

Poetry Series

Owain Glyn

- 49 poems -

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Owain Glyn

I live in Penzance, Cornwall, a place steeped in legend and myth and possibly the home of King Arthur's Camelot. I love words, the sound of them and the look of them, for me they paint pictures of depth and substance. I am irreverent and cynical, but at the same time romantic and full of mischief. I love writing and creating, but I read avidly as well.

A Call to Arms (Dedicated to Sunprincess)

I beg you, hear this call to arms
Leave your offices and farms
Desert your shops and factories
And help us cure this world disease.

When half the world is starving
And the children have no hope
We stand idly by and watch
Some mindless T.V soap!

Our governments sell arms to thugs
without a second thought
Regardless that the carnage will
On innocents be wrought.

Our banks provide the funding
For this foul and evil trade
And then take big fat bonuses
On profits that they've made.

Church leaders squat in corners
Well hidden from the fray
They need to join us in our quest
And come with us today.

The monarchy cares not a jot
Except for luxury
They cannot see the storm that brews
They lack reality.

But as for us, we have a voice
It's time to shout out loud
We require equality
This time we won't be cowed!

Violence we will not need
We will not play their game
We know who we voted for
We know who to shame!

So, help me in this call to arms
And join me in this quest
To make the world a better place
Before we seek our rest.

Owain Glyn

A Tear for Christmas

Christmas comes but once each year
I beg from each of you a tear;

A tear for the homeless whose bed is the floor
And a tear for the child who's embroiled in a war

A tear for the prisoner locked in his cell
And a tear for the gaoler who minds him, as well

A tear for the starving who've no food to eat
And a tear for the friendless with no one to greet

A tear for the orphan with no one to care
And a tear for the lover who sinks in despair.

Then open your presents, eat hearty and well
But save a tear for poor Lucifer, down there in hell! !

Owain Glyn

Alone?

I am sat on a bench, on the seafront, alone,
Just me, and the sea, and the old weathered stone.
Of course, there are tourists, who wander on by,
And silver winged gulls, as they dissect the sky.

There are fishing boats, plying their trade in the bay,
Whilst pleasure craft hoist up their sails for the day.
I can see the face painters and bead makers too,
As I watch pale-faced addicts who head for the loo.

A solitary policeman, whose aspect is stern,
As he dreams of promotion and what he might earn.
A parking attendant comes slithering by,
Making sure nothing misses his keen gimlet eye.

Young men on their skateboards come thundering past,
Looking sideways at anglers whose lines have been cast.
I am sat on a bench, on the seafront, alone,
It's a solitary life, but I don't think I'll moan! !

Owain Glyn

Aunt Aggies Visit (The Family Ghost)

Aunt Aggie called the other night,
She asked me where you were,
I told her you had flown the nest,
But you were fine, for sure.
She said she might just call on you,
And tell a Christmas tale,
Of times gone past, and times to come,
When goodness shall prevail.
So, when you blow your candle out,
And rest your weary head,
Remember dear old Aggie,
For she might be by your bed.
Then when you've heard the tale she tells,
Your nightcap you may doff,
But if you didn't like it,
Just tell her to F**k Off!

Owain Glyn

Christmas Cheer

Every year it comes around, this season of goodwill,
When visitors we truly loathe, come round and drink their fill.
Relatives we haven't seen, since nineteen fifty four,
Discover where we're living, and come knocking at the door.

We end up going shopping, spending cash we haven't got,
Filling up the Credit Cards, as if we've lost the plot.
We buy for all and sundry, and then we buy some more,
As if we've quite forgotten, that it all needs paying for.

We fill the house with shrubbery, and sprigs of Mistletoe,
Kissing total strangers, in an Alcoholic glow.
We hang up decorations, like some poor demented fools,
Ignoring all the hazards, and the Health and Safety rules.

The poor old dining-table simply groans beneath the weight,
Although there's only ten of us, there's food for twenty eight!
The Turkey looks as if it's been on Steroids all it's life,
A chain-saw might be better than a standard carving knife!

The Alcohol flows on and on, just like a waterfall,
There's plenty in the Kitchen, with some back-up in the hall.
Wines of all descriptions are consumed without a care,
Co-ordination failing, when we try to leave the chair.

When the Lunch is over, we seek unconsciousness,
Leaving anyone awake, to help clear up the mess.
The Queen comes on the Television, prompt, at half past three,
Clashing with discussions, about what to have for Tea.

Now's the time for arguments, and rows about the past,
The bonhomie departing, and the goodwill fading fast.
It's time to say farewell to those, we hold so very dear,
And pray we don't set eyes on them, until this time next year! ! !

Owain Glyn

Do You Remember?

I left my life with you, do you remember?
That hollow day of sharpened rain and even sharper words.
Each step I took away from you, each leaden pace, defeated me.
Your voice, once soft and lyrical, now cold and forged from steel.

I left my heart with you, do you remember?
The days of love we'd shared lay smashed and littered with accusations.
Those eyes in which I'd often bathed, now but a swollen tempest,
Your smile, which made the Sun shine bright, now turned to blackened stone.

I left my dreams with you, do you remember?
Sweet promises we'd made, of carefree days and endless love,
Now turned to words that liars speak, meaningless and empty.
Your touch, once warm and gentle, now sharp as razor blades.

I left my faith with you, do you remember?
The trust entwined with love and understanding,
Now mixing with the sodden earth to build a final resting place.
Your kiss, once sweet with promise, now poisoned with Goodbye.

I thought that you would seek me out one day, and bring my treasures back to me,
But No!
I've lived bereft of life
I've lived with silence in my breast
I've lived with black and dreamless sleep
I've lived a faithless, loveless life.
I left it all with you.

Owain Glyn

Ethelred

Ethelred had toasted bread
Each night before he went to bed.
And every day when he got up
Hot Chocolate filled his morning cup.
Then before he went to School
A Bacon Sandwich was the rule.

His Mother made his lunch each day
Which took about an hour I'd say.
Two Sausage Rolls and three Pork Pies
Four bags of Crisps as a surprise.
Some Sandwiches of Roasted Lamb
A fresh baked Quiche of Cheese and Ham.
Then for Dessert a Chocolate Cake
With Clotted Cream she'd always make.

His School was forty yards away
A healthy walk you just might say.
But Ethelred would always stop
At McIntyre's his favorite shop.
Some Sherbet Lemons or a Dip
Into his School Bag he would slip.
Then he would saunter on his way
Prepared to face another day.

At School he'd join his Classroom line
In readiness to start at nine.
His Mum had written him a note
And placed it in his Overcoat.
It asked his Teacher to refrain
From making him do 'Games' again.
'Ethelred's not well' it said
'Could he do Cookery instead? '.

His Teacher thought that it was wise
In view of his enormous size.
That Ethelred should still take part
In exercise to help his heart.
They set off for the Football Field
Where very soon it was revealed
That Ethelred would still not play
He'd left his kit at home today.

His Teacher would not be gainsaid
Nor change the plans that he had made.
Ethelred was much too fat
And needed help to alter that.
So, off he hauled him to the Gym
With clear intent, to make him slim.
He'd start him on the Vaulting Horse
Which he would reinforce, of course.

Young Ethelred looked on, bemused
His Mother wouldn't be amused
At Teacher's plans to make him fit
In fact, she wouldn't hear of it.
He needed building up, she thought
Not turn into the skinny sort
Who suffered from perrenial illls
And spent their lives digesting pills.

But Ethelred felt that he should
Obey the Teacher if he could.
So even though he had no kit
Prepared himself to go for it.
He removed his shoes and socks
And headed for the vaulting box.
Determinedly he built up speed
Forgetting all about the need
To leave the ground and make a vault
A pretty catastrophic fault!
He hit the box with dreadful force
Destroying it, at once, of course.
But even then he did not stop
He hit the wall...And then went POP! !

And so, a word now, to the wise;
DO NOT MIX FOOD AND EXERCISE! ! ! ! ! !

Owain Glyn

Ghosts

Oh, these Ghosts that haunt me, nightly, tearing at my soul,
These screaming, wailing, moaning ghouls, my senses do appall.
My sleep is wrecked, and torn apart, my silence is undone,
And all I see are shadows, where the nightmares have begun.

Then come, oh come, and do your worst, I will not share your pain,
If I can't rest, then nor should you, bound up within your chain.
You shall not load your guilt on me; your terror is your own,
Though heavy weigh my sorrows, they weigh on me alone.

What dreadful crimes have you committed, to be treated thus?
And who gave you the freedom, now, to visit them on us?
Or are you just reflections of the way we all must end?
A mirror of the harvest reaped, is that what you portend?

So, in my sweat soaked sheets I lay, my Ghosts for company,
The Black Crow on my windowsill, waits patiently for me.
I do not seek redemption, or an Angel's sweetened breath,
I've courted Sin throughout my life, and take it to my Death.

Yet who has claims yo innocence, in thought, or word, or deed?
And who among us sin soaked wrecks, have souls that shall not bleed?
So when I go I'll join these Ghosts, on their eternal quest,
To burden others with their chain, and find eternal rest.

Owain Glyn

IF (I Only Had One Leg)

If I only had one leg, I'd give up work and start to beg,
I'd find myself a comfy spot, not too cold, and not too hot.
I'd dress in old and shabby clothes and strike a world-worn weary pose,
I'd play on peoples sympathy, to give their hard-earned cash to me.
Then I'd spend it in the Pub on endless beer and Gastro-Grub.

If I only had one eye, I'd see my way to getting by,
I'd buy a leather patch, I think, and use the other eye to blink.
I wouldn't have as good a view, with only one instead of two,
This doesn't mean I couldn't cope, especially with a Telescope.
I'd get myself a job at Sea, and keep an eye out constantly.

If I only had one ear, it wouldn't mean I couldn't hear,
It might be awkward to wear glasses, or to sit at backs of classes.
Though benefits might just accrue, from having one instead of two,
With only one to wash behind, and only half the wax to find.
And I could make a new career, of offering 'to lend an ear'

If I only had one hand, I'm sure that you would understand,
I'd find it hard to tie a knot, or play the Flute an awful lot,
And I suppose I would refrain, from taking up the Drums again.
But there'd be lots that I could do, with just one hand instead of two.
With Hi-Viz vest and Lollipop, I could force you all to stop!

But laying here in reverie, will make me late for work I see,
So I'll get up and take a shower and hit my desk within the hour.
I'll 'jump-to-it' when called upon, as if I'm an automaton,
I'll listen when I'm spoken to, and do what I am told to do.
But I can always dream again....What if I fell under a train....

Owain Glyn

If I had Time

If I had time,
I'd go to Church,
And hear the Litany,
That says if I,
Pray till I die,
There's riches due to me.

If I had time,
I'd go to School,
And listen to the Sage,
Who'll tell me,
In his wisdom,
There are jewels on his page.

If I had time,
Then I would seek,
The Politicians view,
Who'd tell me,
If I vote for him,
That benefits accrue.

If I had time,
I'd look to Law,
To settle the dispute,
I'd seek advice,
Clear and concise,
If that would bear me fruit.

But are they selling Gems, or Glass, these wise and learned few?
I cannot put a price on truth, and nor, I think, can you.
So spend your time with Prudence,
Or with Sarah,
Or Yvonne,
That way you'll still have memories, when all the rest has gone!

Owain Glyn

I'm Not Frightened (really)

I'll meet you by your garden gate
I'll come at eight, I won't be late
I will not knock upon your door
Your father answered it before.

He slowly looked me up and down
His face congealed into a frown
'I don't want any, go away'
'And don't come back another day'

'I'm here to see Marie, I said'
And proudly lifted up my head
I thought that if I stood my ground
He'd think me brave, and come around.

Instead he said 'What's on your head? '
'Is it alive or is it dead? '
'NO, that's my hair, sir, ' I replied
He laughed so much, he nearly cried.

I'd spent a mint on styling gel
And put some highlights in, as well
For him to castigate my hair
Was very rude, and most unfair.

Then he started on my clothes
'Where the hell did you buy those? '
I would have said 'a high street shop'
But he was laughing fit to drop.

I couldn't see it getting better
Standing there just getting wetter
Did I not say that it was raining?
Honestly, I'm not complaining.

I turned and left, respectfully
I heard him laugh, hysterically
So, I'll meet you by your gate
I'll come at eight, I won't be late.

Owain Glyn

I'm not Frightened (really) Part five A Sister's Tale

I've got a sister called Marie
She has to share a room with me
She's not what you'd call clean and neat
Then there's this problem, with her feet.

I open windows, spray the place
And wear a medic's mask, in case
The Doctor's right, and it might spread
I've had to fumigate her bed.

And she borrows all my clothes
I shouldn't mind, though, I suppose.
Daddy says not to be mean
But I'm size eight, and she's sixteen!

He says that if she meets a man
She might leave home, and then I can
Have my room all to my self
And she can get down from the shelf.

I think he might be dreaming! ! !

Owain Glyn

I'm Not Frightened (really) Part Four, A Brother's Tale

Our Marie, she drives me mad
She's always fighting with my Dad
And then she's crying on the phone
It's like living in a hostile zone.

She brought home a guy named Lloyd
Now there was one that you'd avoid
His voice was real high-pitched and loud
His dandruff hung there like a cloud.

He dressed a lot like Liberace
Claimed he'd bought it from Versace
He might have got away with that
If he had not been quite so fat.

His flesh poked out from several holes
is stomach settled down in rolls
But I think that what finished it
Were his attempts to try and sit.

He breathed in deeply, shook his hair
And bent his frame to meet the chair
What happened next, I think you'll guess?
Suffice to say, the chair's a mess.

And that's the problem with Marie
She doesn't think sufficiently
One day, maybe, she will see
There's a cost to love, it isn't free.

My Dad says she is predatory
And she should be more like me
Who's soft and kind, in every way
I haven't told him that I'm Gay! ! (Yet!)

Owain Glyn

I'm Not Frightened (really) Part three Mum's tale

Marie, it's no good telling me
You're problems with your Dad, you see
It's not as if he's truly bad
It's just that he is barking mad.

You only have yourself to blame
You never learn, it's such a shame.
Remember Rob, or was it Bob?
You know the one without a job?

Your father tried hard not to fail
Till he found out he'd been in jail.
Then there was that midget chap
Who got your Dad in such a flap.

He couldn't look him in the eye
He had to kneel to even try.
You really do not help yourself
By moaning you are on the shelf.

Find a boy who's kind and smart
Who dresses well, and doesn't fart
Who'll love you, dear, and treat you well
Who won't use drugs, and doesn't smell.

Now if you want, some free advice
Before you bring them home, think twice.
Why not meet them at a dance?
At least you'd start with half a chance! !

Owain Glyn

I'm Not Frightened (really) Part two Dad's tale

Marie, my princess, can we speak?
About your latest little geek?
You know I want the best for you
A handsome prince, who's strong and true.

When I opened up the door
I was shocked by what I saw
His hair was bleached, and strangely spiked
I saw nothing that I liked.

His dress was weird, and quite unkempt
My first impression was contempt
And when he said he'd called for you
My self control, well it just blew.

I might have laughed, okay, I did
The thought of you and this weird kid
I only want what's best for you
You're still quite young, at forty two.

Owain Glyn

I'm not Frightened (really) Part six Aunties Tale

I have a niece, she's called Marie
She wants to come and stay with me
She tells me things are really bad
She cannot get on with her Dad.

But I've a problem with a lodger
Real nice guy, his name is Roger
Says he wants to rearrange
His gender, cause he thinks it's strange.

He likes to wear my underwear
Which I don't mind, I do not care
I love him, cause he's really cute
Forget his clothes, there's no dispute.

That if I really have to choose
He will win, and she will lose! !

Owain Glyn

In Rest

Lay your head upon these feathered clouds, and rest,
Spread your silken tresses on this virgin wilderness,
Then I will beg sweet dreams to come, and be your company.

When darkness drifts across your eyes to steal their perfect light,
I'll summon lesser Angels, who will guide you through the night,
And sing to you their silver hymns, in purest harmony.

Let your sweet form, in rest, adorn, this bed of perfumed flowers,
Where I shall sit, and hold your hand, throughout the long dark hours.
Knowing you will never wake, again, to smile on me.

Farewell, my love, my own sweet child, go now to thy sleep,
And I will pray, both night and day, the Lord your soul to keep.
You may be sure, forever more, of my true constancy.

Owain Glyn

Legacy (dedicated to LynneFyncherSpringarden)

Tower blocks that stab the skies
Grimy streets where litter lies
In doorways nest the dispossessed
Liquor fueled before they rest.

A women's refuge needs a guard
To keep out men who think they're hard
At least the children will be fed
And have the comfort of a bed.

Marauding youths patrol the streets
Sending texts and making tweets
Using language we don't know
To help their distance from us grow.

They see no future in their lives
Hence the needles and the knives
And all we do is castigate
Which feeds their anger and their hate.

And yet, about a mile away
Is where the rich and famous play
Armani suits and Gucci shoes
Painted whores from which to choose.

I doubt they even feign to see
This broken world.....
Their Legacy.

Owain Glyn

Men In Grey Suits

There are men in grey suits who infest sand built towers,
Where they sit and they spit out their venom for hours,
Making judgments and plans which they say we must follow,
Leaving them to get fat in the shit that they wallow.

The Bishops and Priests and their dumb acolytes,
Spew out sermons and edicts and meaningless rites,
Whilst abusing the young that are left in their care,
They preach God's holy goodness in which we can share.

There are Judges, who sit, every day, upon high,
Peering down on the wicked they're placed there to try,
With their wigs and their gowns and their sashes of red,
They hide Call-Girls and Rent-Boys at home in their bed.

Politicians keep faces, at home, in a chest,
Where they change them, at leisure, to what suits them best,
Their rhetoric mixes both half-truths and lies,
With their aura of rectitude, just a disguise.

So, if your'e in a tunnel, and can't see a light,
Don't depend on these vendors of goodness and light,
They'll just take all you offer and then disappear,
Leaving you in the tunnel, and them in the clear!

Owain Glyn

Milestones (For my son, Ross on his thirtieth Birthday)

Time rules the passage of our lives
We divide it from Millenia down to thousandths of a second
We use it to measure and to compete
We use it to Prosecute and to Remunerate

We mark the Milestones of our lives
We use them as Aides Memoire

The first day of School
The rigid rules of Discipline
The introduction of Punctuality
The construction of Timetables

We saw you at this Milestone
Your tears, your bravery, the shining lights of your successes

Suddenly, your treasures packed, you dashed toward the Mortarboard
Leaving behind Giant Land Snails and holes in other lives
This time the tears shed were ours
We dealt with pining dogs and adjusted our emotions

You sucked in knowledge and took swimming lessons in Love
You learned that tides can turn while you are busy staring at the Moon

You didn't run home to hide under a Duvet and wait for a cure
You left the wounds to lick themselves and headed onward
Time now morphed to deadlines and salary expectations
Ambition grew with confidence and hair length

We watched from afar, proud, but surrounded by Eggshells
The Shepherds whose Lamb was being replaced by a Lion

You kept calm (sometimes) and carried on
Each deadline met, each new success, adding to the whole
The structure gaining both beauty and wisdom with it's vintage
Still learning, still maturing, still improving

Embrace this latest Milestone
Keep it safe, it's your platform to reach for the stars! !

(TEMPUS FUGIT)
But so do Eagles and how beautiful are they?

Owain Glyn

My Discovery

Now I've left this earthly shell, I find no heaven and no hell,
My spirit soars above the waves, now free of fire and earth bound graves.
I leave behind the pains of life, discard the lies and leave the strife,
My lack of understanding shed, my freedom rests among the dead.

No Philosophers, no stones, no rotting flesh, or crumbling bones,
No Preachers with their jaundiced views, no promises to keep, or lose.
No Teachers with their bogus facts, no Lawmakers misguided acts,
No false Prophets and no Popes, No Pessimists or Misanthropes.

I find at last no judgement day, no Golden Gates to bar my way,
My soul floats free among the clouds, released at last from earthly shrouds.
I leave behind the standards set, by others who I never met,
My obligations I rescind, and set my course upon the wind.

No Bureaucrats, no pointless rules, no Visionaries or other fools,
No Businessmen, no bloodied knives, no Politicians, or their wives,
No privilege, no bended knee, no Hangers-On, or Monarchy,
No love to lose, or Heart to break, and no apologies to make.

So as your years their zenith reach, do not be tempted to beseech
Your God to bring you to his side, so you in splendor can reside.
All that's you you cannot keep, as you begin this final sleep
No dreams or nightmares you'll recall, just perfect peace.....
And that is all.

Owain Glyn

My Hairdresser

I have this guy who cuts my hair
What's left of it, to be quite fair
He always does his very best
He trims the tufts, and shines the rest.

And as he trims, he chats to me
He knows what's going on, you see
There's nothing he won't know about
He's full of knowledge, without doubt.

Who's screwing whom, and where, and when
Who's been arrested, once again
Who's got cash, and who has not
On politics, he's just red hot.

He outdoes, the printed news
I'm captivated by his views
My private life, I never leak
For fear I'll be 'the news' next week.

Owain Glyn

My Journey

When I've gone, do not shed tears,
Bend not your heads with grief,
This journey I must make alone,
I hope it might be brief.
However that's unlikely,
With my body having burned,
But never count on anything,
That's something that I've learned.

When I was young and carefree,
And time stretched out ahead,
I thought that it was endless,
But suddenly I'm dead.
My body couldn't take the strain,
It wasn't well maintained,
I might have had it serviced,
Had anyone explained.

So, I'm off to find St. Peter,
The keeper of the gate,
I guess he'll be expecting me,
Now that I am 'late',
I'm hoping he will welcome me,
With wide celestial arms,
Impressed by my devotion,
And my knowledge of two psalms.

I'd rather go to heaven,
I'm not happy in the heat,
And I think wings would flatter me,
Small silver ones are sweet.
Although I'm not too musical,
I'll learn to play the Harp,
Then I can serenade St. Pete,
With Hymns in A flat sharp.

So, as I've said, don't cry for me,
Don't miss me, do not pine,
For those of you that know me,
Understand..... I'll be just fine.

Owain Glyn

My Son, My Son

I sit here in the fading light
Alone.
I'm still, although my weakened, wasted frame
Occasionally dances with the cold.
I'm old now, and live with just my thoughts
Of you
Where are you now?
Does your body feed and nourish
Many trees and flowers?
Do noisy bees disturb your sleep?

I remember chubby fingers
Grasping thumbs
To help you first perambulate
With chuckled glee that set you free
To mingle with your destiny.
I'm old now, and live with just my thoughts
Of you.
Did they feed you well, my son?
Or did they just give you a gun
And tell you God was on your side?

That hollow day on which they came to say
How bravely you had died
I fed them tea, and choked on sympathy
I cried.
I'm old now, and live with just my thoughts
Of you.
Did your bowels flood at sight of blood?
which soon you recognized as yours.
Will history reward your sacrifice?
No! it will soon forget, and seek new fools!

I'm old now; I wish I could remember you more clearly.

Owain Glyn

Never Go Back

I crept along the silent streets, their familiarity painful and accusing.
Even in this darkness the sick worm of cowardice drives me to the shadows.
I know each brick, each door, each window pane,
We huddled in these doorways, to touch, to kiss, and to escape the rain.

The filthy soot-smear'd streetlights search me out, to interrogate me, each in turn,
What are you doing here? Why have you come back? What do you want?
I know these pavements, each and every crack,
We trod them in our search for joy, caressed as we walked back.

I struggle on, the sodden wind invading me; I bow my head in useless shame.
The pregnant sky gives birth, it's cold, sharp progeny mock and sneer at me.
I know these skies, beneath them I have laughed, and loved, and cried.
Below this sullen blanket my Love flourished, then sickened, till it died.

So, why have I returned to this place of Ghosts and memories?
Where Love was both freely and honestly given, but dishonestly butchered.
I know this place, it haunts me, each night and every day,
But now I'm here and feel it's hate, I slowly creep away.

Owain Glyn

No Resurrection

The boiling Sun sends searing rays to scorch the arid earth
Dust Devils dance in pantomime for everything they're worth.
A Mother, bent and haggard, beats her fists upon the ground
Today, as every other day, no reward is found.
The child strapped tightly to her back
Is much too weak to cry
The Mother knows, instinctively
Today her child will die.
She'll feed it to this self-same earth
To give it some protection
But she knows within her breaking heart
There'll be no resurrection.

Owain Glyn

Now The (Christmas) Party's Over

Now the party's over, there are things that I must do,
I'll put them down in order, so they make some sense to you.

- 1) The first, and the most difficult, is to get rid of the tree,
I'll throw it over next door's fence, when nobody can see.
- 2) I'll eat up all the chocolate log, and put the turkey in the dog,
For me it means some increased size, and for the dog, a nice surprise.
- 3) I'll take down all the tinsel, and those gaudy fairy lights,
Return to some normality, with healthy family fights.
- 4) Now, that bloody awful sweater, with the grinning Santa Claus,
I'll give it to some passing tramp, who has to sleep outdoors.
- 5) The wrapping paper and the cards, I'll stuff inside a sack,
And dump them in the shopping mall, so they can have them back.
- 6) I'll examine all the bottles, and swallow any dregs,
Then pop down to the local shops, and buy some Easter Eggs! !

Owain Glyn

Owain Glyn

Our Sovereign (The Queen's Jubilee)

Sixty years upon the throne
Sword held high to raise a Knight
Never needed payday loan
Or understood a pauper's plight.

Privileged from birth to grave
Without a care to cloud the sky
The masses crave a monarch's wave
With eager voice they all will cry;

God save the King, God save the Queen
God save the Prince of Wales
We don't mind if they're Germans
Even Greeks if all else fails.

We were born as subjects
To bend low and know our place
We should be bloody grateful
Just to gaze upon that face.

That they should spend our hard earned cash
Is but their royal right
Lackeys wake them up each day
And tuck them in at night.

They need their gold-lined palaces
Their castles give them joy
They can hide their indiscretions
And keep out the hoi-polloi.

But of course they bring in tourists
With their dollars and their yen
Who never catch a glimpse of them
So back they come again.

We love our Royal family
They make us feel secure
We don't mind if they cost us
Fifty million every year!

So sixty years of service
Is a feat to celebrate
We'll get an extra day off work
It's what makes Britain great! ! ! !

Owain Glyn

Recovery

I think that I have recovered
That 'm functioning well
That normality has taken up residence

Then

I hear the sounds of a forgotten song
The breeze attacks with historical perfumes
A color combination

Installs a sick sensation

My stomach churns
My heart burns
My head learns

This malady won't go away

It's here to stay
Today, and every day
As I take another step

Back to You.

Owain Glyn

Sunday School

Sit still, I need to wash your face, you can't go out like this,
What would the neighbors think?
That I would let you go to Chapel to gaze on the countenance of our Saviour,
With a dirty face?

Sit still, I need to wash your ears, you can't go out like this,
What would Mrs. Pugh think?
That I would let you go to Chapel to hear the words of our Saviour
With dirty ears?

Sit still, I need to wash your hands, you can't go out like this,
What would Mrs. Evans think?
That I would let you go to Chapel to touch the words of our Saviour
With dirty hands?

Sit still, I need to wash your knees, you can't go out like this,
What would Mrs. Thomas think?
That I would let you go to Chapel to kneel to the glory of our Saviour
With dirty knees?

Oh, sod! I've run out of soap, so why don't you stay at home,
And play instead of pray!

Owain Glyn

Tamara

A snow white pillow, filled with down
For you to rest your head
And you may lay your silken form
Upon this tousled bed.

As I lay silent, next to you
And gaze into your eyes
I can see a love that's true
And then I realize

That I am blessed, your curves to stroke
To feel your warm sweet breath
To know, how you, my love awoke
To stay with me till death.

And as we lay in ecstasy
A voice comes from above.....

'Have you got that bloody dog on the bed again? '
'I've told you, it's not hygienic! ! '

Walkies!

Owain Glyn

That Cat

I saw that Cat the other day,
Where he was going who could say?
He strode along his head held high, his tail erect to brush the sky.

He gazed at me with pure disdain,
As if to say 'not you again! '
His promenading, full of grace, would indicate he owns the place.

What does he really think he's at?
Can he not see he's just a Cat?
And be satisfied with that?

Oh no, this feline bon-viveur,
Of Royal bloodline he is sure.
How can he be the stuff of Kings, while eating Rats and things with wings?

His gait screams immortality,
Nine lives he has, supposedly,
But that old tale is just a myth, not something that I'm bothered with.

His haughty ways do not fool me,
I see through him with clarity,
He's just another quadruped, with dreams of glory in his head.

He pads along with studied poise,
His ears pricked for any noise,
That might just help him demonstrate, those hunting skills he thinks innate.

He's self-deluded,
Self-possessed,
But all the same, a Cat, at best.

He turned the corner of my street,
The tour of his domain complete,
Adventures over for a while, he headed for his domicile.

I sauntered home with confidence,
To find him perched upon my fence.
I picked him up and tickled him, he purred at me and we went in.

Owain Glyn

THE DARK ROAD

Lost in loneliness, bathed in guilt,
The dark road stretches out,
The black wind swirls around my soul,
And fills my heart with doubt.

But I must take the dark road,
And leave the light behind,
To slaughter all my demons,
And cleanse this fetid mind.

I can see my tortured victims,
They are scattered all around,
Their gaping mouths scream curses,
But I cannot hear the sound.

They crawl upon each other,
In a vain attempt to flee,
Their souls are in the devil's hole,
And he won't set them free.

An incandescent jester,
Performs his ritual,
To gather in his harvest,
And send it back to hell.

I struggle on regardless,
The dark road out ahead,
My clothing now in tatters,
From the grasping of the dead.

A hag steps out in front of me,
Inquiring where I'm bound?
I say I seek the devil's lair,
And ask her where it's found?

She tells me I have far to go,
But she can take no part,
That if I'm earnest in my quest,
To look inside my heart.....

Owain Glyn

The Magic Forest (Part One)

I've seen a Green Lion and Blue Kangaroo,
If you want to come with me I'll show them to you.
It won't take a long time for us to get there,
I've got sweets for the journey that we both can share.
But let us not tarry, let us not be slow,
We'll need to get going, if we mean to go.
So what are you thinking, what do you say?
If you want to come with me I'm going today.

We'll cross the Green Meadow where Buttercups grow,
Then on up the hill is the best way I know.
We'll go past the Barn and over the stile,
Then we'll sit and drink cool Lemonade for a while.
When we are both ready, we'll set off once more,
We'll really have great fun, if you come, I'm sure.
So make up your mind if you do want to come,
For we could be a while, so we'll have to tell Mum.

She won't mind us going, if we're going there,
She'll probably be happy we're out of her hair.
I've told her before of this magical place,
She looked at me sideways, a smile on her face.
She says I'm a dreamer, that I always dream,
She's happy with that thought, or so it would seem.
So all that we need is for you to agree,
Then we can get going, and be back for Tea.

If you come you will see things, you'll never forget,
I can take you to see a Gnu I once met.
He's really quite friendly, and very astute,
He speaks fluent Urdu, and plays on a Lute.
Then there's the Hippo, who's thoughtful and quiet,
Who will only eat Chocolate, when he's on a diet.
I can show you all this, and a jolly sight more,
But you need to decide that you're coming for sure.

You needn't be worried, or even afraid,
When I show you the house that the Crocodile made,
If we're very respectful, and don't make a noise,
He might let us go in, and get out all his toys.
He's very religious, and prays quite a lot,
But it's mainly for Dinner, and preferably hot.
There are wonderful things there, for us both to see,
So what do you think, are you coming with me?

Did I mention the Eagle? and what's in his nest?
If I hadn't of seen it I'd never have guessed.
It's fully equipped with a wide screen T.V,
It's got Broadband, and Blueray, and set for 3D.
It's got fifty five channels, from which he can choose,
But he just watches one, which is BBC News.
There is so much to do and so much to see,

But you'll miss it all, if you don't come with me.

I went there last Tuesday, which fortunately,
Is the day they all visit the Hamburger Tree.
You can get what you want, and you don't have to queue,
But it's better to get there, before the Gnu.
He has Ice-Cream, and Nuggets, and Bacon and Cheese,
So you'd better be quick, if you want one of these.
I don't think that you're Veggie, from what I can see,
So we will not go hungry, if you come with me.

We can call on the Tiger, who's very well read,
He has plenty of Books, which he keeps by his bed.
He buys them at Boot-Sales, and Secondhand Shops,
I think that his favorite, is 'How to cook Chops'.
He's really well-mannered and very polite,
He wears a Top-Hat, when he's hunting at night.
So when we arrive there, we'll see if he's in,
That's if you've decided, and we can begin.

We'll miss all the fun, if we don't go soon,
We could call on the Bear, who might play us a tune.
He plays the Piano, although he's tone deaf,
But he does know his Crotchets, from his Treble Clef.
He stands up when he plays, so he's able to dance,
It's a sight not to miss, if we do get the chance.
Just think of the wonderful things we can do,
In this Magical place, if there's me and there's you.

I think the Green Lion's the one who's in charge,
He has very sharp claws, and his teeth are quite large.
But he's not very fierce, in fact, he's quite kind,
So if I take you with me, I'm sure he won't mind.
But you must keep it secret, you must never tell,
If the Grown-Ups find out, they will play merry hell.
Now the choice is all yours, it's not up to me,
But you've taken so long that I'm off for my Tea! ! !

Owain Glyn

the Magic Forest. (Part Two, Stu's tale)

Said Stu the Gnu 'I am talking to you',
'I want you to listen to me',
'I'm certain you do' said the Blue Kangaroo,
'But I'm terribly late for my tea',
'Forget about tea and just listen to me''
'I've got something important to say',
'Tolstoy the Tiger has loaned me a book',
'About lands that exist far away'.
'I am happy for you' said the Blue Kangaroo,
'That Tiger's a wonderful soul',
'But can it not wait, till I've emptied my plate? ',
'It's got King Prawns and Chinese Spring Roll'.
'Oh well, if you must, ' said Stu the Gnu,
'But I think I've come up with a plan',
'So, finish your tea, then come over to me',
'And I'll tell you as much as I can'.
So Stu went off home and pored over the tome,
Which was all bound in purple and red,
It showed pictures of horses with black and white stripes,
These were Zebras, so Tolstoy had said.

Stu had lived in the forest, with all of his friends,
Ever since he was naught but a calf.
They had played silly games, calling each other names,
Telling jokes that made everyone laugh.
But sometimes, at night, when the Sun had gone down,
Stu would lie on his bed, and he'd muse;
That it might be the case, in a faraway place,
There were thousands of other Gnus.

So he went to see Tolstoy, whose knowledge was vast,
In every conceivable way,
He didn't pretend, he just told his good friend,
Of the thoughts he was having today.
'Now I may have a book, '
'Come on in and we'll look, '
'And I'll brew up some tea, if I may, '
'I'm grateful to you, ' returned Stu the Gnu,
'But I don't want to be in the way, '
'You could never be that, if you move my Top-Hat, '
'You can sit on that chair by the fire.'
'Then I'll hunt down that book, '
'And we'll both take a look, '
'Then decide if it's what you require.'

Tolstoy brewed tea, then said, 'Let me see, '
'It might just be under the bed, '
'If it's not, then I'm sure, it'll be by the door, '
'With the others that I have just read.'
Tolstoy rummaged around, and he very soon found,
A large book bound in purple and red,
He then opened it up, as he sipped from his cup,

'This is it, I am certain, ' he said.
'Yes, this is the book, come on over and look, '
'It may answer some questions for you, '
'There are pictures of Monkeys, and Zebras and Snakes, '
'And I'm sure that these here are Gnu.'
'Yes, thank you, ' said Stu, 'they are surely Gnu, '
'May I borrow this book for a while? '
'Yes, of course, friend, you may' Stu had heard Tolstoy say,
As he passed it across with a smile.
In the time that it took, Stu to study the book,
He had slowly developed a plan,
He knew of a Stoat who would rent him a boat,
That was how the adventure began.

Owain Glyn

The Morning After

When I awoke this morning
It was almost yesterday
Though it could have been tomorrow
I just really couldn't say.

My head was facing back to front
My nose seemed upside down
My eyebrows stuck together
In an imbecilic frown.

My legs had all the feeling
You'd expect from frozen peas
Which was further complicated
By the loss of both my knees.

And when I tried to focus
On a point in time and space
My eyes just fled their sockets
At a most alarming pace.

Now what had caused this crisis
Which had left me all but dead
Screwing up my faculties
And messing up my head?

Fourteen pints of Real Ale
Might well provide a clue
Especially when they're followed
By some Double Whiskies too.

I don't suppose the Curry
Will have helped an awful lot
I can't remember what it was
But it was Bloody hot!

I closed my eyes against the light
To block out all the pain
And prayed for equilibrium
So I could try again.

I felt quite dehydrated
So I crawled off to the sink
To fill myself with H₂O
Simplicity you'd think.

But my attempts to hold the glass
Were clearly bound to fail
My body shook from head to foot
Way off the Richter Scale.

Just then a can of Speckled Hen
Came slowly into view

Hairs and Dogs sprang to my mind
And it was liquid too!

I drank it down in just one go
It seemed to hit the spot
The shakes were now subsiding
It was helping quite a lot.

My eyes began to focus
And my head began to clear
I thanked the Gods for hairy dogs
Normality was near.

I quickly took a shower
Then I scraped my prickly face
I shoved a brush inside my mouth
To fumigate the place.

My eyes still looked quite bleary
And my face looked very pale
But I thought I knew the answer
A few pints of Abbot Ale.

I'd considered, very briefly
Should I join the Temperance Club?
But since I'm not too social
I'll just stroll down to the Pub!

Owain Glyn

THE PLANETS

I'm waiting for the Sun to shine,
But it won't wait for me,
I'm either still asleep in bed,
Or busy having tea.
It really isn't very fair,
In fact, it's rather dour,
If it was more reliable,
We'd all use Solar power.

The Moon is not much better,
It just comes out at night,
When most of us are sleeping,
I'm sure that can't be right.
Some nights it is waxing,
And others on the wane,
The poor old Wolves just howl at it,
It drives them quite insane.

As for the Stars, I'm quite nonplussed,
What benefit are they?
They sit all night and twinkle,
And then they go away.
Poets use them in their verse,
Young Lovers gaze in awe,
I cannot see the point of it,
If that is all they're for.

And what about this Earth of ours?
It's Mountains and it's Trees?
Two thirds of it is covered,
By it's Oceans and it's Seas.
The rest of it is all used up,
With Towns and Motorways,
Some of us will have to leave,
I'm counting down the days.

So I have built a Rocket,
Which will take me off to Mars,
I've left no space for Bureaucrats,
And even less for Cars.
I'll make my own Utopia,
Without the Sun and Moon,
I've sent off for a route map,
Which, with luck, will be here soon!

Owain Glyn

THE POET

The Poet lives within his word
Some erudite, and some absurd
Some meaningful, and some obscure
Some insightful, some unsure.

He sees a world of different hues
He hides himself within his muse
He sees the pictures you can't see
Unlocks perspective, sets it free.

On virgin ground his seed he'll sow
With hope his progeny will grow
To reach a youth of towering strength
Restricted, only by his length.

He'll make corrections, day and night
Until he feels he's got it right
Then he will send it on its way
And hope to publish it one day! ! !

Owain Glyn

The Price To Pay

This blackness wrapped around my soul will never go away,
It's blind eternal torture is the price that I must pay.
These prison bars are forged from lies, it's walls from infamy,
To pace these floors, and corridors, my endless destiny.

I shall not blame naivety, or ignorance, or youth,
My own desires have always been the arbiters of truth.
I've cast out Love and swallowed Sin, the both to wild excess,
But now the Ghosts want reckoning, and seek their just redress.

My scarred accusers stand in line, each clothed in innocence,
While I crawl naked, through the filth, stripped bare of all defense.
No mitigation may I claim, and no excuse provide,
This dungeon built, upon my guilt, is where I must reside.

I write these words as warning, for this is now my fate,
That you might benefit from them, before it is too late.
So tread your path with honesty, with kindness, and with grace,
Or join me in these halls of hell, for that is what you face.

Owain Glyn

The Revolution

'The Peasants are revolting, Sire, they're not so far away'
'What of the bloody Pheasants, man, whose Pheasants did you say? '
'I said that it was PEASANTS, Sire, they're not too far away'
'Well tell them I can't see them now, my tailor's on his way.'

'I don't think they will listen, Sire, they've got no food to eat, '
'They've got no clothes upon their backs, or shoes upon their feet.'
'You mean to say they're naked, man, that's very indiscreet, '
'Go and fetch some Quail's eggs and some roast Flamingo meat.'

'But what about the Peasants, Sire, they're almost at the gate? '
'Throw them bread and dripping, man, and say they'll have to wait.'
'I don't think that will help, Sire, they're all fired up with hate, '
'They think you're pretty out of touch, and past your sell-by date.'

'Then call the Palace Guard out, man, it's what I pay them for, '
'Once they've shot a few of them they won't come back for more.'
The Palace Guard is fleeing, Sire, they're heading for the door, '
'They've thrown away their rifles and the uniforms they wore.'

'I'll have their heads, I really will, It's treason, don't you know, '
'And after all I've done for them, that they should treat me so.'
'If you want my advice, Sire, I think that you should go, '
'It could be suicidal, Sire, to hold the status quo.'

'Alright, then get my jewels, which are underneath the bed, '
'Don't put them in the Limousine, we'll use the Ford instead.'
'Who is that behind you, man, his clothes all stained in red? '
'He seems to be quite angry, he's just chopped off my head! '

'Will that be all, Sire?

Owain Glyn

The Seeker

I free my heart from this decaying shell,
To soar and seek that Love I once possessed,
But butchered by my blind desires.

I free my thoughts from this corrupted mind, To take release, and by release, to
cleanse them
Of their sordid lies.

How can it be that by this short and light-less path,
Through forests thick with foul regret,
My failures find their peaceful grave?

Can it be that Love is that eternal?
That it's loss may only be a fleeting thing,
That yet, may be reborn upon this bed of wasted years?

Shall it be that Love's sweet smiles,
And longings warm caresses
May be adorned with Phoenix feathers?

Is it so, that Death shall serve up pure forgiveness,
That I may see the light shine in those eyes again?
If this is so, then Death I welcome you, but chide you for your slothfulness.

Owain Glyn

The Temperance Club

A Welshman and two Irishmen
Went into a pub
said Patrick to the barman
'Is this the Temperance Club? '

'Of course it's not, you Leprechaun'
'What we sell is beer'
'Okay we might just have one'
'Now that we are here.'

Well, one turned into many
And they lost all track of time
The beer was just like nectar
And the pickled eggs, sublime.

They fell to playing poker
Throwing cash into the pot
The Welshman had a Royal Flush
And so he won the lot.

When it came to closing time
The barman threw them out
The Temperance Club was closed by now
Of that there was no doubt.

Instead they found another club
Where ladies got undressed
Patrick said 'just look at them! '
The Welshman was impressed.

They handed over money
And found a grubby chair
Bought some very bad champagne
And watched the ladies bare.

But they ran out of money
And the doorman made them leave
Now they had to walk back home
And make their wives believe;

That they'd spent the day in abstinence
And truly signed the pledge
Instead of smelling like a still
And crawling through a hedge.

Things did not go quite as planned
Their wives were not amused
They felt as if they'd been let down
In fact, they felt abused.

Decisions must be taken
Of that there was no doubt

And after much discussion
Their wives just threw them out.

If in your weaker moments
You decide to give up drink
Imagine sleeping in the park
And have another think! !

Owain Glyn

The Traveller

The night was clear, and still, and silent, air like razor-blades
The naked trees stood sentry, limbs outstretched, in dark charades
The ground, a pure white wilderness, sends out no invitation
But the traveler has need of none, he knows his destination.

The blackened hedgerows stand stock-still, each thorn awake, alert
The silent world of rodents, in their nests, asleep, inert
The sullen sky keeps watchful eye, upon this cold domain
The traveler pays the sky no toll, and presses on again.

The river, black and silent, rips a scar across the land
Hooded wraiths, with trolls as slaves, the crossings do command
For their toll they seek a soul, upon which they must feed
The traveler ignores their roars, and pays them little heed.

He spies the distant hamlet, barely lit, by gibbous moon
His hollow eyes caress the skies, he hums a deathly tune
He stops outside a hovel, and grins a ghostly grin
He knows his journeys over; he can smell the fear within.

He lifts his scythe and waves it once, above his bony head
He carries out his duty, that of harvesting the dead
The traveler turns his steed around and heads off on his way
He settles in his saddle, there are more to reap today.

Owain Glyn

This Green and Pleasant Land

Oh, this green and pleasant land,
Its clear blue seas and golden sands.
Its rolling hills and wooded vales,
Its constant rain and howling gales.

Its cottages with picket fence,
Two Dobermans as self defense.
Ivy growing round the door,
With signs to keep away the poor.

The inner cities with their malls,
Tower blocks with grimy halls.
Lifts where addicts urinate,
Graffiti'd walls that spell out hate.

Railway arches dark and damp,
Is where the disenfranchised camp.
The 'working-girls' patrol their patch,
In hopes of drunken 'johns' to catch.

But in the suburbs, quiet rules,
The middle classes are not fools,
They leave the rich and poor to fight,
And draw their curtains for the night.

Oh, this green and pleasant land.....

Owain Glyn

This One and only Life

Let your thin and claw like fingers grasp and clutch this life of yours.
Remembering the peaks that briefly forced themselves above the spreading gloom.
The fetus of success, within the mass of your existence, proved to be stillborn.
Go back! go back and drink the pleasure of that dark and succored womb
Which held you warm and comforted, well hidden from the storm.

Recall the shock and terror, when unprepared and blind, you were irrevocably torn
from this your only refuge.
Dragged and pushed, unwillingly, into this harsh and unforgiving light.
The cord that fed you, severed for all time.
Return! return and listen to your frightened cries which met with smiles and blankets.

You staggered, blindly, through your youth, cratered skin and ignorance overwhelming
progress.
Uneducated kisses and impatient entrances into poorly lit caverns, led to unexpected
progeny and hurried commitments.
Rewind! rewind, and join again the errors made, the cast afraid, and you, now
impotent and lacking all desire.
Spread upon your goodbye bed, your rheumy eyes wet with the fatal question,

What was this all for? ? ? ? ? ?

Owain Glyn

Thoughts

I think I do,
But then I don't
I think I will,
But then I won't
I think I might,
But then might not
I feel I should,
But have I got
The time and space
To be quite sure,
Or should I really
Take some more?
So what I'll do
Is wait a bit,
And take the time
To think on it ! ! !

Owain Glyn

Tomorrow

The shops are all empty, with tight battened doors,
While gutter bred urchins, scratch cold running sores.
Loud roaring taverns do courage-build trade,
As the pox-ridden whores act out their dark charade.

The men from the unions mount tables and shout,
That the blame is not theirs, they were 'bloody sold-out',
But the mob do not listen; they know who to blame,
Now, they want violence, and bloodshed, and flame.

In the country, the farmer still ploughs a straight row,
In the field where he well knows, that nothing will grow.
For the land is now toxic and the livestock all dead,
As are his family, at home in his bed.

Politicians are gathered, in comfort and style,
To debate all these problems, and hide for a while.
There are some who envision, the oncoming storm,
While the rest are quite happy to talk in the warm.

The soldiers, in barracks, prepare for the fray,
Praying fervently they won't be called on today.
But they will follow orders, and kill, if they must,
Though to slaughter their own, fills their hearts with disgust.

In a church, stands a shepherd, surveying his flock,
Not a sound do they utter, they are all bowed in shock.
In his heart he feels nothing, only sadness and sorrow,
For the carnage that he feels, will take place.....tomorrow.

Owain Glyn

Vegetable Abuse

I knew a man who merrily
Took whisky with his celery
He thought it an efficient way
To help toward his five a day.

And, of course, he'd get a drink
A pleasant two-in-one you'd think
But things did not work well, you see
The celery just made him pee.

Then his nose and ears turned green
Closely followed by his spleen
These were not his only troubles
His pee came out in small green bubbles.

He asked his doctor to decide
If this was caused by pesticide
His doctor very soon agreed
A remedy was clear, indeed.

Keep up the whisky, merrily
But cut down on the celery
The root cause of this foul affliction
Was down to celery addiction!

Please consume celery responsibly.

Owain Glyn

Without You

I remember, when we met
Where and how.
I remember, my levitation
When you said yes
To my fumbled invitation.

I remember, walking with you
Your hand held tightly, in mine.
Warmth spreading through me,
Leaking through my smile,
To rest on your perfection.

I remember, silly jokes.
And impossible,
Was not a word to us.
We, who built snowmen in July,
And sunbathed in December.

I remember, that wondrous day
We first made love.
Inexpertly, but urgently.
Rushing blood and eager hands,
Transporting us to magic lands.

I remember, the day you said goodbye.
Stomach knotted, still besotted,
Heart just screaming, Why? ?
You walked away, that silent day,
And left me there to cry.

Of course, I built another life,
Consigned the magic to the ground.
But knowing, all along
That I would never, really be alive,
Without You.

Owain Glyn