Poetry Series

Wayne Leon Learmond

- poems -

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Wayne Leon Learmond (12th March 1963)

Born in Liverpool 45 years ago, I have always held a fascination for words - especially words that rhyme. I am a 'Dark Writer', preferring to write about all things of a Supernatural or dark nature.

Most of my early work, that I have posted on here, and that I wrote many years ago, is quite light. But, I have always preferred to write dark, forboding, terror-filled pieces. When I am not writing I am THINKING about writing.

Works:

Never been published

Aborted

...I was formed
Within this perfect space.

I yawned.

Opened my eyes
Felt safe and warm.

Counting and counting
My days to be born.

I turned my head
Could feel my heart
Could feel my legs.

Could see my fingers
through this watery bed
I hiccuped and smiled
I was being fed.

Milk?

Yes!

Milk!
I love milk
I think mummy loves me
I wonder what she will
look like to me?

Has she got eyes
as big as mine?

Does her hair
go down her spine?

Will she love me
As I already loved her?

But will she die for me
As I have for her...

Wayne Leon Learmond

Africa

This continent
as old as time

Where a fireball sun sets
And throws deep red beams
across the Serengeti

Where Mount Kilimanjaro
stands:

Tall

Proud

Majestic

The Eye of God
in all His majesty
Surveying all that
He can see
Over His land

AFRICA

Where wildlife
play out their games
of Life and Death.

It's hide or be hunted
Everyday the same -
this survival game.

The lion stretches out
his paws and yawns
The hippos wade
until the break of dawn.

And the pyramids
of the Northern lands
are guarded by the ancient
Sphinx of Giza.

She view in her timeless silence
Once again - the Egyptian vulture
With his yellow head
and pure white feathers of snow
glide over the valley
as he has always done
eons ago.

And the Sphinx
This silent, ancient Goddess

Seems to nod a nod of approval

Her paws stretching out
across the sands of time.

This ancient land
where the sun always shines.
This

AFRICA

Wayne Leon Learmond

Alone With Night

Now, here I stand
Alone
With dark night
and shadowy forms

Stroking and caressing me
My mind plays tricks
incessantly

With fleeting shadows
here and there
Shades of memories -
I despair -

Of the words ingrained:
'what could have been.'
Was my life
but just a dream?

And then I see
yet another shade

Of a time gone by
when I could have made
you my wife

But such beauty there
Was never really
Mine
to share

You faded away
from my memory

To love another
never to be me

And yet other shadows
pass me by

Caught from the glimpse
of a worn-out eye

Of happy times
such gaiety

Would never last
inside of me

I reach out
in my dark despair

Fall to my knees
say a prayer

And everything that
has been a part of me

Passes me by
so silently

And like a silent movie
upon my wall
in despair
I view them all

And once again,
from the embers dying light

I am left
Alone
with
Night...

Wayne Leon Learmond

Choices

Food or warmth?
What do they do?
They can hardly afford the one
But not the two.

Do they starve tonight
And wait till morning
No food in their belly
the hunger gnawing?

Or do they eat
and stay cold
all through the night.?

With no bars on the fire
Because their moneys tight.

Cannot afford both
In this day and age
They have fought for their country
and their country repays.

By making them huddle
In the middle of the night.

Two old souls
who fought for the right.

To live out their lives
in a decent way.

Without having to worry
about keeping warm all day.

And, meanwhile, on the news
There is the sickening sight
Of a Chief Executive
Giving himself a hike.

50 per cent pay rise
On top of what he gets
While pensioners, like them
Cannot afford to keep warm yet.

And the moral of this
I am inclined to bet
Become a Chief Exec
and you will NEVER
be in debt.

Wayne Leon Learmond

DE LAUDE NOVAE MILITAE (In Praise of the New Knighthood)

De Laude Novae Militae
protected by the Holy See.

From out of the mists
they came to be
Their 'Order' grew
They lived tax free.

And only those of
'Noble' Birth
Could join the ranks
of God's Knights on earth.

They were God's warriors
Bold and brave
They fought for God
and God repaid.

His Knights Templar
Honest and true
They lived on the lands
that were taken from you.

They relied on alms
from the pilgrims, poor
And they became wealthy
like never before.

But from eleven eighteen -
within two centuries
the Templars fell
They fell onto their knees.

The powers they held
were too many
too much.

King of France
and the Pope
both held a grudge.

And stripped them
of their powers
that be.

Wipe them from the pages
of history.

In 1307 the arrests began
The Templars fled -
Yes, some of them ran.

Were caught and tortured
and murdered in a spree.

Accused of homosexuality
And sodomy
And heresy
And spitting on the Cross
of Christ you see.

And so, within a short space
of time
The Templars were gone -
and their crime?

They held too much power
They lost the respect
Of the Pope and the King
and the people in debt.

But every-so-often
from the mists of time
You might see a white horse
and the white knights shine.

Galloping through the years
of history
They will be the
KNIGHTS TEMPLAR SOCIETY.

Wayne Leon Learmond

Depression (Like a ten-ton truck)

Depression hits you
Like a ten-ton truck.

One minute you are down
Then you are up.

With depression
there is no in-between.

You are in a dark tunnel
with no light to be seen.

You try to pull through
Try to cheer up.

You are sick of people
telling you:
'Enough is enough.'

It's energy-sapping
And you're always feeling rough.

When you're feeling worthless
friends and family you can't trust.

They are hanging around
Making a scene.

You know that they are worried -
still - you want them to leave.

Depression
is a very selfish
'State of Mind'.

But when you got Depression
no other 'State' can you find

When people say to you:
'It's time to cheer up.'

That is when it hits you
Like a ten-ton truck...

Wayne Leon Learmond

Drunkbeat DownandOut

He's just a drunkbeat downandout
He don't care what people shout
Crawling through the streets at night
Looks through bins
Gets into fights
Desperate for another jar
He will visit every bar
To guzzle the liquid
down his throat
Everyone thinks that
he's a joke
His clothes are smelling
His body too
He's decomposing in front of you
Can never walk in one straight line
His brain is blasted from all the
Wine
and the
vodka
and the
lager
you see
He is just a man
who wants to be free
Trying to forget
the horrors of his past
What good times he had
they would never ever last
So he hides in drink
and the possibility
That if he carries on like this
He'll be dead by 43
But he don't care about
any of that
'Cause he's a drunkbeat downandout
And down is where he's
AT.

Wayne Leon Learmond

Fairy Days

The flittering of the fairies
in the speckled sunlight,
play.

Hardly seen by human eyes
They watch us on our way.

Oblivious to their presence
We are caught up in mundane things.

Worrying, only caring
What the day ahead will bring.

'Other-Worldly Beings
have been with us through
age and time.

Yet, we cannot see them
For our eyes,
they block and blind.

Our eyes are blocked and blind
by them
Because you know
they see.

The true nature of he Human Race
which is our vanity.

To disbelieve the impossible
Is always our forte.

And we always -
without fail -
Let our vanity have it's way.

An arrogance that states
so catergorically and true.

We are supreme
In all the world
But we don't believe in you.

For those childhood days
of innocence.

Are lost in the mist of time
And those fairy-friends of yester-year
will never come to mind.

We've lost our childhood innocence
and wonder

and the knack.

They have closed their gate
forever now
And were NEVER going back.

For adult worries
adult cares
wear us down each day.

What food is in the cupboard?
What bills we have to pay?

Our eyes are truely closed now
to what they used to see.

The innocence as a toddler
With the little sprite - fairy.

Our eyes are truely closed now
To the wonders of their world.

With disdain
Has grown our vain
Arrogance unfurled.

We don't believe
in 'Other-Worldly Creatures'
We've progressed.

In truth -
we now are adults
And as adults
WE KNOW BEST.

Wayne Leon Learmond

Getting Away

You are
GETTING AWAY.

Cannot take it anymore
Once you step outside
you will be closing the door.

FOR GOOD.

But that is how you want it
With jacket zipped up tight
Train ticket in you're pocket.

GETTING AWAY.

From the misery and despair
A cold breeze is blowing
and it's cutting through you're hair.

But you

DON'T CARE.

Don't even feel the breeze
All you're life
you have fought against the

FREEZING
COLD
WEATHER.

That is the climate of you're

FEAR

When every new year
brought the same bitter tears

OF DESOLATION

Why does he cause you pain?
Hitting you again
as you're mother felt the strain

She could not stop him
Only cry out in her shame.

Hitting you
Cursing you
Call you nasty names.

But

YOU
GREW UP.

Began to hit

RIGHT BACK.

But now you're too tired of fighting
Too tired to attack.

ANYMORE.

You just want to

GET AWAY.

You love you're mother
but you know you cannot stay.

She packs you're bag
and gives you what she's got.

With tears in her eyes
she hugs you on the spot.

And then you leave -

EARLY
MORNING
GREY.

Satchel on you're back
into mists you stray.

One glance back
And then you are gone
On an Inter-City train
from the window you gaze on.

Lost in thought
You lose all track of time.

And a hundred miles away
a mother lays her head
and cries...

Wayne Leon Learmond

Glenorie Manor

{1837)

Gather round. And settle down
And let us make ourselves at home
And let us talk of all things dark
For within this Manor, we were born.
Let us talk of shadowy shades

Of lovers, past, that once did roam
these halls of this great residence
So empty now, and so alone.

And let us talk of jealousy
Of murder and madness
that took place.

And of ethereal shades
that roamed the face
of these halls and grounds
through these Manor gates.

Whispers, sly
while backs are turned
of incestuous passion -
bedrooms burned
with heated desire
behind locked doors

With the howling
of the wolves
upon those open moors

Let us talk of many things
Of ballroom dances
cursed diamond rings
Of masquerades, so big
and grand.

Of servant girls
who hand in hand
did copulate
and did conceive
of devil's spawn
from devil's seed.

Yes, this house
held many more
secrets
behind these
grandiose doors.

But alas, I feel

our time is up
For we have already
supped from this cup.

Yes, of memories past
we have talked
We are the memories
that we thought,

would last forever
whilst alive
But now we are dead -
yet still survive.

Now cursed to roam
and wander, forever
within these
desolate grounds
of

GLENORIE MANOR...

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Wayne Leon Learmond

GraveYard Bed

You're a Long Time Dead
Or so the saying is said
You waste you're time
all day in bed.

Time is precious
Time is short
Yet you don't know
how much 'Time' you've bought.

You take life for granted
Pottering around.

Do you know
what could be around
the next corner?

If only you would
take that chance
Meeting new people
Start a new romance.

Life is mysterious
an unknown quantity
Yet you spend all day
with a ciggy
sipping tea.

You cannot be bothered
to take a look around.

At the wonders of life
And what could be found.

Opening doors
is not you're cup of tea.

You're life is a gift
that is wasted you see.

On yourself -
You don't know what
you want to be.

But you're grave
is getting nearer
Yet you're too blind to see.

That you are getting older
Time is flying by
And before you know it
Within the blinking of an eye.

You are gone.
You're a Long Time Dead.

Potential unfulfilled
Within a GraveYard Bed...

Wayne Leon Learmond

I'm Not An Alcoholic

Another battle with the bottle
And this time I won't lose
I sip this bottle of vodka
Stopping when I choose

I'm not an alcoholic
I can control what I take in
If people all around me
give me a chance,
I can win..

I know I can beat the bottle
And yes,
I've paid my way
It's temptation calling
I'm gonna win
tonight
ok?

I'm not an alcoholic
People take me
for who I am
I can beat this demon
I'll just take
another dram.

I'm not an alcoholic
I swear to you I'm not
But this bottle
I have before me
Is the only one I got.

I can always stop
tomorrow,
In fact,
will start my battle then.

But until tomorrow's
calling
I'll just take one more
drink again.

Wayne Leon Learmond

In Remembrance of the Human Race

Remember us
as you fly by.

We were the ones
who ruled the
Earth Sea and Sky.

We were the ones
who having left the trees.

Rose up from the ground
and from our knees.

We were the ones who
discovered wonderous things.

Created
Invented.

We were
GODS and KINGS.

We were SUPREME
and held DOMINION.

Over all living things
or more.

But we never did beat
the dinosaurs score.

We were the ones
who found so many cures.

Made life so comfortable
Yet, created so many wars.

And DEATH and DISEASE
for our fellow Man.

And then we fell to our knees
in an orgy of mayhem.

Became GREEDY
and SELFISH
Imploded within.

Lost the Keys to the Kingdom
that we were borrowing.

And those keys,
they never did get replaced

In Remembrance of the Human Race...

Wayne Leon Learmond

IN THE DEAD OF DAY (Descent into Madness)

There is a time
called: 'The Dead of Day'

When it seems the silence
will not go away.

When it seems that
everyone has gone.

And you are here,
left all alone.

To wander round
the city streets.

While in you're mind
you're madness meets.

The silence of
The Dead of Day.

You descend into madness
and scream away...

Wayne Leon Learmond

Invisible Love

God's whisper is the breeze
whispering into our ears:
'I am here.'

His voice can be heard
in the wind that roars:

'I EXIST
FOREVER! '

The delicacy of His hand
you cannot fathom
with a flower.

Or a snowflake
that gently falls.

Each one seperate
from the other.

His sight
Gives us light
from the Moon, Stars and Sun.

His
MAJESTY
and
MIGHT
Cannot be overcome.

By disbelief.

And those that refuse to see

That God is so much more
powerful then we.

The mind of Man
is puny to compare.

With the One who made the
Heavens
The Earth, Sea and Air.

Who are we to question
What we cannot understand?

Science can only go so far
The rest is in
God's hands...

Wayne Leon Learmond

My Abuser

You say I hurt myself
That I do self-harm
You left me by myself
But found the cuts
upon my arm.

Before you could react
I slashed my arm again
Watching you cry out
DO YOU FEEL MY PAIN?

My blood, it did pour out
Trying to rub myself away
What's it all about?
This life I live today?

Noone understands
What I have been through
What I've seen.

The Abuse I suffered
in my past
plays like a movie scene.

Over and over and over again
It replays in my mind
This blood you see
These cuts on me
Only makes you
BLIND.

To my real
ANGER and FRUSTRATION
Baby, can't you see?

That what you see before you
Is my Abuser abusing
ME!

Wayne Leon Learmond

My Craving

I'm CRAVING for drugs
I'm CRAVING for drink
My CRAVING is so
I can't even think
My body is CRAVING
all of the time
24/7 it is not even mine
Dictated by needs
It is hard to explain
This CRAVING and CRAVING
Again and again
They are driving me MAD
I am going INSANE
My world's fell apart
In so much damn pain
As yesterday merges
into tomorrow
There's no difference there
only my sorrow
I wait for a fix
But what will I gain?
To just feel HIGH
with a numbed-out brain
I am going to die
I know it too well
But can't stop these urges
I'm going to Hell
The Reaper's awaiting
He's calling my name
I enter a slumber
never again
To awake to this world
That don't understand me
You can all go to Hell
'Cause that's where you'll
FIND ME...

Wayne Leon Learmond

No Love Lost

There's no Love Lost between us
It's there for all to see.

You like you're coffee
while I like my tea.

They say opposites attract
Well, that's not strictly true.

Truth of the matter
I've had enough of you.

Telling me what to do
What to think.

I used to love you once
Now I'm married to the:

Sink
and the
Stove
and the
Washing machine.

Cooking and cleaning
No excitement in-between.

I'm a ready-made skivvy
and that's certainly true.

My love for you now
is long since through.

I'm divorcing you baby
Yet you want me to stay.

Can't you see
you're not getting you're
own way?

This time I'm of
one frame of mind.

A man on a mission
This time I won't be blind
to you're whims and you're
cries.
I'm leaving today.

Goodbye baby
This time I've had
MY SAY...

Wayne Leon Learmond

No Such Thing as a 'Rightous War'

And within those trenches
thick with blood.

Thick with mud
Bone and guts.

We wipe our eyes
as best we could.

And wait
for the order
to go.

And many a friend
And many a man.

The rich and the poor
and the miner's son.

Stood side by side
We did not hide.

From the enemy
above
or
below.

And the mighty dead
they will not rise.

From those trenches
raise those eyes.

To see another
red sunrise.

Or kiss their wives
hello.

As the commander
gives the order to march.

Bayonets in hand
we begin to charge.

Over those trenches
we did forge
Into the unknown
we flow.

We enter into
'No Man's Land'.

'Parade Formation'
Blood-spilled ground.

Machine gun bullets
all around.

We fall into
the mud and snow.

And what did we gain
from the enemy?

125 square miles
of mud, only.

At a cost of over
600,000 men.

Oh my God
were going again.

And those friends
I once but knew.

Are nothing
but mangled
bone and spew.

Died there, forgotten
in the snow and rain.

And this hell of a war
goes round my brain.

The screams
The yells
The horror of it all.

When my friends
and I
Began to fall.

And the memories
bring it back all the more.

There is no such thing
as a
'RIGHTOUS WAR'.

Wayne Leon Learmond

On the Outside (Looking In)

I am a stranger
in a strange land.

A lost soul
who does not understand.

Why people do not
speak to me.

Why they ignore my presence
constantly.

I am here
I exist.

I jump about
SHOUT!
But they insist.

On walking right on by
Without a look
I take from their eye.

What's going on?
Have they all gone blind?

And deaf as well
As far as I can tell

For I shout and yell
and yell and shout.

But they just go
right on about
their business.

And it is with a heavy heart
I find myself here.

Drawn back to the place that
I do not hold dear.

For I have been
On the Outside -
Looking In -

At everything I used to do
Everything I used to be.

Now, those things are past
and silently.

I make my way back
to the grave.

And one day,
dear reader,
you will be.

On the Outside -
Looking In
Like me...

Wayne Leon Learmond

Prelude Doux De Marque 1

Look how they perform upon the stage
Darkness portrayed, relayed and replayed

Over and over, hypnotic to some
Prelude Doux De Marque Number 1.

The lights they are dimmed
as the play does commence

In masquerade costume
there is no recompense,

for the audience there,
sitting this night,
watching in wonder,
in the dim of the light.

A comedy yea,
to some it shall be
In masquerade costume
their act is for free.

Yet the only thing they want
from thee
is thy blood in its entirety.

Tragedy, such a mystery,
reveals their faces
for all to see.

Reveals the truth
behind the masques
reveals the evil
of their past.

Not true, one might say,
yet they lure you in
to their Play for Today.

Lure you in, as you stare at the stage
Lure you in to their act relayed
to your eyes and ears.

Such a prelude indeed -
for what is to come -
a scarlet feed.

Background music,
as the harpsichord plays
Comedy and Tragedy upon the stage.

The prelude is over, the play begins

Scene 1 Act 1...WON'T YOU
JOIN IN?

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Wayne Leon Learmond

Racism

Racism
Eats you up inside.

Plays upon
you're insecure mind.

Perceptions of threats
that are not there.

You hate his dark skin
and the black man's hair.

You hate the white skin
of the blue-eyed boy.

This hatred -
you taste -

it does more
than annoy.

It consumes
you're very
identity.

Eats you up
psychologically.

Prepares you
to murder
indescriminately.

And destroys
all who are touched
so
tragically...

Wayne Leon Learmond

Santa's Sack

I opened my eyes and there he was. His back was turned, it was such a buzz. to have him right there, inside my room - but my face turned to terror - for all too soon.

He turned to me with an evil glint. Pulled from his sack - linomint - and proceeded to smear around my neck. Although I struggled, I would soon be dead.

To saw through sinews, muscle and bone, he wiped the blood and left, alone. Placing my head within his sack. Leaving the scene of a bloody attack.

So now he wanders through the night. Bringing terror, is his delight. This one time of the year he is free to reign. To cause much horror, mayhem and pain. For the little dears, this Christmas night, will not bring excitement, it will be RED, NOT WHITE.

For your blood shall flow, instead of snow. So if you've been naughty...
he will let you know.

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Wayne Leon Learmond

Say How Do

My love
Say how do
All these gifts
I bring to you.

My love
can't you see?
You mean so much
more to me.

You're like a flower
in the Winter
Soft petals I stroke.

My love
Here am I
I wipe the tears
from you're eyes.

Take, take
what you need
My lady of the winter breeze.

You're love is tender
soft and gentle
and I love you so.

Protect me
from this world.

You are the one
My love's unfurled.

Take, take
what you need
My winter flower
that bares my seed.

Our child will grow
in love and laughter
And her dark hair will flow, ..

Wayne Leon Learmond

School Bully

YOU!
School Bully
You who thinks you're hard.

Picking on that little girl
in the school play-yard.

What you mugging her for now?
Her money?
Are you bored?

You just want to see her hurt
Put her to the sword.

With ciggy in you're hand
You're gangster molls behind you.

Noone will make a stand
Noone will even dare to.

Challenge you're authority
Change the situation.

You are the rule
within that school
With a reputation.

To uphold.

And by God
you're gonna keep it.

You terrorise the teachers
And the knife you keep
a secret.

As a threat
When money dues are due
They are paying for the privelage
that you don't hurt them too.

But now those days are gone
And the years have passed on by.

You're little girl's at school
Tears of pride
are in you're eyes.

But you don't know the agony
that she is going through

When she has a knife

held to her throat
when her money dues are due...

Wayne Leon Learmond

Suicide

Don't ever think of Suicide
Don't let it come to mind
It never solves the mystery
of the life you leave behind.

It never solves the agony
of one pure tortured soul.

What has gone on before
Just continues on a roll.

They say the grass is greener
On the 'Other side'

Will it be any greener
if by you're hand you died?

And the legacy you leave
will be of agony and tears.

Carrying so much pain with you
alone for many years.

As those years become
eternity
It is only then you'll see,

That you're problems
never left you -

You just left you're
family...

Wayne Leon Learmond

Suicide Bomber

He checks his
satchel
trouser pockets.
Mobile phone he puts away.

Brushes back his hair
He has fasted everyday.

Zipping up his jacket
Into the mirror he does stare.

And with a deep conviction
to Allah,
say's a prayer.

Checking on his wallet
Making sure his money's there.

He won't be coming home again
But he does not really care.

And not so far away
A young girl say's a prayer.

Checking on her handbag
Her keys are always there.

Mobile phone in hand
Her boyfriend asks
Is she ready?

They are going
to the pictures
She's just started
going steady.

But then,
as Fate decrees
She would never make that date.

Two paths crossing, silently
With a stranger full of hate.

A fleeting glance
A smile perchance.

They turn away then

NOTHING! ...

Wayne Leon Learmond

Television

Television
is the curse of the nation
Feeding ignorance
from station to station.

Yes.

The Television
Is the curse of the nation
What you're going to watch
is beyond explanation.

Information?

Useless
you bet.

Over thirty channels
and you have not picked one yet.

From
The Television
That stands there
in the corner
Hypnotic regression
of the nation is the order
of

The Television
What have you learned of
yet?

Generations of kids
that still don't know
their alphabet.

They watch
The Television
With murder on their minds
Images of death
portrayed
of every single kind.

On
The Television.

And then we act surprised
When a child commits a murder
before our very eyes.

In a society

That does not sanitise
The only wonder is
that we never realised.

That
The Television.

Feeds off our very brains
Sending out
To all about
Invisible radio waves.

Yes
from
The Television.

None of us are saved
It feeds us ignorance
Keeping everyone as slaves.

Television
is the curse of the nation
Feeding ignorance
from station to station.

Yes

The Television
is the curse of the nation
What you gonna watch
is beyond explanation.

Wayne Leon Learmond

The Devil Wears Denim

The Devil wears Denim
Or so it's been said.

He's updated himself
and got into our heads.

He's on a street corner
Starting a scene.

Smiling beguinly
Keeping it clean.

He always starts the trouble
But he's the Teflon Don.

He's the one who is elusive
He's the number one.

This scrawny gang member
With his brushed-back hair.

Will outstare somebody
if somebody wants to stare.

He's at the forefront
when there is business
to be done.

With his mobile phone
and his little pocket gun.

But it don't matter
where we live in the city.

The Devil wears Denim
And it sure ain't pretty.

Wayne Leon Learmond

The Doll

Upstairs she sits,
within a darkened room.
Upon a shelf,
wide-eyed,
in the gloom.

Listening out,
for the slightest hint.
Patiently waiting.
She begins to blink.

A child is running,
about this house.
Downstairs.
Upstairs.

Roundabout.
She enters within,
the musty-smelling room.
Humming a nursery rhyme.
Humming a tune.

And as her brown eyes
fall,
upon the
doll.

A doll so beautiful -
yet so droll.
Oh, what fun,
she could see.

Playing with her dolly,
while her mummy
and daddy.
Argued - as usual -
in the living room,
downstairs.

Always caught in the middle,
what could be worse?
She will play with this dolly.

They will be good friends.
Friends forever.
Friends till the end.
And as the days and nights,
they went on by.

Her mummy and daddy
ignored her cries,
for attention.

She did not cry anymore.
Playing with her dolly,
as she locked
the bedroom door.

Ring o' ring o' rosies,
they would sing.
From that darkened room,
her parents' never went in.
And then one night,
the dolly whispered:

'Look.
Would you like to stay
with me,
upon that shelf,
amongst the books?

You could be with me,
forever,
Just say the word.
And your mother and father
will never be heard of again.'

And the little girl, said:
'Yes.
I want to stay with you
forever,
upon that dusty shelf.'

So, one night,
while they slept,
in that big old house.

Down that darkened corridor -
as quiet as a mouse.
The dolly did creep,
upon her plastic knees.

Her eyes wide,
glowing,
as the cool night breeze,
flowed over her garments.
Silken and fine.
She thought to herself,
That child will soon
be
mine.

Opening,

slowly,
the bedroom door.
She crept across,
the deep-piled floor.

Making her way,
toward the bed.
Grimace on her face.
Parents', snoring,
off their heads.

Climbed upon the blankets.
Stood over the face,
of the father.

While the child
looked on,
from the
corridor,
where they both
came from.

The pillow came down.
A muffled cry.
He did not take long,
to slip away and die.

And then the mother,
fast to the world.
Suddenly opened her eyes.
But her heart was stilled.

With a look of
shock
and
terror,
upon her face.

Her heart stopped beating,
as that dolly took the place,
of the parents.

Hand-in-hand
from the room,
they walked.
Singing
Ring o' ring o' rosies,
as they talked.

.....

Now upstairs

they sit,
within a darkened room.
Upon a dusty old shelf,
wide-eyed,
in the gloom.

Listening out,
for the slightest hint.
Patiently waiting,
they begin to blink.

A child is running,
about this house.
Downstairs.
Upstairs.
Roundabout...

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Wayne Leon Learmond

The Mists (Of you're Memories)

The fine mists
come rolling over.

And it is a fine
crisp evening
to mull things over.

You are here, again
All alone.

Lost in you're thoughts
as you roam
this desolate park.

It's wide-open spaces
Seem to engulf
you're very being.

As the cry of the Raven
echoes
Carried upon the breeze.

You're feeling

Cold.

Pulling you're coat up
closer to you're neck
You shiver.

And with hands in pockets
quiver with rage.

At the injustice
of it all.

Relationships?
Who needs them?

And, with an empty heart,
you gaze upon the lake.

You are feeling
NOTHING
As the trees begin
to take
a more menacing shape.

The mists come rolling in
from afar.

In a park that held such happy

memories
of things gone by.

And, with head bowed,
you once again,
make you're way.

Back,
through the mists of time
and cry...

Wayne Leon Learmond

The School

She made her way, down the
desolate hall

She was late for school
But with it being winter an' all

Stuck in a traffic jam,
upon the old
school bus

Her teacher would be angry
and would probably make a fuss

She arrived at the gate,
around ten past nine

Walking down
the empty corridor
her shoes, echoing in time

to the beat of her walk
as she hurried along

Panting, out of breath
Telling herself to stay strong

'YOU, THERE GIRL!

YOU'RE LATE!

WHAT TIME DO YOU

CALL THIS! ? '

'I'M SORRY, SIR!
IT WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN! '

But her voice echoed
in the mist
of the school breeze

That had suddenly come along
Engulfing pupil and teacher

Who had played out
the very same song

Everyday for years
within that desolate school

Two spirits joined together
And the teacher he stil

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Wayne Leon Learmond

The Telephone

You know it's going to ring
But what does it care?
Seeing you tormented
pulling at you're hair.

It's lair is the table
Where the thing resides
And if it had an attitude
you should not be surprised.

For the thing likes to tease -
likes to cause you fear
Ringing when you least expect
When there's noone here.

Who would be calling
at that time of night?
For you're a loner
and it's got NO RIGHT.

To ring like that
Scaring you witless
Making you jump
and making you nervous.

These calls you've been getting
in the middle of the night
The silence is deafening
But you're too tired to fight.

When you lift the receiver
When you say hello
You know you're tormentor
and you're tormentor
has to go.

But the thing has become an entity
Battling for you're mind
It rings when you're asleep
Ringing nearly all the time.

It seems to alway sense
when you are all alone
And plays upon you're fear of the
TELEPHONE

Wayne Leon Learmond

The Tramp

Here he lies
On his side
On the ground
amongs the rubbish bins.

The people stare
with uncaring eyes
but he knows what they think.

He goes to town
to try and scrounge
some food -
or a bit of bread.

He has not eaten
for three days
He wishes he was dead.

At seventy- three
Society
Has forgotten this old man.

Who won a war
for British shores.

And a bullet
in his hand...

Wayne Leon Learmond

The Wind's Lullaby

A cool wind is blowing
Across the land tonight.

The stars are shining
brightly.

In the darkness of
Twilight.

The trees are whispering
silently.

The birds,
have taken flight.

And the wind -
she hums - a song of old
And kisses the land goodnight.

Wayne Leon Learmond

Twilight Whispers

Listen, carefully
can you hear?

the twilight whispers
in your ear

The sounds of her darkness
brings you near

makes you wonder
in awe and fear

And fascination
of the starry light

twilight whispers
mysterious sight

Shadows forming
here and there

twilight whispers
in the air

You walk the night
the velvet sky

enthroned with stars
so bright so high

A gleaming array
of Nature's clothing

she disrobes at night
before day is dawning

As the twilight whispers
gently in your ear

embrace her darkness
do not fear

Walk with her
kiss her, sweet

Upon the grass
you place your feet

Listen can you hear
the twilight whispers

As your human lips

come out to kiss her

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Wayne Leon Learmond

Under Attack

Where Under Attack
There's no turning back
The people are scared
the Government's lack
The gangs rule the streets
And drug addicts meet
To get their next fix
of a cocaine treat
The coppers don't care
There's fear in the air
They be turning their faces
to what is out there
Looking over our shoulders
Our life on this earth
could be snuffed in a second
for daring to dare
To stand up to the crap
Stand up to the dirt
Enough is enough
We shall be heard
Bullies in schools
Anarchy rules
Death of our kids
in the classrooms
The flash of the blade
And blood is splayed
Another child victim
Another grave
Another drink-driver
hits the road
And then in his car
he loses control
And hits a man
who is 73
A loss of a life
for a family
A racist attack
Hatred bare
A pointless murder
but who the hell cares
about the guy who can't change
the colour of his skin
The skin that's the blanket
that he was wrapped in
As society breaks
These are high stakes
Fate rolles the die
for the Human Race
Were on the edge
About to fall
and the Government say's:
'There's no panic at all...'

Wayne Leon Learmond

Under The Bed

What if there is
Something there
Under the Bed
or under the stairs
That only comes out
in the dark of the night.
To creep round you're home
after you turn off you're lights.

But childish fears don't persist
When you're 'grown up and 'adult'
So you resist
The temptation to look
Under the Bed
You close you're eyes
and rest you're head.

And think about people
And think about places
And think about times
when you went to the races
And think about happy
and broad-grinned faces
Don't think of the evil
that lies in dark spaces.

You try not to breathe
Holding you're breath
You're alive
But you're feeling like death
You're heart is loud
BANG! BANG!
On you're chest
You're mind is running
Can't get any rest.

And there you see
the sum of you're fears
An old enemy
From you're childhood years.

It's rising,
yet rising
Molding and yet
It's coming to get you
as you try to forget.

The shape that it takes
The form that it makes
In you're room
Now you're face to face
with this inter-dimensional

Demon of Doom
An enemy old
in you're bedroom.

You reach for the lamp
Switch it on
In less then a second
the demon is gone
It withers away
from the light in the room
You've done the thing down
back into the gloom.

But still it awaits
Awaiting and still
Preying on you
and getting it's fill
of you're fear -
of what's Under you're Bed
In the dead of the night
while you're laying you're head.

So, dear reader
It should always be said
That you never look EVER
Under you're Bed.

What entities, there
in the dark you might find
are not always from
an over-active mind...

Wayne Leon Learmond

Under the Shadow of Cathedral High

Sequinned mannequins
giving the eye.

Flashing a leg
beneath darkened skies.

Punters that stop
rarely pass them by.

Under the Shadow
Of Cathedral High.

Junkies and druggies
on corners, stand.

Sharing their needles
giving each other a hand.

Oh, man,
what a way to die.

Under the Shadow of
Cathedral High.

A rape is committed
The scream goes unheard.

A baby is born
on the derelict earth.

And the mother -
she runs off
into the night.

Leaving her baby
'cause the needle
is her light.

And hope is abandoned
from the faces of the few.

Because the love of God
for them
Cannot shine through.

In this place of desolation
their Creator cries.

And His tears
are like the rain
from darkened skies.

'Cause their phobia
for living is within their eyes.

Under the Shadow
of Cathedral High
Oh, man,
what a way to die.

Under the Shadow
of Cathedral High...

Wayne Leon Learmond

What Is Love?

What is Love?
someone once asked me.

Love can make you
Sad or happy.

Love can turn you're world
upside down.

Get you so high
Feet not touching the ground.

Or love can send you
to the deepest lows.

A place - sometimes -
where you don't want to go.

Makes you sick
Not being able to eat.

They are on you're mind
You cannot sleep.

Tossing and turning
the night away.

You wonder what
he/she is doing today?

All in all
I have to say

That Love is a a feeling
you cannot explain away...

Wayne Leon Learmond

Where is God?

Where is God among us?
That is the question
that needs to be asked.

Where is God during the famines
And the murders
of the present and past.

Why does he stay so silent?
Are we all alone?

Are we praying in vain
to nothing?
Why does He not answer
our phone?

With everything going on
around us
Now would be the time
to show.

That You are right behind us
When our cries
are so bitter and low.

God, if you are listening
Then You're wind
does need to blow.

To blow away the cobwebs
of evil
That envelope us so...

Wayne Leon Learmond

Wife Batterer

'What time is it?
5pm
Oh no
He will be home again
Got to get ready
Got to make sure
everywhere's clean
before he opens that door
Is the tea still hot?
If it is not
Can't bare to think
what weapon he got
Will his mood be good?
I'm in such a panic
Calm down, deep breath
Need help from this habit
I want to scream
I want to escape
I am in prison
My life is not great
My make-up is on
But don't feel like a woman
I'm dying inside
My spirit is crushin'
Don't want to feel
like this anymore
OH MY GOD.
HE'S OPENING THE DOOR! '

Wayne Leon Learmond