

Poetry Series

peter hugo mcclure
- poems -

Publication Date:

2011

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

peter hugo mcclure(19/08/1947)

Born of Anglo/Yugoslav parentage...schooled in England with formal studies in Art/Architecture in the 60/70's and have been passionate about the Arts ever since...i have been actively engaged in the following: Painting/Sculpture, Photography & Poetry.

Of late i having been focussing on my web-site (A Cyber-Exhibition) and my work can be perused at:

I have subsidised my excursions in The Arts by doing various odd-jobs and over the years have become quite a competent builder (having built the equivalent of over 20 houses) and i have exhibited my art-work in various countries in Europe, the U.S. and New Zealand.

I ran a Vegan Restaurant/Mini-Art Center in the early 90's in Penzance, Cornwall where i have lived off & on for the past 28 yrs and for many years I would migrate with the birds at the onset of winter visiting America (including Hawaii) , The South Sea Islands, New Zealand, Japan & China...instead of keeping a diary i would write Haikus to remind me of the places i visited.

Bending with the wind
The Taoist gathers water...
In a straw hat

Best regards pete mcclure.

Broken Bolder Beach

Broken Bolder Beach.

With a rugged beauty that defies
All those far-off and harried cries
Yet beckons...the Aesthete's eyes.

Woodland girths its scenic surround
Broken by the stream's whispering sound
The crowds...they are not to be found.

Tis just a jaunt along the coast
And is a very resourceful host
That through simplicity...gives the most.

Here to Nature become entwined
In this rare jewel of a find
That is divinely blessed and enshrined.

Going with the Tao to reach
The One who with-out words does teach...
Here on Broken Bolder Beach.

peter hugo mcclure

In The Beginning

IN THE BEGINNING
THERE WAS NOTHING
JUST COMPLETE DARKNESS...EVERYWHERE

THEN THE CONCEPT WAS BORN
WITH THE UTTERANCE
OF THE FIRST WORDS...

AND THESE WORDS SAID
LET THERE BE LIGHT
AND ALL THAT YOU SEE TODAY...

BECAME MANIFEST
AT THE BLINK OF AN EYE!
AND HEY PRESTO...

AT THE SPEED OF LIGHT
FROM ALPHA TO OMEGA
ALL OF CREATION...

BECAME INTO BEING.

peter hugo mcclure

Kolam

Patterns from the soul divine
Colours and form that shine.
Sacred geometry is the theme
Hallowed works to be seen.

Unknown to the commercial world
But like a flower unfurled.
Art-work that cannot be bought
Though nonetheless highly sought.

Abstract and intricate they are
And beckon like a shining star.
Gracing the homes of simple folk
Messages that can not be spoke.

Concepts formed without a word
And form the cosmos gathered.
A tradition that goes deep
That providence will forever keep.

In perpetuity they will sing
And like a lost chord ring.
In modest array they will glow
Sustaining the spiritual flow.

peter hugo mcclure

Love Is...

LOVE IS...

Love is totally without hate
And does not discriminate.

Love is the uniting force
That abhors any divorce.

Love fills the heart with desire
Kindling an endless fire.

Love makes the Majestic call
That with one word...says it All.

Love's the Alchemist's dream
And does the light of Truth...beam.

Love gives the Power to see...
With out it...where would we be.

^^

Love with just...a gentle smile
Does every soul...beguile.

Love is the only language
That is favoured by the Sage.

Love's rays eternally grow
And in far reaches...does glow.

Love is a powerful thing
And makes the heart...truly sing.

Love passively conquers all
And every soul...does enthral.

Love does all conflicts resolve
Helping Human-Kind evolve.

Love reaches all living things
Giving the Angels...their Wings.

peter hugo mcclure

Manna

Investing in the short term
For the maximum return
Tis a pity They did not learn...
The only option is to fast...
And pray for the famine to end
And hope that God will Manna send
And reverse the unruly trend.

peter hugo mcclure

Mazda

One can't be a hermit today
Bills have to be paid without delay;
Just to survive is an Art
And debts accrue from the start.

Philosophers join the homeless
Whom with little success;
Search for the elusive stone
That's more valued than a home.

The Dharma bums high and low
Effortlessly go with the flow;
Where each encounter is a test
Until they join the very best.

Through a myriad of byways
Awaiting what the Master says;
Of the Koan that mystifies
And the Truth that never lies.

Gadgets of the modern age
Are a hindrance to the sage;
The fruit that appeals to me
Is found on the Bodhi-tree.

peter hugo mcclure

Six Haikus

HAIKUS X 6

Sentient and seeing... Is this material being... But is now fleeing
Our perceptions are...Mere shadows and reflections... Of reality
Time and distance are...Totally irrelevant... In this Quantum World
Searching for the Truth...Is like polishing coal... To make a mirror
On the shore's edge with...Fishing line sitting all day... And catching nothing
The stage is all set...And we discuss this and that... Waiting for GODOT

peter hugo mcclure

Soul Search

Soul Search

Looking up with leaden eyes
To the One above the skies...
Seeking comfort from the lies
And the never ending cries.

So these lost souls search in vain
Upon the arid terrain...Deprived of the healing rain
They become immune to pain.

There to Paradise they go
For in their hearts...they all know
There's no one that can bestow
Relief to the...very low.

peter hugo mcclure

Starry, Starry Night

Darkness descends and all is quiet
On this very crisp starry night.

Like a beam of light traveling
The Heavens...with-out begining.

Endlessly persuing life's quest
With out reward and with out rest.

Not fearing the dark and unknown
Accepting what fate has thrown.

Finding...in the smallest of things
Beauty...with the joy that it brings.

Being humble...like a grain of sand
Held in a child's enquiring hand.

Surrendering with-out a fight
On this very still...starry night.

peter hugo mcclure

To Those...

To those who weep
And never sleep.

To those who keep
And never reap.

To those so meek
They cannot speak.

To those so weak
They cannot seek.

To all of them
We say Amen.

peter hugo mcclure

What...No Food?

When man became a slave to greed
He soon became unable to feed;
Even those with money to buy
Because of the enormous lie;
That every-thing was safe and sound;
Yet...there was no food to be found.

peter hugo mcclure

Words

From The Book...words slipped away
Words that comfort and allay...
All losses from the foray
Words that will never betray.

Words that will for-ever stay
In the hearts and minds far-away...
On the Pilgrim's long by-way
Guided by Truth's brightest ray.

Working for Love with-out pay
Amidst poverty and decay...
Steadfast They will never sway
Neither will misfortune flay.

They cannot just run away
From the violent affray...
This fracas...is here to stay
So to God they bow and pray.

Keeping vigil night and day
And in prostration They lay...
Words of Reason cannot convey
To those with hearts of fired clay.

Finally God's words did slay
All heathens that blocked the way...
To that well trodden path-way
That leads to a new-borne day.

In a clearing They did lay
Stones in a sacred array...
Where They did homage pay
And in Harmony did stay.

peter hugo mcclure