

Poetry Series

JJ Evendon
- poems -

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JJ Evendon(31 May 1949)

Writing is my creative way of expressing whats on my mind and in my heart. I am no poet but just someone who likes occasionally to sit and express those feelings.

37 Degrees

I left school at 15 ½

The only degree I have is 37.

I am no different from any other human on this point.

A few more and I will be ill

A few less I may be dead.

I am delighted.

JJ Evendon

50 Years

50 years have passed
since you came to be born.

50 years to learn of life's treasures
that brought you wisdom and beauty.

50 years that saw joy over adversity
that made you the wonderful special person you are.

I say: "Happy birthday"
May this be true for many years to come!

JJ Evendon

A Breakfast Affair

I'm a jar of Greengage Jam
and I'm upset because of a remark made by a man.
He's tall, good looking and funny
and one day he said 'I love the taste of sweet honey'.
Well that, for me, is not what I expected to hear.
Not when only this morning he called me 'dear'.
We would always meet for breakfast at around 8
and before he picks me up and spreads me on his plate
he'd carefully pop my top off and look inside and say 'wow you do look yummy'
and take a mouthful with a spoon that quickly disappears in his tummy.
With a smile he'd then put me on his shoulder so he could hear
these loving words - 'thank you my dear'.
But this time, before he could put me down to finish his tea,
I shouted loudly, 'Marry Me, Marry Me'
To which he promptly and calmly replied, 'let's talk about it later'.
And quickly put me back in the refrigerator.
Now I'm just another pot of jam left in the dark and cold,
somewhere deep at the back alongside an out-of-date cheese with lots of mould.

JJ Evendon

A Dark Creature

In my shadow of darkness
I wander a gloomy world.
There is light at the end of a long tunnel
but I cannot go there
I dare not go there.
For if I did, I would cease to exist
becoming instantly extinguished.
My place is here.
I see no one and no one sees me
hear cries like tortured animals.
Without this, life is all but dead.
But I am alive
I will survive
future beckons...

JJ Evendon

A Dark Time

I cannot be myself
for my days are interrupted
by sweeping darkness -
for a reason I have yet to understand.

A time void.

I feel suspended,
floating, set in a never-land.
Unable to draw a conclusion.

My voice is silent -
as are all other makers of sound.
I feel only the rhythm of passing time
pulsing in my ears.

I see nothing through my veil
pretending, perhaps, life matters not on either side.
I want to cry out: "Where is this light, the light that shines, but never for
me?"

Suddenly holes appear,
darkness peppered with fingers of light
tearing through like bullets,
they stand and wave like charmed snakes.

Though my light has returned
I feel even more confused.
For there is not just one beam, but many.
Too much strangeness questions the existence of reality.
Maybe darkness has its rewards after all.

JJ Evendon

A Fox's Winter's Tail

I am the cunning Fox – Renard is my name
I roam around Bockmer looking for game.
Rabbits, guinea pigs and chickens will do,
and my favourite meal is a duck or two.
Then one day I saw three lovely ones all in one go,
standing on their pond and deep in the snow.
I thought, that evening, a duck for dinner would be nice.
It'd make a change from eating squealing rats or mice.
So around midnight I planned my attack,
to creep slowly around the back.
I cleaned my teeth, I licked my lips and brushed my tail.
I knew my plan was watertight and therefore could not fail.
It was cold and the snow so thick
as I set off to carry out my dastardly trick.
The moon was full, bright and clear,
and as I approached cautiously from the duck house quacking I could hear.
I had to get close, I had to peek and see
which one of these lovely birds would fill my hungry tummy
I was nearly there- whiskers away so to speak -
when the floor gave way a tremendous creak.
I held my breath and closed my eyes
hoping nothing was heard from those inside.
Three beautiful ducks asleep, gorgeous, fat and ready for taking.
Never, never again would they be waking.
I should have listened, I should have waited
and prepared to strike with my heart beat much accelerated.
I wriggled my hips, I wriggled my bottom
and the creaking sound was soon forgotten.
Just then one of these beauties woke up and saw me about to attack,
opened its beak and made a most frightening loud 'quack'.
Everyone jumped – not least me.
The next thing I knew I was hanging from a tree.
I gritted my teeth and started to pray
then heard the faint sound of the branch slowly give way.
it's funny how life flashes in front of your eyes,
knowing that soon you may be about to die.
With an almighty crack the branch broke and I was no longer dangling in the
breeze.
'Oh no' I said, and gave the branch a tighter squeeze.

Too late, I was tumbling and turning; I closed my eyes, I held my breath,
waiting for the inevitable, waiting for death.
Then suddenly I found myself wrapped in something soft and warm that smelt so
foul.
I opened my eyes, I had landed in – guess what – an enormous deposit of cow.
Now we foxes are known to be silky, red and clean.
Not like some movie monster whose looks are sometimes quite frightening and
obscene.
So to save my coat and my pride as well,
I ran quickly as if being chased by the hounds from hell
Back to my den to wash away this awful smell
and remove all the muck from my large bushy tail.
The path was clear and ice reflected the moonlight and snow.
As I ran across, what I thought was, an empty road.
What happened happened next was all too fast.
I knew that my luck was never going to last.
All I can remember a split second before the lights went out
was a woman driving a car open-mouthed about to shout.
I heard the skidding of tyres on the snow
as it swerved to avoid me not knowing which way to go.
First left, then right, its headlights piercing through the night,
capturing me frozen, my eyes wide with fright.
I just couldn't move, stuck it would appear, to the road.
It was then that I had visions of being squashed like a big fat toad.
But luck had yet to play her hand of fate
as I found myself running with a car right behind me through a gate.
Bouncing here, bouncing there before it hit me and sending me up in the air.
The driver, still with mouth open, her eyes in a frightened stare.
Only then did I notice something missing that caused me to go pale.
For now I am a fox missing its big bushy red tail – 'oh hell'
I have never had to endure so much shame,
sitting in my den quietly and in so much pain.
The ducks of Bockmer are happy as can be
knowing they got the last laugh and a piece of me.
It now sadly flutters high above their house for all to see.
For my tail is a warning to fiends and foxes alike
that if you mess with them they'll likely give you a very nasty bite.

JJ Evendon

A Hearty Wish

In every heart there beats a wish
a solitary wish
one that cannot be summoned
neither in the present
nor in the future.

A time outside ours
that is governed by fate
and executed by chance.

If I could define my wish
it would be:

one of virtue

one of love

one of patience

and inscribed with one name:

Yours.

JJ Evendon

A Lady In A Long Black Dress

A lady stands with her back to me,
wearing nothing but a long black dress that's loose and free.
Her hair, golden, is rich and slightly curled,
her slim beautiful neck decorated only with a string of south sea pearls.
Sparkles flash from diamonds hanging from each lobe
underlines her elegance, so personified, from head to toe.
If beauty could be measured by the number of stars
our galaxy would be the brightest in the universe by far.
It is as if an angel has been placed in front for only me to see,
captured my heart and taken everything that's true to me.
A joyous rapture that sets bells ringing across an endless void,
where I'm lifted to a place that's somewhere way above this world.
How can beauty speak so powerfully when nothing is said?
like a heart which is always painted in crimson red.
On stage, a band slowly enters and begins to assemble,
and takes position next to a large electric piano.
As the first few notes begin softly to be heard,
it then becomes a crescendo that drowns all but the loudest of words.
Suddenly the rasp from a single saxophone punches out a soulful tune,
that draws couples to the centre of the dance room.
It is as if something happened and I'm not in control
for I find myself dancing with her to the sounds of rock & roll.
I can't help feel she wants to fly and turn in my arms
even taking in a waltz from Strauss or maybe Brahms.
I've become her marionette and she has become mine
for she dances beautifully and in perfect time.
Her long black dress moves like coffee and cream
swirling beautifully with her body in perfect harmony.
Her high heels seem sculptured on her feet
as they move with mine briskly across the floor to sounds of the beat.
We danced until the band played their very last note,
applaud, looked at each other, and then she spoke
'I enjoyed this evening, I enjoyed the dance,
even more, it was fate that brought us together, not chance'.
We looked at each other and we smiled, for love was written there
then she faded suddenly and disappeared mysteriously into thin air.
Now alone, I'm left holding a fragrance that was once her hand
for she has gone, like the music, like the band.
On this day I must have danced with an angel from above.

An angel who wanted to dance one last time and fall in love.
For she will always be there for me, somewhere,
dancing with my shadow in her long black dress and golden hair.

JJ Evendon

A Long Dark Knight

The ferocity of wind mixed with lashing rain,
pelts noisily against the large sash window pane.
A tree blows over, makes an awful crashing sound.
Hailstones, the size of cherries, pepper the well sodden ground.
It's late, I'm tired, so go upstairs to bed, away from the noise and cold.
The heating's broken, so take another blanket that I then unfold.

Just finished reading a book 'The Devil's Soul',
a dark story about the spirit underworld.
Where the dead, whose rising mortal souls they seek,
have hunger only satisfied by exploiting the living weak.
Sleep now turned dream, I'm falling down a long dark slide,
I try to stop, but feel my hands are bound and tied.
The sides are too slippery, and wet to grasp.
I am tumbling backwards and forwards, far too fast.

Lost in a mazed tunnel, somewhere beyond reason or depth,
a pungent smell rises, hits me and takes away my breath.
I try, but cannot escape the horror, witnessed in front of my face -
for what I see, are not creatures from our Earthly race.

I'm in a world where nightmares are made with red-hot spice.
Mixed by monsters, whose long claws and sharp teeth love to suck and bite.
For here, sustenance is administered through an infusion of pain,
which feeds our unconscious, to set mind against brain.

Where the living are the dead, and the dead are the living,
a dark existence that's always there and not forgiving.
Dreams are not windows to a person's soul
unlike nightmares where that is its prized goal.

Through life's history many horrors have been seen and told
but not one can match the mighty power of the silver sword.
A weapon that is both revered and feared alike
found raised high, like Excalibur in my right hand, now held tight.
Wielding it back and forth cutting off limbs and heads
mutilated bodies piled high of all those which have fallen, now lay dead.
My blade coloured crimson through slicing flesh, sinew and bone,
for these creatures, no mercy would ever be shown.

Suddenly I hear a sound far above the tortuous cries
drawing me to the light of the early morning sunrise.
The storm that once ferociously blew has now gone
and I find myself awake and wrapped in my lover's arms.
Though this nightmare gave me quite a stir
my perfect dream would forever be, one that is always of her.

JJ Evendon

A Lover's Rose

They lived in hope - alas no more,
for petals that once were a rose, now lay scattered on the floor.
It was a lover's gift, pink like her skin, soft and pure,
with a delicate hint of fragrance that's unmistakably Christian Dior
It had been placed with pride and admired near her bedroom window,
always seen in light and never in shadow.
But slowly, the love that once was, faded like that of the rose,
unable to unwind time, unable to transpose.
Eventually it all came to a predicable end,
leaving an empty vase with just a single dried stem.

JJ Evendon

A Loving Dish

What did I do wrong?
for the feelings we had were strong.
We always enjoyed each other's company and my cooking too.
I was pretty good at salads - even if the leaves were hard to chew.
I may not know one pan from another,
but I do know when it comes to love, it's you and no other.
So let me finish by saying this:
If love be the food of life, you'd be my favourite dish!

JJ Evendon

A Loving Man

If your friend lets you down
and a true love can't be found,
till the blue skies come around
I'll be sitting right by your side.
So journey far and fly safe,
enjoy this world for it's a strange place
keep that smile upon your face
for when it is not I'll be right by your side.
Though there may be oceans between us now
I think about you every now and again.
No, don't forget me, now that we're apart,
just open up that great big loving heart.
Take your time to embrace romance
and teach your daughter how to sing and dance.
Love may hurt but sometimes it's worth the chance,
If not, I'll be right by your side.
I hear your laughter and cries too,
all these things I miss of you.
I wasn't perfect - this I would admit,
always trying to make the pieces fit.
Don't ask me now that the time has set
for I've loved you since the moment we first met.
So many times we have laughed and cried.
Knowing you has filled my heart with pride.
You'll always be a part of me.

JJ Evendon

A Matter Of Time

It's only a matter of time,
only a matter of time.
As I lie in bed thinking about my life,
thinking about my children and ex. wife,
I miss the company of someone I've seen
and wake up having her arms around me - holding me.
Unable to relax, switch off, fall asleep,
why should this be so when I love you so so deep?
I'll tell you why, it's not through anything I have done.
It's to do with everything that's important and yet to come.
Only she can help, reach out, take my hand and pull me through,
expand my mind, make me become myself and explore new horizons too.
I cannot sit alone wondering what I can and cannot do.
I look at the universe for it is all there for us to see.
As far as you want, or as close as you want it to be.
And if I could name such a place, it would be named after you,
after all it's something special if for no one else it'll be for me.
If not, then maybe I should set myself free.

JJ Evendon

A Million Hours

A million and one half hours ago I met you
A million and one half hours ago my watch stopped.
Can't think why.
If I had a wish,
It would be for that moment to be eternal.

JJ Evendon

A Passing Soul

After I have lived and died
who shall there be to shed a tear or cry?
Friends silently utter words of praise
of a life shared of joyous yesterdays.
Now my body lies to be cremated thus,
before being turned to cindered dust.
No pain will be felt as flying embers I make
I leaving nothing behind but a metal hip plate.
For my spirit floated away some time ago.
Leaving the world of people I came to love and know.
Now nothing is left of me except ash and dust,
and a metal hip plate now slowly turning to rust.
Though we would wish a longer presence here
to live forever is something I would not cherish but fear.
So I am happy to leave this body of mine behind
for my spirit will always be 'somewhere' around.
And when the time is right and the sun shines high,
I've asked that my ashes be released high up in the sky
amongst majestic clouds that drift slowly across the ground
casting shadows that move without sound.
Heraldic angels could be heard if you were here to listen,
the sun's captured light making the metal hip plate glisten.
As it falls gracefully through the air,
there are things in life we must be aware -
what goes up always come down.
I hope my metal hip plate doesn't hit someone on their crown

JJ Evendon

A Place Of Silence

I am in a place of silence
where only good emerges.

As winter's solstice passes
so life becomes reborn.

The breaking of the silence
signals a new beginning
leaving silence to be rediscovered.

JJ Evendon

A Younger Heart

I am old enough to know the truth,
you are young and I older than you.
I have always been truthful, about the age I am.
and you always wanted to be with a younger man.

There is no doubt you are young and smart,
but when it comes to love you struggle with your heart.
I wish I could be the one to set it free.
Take you in my arms and place it next to me.

Time has passed and time forgotten
for then the sky was filled with clouds of cotton.
When my dreams of yesterday seemed real and close,
like meeting you that day in a field of sunflowers I suppose.

But as with life all things must come to an end,
never knowing, never knowing where and when.
So please take heart from what I finally have to say,
for you had stolen its beat since that very first day.

JJ Evendon

Age Of Now

The age of 'now'
is an instant of Time.

It is neither past nor future
for, in a blink of an eye,
a 'Now' moment
has passed.

The age of 'Now'
is inconsequential.
It only exists
should we wish it.

How old is it?

It's a question yet to be answered.
'Now' is not time.
Time is 'Now'.

JJ Evendon

Albinoni: Oboe Concerto In D Minor Opus 9 No.2

I emerge from my winter cage
drawn by necessity and time.
Sun greeting me with her pleasant warmth
helping me to straighten
taking a beautiful form.
My wings once furled begin to slowly open
their majesty of colours for all to see
against a sea of many flowers.
I feel a gentle breeze
My wings move
am I ready to fly?
am I ready to fly?
Yes I am.....

JJ Evendon

Alone

Bedtime brings sadness
for she is alone
and wishes it was not so.
Dressed only in a thick bathrobe
she imagines it is him
tightly wrapped around her.
Keeping her warm
caressing her naked body -
sensually -
erotically -
and seductively.
In bed
her thoughts of him being next to her
only adds stirrings of excitement.
Where will it end?
It's been a while since she's been taken
and now wants to be taken.
By him.
Inside, frustration builds
for she wants nothing more to give pleasure
and be pleased.
A women's dream
giving and taking.
Relentlessly.
Never tiring
always satisfying
letting go of all restraints.
She turns the light out and sees the moon through her window
and makes a wish.

JJ Evendon

An Accident

I'm not aware of my injuries.
I wasn't aware there were flowers.
I was aware of the pretty nurse holding my hand,
and of her perfume and her smile.
She spoke in a language I could understand.
Her kindness amplified by the warm summer's sun.
Soon we were chatting and laughing,
and I began to feel better - even managing a smile.
I see cards from well wishers
a box of chocolates and grapes,
but I can't reach them, so they'll have to wait.
Later, I dreamt I was with her
a glass of wine by a fire.
Even if my legs cannot support my broken body,
I am alive – and that is all I want to know.

JJ Evendon

An Autumn Affair

The flight was long,
longer than a falling maple leaf.
Autumn's bounty captured exquisitely.
Trees signalling the inevitable change,
turning colours of wild camp fires
before they shed and later become lost under winter's blanket.
Striking beauty, once blazed, extinguished.
Bright yellow, orange, red, burgundy and some green -
an exultant vision brought by nature -
now left to decay.
A dead repose.
Set for future new beginnings.
This is life's Mantra.

JJ Evendon

An Empty Chair

A chair sits empty - a reflection of my heart
lies close to open fire hearth
its last flame flickered and died long ago
leaving ash on charred wood like fallen snow
I feel my emotions swell and then rise,
as I remember her sitting there with those beautiful blue eyes.
For the love that once was, is no longer there.
Instead, I'm left alone with memories and an old empty chair.

JJ Evendon

An Indian Runner (Duck)

An Indian Runner 'Vicar' Duck is what I am.
I stand up straight so that i can survey the land.
Though I can talk – well quack actually, walk, run and of course swim,
all that I ask is that you take me in.
I am that special breed of duck that has stubby little wings
and when I get excited, I run around and flap those funny looking little things.
The 'Vicar' Duck of Bockmer pond is what I want to be
and to have my own congregation of two girls and a boy – that's a total of three.
If you want to include guinea pigs 'Twilight' and 'Starlight' then that's OK.
Life for a duck can sometimes be hard and so I was made that way.
Being and feeling part of your family is all I ever wish to be.
For if I ask one small favour for you to do,
then thank this person that rescued and brought me here to you.

Quack Quack

Vicar Duck of Bockmer pond (unassigned and self appointed)

JJ Evendon

An Old Oil Lamp

An old oil lamp discarded in a locked cupboard room
lies covered in cobwebs next to a worn out broom.
Spiders and mice have long since gone.
The consequence of being left in the dark for so long.
A 'relic' from a bygone Victorian past
now time layered dust hides its once polished brass.
Add oil and a light from a match's spark
and a flame would rise and lighten its accustomed dark.
Should power fail and leave you in the dark and cold,
there's always the oil lamp that's nearly two hundred years old.

JJ Evendon

Angel Hair

I see an angel asleep
high up in the blue sky
laid on a mattress of soft white clouds

Her hair -
soft -
almost translucent -
dangles like strands of combed crystal
turning sun's rays
into a kaleidoscope of rainbow light
that unify sky with earth.

Born of the elements:
earth -
water -
wind -
and fire.
An embodiment of heaven.

As she wakes,
she melts away
with the clouds
into the blueness of the sky.
The landscape -
now bathed in her light -
miraculously changes
from colourless winter -
to spring blossom.

I watch in awe
nature's transformation,
for it is a virtue held only by an angel.

JJ Evendon

Antiques

Things that are old
In antique shops they are sold.
From collectors books
to long rusty window hooks.
All dusty, which have seen better days,
overlooked by paintings of a bygone age.
If we could peel away all life's grime
treasures I'm sure we would soon find.
So next time you see an antiquity of desire,
give thought to the person who sought to inspire.

JJ Evendon

Arms Of An Angel

Arms of an angel are reaching out for me,
to take me to a place where I am not ready to be.
I feel her warmth and I feel her love
for I feel everything that is good pours from her above.
I cannot explain why I do not let her take my hand
and guide me to a place called 'the promised land'.
Although I have moved myself away
I know that we'll meet again some other day.
For when that time comes and is right for me
I'll grasp her hand and fly with the angels for all eternity.
But in the meantime it's nice to know
there's a beautiful angel, watching over me whatever I do or wherever I go.

JJ Evendon

Avebury

A full moon rises on a clear winter's night
landscape toned silvery by its light.
A chandelier of stars adds presence to the mystical view
of Avebury with its stone circle and avenue.
An instrument once used to connect with the divine power of earth,
which now lies forlorn, forgotten and broken is, quite simply, absurd.
The labour of man, was for the discovery of a spiritual being,
a place to absorb matter and return true healing.
An insight to life that could be seen and used by all,
which cannot be found only in this world.
The celestial heavens provided a point of where to seek
so they built a circle of stones that its power could reach.
A link between this, our world and the universe that surrounds,
to give rise to knowledge without any bounds.
Unfortunately, mankind has become a parasite of the worst kind,
so the soul of the earth remains locked and undefined.
One day, such places may become the saviour we need,
for now, there's nothing, just stones, long grass and weeds.

JJ Evendon

Bacon Sandwich

Today's a special day and I've eagerly woken
to the irresistible smell and sound of sizzling cooked bacon.
Two slices of soft white bread thickly cut
battered with lots and lots of ketchup.
Inside a ton of rashers stacked nice and high
of the back variety that's been cured and air dried.
It's important that it's crispy, lean and well cooked
then layered thick as in any one book.
And before the juices begin to slowly escape
with both hands grasp the bulging shape.
Close your eyes and open your mouth wide
for what looks and tastes good will soon be inside.
However, be warned that if you should slip up,
you'd be covered in gooey ketchup.

JJ Evendon

Basildon - Essex

Oh what a shame to be home.
I'd rather have stayed in Basil-don.
Things are great there I hear,
as babies are not fed milk but beer.
Boys wear trousers round their knees.
Whilst girls wear nothing and are there to please.
It's a hard life and they should know,
no passport, no money and nowhere else to go.

JJ Evendon

Behind Closed Eyes

There are days that I want to disappear behind closed eyes
and purge all those negativities with 'out breaths' of sighs.
Broken, my heart lies in shards - a result of loves dynamic force
leaving deep cuts to heal without expectation or remorse.
It's sometimes hard finding where to be,
but closed eyes makes it easier to focus away pain and any misery.
What brings a soul to lighten the dark
that then awakens the beginnings that sets forth a new start?
I cannot answer, for the question, for me, is not there,
for if it was, my life will have an answer instead of being nowhere.
Solitude may be a place to preserve one's salvation
for there are no signs that lead and none point to its direction.
It's only when eyes are opened wide will I see where I am
look around and take everything that's there in hand.
Though the love I once had has wounded my heart and mind
it may, some day, be cured by meeting a most loving one of her kind.

JJ Evendon

Beware Of The Pie Cooker

There's never a dull moment as far as I can see
about a lady who's a librarian in Shrewsbury.
Come what may she's a darling of the town,
always seen driving her Eos with the hood down.
Hard as nails and an ass to match
she'll make someone a perfect- dare I say – catch.
So anything you need to know is inside her head.
Reading books to keep her brain well-fed.
But this Joan d'arc of the literary world
has a secret that has yet to unfold.
Given a chance she likes nothing more than to cook
exciting things that turns heads and not pages of a book.
So here's an example and you'll understand why,
this lady loves making all sorts of pies -
be it vegetarian, pork or something special like Creole,
the main ingredient will always be soul.
Whether it be human, dog or cat,
who cares, she's enjoys herself and that's that.
And whilst her poor old dog Goober lies there waiting for fate
she's busy deciding what would be nice to put on a plate.
Hot dog, burger, fish finger or cottage pie
no doubt thinking what to do when poor Goober dies.
So, be not in haste,
for if supper is late,
Goober is not dead, but is there licking his dinner plate.

JJ Evendon

Bigwig

A laughing matter it is not,
that Bigwig may have been taken by a fox.
For Hazel and Dawn he was, by all accounts, their hero,
the leader of the duck pack.
A nice chap who had a terribly cute quack,
he was often seen chasing Twilight around the pond
and saying 'don't come any nearer' (well I think that was what he said) .
Anyway, he certainly put the fear in and took fur out of her
– which was very entertaining for us to say the least.
He was exceptionally good looking, well mannered, tough and strong
and with that bouffant head of hair of his he could do no wrong.
He'll be sadly missed by all of us for a long time to come
so to keep the two girls happy (and you as well)
we're going to get another one and maybe this time, fit a bell.
For if that fox returns for more,
this little duck will have some surprise in store.
He'll shake his head, bouffant and all,
and frighten the poor fox away for evermore.

Bigwig R.I.P

JJ Evendon

Bins

Bins, bins, bins
and more bins.

So many bins everywhere -
on street corners -
in front of houses -
in back of houses -
spread along roads -
scattered around parks -
there are bins even for bins.

Has the world gone bin mad or
is our world slowly being taken over by bins?
Should we be worried?

If there was one Super sized bin, big enough to swallow the earth,
would all the rubbish then disappear?

If nothing was ever thrown away, where would we stand?

What if the mountain of rubbish became too high?

Would air be as rare as that at the summit or,
am I talking just rubbish,
lots and lots of rubbish?

JJ Evendon

Bliss

True bliss permeates my soul
displayed like a master canvas.
My mind's a whirl of colour
surrounded by softness of sound
that floats even the heaviest of thoughts.
I strive to think outside a goldfish bowl
allowing my emotions to flow
and sweep away those darkened shadows
set to disturb my inner most feelings.
And so, I release a box of rainbows
that arch higher than the stars.
Beauty encapsulating beauty.
The reflection on the lake is uplifting
for it is there that I see myself
riding on the back of an eagle
in a blissful state of knowing I am alive.

JJ Evendon

Breaking Free

Got to break free from these woe's,
like ivy strangling loves mistletoe.
Though fate's hand may have been dealt
it will pass and therefore I must think positive and wait.
I'm not afraid of being enveloped by a shadow of gloom,
for I dance to a different cosmic tune.
And, as fate can change, like the weather,
sometimes turbulent, or soft as from a breeze of a feather,
the sun will always be there to guide me – even in the darkest of times.
Leading me along a path where spirits grow and stars always shine.

JJ Evendon

Bright Sky

Look how bright is my sky,
for the day it stopped raining was the day you arrived.
I see nothing but pure beauty in a celestial form,
for heaven must have smiled the day you were born.
A rainbow's arch reaches out and touches both sky and land,
silent harmony displayed in its coloured bands.
No matter how endlessly I search the sodden ground,
for hidden pot of gold is never there to be found.
Though no such treasure will materialise to ensue,
mine will always be the moment when I first met you.

JJ Evendon

Bright Star

A bright star shines above
like a heart's burning love.
In time, its flame will eventually die,
leaving darkness to fill that part of the sky.
And though life seems mirrored the same way,
I will hold a torch come the day.
For without that shining beam to guide my path
there would be nothing left except inky dark.
So unless there's love to make life spin on its head,
like the star, my body would turn cold and lie forever dead.

JJ Evendon

Broken Heart

My heart is broken I am lost and in pain
I've been through it once and never want it again
Things move fast when you're happy and good
Long live forever – but will it be understood?
With life so short it can pass us by
So we need to open our eyes, our minds and our hearts before we die
The meaning of life can be measured in one
Time – the movement of our Sun
And the power of love to give it a hand
So when we are hurt we sometimes don't understand
That if these two are connected from a start
Why our lives, our hopes, can cause it to all fall apart?

JJ Evendon

Buddha

I am a quiet man.
Whose thoughts and ideas
help me sense earth's spirit.
Without such knowledge,
our world would remain just an object of the cosmos.

I watch the miracle of dawn
as it turns darkness to light
awakening the soul to a new day
the creator of all things.

The seasonal gloom of winter
brings deep reflection.
A black and white portrait of a world
that's soon to turn mosaic colour of spring
at the moment of the first melting snowflake.

As much as I am drawn by the light
I've become a source of that light.
The warmth that I feel
is the warmth of contentment and compassion
and at one with life and all its form.
The source is always plain to see.
and cannot be hidden in a shroud of darkness.

My aura is for all those who wish to see
and to help them find enlightenment -
even if it's small as a grain of light -
I can guide them.
I can teach them
but first they must take the path.

My thoughts are coloured by sound
that transports me in meditation.
I see a future without tears.
I see life without want
and trees blossom with hope.
I am a quiet man.
A quite man with a warm smile

that is as much as the air we breathe.

JJ Evendon

Burning Embers

Outside a car stands all covered in white,
and ice crystals sparkle like diamonds in the moonlight.
Somewhere away from the freezing cold
a fire has been lit that slowly takes hold.
Burning embers swirl and rise to quickly disappear,
out where it's dark, dry and clear.
Flames flicker wildly in an all consuming dance
that drives the mind into a meditative trance.
Such vision brings an overwhelming sense of calm.
Leaving it mesmerised by its hypnotic seductive charm.
It's hard not to fall and escape from this fiery flare,
especially when, what you see, is just burning wood and hot air.

JJ Evendon

Butterfly Heart

I'm the butterfly that flows with the wind
orchestrated by nature
I seek an elusive dream
of sowing summer
with my bright coloured wings
the air is my soul
and the sun my best friend
I dance to notes of a quiet breeze
that lifts me as one with the sky
across gardens and fields
I leave no sound of my passing
just memories of a perfect day

JJ Evendon

Cage Of Innocence

I stand and stare,
not wanting to go further
worried that, should I enter,
I'll be lost in the depths of the labyrinth
becoming confused, disorientated and without direction.
A 'cage of innocence' where nothing is forgiven,
and to the uninitiated, everything appears similar.
In trepidation, I gingerly step forward.
Fearing above all else I may never return,
ambivalent to the cause that's driving me.
I am pursued by curiosity
and led blindly by instinct.
What fool does this? I ask myself,
but hear only silence.
The 'cage of innocence' blocking vision
all but the sky above.
It's sides stand tall, domineering and intimidating.
I suddenly feel claustrophobic.
Yet I soldier on, turning at every new path.
I am swept by a feeling of angst.
Sense of being lost bring waves of panic.
All too soon I find myself in an open space.
A place beyond any imagination
for I see the ground covered in a sea of golden butterflies.
knitting coloured rainbows
with prisms of light.

JJ Evendon

Calling All Earth Bound Asteroids

Calling all earth bound asteroids
please heed my call,
if you've come to destroy us
that won't do at all.

If you could give us a wide berth
and simply fly by,
I'll be interminably grateful
to watch you pass high in the sky.

So please asteroid do your best,
if you want to crash,
go do it somewhere else.

JJ Evendon

Camping

Ah to go camping is a treat.
To lie under cover except for your feet.
Though the tent may be the best
with all the rain it will surely be put to test.
So when you wake up and should find the tent washed away,
you can always find a nice warm hotel in which to stay.

JJ Evendon

Candlelight

Night's sleep
stirs dreams
whose
vivid colours
cannot be recreated
by stencil or brush.

For the eye must see
what the mind sees
setting hands in synchronicity
in the lightness of day.

A candle flicker
may be all that is needed
to turn a blank canvas
into a masterpiece.

It's a question of light.
Sometimes it pays to see more
than just a frame.

JJ Evendon

Canon In D Major

Let the music be harmony to your ears
let the sound draw you ever closer
listening intently, wanting more, needing more
what a strange place to be!
Canon in D Major

Feel its melody slowly blossom into a smile
turning sadness to tears of joy
let it dance with your soul
make you walk on air
Canon in D Major

Let a multitude of butterflies be a canvas
let their spirit paint the sky
watch as they carry the sound with their wings
bringing joy to many
Canon in D Major

JJ Evendon

Cappuccino

The spectacular rise of the morning sun
never failing,
always welcoming,
is made more appealing with scent of fresh coffee.
Smoke from my cigar adding presence.
Content in my world of one.
I sit alone under a warm shade
delighting to see the world rush past without pause,
ignoring its hustle and bustle -
for I am but a distant spectator of its meaning.
An observer of life's idiosyncrasies without criticism.
It's 10 o'clock and my cappuccino soon arrives.
I remain patient.
I am patient.
Morning's perfect tonic respected.
A lady close to me smiles behind her DG sunglasses.
Stunning features partially hidden by her wide brimmed hat
her cream and black dress matching perfectly.
Chic, sophisticated without complex.
I gently rest my spoon on the froth
and watch it slowly sink before I begin to stir.
I feel a sudden warmth.
Is this the mixture of love?
I return her smile,
not noticing my coffee has gone cold.

JJ Evendon

Carn Goedog

I am here all alone on a mountain in Presceli.

My audience -

a crop of grey stones and pink mountain heather,
are all that provide me with solitude and comfort.

It's sunny and peaceful,

the air crystal clear and as silent as the blue sky;

prompting conjecture

of the men who pried and prayed here long ago.

I have come in search of the famous bluestone -

spotted dolerite -

used by the ancients

for pillars of their great Gaia temple: Stonehenge.

Set around the mighty trilithons,

they form a harmonious ring

from which the power of Gaia could be drawn.

I sit contemplative,

the mountain scenery elicits thoughts.

A Silver-studded blue butterfly lands close by -

so close - I can almost touch it.

I lean forward, for it is quite small.

Wings slowly open, close, then open again -

absorbing sun's warm energy.

It searches for nectar.

I too am searching.

Not for nectar, but attunement.

I am overwhelmed by an intense feeling of euphoria;

Visions of another world, another time, flash in front of me.

Did Mother Earth just embrace my soul

or was it the wing beat of the Silver-studded blue?

JJ Evendon

Catching Snowflakes In The Sun

It's amazing what people do
when snowflakes fall on top of you.
Some run and hide from the falling snow
whilst others make balls to throw.
Life is weird that way.
Catching snowflakes in the sun.

As they drift slowly down and fall around you,
look up and open your palms and let land a few.
try to catch their silence and serenity in your hand,
before they quickly melt and disappear
leaving drops like those from an emotional tear.
Catching snowflakes in the sun.

Open your mouth wide and let them land on your tongue.
Try to taste the essence from where they have come.
If heaven really exists, and is the place to be,
then you could be there in a dream, alone, floating free.
Magic aerial crystals dancing through the air.
Catching snowflakes in the sun.

Lie on the ground and you'll be covered from head to toe
like everything around you in a blanket of snow.
Pretend to guide them towards you to the ground
by slowly moving your arms up and down.
For a brief moment a snow angel you've become.
Catching snowflakes in the sun.

Stand up and brush away the snow.
Then build a snowman for you to enjoy.
As the season changes, as it surely will,
no longer will you suffer from winter's chill,
Instead enjoy every moment before it disappears.
Leaving sounds of snow whispers in your ears.

JJ Evendon

Centre Of The Universe

In the night's sky
a black hole.
So far away,
it lies in the centre of the universe.

This is the point of creation
where everything
that has become,
becomes nothing
other than to itself.

For within there lie,
different worlds
and different dimensions.

In there -
as in our world -
infinite stars and galaxies
clustered to create space
which they interminably fill
are found.

This begs the question:
"Is the centre of the universe real
or, just a dark mirror we see ourselves in"?

JJ Evendon

Champignons Flotant

I never heard of champignons flotant -
floating mushrooms -
clouds
but there they are.
Round, pristine and white
all cupped in different sizes
floating slowly along as if by magic
towards a never ending blue horizon.

The sun appears to guide them
like a shepherd with his flock
It's beautiful.
It's peaceful.
It's majestic.
Where do they come from
these floating mushrooms?
I'd like to know.
More appear as if from nowhere,
and join the procession.
Others, seem to fade, only then to disappear.
But where?
Our world is unique.
They are unique.
Both are one and the same.

JJ Evendon

Charlie

I took Charlie for a walk this morning.
I had coffee
he had a sausage.
He does not know the value of money.
He only knows the value of kindness.
He is kind for I kept half his sausage.

JJ Evendon

Cheltenham

A flock of pigeons seen on the ground,
curious, a farmer wanders over to see what they've found.
He discovers a fresh bubbling spring,
that when tasted, leaves his tongue slightly tingling.
Soon, the gentry and royals came when ill they felt,
to drink the miraculous waters born close to the river Chelt.
Now, nearly two centuries later, from once a green pastured land,
it has become the beautiful Regency Spa town of Cheltenham.

JJ Evendon

Cheltenham Gold Cup

Horses gallop at a fast pace
All wanting to win the prestigious race
Black, brown and some grey
For the gold cup is now under way
The roar of the crowds and cries from the stands
Make this one of the best events in Cheltenham
All the horses are beautiful, fit and lean
Now are racing towards the first fence in a stream
One after the other they jump with perfect grace
All to land safely and then quickly pick up the pace
The going is soft to hard with just over 3 miles to go
Another 21 fences, who will win? It's too early to know
A roar from the grandstand is heard as they enter the long straight
The 33 -1 outsider is leading and placing a bet now is too late
A horse is seen to stumble and lose it's rider
It was number 3, Cherry Picker, the 100-1 outsider
Two more fall to leave their riders standing in a daze
But their horses keep on running and one gets into the runners way
Slowly the pack lengthens for the finish line is near
Who's winning, it isn't quite clear
Slightly ahead it looks like number 9
But charging on the outside, number 4, could be first to cross the line
It's so close, it's anyone's bet
My money was on number 13- and he hasn't even reached the first fence yet!

JJ Evendon

Chinese Lanterns

Like fireflies they take to the air
giving life to darkness
lifting spirits
raising smiles
carrying dreams
a sense of wonderment
drifting mesmerically above the earth
knowing, just knowing
it'll soon end.

JJ Evendon

Christmas Post

I see branches wave in the ice cold wind.
It's snowing hard so glad to be in.
Letters posted through the door,
all found in a heap rest on the floor.
Pick them up then make tea,
and check if they're all addressed to me.
Most are cards, as Christmas is near,
others are bills to be paid – hopefully - next year.
Sitting all cosy by the fireside
I slowly read the messages that are inside.
On the mantelpiece cards placed in a row.
Decorations on a Christmas tree are lit up in a glow.
Christmas is coming, so no presents yet.
I wonder if Santa will visit, wonder what I'll get.
Hear a knock on the door so get up and go
to find my postman standing there all covered in snow.
With snowflakes whistling round his bare knees,
'Merry Christmas' he says before exploding in a sneeze.

Jingle bells jingle bells

Merry Christmas

JJ Evendon

Clouds

Let me brush away the clouds from your sky
and for the rain that falls always be dry.
Watch as clouds slowly part and drift away,
leaving you with blue skies and a wonderful day.

JJ Evendon

Coffee

The smell of fresh coffee scents the air,
brought by a breeze that gently catches a women's hair.
It's warm and the sun shines through broken shade,
so I decide to light a cigar that's Cuban made.
I hear the whirl of beans finely being ground
from Latin America, so it's more of a Colombian sound.
I see a lady lifts her cup and smoothly take a sip,
a moment of love marked by her gorgeous red lip stick.
Her mouth smiles, and eyes close in delight,
for she drinks coffee dark with a touch of moonlight.
As the essence causes time for her to slow, but not end,
the inner feelings of peace absorbed slowly transcend.
A drink favoured by many it may be,
for others there's always a refreshing cup of tea.

JJ Evendon

Coffee Time

I cannot see into the future,
except for my favourite coffee shop
which, tomorrow, I see is closed.
How do I know this?
There's a sign on the door.

Imagine if we could,
each and every day
for the rest of our lives,
know the events of tomorrow?

And, if what we saw we didn't like,
change it to something else?

However, if by seeing the future
you foresee making a change,
would that not in itself
leave you guessing
as to the future?
For, eventually,
by the time you changed the future,
it would already have become the present.

If true,
then the future is predictable -
just like my cappuccino -
and I look forward to it with relish
when, I guess, the shop will be open.

JJ Evendon

Colonoscopy

Oh help, my eyes are red and swollen, and I can't see
for something unpleasant has happened to me.
In the mirror I saw to my surprise
a horrible pair of red staring bulging eyes.
So I went to see my doctor for an examination
and told him about the inflammation.
With a lisp he said, Oh dear what's thiss?
It would appear you've caught conjunctivi-tiss!

JJ Evendon

Colours - Renoir

An image -
seductive.

Colours of earth and sky mixed becoming one,
letting intuitive feelings flow.

Respected.

Its artist, eyes radiant, is wise and wanting,
transposes scenes of beauty onto stretched canvas
to become born in a gilded frame.

Sensuality of a naked woman,
nature's vibrancy drawn in from a long summer's day;
all captured with simple strokes,
exhibiting passion, explicit and exquisite as nature intended,
stirring the erogenous zone,
infused in oil forever.

Portrait of a master.

This is no artist -
this is Renoir!

JJ Evendon

Conjunctivitis

Oh help my eyes are red and swollen and can't see
For something unpleasant has happened to me
In the mirror I saw to my surprise
A horrible pair of red staring bulging eyes
So I went to see my doctor for an examination
And told him about the inflammation
With a lisp he said, Oh dear what's this?
It would appear you've caught conjunctivi-tis

JJ Evendon

Contemporary

I can't say that I can
I can't say that I can't
I know some may
and I know some won't
everything I see seems in a good place
but around the corner darkness lurks
so where do I go?

Spring is here
and so am I
joined together with colours of daffodils
the breeze that once blew snow
now rests against a robin's nest
no old leaves on the lawn
feel the warmth of a sunny day

people smile but are they real?
Making a hole in the ground
plant seeds that will grow and excite
paper on the table turned by the wind
leaving a kettle boiling like a cumulus nimbus cloud
a call from the wild, she's with me again.

JJ Evendon

Cotswolds

The road stretches far in front of me,
lined by Cotswold stone walls and old oak trees.
Light flickering through branches like peppered stars
reflecting slowly across the bonnet of my car.
I see a pigeon flying alongside trying to keep pace,
and feel the early morning sun kiss my face.
What better way to make you smile,
than driving through the Cotswolds mile after mile?

If everything in life could be as good as this
the world would be happy and full of bliss.
A sign I see says it's not far to go.
20 minutes at the most if I go with the flow.
The road damp after heavens opened up in a stream
leaving a rainbow coloured sky as if made in a dream.
It would be nice to stop and ponder for a while.
Driving through the Cotswolds mile after mile.

The end of my road is as far as I want it to be.
Wherever this is, the choice is mine you see.
I'm not there yet and have some distance to go,
so slowly turn up the volume a notch on the radio.
With fields and trees rushing past and sunroof open
listening to the music with words sung not spoken.
I like the sound, I like the rhythm, I like the style.
Driving through the Cotswolds mile after mile.

My road is coming to an end - beautiful as it may be.
Cotswold stone replaced by daffodils and blossom trees.
Wide pavements give a feeling of peace and space.
I see a lady jogging with her hair out of place,
the postman putting mail through a door.
Wonder if it's important, wonder who it's for?
And, as the sun comes up, I close my eyes and smile,
dreaming of driving through the Cotswolds mile after mile.

JJ Evendon

Crispy Sheets

I always like to meet,
under fresh crispy sheets.
To feel their coolness against my skin
I get so excited I don't know where to begin.
Maybe start by putting my arms around a pillow
then stretch out and switch on the radio.
Roll over and look out of the window.
Watch a cloud cross the sun and cast a shadow.
Get up, make coffee and go back to bed.
Pick up a book that I've just read.
Turn a page and then close my eyes
and fall asleep, there's a surprise.
Let the quietness drift and dream,
lying covered in linen sheets of light cream.
Only to be woken up by a cat purring in my ear.
There's no place I'd rather be than here.
Oh wonderful Crispy Sheets.

JJ Evendon

Crying Moon

Dear Moon,
do not cry.
For each tear that falls
drains away the love in this world.
Let me beam you a smile -
as bright as a star -
that will wipe away the feeling of sorrow,
and let the joyful spirit of life return
once more.

JJ Evendon

Dancing Butterflies

My dreams orbit the mind
in a way not understood by most of mankind.
The light it brings is neither here nor there,
It's raining today so I really don't care.
The tea I drink is warm - like my soul,
refreshing, compassionate, lively and wistful.
Though its passion may be stirred like and artists paint
it's full of dancing butterflies embracing the warmth of the sun.

JJ Evendon

Dandelion Seed

A slight pull spawns transformation
springing the rumpled canvas to life.
Air funnelled through its open chambers inflates its form
that shapes the wing of a Skyrider.
Creating lift, defying gravity,
it rises quickly displaying a readiness for flight.
A red silhouette posed against a blue and white sky,
supported by just a gentle breeze.
Its once limp cords, now taut, supportive.
Dramatic! Dynamic!
My body harnessed,
warmed by adrenaline.
I pause, to let the eagle inside, savour the climax of anticipation.
I take few steps and there I am,
flying like I was born too.
Embracing new senses that excite
above a calamitous world.
Gripped by nature's own wondrous invisible hand,
I slowly rise where clouds line like temples
to weave between their majestic columns -
my 'glory' shadow briefly portrayed upon their bodies as I pass
- feeling a belonging.
I am like a dandelion seed
blown along by life's emotion,
being carried on a journey that, I hope, will last forever and a day!

JJ Evendon

Daywalker

I am a 'daywalker', not a 'daydreamer',
for the sun is my guiding star.
My footsteps are light - like clear mountain air.
My eyes bright with life.
I see what there is to see
and what I see sees me,
I'm never alone.
Air nourishes all what I consider to be life,
giving impetus to my thoughts
to an otherwise nonsensical presence.
My mind seeks its understanding
discounting fairies amongst dragons.
what is left?
Is it right?
My shadow always a companion.
I venture forwards, never back.
I am a 'daywalker'
only a 'daywalker' not a 'daydreamer'!

JJ Evendon

Death Of A Poet

Hello illness, my unwanted friend.
I've woken up with you again.
The pain I feel.. is slowly creeping
as I lie here alone in my bed... weeping
For visions..I hold...are no longer vivid in my brain.
Who's to blame?
Hear nothing but the sound of silence.

In my dreams, I'm painfully alone.
I see silhouettes of people dressed in stone.
They all stand and hold out their hand
made of marble that's cold and damp.
I am afraid of waking and never seeing the light
only the darkness of night.
For I fear the sound of silence.

Under a new sun, I was amazed at what I saw
for there were clouds with angels and much more.
I could talk to themwithout speaking.
I could hear themwithout listening.
For the love they had.... was a gift... to be shared
with all those who cared.
Embrace the sound of silence.

Said the angel: 'I want you to know,
the cancer may have stolen your show
but, your soul never dies
and will remain bright as the stars in the sky'.
Re-born, I leave the space from where I fell....
Tear drops in hell
echo to the sound of silence.

And though many people bowed and prayed
to the lost friend they once loved now seen laid.
It comes to us all as a warning
that cancer can and may keep returning.
Now the words..of the poet..are found written on street walls
and hospital wards.
All whispered in the sound of silence.

JJ Evendon

Death's Card

A death card has been drawn
left feeling cold like an Arctic storm.
Can't say I'm particularly glad about this
no time for farewells or a goodbye kiss.
I've lived a fairly eventful life to some degree
never won the lottery - but that really doesn't bother me.
I've flown planes and written about the heavenly stars,
sailed, rode motorbikes and driven fast cars.
Made love to many a beautiful women in my life,
have two lovely children - even an ex wife.
A book of poems, a novel and a song,
are some of the things to be enjoyed when I'm gone.
I shall carry memories of my dearest friends,
on the long journey until a sign says 'the end'.
So, until the sounds of the earth can no longer be heard,
I shall remain a true spirit that's free as a bird.

JJ Evendon

Desert Rose

I am a creation of the Sahara -
just sand grains cemented together
on a dried salt basin.
Above, an arid featureless and desolate land
where nothing grows except me.
I am a pearl in an ocean of sand.

I am prized by seekers
and a source of intrigue
in the world beyond my borders.

I am complex yet unrefined in detail.
The very essence from when I became
blown by the sirocco wind
helped shape and expose my body
infusing it with the colour of sunset.

My petals are made of crystal
and without fragrance
have all endured the ravages of time.

I've become a jewel of the desert
a 'desert rose'.
I am one and the same
I am both hard and delicate
I raise curiosity, induce excitement
and am admired and praised for my beauty.

I have travelled into the world beyond my borders
to be found resting in your hand.
You are the seeker.
I desire nothing.
Though you may have a question,
I am unable to answer.
I can only reflect what you already see.

JJ Evendon

Diablo

An Island paradise -
once volcanic -
sits in the Atlantic
off the coast of Africa.
Its mountains
draw the inquisitor.

El Diablo
is the tallest of all.
At its peak,
a large stone column
they call: 'Devil's finger'
lies hidden by cloud
and is rarely seen.

Where there are mountains,
there are secrets.
The 'Devil's finger' too holds a secret.

It is said that:
"When the mist thins
and tranquility falls upon the peak,
an angel will appear and good fortune will be bestowed on
those she smiles upon".

Some things bring heaven closer to us than we think.
It's understanding of what those things are
enable us to hold on to those beliefs.

As the wind returns,
I see the angel turn and smile
before disappearing in thick cloud
maybe forever.
I am happy, for she too caught my smile.

JJ Evendon

Doors

Within our mind are doors that can be opened,
that only fate can access like some magic token.
A source of light locked inside a dark place
that would otherwise be lost and disappear into its space.
Until, that is, we stumble upon the elixir brought of youth,
so powerful a potion that within us sweeps through,
triggered by an attraction that overtakes the mind.
Such a potent key - if ever you'll find
that, when this door is suddenly thrown open
Adrenalin rushes through to become woken.
No matter which feeling may cause such a powerful surge
for fates captured 'overpowering emotion' cannot be purged.
Unless we no longer wish to journey with our dreams
our life may become lost – or so it would seem.
For fate's path is instigated by emotions set within,
That waits a dormant awakening, from outside in.

JJ Evendon

Dreamcatcher

The sound of darkness
is broken by light hearted laughter.
Crowd gathers
to applaud
the cavalcade of stars
drawn by mystics
across heaven's majestic canvas.

That, my dearest, is a sight
where only dreams -
carried on a breath of wind -
are picked
by the dreamcatcher's web
under the presence of a crescent moon.

JJ Evendon

Dreamlife

What if you could hold on to a dream,
step into it
and wishfully live in its world?

Life in your dream
would be secure
as, inevitably,
it is you
that holds the key
as whether to stay there
or not.

Living in the dream
would be one without the function of Time.
So, no matter how long
or, how short the dream journey,
it is all but an instant in the sleeplessness of Time.

Next time you find your dream
filled full of wishes,
reach out and catch it.
You never know,
it may be just the one that isn't a dream.

JJ Evendon

Driftwood

I dived into the water
only to find myself at the ceiling of great depth.
There was no ground to stop my fall
just a feeling of weightlessness.
I am alone
my thoughts drawn from forces outside me
towards nothing but an empty horizon.

I become aware of the warm sun's touch,
I roll over
see a small scattering of white clouds
drifting on a ghost of a breeze.
The sky is a perfect blue.

I smile, my vision no longer empty but one of hope.
I am taken by the urge to return.
I head back to the distant shore.

Unexpected.
Life has thrown me a line,
for it takes me forward instead of in a circle.
I set off on my new journey
conscious that I am walking on air.
My footprints no longer leave a mark,
nor are made with a sigh.

JJ Evendon

Early Morning

Between the shutters, I can see,
a light far away shining at me.
It's four in the morning and nothing is going on,
but the light fascinates me, I wonder where it's from?
As I lie awake wondering what to say,
I realise that this thing is slowly moving away.
Curious, I move my head to get a better view,
when a cloud crosses its path and obscures it too.
Not deterred I gaze at the sky, hoping it'll come back soon,
then suddenly I see it again, for it's our moon.

JJ Evendon

Earthman

I am frozen in a beam of light.
A tingling sensation washes over me.
Street lights flicker.
I feel the world disappear beneath me.
I brush stars with my hands
and catch the smell of a comet as it passes.
It's wonderful being here.
The moon has turned its face and smiles
knowing my dream is one of happiness and joy
not least because soon our worlds will be one.

JJ Evendon

Elusive Tiger

Tigers do not dance in the rain.

They do not hide in the forest,

it is the forest that hides them.

Tigers only dance in shadows

to the sounds of a humming bird's wings.

JJ Evendon

Emptiness

There's an emptiness in my life that seems to burn,
so I have taken a road that twists and turns.
One that leads to a dark place where I can't be found.
Troubled nights, nightmares all around.
Where life's lost souls disappear, gone forever,
In a world that can be worst, not better.
But light is staring me in my face
as I slowly open my eyes to the human race.
What the world is doing can't be right.
It never is, in the land of 'twilight'.
So where are we and where do we want to go?
Are we moving too fast, or is it too slow?
Only you can decide where you want to be.
Mine's different, as I want to leave this place you see.

JJ Evendon

End Of Time

My time has come to an end
for I have now left this world and said goodbye (I hope) to all my friends.
In reflection my life hasn't been all that bad.
In most parts it's been good, whilst others have been sad.
So when you read this, think of me as if I'm still here.
Smile, look up, and if you want, shed a tear.
For although I have gone,
I would like to think I've journeyed somewhere far beyond.
A spirit who's now free from boundaries of a physical nature
exploring the ethereal space, looking, perhaps, to return more wiser later.
Life is too short, you don't have to be a rocket scientist to see
that when we are dead we may wish not to be where we find ourselves to be.
So try and live your life to the full,
and if you're like me, always out looking to pull

JJ Evendon

Every Single Day

I longed for you to call
for I've missed you every single day,
ever since the last time I saw you
when you turned and ran away.
Now my the phone rings and I see it's you.
One half wants to answer "hello, how are you"?
The other to close the door and throw the key away.
You were my love, my true and only love.
You treated me unkindly,
leaving me confused and scarred.
Now, no light shines on my darkened days,
ever since I last saw you,
that very last day.

JJ Evendon

Falkner's Circle

A Megalithic stone stands alone
but not today
for I am here as a friend
feel the brush of a spring breeze
being gently kissed by the sun
clouds pass but never leave
beyond, a field is green - the colour of life
I am happy to be here
alone, just me and this stone.

JJ Evendon

Food

There's a ghost in my fridge I hear a hum.
When I open the door there is no one.
No matter how hard I look
there's nothing there except some food long time cooked.
Happiness can come in many ways.
Mine's a cold beer on the second tray.
For I daren't touch the food you see,
its got hair all over it and growls at me.

JJ Evendon

Footprints In The Snow

Not walking too fast,
nor walking at a crawl,
a lady trying to keep warm wrapped in a shawl.
Looking for presents, where I don't know.
Leaving footprints in the blanket of snow.

Can hardly breathe, the air so cold.
Scuttle empty need another bag of coal.
Found company with whiskey that's 12 years old.
Feeling its warmth creeping from head to toe.
Leaving footprints in the blanket of snow.

The stars shine above - but not for me.
For I am lost and cannot focus you see.
And as I struggle to know which way to go
I tumble over a poster for a Theatre show.
Leaving footprints in the blanket of snow.

The world around me makes no sense.
I look but cannot fathom whether it's pretence.
As I see a couple kiss under a sprig of mistletoe,
I'm overcome by emotions, so turn and go.
Following footprints left in the blanket of snow.

As I stand all covered in white,
Shadowed under a lamp post in the night.
I hear a friendly voice coming down from the falling snow,
'Merry Christmas to you all - ho ho ho'
Dancing footprints in the blanket of snow.

JJ Evendon

Forest

Trees stand all around me
blocking vision all but the light above.
I feel a sense of forbidding isolation.
Leaves that once shaded
now lay fallen -
their purpose left where they fell to slowly rot -
like discarded executed bodies.
I search for a path but, there is none.
A crow croaks above as if amused at my plight.
I look and sneer for, if I had a gun, it would lie dead.
Food for hungry maggots.
Today, will be the day I leave this world of sorrow
and fight through the obstacles I see before me.
I shall walk without fear in my quest
to reach new heights without hidden precipice.
My guide -
setting a quickened pace -
just a tainted coloured sun.
Therefore, I shall ignore the cold winter breeze.
Instead, seek a brighter more colourful existence
where a more meaningful world waits to be discovered.

JJ Evendon

Froggy Toes

I woke up, in the middle of the night,
at something that gave me a terrible fright.
There at the bottom of my bed
were ten strange things painted in red.
As my eyes adjusted so
they began to dance and put on a show.
First they moved up and down,
then began to spin round and round.
Frightened I pulled up my sheet
only to see that they were attached to my feet.
As I began to slowly wake from my slumber
the ten toes began to do their last number.
And, as I watched, all in agog
I laughed when I saw they were joined by my frog.

JJ Evendon

From My Front Door

A large Georgian house stands proud
Painted white like a soft summer cloud.
Flowers in full bloom attract butterflies and bees
In a corner an old bench stands under a hanging willow tree.
A place to sit, if you want a rest,
Admire nature presented at its best.
From steps outside my front door,
shingle which came from a pebbled shore
brings memories of distant childhood with bucket and spade,
of old men in deck chairs trying to sunbathe,
knotted handkerchiefs placed on their heads
the sun so hot that their noses have turned lobster red.
Memories of children digging and playing in the sand,
In the distance the calling tune of an ice cream van.
No matter what memories these stones may bring
you're sure to remember this if anything.
The gates are closed but you can still see through,
a white Georgian house that is a most beautiful view.

JJ Evendon

Gaia's Child

A soul
born from Gaia's womb
flows out
into the world
is transformed
and lifted
by the glory of the sun.

Those who seek its 'being'
need only stand still
a moment
to feel her under foot
and look to the sky.
Only then will it be found.

JJ Evendon

Ghost

Do you believe in ghosts or apparitions?
Are they here, or is it just a figment of our imagination?
We've all heard tales of things that go bump in the night
and of stories that give us goose pimples and hair raising frights,
but what if they were real like me and you?
Sharing the same, but different world - could that not be true?
So, what are these seemingly unearthly ethereal forms
that haunt us at night but never after dawn?
Are they just spirits trapped inside a time loop
unable to move on - a so called 'Spook'?
What if a dimensional rip that time has yet to absorb
captured an emotion and placed it in some kind of invisible orb?
And when the alignment of moon and stars are right
the orb bursts open and what is seen is the essence of the plight?
An old house can hide many secrets and more
like a wayward spirit with a grudge to score
there's nothing better for raising a ghost's spirit
than to scare the living daylights of the occupants in it!
However, I'm glad to say, not every ghost behaves this way.
If you feel your house is comfortable and warm
spare a quiet thought for the ghost sitting out on your lawn.
For it's out there giving the chains a good shake,
and preparing to visit you when you're not awake.

JJ Evendon

Ghost Writer

She struggles to finish her novel.
A task she carries weightier than a mountain.
It's as if its changed - her creation, her love of words-
to become an unapproachable animal,
ready to bite her hand should she get too close.
Now, afraid to approach the manuscript,
she imagines it as a vicious creature -
a creature she's invented in her book.
She tries to withdraw,
wants to withdraw,
but cannot, for it is her blood, sweat and tears.
Her readers expect nothing less than to be drawn in by every page.
In a state of trepidation, her vision fights to find its voice.
She feels constrained and longs to be somewhere, somewhere far away,
and wishes somehow, the story could write itself.
Outside the window, the daffodils have bloomed.
How wonderful they look she thinks.
A bright colour against her world of black and white.
She returns her gaze back to the typewriter
and stares pensively, unable to coagulate her sentences.
Her outpouring of words somehow different from those she typed.
Something is not right.
Is it her subconscious mind playing tricks or,
could it be just the quirkiness of the old typewriter?
She cannot think for the moment,
for neither the words or story seem to be hers.
It is as if someone else is hitting the keys -
writing simultaneously, writing differently -
on the same paper,
on the same machine.
She stops, letting her fingers rest lightly on the keyboard,
savouring the moment of silent creativity.
Closing her eyes she takes herself into her story,
carefully noting every last detail, for it must be perfect.
Her rational mind pictures all the eventful scenes of what is there -
and should be there.
She leans forward
only to see more words have appeared.
But whose?

JJ Evendon

Good Boy

I watch her sit
and cross her legs.
Her skirt rises
exposing long slender thighs.

The top of her stockings
are laced in black.
Exquisite perfume permeates the air.
Her eyes catch mine.
They smile as if to say:
"You're a bad boy".

I feel caught,
seized by a powerful grip
unable to pull away
from an invisible leash

I am like a dog.
Obedient.
She is master.

I wait.

She clicks her fingers
I go to her.
"Good boy" she says.

JJ Evendon

Hairy Monster

I woke up this morning and couldn't see
for there was only mist in front of me.
It was after I stood up and banged my head
that I began to feel strange and so went back to bed.
I was having a dream - the nightmarish kind,
sweating, shouting and grabbing anything I could find.
I thought my hot water bottle - which was still warm and quite full
- was a raging pink furry bull.
So grabbed it and was whirling it around by its horns,
when I heard the sound of something being torn.
Where to go and where to look,
for what I saw I was wearing, had come undone at the hook.
I was surprised, and the bull too
to see a strange wriggly thing poking through.
At first I thought it was some kind of jungle monster;
all smooth like a sausage, but much longer.
I grabbed a shoe and hit it as hard as I could
then screamed, woke up and banged my head on some wood.
Now I've got a sore head and tears in my eyes,
for that thing I hit, hurts and is now bigger in size.

JJ Evendon

Hallelujah

Gutters overflowing, water cascading
hammering the street, hammering me.
Hat pulled low protecting face against the rain
hands in my coat pockets keeping dry
wanting for skies to clear, longing for the sun.
- Hallelujah

Life seen through rose coloured glasses
Walk the green mile with empty eyes
Too late to save my drowning heart.
Deep wet pools on pavements
Where to walk, where to start?
what choice do I have?
See a number 5.
- Hallelujah

Bus packed with sardine looking people
squeezed like a sponge.
Tears are never dry and fish never cry
wanting space, finding space, find peace
free of this world
hear a call from above.
- Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah!

JJ Evendon

Halo

There's a halo above my head,
it wasn't there yesterday, am I dead?
I can see blue sky above me
and a nightingale singing in the tree.
The light shines but the darkness remains.
I hold my hand out and can only feel rain.
My fire is cold but burning bright.
I stoke it and see embers jump into the night.
For I am lost, which way I can't say,
I have a halo above me so I suppose that's OK.

JJ Evendon

Heaven's Delight

Insects drawn by an outside light
I hear sounds of cicadas and animals at night.
I feel the warmth of a gentle evening breeze,
Glass of wine in hand, that is making me merry indeed
I see a myriad of stars above shining bright
with no moon, it makes for an awesome sight.
Can people honestly believe we're alone in the universe,
when there's an abundance of life here on earth?
With an almost infinite number of stars and galaxies,
discovering alien life elsewhere, how sensational would that be?
Such a probability may exist using a link of the mind,
so I go search the universe for our nearest alien kind.
Travelling faster than light and at the speed of thought
it's not long before I find what I'm looking for.
From a distance, I see white clouds, land and deep blue seas
there's even has a moon like ours - how extraordinary!
But as I descend through its atmosphere and weather,
I see myself resting on a patio - I'm glad my soul and me are together!

JJ Evendon

Heaven's Road

I'm glad heaven is a long long way away.
For I'll take 'a road less travelled' come the day.
It'll be a journey none have I taken or seen before,
away from the sign that points 'this way to heaven's door'.
Instead my guide will be a strange luminous light,
that is different from all the others but to, me feels right.
I'm a man with dreams and in harmony with my soul,
what and where I am, I really don't know.
But to ponder issues of the other side
may only give an answer that is long as it is wide.
For the moment, my life here is where I want to stay.
I'm glad heaven is a long long way away.

JJ Evendon

Hidden Angel

She dresses in a cool fashion
her hair flowing like that of an angel.
She's seen as the golden ambassador of her kind,
epitomising female strength and sensitivity.
A shining example of feminine sexuality.
Perfect.
Her smile, infectious and warm,
without which, the sun would be cast in a veil.
Adjusting her jacket,
she hides her secret well,
for she is not one of us

JJ Evendon

Holst

The bringer of war - Mars,
disturbs man's tranquility with its mighty thunderous roar
whose reverberation strikes their very heart.
Like fools, they dance in darkness
under a brewing red storm
waiting for impaling arrows to fall.

The bringer of peace - Venus,
plays music with heavenly passion,
each note seductively heightening the next.
Tenderness added with care of thought,
where paradise is made with love
and everything moves in peaceful harmony.

The mighty winged messenger - Mercury,
delivers melodies from the heavens
that lift the darkest of souls.
Sadness turned to tears of joy.
Dancing in celestial celebration
leaving you floating on air.

The bringer of Jollity - Jupiter
teases all with its wandering eye.
Now you see it
then you don't.
Always set to intrigue and amuse its audience
in a spectacle that receives an outstanding applause.

The bringer of old age - Saturn
creaks slowly without too much fanfare
for its sound is further away than silent.
Life's colourful ageing rings displayed without compunction.
Rest like shepherds
waiting for their flock to be led home.

The bringer of magic - Uranus,
like a ballerina, is dressed to dazzle like a star,
performing on angelic notes.
She hangs in a motionless pirouette

or so it would seem.
An illusion not lost in motion.

The bringer of mystery - Neptune,
dances to the sound
of waves in its ocean.
Turning over pebble upon pebble,
to uncover the mystical elixir of sound
and release its powerful symphony to the world.

JJ Evendon

Holy Man

On my journey,
I met a Holy man
sitting quietly under a tree.

As I approached,
he smiled
and beckoned me to sit.

The air was warm and still.
A place of harmony.
Where time takes time to move.

As we looked at each other,
we knew our spirits followed similar paths.
He could see his clearly
more than I could ever see mine.

A while passed
when I began to feel an awareness of light.
One that I had never seen or felt before.
Somehow I was being drawn,
lifted and lead away.
Where? I do not know
but it was good.

I was feeling lighter than a feather
when I felt a breeze wash me
which carried me back to earth.
I gently opened my eyes
to the world that is now present.

The sun had long since passed its zenith
and it was time to continue my journey.
I turned to say goodbye
only to find that I was alone.
Where the holy man sat, butterflies now danced.
I smiled
and my vision was filled with joy.

Hot Water Bottle

Being a hot water bottle is not easy,
You need to have your head screwed on you see.
For if not and are full of hot water inside,
you'll give someone a rather wet surprise.
So it's important not to be nervous,
as by all accounts you're impervious.
So take my head and screw me tight,
that way I can assure you of a pleasant night.

JJ Evendon

Hour Glass

I look at my hour glass and think

"do I turn or do I not turn? "

- that's the question I ask myself.

To turn would see time slowly ebb away, grain by grain,

only to be transported to another place

to re-set itself again.

Progression without thought.

Letting time slip past.

Knowing the inevitable end.

Only to become a mirror of itself.

If I hold the making of an hour in my hand,

does that mean my day is one short?

JJ Evendon

Hyacinths

The once white bell shaped flowers of hyacinth
stained, showing life does come to an end.
On a window sill overlooking springs creation
blocked by glass, no breeze touches.
Once sweet smell so attractive to me
lost amongst a bowl of oranges.

JJ Evendon

I

When I look, I see – for if I cannot, my life would be one of darkness.
But I can, and the path that I follow always leads me to a brighter place.

When I hear, I listen – for if I cannot, the rhythm of life will not be heard.
But I do, and the sounds of early morning songbirds makes me feel good.

When I touch, I feel – for if I cannot, everything would be as cold as ice.
As I do, I sense the warmth of everything good around me.

When I breathe, I smell – for if I cannot, the air would be poorer for it.
But I can, and this makes my life all the more richer.

When I eat, I taste – for if I cannot, nothing but blandness hones my buds
As I do, so my waist grows larger for what I have pleasantly savoured

JJ Evendon

I'LI Be

I'll write a song for you
give you the stars if you want me to.
Chase a rainbow and capture its bands
turn it to a ring to place on your hand.

I'll be the light that shines for you.
and the rock to lean on if you want me to.
Write your name with stars on the moon
and under its light, sing a most soulful tune.

I'll be the breeze that flows through your hair.
and the lucky charm that you want to wear.
I'll be everything that's good and true.
All this is possible because 'I Love You'.

JJ Evendon

In Search Of The Force

I have scoured distant galaxies
peered at the very fringes of the known universe.
Witnessed the mighty destruction of supernova
and watched comets blaze their trail through the heavens.
I have endlessly searched for transmissions from alien life
but heard nothing.
I am in the pursuit of one thing:
the source of 'The Force'.
It's out there - somewhere - in the universe
But where?
The feeling of the force is everywhere -
It's not that I want to find it
rather to discover I cannot.
I turn my telescope to the moon
and see something that looks like a smile.
Is what I am looking at, what I am looking for?
A flash of a shooting star streaks across the night sky
and I am forced to look again.

JJ Evendon

Infinity Sucks

By searching for infinity
you create infinity.
An assumption that it exists
only held in the ether of probability.
Because to search for the existence of infinity
doesn't mean it is ever going to be there - how can it?
The length of time to discover infinity is infinite
therefore, it means only one thing:
infinity starts where it finishes and vice versa.
The 'infinite' question of existence
is as infinite as that it sets out to answer.
If black holes are capable of swallowing stars and galaxies,
without so much as a hiccup,
then the presence of an infinite universe,
boggles my mind.
And that, for me, really sucks.

JJ Evendon

It's Cold

Winter is coming I feel cold.
My hands are frozen, so are my toes.
My head is wrapped up in a scarf,
it's brightly coloured - so people laugh
I see no pigeons - just robins and tits
pecking away at the ground, pecking for bits.
I've just walked in and switch the heating on
so hopefully the cold chill will be quickly gone.
As I boil the kettle to make some tea,
I see a robin perched outside on the balcony.
He turns round when I slowly open the door
cocks his head and watches me slowly withdraw.
With a quick flutter he flies under my chair
and starts pecking at bits of food that are there.
It's cold outside and I wish he would stay.
In the warm where I can watch him play
Suddenly without warning to my surprise
he flies off leaving a deposit of enormous size.
So if that little bird again, I see,
he can stay outside and be cold in a tree.

JJ Evendon

Jet2

I'm in the dragon's throat.
Outside, roaring thunder can be heard.
Blessed with skin of metal
it moves swiftly through the air
devouring great distances with ease.
Its wings, burnished by the setting sun,
reflecting its size and power.
It's been a long journey and it will soon end
where upon arrival,
passengers will disgorge
from its bowels
to return home from whence they came.

-unless they forgot to unfasten the safety belt first...

JJ Evendon

Journey

A star filled night gives way to dawn,
a coyote is heard howling in the distance.
I watch as smoke rises from a burnt out fire
taking my dreams to the heavens.
Coffee's cold but warmer than the air,
pack and saddle my horse,
morning freshness rejuvenates my thoughts.
Sun on my back, my shadow guides the way,
life ain't easy as 1 2 3.
Blue skies and wisps of clouds here and there,
eagles fly with an all seeing eye
sensing spirit, sensing life.
Overlooking a ridge, a native American Indian stands
he chants, arms out, a salute to the sun
his path guided by the light.
He too is on the same journey,
a journey that draws nature's spirit ever closer,
where life is seen through its eyes.
Where one walks in shadow,
another walks the sun.
We revolve - 3 2 1.

JJ Evendon

Just Because

Just because I've been hurt
by someone who treated me like dirt
doesn't mean I'm going to die,
not when I don't know the reason why.
Through my heart a sword has been deeply thrust
letting memories bleed to extinguish the once raging lust.
But like a phoenix rising from an eternal flame
I shall overcome and learn to push away that pain.
Let the river of life lead me to ventures new
where the sun shines, and the sky is always blue.
Never again will darkness shadow my life.
Brighter still for she did not become my wife.

JJ Evendon

Kamikazi

I am Divine Wind called 'Kamikaze'.
My mission, to destroy any warship of the US Navy.
I am my country's true war hero
for I fly the impressive Japanese Zero.
I need no parachute for I shall die with my plane
hit target, make it sink, never to be seen again.
I am a warrior of the skies
with a one way ticket labelled 'suicide'.
I pray my aim will be true and my path clear
for I hold nothing more than my country so dear.
With shells passing and exploding all around,
I dive, with speed brakes out, they make a screaming sound.
As I get closer to the American carrier
on deck, I see people run in sheer terror.
In less than a second everything is gone
a perfect hit that set off my bomb..
Some people will say I was young and crazy.
I say, 'I was Divine Wind – Kamikaze'!

JJ Evendon

Labyrinth

Labyrinth's complex image
focusses thought.

Its pattern flows with mystique and definition
requiring precision and understanding.

Finger and eye compelled to follow
along a pathway mirrored differently.

The beginning is also the end and beginning of the end.

Is it set to confuse or, bring to light an answer?

Without the feel of being enlightened,
the answer remains a silent whisper
set within the matrix of the Labyrinth.

The eye questions what it sees
whilst listening to hear its calling.

JJ Evendon

Lady With A Beautiful Smile

I see a lady smile.

Is it for me,
or her daughter?

Intoxicating.

Radiant.

All thoughts captured by a singularity of expression.

A natural display of happiness and joy.

An authoress of many words.

For me, there can be only one:

friend or lover?

I'm not sure!

Only time has the answer.

So I smile back and let fate decide!

JJ Evendon

Lady With Crystal Eyes

It was a bitterly cold night one late November,
a moment in time I shall always remember.
An Arctic wind had blown relentless for days
air whistled through trees like a hungry wolf's bay.
Dark grey laden clouds rolled remorselessly overhead
seemingly applauded by the banging door of an unlocked shed.
A sound came from the clouds - more of a tune than a word
where echoes of tubular bells could be heard.
A blinding white beam flashed suddenly from the sky
saw luminescent particles spiralling down the inside.
Soon the form of a beautiful woman appeared
accompanied by the most soothing music one could ever hear.
She may have come from another world but, I could not have cared,
for I was in love with her looks and short dark glossy hair.
She was dressed in white - like a mountain covered in snow
whose radiant presence matched that of a rainbow
Her eyes had a brilliance never seen before
she stole my heart and, could have taken more.
We looked at each other and then my world slowly started to spin
when she took my hand and led me somewhere deep within.
To travel beyond the furthest point of understanding is a long journey
my guidance, an umbilical cord of soul and harmony
whereupon I reached a place full of stars and clear blue skies
and all this is thanks to The Lady with Crystal eyes

JJ Evendon

Late Arrival

Snow flurries speckle the cold night air,
remorselessly carried by an Arctic wind.
A figure wrapped in a long mink coat
waits patiently for her lover's arrival.
She's aroused by the silk lining gliding over her near naked body
and her black lace underwear and stockings underneath.
She moistens her lips in response,
knowing she'll soon have him.
Tonight, she wants to be his slave,
to delve deep into promiscuity.
Tied, toyed and abused into submission.
Every moment sheer tortuous pleasure,
he'll come to her over and over again.
She; urging, encouraging, wanting,
waiting to scream his name at the point of climax,
that would unleash the leviathan locked within.
Her eyes closed in erotic thought,
picturing his handsome face and smiling eyes.
But fate was later to play a cruel hand

Now, old and frail,
she clutches her long mink coat
feeling the cold more than ever before.
It was 3rd December 1952 – the day, for her, that life stopped.
A snow storm, the worst in living memory, blanketed London
causing the plane to crash, killing all on board.
Nature was not one to forgive that day.
Each year since, she returns to stand near the old terminal,
hoping beyond hope he'll be there, his handsome face, smiling.
Alas, it is never to be.
But, one day she knows he will appear.
On that day, he will look, smile and take her hand
to both soar above the clouds
happy being together, forever,
with just an audience of stars to guide their way.
She hears a noise and slowly begins to open her eyes.
Could it possibly be him?
Though time and tragedy may have separated them once,
their bond is strong and, like a spirit, eternal.

JJ Evendon

Lavender

There's something about lavender that excites me
Like driving through Provence in an old 2CV
Roof rolled back, windows flipped open
Feel the sun on my face and smell fresh fragrance of pollen
Arm out and hand feeling the passing air
Trying to catch the essence of what is there
This is not a time, a moment, a second to be missed
When what you see, in mind and spirit, is bliss
So when I came across rows of bluish purple hue
I stopped, opened a bottle and drank a glass or two
And as I watched the sun slowly set in all its splendour
I toasted the one they call lavender

JJ Evendon

Leaden Feet

I walk with leaden feet
along broken pavements.
Ahead, an ever darkening sky.
My thoughts are lost and unclear
for the sound of my footsteps slowly consumes my brain.
Where are the lollipop ladies?
I need to stop.
I want to stop.
Rain falls heavily upon me
like some criminal sentence.
I should have brought an umbrella.
There must be a hole in my shoe
for I feel wetness there.
I fish around in my pockets and find a 5p plastic bag
only to discover it ripped.
I place it over my head
then the rain stops and skies clear.

JJ Evendon

Library Christmas Party

Who said Christmas parties aren't fun?
For the festive season has just begun.
Ok, the turkey's been cooked and looks well stuffed,
and there's wine for more (hic) than enough.
Crackers are yet to be pulled and jokes read,
after we've all got sozzled and well fed.
For those who've eaten sprouts I must say,
soon you'll effect us all in a most unpleasant way.
So before the action starts with a quiet boom,
I propose we open a window or two in this room.
All those in favour lift up your glass
and those who've eaten sprouts just clench your ass.
A toast then to all the ardent workers of our library
where every book, on every shelf, is known to them from A to Zee.
Catalogues, CD's DVD's and so much more
their knowledge unsurpassed is why people come, expect and adore.
Some come to read quietly, research and think,
whilst others look like human race's missing link.
But who's to say where in the evolutionary chain we would be,
If it wasn't for the workers at our library?

JJ Evendon

Light Box

I should not be here
not where I find myself
but I am.
Led by impulsive curiosity
unsuspectingly towards the light,
set to trap the unwary.
I am wary,
for instinct dictates my role
as well as my fate.
Now instinct may have sealed my future
trapped by my own fixation -
my own instinct -
without escape -
I try, but it's impossible -
not whilst the light burns bright in front of me.
I am drawn mesmerically towards its glow,
knowing I have no option but to venture forward,
as I am guided by fate -
it is my life -
even if it is death -
like many others before me.
I am in a box lit like the sun,
constrained, restrained and paralysed.
I feel numb,
my limbs suddenly becoming heavy and unresponsive.
I am no longer able to move,
for I sense an awe rush over me
that draws me closer to a brighter light.

JJ Evendon

Lost Dreams?

The moon has gone taking with it my dreams
of riding a comet around Saturn's rings
but as the morning light awakens the soul,
it will become clear that many things have yet to unfold.

JJ Evendon

Loving Angels

Their bodies burn
fuelled by lust and passion,
stoked by sensual touch,
embracing eroticism
They seek out those deepest desires
turning them into gifts of pleasure for each other.
With wings interlocked in ecstasy,
they have found what life most searches for -
true unadulterated love.

JJ Evendon

Man Flu

Coughs colds and flu
Stomach upset, run to the loo.
Streaming eyes,
now there's a surprise.
Hot temperature feeling groggy.
Lying in bed pyjama's all soggy.
Flick the channels nothing on TV.
Looking at a cup of yesterday's tea.
Popping pills as if out of fashion.
Bored - so it's more of a distraction.
Eyes swollen pain in the head.
Not feeling well so staying in bed.
Phone rings - who could this be?
It's the girlfriend who wants to come and nurse me.
Jump out of bed and get dressed in a flash.
Comb my hair and give my face a splash.
Door bell rings and there she stands,
greet me with a kiss and takes my hand
I'm soon stretched out on the settee
curled up next to her with a warm cup of tea.
Time passes, time is forgotten,
for I feel good and no longer rotten

JJ Evendon

Man On A Mission

I'm a man on a mission - if you please
Dressed up like James Bond - boots on skis
Going hell for leather - rocket to the moon
Everything's a blur - I'll be there soon
She rang this morning - I must have been asleep
Dropped the phone - now it's broken in a heap

Wheels lifting off the ground - feel the air
Looking for my heading - not sure where
Climb above the clouds - taking a long time
Got to keep going - things looking fine
Blue in front of me - can see the sun
Letting it roll and dive - having lots of fun

Above this place is heaven - I could stay
Now I must leave - disappear in the grey
Lost in a dark world - strange shadows cast
Mind between worlds - changing descending fast
Clouds above green below- buffet of a breeze
Looking for home - flying close to the trees

JJ Evendon

Me

My mind has blown into a kaleidoscope of many coloured parts.
Everything I had known – all gone.
Even the things I didn't know I had – gone!
Where does that leave me?
Lost?
Alone?
Another forgotten being in the maelstrom of something called 'society'?
I doubt – for I feel a presence.
A presence so overpowering that I seek its source.
I journey in this omni-world of mine.
Embracing thought -
vision,
feelings -
to become the person for whom I am – me!

JJ Evendon

Megaliths

Stones standing tall in fields of grass.
An enigma left of a distant past.
Long distances some have travelled,
their mysticism yet to be unravelled.
Secrets that once bound spirits together
now lay lost amongst the grass and heather.
Although these iconic structures make no sense,
they remain true 'Silent sentinels of sentience'.

JJ Evendon

Mental Case

I'm a mental case I know I am.
The world is square and not round.
Ducks 'cluck' and Chickens 'quack'.
I wish the world could be turned back.
Life could be 'simples' I hear Meerkats say,
but for who – not me – not you?
Let's get it together before we fall apart.
We have only one life so where do we start?
Life is for living, nothing else will do.
Except if the world was perfect
I would name it after me, if not you

JJ Evendon

Miserere

Listen.

Youtube: Miserere - Tallis Scholars

Be captivated.

Let this sound enter your veins and your heart.

So pure, untainted by man's afflictions,

sung where angels gather,

then lifting and drawing out our spirit from within

where time is irrelevant.

Music, drawn from heaven, stirs passion.

All thoughts becoming everlasting.

Questioning whether there is life beyond the grave.

A journey so illuminated by the chorus of our hearts

that brightens any darkened soul.

Written with tears of angels,

upon the tapestry of life.

JJ Evendon

Miss Piggy

A plane, red like a setting sun
breeze brushes her body keeping it alive
propeller rests like hands of a clock
together they wait for man born of sky
for it is he that makes the world smile!

JJ Evendon

Miss You

I miss you now you've left
for all I have are just memories and a photograph
of a joyous moment long time captured.
History never to repeat itself.

I miss your bright blue eyes
for they always lifted my soul.
Now the light I see is called 'darkness'.
I do not need more.

I miss our moments of passion
for we exulted in this celebrated gift.
But now, what once was there is gone.
My hands seemingly tied in locked emotion.

I miss your beauty and your warm smile,
for it set the bond that drew us together.
Yet, here I stand in the coldness of the breeze,
wrapped tight in my wistful coat of broken yesterdays.

JJ Evendon

Mission

I'm a man on a mission – if you please.
Dressed up like James Bond – boots on skis.
Going hell for leather – rocket to the moon.
Everything is a blur – I'll be there soon.
She rang me this morning – must have been asleep,
dropped the phone – now broken in a heap.
Does she turn me on – yes she does.
Does she turn me on – yes she does.

Wheels lifting off the ground – feel the air.
Looking for my heading – not sure where.
Climb above the clouds – taking a long time.
Got to keep going – things looking fine.
Blue in front of me – I can see the sun.
Letting it roll and dive – having lots of fun.
Does it turn me on – yes it does.
Does it turn me on – yes it does.

Above this place is heaven – I could stay.
Now I must leave - disappear in the grey.
Lost in a dark world – strange shadows cast.
Mind between worlds – changing descending fast.
Clouds above green below – buffet of a breeze.
Looking for home – flying close to the trees.
Does this turn me on – yes it does.
Does this turn me on – yes it does.

JJ Evendon

Monkey - A Prologue To The End Of The World

It's the middle of the night
I'm wide awake in my room
light shinning from the street light and not from the moon.
Pictures on the wall,
lampshade above my head
head on my pillow, one leg out of bed.
Thinking of Christine.
Thinking of the past.
Wonder what she's doing, wonder why our relationship didn't last.
Not everything in life is easy.
Not everything in life is there to please.
Can't say I'm happy.
Can't say I'm sad.
Want to do more in life.
Want to ride my motorbike.
Want to fly my plane.
Want to reach the stars and come back again.
The world is ending soon,
where will you be?
Rocket to Mars or back to living in the trees?
Monkey.

JJ Evendon

Moon Hands

The moon shines above me
to ask, "Hi, are you OK"?

I am.

I have met the woman of my dreams
and feel I'm being whisked somewhere wonderful.
Could it be towards the stars?

Maybe.

The night is beautiful.

I return my gaze to the moon,
and watch as it slowly slips behind a tree.

I wait a while

knowing it will soon reappear.

I am happy.

The moon smiles
surrounded by a glitter of stars.

Majestical.

Though I stand alone

I can feel the warmth of her hand in mine.

JJ Evendon

Moonbeams

Moonbeams

turning silhouettes silvery grey.

A surrealist landscape naturally mastered.

Moon's mirrored image reflected on water

illuminating the lake's tranquil state,

punctuated only by an old abandoned jetty.

Nothing stirs.

An expectation held in silence.

I gaze above at the billion bright stars.

Fearing I would stumble, I cautiously step forward.

I do not stumble.

For I find myself walking on moonbeams

over a slowly disappearing world

to a place cosseted by darkness.

JJ Evendon

Moonshine

The November air is cold and clear.
A splatter of stars decorate the night sky.
I watch from my bedroom window
as the full moon arches across and then slowly sinks;
beckoned by a darkened horizon.
Its moonlight - shining,
always shining -
in my eyes.
My room.
My heart
to light what cannot be seen -
my soul!

JJ Evendon

Mother R.I.P.

I know you can hear me mother,
I know you can hear us all
for there's no reason why you can't hear us,
As grief pours from our hearts and souls.
Walk tall mother, so that you can see heaven's view,
where you'll rest happily forever amongst people you once knew.
Though you have left many friends and loved ones behind,
It's true that we loved you as much as you loved us you'll find.
Go in peace Mother, for your spirit remains our guiding light,
there for us, whenever needed, day or night.
Rest mother, for you have given us life's amazing prize,
now it's up to us to make you feel proud before we join you when we die.
Your children's children's children will always hold fond memories of you
of your humour and laughter - all with a French accent too!
Do not grieve Mother, for though life has released your mortal soul
you have taken a journey over which none of us have any control.
Goodbye Mother, for the gates of heaven await to receive you
along with your mother, father and all those that loved you too
I know your spirit will always never be far
So Au revoir Mother, Au revoir!

JJ Evendon

Mouldy Bread

What it was I am not sure,
for the smell seemed to emanate from the floor.
I looked down, and there lying in front of me,
were two slices of mouldy bread stained with tea.
I had eaten a sandwich the other day, or was it last week?
And forgot to clean up the mess that now lay at my feet.
It had been a bacon sandwich - the mouth watering kind,
filled with the most crispy slices that I could find.
Smoked back bacon - the best you could buy
that were cooked in the oven until it's slightly soggy and not too dry.
Placed between two slices of bread that were thickly cut
battered and with lots and lots of ketchup.
Now all that remains from this once delicious midnight feast
is the growing mould slowly spreading over my feet.

JJ Evendon

Mouse Trap

In front a lies a moldy piece of cheese,
whose pungent smell is slowly taking the better of me.

I try to turn - for fear it could be a trap

but it draws me ever closer -

'SNAP'

The End

JJ Evendon

My Bed

I love my bed
but I would love it more if you were there.
Every night I reach out to an empty space next to me.
I miss your firm breasts,
your tender body
your lovely sweet lips.
I miss all of you.
I love my bed but,
I would love it even more if you there -
sharing it with me.

JJ Evendon

My Corner

Standing at the corner outside my house
a lady scurries past like a mouse.
She's been shopping, so is in a hurry to get home,
and letting her friend what she bought on the phone.
The wind is cold, so her breath whitens the air.
Bag full of things of which I really don't care.
Leaves have fallen, for it's that time of year.
It's raining, so I'm wearing warm wet weather gear.
Whilst I watch traffic slowly go past,
I wonder how long this miserable weather will last.
Above grey clouds hang low, and obscure the sun,
a sign, for sure, that autumn has begun.
A bus trundles along, and then comes to a stop.
Two old ladies get off, carrying bags from a well known shop.
Leaves being blown across the road some around my feet.
It won't be long now before snow falls some inches deep.
It's cold and wet so I turn to go back inside.
Where it's warm and dry - unlike the outside.

JJ Evendon

My First Poem

With every passing day,
and with every morning sun,
I lift my eyes and mind,
to the new world that has just begun.

I am no longer afraid.
I am no longer alone.
This planet earth
makes me feel fine.

Although weightlessness cannot be found,
in space it is all around.
Mind can span worlds - sometimes time.
So let's enjoy it - I feel fine.

Free as a bird soaring high.
Invisible as the air it needs.
When one's mind is elsewhere,
who's to say where life will lead?

Looking down to where you stand,
and higher than the trees,
see all around you,
and listen to the breeze

Many things can be told
and, as time goes by, other matters unfold.
So listen my friend, and don't be afraid,
we cannot live forever, so live each day

JJ Evendon

My Pear Tree

A small pear tree stands in my garden so
how old it is I really don't know.
It's a small tree about 10 feet high
with LED lights - solar powered that point up to the sky.
It's a pretty little tree and I love it to.
I care for it as if it were you.
A chicken and a pig are placed at its base,
somewhere a sparrow hidden is placed.
Throughout winter it stood bare without leaves
looking ordinary like any other tree.
But when summer came I was surprised to find
so many pears had grown- to count would take a long time.
Slowly, they began to ripen, and then fall.
A sign that autumn is coming after all.
Never have I seen so many pears come from one small tree.
So much so I gave most to my neighbour for breakfast, lunch and tea.
Now all that remains are the three left in my hand.
And I look at them in wonderment as they've grown on my land.
Now winter has come and its leaves are all gone.
Until next spring that is - which isn't too long.
And when the season's temperature slowly rises
I shall look forward again to share its marvellous surprises.

JJ Evendon

My Short Letter

I am writing you a short letter and promise it won't be long
for you are far away and all alone.

It's been a while since we last spoke
talking and laughing at my awful jokes.

The garden's green and the flowers are in full bloom
I've cleaned the house and now started to paint your room.

I had such a problem trying to chose a colour
was it to be 'Peach' or some other?

And as I was struggling to decide

I saw something sitting on the fence outside.

A little bird with a bright red chest
so the colour of your room is - can you guess?

JJ Evendon

My Wish

If we could make a wish,
what would that wish be?

One amazing wish -
no more -
that would last a lifetime.

One for better wealth,
good health,
or greater happiness?

A wish for love -
always love -
maybe one that lasts forever?

I have a wish -
a secret wish -
one that fulfils all my dreams
and is as beautiful as a rose on a pillow.

If I am the pillow,
would you be the rose?

JJ Evendon

New Dawn

For thousands of years it stood,
a divine symbol of unity with Gaia.
Affirmation that ancient man sought enlightenment
through the earth goddess.

At the moment of dawn,
the mighty sarsen becomes bathed in golden silence
with the sun's first rays.
A beacon set to light spiritual consciousness.
Glorified by indigenous people -
more clairvoyant and star-born -
than we shall ever know.

But, that was a long, long time ago.

Now, five thousand years later,
its purpose remains a mystery.
Another puzzle of our pre-history.
Though the culture may have long since vanished,
its secrets remain preserved for eternity.
Waiting for the time of 'dawn'.

In search for an answer
I stand in front of an Avebury stone -
now barely visible in the freezing fog -
its ghostly shape silhouetted
against a brightening mystical glow.
All too soon, a large yellow orb appears
seen coming low through the mist.
I feel a sense of change beginning to happen.
Within moments, I am enveloped by a new light.
Was this the moment our ancestors had waited to see?
I feel engaged with something powerful.
I am beginning to understand.
Let this be the stone's new dawn.

JJ Evendon

No God

There is no God that rules the universe
There is no God that cares for our mother earth
For we ourselves are God in some way or other
Able to care, create, destroy and kill one another
So if God does exist and is now here with us
Then what the hell is he doing driving a number 9 bus?

JJ Evendon

No Longer

No longer do I sit alone and weep.
No longer do I dream never to wake from sleep.
For there's a new dawn soon to rise
now will remove the darkness from my eyes.
A dawn that will bring new and pleasant things.
A dawn that always makes birds sing.

No longer do I sit in the dark shadow of life.
No longer will I miss the love that was once my wife.
For the sun has risen in its glory, to soon shine above
and now lifts with it, my hope of finding a new love.
A sunrise that always awakens a new dawn.
A sunrise that will always keep me warm.

No longer do I sit and let life go by.
No longer shall I let my zest for life become dry.
For the sun has released my shackles that once bound my spirit
and now I am free and ready to explore the world, and everything in it.
A day that always shines to lighten my path.
A day that will always see me through and make me laugh.

No longer do I lie awake at night.
No longer am I afraid to switch off the light.
For the moon that shines over a landscape where dreams are made
and now sets my life to a place where I want to live each day.
A night that always passes in harmony with my soul.
A night that brings a new dawn where happiness is its goal.

JJ Evendon

No Signal

A mountain trail disappears up into cloud
the walk would take many an hour.
A storm is coming, so I leave early before it's too late
looking forward to reaching the summit to celebrate.
The climb is long, arduous and slow
feel winter's coat coming, see a few flakes of snow.
Stop for a drink and take delight in eating some cake
sitting in peace besides a small shallow lake.
On a ledge overlooking the valley far below
I'm overcome by a sudden urge - but where to go?
Relief comes from a stream that arches through the air
to then gracefully fall away on something that I was not aware.
Suddenly, a loud roar and crashing was heard
followed by a flight of startled birds.
I quickly turn to see what was there
when what emerges from behind a bush, a great big grumpy bear.
An angry bear whose hair was wet and out of place
and was very upset for wee now covered his face.
As soon as he saw me, he started to run
and if I didn't move quickly, I would surely be done.
So I grabbed my bag and sought refuge up a tree
before his sharp claws and teeth could take a piece of me
I tried to call for help but phone says 'NO SIGNAL'
now I'm stuck and in desperate need of another tinkle!

JJ Evendon

One Time

If nothing moved in the universe
were would time be?

What if the whole universe was a sum, a measurement of 'one'
and, if that 'one' was measured as a single movement of time -
unable to replicate itself - then what?

Everything that was, is and will happen, has already happened in that 'one'
movement.

To move away from the question would be impossible as,
the question will always remain - as would the answer.

No matter how many 'ones' we add: minute, hour, day, week, month or year, it
counts for nothing.

For, there cannot be more than one if 'one' is itself.

We travel along a single timeline - not two or three -
and are all part of 'one'.

But, if 'one' is made of many parts then, can it be - 'one'?

Only 'time' can answer that one.

JJ Evendon

Oumuamua

They called me:

'Oumuamua'.

Meaning:

'A messenger from afar arriving first'.

An asteroid

or alien spaceship?

Scientists aren't sure.

Telescopes watch

as I swiftly cross the heavens.

They listen for signals

but there are none.

Every second,

billions of messages

radiate from earth

to travel beyond the horizon.

Some, so powerful,

they may even reach the stars.

An alien picking up these signals

would question the source.

Intelligent?

Yes, but on what level?

I am Oumuamua,

an evolutionary scout

sent to listen and learn.

Intelligence ferments intelligence.

What masters intelligence

is the ability to learn

through listening.

Without this, life bears no fruit.

Now, I see a planet

drowning in wireless noise

unable to hear itself scream.

I fly past..
They may hear my silence
but they do not hear my voice.

JJ Evendon

Oyster

Though I am yet to be born
my bed is made,
not one of cloth
but one of the sea.
My seed will flourish and taste of its salt water
for it is this that spawned life.
I shall grow and prosper
safe within my hardened shell
in the shallow waters of Arcachon Bay.
There I shall wait until taken by a fisherman
leaving behind only old anchored roots,
never to return.
For this was my life,
my sea,
my destiny.

JJ Evendon

Paris

Jihadi John cavalcade of doom
tracked by drone
an Isis hardened murderer
invincible?

Boom.

His blood reddens the desert soil.

At the Stade de France the game was underway
France V Germany cheered by 80,000 fans.
It's Friday 13th, who would be the loser?
Who would be the winner?
Only the superstitious flounder
for two suicide bombers it will be both.
21.20 they cry "Allahu akbar" (God is great) .

Boom. Boom.

Noise reverberates across the stadium.
Blood splattered on walls like graffiti.

Moments later,
terrorists fire at restaurants.
Their cries "Allahu akbar" (God is great) .
drowned by the noise of their lethal weapons.

Rat-a-tat-tat
Rat-a-tat-tat
Rat-a-tat-tat

Indiscriminate killings
over 20 lie dead
Blood splattered on tables and chairs.

Eagles of Death Metal
performing on stage.
Three terrorists storm the Bataclan
With cries of "Allahu akbar" (God is great)

they fire their machine guns
this is music to their ears.

Rat-a-tat-tat
Rat-a-tat-tat
Rat-a-tat-tat
Rat-a-tat-tat
Rat-a-tat-tat
Rat-a-tat-tat

89 people lie dead.
Blood splattered on floor and walls
Allah ma-yit"
God is dead

JJ Evendon

Passing Time

It's the early hours
and the sun has yet to rise.
I am awake without thought.
Dispelling distraction.

It's the autumn equinox.
Yesterday, the last day of summer.
Today, the beginning of autumn.
Tomorrow, more night, less day.

Leaves on trees begin slowly to change colour:
from green to fiery red, golden yellow or brown.

The weather too has changed.
Air becoming more autumnal.
Blowing longer, stronger, more cold and heavier than before
making my window rattle like a train carriage.
It is not this that keeps me awake
but something else...

Outside, trees sway under a grim night.
Leaves pulled by their stems
created by the passing storm
flail like a basket of fish.

The drooping branches of a willow-
barely visible from my window -
dangle like long tentacles of a gigantic jelly fish
drifting in a sea of air.
A kite in the wind.
Graceful and uplifting.

I lie quiet.
Eyes open.
Listening to the sounds of the night.
In a corner to my right, a blue sensor light flickers -
on....off.....on..off... -
Strange.
What is causing this I wonder?

I look around my still darkened room
only to see shadows move along the walls
and again on the ceiling.
I peer harder, but see nothing
for it is still too dark.

It's 3am... time of the witching hour.
I switch on the light
and the shadows disappear.
I get up to make a cup of tea.
My cat Mozart follows me.
He thinks he's in for an early treat.
Maybe he's right.
I quickly get back into bed
only to hear the incessant purring of a contented cat.
I pull a pillow over my head to block out his cheerfulness.
Soon the window begins to rattle again.
My snoring joined by the orchestra outside.

JJ Evendon

Pavements

Moonlight lightens a mackerel patterned sky
pictured like crazed paving slabs along a roadside.
Biscuit shaped clouds move gracefully through the air
outline accentuated by the softness that is theirs.
From sea to sky they may have travelled far,
for their journey is closer to the stars than we are.
Look closer, and space between will reveal so much more.
for the haphazard lines is the place to search and explore.
Planets like Saturn and Venus you may possibly see
along with innumerable stars belonging to our galaxy.
But a layer of cloud then forms to hide such sight
until, that is, the earth turns to the same point tomorrow night!

JJ Evendon

Penguins

I heard a funny story the other day
about Penguins who nest close to the end of a runway.
Living on a small island that is all rock with no sand,
they are not use to seeing large planes come and land.
It's freezing cold, so turn their backs to the raging wind,
most huddle together whilst others prefer to swim.
In the distance, and through the falling snow,
a plane comes towards them and they watch it slowly grow.
With eyes fixed and beaks held high
they watch this apparition approach from the sky.
And when they look up, as it passes straight overhead,
they all fall over backwards as if suddenly shot dead.

Please note. No penguins were hurt in the making of this poem.

JJ Evendon

Poor Mother Earth

Earth would be a much happier place
if it were not for us - the human race.
Animals, birds and mammals too,
would be best left alone – I think stands true.
Though we seek to understand life in all its form
our search for peace is constantly being torn.
Wars, plagues and disasters are all too frequent, we hear,
there's enough suffering for an ocean made of tears.
If change could be made by opening a door
then rip it off its hinges and cry out – NO MORE.
For if we do not heed our conscience voice
we'll end up with nothing instead of a choice.
A choice we appear not to hear or understand.
Instead we eagerly rape, pillage what's left of our precious land.
Animals do not seek domination through force or destruction.
Whereas we constantly seek to remove any ideological obstruction
And when there is nothing left to satisfy our selfish thirst,
death would rise and rule over poor mother earth.

JJ Evendon

Puzzle

I'm trying to put together a puzzle,
a puzzle that only I can complete.
A puzzle whose pieces are forged by my mind
oddly shaped and difficult to find.
It's not flat but curved in parts
shaped like the universe before its dramatic start.
All the pieces are there but are so difficult to reach
so I stretch forward and search, ever deep.
Slowly pieces fit together and a form begins to take
that's much a puzzle as the puzzle itself makes.
Who or what we are is it's very essence.
But why, then, doesn't it make any sense?

JJ Evendon

Quayside Fantasy

Snow flurries speckle the cold night air,
remorselessly carried by an Arctic wind.
A figure wrapped in a long mink coat
waits patiently for her lover's ferry.
She's aroused by the silk lining gliding over her near naked body
and her black lace underwear and stockings underneath.
She moistens her lips in response,
knowing she'll soon have him.
Tonight, she wants to be his slave,
to delve deep into promiscuity.
Tied, toyed and abused into submission.
Every moment sheer tortuous pleasure,
he'll come to her over and over again.
She; urging, encouraging, wanting,
waiting to scream his name at the point of climax,
that would unleash the leviathan locked within.
Her eyes are closed in erotic thought
when she feels a gentle kiss on her lips and opens them.
His handsome, smiling face only inches from hers.
"Missed me? " he says
"You could say that. Are you hungry? " she says with a wicked grin.
"Starving" he say.
"Good, I know the perfect place" she says.
with one arm around her, he hails a taxi.
A devilish smile sweeps her face
as she begins to slowly loosen her coat.

JJ Evendon

Quayside Tragedy

Snow flurries speckle the cold night air,
remorselessly carried by an Arctic wind.
A figure wrapped in a long mink coat
waits patiently for her lover's ferry.
She's aroused by the silk lining gliding over her near naked body
and her black lace underwear and stockings underneath.
She moistens her lips in response,
knowing she'll soon have him.
Tonight, she wants to be his slave,
to delve deep into promiscuity.
Tied, toyed and abused into submission.
Every moment sheer tortuous pleasure,
he'll come to her over and over again.
She; urging, encouraging, wanting,
waiting to scream his name at the point of climax,
that would unleash the leviathan locked within.
Her eyes closed in erotic thought,
picturing his handsome face and smiling eyes.
But fate was later to play a cruel hand.

Now old and frail
she clutches her long mink coat
feeling the cold more than ever before.
It was January 31st 1953 – the day, for her, that life stopped.
A storm, the worst in living memory, swept the Irish Sea,
causing the ferry to capsize, drowning all on board.
Nature was not one to forgive that day.
Each year since, she returns to stand at the quayside.
Hoping beyond hope he'll be there, his handsome face, smiling.
Alas, it is never to be.
But one day she knows he will appear.
On that day, he will look, smile and take her hand
and set sail to follow the setting sun.
happy being together, forever,
with just the sea as their audience.
She hears a noise and slowly begins to open her eyes.
Could it possibly be him?
Though time and tragedy may have separated them once,
their bond is strong and, like a spirit, eternal.

JJ Evendon

Ramblings Of An Old Man

I'm getting there.
It's beginning to make sense.
Catching scarlet light
under a blanket of woven silk,
flowers of clover resembling hyacinths,
releasing sweetness from within
that raises to become absorbed
making life smell wonderful,
only to be lost in a breeze.
Now I'm alone
with just sunlight in my hands,
reflecting life's images
in a manner not understood,
but happy in the knowledge that
all life can be perceived differently.
I am different.
Therefore I know my way
- even if I do not know the place!

JJ Evendon

Recumbent Stone

Beside a hill
a recumbent stone.
Mystical patterns adorn its face
carved in the language of Gaia,
remain unspoken, unheard,
meaning unknown.
Lost with the passing of time,
to become just another piece of the mosaic landscape.
Earth's spirit written in stone
forever one with the cosmos.

JJ Evendon

Red Balloons

With one hand I drift silently.
Not because I am lighter than air,
because of what I am holding.
Beneath my feet tall buildings appear small,
divided by avenues lined with trees,
only to disappear into the haze of congestion.
Red rose balloons carrying me safely,
but where? I neither know nor care!
Does it matter?
- No, not really!
For I am happy to watch the world slip slowly beneath my feet.
Knowing that people below are seeing me and wishing,
just wishing, they were here instead of me!

JJ Evendon

Red Staring Eyes

The most frightening thing one could imagine
would be a pitch black canvas painting, in a room, hanging.
At its centre, two small red glaring eyes,
whose stare, pierce right through as you pass by.
A feeling of coldness and fear run down your back
as you expect the picture, somehow, to come alive and attack.
And though you try to turn away and not look
the powerful red staring eyes has, by all accounts, got you hooked.
Drawing you ever closer, you want to escape.
Suddenly a mouth opens, oops, too late.

JJ Evendon

Reflection Of Time

A mirror -
slightly tilted -
hangs on my wall.
It's made from the tail of a passing comet
in the year of a Blue moon.
Within its polished surface
swirls of coloured lights
conducted, it would seem,
by the twinkling of stars

I see an image in the mirror
not one, but countless.
Each gets smaller and more distant than the first
until, eventually, they disappear to a point -
the point of infinity.
I peel away the point
only to see another.

This creation of illusion
questions the singularity of my existence.
Is all that I see real
or, am I part reality, part illusion?

I lean forward and peer closer
trying to see through the reflection.
Instead, I'm sucked in
and turn into this creator of images.
I feel no pain,
only a sensation of 'being'.
Who I am, is discerned by Time.
For now, I see a world askew
that hangs by a thread on a point
where infinity will always be found.

JJ Evendon

Rejection

You said you wouldn't come,
but here you stand,
looking at me with lost mournful eyes.
Seeking refuge, seeking a friend,
With self pity.
Wishing to steal my heart - again.

I too wish space was there for you.
To feel your love flow through my heart -
a desire you withheld without thought.
Enticing as it might be, I am now ruled by my head,
not my heart.
All traces of love turned septic long ago
now lying deep in a chasm of unfathomable darkness.
Slowly, you raise your head and I ask:
"So why did you come? "

JJ Evendon

Religion

I don't believe in Christmas.

I don't believe there's a God that rules the universe.

If there were, where do you think we should all be?

Our lives would be better off clearly.

But it is not.

It is not because,

there is no God

JJ Evendon

Robert Burns

I like ma steaming hot tatties
but especially wee young scottish lassies.
After a pint of da golden spey wata,
I loose ma pride and to do something I shouldn't auta.
For we're all here to celebrate Robbie Burns nite.
Read his poems, tell jokes, dance and talk shite.
But the poor haggis – that once was alive is now deed,
Its corpse laid out on a plate is, as ya can see, missing his heed.
So lets toast the passing of such a fine fella
and raise ya glasses of the stuff that's liquid yella.
When we've drunk enough to see mist in front of ya eyes
ua'll then be given a big surprise.
For I'm about to give ya one hell of a shock
when ya see ma willie wearing some strange cock.
But let me explain, for ders a reason for such action,
the haggis is a Scotsman secret for longevity of passion.
So lassies when ya na see a willie but a haggis heed,
be satisfied this monster it not waiting for ya in bed.

JJ Evendon

Rosie

There are two birds on my table
one head cocked, inquisitive,
the other smiling.

Both know 'What the ground holds'.

Buddha sits quietly eyes closed
contemplating events of the past.

The smoke from a cigar heighten senses
that brings man closer to himself

JJ Evendon

Roundness

I love the perfect roundness of a sphere
as it sits in your hand.
There are no corners to hold it square
for the surface is without bounds.
It's smooth and beautiful like a lady in silk
no sharp edges to wake a dream.
A crystal ball that propels a state of mind
to become ever wanting, ever touching.
Peering deeper, I seek my unanswered thoughts
wishing clarity, hopes and dreams.
Clouded like a nebula, I look for vision
I try to see the future.
If I ask a question, would I get an answer?
Is what I see a reflection of myself?

JJ Evendon

Rowing

Oars pulled like blazed arrows
their sinew-driven blades lost in calamity,
stirring mighty vortices to dance in their wake.
Bow nodding with strained approval,
cuts through water made of rain.
The oars, released, pass through air
only to return to the depths once again,
their exertion quickening a rite of passage.

JJ Evendon

Seascape

What I see is sea.
What sea sees is me.

What I see is sky.
What sky sees is me,
sand and sea.

What I see,
can anyone else see?

JJ Evendon

Seize The Day

When I listen to the news and what is said
I hear nothing but conflict and scores of the dead.
We always say 'Life is for living'
so then, why so much killing?
Mother nature can provide all of our basic needs,
which, alas, only fuels man insatiable greed.
We risk losing everything for refusing to understand,
that everything precious in life, must balance in hand.
Look hard and you'll see we have only one choice,
we must stop our selfishness with one powerful voice.
No weapons, no wars and bring fanatics to account,
so that peace and harmony are welcomed with thanks
for if we do, the path will be prosperous and bright,
if not, the question surely must be, who'll be last to switch off the light?

JJ Evendon

Shaping The World

May I ask a question?

Certainly.

why do you think you were born?

Because of love shared between two people.

Yes – but what else?

To bring them happiness and see me grow.

That's fine – but what else?

Be proud of my achievements.

OK – but what else?

To respect the world as a whole

and leave it better than when I arrived.

But what if that wasn't possible?

It's not just me, we all must try otherwise we all fail.

If you had the power to shape the world, would you?

Yes

What would you do?

I would make it square so all the ignoramuses fall off the edges – thus saving the planet.

JJ Evendon

Shredding Queen

Every so often there appears to be
Some strange goings on in Shrewsbury library
Books go missing along with a pensioner or two
And now the hunt is on of who owns the missing shoe
It may be totally absurd to think
But recently there's been complaints about a terrible stink
So much so the staff now wear pegs on their noses
And spray the library of sweet smelling roses
But if only the staff knew
That far below in a room hidden from view
There's a person who thinks she's a queen
A queen of the paper shredding machine
Someone who, when paper runs out
Will entice any poor unsuspecting lout
Take him or her deep into her den
Where their life will soon become to an abrupt end
Head first in they go
Until only what's left is a nail of a big toe
For a fine necklace she plans to make
And with all the rest fine Shropshire cake
But unfortunately for her things went wrong
When the smell became too strong
So now she's locked away and can't be seen
Outside the door a warning sign – SHREDDING HAS-BEEN
With her hands and feet tied to the bed
She continues to scream for more things to shred

JJ Evendon

Silence

A bird whispered in my ear:

"Silence is a virtue.

To be virtuous is to understand silence".

Hearing only silence brings many thoughts
not least how beautiful those thoughts can be.

JJ Evendon

Sink Monster

I am a hole in a sink.
I don't care what people think.
Flushed with success and full of pride,
I swallow everything inside.
Hair, nail cuttings, toothpaste, spit and dirt too,
It may sound awful to some of you.
But then again I thank the person above it's not worst,
I could be something you sit on when you're about to burst.
I'm not a loo and therefore cannot complain.
You see everything you give me goes down the drain.
I know I'm going to get a lovely feast
when I see you wash your hands, face or feet.
So next time before you do just look into the hole and you might just see
something strange - what can that be?
A pair of red staring eyes, a dark furry face
whose teeth love chomping at your waste.

JJ Evendon

Sitting Quietly

When I feel love is no longer inside me
I walk with empty thoughts to a hill top tree.
Whilst I sit there peacefully, and wait for the breeze to whisper,
I try to write something profound on a scrap of paper.
The early morning mist that once hid the land and trees,
slowly dissipate and recedes.
With a rising sun, it's not long before I get a clearer view.
Everything in life has a meaning, mine would always be one with you.

JJ Evendon

Sixty Seconds

If you had sixty seconds what would you do?
Would you take someone in your arms and say 'I love you? '
Read the last page of your favourite book
or, just flick through it, and look?
Would you watch a second hand move slowly round
as it sweeps, try and listen to the rhythmic tick-tock sound?
Sixty seconds is neither short, or very long,
but how much time do you really need to remember something, that's soon
gone?
Whilst I ponder, I take my kettle and fill it over the sink,
sixty seconds is enough time to make a cup of tea, for me, I think.
Suddenly, the meter runs out, no electricity, so can't see
Help – anyone got 50p?

JJ Evendon

Ski

It's my third day and things are going well
I've only fallen down once and it hurt like hell
Today is going great and nothing is getting in my way
For I've fallen only once and that was yesterday

JJ Evendon

Skiing

It's my third day and things are going well.
I've only fallen down once and it hurt like hell.
Today is going great and nothing is going to get in my way.
For I've fallen only once - and that was yesterday.

Why is it I can't ski?
When all that my instructor keeps saying is 'bent za knees'.
I 'bent za knees', I hold my poles,
hoping this will help me go faster and not slow.
Now the only thing that worries me that I know
are that my skis do not go where I want them to go.
My knees are bent, I'm in the groove,
I try to turn but the skis don't move.
As I hold my breath I imagine what happens next
either I go round this bend or crash and break my neck.
Somehow I make it with just a snow flake to spare
now I can breathe again - the fresh mountain air.
But no sooner had I drawn my breath and unclenched my teeth
I notice my skis are far too wide underneath.
With my eyes bouncing up and down like demented fleas
I try to focus but my mind feels as though it has turned to cheese.
It's not looking good I must say
compared to this morning when I thought it would turn out to be a perfect day.
Not so - and here it must end.
Did he make it or go straight and miss the bend?

JJ Evendon

Sky

If we could change the colour of the sky
what would it be?
Would it be one, not of colour, but of night?
Or paint it the colours of a rainbow with a trick of light?
Have its colours changed by butterflies and the buzzing of bees
Whilst we serenely listen to the gentle whisper of a light breeze?
For this is one thing that will never fade or die
though to know would be to question why.
So until the stars disappear from above our heads
and we continue to dream when we're safe asleep in our beds
always beam a smile when you see a butterfly flutter by
for it is they we must thank for giving us the wonderful blue sky.
- Except today because it's raining.

JJ Evendon

Smile

I write her name
not with ink
but with love
and a smile.

When I speak to her
it is not with words
but with love
and tears of joy.

JJ Evendon

Solemn

There is no reason to be solemn, for Easter is near.
It's soon to be upon us and, therefore, time to cheer.
For a few, the magic has long since gone.
the joyous occasion lost like an outdated song.
Once a shining star guided three men so wise
no longer holds true of God's only given prize.
For he abandoned his son, as if he didn't care,
when nailed to a cross to die in his 32nd year
He may or may not have existed – I really can't say
for everything written in the bible, is theological anyway.
My interest stops after the first paragraph of Genesis –
a chronological account of the birth of the universe.
But, if before the big bang, God did exist,
where did he come from and, does this not contradict the laws of physics?
It's a Pandora's box that throws conflict into the air.
A box of contradictions – if you were to believe - emanated from God's lair.
To say something exists at a time when absolutely nothing existed before,
you have to be stupid to believe this – that's for sure.
Such a box contained all the ills that now beset man.
And was made by a God and unleashed by a woman.
So, if the Bible is true, and God took form of mankind,
then, he too, suffers the ills brought by Pandora and her kind.
Therefore this proves he is not perfect – and neither am I,
but I will, one day find out if he exists, when I die.
And, when a peaceful passing takes me through that pure tunnel of light,
I shall then know, for my sins, whether I had been right.
I'm just a person who's views on religion are somewhat different and bold
for I wasn't born on this earth to change the world.
The world is forever changing and that of the universe too.
It's nothing to do with God, but rather down to me and you.

JJ Evendon

Soul

Essence of genesis
permeates the world of Gaia.

An animistic embodiment
connecting natural and physical entities
whose spirit encompasses all.

To search for the soul,
is to embark on a mindful journey
and leave self behind.

A place where all creation
and consciousness are one.
Where earth and stars are joined.
There, only there,
is true meaning of life found.

The mayfly
knows nothing of this
for its world is different
and will never live
beyond sun set.

JJ Evendon

Space Oddity

Space ... is not the final frontier
as we would make believe.
For, far beyond the boundaries of understanding
there is something.
Something we think doesn't exist
but drives us to believe there is.
What could this be?

Could it be a spirit of everything
that encompasses all
yet, resides without pretence,
emotion,
or physicality
outside the universe?

A space oddity?
Maybe the answer is found -
not by stargazing -
but soul gazing.

JJ Evendon

Space Traveller

A long, long time ago,
from across the vastness of our galaxy,
a bright silvery spaceship landed on earth.
Space travellers coming from another world.
They came not to conquer.
They did not want to conquer,
but to impart sacred knowledge
to a group of rock dwellers.
Bewildered by their magnificence,
the space travellers were seen as Gods -
were treated like Gods -
even worshipped like Gods -
but they were not Gods -
they were space missionaries.
Great scholars of celestial understanding
come to unveil secrets of the universe
to a gathered few.
After the New moon's 15th appearance
the space travellers ascended to the stars never to return.
The rock dwellers looked and saw the world through different eyes.
Knowing they had changed,
knowing things would change.
They felt connected to the power of earth
its energy being drawn through their bodies.
Enlightened, they stood motionless.
Every second turned to a minute. Every minute turned to an hour.
Waiting for the first glimpse of the morning sun to cast shadow
to awaken all senses.
Grand Wizards of earth, newborn.
Visionary seers,
whose almanac is written by the light of stars,
that only they can read.
I wish I was a wizard.

JJ Evendon

Speed Camera

A speed camera flashed at me today
So I flashed back in very inappropriate human way

JJ Evendon

Spirit Of Tomorrow

"Is anybody there? "

Nothing. Just silence, not even a mouse whisper.

"Is there anybody there? "

Again, silence. As silent as a spider's web.

"If there's somebody there, please give a sign"

Again total silence. Not even a beat of a beetle's heart.

Then, ever so softly, a shuffling sound is heard.

"Is somebody there? " speaks a voice cutting the silence.

The air becoming stuffy.

I feel a presence.

There it is again. Just audible

quieter than a patter of mice.□

"Is somebody there? " the voice stealing the silence.

"I am a friend" I reply.

"Who are you? " says the man.

"I am the spirit of tomorrow" I reply, "come to take you to a place of souls"

"You say you are the spirit of tomorrow - then why are you here today? "

"Life is unpredictable" I respond.

You never know when or where it will end.

For when that moment arrives, the past is your future.

Take what is today for there may be no coming of tomorrow.

Enjoy what you've been given - even if all appears insurmountable.

Reward your soul for it is this gift that life has given you".

As dawn brightens, I see myself slowly fade away leaving him to evaluate what his future life holds.

JJ Evendon

Spring

She's up early
pulls the curtains open to a glorious sunrise.
Her dog sits patiently by the front door
waiting to be taken for his walk.
From tomorrow, days will be longer
and nights shorter.
Outside, birds can be heard singing.
The morning air is crisp and dry -
perfect -
for it lifts her spirit knowing summer will soon be here.
The sun's orange glow slowly changes to yellow as it rises
adding colour to otherwise leafless trees- beautiful yet surreal.
Flowers pop their heads above ground and will soon bloom -
the first sign of impending spring.
Shortly, like fireworks, they will all explode into their finest colours
attracting bees, butterflies, moths and countless insects -
life's unsung pollinators -
choreographed in a world of scent and perfume.
Charlie (the dog) is oblivious to such nuances.
He casually sniffs then cocks his leg at the first lamp post he passes,
for him, after his walk, he cares only one thing,
that he's rewarded with a delicious sausage
by Sarah in Cafe Moka.

JJ Evendon

Starfield

I am mesmerised
by a false sense of reality
as I journey through
a universe filled of stars

I see no end
for there is none.

I close my eyes
and soon I am away
in deep meditation
accompanied by music
I would not otherwise hear.

I have no agenda
other than to sit and listen
to the melodic sound of Starfield
as each star passes
for, where I am,
infinity is forever.

JJ Evendon

Starlight

She walks in starlight
brightened by a new moon
a world shaded in silver.

Its beauty draws breath
that tastes of goodness
whatever she sees.

Life can be like that.

JJ Evendon

Strange Feelings

It wasn't always like this
but, it is now.
Not knowing where to be
or how things should be.
All appears strange.
Yet, here I am -
somewhere -
but not here.
If only I knew where, 'where' was,
then 'there' would be no confusion.
Does 'where' constitute being 'here'?
Life is full of strange paradoxes.
Am I a paradox -
or -
an apparition of consciousness?

JJ Evendon

Stratosphere

Take me high up to the stratosphere
To where the air is wonderfully clear
Rise ever higher and to the beckon of the sun
From a place below where once was none
I'm no longer bound by hardness of this world
Soaring gracefully with mighty wings unfurled
Light glistens above me from an ocean filled of stars
So incredibly beautiful yet so unbelievably far
The feeling of peace and serenity eclipses the mind
A moment savoured never to be lost in time
It doesn't matter what I hear or see
For this place above earth is where I want to be
It never rains and the sun is always bright
Even if below shadows change into night
For I am nowhere else except here
Alone high up in the Stratosphere.

JJ Evendon

Streetlight

I see no stars
only a single light
glowing above.

Maybe tomorrow
they'll be there.
But tonight,
it's just a street lamp
that illuminates my world.

I imagine a lonely star
streaming beams of dreams.
I close my eyes
and soon I am taken away
to a different place.

JJ Evendon

Strings

I am floating in a place of emptiness
I see the world no longer at its best
Floating insignificantly amongst a myriad of stars
Tainted by man's greed, pollution and cars

I see clouds drift high in skies of blue
Above fields of green and yellowish hue
Not everything is seen as perfect as this
Takeaway sunlight and day would not exist

If on this planet there was only me and you
Somewhere living on an island that's made just for two
What if a child should come, what would happen next?
Overcrowding and pollution - I bet

I hear songs played with guitar strings
I see all sorts of beautiful things
I feel my heart beat once and again
I believe life's circle has a momentary end

JJ Evendon

Summary

When I speak,
I speak so the people understand me.

When I write,
I write clearly so people can understand me too.

What I don't understand
is that after I've crossed the 'T's',
I dot the eyes and it hurts.

JJ Evendon

Summer Carnage

To be blind is one thing.
To be stupid and arrogant is another.
The idiot who cut in front of me is both.
What right does he have to do what he wants?
- none.
I am a believer.
A believer that idiots who seek to disrupt
must themselves be disrupted.
Eliminated and turned into fish food.
For society would function better without them.
I am patient
Patient enough to know I have no patience -
either for stupidity, arrogance or both.
Result?
DIY
I edge forward.
Then slam my car into his right rear side
knocking his car off balance.
He loses control and I watch as it flips -
turning over and over -
what a great spectacle.
Carnage everywhere.
Who cares?
Not me.
I hope he's dead.
I feel better.
The road is safer.
Another trophy etched on my car.

JJ Evendon

Sunflowers

As the evening fades
and the shadows fall,
there is an empty space in front of me,
a big empty space where you should be.

As I toss and turn I realise I'm all alone,
and I tell myself this can't be right,
not on this beautiful day, especially not tonight.
I should walk away and live my life.

I knew it was wrong and should have let you be,
but I was blinded by love that only others could see.
I tried to step back and open my eyes,
now filled with tears from my cries.

Sunflowers are there for all to see.
They sway gently with the passing breeze.
We held hands amongst them in our dreams,
letting run our imagination wherever we please.

Now a bridge is drawn and I must fight on.
The smiling sunflowers are with me - but not for long.
As the summer draws to an end they will wither and die,
leaving me alone to face the world, leaving me to question why.

I have changed my tack, I have changed my stance.
No more will I love you, no more will I ask you for a dance.
Life is never even, no matter where you stand.
Love gone forever, gone where the wind blows across a deserted shadowed land.
I wish this was not true.
Life is harsh, life is cruel.

JJ Evendon

Super Moon

I am woken by a strange light
that soon lifts me from my bed
and transports me into the night's sky.

It's night of the super moon
and I am being drawn
towards its beauty and power.

I stand bathed
head to toe
in silvery light.

I close my eyes
and make a wish
for it is here such wishes may be granted.

Now my love and I are together
our hearts beat as one
forever and a day.

JJ Evendon

Take Me Away

Take me away, from what I've become.
Let me burn in a furnace as hot as the sun.
Let hail and rain fall from dark leaden skies.
Hold me down to drown and let me die.
Let lightning strike to leave nothing of me.
Let my spirit rise, and be set free.
No phoenix will be born from my unwanted soul,
for hell had pleasure taking it, a long time ago.
But though I was just a mortal being,
for me life always swung like a convict hanging.
One chapter is never enough to leave a mark.
Not when everything is seen through eyes of dark.

JJ Evendon

Tea

It's not fair that I should get up
without having that 'important' first cup.
A first cup filled with morning tea.
When I drink it I feel good you see.
So without that cup of important drink
I would stay in bed all day I think.

JJ Evendon

The Big Question

I saw a sign
whilst walking.
It read:
"What's your God question"?

This is difficult to answer
for first,
you need to find God.

Ask a computer
and there would be many answers.
Each made by man,
based on its understanding
and knowledge.

God is a belief
created by man
whose prejudiced views
are deeply embedded
in culture and race.
Were they each to ask God the same question,
each would receive a different answer.

Therefore, asking God a question
would not
result in an answer
that conclusively proves
his existence.
It only strengthens the belief
that one day
it may.

JJ Evendon

The Bike Must Go - A Song

Got to keep the engine running - My soul's on fire
Like to see my baby - my one desire
Can't help this feeling it's hard to explain
It hurts my heart it gives me pain
She says
The bike must go
No no no no no
The bike must go

Riding through the city streets, with my leathers on
Looking cool in black as the day is long
I can't quite understand it but my baby's wrong
Plugged into her Ipod and listening to her song
She says
The bike must go
No no no no no
The bike must go.

She's driving me crazy with her stance
And I'm sure she's taking me for a dance
When she says I hate it - it's like doing time
Then she looks at me and says
The bike must go
Oh no no no no
The bike must go.

There's no way around it, can't persuade her n-o more,
it'll be a pity but what can I do?
Sooner or later she's got to see
The bike's for cruising with her and me
And she says:
The bike must go
Oh no no no no
The bike must go

How can she be so cruel when I love her so
I tried ever thing to please her that I know
Got to keep my baby on the wild side

And she looks into my eyes and says
The bike must go
Oh no no no no
The bike must go

I love my baby like a dog chewing a bone
I called her this morning on the telephone,
There's no way around it
I tried my best
There's nothing more to say except
The bike must go
The bike must go
Oh no no no no
The bike must go.

*I turned this poem into a song which you can listen to on Youtube or google.
Just type 'the bike must go' Enjoy.

JJ Evendon

The Break Up

I've lost the love I love the most.
I look at myself and pray that on this day,
my love will be found somewhere close,
where everything becomes clear,
where everything is understood.
And if not, I care not, as memories I have.
Memories which I shall carry with me always.
For that I thank you from all of my heart.

JJ Evendon

The Bungee Jump

(Highest bungee jump bridge, Bloukrans at 216M, S. Africa)

Below a bridge a platform stands
where you can jump and put faith in the promised land.
Attached to your legs a very long cord
without which your life would end on a stony floor.
Thought troubles my mind that's for sure
but, alas, I've run out of time and cannot pause.
With a gentle hand I'm pushed out over the edge
and face the one thing I most dread.
Falling slowly at first then going faster and faster
I close my eyes as I'm sure it'll end up in disaster.
Suddenly around my feet I feel a pull
the cord that was wrapped now slowing the fall.
Relief I open my eyes, but see a fuzziness there
for my eyes have bulged making a wide stare
My belt has come undone and trousers starting to slip
slowly moving downwards every time I bounce, over my hip
It wasn't long before they were round my knees
now I'm bouncing up and down, my dangling bits waving in the breeze!

JJ Evendon

The Jumper

I need to end my life.
Every day I am drawn to the thought.
This urge to die.
But how?
Does it matter?
After all it's my life.
My fate.
My end.
The thought depresses me further towards the path of oblivion -
my oblivion -
whether you walk or die, the path does not care.
It is there for your choosing.

I want to take the path that leads to a pain-free existence.
Somewhere where 'illness' is a word not a condition.
A place of paradise -
a Shangri-la amongst the stars -
where I never have to worry about anyone or anything.
Life here is hell.
Life always brings pain
and death is always life's answer.
I want death to take me
take my illness.

I am sick.
Sick of life, the world and its people.
I only care for myself
and that, is something I hate thinking about.

It's peaceful here
high on the ledge of a 5 star hotel.
For if I am to pass,

then I want to pass surrounded by nice surroundings.
Not some second rate place.

Someone must understand.
If only that were true.
Who cares?

I feel fate's last nail strike,
sealing my destiny.
I have but one option.
I feel blessed for soon I shall be embraced.
My saviour will be peace.
My death will bring peace.
My desire is to be at peace.

I close my eyes and slowly lean forward
holding thoughts of all the good things.

Sudden pain.

Blackness.

A girl's scream.

I am where I want to be.

JJ Evendon

The Last Flame

What does it mean:
to lose a friend,
watch the flame die
and be laid to rest?

What does it mean:
to feel lost,
heart filled with emptiness
and eyes full of tears?

What does it mean:
to watch the sun set
and the only shadow cast
is yours?

What does it mean:
to open your hand,
see nothing
but happy memories?

What does it mean?

It means:
you cared
you loved, loved
and loved.
R.I.P.

JJ Evendon

The Lucky Cork

The big moment had arrived,
when the cork could no longer contain the bubbles inside.
With an almighty explosion, it shot high up in the air,
followed by an out burst of champagne that sprayed everywhere.
After the glasses were filled and wishes were made,
it left only the cork that 'popped' to be found and saved.
For it holds those dreams that wished to come true.
The cork is yours, so now they all belong to you.

JJ Evendon

The Man Who Could Float On Air

Many times I have found myself in my dreams,
flying through the air with my arms out like wings.
I have only to think, and there I am,
gracing soft summer clouds with the touch of my outstretched hand.
For me, it's so easy to do,
so if I can do it, then maybe one day you could too.
To fly, you must first empty your mind,
relax, raise your arms and let things slowly unwind.
Then gather your thoughts and your wishes too,
and before you know it, your flying wish will have come true.
The world's a chasm that I want to explore,
whatever I find, I'm sure it'll leave me wanting more.
Anything is possible, for I am a master of the air,
whose breath has become intoxicated by its elixir.
I like to show my friends how amazing it feels to be
untied from perils beset by the laws of gravity.
When I feel the urge to fly, I just stretch out my hand,
for I am a person who can float on air - a so called airman!

JJ Evendon

The Mattress

Who cares what size bed is best
when all you want is a place to sleep and rest.
A mattress that's comfy and without frills.
A mattress that can soak away your backache and ills.
With a pillow or two to support one's head
and a duvet cover to warm you when in bed.
Though most will give you a pleasant night
unless you wake up horrified and feel locked in tight.
Two mattresses laid side by side and covered in a soft white sheet,
perfect, I thought, so quickly climbed in to bed with both feet.
As I began to move around this way and that,
I became aware that there was an enormous crack.
In the middle, and there next to me
a long deep hole where one shouldn't be.
I've slept in that bed and every inch I know
so surprised, that every time I moved, a cavernous gap would show.
I turned to see what was there
only to be pulled in towards some monstrous lair.
I tried to move but could not escape
and any attempt was now far too late.
As I tried to grab the sides of the sheet
I heard a voice say, 'Darling, stop fidgeting and go back to sleep'.

JJ Evendon

The Sock

It was early one morning
when I heard something horrible close by snoring.
There, on the floor by my bed I could see
a long dark strange shape, mouth open staring at me.
I had to hold my nose the smell was so foul,
and as I wondered what it was, it gave a growl.
Quickly I grabbed a pillow and threw it hard,
only to miss it by more than a yard.
This thing was fast, that's for sure,
like lightning it moved to hide behind the door.
To my surprise, I soon discovered,
that this thing was an animal, like no other.
I was indeed, put in a state of shock,
when I identified this terrifying animal as my sock.
A sock that I had worn for many weeks
and had lost, but not washed, and so it badly reeked.
How I was going to catch this rodent sock, I had no idea,
so sat in bed thinking, until it disappeared.
When there was no sign of the sock to be seen
I decided quickly to prepare the washing machine.
Set to 'intensive' and with lots of soap,
I waited patiently and in hope.
For sooner or later the sock must appear
drawn by curiosity and the smell of cheese and cheap beer.
Sure enough I hadn't needed to wait long
for the trap was set using a cheese and beer smelling thong.
It rushed around the corner and into the machine
and I quickly slammed the door and set it on clean.
After two hours of being tumbled, washed and dried
I took the poor fellow out who was more dead than alive.
Now weeks later I'm pleased to show
everything is back to normal, as I wear my thong outside my pants wherever I
go.

JJ Evendon

The Taste Of Love

A bludgeoned heart surrounded by a pool of blood
cut by a knife in the name of love
An organ whose beat once gave life the power to exist
lies like butchered meat chopped in many bits.
In the kitchen, over a hot stove, sits a large frying pan,
where it is mixed with herbs and lots of onion.
The aromatic smell of cooking permeates the air
as it quickly turns brown and medium rare.
A pinch of salt and pepper is added to enhance the taste,
before quickly being served hot on a warmed dinner plate.
French mustard is placed on one side along with some salad too,
a slice cut, is then slowly savoured and chewed.
The taste of love can be hard to define,
unless it was you that said 'simply divine'?

JJ Evendon

The Toaster

An appliance of science is what I am.
What I make, I love to see spread, with lots of jam.
I have three slots and a basket in a metal frame.
What pops in, pops out, never to be the same.
1-2 or 3 slices, that's easy for me,
and when ready, eat with a nice cup of tea.
I can't boil, freeze water, fry or do roast,
but what I can make for you is perfect TOAST.
Da-da

JJ Evendon

The Word

I'm searching for a word,
a word that is universally heard.
A word that sometime is used in a love song.
A word that's always right in meaning and never wrong.
A word that is commonly understood.
A word that spells – 'hey I'm good'.
A word that can be softly spoken or said out loud.
A word that makes you stand up, be counted and proud.
A word that has meaning beyond single measure.
A word that describes many joyous moments of pleasure.
What is this word?
- This word that has much to say?
I can't think of one. Is that 'OK'?

JJ Evendon

Tide

Footprints pock mark a deserted beach
seized by sea's merciless sweep
never to return.
Gulls strut like matadors dicing the rhythmic surf
looking for easy pickings,
finding some, finding none.
Driftwood left by a high tide,
caused by moon's unseen force and not man.
We are just passengers
on a vessel orbiting the sun.
Caring little, understanding less.
The tide goes out
later to return
only to start again.
But where are we going?

JJ Evendon

Time

Time cannot be bought nor sold
for it makes everything, that is anything, become old.
No matter where life or events stand
it's relative by the movement of its invisible hand.
Though it may be an invention of mankind
I cannot think, for one minute, where we would be without time.
Regardless whether an hour is slow or a minute too fast,
every second that passes, takes away things one would wish to last.
Not everything is governed by time and space
for there is a third element - one called 'fate'.
An inevitability that will lead to time's eventual demise
re-set the clock, start again, refreshed and sanitised.
So where are we in this cosmic creation of one
drifting on our biological vessel around a sun?
I do not know when time will cease to exist
but if I did, there's nothing I could do about it.
The past is our own, the future is not.
Shhhhhh - what's that strange noise? Is it the unwinding of the clock?

JJ Evendon

Time Of Tragedy

Airbus A321 stands with doors open attached to a tender.
Air crew of Flight 9268, ready to greet travellers.

Tick

The morning sun is just about to appear
passengers squint as they head towards the waiting plane.

Tock

Sun, sand and warm sea
for them, Sharm was the perfect holiday place to be.

Tick

A destination where the sun is always guaranteed to shine
5 star hotels and where diving is simply divine.

Tock

A Red Sea resort that's fun and difficult to forget.
Vacation over, they sit aboard the St Petersburg bound jet.

Tick

With doors closed they are soon ready to depart
the whining noise becoming louder as the engines begin to start

Tock

Safety briefing done, everything locked and stored away
it won't be long before the plane will soon be on its way.

Tick

With full throttle, it becomes airborne, for it was meant to fly

carrying 224 souls and baggage up very high.

Tock

It was sunny and not a cloud in the sky` □
their route back to Russia taking them over the Sinai.

Tick - 06.12

An unidentified package was coldly placed in the hold.
Primed and timed for 06.13 precisely.

T.....

It explodes and rips through the plane.
All radar contact lost.
Calls from ground control go unanswered.
Just debris and silence.

Tragedy.

JJ Evendon

Time Traveller

I hear a noise like rushing wind.
See stars move around the heavens.
Planets spin crazily around their suns.
All watched with conscious thought
for I am here,
at the very centre of creative abundance.
Somewhere.
Yet I have not moved.
Isolated, without belonging, in a vacuum set without time.
I hold the universe in my hand
and can travel without the presence of movement
for I am a time traveler.
Lord of time and cosmic master.
Able to go to any point in the future -
or back in the past-
such relativity is a matter of comprehension
set along the progression of space and time
that's endlessly connected -
from beginning to end to beginning.

JJ Evendon

To Be An Astronaut

To be an astronaut would be fun.
Take a rocket to the moon, or blown to kingdom come.
Either way you'll see the stars,
whole, one would hope, or in many parts.
Distance is irrelevant, this we cannot yet comprehend.
Time, on the other hand, is guaranteed one day to end.
So there you have it, life's history captured in a spaceman's helmet bowl.
Except to say farewell or, as the Americans would say, 'goodbye yoll'.

JJ Evendon

Tomorrow Is Not Another Day

If tomorrow never comes,
what would you do today
that you didn't do yesterday?
Would you talk to your neighbours?
Smile and say 'hello' to passing strangers?
Give blood so someone will live and not die?
Cook something special like a plum and apple pie?
Say a prayer hoping someone would listen?
Clean the windows until they glisten?
My answer would be no – why?

If I knew life were to end and that was the world's fate
there would be no reason to either love or hate.
Instead I would look at myself from within
and try to search my feelings for those without sin.
Leave my windows open to let the sun and air pass through.
Look up at the sky and say 'wonderful, it's beautiful'.
Try not to worry that the end is nigh.
So I've answered my question of 'why'.

Why? Because we're all living the same dream
pretending life is better - or so it would seem.
Life is complicated without answer as to why we're here.
Seldom do we wonder and even less shed a tear.
For 'life is for living', we frequently hear our friends say.
Instead our lives are the same day after day.
But to bring change and head in a different direction,
Maybe is the only solution to our salvation.
So, unless we see beyond the reaches of our mind,
and break free from religious shackles that bind,
we must, in order to save the world, sacrifice our triumphant stand.
For if not, Mother Earth will turn into a deserted wasteland.
Unable to calm the waters that threaten our shores
along with earthquakes, hurricanes and storms galore.

Soothsayers may well cry 'We're all doomed, the day has come',
as life has no real purpose, a product of light from our sun.
Therefore we cannot change the fate which we have moulded,
which will cause apocalyptic events soon to be unfolded.

Though everything we see and do is important – for me it's you,
struck, it would seem, by cupid's arrow passing through.
So no matter what troubles may lie ahead
these powerful emotions are not just in my head.
For they are ready to explode from somewhere within
and released from the heart in a manner not forgiving.
To explode in a bewilderment of colour
before what's left is darkness and no other.

Slowly the world will turn to light and life reborn
that will embrace the slow rising of a new dawn.
Appreciate and respect its presence here on earth.
Try to understand and acknowledge the cycle of rebirth.
For infinitesimally small a link are we in the long cosmic chain.
Eternal as it may be, we are not. The End.

JJ Evendon

Too Bad

I'm too bad for heaven,
not sure about hell.
Living dreams full of nightmares,
got a face like a grumpy grizzly bear.
Though my soul is strong and pure,
diagnosis says there is no cure.
Walking along fine lines that don't exist.
where they should be, there is only a deep precipice.
One slip guarantees a non return ride into the abyss.
A place so dark you'll be lost forever and never missed,
unless a small ray of hope can cut through darks' solid cast.
Powered by emotions laid deep within our past.
Should a bright beacon be sent to guide my misguided soul
then I shall follow its path away from somewhere I don't wish know.
To slowly ascend from such a fathomless depth
and engage in life riches so once bereft.
But, before I relinquish the darkness of the past,
I thought I'd give hell one last blast,
by entering the red zone with lots of noise
and let scream the engine before it explodes.
Can't think of anywhere I want to be
than riding my Harley feeling free.
However, there's one thing that's for sure,
there's now a vacant sign hanging outside hell's door.

JJ Evendon

Topsy-Turvy

Dressed like Fred Astaire not like a queen,
everything's topsy-turvy in a knotted dream.
Wave your hands to your feet
and I'll show you where infinity meets.
TV on the wall, music in my head,
thinking about getting up and disappearing to bed.
Sheets pulled up, eider-down.
Naked, wearing but a dressing gown.
Out to loosen things from inside
waiting for the rumble from the imbibe.
Lost two kilos – with some more to go,
three will do nicely, got to put on a show.
Meeting the nurse later with a long hose
what she plans to do – heaven knows.
When I see her I'll just smile and brush my hair
and ask her to be gentle putting it 'you-know-where'.

To be continued.

JJ Evendon

Travelling To Nowhere

I'm travelling, on the road to nowhere.
I'm travelling on the road with nowhere to go.
Just taking my time walking the line,
Walking kinda slow.
Searching for things, things I do not know.

I've met a woman who plucks my cord-baby,
Caused the earth beneath me to Rock & Roll.
Ain't no saint, that I know,
But got that thing called Soul.

Should have turned and seen the setting sun.
Should have noted the shadows slowly come.
Searching for things that do not matter.
Life's never served on a platter.

I knew this woman was right.
I knew we'll make love underneath the stars at night.
And through the mist of a new dawn,
Her warm body close, as we lay on the lawn.

Should have turned and seen the light.
Looked at the sun rise, at the end of the night.
Closed my eyes to let open my mind
Where true colours all around me I will find.

JJ Evendon

Triple Spiral

Adorned on a large stone
a strange Celtic pattern presides.
Engraved aeons ago by men of mystic understanding.
They celebrated mid winter with virtuous synchronicity,
chanting incantations towards this whirlpool of infinity,
set to entice, connive and raise spiritual awareness.
Each spiral, inescapably drawing the eye to the centre.
Simplistic, yet visually very powerful in form,
it summons inter-dimensional thought.
I go in search, only to find incomprehension.
It's not what I am seeing, it's what is being seen.
I look again,
and feel I have moved closer.

JJ Evendon

Tv Music

No noise comes from this rectangular box
only music drifting quietly over a waffled sheet
Faint strains wish set to loud
disrupting thoughts of constructive mind
making the impossible - possible!
Through a few strokes of the keyboard
like music it flows through the air
that turns black and white
and so the story begins or ends.

JJ Evendon

Twilight - A Christmas Spirit

It was on the night of the eclipse of the moon
That I saw a beam of light come into my bedroom
There at the end on my bed
I saw a figure, something strange, with long ears on its head
'I am the ghost of Twilight' it said with its whiskers twitching
And told me that he'd left something for you for Christmas in my kitchen
The heating was off, it was cold, as I slowly rose out of bed to see
Time, according to my watch, reading only half past three
There next to the empty glass of mulled wine and plate of mince pies
Was indeed a packet of an incredibly small size
So it is not me that you must thank for receiving this
But the ghost of Twilight who loves you and sends you a great big kiss

JJ Evendon

Two Rivers Of Time

The River of Time runs straight.
Neither weaving nor turning.
It is self manifested
and drawn from the point of infinity.
It has no bounds or borders.
It exists because we do.
Neither is one without the other.
A continuum that's -
self created -
self-perpetuating -
by the singularity of movement
made without whisper or effort.
There is no 'end of time',
only a new beginning
from which it is born.

I sit beside a river -
not one of 'Time' -
but of water.
Around its surface swirls of eddies
conducted, it would seem, by the soft rush of noise.
There's power here.
I can see it.
I can feel it.

I pick a small stone and lightly toss it to the middle.
I watch as it quickly and quietly sinks
disappearing forever beneath the surface.

I feel I am that stone.
One that understands the transcendence of 'time'
for my journey has no set path.
Only by encountering new experiences
will the discovery that 'time' brings, be unearthed.
What happens next, only time will tell.
So I pick up another stone only to see that it is me.

JJ Evendon

Unknown Soldier

Dear unknown soldier.

An eternal flame marks your grave,
adjoined by marble columns with names of the fallen brave.
WW1, was a war to end all wars
but with so many dead, does life have any value at all?
You were unrecognised so lay buried nameless.
A tragedy of war that was gruesome at its best.
Just one of many thousands to have died tragically that day,
after a shell exploded and instantly took your life away.
Who you were we'll never know,
for the shell that landed, left not much to show.
Your body lay in a field by the banks of the Somme
after the end of the war, placed in a box and taken home.
Now you've become a symbol to all those that gave their lives,
one of many millions who fought for freedom to survive.
To have not gone over the trenches meant regimental shame
but was it worth it, for you lie now without name?

JJ Evendon

Valentino

Valentino Valentino Valentino

I hope you like the sound of that. Valentino - that's my name,
I'm the cutest duck to roam this side of Bockmer Lane.
They say I've got the most handsome face, the prettiest of feet,
a waddle to die for and a body that's hard to beat.
I don't like motorcycles, planes or boats.
I can't cook, sweep, read or tell funny jokes,
or wash dishes – but why would any duck want to do that?
And if someone wants to know why, I just say 'QUACK'
You'll never see me wear 'Bling',
all of these are definitely not my thing.
I'm an Indian runner – of that I am proud
and when I get excited my quacks can be quite loud.
I'm King of the pond, a true gentleman of tall stature,
I wobble around quacking on things that do not matter.
Except today – St Valentine's day
For the person who brought me here to you may have many faults,
not least his attempts at telling awfully funny jokes,
but he will always try and make you smile, laugh, feel comfortable, safe and
secure.
For it is you, and knowing you, the only one that he does adore.
So if you love him be kind and say – "will you be my Valentine forever and a
day? ".
Then stand back and pause awhile,
look at his face and watch him smile.
As he gently puts his arms around you, kisses you softly and 'YES' will come the
reply.
If you see his eyes water and tear drops fall,
it's probably because you're standing too close and on his feet – that's all.
Happy Valentine day.

JJ Evendon

Volcano

Out of the volcano
steam rises
obscuring the crater's far side.
Air is sodden
and pungent
The health of the earth
making it difficult to breath.

.
From its throat
deep rumblings
shake the ground.
Small rocks tumble
A warning to go heeded.

Inside the crater
molten rock -
breaks the surface.
Soon -
very soon -
its full fury will be released
spewing ash and rock
thousands of feet into the air.
Darkening the sky.

But today is not the day.
Mother earth is biding her time.
We watch and wait.
All is clear
or so we think.

JJ Evendon

Waiting

There's a door in front of me
that seems to be locked for all eternity.
I've been here waiting ten minutes or more,
standing patiently in front of this door.
It's green with a handle on the side
and won't open no matter how hard I tried.
When suddenly I hear a faint call from within
'Is there someone out there who wants to come in? '
'Yes' was my immediate reply.
And when it said 'I'll be just a while longer' I thought I'd surely die.
Sure enough after waiting a few minutes more
I heard the unlocking sound of the door.
Slowly, as it opened with a creak,
I was shocked to see a lady sitting on a seat.
It was only then that I saw
two small letters fixed to the door.
A sign, plain as you can see
For it read 'Ladies W.C'.

JJ Evendon

Waiting 2016

From my door I watch
for she knows I am there -
watching -
waiting -
like a temptress spider to a fly
dressed finely in black silk lace
set to entice.
A ritual rehearsed many times,
now honed to perfection
ready to savour and devour.
Passion's offerings proving inescapable.
This is 'torment'.
I feel I have lost the battle
and succumbed to a mighty primeval force.
But have I?
Slowly I feel myself become entwined.
H-a-l-l-e-l-u-j-a-h!

JJ Evendon

Wakefulness

It's early and I should be asleep.
Why am I not asleep?
Because I am awake.
If I'm awake, then I am clearly not asleep.
I want to be asleep
but I'm not, because I'm awake.
If only I could be asleep.
What cycle am I pedalling?
I'm wide awake.
Eyes like rose coloured marshmallows.
The thought of sleep awakens other thoughts.
Restless, I dream of being asleep with her in my dreams
and feel the softness of her skin next to mine.
Could this be what's keeping me awake?
Possibly.
I reach for the bedside light and pause,
afraid that if I turn on the light, she will awaken
for I value my life more than my sleep.
Shortly, I hear the clinking of milk bottles being delivered.
Soon the sun will rise and waken the world -
but I'm already there.
My smile brightened by its first rays.

JJ Evendon

Warmth Of The Sun

The early morning sun lights my room
just before the clock triggers its wake up tune.
Outside I hear birds twitter the arrival of dawn
as I slowly wake, smile then yawn.
Life can be wonderful, life can be sad,
today feels wonderful and for that I'm glad.
Summer's coming.

Through the window I see sky so blue.
Along with puffs of clouds drifting too.
I no longer need the heating on,
for frost and snow have now all gone.
Life can be seen full of colours, sometimes not.
Today the sun shines warm not hot.
Summer's coming

The smell of fresh coffee is soon tasted.
Crust of toast for birds given not wasted.
Flowers brightly coloured lie in their beds.
See a Robin perched on a spade near the shed.
Life drawn slowly from a dormant soul.
Today seems perfect but with an added glow.
Summers coming

Boots on I set out for a country walk
and meet a lady with a dog and talk.
Hear skylarks above sing a merry tune.
Notice my watch reads almost noon.
Life's path is laid never straight
today I see things, none of which I hate.
Summer's coming

From the top of the hill a tremendous view
of a coloured landscape in green, yellow and blue.
See a plane heading slowly towards a distant hill.
besides the whisper of grass everything's so tranquil.
Life exists in so many forms but never one.
Today I've seen a few, all thanks to the warmth of the sun.
Warmth of the sun

JJ Evendon

When You're Old

I'm sitting in my chair at home
wondering who would ring or who I should phone.
Most of my dear friends have passed away
and soon it'll be my turn to go the same way.
I've dressed and combed what's left of my silvery hair
hoping someone would visit me to show that they care.
For the moment, my only company is a glass held in my hand,
half filled with 12 year old whisky from Scotland.
I've poured the last drop, so the bottle is empty - just like my soul
for there's nothing left for me here and I have nowhere else to go.
A pile of papers lay scattered on the floor,
my horoscope is good, but for the rest of the news, it's poor.
Why can't we all get along and live a happy life,
enjoy company of others and not constantly seek strife?
My time is soon to end, so what the future holds I really don't care,
except I've hidden another bottle, but can't remember where!

JJ Evendon

Where Infinity Stops

I'm looking for infinity -
a fiction of the human mind -
that is both a paradox and an illusion.
An infinity that is more than any other
for every infinite number, there's always a bigger one.
To reach an answer, it would take an infinite number of naughts -
so many in fact, the universe would be unable to contain them -
this is according to Graham's number equation.
The universe is expanding into an area of nothingness -
the nothingness of infinity -
where there are no boundaries -
no sudden dead end -
just nothing.
I believe infinity is the reflective reality of the universe
and that reflection is its only identity.
For there is nothing but an image,
and, the further you look into the image,
the further you travel away from reality.
Adding more naughts only adds to nothing.
For infinity surpasses all but itself -
except the space that lies inside my head.

JJ Evendon

Whirlwind

I stand and watch,
fascinated by the movement of leaves before me
as they swirl inside an invisible column of air.
Drawing debris skywards.
No destruction.
Turbulence created by the wind
by objects breaking its passage of flow.
I step forward and enter its centre,
hoping to feel embraced by its presence.
I feel nothing.
I see nothing -
except for leaves lying quietly around my feet.

JJ Evendon

Whispering Stones

Great sarsens stand silent, like warriors.
Awaiting battle, awaiting orders.
On the passing of the shortest night,
they become sanctified with the coming of the new light.
It is this cosmic signal which re-awakens their dormant spirit
marking the arrival of the longest day, releasing the power that's held within it,
As their long dark shadows shorten and then slowly fade away,
they draw upon the elements - earth, water, air and fire – to come into play.
For millennia their synchronicity was of equal form,
to become 'Spirit' – the fifth element – set by the solstice dawn.
So, as the sun rises and warms crystals within each stone,
they excite and vibrate to produce a humbled tone
The sound - which cannot be heard - opens a portal to the mind
releasing energy and wisdom of the purest kind.
So, if you seek vision and understanding,
hug a stone and listen - you may just hear a gentle whispering!

JJ Evendon

White Angel

It's dark, yet I see a small powerful light drawing me in,
opalescent, opaque, shimmering.
Getting nearer and nearer,
descending upon winged beat.
I feel a light breeze.
Hear music that traps my soul.
Sense one of greatness appearing in front of me,
thoughts no longer private, there is no escape.
My heart stops.
I'm unable to move, I cannot move,
restrained by some pure force.
Time frozen, but not for her.
I can only watch as she glides silently towards me.
I've never seen an angel, a white angel.
Is this an angel? – such beauty can only come from heaven.
I feel afraid yet, somehow I know am safe in her company,
for she is there, in front of me.
She smiles, her eyes showing great wisdom
dispelling all my fears and thoughts to become one.
I am in the land of light,
soft and wondrous
tinged with peace and tranquility.

JJ Evendon

Why?

Why worry now that we are apart?

Why worry that we each have made a fresh new start?

Our lives once crossed and became intrinsically entwined,
now bear scars of a love that no longer binds.

Why worry that we shall never again share our deepest dreams?

Why worry as for us, life has moved on – or so it would seem?

Our hearts once beat to the rhythm of love,
now beat no more, like wings of a fallen dove.

Why worry things didn't go as we had planned?

Why worry that never again shall we hold each other's hand?

Once our smiles radiated for all to see,
now such memories are forgotten, for you, it's me.

Why worry that night brings no sleep?

Why worry that clothes laid now rest all in a heap?

Is it because this dream was set to die,
the very first time I asked the question WHY?

JJ Evendon

Wishing Hole

It's disappointing not to see
a full moon shining above me
It's hidden by clouds racing low overhead
watching, as I am, from the warmth of my bed.
It's dark, save for the night light in my room,
so I make a wish hoping to see the moon very soon.
Then suddenly a hole in the cloud rapidly appears,
revealing stars and the moon - now isn't that weird!
As it drifts closer overhead,
I lean forward and fall out of bed.

JJ Evendon

Wolf Goddess

She rides well.
Bare on bear.
Beauty and the beast
together.
Here skin white as snow,
eyes bright like the full moon.
A wolf goddess,
spirit of ancients
ever seeking
to cleanse afflictions that beset man
through the power of her healing.

As Gaia's conduit
her hands are those that heal
for they channel the pure spirit of well-being.
It surges through her -
It drives her -
It replenishes her -
creating harmony and balance.
Her calling.

Her wolves -
ever powerful -
watchful -
protective -
loving -
silent -
until the time comes
to release them from the spirit world.
Her gift.
Our good fortune.

JJ Evendon

You Called

You called
when the moon was full
that's not unusual
it was beautiful.
Thanks to the sun,
the moon shines.

We met
under a blossomed tree
the air warm
birds sing a love song.
Thanks to the sun,
the moon shines.

Together we walk
hand in hand
having fun
some things are meant to be.
Thanks to the sun,
the moon shines.

Light years pass
tears fall
the end comes
when an angel calls.
Thanks to the sun,
our lives became one.

JJ Evendon

Young Dreamer

My dreams will always keep me young
linked, as we are, like our earth around its sun.
Connected by some energetic force,
I'm running faster, flying higher than before.
For my dreams are one of her with an outstretched hand
there before me, smiling amongst sunflowers in a colourful land.
I know my life changed for better and much more
for loves cupid arrow pieced my heart with a perfect score.
Never has such feeling hit a Richter scale so high
that only will the love I had be lost, when I die.
She's an angel, if one truly exists, that came from a star above,
a star that fell and hit me with an overpowering sense of love.
What happens next, I do not know,
for I'm waiting time to pass, and her to show.
And as I watch the slowly setting sun,
it's moments like these that keep me feeling forever young.

JJ Evendon