Poetry Series

Paul Latham

- poems -

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A Poet wishing, watching, waiting

My life’s ludicrous lust.
A poignant perplexed poet, pondering.
Outside drones descend to dull him.
His envious egocentric eyes resting empty.
His fearful façade forever facing,
A woeful world which watches his wasting,
Only to see his exterior disintegrating,
The crumbling and scatterings of his dreams emptying,
Turning to fragments all to be wasted,
Turning to dust free of his lust.
Never to live.
Never to trust.
Never being seen.
No shining beam.
My life’s ludicrous lust.
Inside it blossoms, how I wish I could trust.
To follow my lust, all I need is trust.

Paul Latham

A product of State manufacturing

Deep and dark inside my head,
Devouring up what I said,
Why do we speak, before we think?
It’s easy to sink, into the brink,
The brink of self-condemnation of all we consider.

My mind, my warped inside,
Searching and wanting, eager to be outside,
For all the see its true beauty,
To make them think about the lie we might be.

Wrapped up and constrained by the State,
They alone left to decide our fate,
Media lies, truth always hides,
But I’ll speak my mind, right till I die.

Paul Latham

Blue Sky

I sat and watched the sky,
Birds flew, free and high,
Swirling and wishing through clouds in the sky,
The blue glow bearing down into my eyes.
The clouds so white and perfect, floating and disappearing.
The sun it rests, the birds flying to their nests,
Blue turns to pink, orange and sinks, into the depths, for a short rest.

Oh blue sky; you are so high, no-one to touch you to make you cry,
Perfect and free, one big entity, for us all to see.
Oh why,
Oh why,
Blue Sky.

Paul Latham

Crumbling Bridge

A bridge I saw, and upon its floor, I walked, I trembled, I shook.
A fragile little bridge I saw, a bridge of rope, wire and hope,
But hope not enough to cross.
Stuck in the middle, crumbling and tumbling into a bottomless pit I fall,
Falling, falling, down into nothing,
An eternity of darkness and thought.

Paul Latham

Dreams

Your life in dreams, such a funny thing,
It might be great or totally fake,
Bizarre, surreal, leave you in a state.
From Africa to Rome, then suddenly home.

Your dreams or nightmares seen.
Time that stops, legs dropping off,
Unable to move, as danger looms.
Chasing a fantasy that maybe you fancy,
A change from the norm as you dream up a storm.
Dreams where you're flustered and scared.
Changing time as moments pass by,
Places rising from the depths of your thoughts.

Suddenly,

You wake, and reality breaks, like a stone thrown, on a frozen lake.

Paul Latham

Just Ants on the road

Ants on the road.
Leaving their homes.
A morning of drones.
Grim and unknown.
No expression shown.
All on their own.

Filling the roads.
Chocking the trees.
Killing the bees.
Disturbing the streams.
All of us see.
Natures graveyard for free.

The roads that we follow.
Roads full of sorrow.
The roads of tomorrow.
Empty and hollow?
From nature we can borrow.
But we continue to follow.

Follow the hoards.
A one way door.
Whether were poor, the rich we adorn.
Roads of the rich, littered with poor.
Following a dream, all but a fraud.
Like Ants and their Queen.
Like the tides of the sea.
It’s so plain to see.
We’ll never be free.

Paul Latham

Living

Work to Live,
Don't Live to work.
These words will take you far.
So hurry up and start to look,
And Work to Live your heart.

Paul Latham

Me and us all.

A bad night sleep, I did have.
I dreamt of nothing, for I was sad.
The world was spinning and my head was sore,
Confusion bundled through my door.
For who am I, I asked myself,
Just a puppet under a spell.
I cried a bit and then did see,
That under the puppet, it was just me.

Paul Latham

Motivation

Day breaks as I lie asleep in my bed.
First I know, is my alarm, banging head.
Eyes start to open, albeit squinted.
Darkness falls again and I'm left wishing.
A few more moments' peace, just while im listening.
The songs of the birds to be heard in the distance.
Nature's morning alarm, adorning my ears.
Filling my head, filling it with tears.
The snooze of my alarm starts to annoy.
My eyes forced open as I begin to rejoin.
It takes a few minutes, but I focus my sight.
Get out of bed and wash after the night.
Awoken with water, fresh and polite.
I brush my teeth, and wipe down my face in delight.
Down stairs I wander, for breakfast I said.
Toast, Jam and Tea welcomes my suspense.
Then feed the chickens, let the cats out the door.
Time to relax, kick back and adore.
Onto the sofa, with a fag and my brew.
Watching the news, leaves me in a stew.
Not the best way to start off my day.
But I finish my fag, ready to leave, no hooray.
Heading to work isn't best.
Deep in distress, I wish I could rest.

Paul Latham

Ode to Mankind

Head explodes with pressure, building like that of a volcano ready to erupt.
Lava flowing down my neck and face as it spills through my nostrils, ears and mouth.
Eyes growing heavy, worn out and tired after absorbing endless visual stimulation of which I do not choose.
A physical assault on my body, the worse kind, yet nobody has physically touched me.
Ears bombarded with the thoughts and ideas of other, selling lifestyles, thrust at me without any control and without any realisation.

I try to fight back.
I try to make up my own mind.
I try to live a life thats true to myself.

The constant self-harming of mankind snowballs forward, in a cycle which has to end.
Like soldiers at the end of a war, only one side will remain standing true.
Evil is a self-destructing force, this is its nature.
Good will always prevail.

With water I put out my pain and anguish,
soothing my head and filling my body with life.
The water of life.

Water, a never ending cycle of good.
Fire, the element man never seems to control.
Water puts out my stress.

That is, Water, Hops and Yeast.
Somethings never seem to change.
Man appears to have equal measures of good and bad,
it just depends what we do, as to which takes control.

Make up your mind.
Mines already dead.

Paul Latham

Oppressive Freedom

We work to live a life that’s free,
But free for who? We just don’t see.
Freedom to work and slave away, freedom oppression are here to stay.
The meaning of freedom has disappeared.
Control and Order of the masses we hear,
But who controls our life for free?
Money, Greed, the weed of our kings.
Kings and Queens, they spread this disease, to company exec’s, it’s all there to see.
We just accept to live a lie, and my freedom apparent doesn’t seem to suffice.
I’m free to write the truth for all,
But most are blind, especially the poor.
Are voices count, are thoughts are own, are thoughts all different, yet many folk are drones,
Drones for feeding the rich, not poor, filling their pockets with more more more.
Equality will never show, it’s a lie and the rich all know.
The only way to stop it grow, is to live a life that’s free and hope.
Hope that one day will come, we’ll all be free and think as one.
That day might never come, but hope will save me from my conundrum.

Paul Latham

Rain, Sun, Summer

A dreary drab day,
It’s grey gloomy glow gradually growing.
The sunshine’s shimmer spent, smeared,
As wild whipping winds weather,
Making tall trees tremble, treacherously,
The beautiful boastful birds become bored bewildered beacons.
A scampering squirrel scurries soundly, safely.
The restless rain raging rampant.
As descending darkness dawns.
The ground greatly gorged.
The suns solitary scorn.
A wanted wish withdrawn.
The timid thunder thrashes torn,
All belief betrayed, buried but brave,
Summers secretive sun scatters, screams, scrambling, searching, sowing sunshine’s seed.
The relentless revengeful rain reverts, repentance, rest.

A typical early summer’s day, rejoice, revert, be on its way.

Paul Latham

Sitting at Work

I sit,
I watch,
I look,
I learn
I sit,
I stare,
And start to yearn.
I stand and then,
I see why,
We sit conform and just get by.

Paul Latham

Sunday Evening Blues

Same old rooms, day after day,
Nothing seems to change at pace, except my mindset for the day.
Nothing happens blatant or apparent,
Just me, same old me, sitting here tapping.

Tapping my thoughts as the moments pass,
Nothing happens, time just flying past.

Passing moments just flying by, ideas inspired by body and mind.
Nothing happens still, just me alone not mad or ill.

Alone I sit, but I feel so alive, I'm not alone at all, I have my body and mind.

And still time goes by, nothing strange, weird or divine,
As time continues to pass me by.

As I contemplate my day, I feel joy and glee, how I wish it would stay.
But stay it will, it exists within; time will pass its never ill.

Time goes by,
Time flying by,
Time for work and nothing is fine.

Paul Latham

Thought of the Day

Life is all quite funny really,
It’s only real to you,
Like strawberry grass, And beachfuls of glass,
It’s just you,
You you,
You,
You.

Paul Latham

Who are we? Me.

The emptiness inside my head,
An abyss of darkness, love and dread.
With eyes closed in front of mirror,
What on earth seems to shimmer.
Black and white, blue and red, yellow and green, inside my head.
Patterns seen flying by, inside a world we call our mind.
That’s all it takes to set me free, it’s the same for you as it is for me.
In front of the mirror where I stand, I open my eyes to all mankind,
His woes and troubles, toil and strife,
But what stares back? A magnificent sight.
Were all the same, its plain to see,
That what stares back, is just me.

Paul Latham