

Poetry Series

Jim Holmes
- poems -

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Jim Holmes()

A House Of Eight

Born third oldest, in a house of eight,
Where madness played between the calm,
I learned to hone my mischievous ways,
Only to answer, "It wasn't me Mom".

Brother or sister, all were fair game,
Subjected to my impish lobs,
Equally treated, as I took my aim,
Only to answer, "It wasn't me Mom".

We had our fun in youthful play,
Growing together, as families do,
I doled out the mayhem, to lighten the day,
But always to answer, "It wasn't me Mom";

Jim Holmes

A Mother's Love

Your gift of love is a lifelong treasure,
It was given freely with heartfelt pleasure,
A mother's love that could never be measured,
Selflessly shared, which I'll cherish forever,

You kept me safe through my childhood,
You're my unsung hero of all that is good,
I see in you, the strength of motherhood,
As you guided me through, to adulthood,

Your love didn't end when I was grown,
It touched my heart wherever I roamed,
And stayed with me when I left home,
As I raised a family of my own,

Thank you, Mom, for all that you do,
For giving me life and just being you,
For standing beside me as I grew,
I love you Mom, please know this is true.

Jim Holmes

Algonquin

I hear Algonquin call to me,
Deep in the backcountry, I long to be,
Hiking amongst majestic trees,
Lost in nature, wild and free,

Roaming a place of twisted trails,
On rugged paths of rock and shale,
Sighting by chance some flickering tails,
Beneath a sky where eagles sail,

Through dense forests cast in grey,
I hear the sound of singing jays,
They call to me, as the canopy sways,
As I quietly stroll in the light of day,

Amidst the trees and free to roam,
Exploring the wild, far from home,
I long to be out there, on my own,
Surrounded by nature, completely alone.

Jim Holmes

Beyond

All too often, we're afraid to stretch,
Keeping safe, ourselves in check,
Resisting change, to reach beyond,
Living our lives in tiny ponds,

Centre yourself and stand in a place,
Just beyond where you feel safe,
Question your choices and swear an oath,
To challenge yourself to personal growth,

Live yourself a remarkable life,
Keeping clear from conflict and strife,
Seek what you need to be so much more,
Be better than you were, the day before.

Jim Holmes

Carefree Times

I dream about those carefree times,
Of playful days, when in my prime,
I tried my hand at romantic flings,
Didn't much care about serious things,

I grew up when music rocked,
With teenage friends and crazy talk,
I had my fun till the break of dawn,
When days were endless, and nights ran on,

Well, times have changed from then till now,
Those years flew bye, I don't know how,
I find myself chasing future dreams,
Of carefree times ahead, it seems.

Jim Holmes

Common Cold

I arrived at work with a tickling cough,
From where it came, I do not know,
As the day unfolded, I felt a tad off,
Believing that too, would soon run its course,

For lunch, I ordered a headache to go,
With a side of nausea, my stomach engaged,
Full on symptoms, set my nose aglow,
By mid-afternoon, my misery raged,

Around quitting time, I was miserably sore,
It swept thru my body in record speed,
I knew that I couldn't take much more,
I wanted to end it, to die indeed,

Knowing full well I've contracted the plague,
Good health, a dream now, distant and vague,
But soon it shall pass, or so I been told,
Since apparently, I'm suffering from the common cold.

Jim Holmes

Copy Cat

I came face to face with a simple man,
Who offered up a thoughtful scan,
His gentle features were worn well,
But what he wanted? I could not tell,

This aging man with thinning hair,
Imparted such a deliberate stare,
He offered up, no telling sign,
But held my gaze, to my surprise,

I tried to read his quiet eyes,
His steady face of wrinkled lines,
Leaning in, he mimicked me,
I smiled back, but he would not leave,

I met him here, the night before,
We played this game of copy-cat war,
Late in the evening, if memory serves,
Peering back thru the bathroom mirror.

Jim Holmes

Crossroads

I silently sit, and idly watch,
The passage of time on my dashboard clock,
A prisoner of circumstance, I'm utterly annoyed,
Serving time for a sentence, I couldn't avoid,

I shall not leave here, I solemnly fear,
Simply forgotten, I may just disappear,
Unable to advance, or gain any ground,
I suffer in silence as my head starts to pound,

Eons have pasted since, stuck in this hell,
How long will it last? There's no way to tell,
This untimely hiatus may not be brief,
As despair sets I feel the onset of grief,

Desperate for escape, as I look frantically around,
I long to pull free and head homeward bound,
Suddenly I see that the end is in sight,
I take the initiative and prepare to take flight,

With fresh determination I now forge ahead,
Focused on living, I clear my head,
Solemnly I vow to live life to the fullest,
As I run thru the roster of my bucket list,

Thru open gates, I pass this hell bye,
Now it plays on my mind, and I'm wondering why,
As I glance in the mirror, and I step on the gas,
Why hasn't an over-pass been built to let this train pass.

Jim Holmes

Exposed

I write at night,
When the mood strikes,
Spilling my thoughts,
Of dreams and the likes,

Sharing my memories,
In measured tones,
Bearing my soul,
As my mind roams.

Jim Holmes

Faith

Judge not I,
With your evil eye,
For I do my part,
To be pure at heart,

To live my life,
With undue strife,
Doing my best,
To pass his tests,

So, truth be told,
You need not scold,
For I see my way,
With each passing day,

To share his love,
Placing him above,
And follow his lead,
Beyond my petty needs.

Jim Holmes

Happy Boy

A little boy that smiled,
Made my day today,
A friendly little child,
I really have to say,

His mood was so contagious,
As he smirked a friendly smile,
His good nature so outrageous,
I thought I'd stay awhile,

He sat there oh so proud,
That child full of joy,
And I had to laugh out loud,
With that pleasant little boy,

Well I must be on my way,
It's time for me to leave,
I will think of him each day,
I let myself believe,

I'll pass along his charm,
To all that I may greet,
I really see no harm,
To share with all I meet,

So every now and then,
When I'm feeling blue,
I'll look for him again,
Yes, that's just what I may do.

Jim Holmes

Hocking Hills

Up, before the sun I rose,
To wander peaceful campground roads,
I walked among the fireflies,
And marvelled at the star filled sky,

A weary moon leaves its' heavenly perch,
To hide behind the bending birch,
An owl's hoot from the Hemlock forest,
Interrupts the nocturnal chorus,

I watched the sun climb misty hills,
And chase away those nightly chills,
Critters settle that prowl the night,
As morning sounds now take flight,

All is calm as I walk-on,
At this hour of early dawn,
Morning light bathes neighbouring hills,
A new day begins in scenic, Hocking Hills.

Jim Holmes

Honey Bees

Meadows bloom in summer hues,
Flowers ripened with pollen ooze,
Busy bees buzz to-and-fro,
Sipping sweet nectar as they go,

Just beyond the stream that bends,
Above where swaying ferns ascend,
With swollen bellies they cross the fields,
Heavy with their treasured yields,

Back at the hive they do convene,
Guided by their reigning queen,
Surrender now their precious hold,
To be transformed into liquid gold.

Jim Holmes

I Think Of You

I think of you from time to time,
So very proud of my youngest son,
I stood beside you when in my prime,
Watched as you played in the soft morning sun,

One moment a baby, the next off to school,
The time, it's flown by in the blink of an eye,
You were a shy child, but learned to be cool,
Among your friends you were a rather popular guy,

I watched you grow through your teenage years,
My job was to teach you the things that Dad's knew,
But I found it was hard to compete with your peers,
So I stumbled a lot trying to get through,

Right from wrong were the lessons of those days,
The struggles you faced and the choices you made,
I often got stuck in my own stubborn way,
And learning from you, was the price that I paid,

I remember the day I stood there in awe,
As I looked at you son, and realized you're a man,
You smiled right back with that firm little jaw,
And I read in your eyes; 'Dad now I can',

Now you're out on your own,
Facing all life's demands,
My eager young boy, oh how you've grown,
Your future is now in your capable hands,

I watch from a distance seeing all you achieve,
As you follow your heart in pursuit of your dreams,
All you've accomplished, is sometimes hard to perceive,
Up ahead lies your future, no more childish schemes,

You have by your side a very charming young wife,
And when I think of you both, what's not to admire,
Together you'll build such a wonderful life,
A life that others can only wish to aspire,

Now standing before me I see a thriving young man,
And I pray that you live a life filled with joy,
You've come a long way since your life had began,
I'm so very, very proud of my amazing baby boy.

So, continue your journey as time marches on,
I truly believe in the end you'll be just fine,
As each day begins with a brand-new dawn,
And know that I think of you, from time to time.

Jim Holmes

If

If I've planned it, is not designed?

If I've held it, is it not confined?

If I've believed it, is it not true?

If I've borrowed it, is it not due?

If I've considered it, is it not a thought?

If I've looked for it, is it not been sought?

If I've imagined it, is it not a dream?

If I've been excessive, is it not extreme?

If I've touched it, is it not real?

If I've agreed to it, is it not a deal?

If I've listened, is it not been heard?

If I've lived it, has it not occurred?

Jim Holmes

Inheritance

Through the years while buying wood,
I've placed aside the one's I could,
Who's beauty wears upon it's breadth,
And saturates its thickened depth,

They join my cache, my treasured haul,
Of random lengths, against the wall,
I gaze upon them with artistic sight,
Inspiring passion to take flight,

Exquisite lumber with aesthetic grain,
Revered for years, they may remain,
I'll claim a piece with measured skill,
That makes the grade for that special build,

Each board waiting for it's fated use,
To become some art, I may produce,
As my pile grows, each calendar year,
It weighs upon me, a silent fear,

A few figured beauties, I stand in awe,
Will never meet my trusty saw,
They will of course, when my time comes,
Be inherited by my two puzzled sons.

Jim Holmes

Inner Struggle

I look away when I'm afraid,
Turn the cheek when I'm betrayed,
I hold it in when anger swells,
Trapped inside my self-imposed hell,

I hide away my hidden fears,
And wipe away departed tears,
I need to calm my anguished self,
And set my sorrows on a shelf,

The time has come to rise and fight,
To take a stand and set things right,
Cast away my dreadful doubts,
To find a way to let it out.

Jim Holmes

Insomnia

I lay in bed, at this midnight hour,
Slowing my breathing, to a deliberate count,
Calming my minds restless power,
But with little effect, as I recount,

I rise from my restless bed,
And pace the floors of muted halls,
My practiced attempt to settle a racing head,
While I walk in the shadows of familiar walls,

When slumber escapes me, and dreamland is far,
And hours click bye with no end in sight,
I head to my shop for some R & R,
It's my fortress of solitude on sleepless nights.

Jim Holmes

Kingscote Lake

I put afloat on Kingscote Lake,
And glided through the gentle wake,
Carried forth by my trusty oar,
To search for camp on it's western shore,

Up in the channel where it narrows so slight,
I put ashore and claimed my site,
A fantastic place to disembark,
And gaze upon this majestic park,

Sunshine rained upon my skin,
As I made camp and settled in,
I must toil on before I tire,
Gathering wood to build a fire,

Deep in the backcountry, quite surreal,
I sat and savoured a simple meal,
Scanning the horizon above the trees,
Consumed by the beauty in all that I see,

Waves splashing upon ivory sand,
A time for resting is now at hand,
Evening approaches at it's leisurely gait,
Stillness surrounds me as the hour grows late,

Campfire glows like a soft dim lamp,
As darkness steals into camp,
Flames reach up to touch the night,
While shadows dance in eerie light,

Just beyond the place I sit,
Outside my campsite that is lit,
Nocturnal creatures roam about,
Off in the distance wolves call out,

Drenched in moonlight I decide to turn in,
Wrapped in my bedroll up to my chin,
I drift away in an easy sleep,
Safe in my slumber ever so deep,

Wide awake at first morning light,
Sipping coffee as the sun takes flight,
I start to stir and get underway,
Intent on fishing the day away,

I set upon the pristine water,
To catch my limit before the day grows hotter,
Fishing for hours, my canoe slowly drifts,
Northward along the sheer granite cliffs,

It's time to go home now,
But I solemnly vow,
I'll revisit this tranquil place,
As I leave behind not a single trace.

Jim Holmes

Magnetawan Lake

I head out on Magnetawan Lake,
Into the stillness, at a leisurely gait,
Paddling with purpose, steadily and slow,
Slipping into the wild, the further I row,

Out o my own, I leave the world behind,
To strike my camp and escape for a time,
I'll stay for awhile, at least a few nights,
Pitching my tent on my favorite site,

Days waste away in warm summers light,
Bobbing loons, dive out of sight,
Fishing below the shimmering lake,
They pop to the surface then ride the wake,

Off in the distance a couple paddles bye,
Under the cover of clear turquoise skies,
I gesture a wave as they go on their way,
Disappearing in the glare of the day,

Waves gently pull at the smooth rocky edge,
Coming to rest against the worn weathered ledge,
Eagles glide silently, majestic and free,
Climbing to hunt above hardwood trees,

I skip a pebble across the clear lake,
Then watch as the ripples dissipate,
I feel at peace out here all alone,
Out on Magnetawan, many miles from home.

Jim Holmes

My Super Power

I use to think that I could fly,
Far across the open sky,
Up above the buildings tops,
Past the fields laced with crops,

I use to think that I could swim,
Down deep in oceans on a whim,
Into the sea I would go,
Holding my breath for an hour or so,

I use to think I could bend steel,
My imagination made it real,
I'd lift a train up in the air,
For no other reason but a dare,

Now I'm older and at last,
I think differently then in the past,
My super abilities no longer exist,
All are lost but, one persists,

I can clear a room with one small blast,
Also known as passing gas,
A power I've mastered over the years,
I can even bring Superman to tears.

Jim Holmes

My Uncle Jack

I loved to fish with my Uncle Jack,
Finding fish he had the knack,
We'd often cast into the bay,
And talked of nothing for most of the day,

It was a passion that we shared alike,
Finding that spot where fish would strike,
To reach that place was sometimes a hike,
Out past the meadow up over the ridge,
Down near the maple next to the bridge,

He out-fished me every time,
That gift he had was so sublime,
We cast our lines as the sun would climb,
Into the evening when feeding was prime,
We would chat softly and quietly wait,
For that trophy fish to attack our bait,

He was the perfect fishing host,
Offering advice but never boast,
As we fished along that coast,
I miss his company, I find the most,
Our time together, brought us close,
Now that he's gone, I drift on back,
To times spent fishing with my Uncle Jack.

Jim Holmes

One's Journey

Trust in yourself, right from the start,
Pursue those ambitions, you've dreamed about,
Stay true to yourself and follow your heart,
Place faith in your choices and sweep away doubt,

Design with precision, your personal plan,
And embark on this journey, to seize your goals,
Respect this voyage as best you can,
Believe in yourself, it will free your soul.

Jim Holmes

Pandora; The Milking Goat

When sis was little, about the age of ten,
She pleaded with Dad for a pet baby goat,
We lived in the country so he built a pen,
For a little kid goat with a soft velvet coat,

She named it "Pandora, the Dancing Queen",
She gave it fresh water and oats to eat,
It was hers to tend to and keep clean,
Faithfully she loved it, her world was complete,

Pandora grew throughout that year,
Sis was happy with her sweet precious pet,
Then came that day when she was struck with tears,
My sad little sis with sad eyes, swollen and wet,

For weeks she'd tried milking her little pet goat,
As time went on her frustration grew,
I remember my Dad calmly saying, and I'll quote,
"Honey, Pandora should have been called Marvin or Drew".

Jim Holmes

Poet

If I was a poet I'd write from the heart,
Expelling my feelings, both sorrows and joys,
With a stroke of my pen like a fine piece of art,
I'd sketch out my thoughts for all to enjoy,

The words would rush from my scribbling hand,
Presenting themselves as I start to converse,
Conforming to will under my watchful command,
As they dress as rhymes in symmetrical verse,

I'd write with such charm and inspiring wit,
Jotting down narratives in elegant form,
Stretching the truth where my honour permits,
Until tinkering with lyrics becomes the norm,

Placing pen to paper would illicit a smile,
As I offer up memories I'm willing to share,
From deep within me with remarkable style,
Flows poetic imagery with unbridled flair,

I'd pen such a tribute of the things that I've seen,
And the people I've met along the way,
I'd capture the details of the places I've been,
Recounting fond moments and events of the day,

I'd be a teller of tales as the stories unfold,
Arranging my thoughts to present them to you,
In the form of a poem to be shared and retold,
If I had that talent, that's just what I'd do.

Jim Holmes

Puppy Love

I love my wiener dogs,
Adorable little hotdogs,
Jesse is three months older,
But Checkers is so much bolder,

They're partners in crime,
Most of the time,
They're playful little felons,
Up to what, there's just no tellin',

If I give them some space,
They will rule the place,
Those rowdy little hounds,
Especially if Mom is not around,

So eager to please,
For that tasty piece of cheese,
Give them something to chew,
And they will preform a trick or two,

It brightens my day,
To watch them play,
As they frolic to and fro,
My two little buddies under toe,

But when they settle down,
They always come around,
To curl up in my lap,
And have a little nap,

They are awesome little guys,
Willing do anything for a prize,
Truly gifts from above,
Now this is puppy-love.

Jim Holmes

Star Walker

I walk among the stars at night,
Wreaking havoc on peaceful nights,
Sending stars on their cosmic flight,
Painting the heavens with celestial light,

I wandered at a deliberate gait,
Well past the Nebula Strait,
Where supernovas dissipate,
Just shy of heaven's gate,

I find myself lost in space,
Asteroids shoot bye in an unending race,
Heading deep into outer space,
A little unnerved, I quicken my pace,

I stroll beyond the Milky Way,
Way out past Andromeda's Array,
Out to a place where light decays,
Stopping short of the end of days.

Jim Holmes

Stubborn Dog

My Dachshund, is a tough little nut,
A most pretentious frustrating mutt,
Determined by nature to disobey,
Showing disinterest in all that I say,

Stubborn, self-centred runt of a dog,
Oh, he's an obstinate scrub of a log,
Intentionally going out of his way,
Ignoring every request as he walks away,

Compelled to do things in his own sweet time,
As if to give in, would be the ultimate crime,
He just can't be rushed that's abundantly clear,
So we dance this dance year after year,

With steady temperament he doles out resistance,
Entrenched in battle with unwavering persistence,
He's mastered defiance with dedicated skill,
Truly expecting me to bend to his will,

Cleverly he plans out his petty mutiny,
Advancing his cause at each opportunity,
Pursuing his goal to do as he pleases,
Triumphantly smug with the wins that he seizes,

So he plays out his moves to keep me at bay,
Tenaciously setting his terms each day,
He studies me closely, then makes his next move,
Passively demonstrating that he does not approve,

This dwarfish unyielding, miniature brute,
Continually at odds and locked in dispute,
Forever marching to his own special beat,
Taking pleasure in my anguished defeat,

Please don't get me wrong, and misunderstand,
Though he digs in and takes his selfish stand,
Forever butting heads in our daily tug of war,
I love him completely, he's absolutely adored.

Jim Holmes

Summer Storm

Nasty, vile, reckless storm,
Summer's day suddenly transforms,
Striking lightening abruptly cracks,
As angry clouds go on the attack,

Caught in the open, within it's path,
I suffer through an icy bath,
Soaked to the bone and freezing cold,
I'm homeward bound as it's wrath unfolds,

It's vengeful temper rages on,
Hurling hail across the lawn,
But at last, I'm safe inside,
Waiting till the worst subsides,

Howling it sweeps on through town,
Losing strength as it settles down,
Bluer skies now press for reform,
Crowding out the unwelcome storm,

As quieter skies commence to clear,
A brilliant rainbow bids its premiere,
When finally heavens waters wane,
A summer's day is calm again.

Jim Holmes

Tea Table

We were furniture makers, one fine winter's day,
Committed to build a small table for tea,
Lumber selected and promptly squared away,
Hand-picked boards from a black walnut tree,

Walnut chosen for it's warm gentle grain,
Burnt umber hues ran down to it's core,
Dark curly ribbons slipped thru the plane,
Thin coloured shavings tumbled to the floor,

With timber milled straight, square and true,
Components etched out with fresh pencil lead,
Carefully cutting along graphite lines drew,
Our parts slowly appear as material is shed,

Mortise cut deep in solid walnut blanks,
As we carved with care in treasured stock,
Whittling away at those hardwood planks,
Our pieces took shape, while we casually talk,

Rasps drawn across gentle contour curves,
Toning and shaping slender graceful limbs,
As four cabriole legs slowly emerge,
With slipper feet sculpted, finished and trim,

We turned our attention to dressing the rails,
Carving a bead along it's bare bold face,
Edges rounded over completes this reveal,
An intimate abrasion that simply adds grace,

Trial assembly is where patience prevails,
Refining smooth faces to align them just right,
Burnished legs fitted to dark custom rails,
Finessing each joint until they fit clean and tight,

Held tight in the bench-vise, in my warm cozy shop,
A thick walnut plank, dark, rugged and crude,
Re-sawed in thickness for the book-matched top,
Edges planed true then it's fitted and glued,

Tapered crown moulding was next to prepare,
Fashioned by hand from a single long board,
Scrapers were used to achieve concave flares,
Symmetrical curved lines, a pleasing reward,

Assembly began the very next day,
Mitred joints glued and clamped firmly tight,
Soft damp clothes wiped squeeze out away,
Then we set it aside to cure overnight,

Finishing with Tung oil, rubbing as it flows,
Carefully we polish our precious masterpiece,
Richly enhancing those warm umber tones,
Protecting for years this small furniture piece,

This hand-crafted table now resides in your home,
Built from the wood of that fine walnut tree,
If you're sitting quietly sipping tea all alone,
Think of the time spent building it with me.

Jim Holmes

That Special Song

A song will play and spur me on,
To ponder thoughts of days foregone,
I listen closely as they rush by,
It brings back times that have gone bye,

I herald memories of a past lone gone,
Stirred by lyrics as tunes play on,
Of parties held on long weekends,
And hanging out with crazy friends,

Youthful days, that's where I'm drawn,
To football games on neighbour's lawns,
And high school dances, as I reminisce,
About summer nights and my first kiss,

I visit moments of accomplished days,
As the music flows my mind will stray,
To drinking games and too much beer,
And Christmas mornings of yesteryears,

People around me, are unaware,
I've left them now and been taken there,
Back to the past, I've been swept away,
Lost in memories as the soundtrack plays,

I hear the words of that special song,
And hatch a plan as it plays on,
To leave the present but once again,
Until such time as the music ends.

Jim Holmes

The Forest Dance

A gathering is forming deep in the woods,
Up past the bluff where the sycamore stood,
Critters have travelled from miles away,
To join in activities of a fine festive day,

They gather under the grand old oak,
Locals chattering with neighbouring folks,
Possum wakes from a mid-day snooze,
Listens to gossip and village news,

Apparently, beaver is a proud new father,
Three cubby boys and a bright-eyed daughter,
Gopher and rabbit stand cheek to cheek,
Out in the open since fox is asleep,

The reigning owl sits high in her perch,
Surveying her kingdom from her majestic birch,
Clearing her throat she begins her address,
Welcoming townsfolk and their honoured quests,

Salutations are given and curtsies bestowed,
Excitement is growing for the upcoming show,
As a warm reckless wind pulls at the trees,
Careless plucking the colourful leaves,

Harassing branches until the canopy thins,
Scattered upon a promiscuous wind,
Twirling on currents till they gently touch down,
Adding colour to the psychedelic ground,

A crimson carpet now decorates this space,
Cloaking the floor of this festive place,
A cheerful melody floats on the lake,
Carried across the resonant wake,

Bantering in treetops draws to a close,
As musical rhythms methodically flow,
Tones set adrift on the soft gentle breeze,
Ascending up through broad swaying trees,

Curious spectators settle in and prepare,
As scampering squirrels divide up in pairs,
Evenly matched they take up their stance,
And begin their glide in a high-wire dance,

Arm in arm they fly through the air,
Dancing on limbs with embellishing flare,
Completely enthralled in their magical waltz,
Swept along by the quick temporal pulse,

Spinning each other as they twirl toe to toe,
Totally captivating the audience below,
Glance to the trees as you wander alone,
Deep in the woods and far from home,

Listen for music as you venture about,
Strolling along on your chosen route,
Perk up your ears and focus your sight,
You maybe treated to this acrobatic delight.

Jim Holmes

The Harvest

An elderly maple stands its ground,
Out beyond the quiet town,
Dressed in fall colours of autumn tones,
It sways in the breeze all alone,

A century and a half has left its mark,
Carving scars upon it's age old bark,
Weather worn by endless years,
It's heavy limbs, the cross it bares,

The time has come for it to pass,
To leave behind it's treasured mass,
Lumber culled from this fallen tree,
Will bring to life an heirloom piece.

Jim Holmes

The Invasion

Full-on incursion, that pressed forth in waves,
Obedient soldiers, confident and brave,
Marching with purpose, without any fear,
To take what is due, that's abundantly clear,

In horror, I watch as they steadily encroach,
Crossing my lawn, they systematically approach,
Moving as one, as they've trained to do,
An unstoppable force, once on the move,

Looking upon them with an unsettling gaze,
Completely alone facing this imminent threat,
I consider my options and silently pray,
Imagining the worst, the closer they get,

Mustering my courage, I prepare for the assault,
Knowing full well, that I'm truly at fault,
For I dropped those crumbs that lay at my feet,
Inviting these ants to stop by and feast.

Jim Holmes

Travelling Man

I visit places I haven't known,
Crossing borders as I roam,
Pursuing instincts from within,
Beyond the fences that hold men in,

Walking through the day and night,
Stopping only, to see the sights,
Covering great distances as I climb,
I may be gone for quite some time.

Jim Holmes

Walk About

One late day in May, he took to the woods,
On a solo adventure close to his heart,
A seven-day trek, just to see if he could,
Hike the La Coche Trail in Killarney Park,

Along blazed trails that sometimes-left doubts,
He strolled among giants, as he pushed on alone,
Beneath swaying trees, along peaceful routes,
He wandered footpaths of the great unknown,

For forty-eight hours, he passed not a soul,
Resting at places that interested him most,
Awed by the wilderness that's beyond one's control,
His only companion were the thoughts he held close,

Walking in solitude he explored many sights
Covering great distances, in the forest so deep,
His adventure continued until the onset of night,
When he'd set down his pack and fall fast to sleep,

He faced this daily challenge of stamina and sweat,
That tested his endurance and measured his worth,
A remarkable journey, he won't soon forget,
When he took to the woods to walk alone on this Earth.

Jim Holmes

War

Under pretense of bugle calls,
We march to battle in deadly brawls,
Spilling blood, we can't afford,
Hatred reigns, when truces ignored,

Stepping on our peace accords,
Wield high our battle swords,
Fill hearts with bitter frost,
Kill those men, as borders crossed,

Raging against selected foes,
Dressed in armoured waring clothes,
Weigh carefully, what is lost,
Measure out, the painful cost,

War is the anger that tempers all,
When bodies lie where they fall,
Lay down your sword, and you will see,
The thing at risk, is our humanity.

Jim Holmes

Why

I paused to pondered a particular thought,
That tested truths that were woefully taught,
I laid aside my methodical tasks,
To challenge myself with questions asked,

Does my life serve a purpose beyond what I see?
Will the path that I've chosen enlighten me?
Am I here for a reason that I'm not quite aware?
Do I truly matter? I ask in my prayer,

Learning from others I may pass on my way,
Down life's highway till that inevitable day,
Searching for answers as the days pass by,
Will I like who I am? As I lay down to die.

Jim Holmes

Younger Years

I dreamed a dream of simple things,
Of times gone by, my younger years,
I played the games of heroic kings,
Heard the chants of playful cheers,

Spent time chasing boyhood goals,
Explored imaginary kingdoms of sorts,
Marched along on leisurely strolls,
Hiding out in homemade forts,

Those were the days of joyful themes,
Which filled my head with youthful deeds,
While acting out adventurous dreams,
Until the light of day recedes.

Jim Holmes