Poetry Series

tom thump

- poems -

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Anna's Gopher

anna i truly would not presume to be altruistic but a wish is a desire

light me a candle make it glow for you make me know how sublime is a fable

once there was this gopher living in a tunnel an there were all these neighbours living in THEIR tunnels

in the dark of the underground they all lived in peace scratching out a living in their peaceful bliss

then one day our gopher he decided to explore the whys and wheres of going in the ups and downs of underground

truly, he told himself there has to be something doing than my scratching out my living in my own underground

and his desire for knowledge led him overground but blinded by the light he fled underground

(That should have been the ending) but anna i think you want more later he crept up and learnt of night and day and slowly he kept learning and learnt of night and day

and one day he said i shall knock on doors to reveal all my knowledge to tell of light and dark

For for sure he said there's definitely more color than than the color black and that they need to know so they called him a vopher cause they claimed he had visions he said, they said, there were colors other than shades of black

they left him to his dreaming of a seagull named jonathan and said it was rich to his back

cool confidence

gentle breeze blowing low where have you been the flowers are asleep and so are the birds

my children went to bed a while ago we looked to see you but i made them go

its been so dry so hot over here without you to cool and make us aware

how wonderfully nature takes care of things what was hot is now so cool

summers bane gotta close the clouds begun gathering your cool gusts give me confidence

that without me and without you time will keep rollling natur'll take care

fallen leaves

In the silence of the forest once upon a time a tree put out a few green leaves soft as soft and green as green

but no one ever knew and no one ever cared what became of them those few tender leaves

they grew up in their silence listening to the flow of the waters and the winds of the rains and the storms

they fed their tree and helped grow fruits which fell unheeded on the silent earth

and one day when their time was ended all those leaves we know fell onto their dear earth

from whence they grew once more

Friends

a time we shared when we all smiled awhile an' grinned at each other o'er the things we did

but now here i sit wondering where you are all gone alone in my armchair i ponder those long times

many a time i still feel those pangs of pain tiny twitches in my heart so i keep trying to forget

else my thoughts will try and lead me astray from my here and now to those never ever days with my friends

I loved her so

she was a porcelain beauty whiter than the whitest snow clearer than the clearest stream sweeter than the sweetest cream

I loved her so

I dreamt of her in my dreams thinking of her in all my thoughts carrying her in my deepest heart

I loved her so

and then one day
I made my move
went to her and told her so
how much I loved her

I loved her so

and she said who be you i know you not please let me be

I loved her so

the china didn't crack the snow's still white the streams's still clear an' the cream's still sweet

I love her so 'cause she's now my mate.

I'd rather forget

the sad face of truth is a bitter pill to swallow oft it's something i avoid rather'n face by myself

like a forgotten friend you meet after the many years and at the precise moment you forget his name

oh sad oh sad the times i get into these ones and later i pick over my thoughts to pick out that one name

and out it pops from nowhere in my brain to pain me further because it was no longer then

so I'd much rather forget than remember that when as in this now when i missed a line back then

Love Divine

Oh Love Divine!
Truth everlasting,
Light of my life and Friend for eternity
give me your Grace
teach me your Love
Grant that I too may share in Your Love for my fellow men

Oh Love sublime! give me your Strength to Bear with a Smile, any pain and suffering I may come across and to give Strength to Others to Share and to Support

Oh joyful Love! give me your Smile Teach me to Laugh, to find fun and happiness in all things I come across

And oh when You reach out Your arms, may I always be there

rush

as i was writing i felt a little blow something seemed to show a little bit too slow

i looked o'er me shoolder but culdna see nonna i thoght it mighta beena dreema an it mita beena thotta

but just to make sure i looked over once more but a slip of my shoulder must have made my intention clear because it was gone

so hera i am a vaitin' lookin and simpli sittin' hopin and stil vaitin' hopless litl hopes

look, I made a statement it does not need a meaning the fact that you are still here is all that matters now

tailing Tale

in the garden of the east i saw the pink fairy fly sparkling trails i saw her leave as i've seen in picture books

fascinated by this wonder i followed through the woods as though guiding me in a dream it gently slowly led me on

through the garden of the east into woods and fields by the brooks and the streams i just kept on going

wondrous were those sights of lovely fowers and heady scents 'twas a fairy tale garden indeed an' i thought it all a fantasy

humming bees and butterflies led me to that tree where i saw my fairy perched on a tiny flower

on that magic pear tree hung two magic pears it was not for me i knew it could have been for you

the air was a sharp delight the wind was crisp and light the colors of the evening had drawn together there

in that magic moment as me and the fairy stared the air went suddenly still and the pears went out of view

it was nothing but a twinkle like the glitter on a diamond a beauty to behold but never to be held

fairy tales have meaning its always been so still, for all my searching i don't find none in here

Time

Time flies on wings Gliding high above in your every dream Flashing down the valley when you're in a hurry

Or gently moving on In your daily life Actually all the time Be it spurt or slide Make it fast or slow It isn't really so

Time, it keeps on passing At it's steady rate It ain't slow or speeding That just was our imagination

Uh Oh!

'Can I get you something? '
'Yes'
'What? '
'What what? '
'What can I get you? '
'Something'
tom thump

wannabe

if you wannabe a wannabe you then gotta wannabe a wannabe

it sure makes no sense i agree to wannabe a wannabe

but then who ever wans ta be a wannabe other dan a wannabe?