

Poetry Series

Yor Nella
- poems -

Publication Date:
2012

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Yor Nella()

_i've Shot The Poet

I much prefer your friendship instead
So I have now shot the poet dead.
For his poems went over the top
and he just didn't know when to stop.

I'm just not able to bear to lose
the love and dear friendship of my Muse.
For you are so special to me
and will always inspire poetry.

All of my Muse poems are now listed under the poet name
Erato Mymuse

Yor Nella

4-Poster Bed

There was a large 4-poster bed where we stayed
so we had great fun together as we played
and wondered what it would be like to make love
with a large silky canopy hanging above.

So we came back in the middle of the day
to frolic around and to giggle and play
imaginative games between the covers
as we played together like two young lovers

'Twas great to make passionate love and to share
caressing each other as we both lay there.
In a 4-poster it's great what you can do
when your lovely wife is sharing it with you.

See also 'Creaky bed'

Yor Nella

An Ode To Bond

It all began with a car chase
zooming around all over the place.
Then with the girl jumped into the boat
all others sank but they kept afloat.

Into the plane they both then went.
Got shot down but survived the descent.
Lots of fights and so action packed
much more of fiction than of fact.

Good entertainment it was fun
and as usual the lovely girl was won.
I left with the lovely girl at my side
and returned back home so full of pride.

'He was a great Bond', She said to me
'and I rate him in the topmost three.'
I said 'Dear, on that scale where am I.'
'You're off the scale was her reply.'

Upon hearing this I felt really great.
Then realised that she did not state
exactly where upon that scale she meant.
On the top or bottom of the gradient!

Yor Nella

Be Thou Mine As I Am Thine

Be thou mine as I am thine
Let our love forever shine
and the beauty of your face
in my heart shall take its place
There forever it shall be
shining for eternity.

Yor Nella

Camelot

For one brief moment for both you and me
life was perfect and Camelot came to be.
There love was shown in all its fervency
as the poetry flowed so fast and free.

True feelings came to the surface unsuppressed
as moments of deep passion were expressed.
Things were said and the words can now be read
that so many years ago should have been said.

With sincerity my dear wife I can say
those words came from deep within my soul that day.
Such heights of passion and such depths of woe
as I went to places I thought I'd never go.

Yes they were real, the words that were written
Strong emotions and true love as I was smitten.
The tears and feelings came from deep within me
as I wrote those poems my soul was set free.

Yor Nella

Cater And Allen

Cater and Allen were not paying interest
So transferring the money to Lloyds Rob thought best
But now £100 by mistake to Roy's great disgrace
Has been accidently sent into hyperspace.

The question is will this forever be its fate
Or will it ever be retrieved for Rob's estate.
No doubt the saga will continue to unfold
Until the money returns safely to the fold.

Written after transferring a friends Paypal
Money to a closed account by mistake

Yor Nella

Come Back To Me My Love

My dear, how much I miss
the sweetness of your kiss.
Feeling your lips touch mine
was so wonderfully divine.

Oh, darling of my heart
let us not stay apart
but let's wipe the slate clean
and return to how we'd been.

I don't know what to say
and really rue that day
when I was so unkind
in leaving you behind.

For I'd been so foolish
to cause you such anguish
on that horrible day
when I drove you away.

I'd love to start again
to make up for the pain
and the awful distress
caused by my selfishness.

Come back to me my love
for we can rise above
that which drove us apart
by just following our heart.

So draw close to me my dear
and let me hold you near.
Let passions once more flow
just like we used to know.

Yor Nella

Creaky Bed

Two creaky crocks slept upon a creaky bed
when 'Are you asleep my love? , ' one of them said.
Then rolled over holding him in her embrace
and he lay there gazing upon her lovely face.

They were aroused and passion started to soar
and that old bed began to creak even more.
Creak, creak, creak, the loud creaking rhythm increased
and it only stopped when their love making ceased.

See also 4-poster bed

Yor Nella

Days Of Affluence Have Passed Me By

Living on a shoestring, making ends meet
Providing food and comfort's no mean feat
My days of affluence have passed me by
Slipping even further the more I try

Yor Nella

Dear Postman Take Care

Dear postman take care and do not bend
for this card is sent to my best friend
and it tells using poetry and rhymes
of fond memories and wonderful times.

Yor Nella

Deep Pools Of Love And Mystery

I've been gazing in your eyes recently
such deep pools of love and mystery.
As I look deeper into those sparkling eyes
I see back to the past and remember my surprise

When I first saw the girl who smote my heart
And I said goodbye to Basil and Hello sweetheart
You awoke in me such burning affection.
Changing so completely my life's direction.

As my eyes met yours sweet love was stirred
Who was this beautiful girl that I so admired?
To know you more was my one great desire
And I started a journey so wonderful and bizarre
A lifetime of great adventure.

I see the woman grown from that girl of my dream
A soul mate of such beauty with eyes that gleam
I see the mother of our three girls standing there
A woman so full of love and with so much to share.

From those eyes there comes a special sparkle
Mischief and desire in someone so remarkable
They make my heart rejoice and praise our Lord
Eyes full of love and affection coming from God

Like gateways into your mind they allow me in
To a world in which time beauty of Christ is seen
Blessed to gaze into such pools of love and mystery
The greatest love of my life you will always be
The girl of my great adventure

Yor Nella

Dreaming

Confined to dreams where no harm can be done
in the world of fantasy I have such fun.
Let my imagination run wild
I can be a man or just be a child.

Lost in the realms of this imaginary world
where daring plots become unfurled.
In my sleeping hours so vivid and bright
I have great adventures throughout the night.

Yor Nella

Emotional Roller Coaster

We were celebrating with Paul and Annie today.
'Which outfit is the best? ', I hear you say
'Elegant, my love' I said; 'You look just perfect'
And then we set off not knowing what to expect

We arrived at the church with plenty of time to spare,
you sat with your friends and had fun with them there
You laughed at life's struggles and had a great time
Smiling and joking with everyone, life was just fine

As the evening passed the time came for the cake
'Will they like it', you thought, 'it was difficult to make'
As the cake was given out amongst all the frivolity
'It will be alright', I said confident in your ability

Vicky liked it so much so she pinched another piece
'Lionel would love some too', she said full of mischief
'Where's my piece of cake' Barbara said to me.
As Vicky hid the cake away so that no one could see

You were sitting and chatting when you heard me say
'Where's Tanfield house? ' we can go home that way
For Vicky was determined to give Lionel his meal
And had persuaded Mike to take her as part of the deal

'It would be much better if we take her', I said
Whisked you out of your seat and away we sped
'Don't go down the IDR it will be too busy today'
So towards Madejski stadium we drove on our way

The road was completely choc-a-bloc to our dismay
For Reading were playing football at home that day
'Let's turn back now', you said in deep anguish
But I carried on, wanting to grant Vicky her wish

The car crawled along slower than a snails pace
As nearer and much nearer we came to that place
Tanfield house a home of memories and deep emotion.
For dad had stayed there when you had your operation.

Lionel was so thrilled and Vichy was so glad
I looked at you, my beloved and you were so sad
tears flowing down your cheeks and I felt so bad
'I'm 60' you said 'and I'm still missing my dad'

We walked outside to get a bit of private space.
And I placed my face next to your tearful face
'You cared for your dad as Jesus would have done
I think you have been so lovely to brave it alone'

You had washed dad's feet in such a loving way
It was like washing the feet of Christ that day
We walked back to see Vicky and Lionel together
and took Vicky home feeling at end of our tether

Glad to get home we walked down the path
Jon, Hev and the kids were there and we tried to laugh
'Good to see you', they said unaware of the mayhem
'Luvs you too', we replied glad to be home with them

The evening quickly passed by and Hev went to bed
'I'll take Jon to Goring, you get some rest', I said
and got into the car and went with Jon on our way
As you began your preparations for the next day.

When I got back from Goring you had run a hot bath,
'Can I get in too', I asked and we began to laugh
We both relaxed and were beginning to feel fine
'Time for a foot rub', I said lifting your leg onto mine.

We talked and shared our feelings about the day
Your face lit up and you smiled at me in a loving way
My heart missed a beat at the sparkle in your eye.
'I am my beloveds, and she is mine', was my sigh.

A roller coaster of a day!

Yor Nella

Erato My Muse Of Love Poetry. (Full Version)

Such idealised womanhood portrayed as a goddess
adorned as only a woman could festooned in loveliness.
Wrapped with grace and grandeur her beauty everlasting
her charming shape and splendour all Muses surpassing.

He stood there in the presence of such divinity
seduced by her very essence of femininity.
Mesmerised by her loveliness his soul had no defence
was smitten by her comeliness and her magnificence.

Her body's curvaceous design so wondrously feline
with contours shaped so neat and fine and looking all divine.
Confronted by beauty like this He just could not resist
and succumbed to her world of bliss surrendering to loves kiss

Great passion that should have stayed dead had now just been woken
and words that should not have been said had also been spoken.
The door to love pushed opened wide. Could he now enter in?
To be allowed to go inside and lovemaking begin?

Or will his passion be confined to poetry alone
To dream of their bodies entwined and passions left unknown.
Unrequited love's broken heart would be so hard to bear
He'd been pierced by Erato's dart needing his love to share.

But true love never does run smooth. His approach went all wrong.
For Erato was to disapprove her vehemence so strong.
How could this puny, mortal man woo a lovely goddess
and dare to consider or plan to spoil her loveliness?

So she banished him from her sight and the poet lay dead
for his ability to write had disappeared and fled.
No more words of love were spoken her rebuke pierced him through
unrequited love had broken his tender heart in two

Oh how shall man of woman born approach those heights sublime?
He shall in death forever mourn his Muse of loving rhyme.
For on loves battlefield once more a mortal man was slain
and from his eyes tears of sorrow pour, he cannot bare the pain.

Doomed to live a life in exile, his love he cannot share
though he's been dead a little while life drags so slowly there.
There's no more colour in his world only darkness and gloom
Love like a flower once unfurled will now no longer bloom.

Despondent and lonely he died in his unworthiness
his Erato to woo he had tried, loves ultimate goddess.
Now he would never enfold her in his loving embrace
and he could no more behold her or look upon her face

His heart in great anguish cried, 'Love has forsaken me'
for love rejected and denied caused him such agony.
His all he'd give whate'er the cost to view her loveliness
but there's no hope for all was lost. Ahead such loneliness.

The foolish man a goddess wooed seeking to rise above
this earthly plain and be imbued with dear Erato's love.
So let us learn from his mistake and not aspire so high
but from this earth a lover take lest we too err and die.

All of my Muse poems are now listed under the poet name
Erato Mymuse

Yor Nella

Fare Thee Well, My Lovely Muse, Fare Thee Well

The time has come to cut the cord and let Erato go
'though she has been so lovely and such a pleasure to know.
But now drifting alone in Cyberspace she must remain
where this poor poet is not able to contact her again.

It is time for my lovely Muse and me to part
although it will break this poet's heart.
Thank you for inspiring love's poetry
in a mere mortal man of flesh like me.

You have been such a wonderful treasure
bringing from my soul great rhymes of pleasure.
Lifting each verse to a much higher plane,
to heights that I thought I'd never attain.

My dear Muse, you've been so good to me
allowing me to write my poetry.
But it's now time for me to let you go
and thank you for helping the verses flow.

Though my poems will fade into the past
your affect on me will forever last.
Fare thee well, my lovely Muse, fare thee well.
May other poets of thy beauty tell.

Yor Nella

Fond(Ling) Memories

I awoke at 4: 00 again this morning
Rolled over to your side and began exploring
You had your back to me my love
So I fitted my body to yours just like a glove

Like two pieces of a puzzle made for each other
We fitted so snug and perfectly into one another
My dearest wife without you I'm so incomplete
Alone in a jungle all mixed up and obsolete

I reached out to feel your breasts so near
Then the young boy also awoke in me my dear
and I was reminded of that trip to the Newcastle
We were only eighteen and not very old at all

When I slipped my hand beneath your top
Hoping that you would not tell me to stop
There I fondled your breasts with such glee
Thinking you are the only girl made for me

Our love has survived the past
And much longer may it last.
You still bring out the boy in me
A lovely fond(ling) memory.

Yor Nella

Grow Old With Me

Grow old with me my lovely wife, I pray,
and let's hold hands as we walk through each day
facing together the passage of time
for I'll always be yours and you'll be mine.

You are the very darling of my heart
and I feel so lost when we are apart.
Even when death comes it will never divide
for I know you'll always be at my side

Yor Nella

Happy Mothers' Day

You nursed me carefully in your womb
keeping me warm in that intimate room.
Then you brought me safely into this world
loving me so much as my life unfurled.

Carrying me upon your shoulder
nurturing me as I grew older
Laughing my laughter, crying my tears
Feeling my hurts then you kissed away my fears.

Today is your special day
and I would like to say
Thanks for being my mum
and Happy Mothers' day.

Yor Nella

I Saw My Muse Today

This can't be true, I cried out with delight
as I beheld such a wonderful sight.
For in her beauty before me she stood
glowing with the splendour of womanhood

Yor Nella

I Wanna New One

'I wanna new one cos the old one is broke'
She wasn't talking about the Hi fi but her old bloke
I was a high flyer but now I've run out of dough
and she wants a new one so this old man has to go

Yor Nella

I Was Fifteen When My Heart Was First Smitten

I was fifteen when my heart was first smitten
when into my life the words of love were written.
How the years have flown and my love has grown
and my wonderful wife is still the love of my life.

Yor Nella

I'M A Drifter

I have it in writing and it's been confirmed
It made no difference how much I squirmed
The tests were done and the consultant decided
That I am a drifter and completely misguided.

I make no plans and just drift through life
which causes great stress to my lovely wife
who is a great planner and thinks ahead
and just laughed at what the consultant said.

Yor Nella

I'M In Love With A Wonderful Woman

I'm in love with a wonderful woman
and her name is Dorothy.
For this lovely beautiful woman
Is the only one to me.

There is no other woman like her
She's my darling Dorothy.
My soul mate and loving partner
Who walks through life with me.

Yor Nella

I'M Sure You Are Beautiful So Ebony And Black

I'm sure you are beautiful so ebony and black
But 'twill only cause trouble if I send an email back.
So I will just loose myself in a world of fantasy
and then imagine how a relationship with you would be.

Yor Nella

In That Sweet Moment Our Love Had Begun

Our two hands touched as our warm bodies met
it was a feeling that I'll never forget.
Then as our hearts beat together as one
in that sweet moment our love had begun

Yor Nella

I've Lost My Marbles

I used to have a good memory
but I've forgotten where it's gone.
And some people get so ornery
when I forget and things go wrong.

Getting older is full of problems
and the aging process is unkind.
I lost my marbles and other items
when life moved on and left me behind

Yor Nella

Many Waters Will Not Quench My Love

Many waters will never quench my love
neither will the floods of life overcome it.
From all adversities it will rise above
and all other loves will succumb to it.

Much stronger than death it will never die.
While I live my love will forever be
You'll always be the apple of my eye
and I'll always love you, my dear Dorothy.

Yor Nella

Me, You And The Wardrobe

I hid in the wardrobe thinking this will be great
but my timing was wrong and I left it too late.
My plan of seduction had gone wildly adrift
for when you found me hiding there you got so miffed

Up and down the stairs you went looking everywhere
and did not appreciate me hiding myself there.
I'd got it wrong and spoilt the ambience that day
lovemaking's about timing as well as about play.

Things got even worse when we both got into bed
and it did not help matters by what I had said.
The atmosphere was ruined and try as I might
I was unable to change it or to put things right.

(Written after a disastrous attempt at love making)

Yor Nella

Memories Of Yesteryear

My early days at nursery school
running around and playing the fool.
Getting meningitis and almost dying
and then waking up in the hospital crying.

Eating oranges with ice cream as well
and scrumping for apples down in the dell.
Playing 'knock down ginger' on the door
building camps in the park and so much more.

Vinyl records on the radiogram playing
TV's with black and white films displaying.
Skinny dipping and giving the girls a fright
then sleeping on the river island overnight.

Being sacrificed on the rocks at Stonehenge
then chasing my friend to get my revenge.
Playing cowboys and Indians behind hedgerows
and going to Saturday morning picture shows.

Rag and bone men walking down the road
and the muffin man carrying his tasty load.
Crazy dancing to 'Rock around the clock'
and then playing 'Tellstar' on the duke box.

Sputnik flying around in space so fast
and seeing a man land on the moon at last.
Playing the transistor radio in the park
and listening to pirate stations was a lark.

Ban the bomb marches and Teddy Boy rowers
in their psychedelic socks and drainpipe trousers.
A big knuckle duster and flick knife fight
and the giant street fires on Bonfire night.

A bunch of penny bangers and a jumping jack
and the amnesty when we sent our weapons back.
Then spending a sleepless night in a police cell
with all these memories and many more to tell.

Yor Nella

My Creative Wife

You are very creative and artistic too.
Life is exciting and full of colour to you.
Expert at using a roller for brayering.
Superb at building a picture by layering.

Much preferring card making using decoupage
but can also make a picture into a montage.
Painting using oils is not difficult for you
and you can even produce superb drawings too.

When the kids were very young you showed a great flair
in dressmaking and sewing clothes for them to wear.
Whether making toys or dolls house furniture too
creative activities give pleasure to you.

Yor Nella

My Nest Is Empty, My Fledglings Have Flown

Like little chicks they hid under my wing
and together we used to dance and sing.
It was such fun encouraging them to grow
but the sad day came when they had to go.

My nest is empty, my fledglings have flown
and now I am left here all on my own.
They have grown up independent and free
but I know they'll always be part of me.

Yor Nella

My Poems Were Trapped Until.....

My poems were trapped with their wings tightly curled
until PoemHunter freed them up to fly the world.
Now in cyberspace they can take their place.
to be read and seen on the world wide screen.

Thank you and a Happy New Year to you all

Roy

Yor Nella

My Precious

How precious is my computer to me
it gives me fun and provides great company.
Switched on it helps me to disappear
and in another world to reappear.

To go surfing the net in Cyberspace
and have such fun in that virtual place.
There are dangers, I need to draw the line
with this all demanding computer of mine.

For if I'm not careful it will consume
all of my time and will leave no more room.
But with my wife accompanying me
from all these dangers I will be kept free.

Yor Nella

My Valentine

Now that you are my special Valentine
life is great and everything is fine.
I love you much more than words can say
and wish you happiness on this special day.

Marrying you is the best thing I have done.
With you my love, life is much more fun.
Together we face whatever comes our way
and our love grows stronger each passing day.

Yor Nella

My Wife Is A Good Looker

My wife's a good looker, she can spot anything
No matter how well hidden she'll find the thing
I look in the cupboard unable to see
She comes along and points it out to me

Then like magic it appears before my eyes
I am sure it was hiding there in disguise
She must have X-ray vision like Superman
I don't know why she bothers with this old man.

Yor Nella

Out Of Step With Love

'Didn't Peter do well at school', she said
Again he felt that great feeling of dread
It didn't even enter his mind to ask
He'd been too busy working on his task.

'Did you see my sunflowers? ', she had cried
'No, I didn't see them', he had replied.
Once again he knew he had failed the test
to meet yet another loving request.

Earlier that day he made a mistake
Drank her coffee during the morning break
'That's it', she said, 'This will not do'
'Next time I'll make milky coffee for two'

'You're over reacting', he said to her
but the words went unheard, were just a blur.
Something's not right, It must be me
whatever's causing this I cannot see.

But two days ago we had an affray.
She reacted in an emotional way.
I'd dug the grass and should have left it all
for her to treat instead with chemical.

'You never do what you promise', she said
'I knew I could not rely on what you said'
Oh how can these things ever be resolved?
They're so complicated and involved.

I am so ashamed in having to say
it is what I've done that's made her this way.
Oh, how will I ever earn her trust again?
and cease from causing her such awful pain.

Yor Nella

Postal Greed

There on ebay for the world to see
is what my greed has done to me.
How such avarice a life can mar
is reflected in my half a star.

I'm sorry for the action I forced you take
when I made my great postal mistake.
To err is human and to forgive is divine
I deeply regret this mistake of mine.

So like Zacchaeus of old I return to you
the postage money that you are due.
I've learned a lesson from the Ukraine
and from such practices will now abstain.

Yor Nella

Set Me Free

Do not place me into a little box
shutting the lid with me locked tight inside.
For I will escape from it like an artful fox
bursting out into the world vast and wide

Do not hem me in or try to confine
me to petty ideas of time and space.
For if you do I'll jump across the line
and run away to find a freer place.

'Do not do this and do not do that.'
Set me free so I can now do my thing.
Why don't you stop being a 'Bossy cat? '
and let my spirit just dance and sing

Yor Nella

Slipping Even Further The More I Try

Living on a shoestring, making ends meet
Providing food and comfort's no mean feat
For days of affluence have passed me by
I'm slipping even further the more I try

Yor Nella

Snowflake Ballet

I saw the snowflakes dancing down from the clouds
spreading out like carpets in shiny white shrouds.
Stirred by the wind they were scattering around
all swirling and twirling they fell to the ground.
Each flake unique with a design of its own
twisting and turning wherever it was blown.

Yor Nella

That Blasted Computer

That blasted computer, I hates it so
What he's doing with it I'll never know
Surfing in Cyberspace, he works alone
Leaving me here on earth all on my own

It does our finances with accuracy
But it cannot do them as good as me
And each month we both stare at that bright screen
Why can't things just return to how they'd been

I tried hard to use it, but I forget
which keys that I should press and get upset
I concentrate hard with my shopping
then it loses it all. — I HATE THE THING!

Yor Nella

The Lottery Of Life

His life had just not gone to plan
it should not have worked out this way.
For he was a business man
and invested his hard earned pay.

But fortunes lot had now been cast
It was the nightmare that he feared
Life's a bitch for luck does not last
and his savings just disappeared.

For when the market began to fall
his money went out of the door.
All doom and gloom he'd lost it all
and his poor life fell through the floor.

All penniless and destitute
and unable to make ends meet.
His daughter became a prostitute
parading up and down the street.

Then his son took to petty crime
and breaking and entry tried.
He broke the law to earn a dime,
got caught and was banged up inside.

Taking hard drugs his poor wife tried
popping happy pills through the day.
Then she committed suicide
and a black hearse took her away.

Some win the lottery of life
whilst for others it's just pure hell.
So full of hardship and of strife
and nothing they do turns out well.

Yor Nella

The Mollusc That I Love

When you feel threatened and people yell
you withdraw into the safety of your shell
and then you feel so upset and go all quiet.
Like a mollusc in the garden hiding when hurt.

I am so glad that you're a mollusc and sensitive
and not a Tyrannosaurus Rex so rude and aggressive.
I know that you're a lovely wife of mine who cares.
It's much better than being a dinosaur that scares.

You're a woman that people are very attracted to
so sensitive and so affected by their feelings too.
A loving and caring person who is very complex.
People come up to you but run away from a Rex.

I feel that we all abuse your good nature my dear
and often take your loveliness for granted I fear.
Then we look surprised when you don't give in
and you suddenly retaliate with all guns blazing.

Sometimes you feel like shouting and hitting out
snapping and biting us and even wanting to shout.
Like a Tyrannosaurus Rex when angered and upset
but hold back from doing things you might regret.

'What's wrong with her? ' We say with such surprise
when we make you react like a Rex but don't realise.
'She's not normally like this what can the matter be? '
We take for granted that you will always be so lovely.

You're a mollusc who is married to a Rex I'm afraid.
The irony of it is that is how we have been made
It's an unusual situation I know and can perplex
but my dear, please don't turn into a Tyrannosaurus Rex.

Yor Nella

They Gave Away His Hard Earned Pay

It matters not how much he's got
it's not enough he wants more stuff.
Unsatisfied harder he tried
acting so rash to get more cash.
An awful toll he'd sold his soul
and when he died so unsatisfied
they gave away his hard earned pay.

Yor Nella

To My Mum On Mother's Day

I was conceived within your womb
kept safe within that cosy room.
You held me firm in your embrace
when to this world I showed my face.

I felt so loved and so very blessed
when suckled there upon your breast.
You carried me upon your shoulder
and nurtured me as I grew older.
Laughed my laughter and cried my tears
felt my hurts and kissed away my fears.

Today is your special day
and I would like to say
Thanks for being my mum
and Happy Mother's day.

Yor Nella

Triune Love

Such passion was expressed that day
In the birthplace of our love on holiday
I stood erect in honour and rampant with desire
As I entered the secret door into the woman I admire

I penetrated through depths of passionate desire
Experienced the warmth of true love set on fire
In giving I received and in receiving I gave more.
Triune love was expressed and in all its forms did soar
Eros, file and Agape met and merged as one.
My Spirit sang in tongues, my love song had begun

Deeper and deeper went my soul into your body there
Great depths of love I fathomed as my love I did declare
Such union. such unity. Our souls in complete unison.
love came gushing out as my heart exploded like a gun

Still wanting to love more we sat up together in the bed
I entered again and with love skilled fingers was led
To search for that holy place of orgasms and ecstasy.
and to delight I found that holy place of intimacy.

Like some great firework you shot up to the heights.
Lighting the sky with the brilliant glow of your delights.
Your soul sang with melodious tongues and coos of love
As myriads of loves feelings cascaded down from above.

Satisfied you lay bathing in a wonderful ambience divine
'My God', I lift my praise to you from this soul of mine
'How great You are for lavishing such blessings upon me
And for bestowing such Love upon someone so unworthy'

Triune God. Heavenly Father, Son and Holy Spirit
You came to earth so that we could inherit
and to taste and know such unfathomable love
Unmerited and undeserved blessings from above

Praise You Lord for such sacrifice

Thank you love for yours.

How can I ever repay you? -

Yor Nella

Two In One

I am a man with two lovers in my life.
One is my mistress and the other my wife.
The wonder of it all that makes it such fun.
Is that both these women are combined in one.

For this amazing woman is my best friend
and God's will for us turned out best in the end.
Thank you my dear for being my lovely wife.
and also being the mistress of my life.

Yor Nella

Unforgivable Forgetfulness

The card has been written and the poem's complete.
All was ready for my wife so loving and sweet.
But this silly old man with so little to pack
Left the card behind and it's too late to go back.

What can I say my love? For it's so very sad.
To forget your anniversary card was so bad.
So I have bought a postcard hoping it will do
'til I can give the original card to you.

Yor Nella

Viagra

This old man seeing his youth slipping away
wished to be sexually active today.
Not accepting the aging process of life
and still desiring to make love to his wife

Yet requiring once more to feel and to know
a spontaneous erection primed to go.
Ready for erotic acts of love making
but finding Impotency so heartbreaking.

My manhood reduced to such a small tablet
No wonder I looked upon it as a threat.
It pointed to my sexual inabilities
and my non erectile capabilities.

I mourned the great loss of my youthful vigour
Hoping my 'privates' would rise and get bigger.
Now the choice seems very obvious to me
Viagra will remove my impotency.

I resolved to develop new strategies
to experience again loves melodies.
Using all the art of foreplay and wooing
enjoying my new days of love pursuing.

There anticipating with great ecstasy
and looking forward to the intimacy
of love making with the woman I admire
leading her to the boudoir of my desire.

Then to experience loves passion once more
in bed with the lovely woman I adore.
Caressing and kissing with loves heavy sighs
and to feel you stand erect once more and rise.

Only then would I enter loves secret door
thrusting in deep and its' great treasure explore.
Feeling the warmth and wonderful ecstasy
Then with passion exploding triumphantly.

26th April 2007

It works— loves ardour now completely revived
Youthful vigour returned and is satisfied.
I am no more confined to just fantasy
but can once more know love and its ecstasy

27th April 2007

A poem written when I had come to terms with non erectile dysfunction and decided to see my physician and start taking Viagra. It required my wife and I to adopt a less spontaneous approach to our love making. This took away the 'pressure' on both of us in feeling a responsibility to maintain an erection.

Yor Nella

We Slept Till 9: 00am That Day

We slept till 9: 00am that day
God said 'Slow down and walk my Way'.
'Take time to savour each moment with me
and I'll show you sights you never knew to be'
'Adjust your step to mine', He said
'Learn to walk with me as Enoch did.'

Breakfast was great fun that morning there
the table was loaded with such succulent fare.
Each bite a delight and each moment was divine
laughter begat laughter as your eyes met mine.
Words were spoken in jest as frivolity reigned
eye met eye in love and mirth was not restrained.

'Turn left' you said as we motored from the hotel.
Off on an adventure Warwick Castle was our goal.
We had arrived and the car was eventually parked
the day had begun as on the journey we embarked.

I slowed my pace to yours as we went upon our way.
I'd never done this before, it led to a wonderful day.
It was good to slow down and appreciate finer things
enjoying every moment and the pleasure each one brings.

Such minute elements of time I've never known before.
Saw the trees, the flowers, the birds and so much more.
I even enjoyed the fragrance of each and every moment.
'Something lived in every hue' as on together we went.

I'd sung the words, but never 'seen' the sights before.
Then at the castle we arrived and began to explore.
We did the normal things that people on holiday do
bought the cards and took the photos. Nothing new.

We even sat on a bench drinking tea and eating cake.
This time it felt so different as new senses were awake.
Why was this? I wondered, what made such a difference
and then the answer came that I'd learned more patience.

I'd taken the time to slow my pace to yours. My dear.
Taken time to see how things through your eyes appear.
They were precious moments unexpected by me
sharing with the one I love turned out so lovely to be.

No more the speedboat racing through the day.
No more creating such turmoil as I race away.
Life's too precious to waste so fast and recklessly.
I want to savour each moment together. You and me.

Yor Nella

When The Butterflies Come Out To Play

Whenever it's a very hot and sunny summers' day
and all the lovely 'butterflies' come out to play
then these genes I've inherited become the bane of my life
and I have to control them to remain faithful to my wife.
A pretty woman just walks by and they instantly awake
trying to get me into trouble and to make a mistake.

Yor Nella

Wonderful Dream

I dreamt that my Muse most beautiful
lay with me, her body so wonderful.
And I worshipped my goddess so divine
with acts of love inside her sacred shrine.

Then this man of flesh and earthen clay
entered heaven on that glorious day.
His body and soul were lifted so high
soaring to those unknown realms in the sky.

Yor Nella

Worse Genes Than Levi's

These Allen genes I've inherited are the bane of my life
I have to control them to remain faithful to my wife.
A pretty woman just walks by and they instantly awake
trying to get me into trouble and to make a mistake.

Yor Nella

Young People Are:

The future of our world
Flowers yet unfurled
Boundless energies of life
Potentials for love or strife.

Protégées yet untapped
Diamonds to be unwrapped
Sometimes treated with contempt
Dreams yet to be dreamt

Yor Nella