their cold deceits
Because the greyer the storm light folds
The deeper and brighter love burns
In her autumn coals...

The Hardiest Shall Adhere

All for but a few, death is a foe! but don't they know? He can't be slayed... or beaten like a dragon.

Yes, he may be returned to his cave. But, expectant or not...? he'll return with his fieriest flames.

'Then like a mahogany tree in autumns fall... even they the hardiest shall adhere to his call'.

Pent with an Acers leafy fire...? Even they into all His glory then expire!

The heavens at the summit...

"Rest your weary wings upon the air"... Let the wind of love carry you here Carry you there - as long as it, Submits to roost with me my, tit.

"Let god's love give all else wings"... Egrets on the peak of a mountain: They'll not be seen in their couplings, By those he calls his brethren.

"Let the wind gather the last prophet". We'll make our nests - our pallet! Amongst; the heavens at the summit... In this love - we'll simply plummet.

The house of love

True love is a mirror what you see is what you get and what you give is what you'll receive

opposites mirror one anther hate mirrors hate disappointment disappointment and true love love love honest love in earnest

earth and sky are one one then can never be two two halves make one whole this journey centers us like a fruit stone like a temple like the Taj Mahal

the love we are shown is received as our garden as our home as our country so gracious is the house of love

The jarring of a midnight's dew

What permanent vanquished beauty What tyrannical sea of change Transmutes and transmogrifies All that is indigenous to atoms Rock, iron, wood, salt, root, Bone and flesh..? What increments roost in you, In us..? in this archaic, masquerade What sagacity, what foresight Inches us forwards singular Into an esoteric silhouette What everlasting beauty Imbibes through you! so you, too Can be tantalized and bid within, The jarring of a midnight's dew Enchantments, repository.

The joys of a young boy are simply cruel

The joys of a young boy are simply cruel They'll take living things in matchboxes school. To give you a slightly squeamish example! I once squeezed a tiny frog into one. Oh the silent anemic guilt I felt - when A front limb lay detached like a tale.

Still yet worse; I once watched a young man In a shared B&B boarding house He managed somehow to catch, lighting fast A Little grey half-starved house mouse He put it into one. And then he stamped on It...

Oh the joys of young boys are simply cruel How glad am I, I never attended his school.

The lake freezes over.

The lake freezes over. A moorhen is marooned, Will the dog find his bone?

The last visit and conversion...

Here lays my grandmother A week from: Death. The gentle archetypal, type of grandmother Who nursed my cries; made all things better. Here lays, my grandmother... In that; week before their heinous lies.... "Spoken in hellos but not goodbyes" In that week before her untimely: Death. Before; her cloak of life fell silently away bereft. In isolating surrendered breaths... In hopes and prayers... In hopes; never-énding... In words that were formed: Like crusts of bread. Floated in the mouths of the living... Where once it was lovingly said. That our own increments will rise conversely... And speak from; our own deathbeds. Shall we not all of us... Then one day, converse, with the dead. Here lays, my grandmother... And to date—she is dead.

The lord of Catchers-Can

In the isles of a gutter in the dim-lit graveyard of a church a man must walk forever with a beggars bowl in hand and succumb to all the weather a man can understand.

(The lord of Catchers-Can Is both a shepherd and a man from a palm of dust he fathers the waters of the land. And hails the wheat and barley to fall or stand...)

Into these storm drains of heaven a dream was washed away like the rains of yesterday. A holy man sojourning for a little while came and then was gone! Where no earthly vanities belong... And blessed us in one name! In the light of the eternal flame! All sinners the same!

(The lord of Catchers-Can Is both a shepherd and a man from a palm of dust he fathers the waters of the land. And hails the wheat and barley to fall or stand...)

It's here I've heard it said
We pay for the eyes of the dead
In the living hearts and souls left
To do our living, to do our living when were dead!
So take my hand,
And-let-us-all-understand,
The ways of the lord are yours and mine to command,
For every child, women or a man!

The lord of Catchers-Can
Is both a shepherd and a man
from a palm of dust he fathers the waters of the land.
And hails the wheat and barley to fall and stand...)

The lovers-root is a white-flower

The month; does but shiver into joy, With the tears of a snow-drop, Little-bells, buoyant, green and cloy, Ringing; beyond the hilltop.

The lovers-root is a white-flower On Valentine's Day: Thus it performs both sweet and sour Piercing the walls; of shy Cathay.

Kisses: mingle, like woodbines... As brown; blue jay's mêlée in the eaves... They're limbs, entwined, like vines: Need only, the wind, which cleaves.

Violets stir in her amethyst nap She my oracle, my lover—sings And awakens; from the frozen snap! A mortal being, with; wings.

The Madness Of The Bee

Curvaceous; white rose How—potently, aromatic It is to delve quite freely One's passionate, nose Tasting; upon our tongues The madness of the bee... Who' sumptuously, All summer, long... Dances with; thee.

With honey honed senses
Sweet harlot of the brier
Shudder not in my pretenses
But hold fast as I acquire...
Just one single, kiss...
Honey comb, upon my lips.
Arms wrapped around your bodice
Trembling; without remiss...
Till the sun and moon, ellipse.

(Ah, the hiss of bliss...)

The Mighty Have To Fall

Purges are needed in a forest: The strongest have to fall and com-bust. In-order for the weakest the poorest To grow - regenerate their lushness...

We need a whole new subsistence: A grass blade a head of green corn! Good footing in the sunlight's clearance. The world isn't made-up of one 'Acorn'.

Purges are needed in a forest: The mighty have to fall and crash! 'Burn and sacrifice' the strong the plumpest. The best growth is made-out of potash.

Strangle like the forest-fig, let chaos... Rule! As they did, but know, that the sun! Shall shine that they'll lose their pathos? And we'll renew our own fortune!

Purges are needed in a forest: To make capital gains: We must digest... Their corruption, topple the unjust... Who, anoint to rule over us?

The moon in attendance

As the moon in attendance, comes to weep We the sun in green blankets goes to sleep.

The moral vine

It's great to have morals... And, lord them like laurels. How few of us have them— In truth we acquire them.

Honestly, from time to time These slack, smiles, only mime "What loosely, they can't hide". Why—scorn is naked 'poolside'.

And, I'm thankful for that...
I could rhyme – inappropriately.
But what would be the point of that—
Such lowly ethics would be smutty.

"We plant each seed expectant! Believing, it'll grow straight". But every vine must climb, climb (Twisted-height's in the meantime) ...

The music of one's love is deaf and dumb

Curiously I once heard music where there was none this I perceived when -two deaf and dumb, young lovers were caught-up in an all-embracing kiss. After which they spoke in sign, by so much implicit recollection-that I myself; could clearly, understand each phrase of intangible air each semaphore! Each nuance of elicit breath; and whilst I silently stood, there... I swear I saw their beauty prelude in an almost; atmospheric light! And oh, I'm sure the aurora-borealis invoked my hearts delight! To see that the music of one's love is deaf and dumb, but never is it blind to the heart of its sum!

The night runs in fear of the dreamer

The night runs in fear of the dreamer The night runs in fear of the dreamer As for he there is no night. For even though there is darkness in abundance He only need close his eyes to see there is light. God deems all darkness be made light! Such is why ebony skies are singularly bright Brightly, dotted; with orbs so bright. For the dreamers hope, is a candle wick? That stretches from here to eternity... All he but do is ignite its vaporous spirit. And, be guided by its flickering fight... For he that adjourns in his own shadow Will have nowhere to go, when he spurns What the daylight; can no longer anymore follow. God made a scented garden and gave all men Their seven senses to follow in this his trail. So that even if one or more senses be lost The spirit of the lamb would still be Guided by gods external; light within.

The one my soul abides

You brought meaning Where there was none.

You lit-up this world, Where no-other shone!

Because quite simply, Put; you are the one.

The one my heart beats For; ten to the dozen!

The one my soul abides Too join—in heaven.

The oohs and OH's... of a winter rose

Shyly, the distilled November— light! Exudes around; the blushing rose. Till then her beauty is unduly, contrite! Her virginal warmth; tingles, oohs, And OH's ...OH's and Oohs ...Oohs and OH's...

She's more haunting than anybody, knows? She ends each season unrequited. In her pensive, star like milky throes... That mercy blood makes hearts ignite. So much so, her leafless, invite.

Trembles... inside with ...Oohs And OH's ...OH's and Oohs ...Oohs and OH's... Leaves like golden; Leaflets frostbite-Top-another has no partite. That my soul would; disperse that lovely rite!

From the, oohs, And OH's ...OH's and Oohs ...Oohs and OH's... Not even the thorny crown; does impose Upon; the vision of her, clothes. Such clear translucent splendor, oohs, And OH's ...OH's and Oohs ...Oohs and OH's... ...Here's my ode to a white winter rose.

The path of a six year old believer!

The path of a six year old believer!
Love, in absence
Where did "He" go?
Out for a pack of Marlboro cigarettes
Or to join the latest cabaret, pantomime show.
Who amongst us would know?
Didn't "He" say his love?
Would be eternal, "Sister"

Isn't that just a tinselled, cover-up?
Another green Cyanide-pill
A vitamin for the heart and soul (Banal)
Take your medicine. Ask no questions.
Nothing, meaningful or maternal (Here)
Just another missing Christmas... (Gift) (Wish)
That melted with the first snow.

Of course were all missing, you, Father?
Of course were all shallow children, and Father...
Of course we'll swallow any old-lie whole.
The more strange or insane the better (Yes)
Yes, then the better the mystery (Gift)
The more real will be the truth,
We'll open and attain...On Christmas day.

"Sister"
Isn't that his grand design his plan?
The path of a six year old believer
Chockfull of tears, snowing in wrath!
Of course we'll all swallow a lie!
When; it's our turn to? When it's
Our path, amongst; winters cascading snow.
"Father" where did your footsteps melting go...

The physical scent of life has gone...

Where; did all the wood garlic—go? Sure it must have been dispensed. By the ice, and snow,2 yrs.' ago 2010 / 2011 now never; seen again.

I ask myself will it ever recover... Now; that milder winter weather Has returned, without shedding, One, white; single blossom, feather.

How strange the woodlands are now? How strange these green moist lands, Without... swans coupling, the snowplow. That followed both winter and spring.

How strange the disregarded remains Of a swan's egg, has on our speculation. A transient thought, the soul profanes. The physical scent of life has gone...

The pipes of Christmas past

The thistle-down rises On the north winds blast Old Scotland calls the pipes The pipes of Christmas past

Snow on the snow fleeced-land Where the grouse run rich With the golden-hare Beyond the fox's caverns lair

Beyond the Mull of Kintyre Beyond the Irish sea The pagan wood and the pagan tree Is the heart world of Christianity?

The poet's trinity

Poets must be stoic as a tree rooted in coastal chalk-rock ravaged bent in one direction. Willing as a lightening-rod to burst into fires free...

There is but one love triangle between him earth sea and sky that is where he'll clime and drill that is where he'll dive and swim that is where he'll fly and dream till his circle of life has completed its inward, outward, ripple...

The poets well

The poet dips his bucket of thought Into the well of invading darkness, Thirsting a spark of eternal light He drinks from his own reflection

But the consumption is just a taste Of that void of inspiration Where the fires ease and waste Before his true conception.

The Potter's Wheel

I've put love on a potter's wheel Applied it with a sprinkling of words Shaped terracotta like a goldsmith Held their bars; their molten innards.

Their bodies' ingots shimmering... A picture framed around gold-leaf. Till, like the climbs of a silver moon They're etched in my own relief.

Sculptured like a melting snow I've felt their pearls slip back on the necklace And like a tree of blossom All is swept into an ocean - verbless Like a vessel smashed into a million pieces.

The room

A room of draft and shadow Of cobweb and tomorrow And yesterdays of a thousand -yesterdays ago, Fit me like a snail-shell Roaming round the gardens-well Oh room of Grey December light! Here my bones grow dusty light. As light as darkness, In the night

The rose and the bumble bee...

Love must have its tempest Said the bee to the rose Love must have its passions-harnessed Before its midnights close.

Yes love must have its passion Said the rose to the bee Love must unburden of a fashion... If it's ever to be free.

But isn't that a loves betrayal Said the bee to the rose Peering beneath; her petals veil Before whisking to his toes.

Your love is truly a tempest Said the rose to the bee But I'm the queen most; royalist Sir—on this we'll both agree....

Love must have its tempest And this is plain to see... Why passions flame did bless The rose and the bee.

The silence to lip sync

Again and again, I just can't read This world is too busy in its stampede. Shouting and stamping, millipede Stir-crazy-feet slamming gates Coughing and laughing.

This world it's just too bloody Annoying, cars keep honking Dogs keep barking and baying. And the phone keeps ringing! How on earth does one locate.

...The silence to lip sync
Too still the mind to think
To take in what is set out in ink.
Recapture the stillness of a dream once more
It may take until my death I think!

The snow is falling...

The snow is falling and melting Soon I'll sleep and meet a star That never melts or hides

Soon I'll drift on a wind That shakes a willow tree That never ceases to caress me

Soon I'll be traveling further Then I've ever been or dreamed Soon I'll be a petal falling...

Into a crystal lake of blue ice What more my "love" Could I ask? Could I ask? Could I ask of you?

The sorrows of the moon

I would have wedded.
The sorrows of the moon
If she'd of taken my hand:
Blissfully I'd—been her groom.

But; engulf me, now—ocean Surf above the poundings in my heart. Roll-out; your cold, locomotion... I am but flotsam, now, my sweetheart. In as much as

I am beyond your languid touch In as much as With all the sorrows of the moon In as much as deaths Piling... sedentary gaze of doom. It thinly veils even you!

The soul of eternal love

Chase me like a mirror Into the silvery pond Chase me like a bird Into the buds of spring Chase me like a flame Along a candle wick And there we'll share The light of love The birth of love

The stained glass windows

God has turpentine the walls And brushed out the cobwebs And wax polished the floors But he always resists in cleaning

The outside stained glass windows That filled his heart with light Even under the darkest throws Of some evil godforsaken night

The sun and seas a jolly cast?

The sun and seas a jolly cast As is the sail tied to the mast And those laggards anchored Without a future or a past...

Who are they to sink then? To the bottom of a glass Without the lowly courage To weigh anchor, outclass...

Them that is first and last The oceans fleet of stars. Who are they to sink then? Lower than the rank of Czars.

...Should, they not sail the seas That storm and rage. Hold—strait the tiller, helmsman Waves beat my breast a sage!

"God be their maiden-voyage All in him find harbor. Set sail loathsome, wreckage! Oar thy soul to him thy savior".

The tender thump of wings

Little bug, little bug Get out of bed, Go bother the neighbours And make that bed.

Little bug, little bug Rest your head, And count those blessings That you're not dead!

Little bug, little bug Has gone to the moon When he comes home He can tidy his room.

Little bug, little bug All curled up and blue When he questions, What to do.

The Thimble Of Life

Our lord passes us a thimble He says eat drink and be merry. He now passes us a needle And says sow me a patchwork-Quilt, as big as the world... Let all nations gather under one Blanket appease; themselves. With just a basket of gentian flowers Lying at the foot of that mountain, Above the clouds - and here Transcend your thoughts, Into a teardropp and let those Salty pure teardrops pool Into an ocean—in which A desert brings forth life. And like a snow flake! Melting on your brow, I'll take on the sorrows of the world And hand you back to your old-life Less all its transgressions... Less all its misgiving's... I'll hand you back the thimble of life.

The Tree Brides

"Of course a tree has rings...
And each a wedding band"
O to be the "bride" of such a tree ...
To bask in his emerald love unendingly.

Minus all other pining cordialities But just a litany of bird song ... O wouldn't that be truly heavenly To wear sky as my wedding - sarong!

The truth about Ruth...

Describe to me something...? Such, as...? Well, any old thing You want; but make it true. Else, I'll only come to rue' A lie, if it were told as truth. Say, didn't you love a girl called Ruth? I, did but she was headstrong, So, I couldn't dare belong, Or even think to her; now, could "I" And whys that then do reply...? Truth, be said, I was shabby and shy. She, seemed more than earthly, Rode horse back at; weekends early. Where is she "now" then?
She's been long gone. Since... when? Oh, these last twenty years I guess Like I said; she, was more than earthly. Let's get back to what I said: Describe to me something...? Such, as...? Well, any old thing You want; but make it true. Else, I'll only come to rue' A lie, if it were told as truth.

The unwilling voice!

Why did you send me searching? I'm not the one you seek There's a multitude of minds penetrating The astral depths of inner peace and clarity, Much more composed than mine.

Who am "I" convincing? Not even my shadow that's dogged with apathy, Wants to retain a vine or spring... That climbs or topples down the mountain valley. Such men as "I" has marble veins.

They have hearts of immoveable rock. Why did you send me searching? What avalanches of discovery am I to meet? I, who'd be as the wind on his pathless heading, More like a goat than any sheep.

I'm not the one you seek
There are throngs of fish in your ocean.
"Have you never heard of catch and release? "
Let the little fries' go and feed your clansmen
They're too numerous, and only too happy to bespeak.

{Truly, I'm not the one you seek...? }

The wedding cake couple

The wedding cake couple Held hands on-top in vigil Clinging on to each other tightly There 'I do's' written in song Lasted just as long as it took! Mother in law to take another Man across the ebony dance floor. Her six more devoured the cake But are wedding cake couple They still held hands in vigil On the last tier of the disaffected So they pervaded and kissed But then great grandma waltzed In like an elephant to depose All those who imposed self will She cared little for our wedding cake couple She snapped them down the middle Just to see if they weren't just candy too. But are wedding cake couple They still held hands somewhere later They pervaded and kissed And renewed their vows Clinging on to each other tightly, There 'I do's' written in song Lasted just as long as it took! The disco-ball world to end...

The whirlybirds pod

Death is it falling through the air Like a maple trees whirlybird pod. Why does it "switch on the wind" mid-air? Right then left, why does it maraud...?

As we sees its flurry, never in a hurry In the wind almost, giving-up hope That it still might fly away timely, That it still might somehow elope.

It switches with a heavy hearts morass It swirls it falls it falls it falls – until It empties the last grains of our hourglass Until it takes root in the quiet hearts shrill.

Death is it falling through the air And is its soul like the first tangible leaf? In the heat of the maples glowing flare Is it whirling-up-on that first step of the stair...?

Oh whirlybird pod show us you're grief... Show us deep in your roots you care Oh whirlybirds pod share with us your beliefs Show us through your roots we to shall forbear.

The winds April cloak

The wind shall wear his April cloak So all the flowers will laugh and poke To see his dancing sprig of spring, Admiral-on a butterflies wing.

Beneath his feet trees bow newly green, Little clouds whiten on the glowing sheen, for all the world is healthier in an April wind Or so the chirping nestling sparrow's sing.

The-likes-of a desert sea...

What is real? Ask the wind... the wind can raise an ocean and topple a gigantic tree. All things pirouette in motion... The-likes-of a desert sea...

But for all His power! Has-He-ever-really been seen?

When all our efforts are mete One-hundred per cent, what can we glean? What is real? What is really real? What is real? Ask, ask the bee secrete! in His hives honeycombs heartbeat...

Ask the wind...
about; the flower...
about; his eternal invisible power...
the wind can raise an ocean
and topple a gigantic tree.
All things pirouette in motion...
The-likes-of a desert sea...
...The-likes-of Him in you and me.

Then A Believer You'll Make Of Even Me

With love we write on water
And cherish the wind
With love we are the phantom
Without a voice longing to sing
Without love the mountains soar
And the sea in a cavern screams
How can you make music without me?
I am your lungs - fill me!
I am your homeward journey
How can you exist without me?
Show me your flesh on fire
I am but a schism you must leap
I am but a small chasm
On the cheap-side of your heart
Show me your magnum flows
And runs much deeper than any sea
'Then a believer you'll make of even me'.

There Shall I Rest On Eternities' Nap

The night precipitates I shall sleep endless dreams I shall live—die, pupate! And, perpetuate! Velvet winged butterflies...

I shall offspring forth - leap! Amid "His" nectar fields of stars There shall "I" rest on eternities' nap And be as if time! Had, never invented me.

There's no end too my life

There's no end too my life As a mother and wife!

Mum!!! Where's my shoe
Son! you're making me blue
Mum!!! Can I have a lolly?
Son! Stop mucking about in the trolley.
Mum!!! Can we go park...
Son! It's going, dark...
Mum - No it isn't - Mum!
Yes, it is son!
No it isn't - Mum!!!

There's no end too my life As a mother and wife!

O Love! Where are my socks...?
Darling... I don't know. Love, set the clocks
Love! Pass me the remote...
Yes, darling... Love! Can you make some tea?
O Love!! Run me a bath
Yes.
...darling...
He sees her seething wrath...
As finally she rests and sleeps at last.

Mum!!! Mum!!! Mum!!! Johnnies being sick...?

There's no end too my life As a mother and wife!

They know a place to witness our love

Listen to the raindrops crescendos
To the leafs falling from the trees
Listen to the stirring wind in the willows
How it rises how it falls how my spirit buoys.

Listen to the grass growing underfoot To the lotus flower smiling a watery cry Listen to the smoke in the chimney the soot The anthills thrum and decry - your love.

Listen to the seashell on the shore Listen to your heart and say it has no root. Listen to the bees in the hive outpour They know where a heaven isn't refuted.

They know a place without a worry
They know a place without a trouble
They know a place to find only glory
They know a place to witness our love.

They lay like plaited bread in love...

Kneading those white buttocks
Back and forth, in greedy palms
Stretching over doughy flesh
He then holds her warm breasts
There rising indicates
The ovens warmth is intensifying
Moister starts to perspire!
Drip by drip, down, plaited hair.
Seconds are vacating minutes.
Minutes untangling hours...
Legs are made jelly...
And empty of all desires 'ostrigidity'.
They lay like plaited bread in love.

They're Singing In The Laurels

They're singing in the laurels
At first our lovers danced
Behind the evergreen box-hedge
O' then they're singing in the laurels
Housed by the woodlands-edge...

Then they're making their house Taking-in reeds and rushes too nest. As the wild wind in skyward climbs Burst's open her golden fields songfest.

O' how soon their family flourishes Under a tired world, two become eight. Then squabbles unfold at daybreak No more time for easy lovers to mate It's just hellos and good byes at the gate.

As the seasons flicker ta-ta—good bye Adios, my lover—cheerio, I've got to fly. I've got to go, with the chaff and the grist Before, these shadows yoke into the mist.

O' songbird your eyes murmur two stars Wild-apricots are our hearts two stones. But when cockscombs not a tombstone Maybe we'll come a roaming to meet We'll come, back, come back home!

Home behind the evergreen box-hedge O' then there will be a dancing O' then there will be a singing in the laurels Housed by the woodlands-edge...

Thieves and menschen

She's a precocious milky sky A moon white opals radius Her velvet hand of winter calls Beckoning to all, who'll pause?

In their stalactite breaths; outdoors 'O sees her on her footfall-haunches Like a woodland lily unearthed. Within these layered satin-sheets

Men in their time honoured-way Have believed they're kings and princes Thieves and menschen But they're just not her kinsmen's children.

They're not holy in sea bound prayers Too her the goddess of the moon They're just dumb fed flower bees Pollen drunk on the suns doubloons.

Think again!

Think of the Perfect Island and then think again isn't the abyss more perfect? Think of swimming... Your weight, the weight of water gravity and motion... Isn't the abyss more perfect for swimming or flying...? For; sinking and falling... Think of the perfect island and then live in the dream that will follow you... All your days like an ocean.

This Daylights Love

Alone with her loneliness she'd placed In a darkened segmented—basement: Under her eyelids her impassionate prey.

Was had she not grown quite nauseate Of being a moth beneath iron grates: She'd long given-up on bat like wings.

But for her insular lusts of blood I tasted. She'd have 'Love' stoppered affordably bottled. Poured from; the ceiling of the Sistine chapel.

There her personifications of a nude fresco... Lecherously, joining us; in this vampirism: Would buttress against us; her kissing—

Sleepovers in a velvet casket of stars... With her needs ancient as a pagan forest. That longs for the starlight's faucet fix.

So her emotionalism's tap' runneth over ... As she reaches up from her foundations root: Night butterflies fly-out: This daylights love This daylights newly, amalgamated lover.

Through all our unending time

For however many tears
We've both tried not to cry
For however many years
I've lived trying not to die
Praying, wanting, not to lie
Yearning, endlessly, longing,
Through all our unending time
I've never really; learned!
I've never really; yearned!
To look closely into... your eyes
To tell you; goodbye!

Through the sorrows of you!

Love is a sacred red rose First you must breathe its

Hot fiery scented clothes And then passion permits

Unveil your hearts velvet Tear-ripped torment-soul

Be thankful not to covet A vengeful idea to extol

A means to hurt afresh Flesh of your own flesh

The blood of your blood Be thankful love imbues

An eternal flower bud Flowering once but true Through the sorrows of you!

Tide and chapel brought me here

Tide and chapel brought me here
On a midnight clear
Here where the dews lay thickly mounted
Here where seasoned hearts be counted
Not for their pain did they suffer
Their lost souls unto one another
Not for their envy did they discover
The glory that lasts forever.

Till even you grow strong ...

The night was young, The day was old. Or so I was told ... By the bough of an old, green oak.

"Climb up on my shoulders I shall protect you. From all base things below – you! From their stagnant lower thoughts.

This I vow to you, Till even you grow strong ... Climb up into my branches, We two will play majhogg.

I shall give you Two acorns ... And we shall laugh, stretch Like two new-borns.

Till the dawn-light; ember lilts

The eyes of dawn will make my bed In the river of some dream, Where half-forgotten limbs will rise Like vapor's on the breeze; But who will walk or lean on me Lean against this idle frame?

Who will take my grey-goose quilt?
And wrap it around my arms
And say wake my love for I am here
For I am here to stir your lonesome heart
And warm your bones in winter's dark
Till the dawn-light; ember lilts.

Titanic chains

How do I couple these titanic chains?
Any longer in a disused railroad, yard.
How do I grasp a rainbow?
By all its foundation roots,
When even now lowly flowers refuse
Too extend their tendril shoots.
Display their turquoise colours.
The colours that represent—
The heart of the spoken word:
These flowers on a mountain slope!
That once opened like spring water jets

Clear lines of communication; between ...us.

How do I fix - what won't hold any glue. How do I hover like a predator in the sky? With a passion too love you as you... Would have me do... So our turquoise has turned a deeper Shade of blue and spiritually, There's no more communication; apart from—Two angry engines in a disused railroad, yard. Wanting to climb, in a tug of war! The top most summits turquoise stream.

To err is human 'songstresses'.

She's a contralto, With high sustaining, notes Her voice is a salvo, O' the rapture, she emotes Calling-on spicy, Bacchus... In "lightness' or 'heaviness'.

She specializes in control. Like a skylark, circling at Dawn's heartstring, cajole! Her lips; heady, Muscat Sing, their ritual, madness. On this poor sap; Dionysus...

He fought with giant, titans The dramatic is the deepest. Florid passages filled heaven, His tears wept there; shrillest. She was like a priestess Or better still a princess.

O' she's even sings alto, Holding a spike of grain O' she's the onset of Virgo' And, his heart has been slain. In "lightness' or 'heaviness' To err is human; 'songstresses'.

To find an arrows pinpoint of weakness...

Love cuts through, cowardly, courage.
To find an arrows pinpoint of weakness...
Where it can draw drops of crimson blood
Eking out its Sires;
Bow-wielding warrior's emptiness...
The taste of which burns; florescent.
With a numbing, pain against their lips.
A bull's-eye dagger plucks a fondantHeart; kisses duel like two warring ships.
Love is a victim of courage and disgrace
Too shallow at times to be a lived in face
Its nonchalance sings like a nightingale!
Derision begs always the wind in its sail.
Love takes a lemon and makes lemonade
Love is a big old hurricane. It lifts...
And somehow levitates everything staid,
Skywards like a cannonball, in magical rifts...

To hear our own infant cries drowned

Love is a thorny feathered gown
Battered and thrown to the ground...
Snagged it pulls against a bramble.
Unable too permanently close its wound.
The world's wounds bleed seeping ...
In ever decreeing, circles, looking for us to be
Subservient and die.
Love is a feathered gown
But, oh how the mighty, vampirism, morally, cries.
Hiding like a house of weevils,
Just a steps distance from the under-toe
Squish of death: so why do we dispassionately,
Let them rule and breed - us to death!
Just to hear our own infant cries, suffer - suffering, drowning.
In Loves thorny feathered gown...
In Loves thorny feathered crown...

To live beyond the sunrise!

Better you just dry those sopping-wet big eyes What's the point in both of us weeping? Surely you can't now coquettishly disguise... The ways, in which I'm cut, the way I am bleeding... Hide as you always have: Count daily the magpies?

Better you just dry those dual-copiloting empty eyes Harden even more that propelled wooden heart. For all its yearly ringed ambiguous lies... They're no-more than death-nails sweetheart! They're no-more than drawn-out salty goodbyes.

Better you just dry those sea-green tigress eyes Look to where this new dawn for me will surly rise! Look there! Where hurt erupts but now subsides... Old-flame you can no-longer hope to hypnotize! For within your tears little else than nothing, belies.

Better I then just dry my own two jaded eyes Hide not as you would: Count not as you have. Daily on this mystical earth the magpies? But with one lover eternally anoint and salve Embalm my soul to live beyond the sunrise!

To seed the steps of heaven

Morning-glory must open!
To seed the steps of heaven
and on her nap of cloud...
Might yours be a halo a crown?
Opening the gates—of heaven:
And that basket of laundry.
It won't need laundering
in heavens ephemeral care
Apollo the sun!
Will have had his run...
With the morning air...
But you must mine darling.
By break of nightfall-shining
Flit through a velvet-tare!
Leap from the shadows of existence!
With flowers in your hair!

To the intolerant elected us must learn

To the intolerant elected us must learn to love: for it is they, who have frozen on the path to light. For it is they, who have frozen short sighted and fastened their tempers of understanding.

For it is they, who have frozen on the path to all they make righteous. Only when these their silent hands dwell in a mindfulness of prayer manifest Or with a carpenters hammer hammering will they this rich rabble care For the emptiness visionless theft they've taxingly declared. Only when they see that great depth of love and wealth; shall they be troubled. Only; when they see just how poor spiritually they to really are will they be heedful of their own ever growing hunger that grows within themselves that blind despair? That we the people of this their world are only too often fully aware.

Today it has music tomorrow it may not

"Love, love is always, whistling goodbye. Today it has music; tomorrow it may not: But we haven't the taints of a lilacs bruise For us; its music isn't the wind chime spry."

"Too high too ruffled, too at home to roost. Today it has music; tomorrow it may not: Even so, tulip-trees shall rock—in their mews, In all directions love shall sing, sing seduced."

"For us; it's whistling hellos or goodbyes— Seduce." 'O' love is always, whistling goodbye. "For us, its music isn't the wind chime spry."

"For us, it's whistling hellos or goodbyes...

Aren't just the beginnings of faiths teachings? "
"Teaching us; we to have wings on which to fly."
"It is for us, it is for loves first; fledgling'
Sky-borne flight, flights that never say die."

Tonight the wind is a bone-cutter

Gnawing away; at any internal natural peace. Any muscular sinew that hasn't fallen-Off the bone and still begs for release.... Is discarded dropped to earth like a dying petal? Ah, now hear the wolf cub's hungry howl... He, who is only a playful mauler, All gums and white needle teeth! Who hasn't had the last-bite of a black-cherry? Just to find a pit, a stone, beneath the sweet. And so you and your master can't be released. And why because its howls are heard... Roaring, rigorously, after you; its royal lions, share! Not so long-ago, I was his, only brother! Holding fast; like a tiger. On the back of his sliver-sleigh, His sky-blue chariot... But now I've found a pass... through the mountains. He wants only to tear the hide off me back... He's not out here to play. Tonight the wind is a bone-cutter.

Towering Above and Beyond

Sometimes I feel so dirty
Unworthy of a human body
Sometimes I want to pray or preach
Sometimes I want to hide out of reach
Sometimes I want to cry like a baby
In the womb, imagine I'd never been
And how much happier I'd of been
Never to of been born...
But life, life is here to be witnessed
Here with Him and with all others
So here I am to listen and see
Here to judge without judging
Each witness has to have faith
For faith is a plunging stone
Raised up to be a mountain
Above and behind a veil of clouds,
Towering above and beyond, all flowers.

Traces of an eternal flame

Fingers flesh out desire
Tease then set her soul on-fire.
He then traces of an eternal flame
Without anymore/ claimants
Without anymore/ resistance
She does call out his name?

Love is their torch light Sleep, their only dark partite Singly; they are but one. One-starry sky, a jarred, One-landmass; one ocean, Underpinned like a mansard.

She is his north his east His west and south... Together they'll out exist. All other chief lusts of drought "Bract in a dripping-stem of salt Tell, who" could find them at fault.

Tradition Systematizes All Strengths In Size

All hunting packs on earth are different But we're all hounds nose to ground... We're all here for the first time, Scenting blood; like a blood hound.

Tradition systematizes all strengths in size. But I am a herring gull and all belief systems Are basically the same Do unto others as they'll do unto you and rule their pain.

But I'm the hound that goes missing Simply because I can't be found I can't be bloodied by the crowd.

Simply because I'm always missing Simply because the scent I'm searching For can't be found, searching the ground.

Turkey Dinner

He wraps his hands around her throat:
A candle about to die
Black feathers in hand, almost smote;
With daggers bloody goodbye.
Then like a male she droop wings
But not in courtship display.
Audibly, quills do shake, like foil shook zinc.
Her tail now falling briskly,
First to one side, cries cry out from her heart
And then snood and wattle lay still...
Her life diminished all limp in her black grab
Extinguished; with one last snapped shrill...

Turning Of The Tides

There is a turning of the tides
But all I want to do is be with you
In the shivers when you blush.
All I want to do is be with you
When the tides change their course
All I want to do is drown with you.

Change colour like a fallen leaf
And follow with you.
I'll swirl in every mood-change calling
In me and you oh in complete disbelief.
All I want to do is be a mounting larva
Cooling in a sea moving the oceans aback...
Making room; for you with me.

This is all I wish as the tides turn Is an island for you and me? That shelters us when we're hurt or cry This is all I wish as I cling to you Like a salt spray wing in the sky. Turning back, never to say goodbye.

Two In One Are Meant To Be

My soul came eyeing me. I shunned it away...
Told it I don't have enough,
In the larder to feed any stray.

It wanted to lap-up a saucer of milk. But I was too beat-up Tears spilt running slantwise. And blood curdled—close-up.

But times later again it whispered Two in one are meant to be". I don't require you. Pssst it paused. Pssst - but you sure require me.

Now aging limbs beginning to tire Drained of their living force... Their fire; I've seen sense to agree. After all who am I to disagree?

Two sharp eyed sparrows

Two sharp eyed sparrows Playing in the muck Looking into stars See what they'd give up!

A crumb of bread Thrown on the dust dizzying bed This is what they'd give up To feel their wings full spread.

Uniform Of Scares

A soul may tally to the stars Like a badge of victory honor But who will know of the wounds And wear its uniform of scares. Who will feel the icy lick of blood? That pours forth a sucking flesh The lust the greed the envy of desire That makes us sinners blessed.

Universal Puzzles

In this universe is everything,
As rudimentary; as is a sum?
As 1 + 1= 2
Are the building blocks of life?
So profoundly, complicated
As E=mc2 is, or was at first to gist.
My guess is it's not, so why
Do we need a lightning bolt?
A falling apple ... on our head
Is it as linear as we're supposed to think?
Well string theory has got me all raveled up.
So what do you think?

Until I Follow You

Love hangs upon a star But it's equally as scared As a ministering moon, Whose prayers go unaired?

Who's absent hope abjection? Cries a harbor light! "Love me, land on me soon. It's my only birthright".

But that isn't to say... The harbor lights of love Won't descend into puddles, Potholes of night and shade...

Love hangs upon a star As a ministering angel And says, I love you, but you... Can't do that; on my vigil.

I'll sail and use my sextant Till at last I find you But I need to be sure of you Until I follow you.

Until that time again we meet

I dream so, oh so, so high of ye
Night and the soul wilt rest
And raise me on an oncoming cloud
Aloft to my angel, my angel child
That winged my hearts flutters with joy
I wish to bring ye young one home
And clothe thy bones with flesh and blood
But all I have is gone, my seed in the grave
Ye have flowered and died in spring;
Our little winged soul is ye lost like sheep
When I count my dying prayers and weep
Don't bleat child, don't bleat!
In the holy meadow, sleep, sleep, sleep...
Until that time again we meet.

Up-Wellsprings Poetry From The Coldest; Deserts Hearts

'Up-wellsprings poetry from the coldest; deserts hearts'. Where; blooms the most exotic flowers of all... 'They're dunes, they're zephyrs, and they're petals caul, Wrap-around each sunset—sunrise subverts'.

'Yet, they're as real as any pollen-laden bee. In the art of subtlety, such, interactions... Deceiving as the moon, undercurrents the sea: But, these ruses are finite, attractions'.

'They call for intricacy, a little mystery!
And of course they all question what if, anything'.
'Poems are about: Do, they have integrity
Who'll balm just one soul, Lord Where to begin?
Each word, a sphere orbiting—another!
Let's not be over analytical... my lover'.

Vertigos You'll Never Know

The mountains slow embrace gathers
All to climb, to witness the valleys stars...
It's a paramour of love that won't let you go...
It's a circle of enfolding love, that always guitars...
Our hearts world to unfold in their spinning gyros...
Upwards until your soul, hits its head on the rafters.
Vertigos you'll never know nor truly ever let go.

VII Stanzas

Ι

What does it really matter? Like snow in its patter... If it's to light for heavy weather If love melts away forever!

ΙΙ

Motion a kiss...
At midnights asking!
Wouldn't the moon reminisce?
Her wane from the waxing...

III

In her magnetic—stubbiness Her wilfulness of innocence Ah, there's a cosmic pool of bliss..., Something only I'll reminisce!

IV

He spoke of an eternal calm
He spoke of love and of hate
He held me amidst his gentle palm
A broken arrow—set, straight.

V

You require strong courage But you needn't those tears You cause wars in defence But you needn't those fears.

VI

A bird flowers in a stem
That joy is for all gods men.
A fruit vine lavishly divine!
Sowing wisdom in the sublime!

VII

A thousand living torsos Lick their limbless wounds. Such are desert dunes... Egyptian cotton, sheets.

Visions above my bedspread...

Let the wind take control of the tiller
Let blathers change the idle weather
Who am I to see those hungry dead?
Mount visions above my bedspread.
So, they wail for forgiveness - mercy!!!
But, I'm not their judge nor direly,
Their executioner, henceforth, be gone.
I am only 6 or 7 I'm never an aeon.
Thoughts aroused, now so far flung...
Why do they plead in a Gaelic Tongue?
With their dozen heads severed cut-off
Thoughts accrued the anchor castoffHauled back, was, this once my - Bon Voyage...

Walk and Circle The Echo!

Here where the sun...
And I am only a shadow
In a burst of onyx light
Walk and circle the echo!
That first gave us life.

Where hexagons cells Stars unfathomable—atoms Diamond the night. In flaming baptism's Soul ... frustratingly, bright!

Wardrobe-skeletons

The perils of wardrobe skeletons Holding keys to abandoned souls. And hearts covered with lesions... Rattling in self-confining asbos

Is a self-abuse shadowy iceberg? That prohibits all natural warmth... Whatever germinates is a stillbirth? A trust, that's eventually abhorred.

Healing can only come from within, Absolving doesn't arrive easily. Neither does the strength to forgive. Who wants to act - reasonably?

It's skeletons that should suffer An eternity to loiter - unloved Locked in their airless; lifeless, coffins Conduit ice flows bumping abrupt.

We are as the dew on a prairie

We are as the dew on a prairie Flowers amongst limestone graves Entrenched in living rock Watered by bird song

Engulfed in nettle stings We are but charcoal smoke rings Fasting on a single drawn out breath Resting on a forward moving breeze

We are a clutch of eggs Encased in a bough of creeping ivy Squawking franticly upwards Up at the midnight's sun

We are the covenant...?
The rain storm afore the rainbow
Slayed by the swords of angels
We are the dewdrops on the prairie
Flowering; amidst the entire universe.

We are the all...

Mystical and magical all are the same Without doubt none singular is to blame? Except all meaning and question your finds For all opposites in all climbs, chime? Truth is a chemist, who doctors all Simply put we are the immeasurable. We are the all... Whatever the size large or small We are the all... At transgressions fall...?

We'd make corn rings till the day I die

We'd make corn rings till the day I die
If I could be with you
If I could be with you - in a field of fire
In the eye of a hurricane
I'd chain my heart to a white-picket fence
Before I bunker down the grain...
"And listen to those wind chimes, commence".
Before I cook a Sunday roast!

Id listens to my lover's heart
Pound - pounding...
And clinging,
Oh—I'd hold on to his long-dark-locks...
All the way, and I'd sing a little song,
With very few words

With very few words
But with plenty of flames
In a meadow of black crows
Oh I've learned to fly in the eye of love.
And sing a pretty tune!

Till up-above the clouds
The smoke of sinful wishes - clears my mind
Till the sun is in clear view
And the flowers bloom
With a mantle of dew!
Oh—and I whistle in chorus,
With a pot roast, just for you!

Oh I'll be clinging to his arms his limbs Their strong appendage In the eye of a hurricane That will make my heart go blind! Oh If I could be with him If I could be with him We'd make corn rings till the day I die.

Wear on the same gargoyle face

In the corner of a shop doorway Did I see the canvas of life? Preening its self with claws, tightly, frappe. Feet wrapt in dead, wildlife:

One nonchalantly, above the other Eyes open, neck stretched: Was he her mate, her one time lover? His bill open-hangs retched

In the frozen last gasps of demise. Atop not the least bothered, Looks completely happy to comprise; The world hers at last deferred.

Out here the cities, mock their own waste. Whilst two girls take photos of a Homeless drunk drooling abase These girls laughing, at the screenplay... Wear on the same gargoyle face.

Wearing space specks in space

Dreamer... don't close your eyes The vultures are circling all around... Acid or flower child...

The people are counting up from the ground. As the battery light dies in your torch Point it back at me! I'm already dead...

Dreamer... don't close your eyes The vultures are circling all around... Acid or flower child...

Wear your space specks And rattle like a hive of angry bees Give no due respects to these tax payers' deaths...

Dreamer... don't close your eyes The vultures are circling all around... Acid or flower child...

Be a ruler of the world Be a tapeworm in a race horse And loose the race in capitalism's race for first place.

Ooh. Ooh, ooh...
Dreamer and throw your fortune cookie away...
It's hard to breathe, Ooh. Ooh, ooh
When you're wearing space specks in space!
Ooh. Ooh, ooh...

We'd lie atop the mountain, reminiscing...

We embraced the fears in hand, monumental. Here mountains standards we came to climb, We carved a jade path through the incidental... Chain-mail dew-lit; frozen ice, there to smell the thyme.

Freshly crushed at dusk at morning sunrise There's where we'd lay a throbbing, chanting, chorus Starting out nervous, nothing else belies, The way we shivered, sweated, yet, so porous...

After; love made low a wheat-field agleam.
Taking-on all the passionate golden-sun!
We'd rest in the silos multifaceted dream
Heavy, heady, with so much singing; still to be done.

Like foxgloves entwined with as many kissing Mouths, we'd lie atop the mountain, reminiscing...

Weeping

Weeping, sporadic flames Joyous leafs turning gold Mirroring oil and water Life's season - extolled ...

Stripped back to the sky, Till again - they take up... The canvas and vie! Too be that emerald dye.

That remits a death ripple! A photon without mass ... That coils up as it sings, Pink petals fallen in the grass.

Weight of love

His heart Became a crumpled Red poppy flower A slip knot Solipsism, thorn A barbed iron Slipping anchor On a day, Night had set sail. On a day, A sun must strum, The Soloist guitar On a day, Wraithlike waves pushed on Stringing under the noose Ebony necklace of Black beading clouds; Blood-vessel-wine-storms Skin-deep, whale-tanning, Oilfields of crude tropic tears Iris bursting blue bolts Of abhorrent, hatred Winging the eternal Drum-fanning tarot cards Shipwreck flames of pity The dead feathered dreams The meltdown, salt, soul Albatross tar factory; On a day, The skies thoughts Fall out of mind. On a day, Ribs churn like aching sandbars With slivery icy memories No longer gently shingled Warmly washed ashore like jellyfish Peacefully dying Breathing starlight, breathless But more like hermit crabs Missing limbs Is his shells heart With its weight of love Crushed empty...

Well it's all in my stove-ah

I have a rose she's all petals and thorns. "Well it's all in my stove-ah"
I begged her for no mercy, I cried for no lies,
I just wanted her rouge-rose-bowl-bed of petals
I just wanted to fall into her red-ravishing-skies.

And there devour with my tongue! A sweet bitter beast, with; devilish green, eyes. Serpentine candles wax and then pause; Hiss and then whine to a whimper. "Well it's all in my stove-ah"

Every petal opening folding over Is like an angel kicking-back in the clover? I have a rose she's all petals and bleeding thorns. And a wanton dilemma saps all my desire Well it's all in my stove-ah a glowing fire.

Well I'm only, mortal.
So I begged her for no mercy, and then.
Well it's all in my stove-ah ...glowing fire
And then I cried for no lies just a wanton moment
Too experience a feeling now totally, paralyzed.

What do I find in a kiss?

What do I find in a kiss?
The toe curling nerves of bliss
Sedimentary, tingling
Yes…
Intermingling
Yes…
Fluidity, pings
Like a broken glass
In that desire to clasp

What I have lost wasted

What holds me in this rapture? Has long ago since, pasted. I can't now recapture ... What I have lost wasted.

My heart is that gnarled bowl Where; vacant tears have slept. Sleep and weariness troll ... Praying somebody's wept.

But, yes, possibly a poem ... Could; move me, now, even yet. ...Part of my inner sanctum, Longs for the tears I forget.

What is loneliness to me?

What is loneliness to me?
Who was born lonelier?
Who was lonelier born - than I?
...Lonelier than a bedtime story,
Never told: Because it to—
Would only be an unbelievable folklore.
Because it to would only be a fairy tale.
What is loneliness to me?
Who was born lonelier?
Who was lonelier born - than I?
Wishing my Indian rug,
Indeed could fly.

What It Means To Love An Ocean?

Real meaning has real feeling, Says Pain too Sorrow. "Sisters have you ever frozen". Gnawed; the bone, though your skin Your clothes (have you ever!) Tasted hunger that hungers after-Death; that leaves you ravaged. Adrift - afloat, ahoy a raft of death! Without the means to, drown.

Real meaning has real feeling,
Says Sorrow too Pain.
So, then lets us charge, you
-With more suffering, eternal...
Let's put salt on your tables.
And keep your lands lean—
Let's give you a sea wall, that
Surges with, loathing... but whose faith!
Shall, rise in the ebb, and tide.

Even as life withdraws maws...
On all fours: you will embrace us...
As does a pretty bride! her groom.
Indeed, says Pain too brother Sorrow.
With all her bridal, foam flung!
Like a bouquet over her right or leftShoulder she'll surf to either shore.
To kick start our envious relentless war!
...All over... all over... again, and, again.

So, says Sorrow too Pain
Says Pain too his brother Sorrow.
In their blind bitter rage!
I'm still hungry, I'm still feeling,
Really, really, empty.
"Give me more; give me more, sisters...
Give me more; than I ever had before".
More lovers than; than the sea...
Have waves to drown me.

What Shall Be?

What shall be my clandestine hour? Is to write a poem about a flower

The world is but an open flower A parchment of white paper

What shall be my clandestine hour? Is to write a poem about a flower

Or watch another flower bear fruit Give her hand, bite my tongue mute.

What Size His Tiny Heart?

What size his tiny heart? Look at this gallant ant Could it be outsmart What a mind savant.

What strength it has Carrying 50x its own weight Using pheromones' To communicate!

What size this tiny Adonis?
In proportionate scale
He could rebuild Atlantis?
Rule the Roman Empire,
Hale! - Antony the Ant...
Hale! - sir Antony the Gallant Ant...

What the atom-bomb shall I do?

'What the atom-bomb shall I do'?
When I can't control my bowel
Or bladder to urinate or do,
That all important number 1 or number 2.

Of course you can blow the world To smithereens for all I care. If I'm wheeled into that nursing home There'll be no airs or graces, I swear.

I be better off in the sanatorium, Blazing-mad, about the ECT chair. Than saddled in an orderly routine. 'Wondering who the hells washing my hair'.

To be fair there's not much difference In-here-or-out-there! There's no control... When-all's-said-and-done, I'm a nuisance! A-has-been, never will be again, tadpole!

Oh, what faculties I took for granted... When my wiring and plumbing was fine. Such anemic-drunks, eternally, lauded Laughing at the Alc/vol in their urine...

As being only 3.8 they're lining the bars, in Care homes, less than prostrate like tenpin-Bowls... Look 'there's that tiny skip. Again'! Over there by the yellow soiled-waist bin, So old chaps I guess I'm officially now done in

What was she doing, there?

What was she doing, there? Like some old bag lady. Another displaced foreigner... Sitting in Piccadilly, gardens Manchester, today... "With a toy pram and 2 clothed dollies" "One dressed in green, a much larger in reddish brown". Simply put on the fountains cobbles... Dresséd in these old linens Her dollies lying face down. How odd? No one is looking...? Not one sees the child's pram. Only big enough for a small, cat. How odd these two babies, look—displaced on the ground. One displaced to her left. Another to her right... It's the 9th of October—2011 the time tomorrows date 10.10am on a grey, wet Sunday, morning. And, her presence questions me? Quietly, disturbs me. Before I catch my 101 bus... Lord what is real...? What is sequential in a world of madness...?

What We Have We Simply Forget

What is there to shelve but our memories? At first we fill a dozen albums a year... Seems easy; like teaching knowledge at Emory's But as age surpasses our smooth veneer...

We simply forget; what it was we'd done yesteryear. We live slightly less and cut-out some of the pages We forget relationships with just a sneer. Tear-up albums and pretend - we're old sages.

Now a memory long forgotten can reappear... It'll open you up a watermelon: Now here are the seeds of memory, "I did think they'd long been quietly since stolen.

Memories glide away like the catamaran...
"If you; fill your days with nothing, but nights".
So my advice if you're young, do all you can!
Set down thy anchors for them harbours of light.

What we worship guides our thirst...

Only he God can charge or judge
The ink, that pores-out its blood.
That algae-spore" of each, dreams-drudge,
That made its way—out; from the crud.

"Only he who's skipped, between the stone-Rocks of the alternant—current Knows where each" lost breath, lays sewn. All are archaic, indulgent.

"What we worship guides our thirst...
The mountain pastures, the glassy-glade.
The foot-pounding-city-streets, cloudburst:
Life's passing" promenade.

What would this life be, like?

What would this life be, like?
With-out a little-bit of faith?
If we all feared to live our, life's
Too share what's in our hearts;
would a plane ever get off the ground?
Would a son of man ever make you proud?

What would this life be, like? If all the stars just hid away... And all the colors of a rainbow Just disappeared, tomorrow If all the grandeur turned to grey Would you be as psychedelic? As bright and as angelic; As they all say:

Heaven rocks
Heaven is a Christmas lantern
In little Italy
Heaven is a collide scope
A Manhattan slide show
A glittering sidewalk
In Bleeker street
A Greenwich Village
Where all the good Catholics
Pray to meet in gods
Own sweet district...

What Would You Sing To This Heron?

What would you sing to this heron? Who can neither shudder nor dance But can spear comets with a glance How'll she tease hopes - so barren?

Would she tip-over the apple-cart? Would she take his heart devour it. Or mirror his soul, and submit Unto him never - to depart...

Should her gaze be as deep or remote? As his would she be loved truly, truly? More deeply than, the stars trembling unruly. If waters stilled, would we denote!

A drop in temperature the pulse! If this heron were to move ponds Would she break her promised bonds? Or would she follow on impulse.

To sing and catch her breathe again Would she entre his heart like a sword Dream every word he ever stored That sings for her sweetly as a wren.

...Again, and again, and again, again...

What you ask?

A punctuation mark... Molten in wax A shimmering flirtation within the night! A 'dog's cock 'a flower like Devils Flax With its yellow and orange tongue—alight!

In the Qin dynasty— the first made of whale fat. (221-206 BC). What you ask? O the simple earliest candle. 'And, peddled to princes not any wharf rat' Used to compose; by George Frederick Handel.

It was an interjection a big 'bang' Can you imagine their exclamation?! When White ivory keys scented of ylang-ylang Went; splat, splat, splat in golden summation.

A dazzling feat was their interjections Now we have light let's answer many more questions.

A 'dog's cock' and 'bang' are also names for a punctuation mark!

Whatever Creation Is

No time to judge
The flowers the dust
Whatever creation is,
It is imbued with love.
And must! Have the goodSense to fly like a dove.

No time for ill will But lust corrupts Even a nightingale Sings her best love Ever so shyly at dusk With a heady, smell of musk.

So harvest what love You might carry... Be but empty, and full For in death: Shall we not all truly, Marry for love?

Whatever creation is, It is imbued within us. Golden as a river green Expansive as a world unseen... Silver as a mayfly blue I'm in love with you.

When a child is born

When a child is born
It is but a blooded thorn
A blooded rose
Pricked of flesh
And pressed to breast in clothes
Some say it is odorless
And Spartan of any remiss
But however much promise
Extrapolates each individual soul
There is always an evil here at home
A cancer which inflicts a heavy weight
That lingers unsettlingly to pollinate
The innocent whilst they'd incubate
And then just like the rose
The black spot grows...

When It Isn't In Your Tables

How do you find uranium? In such low-grade work When it isn't in your tables To find gems, in the dirt.

You may pan the basins of the soul And find - enrichment! But it doesn't make any difference To Him - beholds you fervent?

When love goes south of the boarder...

If I could swab your tears before there fall Sweep away anguish as I did before Dive and swim, within, your heart forestall I'd happily drown each and every sorrow. Conjoin our two souls, as one foresworn. But, your ills are your own! So our love, ergo...

Shall spill over like milk in a source pan. Passion shall cease any longer to bubble! And lungs shall no longer fill too expanse Or our true hearts love beat at the quick or double! 'If you can't or won't please try just a little'. I'll not sleep in your bed, Asymmetrical.

When sweetness anointed a brow lit eye

When sweetness anointed a brow lit eye the good sense to look beyond the sky did he lift a withheld heart to weep? Pasque flower like in a rocky deep.

Or did he dwell with a heart of empathy innate with a life so rich without apathy. Or did he with earthly colors fling... His heart into a bleaker ebony thing!

When sweetness anointed a brow lit eye the good sense to look beyond the sky Was it then that he went indivisible bye? And if so, O, my lord god, why don't I...

When winter does wrestle death

When winter does wrestle death Snow lies falling with petals bereft Her mantle a meadow white lily Uprooting stars in heavens pity.

Veils of fine silk are spun to order Wheeling moths circle and flutter. Ferries-wheeled across the boarder Our souls are curdled in god's butter.

When winter does wrestle death No one's heart did feel bereft Even the old drew a second breath.

When, You Became A Reality

'When, you became a reality... to me Notâ€□ the falling petals of a dying rose. The enchanted melting's of recent snow. Not a tale of long ago!

'When, you became a reality to me. A prince, a prince, but oh, oh, Not so long ago!
My shimmering beauty

That kept me awake...
And held me to sleep
My prince you!
Had the power to make me weak?
To tremble night jitters inside
Till no longer I could be denied
Or pretend to be chic.

There are times, timeless
You put the night too music
A linguistic beat
I feel in my hearts beat
Like Lady Guinevere, my Lancelot
Your chivalry is my defeat
When times, timeless
Become the falling petals of a dying rose
I'll endlessly love you.

Not like the enchanted Melting's of recent snow Not like a tale of long ago... But a moment of love so heavenly, Not so long ago.

In collaboration a song written with my daughters help.

Aislinn Heathcote

Where Does The Motion-Run

Where does the Motion-run
That Ticks From a Child,
Is there a Sea-Half
As Wide and Wild
As a Child's Celestial-Face
Is there a Universe
With a more Deserving-Grace
with Neither Essence Coerce
Where does the Motion-run
After the Judgement-Sun!

Where ever you went to school ...?

0+0=0You've gotta You've gotta You've gotta Put your best foot forward And be proactive If you want to get noticed If you what to be someone Cause 0+0= less than 0If you don't give it your heart 0 + 0 = is 0Always has and always will So pút your best foot forward And be proactive in your life As soon as you leave school Cause if you don't You'll be like a broken car On the scrap heap On the scrap heap On the scrap heap So if you want to get noticed If you what to be someone Get proactive as soon as you leave school Cause 0+0=00+0=00+0=0Wherever you went to school...?

Where Is The Harm In Looking?

Where is the harm in looking? Beauty is a delicate blessing... As baking is all in the cooking, And in us constant tasting...

Where is the harm in looking? See entwine the under growth... These violets; singularly, alluring. See the morning and the primrose.

Where is the harm in looking?
O sees the sleek birch trees reaching
Its branches outreach our time and space
Touching the stars—
For us hung-out to gaze in every place.

Where then girl is the harm in looking..?

Where is the peace in our lives?

Where is the peace in our lives? Look at the road waiting, dividing. That eternal-crossroad, crossing ... Holding-out on us; mystical secrets.

She's frustrated voicing come barefoot? Hurry, hurry the snow is falling ... In a flurry, in a flurry and soon Your path will be lost in the scurry.

Where is the peace in our lives?
Whistles a passing hare in a hurry ...
Soon the wheat will be harvested
And I shall go hungry, hungry...?

Where once it was peek a boo

Do you hear them? Playing, hide and seek Where once it was peek a boo But soon it'll be, see you soon...

Do you remember? Hiding behind the sofa... Laughing; with that imaginary, appendix-scare. Saying, everything's going to be alright.

Do you see them?
"Dreaming, life will never move on...
O who'll peek first, and who'll be lost...
When, it's time to come a seeking".

Do you remember?
Those long hurt looks when,
The pretending had to end.
And the tooth fairy had to take a long stroll...
Because there's no more money gets rolled
Beneath a pillow!

Do you hear them?
Do you hear them now?
Do you see them now?
Shouting... that the winters are cold:
And it's hard to stand - alone!

Do you hear them? Playing, hide and seek Where once it was peek a boo But soon it'll be, see you soon...

Do you remember?
Do you hear them?
Do you remember?
Do you hear them?
In a Christmas land of hope!
When all gods' hopes were rapt and sent...
And captured in Polaroid memories
Do you hear them?
Do you he see them?
a long time ago...

Where the moonlight and I repine

Love, is blushing a blink risqué. From watching what nervously I'd say. She's just a hop skip and a jump Sideslip, breaths blossom foray From hearing what I would screenplay. When my eyes close, I get a lump...

A tingle! Down in my pining-spine! Something, inside me says you'll be mine! But after, I feel like a chump. She walks haply naked in the sunshine Where the moonlight and I repine A halve silhouette, a little grump.

Where; did all the wood garlic—go?

Where; did all the wood garlic—go? Sure it must have been dispensed. By the ice, and snow,2 yrs.' ago 2010 / 2011 now never; seen again.

I ask myself will it ever recover... Now; that milder winter weather Has returned, without shedding, One, white; single blossom, feather.

How strange the woodlands are now? How strange these green moist lands, Without... swans coupling, the snowplow. That followed both winter and spring.

How strange the disregarded remains Of a swan's egg, has on our speculation. A transient thought, the soul profanes. The physical scent of life has gone...

White petals

Laying there still as can be Knowing deaths countdown... Has aimed; a forefinger at thee. Mortal sleep can only make! This pied piper, unblinkingly ache.

So she stares out; like a lover Betrayed, griping her pillow... Hands in a fist; holding slender "Sweet-wrappers or a scented rose" Imaginary-days without bedclothes...

On the sill a yellow zinnia, buttonholes The day she'll die. Too us... "It's just a new sun, casting shadows. But too her, it is the heavy fall-Of trumpet lilies, white petals."

Who but could—the saints preserve us, resist her...

Here; alone lying on this cotton pillow. I can still recall the lure of her lily scent: Bouquets do me gaze and camphor and shadow... Never a dull moment does the heart repent:

Her fragrance, what; a promiscuous, allure. Such elicit essences spring ajar the dart... What an art this palpable kiss velour. How it courses through my head and lonely heart...

Then swept-on bye with brocades of flower Spent-fallen, from Piety, a honey-suckle, Vine; twisting around, the Lover's Lane Larkspur. Who in the world could be gleeful, yet; still bashful?

Who but could—the saints preserve us, resist her. Maybe; only the "Morning Star her goddess sister".

Who but could—the saints, resist her...

Here; alone lying on this cotton pillow. I can still recall the lure of her lily scent: Bouquets do me gaze and camphor and shadow... Never a dull moment does the heart repent:

Her fragrance, what; a promiscuous, allure. Such elicit essences spring ajar the dart... What an art this palpable kiss velour. How it courses through my head and lonely heart...

Then swept-on bye with brocades of flower Spent-fallen, from Piety, a honey-suckle, Vine; twisting around, the Lover's Lane Larkspur. Who in the world could be gleeful, yet; still bashful?

Who but could—the saints preserve us, resist her. Maybe; only the "Morning Star her goddess sister".

Who Could Lead A Jackal On A Leash?

There was a gypsy, Who held everybody's eye? She once led a white foal... No other soul could cajole And all the men folk, whispered Now there's a woman Worth; war and being, tortured for... Now there's a woman. Mean-heart-ache is worth a bow There was a gypsy, woman Who could lead a jackal on a leash? And make it drink milk from a dish She once rubbed my soles And I swear the devil howled ... Saying a thousand religious vows ... There was a gypsy, A black haired raven With blue gentian eyes: You'd look for the moon Just to disguise your dumb-founded gaze As she sang all the other gypsy, ladies Just yawned and frowned On the prettiest freehold Property in town...

Who could want more!

Gold is in the core of the mountain hurry, hurry Gold is in the gorge of the valley hurry, hurry Gold is in the spores of the meadow hurry, hurry Gold is in the roar of the sea hurry, hurry Gold is all we look for hurry, hurry Gold is what we call for hurry, hurry Gold is in your store hurry, hurry Gold is in your decor hurry, hurry Gold is what we adore hurry, hurry Gold, gold, gold galore hurry, hurry Gold, gold, gold so much ore Who could want more!

Who Shares Your Heart By None?

Love and lovers are endlessly at war their battling is endless... With carefully placed, trenches. And landmines to maim! or else calling for an end a truce a cease-fire or total... out; and out surrender. 'It says love be my prisoner my cage and my pastor... love take this here gruel— and show no' disobedience. To your lovers rule of thumb, add your own virtuous love, virtue needs valour to pump its blood... but discretion is the better part of valour shown in equal force by one who shares your heart bar none?

Why did the star dust dance

Why did the star dust dance
Why did the rainbow move its stance
Why did I hold your hand and shiver
Why did you move me like a bolder in the river
Why did I feel found and yet mysteriously lost
Why did I tremble in the bough of your arms
Why did I cry and why were you so faux pas...
I don't know the questions to the answers I've lost...
I don't know why my heart is melting why it splinters like glass
I don't know why I kissed you and why I needed it to last
I don't Know why I'm as happy as a chirping cricket in the snow
Maybe I just can't move my stance like a disappearing rainbow.

Why Don't You Stay Well Clear Of Me?

I'm just a heartless kid my dear And I'll break your heart, So just stay 10 paces clear. "My love" Cause I can't promise not to kiss you!

I might be 47 but I'm just a kid... And. I'm not kidding you my dear. I promise you! And, I forbid, you! Too kiss me, till I'm 83 for real...?

Cause that's just how old I'll be Before I'm a grown-up man really ready For that; kind of marital responsibility... Believe me, I'm just a childish, clown.

You're baking cakes breaking eggs. Mixing flour with baking soda... Making another, Victoria sponge! And all the time, I can see...

You, wishing it were over. So just stay 10 paces clear. "My love" Cause I can't promise not to kiss you! I'm just a heartless kid my dear.

I'm just a heartless kid my dear. And I'll break your heart, So why didn't - why don't you Why don't you stay well clear of me?

Why, Dandelion It Isn't Easy

Why, dandelion it isn't easy to lie down In these weeds and fall in love We don't all have to be golden, Stoic, and upright; shoulders above.

To fall like a seed-head And break or bend in love Why, dandelion it isn't easy To sing in these high, octaves, love.

But I am the meadow lark In a countenance you've never seen so blue And it's all because my heart hungers Yearns to climb; the mountains pass with you.

Why, dandelion it isn't easy...
Loving, you!
But I know your heart will climb,
And float with mine too...
In true a chord
All the way to our mountain, shepherd lord.

Will I know life and death in paradise?

Will I know life and death in paradise?
Will I feel hunger and thirst?
Will I experience warmth even when I'm cold?
Will I shed tears of happiness when I'm dead?
Will I cherish the memories of my child's first breath?
Will I acknowledge love and heart break?
Will I inhale the fragrances of flowers the same.
Will I cherish friendship the same when I'm dead?
Oh will I know life and death in paradise?
Or will complete happiness just simply be the end
Will I just pretend heaven is completeness?
Oh why would I pretend without pain?
Without desire without cold or hunger
Eternity would be my best friend.

Will the heavens be silent when were dead

Will the heavens be silent when were dead Shall our prayers all be answered once again? Or once again; shall we forget, we've been saved. Looking, through our visors will we ever visualize? In the violate-haze we've been saved In a sealed vault will we ever realize? We've been saved, we've been saved.

Oh what faulty power lines would you follow? To spark a shadow, that'll never fade. Will the heavens be a forked lightning to touch your ground? Or will your sealed hearts sound like a Stradivarius sound... Crying; from the ground once again. Wishing to be saved... with telephony Not realizing, when you were dead you had eternal eyes.

We could not save, we could not save. We could not save.

Windswept shadows...

A place where shadows, disassociate Themselves; from bough and leaf green stem. Where these dissolved mulches conflate! In that, that is no longer—mayhem.

A place where shadows; indemnified. Once sort not to be contra or defuse. Bones of these ashes fall hearthside! Souls of these embers a fire imbues!

A place where shadows, incredulous
In number proliferate like stars
Cluster in a galaxies nebulous.
A being of enduring light pulsars!
A place where shadows—strategically,
Golden; disappear, reappear, heavenly...

Windup my sail

Windup my sail Like falling, leaves. Windup these pirate tales What no one else believes?

Oh, quarter master—
Mistress of the high seas
Beat your drum
Let these oars men
Stroke each falling wave
Once and again...
Where nothings are nearly
Quite begun or ended...
Or recovered

With each rolling, days Sirens sacrifice Tossed up into The foaming waves of what's Dew dropped into thee Into me, still unknown..?

Oh, catch that thunder In the harbor in the rain Like linen Touch the healing... In the lightening's Craped ripped breath...

In the sunlight
Of your soul
Like a dove
With an olive leaf
Returning home
To a king of the truly wise
Wind up my sail
Tonight I drowned
At these oars
For the light!

Wings and caterpillars

Still - they have shoulder blades of flight And green like caterpillars - will again. Aren't wingless butterflies ugly as sin? When, repugnantly a child thinks its Zen ...

To pluck and hold limbless, an earthly gem. Whom; velum's dust embosses the hearts poem. Whose indigos descent; we can only envy. Whose aspirations paperweight loosens spryly?

Still - they too have shoulder blades of love That'll one day crystallise, bloom into full-bud. ...Here descend into the indigos upswing, As blue Morpho butterflies wings emerging ...

"Scaly-winged" are they, too, who cocoon Their first wings flight that rest like Buddha Envisaging the bleakness of loves concord Whose wings are readied to be ripped?

Primed with all the colours of a tangency Awaiting eclipse, shouldering our wings Hidden velour at times from His finger tips He whom sits as, Buddha, amid starry rosehips.

Winter séances

Life's forgotten how to smile. Its little winter séances— Set a scene of bewilderment Like mistletoes bedraggled penance.

The dramatization waits. Kneeling; behind every tuft... Awakening; behind every hedgerow. "Hibernation is slowly, rebuffed".

Life again begins to smile. And birds sing in the valley And spread mistletoe. By their own toes so happily.

Death though in contrary frowns. Where the thistle downs... Rise and fall jauntily. Here the rainbow, alights the clouds.

And entire fields of flower Ringing in their golden heads Turn to see us in our trampling steps That has thrown aback their winding bedspreads.

Winters apart

We live winters apart That's how we live and love It may have become a black art But it's indicative of The way we live the lie The way we seek
To share "but honestly, misapply
Some old technique" Yes you were given unto me to trust. But in due course eternal ice-cores were broken... Now all our reflections combust Like those words here...unspoken... Yes, we live winters apart You and I that's how we live and love Each heart is on a downturn pie chart It's indicative of The music within the music The pulse within the pulse That beats so, so rightly virtuosic Even our truest echoes are now a repulse For perfection is an ice crystal Shimmering darkly on a winters evening Cold and unfulfilled with internal melting Melting but frozen aware of its own betrayal.

Wiry, dragon ...

A magpie - cawed...
Hopping along the roadside verge
Betwixt, flight and fear
But knowing neither one!
And then the thought arose.
"Should I take it as a pet?"
This wiry, dragon ...
With flames of whiteAppearing; out of black-chainmail.

But, such virulent blades of flashing-steel Could plough a road through a field Of tranquillity, so, I shooed it ...off... Back like some mighty, gorgon ... Back into its shrubbery, Without the safety of a lance! I hoped it would take its leave, And join - Joan of arc ... Amid another century back in France.

Wisdom

Wisdom
Looms, tempered
Like a daylily blooms
In bars of iron sleep
Wisdom wakes
Like a ravenous lion.
With ears of golden wheat
Folded yet; into another sleep.
Wisdom roars and rolls, out
His paws his talon claws
He lifts up his prey
Just to snarl'
What did you taste?
Here on the air today!

With An Errant Smile

She'd kissed me with an errant smile with blank look scanned her mobile red nails tapped like a woodpecker angrily dictated like a sculptor another days empty, quotations... no-nesting materials here; just ruins... No soft shapes here; just depletion... as she presses sent, 'I'm on vacation I can't compete' with this someone... in telecommunication...?

With my eyes still jaundiced, blessed

The nights are so faded I fear each death Each nocturnal shadow a day we have left

Each hemlock of passion dawn has to set Leads us much closer that wayfarers step...

In webbing's tomorrow of a spider's eye We'll glibly be tailored a silk suit to die

A carnal butterfly I doused for her love Anemic of her flesh I alight upon her soul

Like a pearl cocooned heavenly dove In a wine sack dressed, I broke home With my eyes still jaundiced, blessed

With silk and thread!

Folks that run with butterfly nets Over the sun and the moon Should by their wings regret Not the shadow of the loom That clothed their bones With silk and thread! And hemmed their starlit souls With hearts that bled an inky lead Like harpooned whales

Woman's love

When the evening light fades through its lineage of blue I hear an angel singing and I swear it must be you

dancing in my amber like a pearl dropp of dew heavens in my attire and so my darling are you

Women are quarrelsome

Women are quarrelsome Birds, birds of many wings Like magpies, two shades Of many dissatisfied things.

A dove - when the stars The stars are shining bright. But a bank of black disparity, When, love enters the night.

Women are good fairing angles With a righteous - dagger If you want to demonize her Or soul, testify, against her.

Women are the masters
Of serpents with their hair
In bee-hive, bee-nets
Biblical, warriors if their given to regrets.

Women are the masters Brother, they rock the cradle! They set Cain against Abel That's their diets staple.

Women are quarrelsome Buts what's wrong with this... And their inner joy When its join to yours.

Worlds move anti-clockwise the whole hog...

God is a window into your soul He is a pecking bird at your sash frame The one Platonically, singing your name. The one solarizing... in you (extol...)

Everybody's essence is retrograde. All Religions are a box of frogs... Worlds move anti-clockwise the whole hog... Around your own internal suns... weighed.

Wouldn't that be exquisite?

To take the law—into, Your own hands—at times, Now chaps! Think! 'Wouldn't that be exquisite?'

To murder—and feel nothing 'Nothing for that evil merchant banker' But a poignant scarlet track of blood: Drip! Dripping from; your trigger finger.

Dripping down a; runny-wet palm. ...Undoing their bidders' propaganda. With the same said liberal impunity. Regulatory restrictions... Oh—so they too go' off limit?

Well, so let us: let us...
Undo their entire tax programing budgets.
Fill-in their Hedge-fund gaps with bullets.
Let's revolt have our own little revolution!
Take it all—back! ...Back to nature's law.

An eye for an eye a tooth for a tooth Should cowardice break her reigns? Riotousness and Righteousness'... 'Could again; marry Mr Propitiousness.' And homely will be his life with one lady, Who possess one of all three Charities?

Yearnings of the longest day and night!

Nameless; she herself dares her, secret kiss... Softly, tenderly, he tinkles like a gentle rain fall.

Falling down the chimney, its then senses sizzle... She calls come this solstice at owl, call.

Like those embers that fizzle... Back to full Burning-flame.

"Burst with desire my darling, I entreat you... Arrive, when I' whisper your secret name".

She begs yet more' of his, edifying passions. "O emanate now' my love, fan my blue coals...

"Come—sojourn my mysterious, silent one. Here where silence reverberates and moans".

You can walk...

Why does a woman amplify her mind? Speak forty words when one will do... God only knows now how I'm resigned To get shot of this stubborn mule Oh god who ever knew? How much this woman can talk? Oh so baby now you, you can walk...

God took a rib made a dagger a tongue Took my sanity, asked me to be saintly, But surely he must realize I need to be Faintly free to remain young, alive and strong. Else this hollowness in me will materialize And then by god— How this cruelty will show in my eyes.

Oh why does a woman amplify her mind? Speak forty words when one will do... Venally I stay because she loves me But I can't get forty winks With her nagging in my head Oh god who ever knew? How much this woman can talk? Oh so baby now you, you can walk...

You Must Learn To Love It

The world is a bitter foe You must learn to love it. "Boys as a man" as ye grows. As your faculties, fade.

Each battle, henceforth...
Toe to toe, until...
All that remains, is'
The husks of a cartridge shell.

That says "Dignity and Strength" Was once the root of an oak? But now there's just an acorn... Meters away from; its empty cup.

Yes, the tree of life has fallen, wallop! But give it faith child - it'll shapeup Life and death, boy It's just a hiccup.

You nailed me

You nailed me
To the garden fence with a kiss,
Translucent-blood then wet my lids
Like sunlight after a heavy-shower.
Apple-fresh the goblet-cup opened
Its olive pores of greenwood.

I held you, too tightly at first limb for limb. Then o'er the oil and water mixed, before parting? "Virginity is a yellow bruise that grapples Like a naked swimmer" inherently drowning... Expounding: for some forbidden fruit.

It's now then you gaze at me as though Your Eden had already over grown... Chopping backward at some underpass Your eyes droop like summer scorched nettles... That reveals me as an unremitting, wilderness.

Even now the air!
Still pollenates that long-off aspersed-seed.
Even now—when your garden fence
No-longer beckons me into that over-leap
The nature of the slug,
Is still here abundant to smother and cling.

Yes, it was right then I too did not live up to you... For you was a flower of the golden meadow And I, I was a flower of the woodland-vine. You were a primrose and I a jungle climbing fig In memories bound up of your distant sunlight

Your kiss

Your kiss is a rush of oxygen
That always leaves me smitten
Your kiss is a hot air balloon
A helium bubble all-embracing, cocoon
Your kiss is the air and sky
Taking me on midnight trains to Shanghai.

Your kiss is a forest fire A wave I'm riding in a heavenly gyre Your kiss is a galactic vortex In which no other magical sorcery, can hex! Your kiss is a world removed: Darling - who cares even if myriads disapproved?

Your kisses are like krill in their minions inhale
And like the sperm whale I discover my holy grail
Your kisses transport me!
Into a fairy tale regale top and tale.
Your kisses transport me!
Like sunshine in morning I'm dissolving...
I am found!
I am found!!
I am found!!

Your life is on a throne

Your life is on a throne
Of dust weathered-stone
A whirlwind battered face
With a mountain to climb
Of the time
Of the time
Of the time

Your voices a busted microphone Howling, babe I'm losing my mind

I live like a turtle and this is my home By your side Your life is on a throne Of dust weathered-stone A whirlwind battered face With a mountain to climb Of the time Of the time Of the time

Darling, and Sincerity's like a summer's rain Falling, dripping off the leaf Off a soul— born old Dying young

It's not my fault darling
I don't show I care
I'm waking from a snare
Boastful wisps of love
Come crashing down like webs
Clinging still to me

But your voices a busted microphone Howling, babe I'm losing my mind

Your life is on a throne
Of dust weathered-stone
A whirlwind battered face
With a mountain to climb
Of the time
Of the time
Of the time

And I'm losing my mind...

Your Love Is Like A Pinnacle

Your love is like a pinnacle No man could ever climb But your heart belongs with mine Flowing deeper all the time

Deeper than the rivers Running home to the sea Deeper than an apple core That love you've given to me.

Like honey on my tongue, Like nectar to a bee, Like incense from a flower That love you've given to me Will always, be.

You're not middle aged yet you think?

Old age then your back aches Becomes a viaduct arch of pain Foundation's get subsidence You lose 10inches all elegance

In thought your opinion's tower Your judgments still acquire Unremitting unquestioned respect Old age is senile let's not forget

You're misunderstood too proud To listen to wear a hearing aid Yelling above the common crowd False Orange tan what a masquerade

A grandmother in her pre-war paint An atheist till age 78 still hitting town So I mock the aged and the antiquated? 'You're not middle aged yet you think? Oh you silly clown'...