Poetry Series

Phil Charters

- 37 poems -

Publication Date:

April 2014

Publisher:

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

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32.8

32.8 years,
Ner'er a thought,
T'would end in tears
At ones desk
 Doing as one does do,
When in she flew,
With her heart full of stones,
And her vacant eyes
She cared little for what I knew,
Or the work, that I do,
The corporate shrew
'Twas the money saved,
Her status raised,
In corporate eyes,
With ne'er good morning
Or a fond goodnight
For days that numbered two
Then, 'walk with me',
My fate I knew
With patronizing words, on cue,
A river of of worded spew
I was through,
Cut from the corporate state,
Thankless years
32.8

Phil Charters

A Bush Walkers Verse

Over the Snowy,
In it's fullest guise,
The moon in splendour, did arise.
Cast it's beam to the waters flow,
Mingling light, with the fires glow
A natural picture show.
And beauty stood, in the moons full light,
The world of anguish, was pushed beyond the night,
Over the river beyond our guardian trees,
Tangled in the river reeds;
Back behind our last defence
The river rocks
Creations greatest strength;
Ah, it all makes sense,
Why we lift the burden of our packs
And walk the dusty bushland tracks.
Up a spur, along a ridge,
Crest a mountain, and walk on high,
In Silhouette, against the sky
A moment, stolen
From the passing of time
Forever held in the bush walkers mind
Rain soaked in a lightening flash
The awesome sound as thunder cracks
Walk on through to a perfect day,
Here, where not a tree
Would dare to stray.
Yet life so fragile,
In the little wild flowers,
A walkers delight,
In the seeing hours.
Cling to life, in clusters,
Colourful, bright
We walk on down towards the night

Together
forever entwined
A most enthralling
moment in time.
Together,
Cloistered, in a pristine
view
Little wild flowers Colour
The grasslands greenish
hue
Mountains roll on, roll on
fading softly into
Blue

Alive in the birdsong
of a brand new dawn,
A wallaby hops,

Graceful, on the very same morn
The sun arises to light our way
And the trees stand tall, as if to pray-
“Be safe Bush walkers, throughout this day”.
A Bush walker, walks,
The track of exhaustive dreams,
Through all the wonders that nature schemes,
Following the trail of ones heart,
Alive in heavens woven art.
Down from a mountain,
To the valley below,
Happy to be, by the little creeks flow,
As the bush walkers sky,
Passes from day to night.
And all of the stars,
Twinkle so bright,
My mind reflects, on all that I have seen,
Where I have walked,
The places I have been.
A beautiful world, my body spent,
I lie my sleeping mat, content.

Phil Charters

A Foothold In A Mountain Range

Whispering,
 Mountains on the breeze,
 Over an island,
Across the sea,
Seeking,
 Finding,
Beseeching me,
"Come, Come, heed my call,
Journey forth, and walk with four."

God's,
 Of an ancient mind,
Cajoled, Conjured
Paradise,
 For mankind to endure
Footsore up a rise
Walking, scrambling,
To fill ones eyes,
With what here about, is bountiful,
 The gods created, beautiful.

Walking,
 Through ones dream,
Delighted, excited,
Enthralled,
By towering crags,
Rocky tors
Falling away, to indigo lakes,
A landscape, still pristine,
A most perfect day, serene.

Mystical
Mountains in the mist
Over the plains
Through mud hole pits,
Bleeding,
 Blistered,
Suffering, for our bliss,
Five weary souls, beneath a sunsets glow
A beautiful hardship, it should be so.

  Hung,
    On A rock face
 Fingertips, bleeding,
          Raw.
Fearing the worst,
  If I should fall
Dangling, stretching
  Searching for,
Life outside, my living cage,
 A foothold, in a mountain range.

Phil Charters

A Stairway To The Moon

Primal light
Beams through
A cloudless balmy
Night
Where the water rolls
In gentle waves
And ever so
softly lays
A stairway to the moon

That whispers
Beckons to
Mine weary soul
Come ye climb this
Night
Not shackled to
Ones humanness
With ego lost now
Climb

With weighted steps
At first I climb
And then my soul
Bursts free
I judge no being
Nor mine self
The light
Illuminates me.

Far from home
Where worries
Grind my sanity
Not at all
No festering wounds
On egos flesh
With whom it is
I love
primal light
it is not,
but love that lays
A stairway to the moon.

Phil Charters

A Tear Falls

A tear falls
and slowly tracks
inflicted sadness
that dwells upon the face
of a woman, homeless
in the face of war.
Silent anger: fear
held in the wetness of the tear,
to the breast falls,
a baby suckles, feeds,
in the tumult of a thousand
beings, fleeing, homelands;
their lives tossed upon the
violent wind of history:
forever cast, unwanted upon
the conditional mercy
of those of more fortunate birth.
A tear falls. A mother cries,
in a field of shattered dreams,
on bended knees; her baby feeds
while the world passes by,
unconcerned, uncaring,
no word of comfort spoken.
It is but, the nightly news,
and this mother, this baby,
are naught, but the produce of history,
to live or die as the dictator sees fit,
buried beneath the endless wave
of human misery.
Their graves unmarked,
their lives unknown,
the centuries past
hold them all condemned,
forgotten.
Progress deems a human
now can walk the realm of Gods,
while the soul remains uncleansed.
Progress?
Progress, I think not.

Phil Charters

African Child, Masterchef

Limed,
In a ditch, a child,
In her death does lie
Hapless, skeletal people
Wander by
The sound of mothers who cry
Children die.
Feebled, fevered voices
Sing a famines dirge,
Lament do they,
This rainless scourge.
Suffer, child of Africa
To die a death so cruel
Forsaken by the falling rains
And affluent people who rule.
O, how mine eyes, long do weep
For tormented people
In suffering deep
Ah the thought of troubled sleep
 A mind consumed, by this tragic scene
Switch the view on my widescreen
Buffoons in cravats, fancy dress
Plentiful food, Masterchef
Critiqued,
In a kitchen, a girl
In her failure, does cry
Jubilant, happy competitors
Stand near by
Her mother cries
Nobody dies
Strong altiloquent voices
Speak a critics prose
Buffoons, garnished
Scented, rose.
Suffer, child of emulation
To cry your failure cruel
Forsaken by your talent
And pompous judges who rule.

O, how mine eyes long do weep
For an African child's
eternal sleep
It cuts me deep.
Yet still buffoons, hauty, speak-
' 'Tis beauty here, my eyes desire
Symmetric, poetic, colours jell
My taste buds to inspire
This dish presented, so very well
Textured smooth, flavours, separate'
Just a morsel, from this plate-
 A child suffers a cruel fate
Of empathy bereft

An African child, Masterchef.

Phil Charters

Beautiful, Tragic, Runnymede

Softly: Softly: morning creeps, o'er a
meadow green;
A pall of mist, the air is crisp;
A sign says 'Runnymede.'
Conjured, from the mist surreal, gallows
ghostly dawn;
Dappled light, an oxen cart,
Trampled luscious grass.
Gathered Barons, an English King, fealty
on the breeze;
A royal hand, a royal seal,
Put now to a deed;
And centuries seven tainted, by peoples,
libertine.
Historic turns, a warp in time,
A king from ages past,
A royal seal erased, a charta, set to flame;
Restored a Kingly character;
The future to redeem.
Heave, hove, the oxen cart; rumbles
wooded wheels,
Rhythmic, medieval,
A sombre human load;
Behold a gibbet, be in their eyes
condemned;
O beautiful, beautiful meadow;
O tragic Runnymede.
A voice ersatz, speaks through no-ones lips:
"Delete now, yes or no? "
Replies a voice, "affirmative"
"Be done with this thing here" says
America's C.E.O
"Now deleting, " A spoken voice;
A voice that has no person.

Softly, softly, belts conveyance drive, no
hand upon the pike,
Rhythmic age, computers, wretched
beings rise
Toward the scaffolds deathly call, the
noose be in their sight;
Damned, by God, those libertine:
Nay! By the strong historic tide.
Shouts the King, from ages past,
"Profound the moment this; "
Hugs America's C.E.O.
And vanishes in the mist.
Upon the grizzly platform first,
comes females office dress;

Next in line, are overalls,
Factory work no less.
Then condemned, amongst the damned,
 the storemans coat of blue;
Checkout chicks and tellers,
Yes, every workers hue.
Now upon the platform, a young lass comes
 in last,
Dressed is she, in students garb;
Her father cannot pay;
So here among the rest, society, is done with her
 this day.
"Your souls! Your souls!
I'm here to save."
Shouts a man in priestly dress. Before
 the wretched stands;
He checks his notebook screen.
"Your names are here, not seen."
No moneys, given to my church! Indeed your
 souls are damned.

Silent, turns the gibbet arm,
A noose around each neck;
Ones civil rights to strangle, a social
throat to stretch.
Gathered Barons, solemn mood;
A legacy, theirs, now lies,
At rest within a casket, at rest,
 society lies.
"Deletion now complete, relieved is
excess stock."
All is automatic;
No need for democratic.
"Repaired this day, are centuries seven, "
 says America's C.E.O,
Kings of commerce rule,
It always should be so.
O liberty! O liberty! Executed: on gallows
ghostly dawn.
This place where you were born;
O beautiful, beautiful, meadow;
O tragic Runnymede

Phil Charters

Betrayal

traitor!
whom my heart
burns
with the fire of betrayal
and flees victorious
my stolen soul
grieving for friendship
lost, to the will of self
like Rob Roy
broad sword brandished high
slayer of innocent souls
he runs
runs, without honour
shame should fill his heart
for mine is broken
left are shattered lives
their fate is mine
for of the clan
we are not
so by this modern day
highland chieftain
we are damned.

Phil Charters

Born Out Of time

Down, down
In a trough of despair
Eyes glazed, open
With ne'er a care
Dreaming, scheming
His soul not at home
Windjamming days
An ocean to roam
Gallant, yet crude
The sailor, the ship
One checked by the wind
The other, the whip
Longing for solace
In the arms of a wench
Breaking her heart
Her blue eyes do drench
With tears, so long
Forever, no more
He'll lust her or love her,
He sails, a far distant shore
Where musket and cutlass,
Keep the natives at bay
His wit and his guile
His bravery holds sway
Defended admirably
The captain relieved
Rewards him, a girl
Big bosomed, beautiful
To partake of his seed
Lust rides motion,
A lifetime at sea
Excitement or love,
Catastrosphe,
Ever so near
Over the next wave,
To live or to die
But n'er a slave.
Always a story
Be it true or a tale
Escaping from savages,
Sunk by a whale
Exotic, erotic,
Does it matter at all?
When memories like shards,
Scatter and fall,
Through eyes despairing,
Riven from soul,
Piercing flesh, a moment
Sublime,
Tapping the keyboard,
Born out of time.

Phil Charters

Dream Chaser

Together, he and I,
 through sanguine alley ways
of a synergic life
I follow his footsteps, he follows mine
'cross sandy beaches of joy.
Immersed in happiness,
 gifted, from the blue summer sky.
Chasing the breeze,
biting the waves,
climbing a rocky tor.
Living a beautiful dream
in a mighty friendship
For he is not of mine,
 not one of a kind.
But enjoy, we do
the world of our dreams
through the forest of pleasure,
 to an autumn town
stepping the cushion brown through gold
a canyons majesty, a rivers flow.
Voiced excitement echoes back
 at the gift from the trees;
throw, fetch from the waters deep.
Together in life, at peace.
Age now wearies once proud legs
he follows my footsteps
  stumbles, falls
I lift him, hug him, set him right.
He dreams of us in times of yore,
I think of him
My minds stress eraser
He is my
Dream Chaser.

Phil Charters

Emotions

Emotions: my emotions;
weigh: as does an anchor, upon a vessel;
  my image to the world.
Wherein lies my soul; longing to be free: -
  to ride the breeze, around the world;
to dance around the stars;
  converse with Gods, from ages past;
 to harp with ancient bards.
  Alas: to love, to hate, to grieve;
be happy; then not to be:
  a moody vessel I, and all who are my like.
Haul the anchor; set to drift;
  toward a rocky shore.
Planks to tear asunder, my spirit now to soar.
  Confined my soul, my spirit old;
should slip beneath the waves:
  forever lost my spirit; trapped within its dying.
But those who own my image, come screaming to my head: -
  "Come back; come back." You wayward fool;
your life with ours entwined.
  Anchor chain, through fingers slip,
my soul cries through the pain: - Emotions: my Emotions: -
have bested me again.

Phil Charters

Frayed Edges

frayed edges
tattered and torn
unmended, to ruin
the garment falls.

a child
without a childhood
sacrificed
born and quickly
given
an economic slave

and the youth of man
emerges
from beneath a mind
tormented
blazing fury
in the hall of learning
hells own corridor
guns of war

and smote
the youth of man.

let then fantasy
enhance the child
and reality
adults condemn

society
worn a garment
people secure
ensconced
tattered and torn
the future escapes
unheeded warnings
frayed edges

Phil Charters

Grandfathers Eyes

His face, ravaged, by time irrepressible;
a lonely tear tracks, the wrinkled havoc,
and falls silent, to his lap.
Emotions, not controlled, he once
walked proud;
his voice, now barely heard;
long ago was loud; and o the
aged shuffle,
so often does he fall, his wretched body,
now consigned, persona too, confined,
with strangers, in decay;
living, breathing, precious air;
on the edge of non-existence.
Despair.
Yet eyes, sorrow filled, overflow grief,
to trickle down, his ancient cheeks;
shout, in words, unspoken;
"Know me, you, do not."
For I am young, vital, with children;
a wife, a home, I have it all,
here within my mind;
but O the force, non-existence,
kept pulling at my being;
my strength began to wane;
time sped faster, then a bullet train;
so here I am thus stranded, in these my final days;
to hold a grandson, in my eyes,
so blissfully unaware,
within his youth, wasting time;
building dreams, to gain forever life;
O what pain, his fate is mine;
with hope forlorn, for he was born,
on the edge of non-existence.
Alone, in his despair, no spoken word,
the message clear,
within, Grandfathers eyes.

Phil Charters

In The Moonlight

Evil creeps
through ghostly trees,
in moonlight eerie, draped
figures shadowy
in a windless night
hooded faces, bodies caped
embers stirred
not by wind or hand
leap now, into flame
and shadows dance upon
the trees
while the world unknowing
sleeps.
Fire glows,
in the heated night
decaped all present, stand,
evil seen
in the guise of men,
gray suited, breifcased hand
all cavort
and fade to one
as flames leap for the sky
licking governments
heat controlled
society shall surely die.
For evil
rides the corporate state
stirred a tricksters brew
babies burned
by their parents faith
in hooded men
no future to accrue.
Moonlight hour
stilled by evils hand
arise no more the sun
shadows cast
from the corporate state,
brings doom for everyone.
Evil creeps
though ghostly trees
 deception worn a cape
ashes stirred
 by a howling gale
blow society to its fate
 a mindless world
of servitude
beyond democracy.

Phil Charters

In The Silence Of The Tomb

Paradise,
shadows long
 in the light
of a pastel morn:
shaking the sleep
from a travelers eye,
an artist palette
comes to mind.

Beautiful:
and yet
does paradise
fall aside
 the travelers road
 so cruel:
in the fall of dusk,
in the moonlight
hours,
souls have taken
flight.

Offending
 the eyes
of a gentle being,
 shame into
ones heart;
'tis I who wrought
this tragedy:
paradise brought
undone.

Within
a paradox
shattered,
innocent bodies
lay,
open battered
bloated
dead
in the wake of
another night.

Confused
by the dazzling
light,
rolling bullbars strike;
left in a pastel
dawn,
creatures in demise;
horror betwixt
the beautiful,
human passion

paradise:

in the silence of the tomb.

Phil Charters

Insidious Ism

see to it, my will
i shall not lie
beneath democracy
fallen;
a soulless creature
given not to
god,
but to reckless
ideology.

seduced, to an ism
insidious;
society ignored, collapsed,
human conscious, collective
given
into the economy trap.

o you foolish being
i think you not,
aware,
that culture lost, to the isms sword
casts the world into despair.

'yea the grael!
holy wealth'
to splendidly so few
while many fail
and fall and fall
to the weapons of your coup.

prosper now, ye ism,
where the darkest
market lies;
the youth of man
now hopeless;
estranged is now,
reality
from their eyes.

ride ye human ride
across your ism wide
fall ye not on paradise;
but fall ye to,
the ever eternal abyss.

social culture
nurtures and thus protects:
like disease, the ism destroys: -

the insidious ism.
capitalism.

Phil Charters

Knowledge

The modern mind
enhanced by knowledge
negates the primal mind
not at all
and thus
with knowledge seduced
to a coupling sinister
ill-gotten
flirted with, discarded
like a whore
left without virtue
 so the world is deceived.
And the ignorant
who once praised
the tyrant
cast aside their ignorance
and rebelled
against the power
of book burning-
learning,
yearning, to know.
Know what?
nobody knows.
Thus the tyrant
is not one, but all
and knowledge enhances
not primal innocence
nor the wise
but eradicates both.

Phil Charters

Let There Be Hope

Boats afloat,
 across an ocean moat
Sailing away,
a tyrants torment
  With joyous rapture,
T'ward a life content.
rickety, leaking boat
  Let there be hope.

Boats of hope,
  human tragedy afloat
Sailing away,
  a homelands fear
On terrorful waves
  Closer now, sanctuary near.
listing, ailing boat,
 Let there be hope.

Boats without hope,
  Human misery, afloat
Sailing away,
  from a life content
With sorrow filled hearts.
  recapitulated, now their torment.
Scuttled, sinking boat,
  let there be hope.

Boats nae float,
 beneath an ocean moat
Sailing away,
  a savior of deception
An islands hopeless souls
   shattered dreams of redemption.
Fractured, sunken boat
    let there be hope.

Stop the boats afloat,
  across an ocean moat
Sailing t'ward,
  asylum signed veracious
People who pride, 'fair go '
ah, but leaders are mendacious.
Rickety, Leaking Shattered Boat
please, let there be hope.

Phil Charters

Life's Moments

Fear you not, your life’s demise.
It is but a moment, In tragic guise.
Liken, if you will,
the moments of life's dream;
As to the water droplets, that create the stream.
‘Tis at the ocean, the stream does end;
But I think this tale, we must amend.
Look you back, toward the flow: -
Life be the same, ‘tis how the dream does go.
‘Tis to the ’morrow, that I say: -
“What be the point of yesterday? ”
Oblivion snatched it, its in its grasp:
Of it, ‘we have surely seen the last.’
But hark you back, around the tale;
To understand it, indeed, ‘you must not fail.’
The stream does pass, but still it does exist:
So to, life’s moments,
a strange but heartening twist.
Ones life, at birth, its time allotted:
Into its space, it is thus slotted.
Life’s moments flow,
until death takes its magic force:
But cannot: shall not: take what comes before.

Phil Charters

Lingers, Not My Love

Lingers, not my love,
In shallow, earthly being;
Resides, my love, exalted, within
 my soul sublime.
Sublime beyond compare;
Before my life was born;
My love for you was there.
Forever souls, they fly apart, by
 chance if two should meet;
Here on earth, together joined,
Existence now complete.
And two become as one; a merging
of each soul;
'Tis you my wife. 'Tis you my love;
Who makes my being whole.
And when our lives, are finished here;
Our souls again to part;
An after life? I hope there be!
Another life to start.
For if there be another life, If indeed
 its true.
I have one wish, my love- To live again
with you.
Lingers, not, my love.
Oh yes, indeed it does.

Phil Charters

My Friend, A Born Again Capitalist

I had a friend, a socialist
 Beaten to death, by a capitalist
Rise did he, to live again
 Born again, a capitalist

My Friend of Notoriety
 Beating to death society
A life so grand, Landlord to the youth of man
 His life is now propietry.

The youth of man, are socialists
 Beaten to death by capitalists
Alive in wealth, devoted to self
 A wise mans fool, a capitalist.

A selfish heart, a capitalist
 Beating to death a socialist
Society reduced, beneath his boots
 Born again, a capitalist.

Phil Charters

Nan's Eighty

Time piece chimes, a new day dawns.
Special to our clan.
Today; we celebrate, the birth of our sweet Nan.
Eighty years; birthday cheers;
Each hour the clock does chime,
A memory; shared, comes gentle to my mind.
Together shopping, a days delight,
Scones you baked, enjoyed on many a night.
My clothes you sewed, with love and care;
Cherished moments, memories;
You and I do share.
Grandmother; grand daughter:
Between us; a bond,
Forever unbroken. With love; respect,
Never a mere token.
A grand daughters husband,
Be who I am, But you; be always; Nan.
Christmas greetings, from the past;
Each birthday, now remembered.
A child at play, in a park;
A family treasure: Nan; our matriarch.
So as the time piece, chimes,
The passing of the day;
A chapter, new, does come our way.
Moments, more, for us to share;
You and I: - Nan.

Phil Charters

On The Edge Of Non-Existence

Celestial wanderings;
ones mind amongst the stars,
to travel free,
to search intrepidly; a single shaft of light
gifted forth, from heavens fires,
 to light, the shallow dark;
to ignite, knowings spark;
but oh, the horror now,
abide does one the seeing, the misery
of ones life,
and happiness, now made rescind,
in knowings fateful grip.
Ah, existence Human; how tragicly benign;
a world entrapped; ensconced by intelligence;
ah magnificence!
Proud one stands, before ones life,
a living edifice, built upon a cliff
a life time spent in toil, a vain attempt
to foil,
a ceasing to exist.
But know Ye Human this: -
Ones mind can fly with birds, around,
around the world,
or hunt with lions, swim with whales,
the universe engird;
but never see, the face of God,
nor feel his healing hand, ones
wretched life, to move
a concept, all too grand.
Defeated, in frustration, mind shall come
to rest,
home, amongst the rotting flesh,
and in the fetid stench, that is decay,
now shall the whole thing die;
Perhaps it's all a lie.
But see a person buried, beneath the
sodden earth,
no-longer has a worth;
rewarded, not for ones persistence;
a toiling life of waste;
on the edge, of non-existence.

Phil Charters

One's Final Thought

Come ye love
with thy beauty
light
shadows that fall
across ones
remnant mind
and in the ether
above existence
ones final thought enshrine;

of you
whom my life
adores

serenely seated
upon a fallen bough
where
sparkles still
the morning dew
on fern fronds touched
by dappled light
beneath their sentinels
forest trees
caressed softly
fragile life

beside a whispering
mountain stream
a lullaby to the listeners ear
fading, fading
fearing none,
but that
love should fall
and with beauty fallen
from ones eyes
one dies.

forever
lost, ones person;
forever,
ones thought
goes on
ones final thought

Phil Charters

Our Secret Place

Friendship, kindled, in the flickering
 flames, fires glowing,
pretense, pretending, all, for the knowing;
in beauty's sight, in our secret place,
from eyes falls beauty, with ne'er a trace.

For the future conspires, comes back from
 the fog.
 Ignorance, ignorant, do loggers, log,
entranced by the word, the order clear fell,
lost to the world, the forests smell.

And cockatoos, fly in, they squawk, on
the breeze,
confusion, confused. Where are the trees?
Tired of wing, there's nowhere to rest,
a lost generation, there's nowhere to nest.

The possum, who leapt amongst the trees,
 bedazed he roams;
in dwellings, dwelt, fit for human homes,
and the fox of beauty, so full of dare,
buried by 'dozers, within his lair.

Now the lyre bird, mimics, so true, the
 passing throng,
losing, lost, the saddest of song.
Mimicry, perfect, the sound of the saw,
lost is the world, to him and to all.

Ignorant bird, take now to wing, fly, fly aways;
beauty, beautiful, from mine eyes, it strays,
sadness welling, within my chest,
and spilling its tears upon my breast.

Oh, to friendship, forged by the flickering
flame, warming fire;
hoping; hope, thus to inspire;
dreams not dreamt, by the sawing chain,
alone I am left now to my pain.

But friends, share memories, shalt our dreams survive;
ever, wherever, the fire is alive;
cannot, shall not, the chain saw erase,
the moments we shared, in our secret place.

Phil Charters

Refugee's

Let them in
Let them come
Open our borders
Open our hearts
Give them hope
Show them Peace
Open their eyes
Open our eyes
To a world without fear
Give them sanity
Show them humanity

Phil Charters

Rhiannon's Castle

Subliminal light, through the valley, shimmers,
a ghostly image, to imbue,
the spectre, of the reaper grim,
there in the shivering hue.
Where Goblins howl in tones, unholy,
and evil hangs, a deadly skene,
sublime is one, who dies there solely,
Faery's now, invade the scene;
incant their heartfelt words of prayer,
a Bard now harps, a mystics doleful tone,
melodic magic, in the air,
the potions of an ancient crone.
Her cauldron frothing to the boil;
a Goddess, upon a rough hewn pallet lies,
while creatures of the dark do toil,
to put life, back to her eyes;
and thus, for their persistence,
avoid the tragedy, non-existence.
Sentinels, on the wing, Ravens whirl
in frenzied flight;
above the loathesome dying:
their noisome voice; in fear, caw-caw;
a winters freeze, would thaw,
For should She, who life inspired,
upon the rough hewn pallet lay, expired,
in the sheerest shift of purest white,
cold in the subliminal light;
then day shall fade, and night shall gloom,
and know shall all their doom.
O ye Rhiannon live, incant the Faery Bards,
a solemn hymn,
and trolls beneath the bridge, existence, wail;
Rhiannon, begins to flail;
and dreams, a vision clear, to all who gather near,

heads bowed silent, all who gather there: -
A mountain spumes in anger, and trees,
they bow in prayer.
Grass pressed hard against the turf,
a beast now stalks the earth;
a beast of power, immense;
destruction so intense,
cry do all in fear;
save us oh Rhiannon, our prayers
oh please do hear.
But roars a weapon angry, in the hand
now of the beast,
picaresque of nature, he enjoys a brutal feast;
and as the weapon deafens, the wailing
of the trees,
the forests, sad lament, God falls to his knees.

Convulsions, contort, Rhiannons body, in
a Devils savage rage;
and threshing about, in turmoil, she
comes to sit upright.
Demons ride upon her tongue; they
hold now centre stage;
lathered perspiration, a wild unholy sight;
Rhiannon speaks, to, impatient ears,
 there in the shivering night.
" Twighlight holds you Beast, here within
 mine eyes,
and though I search my heart and head,
I can not seem to place you;
in recklessness you stomp about and
cause the trees to wail,
the living earth to ail,
Faery Bards to harp, the frantic scale:
and yet I know you; who hides behind

concocted lies;
survived, you have O Beast, but incomplete,
in the ever shifting hue.
Are you first among creation,
innocence lost, replaced by mind;
a soul for your salvation?
Or are you of another kind;
the product of, illicit fornication.
A mingling mash, of brutish brain;
daring, confident, but not quiet sane.
Give yourself, now to the light,
this I now command,
cease your savage rage;
this I now demand.
Trees in ancient wisdom, stand now
tall and proud,
 and the mountain ceases spuming, chiding;
by Rhiannons words abiding;
but the Beast in anger shouts, whilst towards
 the Goddess striding-
  O ye Rhiannon, who conjured up myself,
and left me naked, without a tearing claw,
without a coat to warm,
begrudge me now my wealth;
when long I toiled, deep within despair,
suffering your neglect,
your command, I now reject;
and in the silent destiny of my fate,
I relieve you of your realm, and all
shall bow to me,
your castle I command, I am at the helm.
Fury springs, from Faery Bards, they

harp melodic rage,
to ride upon the breeze, in and out,

amongst the trees
to ride on thermal air, on past
mountains high,
on and on towards the sky, to seed the heavy cloud,
to peel the thunder loud,
to wake the ancient Gods, who live from age to age,
to join now, in their rage.
While Goblins howl a frantic tone,
incanting spells the ancient crone;
summons forth, the enduring sage.
who speaks in eloquence, as from a page.
"Perpetual existence, suffers now a threat;
we'll cease this chatter, that has no chit,
and gather up our collective wit,
I smell the Beast, a strong and odorous scent.
No need, for all this ranting.
Let loose the dogs, see them chase,
wild eyed, savage, panting,
Retreats the Beast, he has lost the race,
but the dogs, soon cease their yapping,
Returns the Beast, a confident pose;
the souls of dogs, he was entrapping;
and now in arrogance, he does display, his wit,
as on command, he does make
the wild dogs, sit.
Rhiannon suffers a violent fit,
and falls once more, into repose.
A Beast of knowing, rejecting morals,
amongst, the mingling mass, does move
and with the Faery Bards, he quarrels;
of his rule, they do not approve.
The ancient crone, violence screeching.
From fingers, leaping fiery flame.
For the beastly face, her fingers reaching.

A puff of smoke,
From twenty feet, the Beast, the crone he maims.
And in the silence of her dying
all around creatures crying,
mourning for the lost millennium;
Rhiannon rises from delirium,
and rally's forces from above,
ravens whirl, for her, they have great love,
and with claws out stretched they dive,
toward the Beast retreating,
between the trees, ravens fleeting,
clawing, tearing, Beastly skin;

but O the Beast of power; victory claimed;
ravens timid, a cage there in;
tamed.
Rhiannon falls back, in discontent,
and sees the face now of the beast,
the face of Daglbet;
amongst her creatures, she knew him least.
For him, she conjured, in the guise of Gods,
no talons, no furs, nor fleet of foot;
for shelter, warmth, and food to find,
to Daglbet, Rhiannon gave,
mind.
Ah see the aeons in fancy flight, for the Beast
becomes the man;
he casts aside Rhiannons world;
Rhiannons castle, damned.
Bridge existence, creaking, pylons begin to
crack;
Trolls they make repairs, they prop it up
in fear;
the end, existence near.
Control is lost to Daglbet, a blight upon the earth.

Creations one mistake.
Abuses power, does the Beast come man,
 indeed he has no worth;
his intellect is fake.
Rhiannon stunned, by whom she once did love,
his violence and his greed,
gathers up her ancient power, and shouts the
voice of God-,
O Daglbet, my words you now must heed.
You must repent, O Beastly man,
your intellect impaired;
work within my rules, O Daglbet, this
world must be repaired;
or else, we all, you shall damn.
Now the sage enduring, rising to the stars,
his voice around the planet Mars.
"Ye hear me Beast of terror, with murder in
your eyes, give Rhiannon back the trees,
then let the rivers flow,
purify the air, view the clearest skies;
for this I surely know: if in arrogance, you deny,
my words not undertaken;
then all is lost, all shall be forsaken.
Fury rides the man come beast, he rushes
at the sage,
a trembling hand, a glint of steel, a dagger
to the heart:
Rhiannon, erupts in rage, commands

the rains to start.
And rain it falls divine, now for the longest time,
 flooding the valley below.
Aeons fly by, in the blink of an eye,
 a soul unable to tell,
how long were the years, drowned in

Gods tears, where be, the
Beastly fellow;
he had climbed for the sky, a mountain
on high, his anger beginning
to swell,
and rise did his pride, as well as the tide,
his demeanour, never to
mellow.
 He awaited the sun, his moment to come,
an uprising, he would quell,
and in the light of the day, his cunning
 hold sway, a victory,
albeit narrow;
Rhiannon lay dead, a spike for her head,
in darkness, she does dwell.
And with the setting red orb, the Beast
come man, is Lord,
with the whole of the earth, to harrow.
In brooding solitude.
When one is left alone to dream.
Demons come forth, violent, lewd;
hoodwinked now, the mortals scheme.
It is the Devils scene.
And the back of Beast he now does ride,
into war of highest magnitude;
to fight the Gods, and win the world for pride.
I kid you not, with platitude.
A vessel built, from falling trees,
a sail, to catch the breeze,
stocked with food,
of animals, the mountain now denude
to sail upon the latitude.
In frantic search, the Beast in desperation,
to find Rhiannons, hide away,
,

seeks the Faery's, Goblins Trolls; ah! elation
the ignorant creatures, have shown the way.
A drink to toast the creature's, mindless state.
 To know the glory of ones fate.
And not a moment late.
In trembling fear, the creatures hide

behind Rhiannons power,
and troubled, she most surely is,
by the coming of the hour;
her mood is sombre, dour.
For should she lose, the coming fight,
existence then shall cease;
she commands the winds to howl,
and whip about, the vessel of the beast.
Upon her face, creeps a scowl.
Sailing weather, wild and fowl.
The voice of God, shouts forth, from angry
skies, in decibels like to deafen ears,
and lightening bolts, strike, from the great ones
eyes, about the vessel, electric spears;
Daglbet struggles, with his fears;
as upon the waves the vessel tossed,
Rhiannon prays, the Beast and vessel lost.
O the tragic cost;
should the war be lost.
Fear slips down, her chilling spine,
silence stills, the hand of time,
all seeing eyes the world now to peruse,
another weapon, for the Gods to use.
For Daglbets power, is great,
he to, can still the hand of fate.
Rhiannon now does make, the grey skies clear,
the rain to cease its falling;
the sun now to appear,

in answer to the Goddess; calling;
the earth is kissed with rays of hope and glory;
to avoid the war all bloody, gory,
to render the Beast now, parched, and hoary,
upon his bended knees;
begging forgiveness from the trees,
there before his fate,
in frightened tear, defeated;
and not a moment late.
And millenniums rolled on, sung in legends song,
a soul unable to feel;
whether a Poets verse, or a Goddess's curse,
brought the beast come man to heel.
And how the sun it did shine, the beast
in rage he was blind,
is it fantasy or is it real,
how Rhiannon put trust, in the power of lust,
and to Daglbets fate put seal.
For the story is told, to the young and the old,
how lust, it was used to reel,
the beast come man in, to pay for his sin,
to suffer the darkest deal,

as away from his self, his power and wealth,
his soul, it began to peel;
And beneath, the blazing red orb, the Beast
who would be Lord,
away from existence, he did quickly keel.
And thus the legend goes-
Rhiannon came forth, in wisdom's triumph;
astride the mighty sun;
cease did the rain and the winds roaring humph,
as the warming now did come.
And the vessel upon the water, calmed,
Daglbet now becomes alarmed

some distance from the shore;
a sitting target, stranded, the Beast he swore;
a Goddess Rhiannon you are not, indeed
you are a whore.
Hear ye this, my maiden fair, protect
ye all who live,
for beast and man, is Daglbet, rotten
to the core,
and what's more,
take you not, me for a fool,
for I intend to rule;
hear you, now my thunder,
not from above, but here down under.
Ah! bedevilment.
See my fire, the land in flame;
are you now content?
A mindless. innocent Beast? Rhiannon;
'tis the man of mind to blame.
Rhiannons words, are cast upon the breeze,
to skip the waters, ever so slight,
to hang illusions, in the dreams of man,
and work the devils curse, there in
the darkest night.
A man asleep, in fright,
tossed in violent fit;
sees his bed in flames, alight,
a pot of gold above it;
hangs there in temptation;
his life now to escape;
but hangs the gold, wealth untold,
a risk now shall he take
To flee his life, now from the strife,
or risk his souls damnation.
He reaches in frustration,

as flames his flesh, now lick,
his heart beat strong and quick;
trampling other beings,
men and women seeing,
he kicks now from above,
greed it has no love.
All engulfed in flames;
the beast come man remains,

above the leaping fire,
maddened by desire;
reason flees, the mind,
undone, is human kind,
a hand it now extends,
a Goblin leaps, the pot he now defends,
and at the man, he now does sneer,
on Daglbets face, is fear,
confusion fills his head;
as the pot now tips, its molten lead,
and as the beast come man he hangs,
in greed's own effigy;
Faery Bards harp, melodic ecstasy,
loud to make the vessel shake;
in terrors grip, does Daglbet, wake.
And cringes now, in foetal fear, bathed
in perspiration;
the world lost to salvation;
as courage, he now regains;
promised wealth, is gone.
only revenge remains;
The future seems forlorn.
And pass do the ages, poets and sages,
a songstress, in sweet voice does sing.
So sweet is her tune, that none are immune,
to the sublimity, held in her story.

To the flying high birds, fast running herds,
and to, the jungle King,
She gave in her song, the pride of the throng
a piece of battles glory.
For Rhiannons a cutey, alive in her beauty,
manifests, every living thing.
From the creatures that crawl, to the trees standing
tall, conservative, albeit hoary,
that the songstress does croon, of the sun and the
moon, and how innocence enables the ring,
to go round about, a never ending route,
to begin and to end the story,
is Rhiannons domain; and the son of Cain,
is nought but a mere trifling,
beneath the searing white orb, he who would be

Lord, is entitled to none of the glory.
Rhiannon now smiles exuding confidence
for the sun is holding fast,
and view she does, the growing evidence,
the shrinking waters at last;
and the Beastly vessel stranded,
upon the valley floor,
and to the beast come man thus handed,
darkness ever more.
Oh, ye shrew, who casts me evil
and now my fate devines,
know you now a great upheaval,
existence, all entwines.
And should the greatest, that you bore,
now be shown, oblivion's door;
then cease existing; all.
Riding high upon emotive, hate;
so it is told in lore;
how to reason now, had shut the gate,

and man exposed, Rhiannons core;
spilt her smallest part;
plunged a dagger to her heart,
Ah! the foolish upstart.
For now history subsides, to the shrill of the cries,
from creatures, in despair.
and mountains do fall, while trees standing tall,
are victim to fetid air,
and rivers run dry, while the sea tides so high,
that land exists no where.
Except in the song, of the sea faring throng,
who tell of a time so fair,
when Rhiannon did rule; but bore a creature so cruel,
for existence, he did not care;
so he darked out the sun, and light shone for none,
in a time that nothing could bare.
And the shrinking black orb, damned the failed
would be Lord,
to Rhiannons, primordial lair.
From lucid mind, was Daglbet now, adrift,
for time he had collapsed,
felt had he, the aeons rift,
before to coma had he lapsed.
Ah! momentum's shift.
The man he wakes;
the Beast he shakes;
all around seems cordial,
and yet it seems, primordial.
The beast at home, the man alone,
shacking with fear, that's primal;
he takes a peek, and hears a creak,

he sees a new arrival.
As primordial light, through the valley shimmers;
a beautiful, image to imbue;

the image of a Goddess glimmers;
there in the shifting hue.
Rhiannon does dance, the height of soul;
and flitters about, amongst the trees;
Daglbets lust, does rise its whole;
God climbs off his knees;
a future now he sees;
safe now is creation;
rescued from damnation,
And Faery Bards harp, melodic seduction,
and await the nights production.
Rhiannon, beside a stream in dalliance,
lit through, her shift of purest white;
lithe her body, in all its radiance;
cast to the primal night.
To, her viewers eyes;
the eyes of Daglbet;
ah! the primal lies.
To promise the fruits of Eden,
perfection to put ones seed in.
Daglbets mind confused.
Goblins howl, amused.
then trip the fatal wire.
Man now to expire.
lost to, the Beasts desire.
Lust, is chosen by the Beast, but man
 he turns instead,
a longing to be free,
from primal light to flee;
Rhiannons shift above her head,
then upon the ground,
naked now she springs,
in cooling waters, swims;
seductively, around.

Beast and man, are fused as one; entranced
Daglbet now is numb
Seduction now, is raised a notch; enhanced,
it seems the scheme has won.
Bards they harp, melodic, romance.
Rhiannon takes her stance,
against an ancient, rowan tree;
it smiles in ecstasy,
 her body wetted, lithe.
A hand falls freely, light,
to her well of life,

from whence the future springs;
seductively, she sings-
Come love me tonight, in primordial light
come suckle at my breast.
Come hold me till dawn, till the soft light of morn
creeps over where we rest.
Come take of my charms, secure in my arms,
and feel, my soft caress.
Come share in my sin, and enter within,
my life, my heart, my soul.
Come the warm noonday sun, together as one,
the world again, will be whole.
Oh ye Rhiannon, give thyself to mine,
and let the stars above,
forever, in their splendour, shine,
upon our fated love.
For cursed we are, in fate entwined.
Ye ruler of the beast;
with thought I rule, in elegance: refined.
Not, is one, the least,
but two as one, a lovers feast.
Oh rise ye splendid, primal moon;
in manhood's fearsome pride;

see the little Goddess swoon;
to passions, flowing tide.
Floating, falling, gifted leaves,
cast upon the billowing wind;
her man Rhiannon, now receives,
a bed of innocence, sinned.
And anger, bursts forth, from fiery skies,
the wind it howls and moans
for lust it holds nought but lies,
spent the Beast he groans.
For the story, it goes, though no body knows,
is it fantasy, or is it fact,
when Rhiannon took hold, of a manhood so bold,
with all of her lust and zeal,
  that time slipped away, a century a day,
a Beast now on his back,
had given his seed, a Goddess conceived,
a future it now was real.
And the skies gave their praise, the creatures,
hell raised, to Rhiannons, unselfish act,
 in her they had trust, for the man whom she
crushed, no pity did they feel,
and laugh, did the orb, when man missed being
Lord, by lust, over brains he lacked.
Faery Bards harp, melodic history,
come the creatures, of the dark;
to witness now, the end of mystery,

sings the little forest lark.
A tune now drowned, by mans own rage,
wild dogs released now from his spell,
ravens sprung now from their cage,
how the pride of life does swell.
Lives again, the enduring sage,
rises to, the ancient crone,

all stand before Rhiannons throne.
She speaks: -
I say to you
ye creatures, who,
ride the ever tide,
to ebb and flow,
and live the centuries through;
I have conquered two.
The rampaging beast,
the man of thought;
I have pierced the heart,
of two;
saved have I, you,
from rolling darkness,
that snuffs out the soul,
where the sun, can never
shine through,
A black hole you, near tripped
into,
by the man full of sin,
creations mistake;
I say I am sorry to you;
he knew nought, of anything, true;
only the love of himself,
and the wealth, he sought
to accrue,
he was blind to another view.
But in running so fast,
away from his past,
the man he finally broke through;
discovered my creatures; you.
With no comprehension,
of another dimension,
he sought to eradicate you.

No this would never do;
I love my creatures, you.
So I called on the skies;
rain, rain, rain;
but he floated on the tide.

I called on the sun;
blaze, blaze, blaze;
but he thought, the aeons through.
So now I shifted hue;
when the world was nought,
but dust.
I called down the power,
of lust.
I raised from dead the ancient crone; who;
boiled a tricksters brew.
While the enduring sage, ranted,
his vision, in a prayer;
Now man, he is finally through;
the moment now is true.
My belly is full of his seed
I love to pull out a weed.
Ah! see his face askew;
in anguish his features screw,
he sees the end of his line,
as I withdraw the feature of mind.
It is innocence I now fancy;
Ah the birth, so cuddly cute,
it is nought, but a chimpanzee.
We bid the man, adu;
the world my creatures, is now
for you.
Faery Bards, they harp, melodic ecstasy.
Primordial, light it lifts.
Ravens fly in purest fantasy,

as the shivering hue, it shifts.
And leaves the world, in sunlight bathed.
Goblins howl, their song delight
Trolls they sigh, relief: the bridge
existence, saved.
Rhiannons castle, the world again is right.

Phil Charters

Special Steps

Far far away
Beyond the lights of a city's guile
Fleecing currency from ones soul
To lie, with the setting sun
Sleep peaceful, dream beautiful
Stand with the sunrise.
Near? It's here
Heaven surrounds, Godless
Yet a soul full of worth
A heart full of happiness
Walk with special steps
Harmonize traditional steps
In the land of the Jawoyn.
Fear? Not here
Yellow petals blue over sky
Grass shades green, dust upon rust
Termites build high rise
Little birds sing
Flirting the breeze
A pictured lullaby
Fear? It's here
King brown slithers mine eyes
Wiggles to grass, gone from sight
Heat beats down on mind
Sucking moisture from one's life
stumble, fall, rise
Clothes perspired,
With body cleansed
Rivers swimming hole.
Beautiful is here
Indelible memories whilst life cascades
As waterfalls in a timeless land
Flowing rivers through canyons deep
Pandanus, Eucalypt
Little wild flowers, colored life
Jatbula, Nitmiluk
Harmonize traditional steps
Walk, special steps
Through one's life.

Phil Charters

The Billings Curse

The day does dawn, and with a yawn,
I get up from my bed.
 A morning wee, a cup of tea,
 and for my car I head.
Upon the road, I bare my load,
a cross I can't deny.
  To pay my loan, and keep my home,
 to work I now must fly.

I can't be late, my family's fate,
 weighs heavy on my mind.
  Up ahead, someone is dead,
 the traffics in a bind.
With fear I muse, my bosses fuse,
 is short, my arse he'll fry.
  I swear and curse, in ugly verse;
I know he thinks I lie.

I get to work, the boss does lurk,
 behind a shipping crate.
  I cringe in fear, he chews my ear,
 and asks me why I'm late.
He thinks I lie, so I reply,
"my mother she is dying."
  He's eyes do flare, a fearsome stare,
 he makes me feel like crying.

With spirit crushed, and face thats flushed,
 I work with anger burning.
  My mind does roam, back to my home,
 for my wife and kids I'm yearning.
Day after day, to get my pay, this trauma
 I must bare.
  With a despot boss, ‘I'm at a loss,
  I tell you its not fair.

It's end of year, I need a beer,
this work it has no end.
  Panic driven, no quarter given,
it drives me round the bend.
The work must flow: the systems slow;
it all must happen fast.
  Systems gone, tempers worn,
 this madness cannot last.

The billings curse, I need a nurse,
 I'm wound up like a coil.
  My boss the jerk, he brings ‘more work, '
 my blood it sure does boil.
Frustration bound, I look around,
with anguish on my face;
  but there's no time, to whinge and whine,

as against the clock I race.

I watch the clock, and as if to mock,
 the time does quickly pass.
  I quicken pace, ‘I'v lost the race, '
 this whole scene is a farce.
And then it's time, I'm feeling fine,
for home, I now can go:
  but then despair, "it's just not fair, "
the boss just tells me "no."

Two hours back, ‘I'm on the rack, '
this deadline I'll not meet.
  Adrenaline pumping, mind thats thumping,
and the boss turns up the heat.
  With sweat on brow, the pressure now,
 is beyond my breaking point;
so still uptight, I say, " goodnight, "
 and I leave this cheerless joint.

I go to bed, with aching head, but sleep
I cannot find.
  For sleep I yearn, as I toss and turn,
but work is on my mind.
Day or night, a depressing plight,
 the company always rules;
  every day we track, to work and back,
we must be bloody fools.

The day does dawn, and with a yawn,
I get up from my bed.
  A morning wee, a cup of tea,
and for my car I head.
My wife does run, with toasted bun,
"there'll be no work today."
  I ask, "why not? " She says, "you clot.
 There never is on Sundays."

Phil Charters

The Brother Of My Soul

eucalypts,
that once stood the night
sentinels to my sleeping swag
where the fire burned for friends
warmed against sub zero,
have uprooted, fled
and the forest choir that
sang my awakening, silenced
sings no more
only the raven flies, caws,
and casts its shadow long
across my life
the sun no longer warms nor
lights my way through days
darkness engirds my soul
the raven lands
morrigan launders, where
once friends in a trilogy
gave praise for their lives entwined
only the forest privy to the sacrament
of friendship
the land is bare
and the blood of the chosen
stains the ground
morrigan launders his clothes
the brother of my soul
while he sits his rock, a man among men
yet sees me no more
hears me no more
I see him, I hear him, always
the brother of my soul
alive in the raven,
in the strengh of the rock
I lean on him
in these my darkest days
alive in the symbols he chose,
alive in my heart,
forever,
the brother of my soul.

Phil Charters

The Demigods Pen

writers pen
in a well of
sarcasm dipped
with skillful mirth
moves the hand
of the demigod
so my life designed
a character
the reader shall
not read
caught in a traffic jam
of mindless beings
staring down
the corporate state
 like insects
to the bug zapper
attracted to ones own
demise
by ever bigger
 dollar signs
seen but rarely
touched
where a millennium
swiftly ends
I fight my self
to free
from my authors mind
stomp, shout
turn to run
but torpid character
weigh heavy
flows the demigods pen
I am forced along
myself torpid.

Phil Charters

The King Of Terror

Dormant.
Within ones heart lies
terror.
Unleashed, set free
comes out through ones eyes.
Tremor,
 from ones mind down through each knee;
as if upon a deck,
the deck of a sinking ship;
a wave reality shatters,
and reason? well it does flee.

Torment.
Within my view, my eyes;
terror.
Flaming fury: King
of terror, comes out of the skies.
Panic,
slipping the chain, breaking the moral ring,
as if it matters not,
losing the sight of God,
 alone in a sea of despair,
and society? ever a tender thing.

Fear.
Within ones soul, control.
Terror.
Maddened herd, stampede,
comes out of a primal mind; no soul,
immoral.
Sophist man crumbling, no law to impede,
looters, homicidal rapists,
stripping societies core,
in a frenzy for ones self,
and why? to live, yes to succeed.

Terror.
Within the core of man does start.
Terror,
erupting fury, Gia bleeds,
comes out of earth’s own heart.
Firestorm,
growing, burning, impact, hastily it seethes,
engulfing farmland, cities,
animals, humans, all;
the King of terror strikes;
and why? destiny achieves.

Awoken.
Within ones sleep one dreams,
terror.

Hellish nightmare; emptiness
comes out of ones disease. Schemes
war:
battles the body, with ones self: darkness,
ones being now engirds,
as if upon a spaceship,
with time crushing spirit:
and spirit? Falls to limpness.

Fright.
Within the future unknown.
Terror.
A crop not reaped,
comes out of seeds we have sown.
Love.
with ne’er a parting, forever blown,
across existence entwined,
ne’er to perish apart:
King of terror, all ye take. Nay!
and why? it lies within, to face alone.

Phil Charters

The Sirens

In the dark depths of night,
the sirens do wail.
The masts of men rise,
and toward them do sail.
On the winds of desire, their seed,
 warmed by the fire;
that consumes their whole being,
and does darken their seeing.
Serpents reside, in their long golden tresses.
The men of the world,
 entranced by their dresses;
forth they do come, in the passionate night,
never seeing the serpents,
 nor feeling their strike.
The men have expired, by morning light;
the sirens do dance, in historic delight.
Their future secured,
 by the weakness of man:
and the men of the world, forever damned.

Phil Charters

The Worker

Nemises
out there, somewhere
a media shrouds
faceless

deceitful words
by ears captured
invading mind
descending

upon a feeble heart
blackend
my body
to enslave
outcast,

spirit stomped on
homeless
upon the fickle breeze
self bent to your will
swaying

like a tree in a
violent wind
I shall fall
you shall fall

for I am what
you would remove
the beginning.
my life given
unto your wealth
yet my existence
you despise

I support you
nemises
Capitalist
I am your captive slave
doomed to your toil

you cultural, social
vandal

till I lay at rest
in an everlasting grave
I am or was
the worker.

Phil Charters

Traditional Owner

you; traditional owner,
who;
into the fire blew,
fanning the flames, higher, higher;
singeing the serpent,
who;
with tear filled eyes
and sorrow filled heart,
slithered away,
withdrew.
leaving its people,
you;
defeated, lost, shattered respect;
dissolving the bonding glue;
holding to nothing that’s true.

your culture now sold off a shelf,
by pretty young girls,
wearing white skin,
betraying the lie therein.

hoodwinked:

traditional owner, you,
reality a window comes through;
irritating,
tugging my conscious,
picking up garbage were you.

white man rolling in cash:
blackman picking up trash:

traditional owner, you?
traditional maybe,
owner, nay!
get back back back,
to your thew.
play your didgeridoo
hunt the kangaroo

regain your culture must
you.
for then shall you succeed
when white man falters on greed

i have naught but respect for
you

memories of kakadu.

Phil Charters

When Velvet Soap Did Cleanse It All

Willow trees, caress the summers sky,
  fragmented; days of childhood,
long since passed on by.
  Down thirty years, memories drift:
melancholic mood, a mind does sift;
  through times when siblings numbered four;
the house we lived, of fragile wall;
  always the willows standing tall.

Elder sister, then, was admiral of the fleet.
  siblings sailed those willows,
 through summers heat.
Fantasy the realm of childhood mind,
  contentment, the siblings, each country
 day did find.

When the laundry was a washouse;
  no sink of stainless steel,
a soul of forty years, family history,
  now does feel.

A washing trough of concrete, four children
  playing at Mums feet: a copper stick: -
‘oh yes! ' an ancient copper, our clothes to wash,
  a wood-fired stove, on which to cook. ‘gosh! '
I Hear the cynics laugh: -
"Boil the water, to take a bath! "
  How quaint it now does seem; recall the days,
a happy scene: a memory; a headland;
  for ones mind to rest: - a morning tea: -
one brother, two sisters, Jack, Dad and me.

Sticky strips, from ceilings hung.
  A bird or two, caught among, flies and insects,
that died there, when velvet soap did wash our hair.
  Our clothes, our dishes, every cleansing chore;
even the little mouth that swore
Rock the house, on a windy night.
   Bedded siblings, set to fright.
  Outside toilet, natures needs, desperate to curtail;
younger brother, always seemed to fail.

Elder brother, bike of second hand;
  down the track, he looked so grand.
Time to stop, ‘his missed his cue, '
  across the road, the hedge his through.
Badlands there; owners wild, elder brother,
  his land defiled.
Grab the bike, quickly run,
safely back on home with mum.

  By the woodpile, beside a shed, upon a rack,

younger sister bled.
  Throwing stones, brothers set to fear;
younger sister, burst to tear.
  Runs to mum; a visitor; memory fades;
I know not now, just who:
surely saved the brothers, two.

 Bull from paddock, takes to flight,
bedded siblings, once more to fright.
  Dad outside, the bull does chase;
night does pass, his family safe.

Learn of god, on a Sunday morn.
Lunch at Nanas, then the norm.
Dad and Granddad, at darts they'd play;
careful siblings, not in the way.

  Image dimmed, not by time.
Burned forever, inside ones mind.
  lives eternal, do entwine.

Short of pennies, doomed to fate;
  around the table, food we ate;
provided by a fathers toil;
  hard his hands, stained by soil.
Long each day, we were apart;
  once at home, gentle, was his heart.

Closer now, the town had moved.
  Upon a handshake, loan approved.
Left the willows standing tall,
  goodbye the house of fragile wall.

Walls of brick, house brand new;
  one more year, family grew.
Family was to grow once more;
  short of ten, siblings, now did number four.

And so to progress, the old house fell.
  Willows to, they did succumb;
we watched it all, we stood with mum.
  Elder sister, began to cry,
beneath the suburbs memories lie.
  Safely nurtured, siblings four;
when velvet soap, did cleanse it all.

Phil Charters

Youth Unemployment

Older men
through wrinkled eyes
peer out
and see nought
but dilapidated dreams;
invented glories
reality adulterates, not.
Bygone memories
souped up:
thus do older men
nations lead.

And the youth of man
who once hung dreams
like beacons
from exuberant eyes
beneath eyes accusing
languid lie,
helpless, drowned
in the ever tide
of learned, older men.
Devoid of wisdom
given to
the economy of self
while society lies bankrupt.

Oh the youth of man,
fear not the future;
but fear
your leaders guile.

Phil Charters