

Poetry Series

John Wathen
- poems -

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John Wathen(11th August 1948)

I was born in a little mining town in South Wales quite a few years ago. I started writing poetry when I was about 10. Some of my poems are very personal, covering events in my life while others I hope, are humourous. I'm never going to be a Poet Laureate but as long as I enjoy writing them who cares. My approach to poetry is simple, I believe that the vast majority of people are frightened by the language a lot of poets use. Poets who seemed to have swallowed a dictionary and use words that most people have never heard of and certainly would never use. I try to keep my poems simple so people find them easy to read. I welcome any comments good, bad or indifferent.

R J Wathen

42in Plasma Screen

Look at me with my new TV,
Sky H.D.
So all can see,
I leave my curtains open.

Delivery man as been,
42inch plasma screen,
it must be seen,
so I leave my curtains open.

People may scoff,
think I'm a toff.
No I'm just showing off,
thats why I leave my curtains open.

John Wathen

Animals

I suppose that strictly speaking,
pigs can't really fly,
and you 'd never get a camel
through a needles eye.
Fishes don't tell stories.
Owls aren't really wise,
and crocodiles don't really weep,
as they bite into your thighs.
Hyenas never get to laugh.
Parrots are rarely sick,
but elephants never forget
in which end, their buns to stick.

John Wathen

Battlefield

On the battlefield of love you captured me.
You chained my desires and tore apart my soul.
In dungeons you imprisoned my spirit.
In solitary confinement, you tortured me,
stripped my heart,
racked my body with yours,
and then, finally broke me.
You condemned me to the fire, the flames consume me.
I burn for evermore in the warmth of your love.
How sweet this pain of everlasting consummation,
the joy of knowing the embers of our love will smoulder together.

John Wathen

Brave Face

How often can you put on a brave face?
Because this one is wearing thin.
This mask of indifference I'm showing,
is slowly crumbling in.
The pain behind is showing,
for all the world to know.
My face is lined with the torment,
I didn't want to show.
My mask is slipping faster now,
each day, a little more.
How long can I hold it,
before it crashes to the floor?
Then my face,
my tortured face, is there for the world to see.
The pain I have been hiding,
since the day you first left me.

John Wathen

Cats

Not all cats are fat cats,
some are thin and lean.
Some have eyes of deepest brown,
while others eyes are green.
Some have tails curled over their back,
others tails are small.
Except for the poor old Manx cat,
who has no tail at all.

John Wathen

Christmas Fairy

I am a poor old fairy,
from the top of the christmas tree.
And as you enjoy yourselves this Christmas,
spare a thought for me.
While you are having a jolly time,
with your presents from Santa's sack.
I'm stuck six foot in the air,
with a pine tree up my crack.

John Wathen

Christmas Is Coming Oh No!

There will be no sex for me at Christmas,
I'm sleeping on the floor.
Uncle Ken will be in my bed,
and the kids are in next door.
Great Aunt Mabel is sleeping on the table
her Hubby is underneath
with a glass of water on the floor beside him,
in which to put his teeth.
Cousin Arthur is on a put-u-up,
in the conservatory,
and Cousin Robert is on a lilo
under the Christmas tree.
We've got so many guests here
we are full up to the brim.
Like Mary and old Joseph
theres no room at the inn.
We've got seven more in the Garage
and two more in the shed.
I'll be glad when Christmas is over,
and I can get back to my bed.

John Wathen

Cold Cold Winter

I can't stand the cold, cold winter.
The rain. The sleet. The snow.
I need the sun upon my back,
so its towards the South I go.
I head down to the Costa's,
or even the South of France.
The further south the better,
given half a chance.
I take me down to sunny Spain.
I really like it there.
I'm more your Valderama,
less your Val'd'isere.
You can keep your frozen North,
the place where the sun don't shine.
Give me some sun and sangria,
and I'll get by just fine.

John Wathen

Death By Romance

Your mind is deep,
my body's weak,
you mine my very soul.
You raise in me feelings
over which I've no control.
You tear apart
my battered heart,
you leave my feelings bare,
and when you've done
you've had your fun
you leave me lying there.
You walk away
without a glance
to give the verdict
death by romance.

John Wathen

Divorce

The lines are drawn, let battle commence,
lets see who will win the fray.
Both sides equal, attack and defence
only one can win the day.

Solicitors gather like vultures
to pick the carcass clean,
to wound with words like daggers,
each wound more obscene.

Casualties mount on both sides,
with each side losing ground.
A sudden thrust! A cut inside,
the hero has been downed.

And from the midst of battle,
strides the lovely heroine
she surveys the field around her
where only she could win.

With many mixed emotions,
with the hero on the floor.
She enjoyed the bloody battle,
she'll enjoy the spoils of war.

Yes the battles lost, the hero's down,
no more to fight this day.
He lost his head, he's lost his crown,
they left him where he lay.

yes the battle lines were drawn
with to sides taking part,
to the heroine a trophy,
the hero's broken heart.

Divorce court is the battle ground,
the hero feels the pain,
but like some Phoenix from the ashes
he'll rise to fight again.

John Wathen

Essex Town

Sitting in the cafe,
with a cup of tea and pie,
Looking at the car park,
gazing at the sky.
Grey clouds race, obscure the blue,
the rain is pouring down.
Life goes on as normal
in the little Essex town.

John Wathen

Friends

I know you will never love me,
you know I'll always care.
I know in times of trouble,
you know I will be there.
I know you will always trust in me.
You know I feel the same.
I know that when you called on me.
You know I always came.
I know that I'm a person on who you can depend,
you know that no matter what, you'll always have a friend.

John Wathen

I Want To Be An Essex Driver

I want to be an Essex driver
and drive my car so fast
and leave others in my slipstream
as I go tearing past

I want to be an Essex driver
and ignore the Highway code
never mind the traffic signs
I think I own the road

I want to be an Essex driver
and ignore NO PARKING signs
and park just where I want to
on double yellow lines

I want to be an Essex driver
and stand out from the crowd
driving down the High Street
with my music blaring loud

But I cant be an Essex driver
and here's the reason why
I couldn't match the criteria
my I.Q. is too high.

So I booked an hospital appointment
for some surgery
and a consultant to perform it
a full frontal lobotomy

I know its rather drastic
but I can stand the pain
cause to be an Essex driver
you just need half a brain.

John Wathen

If

If they took away the sunshine,
I could replace it with your smile.

If they took away the starlight,
I could replace it with the sparkle from your eyes.

If they took away the oceans,
I could replace them with the tears you'ver cried.

If they took away the mountains,
I could replace them with the soft contours of your body.

But they have taken you away,
and that I can't replace.
I'm lost.

John Wathen

Local Hero

I am a local hero,
my exploits are world wide.
When our team won the F.A. Cup,
I was the captain of the side.
When we climbed Everest,
first to the top was me.
I'd have got there even quicker,
if I had'nt stopped for tea.
I hold the new World record,
for the Transatlantic race,
and never mind what the Russians say!
I was first in space.
Compaired to me old Einstein,
was nothing but a dunce,
and as for flying to the Moon.
I've done that more than once.
I swam the English Channel,
seventeen times one day,
and when we won the Ashes.
Guess who saved the day?
Oh yes I really am a hero,
you can't call me fake,
but I always end up ordinary,
the moment I awake.

John Wathen

Mr. Average Englishman

Mr. average Englishman is racist,
he doesn't mean to be.
Its just that he feels so superior,
to people like you and me.
He doesn't care where you come from,
he will hate you just the same,
he will hate you for your life style
and your imaginary benefit claim.
You are in his bleeding country.
and taking all his jobs
It doesn't make much difference,
they're mainly lazy yobs,
who can't get off their arses
to go out and earn their pay,
and that's why us bloody foreigners,
are coming here to stay.

John Wathen

Mutual Affection

Oh I love you Mr. Cameron,
the feelings mutual Mr Clegg
You got me into power,
I didn't need to beg.
I just gave a few concessions
on your Liberal policies,
and together we can bring the Country to its knees.
we got rid of Gordon Brown,
that dour and canny Scot.
and when we make a mess of things, we can blame him for the lot.

Oh we are so clever Mr Cameron
Well Nick that's now strictly true
but even Boris Johnson
is a smarter man than you,
You thought you were a leader,
you promised to deliver
the only thing that you did,
was sell your principles down the river.

John Wathen

Past My Sell By Date.

I think I'm past my sell by date,
I've been taken off display,
and put on the shelf as cheap goods,
marked down for final day.

I know I'm bruised and battered,
and I don't taste quite as good,
but I don't think it really matters,
at least I don't think it should.

I know that I'm not young and fresh
and I've put on a bit of weight,
but shelf life is for seventy years,
and I'm only fifty eight.

So if you are looking for a good deal
some one who won't let you down,
look in the bargain bucket,
for the best sale in the town.

John Wathen

Rampant Rabbit

I've been replaced by a Rampant Rabbit.
a bloody mechanical toy,
that seems to have the habit
of giving my Girlfriend joy.

I've been left on the back burner
and I know who is to blame.
She's turning up on every High st
Ann Summers is her name.

Now I didn't mind when my girlfriend first shopped there,
and came back with satin and lace,
but her latest acquisition
soon wiped the smile off my face.

I thought I was a considerate lover
who could make love for most of the night
but this thing that's made out of plastic
as knocked me clean out of sight.

The bloody thing never gets tired
just a renewal of battery now and then
and it keeps on buzzing for hours
again and again and again.

I will get my own back one day
I'll just wait till my girlfriends not in
then I will grab hold of that rampant rabbit
and kick him into the bin.

John Wathen

S.A.D.

I suffer from that seasonal disorder,
you know Winter bothers me.
I hate the sight
when you come home at night
and its dark at half past three.

John Wathen

Scissors

You treated your love to scissors,
cutting all the ties.
You said there was no need for attachments.
When a old love dies.

John Wathen

Suicide

Some people think that the cure for all ills,
is a tumbler of scotch and a handful of pills.
Others swear to end your life,
you need a nice hot bath and a good sharp knife,
I know that messy but I must confess, when your dead,
sod the mess.

Some people reckon to use a rope, but,
you must get the dropp just right,
or you'll just swing there,
dangling
strangling
until you end your life.

Now I have found the perfect way,
if I want to end my life,
its not a rope, knife or dope,
that will be the end of me.

I want to be shot by a jealous husband
at the age of ninety three.

John Wathen

The Cat And The Mouse

Said the Cat to the Mouse ' will you come to my house and join me in some tea'?
Said the Mouse to the Cat ' if I did that, I'm afraid that your tea would be me'.
'Oh no! ' said the Cat ' I would'nt do that, I'm not completely lacking in feeling'.
'I have some fresh bread and jam, a nice piece of ham, and a cup of the finest Darjeeling'.
'Oh yes' said the Mouse 'I will come to your house',
and quickly stepped inside.
'Oh well' said the Cat 'now you've done that I'm sorry to tell you I lied'.

John Wathen

The Hedgehog

Its been told in lots of stories,
even written down in verse,
that in a Hedgehog v Cortina fight,
the hedgehog comes off worse.
So compair me to the hedgehog,
and I'll compair you to the car,
cause when we both start to fight
I dont get too far.
You drive over my emotions,
and grind them in the mat,
and like the poor old Hedgehog
I end up bloody flat.

John Wathen

Trust

What can you do if you lose
my trust?
What can be done if you abuse
my trust?
All I can do is refuse to
to trust
in you.

What can I do when you take
my love?
What to be done when you forsake
my love?
What shall I do when you break my love?
My love?
In you.

John Wathen

When We First Met.

When we first met,
I loved you red.
Fire and passion in my bed.
With passing years,
it seems, I think
That the red fades to pink.

John Wathen