

Poetry Series

**Phil Ward**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2013

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

## Phil Ward()

There aren't many poets that would write a whole book on humorous poetry. The Bright Side of the Coin, ISBN 978-0-9575136-0-0. You're reading about a light hearted author who likes to see the funny side of life. In book shops the shelves are full to bursting with serious poetry and although that sort of poetry has its place the funny stuff seems to have taken a back seat. I found that it is the funny poetry that got me interested in the deeper verse.

So, read it, give it a try. You won't like everything you read but I'm willing to bet that some of them will make you laugh. If the poems won't make you smile maybe the illustrations will.

Please don't read my poetry if you're returning from a funeral or if you have a headache. These are not the times to try and laugh. Give it a few minutes.

## 20, The Limes

Its ruddy freezing in February our road outside is a sheet of ice,  
We live at the bottom of a long steep hill, that's significant and normally nice,  
But there's a car in our front garden it happens about once a year,  
I said to the wife have you seen the Mercedes?  
She looked and said there's someone inside and there's blood on the windscreen  
I fear.  
I wonder if he's hurt I said, he's lucky to have missed our tree,  
Let me know when he comes round she said,  
And I'll make him a nice cup of tea.

That rotten lot at the council they're the ones to blame,  
It's due to the cuts that's what they say,  
The left and the right they're all the same,  
It's got to go I heard them say,  
Then they whipped our Grit Bin away.

Come November we scour the ads, it's a regular event for us,  
We send off for the latest garden designs,  
We've never seen so many kinds,  
Go to the flower show up at Kew,  
Look round the shops for anything new,  
The latest colour scheme's based on blue,  
For the garden at 20, The Limes.

Our garden's a complete mess right now though we're both excited you see,  
Yes, we feel for the poor bloke trapped in his car, he's not going far,  
Anyway I've seen him shouting and he's okay,  
Emergency services on their way,  
Shame he didn't wake earlier he's now missed his nice cup of tea.  
It's always the same, they never learn,  
Ignoring the sign for the dangerous turn,  
Half way down hitting the brake,  
What are they thinking for goodness sake?  
Too late to rectify their mistake,  
And they expect a nice cup of tea.

We're really not complaining that we're so terribly accident prone,  
And if they'd left our Grit Bin we'd probably have never known,  
It's the little things in life that make our retirement so worth living,

Do we hold a grudge? No not us, we're calm and so forgiving.  
Our landscape gardener loves us he's clever in so many ways,  
And it doesn't cost us a penny; it's their insurance that pays.  
So no we don't blame the Council we're happy to do our bit,  
Its natures course, the ice of course.  
Let them keep their flaming grit.

Phil Ward

# A Blind Date In Eden

Oh God why did you put me here,  
What on earth did you have in mind?  
Uncut grass and old fruit trees,  
There's nothing else to find.

Not even a seat to sit on,  
Just a fig leaf to my name,  
What are you expecting from me?  
It's not funny I hold you to blame.

This is a boring place to be,  
No WIFI, bath or tele,  
No corner shop or fast food joint,  
To satisfy my belly.

But wait a sec who's that I see?  
There's someone else what a relief,  
Hey, hey she's looking back at me,  
I think I need a larger leaf.

Forget about what I just said,  
We're dining out tonight,  
There's apple on the menu,  
Then fig Angel Delight!

Phil Ward

# A Church Farce Saga

It happened oh so quickly,  
There was no time to run,  
The Vicar had never encountered,  
A mugger with a gun.

Right outside the church it was,  
An hour before the time,  
Completely shaken up he was,  
But thought that he'd be fine.

Mr Taylor in his Sunday best,  
Stood at his pew right proud,  
Knowing that others looked up to him,  
He stood out in a crowd.

In his jacket and his fine white shirt,  
Every note he sang in tune,  
The model male within his church,  
He'd be a saint quite soon.

Not every soul was godly though,  
And Billy was one of them,  
He'd wipe his nose upon his sleeve,  
Then spit out lumps of phlegm.

The Vicar preached a sermon,  
On the bad and evil ways,  
Of terrorists and madmen,  
Heads down, now let us pray.

Today it was a long one,  
The Vicar did rant and seethe,  
Something had obviously wound him up,  
Got the bit between his teeth.

Poor Billy out of boredom,  
Started crying and tugging his Mum,  
I'm hungry he then said to her,  
And proceeded to stick out his tongue.

I've got a homemade sarnie,  
She whispered to her son,  
Then reached into her handbag,  
And handed him the one.

It kept him quiet for quite a while,  
The clingfilm was a fight,  
He held it in his dirty hands,  
And took a massive bite.

Then Billy turned towards his Mum,  
And gaped at her mouth wide,  
She turned away disgusted,  
At what she saw inside?

He didn't like the beetroot,  
And turned to tell her clear,  
But as he held his head up,  
The contents disappeared.

Young Billy coughed and spluttered,  
He couldn't catch his breath,  
His mother began to panic,  
At Billy's impending death.

A neighbour then reached over,  
And grabbed him round his chest,  
The Heinrich method I think it was,  
Who cares he did his best.

He held him tight and squeezed him,  
A pop was all twas heard,  
The contrast with the silence,  
Was almost quite absurd.

It worked and Billy was ok,  
He sat down quiet instead,  
But everyone was still on edge,  
From what the Vicar said.

There was an air of tension,

Not relaxed at all,  
Though something was going to happen,  
And then there was a call.

I'm shot cried Taylor going down,  
Blood pouring from his chest,  
The organist fell off her stool,  
When she saw his reddened vest.

The Vicar was in a frenzy,  
Sprinting up the isle,  
Frock all round his ankles,  
Completely lacking style.

Get down someone shouted,  
We have a madman here,  
Better do what he says,  
Else he'll kill us all I fear.

Then all at once things settled,  
And quiet once more did reign,  
The Vicar stopped racing round the church,  
And composed himself again.

Young Billy now feeling better,  
Not board at all by this,  
Excited by the action,  
At what was now amiss.

Old Taylor gasping loudly,  
Was prostrate on the floor,  
Where was that evil gunman?  
Then a noise heard from the door.

Shouted, here! I am a doctor,  
I heard a man's been shot,  
Now where's the wounded person?  
Does it hurt a lot?

I'm dying said old Taylor,  
I haven't long to go,  
Said with melodramatic conviction,

He was once an actor you know.

Let me see this wound of yours,  
Struth everything is red,  
I'll have to open up your shirt,  
The paramedic said.

An expert in his profession,  
Exceptionally astute,  
Removed the offending object,  
A lump of cooked beetroot.

Phil Ward

# A 'Dicky' Seaman

Going back a year or two,  
There was a sailor that I knew,  
His name was Tate and what d'you know,  
He was a walking picture show.

His name was Tate but not by chance,  
And if you stopped to take a glance,  
Like many of the people do,  
Admire his latest bird tattoo.

Two hundred just upon his arms,  
Another twenty on his palms,  
They're beak to beak across his chest,  
Back and legs you'll find the rest,

They say he's got a goose in flight,  
Somewhere hidden out of sight.  
An albatross with wings outstretched,  
Na, I think that's well farfetched.

When he wears his old string vest,  
Aviary! People shout in jest,  
In every port he gets one more,  
He got a flock in Singapore.

You may think that he's raving mad,  
And pictured skin is really sad,  
But in the end he has this plan,  
He's a very intelligent, astute man.

He'll sell his hide to pay the bill,  
Of his impending funeral,  
His obsession with ornithology,  
Guaranteed his place in the gallery.

Phil Ward

# A Wonderful Time Of The Year

Come on in and pull up a chair, give me your hat and your scarf,  
We're having a party and everyone's there tonight we're having a laugh.

It's Christmas Eve and the wines in full flow the mistletoes over our heads,  
Light from the fire gives a magical glow and the stockings are pinned to our  
beds.

Hush, for a moment and listen once more, I hear music and carols can't you?  
A choir of children at our front door making their festive debut.

We're waiting for Nick and his reindeer to come enjoying ourselves till he's here,  
With singing and dancing and having great fun with loads of Christmas cheer.

Its white out there the snow is deep there's tracks and hoof prints outside,  
The hour is late, little heads are asleep, quick in the cupboard lets hide.

He's been and gone in the blink of an eye everything's sparkling bright,  
Up out through the chimney I saw him fly close to the speed of light.

An aura of magic fills the room the Christmas tree there standing proud,  
A glance out the window to look at the moon, what was that moving? A cloud?

Come gather round and pull up a chair the presents are under the tree,  
Children have woken the family's there, first breakfast and a nice cup of tea?

It's Christmas day and excitement mounts the spirits are high it's clear,  
Laughter and happiness in huge amounts it's a wonderful time of the year.

Phil Ward

# Adolescence

My Mother told me when I was ten,  
I'd be mature at twelve and then,  
Hair would leap out of my chin,  
From little pores within my skin,  
Then spread around my mouth and cheeks,  
And be a full blown beard in weeks,  
On my shoulders down my arms,  
Between my fingers on my palms,  
Down my legs and on my toes,  
At least an inch a day it grows,  
"Oh Mum" I said, don't be so daft,  
I know you're joking, having a laugh?

Phil Ward

# All Because The Lady Loves Chablis

There's a lady I know loves Chablis,  
"It just slips down" she says, very happily,  
By the fifth glass,  
She's flat on her back,  
Coz the wine makes her legs go all wabbly.

Phil Ward

# Apocalypse

Mummy, why is the wind so strong?  
It's blowing the trees over along the lane,  
And the rain is so hard the drain overflowed,  
In next door's yard and the front doors come open again.  
Kaboom..... \_\_\_\_\_

An hour before we ran through the door of our house,  
Afraid of the sky and why?  
It was red, not just red but crimson red,  
But the weatherman said it would be sunny,  
And that's funny because it was a lie.

She said get on the floor, I answered what for?  
There where the newspaper lay unread by the door,  
The date was the twenty first and she cursed,  
And I lay in dread at the sky that bled overhead,

Mummy I'm scared and she stared, at me,  
And I could see she cared for me and we shared each other's unknowing.  
For ages we hid from the storm to keep warm,  
The weather's so bad the world has gone mad.

It was nearly Christmas two thousand and twelve,  
We'd just bought ourselves,  
Decorations in preparation for the big day,  
And I wanted to stay for the nativity play,  
But we had to return,  
Mum was concerned.

So here we lay,  
Together we'll stay,  
Till the storm goes away,  
Oh I hate it today.

Is this the end of the world I said?  
And she nodded her head,  
And I cried.

Mummy, why is the wind so strong?

Philip L Ward ©

Phil Ward

# Back In The Black

John would look in the mirror and stare,  
At the thinning of his hair,  
Making wishes, needs and wants,  
For a thatch upon his bonce.

How can someone as young as he,  
Be accepted seriously,  
When all the hair above his face,  
Retreated at a galloping pace.

Then all at once he had this thought,  
If a dark patch could be bought,  
In his pocket he'd carry a comb,  
If something lived upon his dome.

So off in search of knowledge new,  
And seek advice from folk he knew,  
Of what they thought that he should do,  
He'd get himself a large tattoo.

It would show that he's a man,  
And look the part as best he can,  
Suave, distinguished head held high,  
He wouldn't need to be so shy.

As the work was going on,  
An old fedora he did don,  
To hide away from prying eyes,  
What would be his great surprise.

His head now done it was fantastic,  
Hair pulled forward with elastic,  
But it wasn't hair anew,  
Just a massive black tattoo.

To hide what once was white and pink,  
Pretty good what do you think?  
Instead of what was smooth and bare,  
Was sporting his new Barnet Fair.

Now he struts around the town,  
Showing off what's on his crown,  
All he has to now remember,  
Is that date in late September.

When his head would show the sign,  
Of that funny growing line,  
Where the hair just didn't sprout,  
And looked as though the tide was out.

That's the time he goes on back,  
For a top-up of the black,  
And browse the coiffure books a while,  
Seeking out the latest style.

Philip L Ward ©

Phil Ward

# Blowing My Mind

Laying on a red seat,  
Sliding off the world,  
Flying off to paradise,  
Heads all in a whirl.

No one's going to know me,  
They just don't have a clue,  
I'm on another planet,  
While I'm inside of you.

What you going to call me,  
How you going to know,  
Where to post the letter,  
Sow the flowers grow.

Customs men are calling,  
They've found me out at last,  
Get the cows together,  
It'll be a f\*\*\*ing blast.

I'm going off to somewhere,  
For four days five or six,  
Don't care about tomorrow,  
Now where's my bl\*\*dy fix?

Phil Ward

# Can You Lend Me?

Can you lend me a quid Sid?

I'm a bit short of funds at the moment,  
It'd make me really happy if you did,  
It may not be a lot to you but if you only knew,  
How much a quid means to me,  
Then you'll see that with that nice round pound,  
I can get beans on toast with a roast or two for free,  
And a tea, gee what a quid means to me.

Can you lend me a fiver Luv?

Honest Gov I'm not a skiver and I don't do drugs either,  
I need a sub till I can get down to the pub,  
Where my mates owe me twenty and that's plenty,  
To pay you back and have some left over,  
It's no bother if you won't,  
And I'll not pester you if you don't,  
But there'll be no food for my kids or their mother.

Can you lend me a ton Hun?

I've had a terrible day where nothings gone my way,  
And I need some fun,  
So I'm off down the casino to have a beano,  
With my girl Shirl, she's a real pearl,  
To hurl some dice and it'd be nice,  
When all's said and done to have come out and have won,  
A tidy sum.

Can I tap you for a grand Stan?

I'll pay you back as soon as I can and,  
You can have my Rolex till Friday,  
That's the day I get my pay, what'd say?  
I need it now to buy a car,  
Lend it to me, be a star,  
That's what you are,  
Best mate by far.

Hi Rich can you lend me a mill,

I promise I will always fly on your airlines,  
On the times I need to nip off to the States,

I know that your rates are really great,  
So please don't hesitate mate,  
You'll get it back with interest,  
Honest,  
I can't wait.

Philip L Ward ©

Phil Ward

# Chocolate Vampire

The dark and white a lovely sight, a sneaky bite to eat at night,  
When I'm alone and on my own I must condone my little groan,  
Of pleasure as the smell of it comes face to face with my lips,  
Then disappears without a trace through the hole within my face.  
I lay there quite contentedly in my state of ecstasy,  
From the pleasure I'd assumed was from the food I'd just consumed,  
Or was it my minds giddiness from my new found happiness,  
The lovely feel of naughtiness weakened by my willingness,  
To self indulge in my desire of what my body does inspire,  
Necessity to require,  
I'm just a chocolate vampire.

Philip L Ward ©

Phil Ward

# Consequences

Quasi met Esmeralda at the annual cathedral fete,  
She wasn't wearing any rings so he asked her for a date,  
I do like rings she told him I am a girl of taste,  
Confused he thought his peal appealed and a smile grew on his face.

Young Quasi was keen to impress her and leapt to the belfry stairs,  
So quick was he upon his feet and he took the steps in pairs,  
Esi taken back by this asked what was going on.  
I've got a small surprise for you, 'for me' she said, 'très bon',

What happened next was painful,  
That noise was in her head,  
The bells, the bells, oh the bells,  
So she cleared off home instead.

Phil Ward

# Daydream

I love weekends, I lie and stare,  
At your picture in the air,  
Close my eyes and dream of you,  
That's all I ever want to do.

Since we met I'm running wild,  
Turning cartwheels in the sky,  
Laying back upon the clouds  
And watch the world go drifting by.

Kiss me to life my Guinevere,  
That I can sense you with my touch,  
Caress my mind I know you're near,  
Your loveliness I miss so much.

Phil Ward

# Divine Light

It's a Sunday morning bright and fair  
and Christians wander off to mass,  
Lining pews all singing where  
sunbeams pierce stained window glass.

In the pulpit Father John  
preaching of the divine light,  
Read from Genesis in the Bible  
how we got our day and night.

The congregation were amazed  
for as he spoke a light appeared,  
Dancing on the roof above them,  
Intervention many feared.

At that time Miss Sheila Blige  
had dropped her hymn book on the floor,  
Bending over to retrieve it  
exposed a shiny curved contour.

Father look! The lights reflected,  
See it how it jumps and flickers,  
The Lord did choose the path projected  
Bouncing of Miss Sheila's knickers.

Phil Ward

# Donation

Of all the people in the world  
There's only one of me,  
I work to help the limbless,  
And aid mobility.

I'm based out in the country,  
I'm not out there by chance,  
The factory's near the river,  
In a rural part of France.

My job is very special,  
I'm always in demand,  
Making lightweight wheelchairs,  
I keep a lot on hand.

I make them by the dozen,  
Green ones sell the best,  
Manual or electric,  
Come put them to the test,

The users come in bus loads,  
We're on a popular route,  
You can buy the ready-made ones,  
Or we make them up to suit.

The French are quite discerning,  
We're a victim of their taste,  
They seem to really like us,  
Well, the bits below the waist.

It is a growing business,  
Sometimes a long backlog,  
There's really no alternative,  
To help a legless frog.

Phil Ward

# Food Power

If I eat my carrots can I see in the dark?  
If I finish my spinach can I wrestle a shark?  
If I eat all my crusts will my hair grow curly?  
If I don't eat sweets will my teeth stay pearly?  
If I don't eat my fish will my knowledge be trimmed?  
If I eat my baked beans can I run like the wind?

Phil Ward

# Girl With The Smiling Eyes

My heart skips a beat when you turn on your smile,  
Cos I haven't seen you for such a long while,  
Those little wrinkles on the side of your nose,  
Are the cutest signs of our love that grows?

You kiss Mona Lisa's on my wanting lips,  
You're an Angelo sculpture to my finger tips,  
My heart is so sad when I am away,  
How I long to be with you for just one more day.

Chorus

You're the girl of my dreams and I love you so much,  
There's magic between us the moment we touch,  
An angel from heaven a gift from the skies,  
My beautiful girl with the smiling eyes.

I ache to be near you and hold you so tight,  
And cuddle up next to you all through the night,  
You're part of my being and to show you I care,  
I'd like to be with you forever to share.

Chorus

You're the girl of my dreams and I love you so much,  
There's magic between us the moment we touch,  
An angel from heaven a gift from the skies,  
My beautiful girl with the smiling eyes.

Phil Ward

# Going Home

The ticket lays on my bedside table,  
My most recent gift,  
For an unexpected journey,  
And I got it all for free,  
I hadn't planned it,  
I didn't even want it,  
But it was given to me so I accepted it.  
The strange thing is the return section is missing.  
Laying back in the quiet of my room,  
I'm happy and smile,  
That weight no more,  
As I realise I'm going home.

Phil Ward

# Harry The Fish

Harry the fish they called him,  
And it was one damp dismal night,  
Fit as a fiddle and boy could he swim,  
Put up one hell of a fight.

It wasn't me who caught him,  
T'was Johnny from down the MET,  
He literally jumped upon him,  
Got himself all soaking wet.

You should have seen him wriggle,  
An eel he should have been,  
We still have a laugh and a giggle,  
Remembering the ridiculous scene.

Now down the pub we sometimes meet,  
Have a beer with our old skipper,  
Telling tales about him on his beat,  
And a copper that captured a kipper.

Phil Ward

# Healing The World

Ignition, spedition I'm a bullet from the sky,  
I'm your flash of inspiration and eureka I cry,  
Master of the airwaves with my healing lightening flash,  
I'm faster than the speed of light, through galaxies I dash.

I'm your super hero and I've come to save the earth,  
Salvation, I'm the person that will give the second birth,  
Destruction and construction, I'm going to change your race,  
Against the powers of evil and make a better place.

Yes, I'm the power of your mind and I will make your dreams come true,  
Flashing through the universe a bolt out of the blue,  
So put aside your squabbles coz we're in this fight together,  
For peace and joy and harmony we'll make it last forever.

Phil Ward

# Hopping The Boards

&quot;Break a leg, &quot;  
First night he said,  
I broke a leg,  
I'm now in bed.

Phil Ward

# Hormone Hiatus

Tap tap, tapping,  
The persistent tapping of rain on my window ledge,  
Or was it the door?  
Was it rain drops or the man next door?  
Alone in my bed I lie half awake,  
Reliving what happened the recollection opaque.  
His hands round my neck on the back of my head,  
These were my thoughts as I lie in my bed.

Tapping again or was it a knock,  
Eyes tight closed anxiety grows,  
Then it fades away as the noise subsides.  
My thumping heart hiding inside  
my chest the tingling down my spine,  
Anticipating angst divine.

He only moved in a week ago,  
Arrived in a van and all on his own,  
I watched from the window, behind the curtain,  
I wanted to know,  
I had to be certain.  
Was he the type I wanted next door?  
Not nerdy or geeky or a crashing boar.  
I introduced myself to know,  
I did that all a week ago.

And I've met him since, just once or twice,  
A greeting nod,  
"Hi" he said,  
Dashing smart he dresses each day,  
I wonder what he's like in bed.  
I can't believe I thought of that,  
It's not like me, my mind's not dirty  
I'm just a normal single girl,  
Blame my hormones on reaching thirty.

I wonder what he thought of me, my well rehearsed choreography  
Performing my new shopping dance  
Accidental? Not a chance.

And there I was in fruit and veg,  
In the frozen food, by the hot food counter,  
We passed each other along each isle,  
And as we did I gave a smile.  
I wouldn't say I was discreet acting like a cat on heat,  
I treat men like a fresh croissant,  
Devouring whole the one I want.

Back at home and in the porch on the stairs and in the hall,  
I threw myself quite wantonly,  
I don't know what came over me,  
He acted very gentlemanly,  
The end result was heavenly.

Now I lie out in my bed  
Reflecting on the things I said,  
Will he talk to me again?  
Or will he think that I'm insane?

Phil Ward

# How Much Longer Jim?

We were getting a bit concerned,  
Nobody else gave a damn,  
He's not on a diet,  
Unless he's kept quiet,  
He's just polished off half the ham.  
Uncle Jim was always slim,  
But we never thought him as thin,  
Every week he'd come round for his Sunday dinner,  
All that food that he ate and he's getting thinner,  
He's the first to finish and always the winner,  
So why was he losing weight?

I had a quiet word in his ear,  
And sent him off up to the Doc,  
To see if he knew,  
Or could hazard a clue,  
What I heard was a bit of a shock.  
He's certainly not getting smaller,  
In fact he's eight inches taller,  
He lies in his bed; he sticks out his leg,  
Too lazy to rise and switch it instead,  
Well that is the reason the doctor said,  
To turn off the light in the hall.

So he's not losing weight it's a myth,  
He's such a lazy old git,  
He should have predicted,  
What he has inflicted,  
He's over stretched himself a bit.  
So why did he not say a word,  
The situation's absurd,  
To us he was always good old Jim,  
But now he's like a piece of string,  
Nothing but a coiled up spring,  
And nothing's changed I've heard.

Phil Ward

# I Love You So Much I Can'T Be Without You

I sit and watch the world go by,  
I drink a beer and give a sigh,  
I have a smoke and close one eye,  
And sit and watch the world go by.

My girl walked out I don't know why,  
She upped and left and no good bye,  
I feel so low that I could die,  
I sit alone and cry and cry.

I want to tell the world that I,  
Am such a lucky, happy guy,  
She's back, she'd only been to buy,  
Some veggies for tonights stir fry.

Phil Ward

# I'M Fired

It's my dream, what I was born for,  
All my life it's what I've worked hard for,  
Son of a gun and I love getting fired,  
I do all the fetes and I'm regularly hired.

It blows my mind to be flying through air,  
A bolt from the blue and a feeling I share,  
With a missile in flight crooning the earth,  
Giving my all for what I am worth.

I'm a human cannonball shot from a gun,  
It's not just a job but lots of fun,  
Till those on the ground tripled the charge,  
Of the powder that launches me way too large,  
A mistake that can happen anyone's fault,  
It increased my range to a thunder bolt.

Pause

Returning back from Sweden I caught the fastest train,  
By now I'd had quite enough of flying yet again,  
So I'm grounded now and happy that my feet are firmly planted,  
On the terra firma this is not exactly how I planned it,  
I'll be airborne soon please go outside and look into the sky,  
You never know it might be me you see go shooting by.

Phil Ward

# In A Builders Back Yard

My bike's the only transport I have to get around,  
I use it nearly every day in and out of town,  
Strange things I see don't shock me, I'm quite acclimatised,  
But what I saw the other day had me rub my eyes.

A sight I've not forgotten,  
It didn't have a lot on,  
Framed in Denim cotton,  
It was a cheeky builder's bottom.

I thought it was a fixture,  
Of alabaster mixture,  
I rammed my wheel in good and tight,  
Secure and holding it upright,  
From the place I squeezed my wheel,  
The whole dam world could hear the squeal.

His head was down a man hole,  
How was I to know?  
A space was all I wanted  
to park my bike and go,  
Shaken and shocked I stumbled back,  
When I realised it wasn't a cycle rack,  
And the four letter words that I got back,  
In some sort of builder's lingo.

Oh, Mr Builder I'm sorry,  
For the place where I parked my front wheel,  
I didn't mean to make you start,  
And force your pearly cheeks apart,  
I thought you were a work of art,  
Call it quits and it's a deal.

Phil Ward

# In Each Other's Arms

Give me a kiss that's all I need,  
To conquer the world as a knight on a steed,  
With the heart of two lions,  
I'm as strong as an ox,  
As wise as an owl and swift as a fox,  
These are the qualities I love to portray,  
As I lie in your arms at the end of the day.

I can run round the world,  
And swim every sea,  
I don't need possessions,  
Everything's free,  
Love is all we need to get by,  
On the wings of a dream,  
We both will fly,  
As long as you love me I'll always stay,  
Close in your arms at the end of the day.

And as we drift off in each other's embrace,  
I'll look over at you and gently place,  
A kiss with the meaning with I'm happy to be,  
Cuddled up close just you and me,  
To show my love there's no other way,  
As I lie in your arms at the end of the day.

Phil Ward

# Jus D'Orange

Jus de pomme  
Non mon ami,  
Its jus d'orange for me,  
I don't fancy or give a care,  
For cranberry, mango, apple or pear,  
Water sometimes does the trick,  
Tempted but prefer to pick,  
A drink with zest for my refresh,  
The only drink that I'll ingest,  
Chilled orange juice, just give me that,  
My jus d'orange éclat.  
Mon jus d'orange,  
Un jus d'orange, vrai jus d'orange,  
Mon jus d'orange,  
Oui jus d'orange, pur jus d'orange,  
Je voudrais un jus d'orange s'il vous plait,  
Serve me now une orange pressée, ☐  
Precisely made the way I drink,  
With stacks of ice that cause the glass,  
To clink when stirred an all time classic,  
jus d'orange, a jus fantastique.

Phil Ward

# Justice On The Rebound

Robin De-Rich was a scoundrel and thief,  
A likable rogue with morels amiss,  
A nuisance to folk, who had lots of money,  
A wanted villain in the eyes of police.

Thieving was fun he did it in style,  
He'd tickle them silly and have them in stitches,  
There on the floor they'd be giggling and laughing while,  
Robin would lift all their money and riches.

The funny thing was they liked it so much,  
They hadn't a clue of what had gone on,  
Distracted completely by his clever touch,  
Laying there chuckling Robin had gone.

The Sheriff was livid we can't have this clown,  
Robbing our people he's got to be caught,  
He sent out his deputies all over town,  
Calming the people who were clearly distraught.

A sovereign was offered for good information,  
To capture the renegade and put him in jail,  
His actions were that of a bad generation,  
He'd never get out or even get bail.

When he was caught the streets were heaving,  
They brought him publically tethered and bound,  
Some were supporters others were grieving,  
People had gathered from miles around.

The sheriff accused him of robbing and pinching,  
This method of taking had never been known,  
Don't be surprised if you're in for a lynching,  
What you have done we can never condone.

Up went the scaffolding some weeks later,  
They had everything except for a rope,  
The trap-door was tested, perfectly working,  
Was this the end, was there no hope?

The rope isn't ready it's still in the making,  
Try over there, the Adventure Club's chest,  
Pick out a good one we don't want it breaking,  
Bring the yellow one it's by far the best.

Now was the time the moment had come,  
The trap-door was sprung poor Robin went down,  
Audible gasps were heard from the cheap seats,  
Ladies with hankies in tears all around.

Up through the trap-door shot Robin the convict,  
The people all cheered they'd given up hope,  
He loosened the noose and made a quick exit,  
They'd used the Adventure Clubs bungee rope.

Phil Ward

# Life

As tender as fresh shoots,  
Curious fingers explore new emotions as she weaves them into mine searching  
for nourishment,  
A thousand rainbows with gleaming crocks of gold unfold,  
We are floating down the winding avenue of the unexplored,  
And sunshine fills my soul,  
Catapulting, lifting skyward as swallows loop and twist with boundless energy,  
A rollercoaster of freedom soaring ever higher and higher,  
Love knows no frontiers never limiting nor restricting,  
Omnipotent in the belief we will eventually be as one and account to each other  
as two halves of a circle makes a whole,  
Touching, feeling the emotions familiarising our senses with the deepest  
innermost desires to recreate ourselves as another,  
The perfect and ultimate act of reincarnation,  
Preserving the future we will resurrect,  
Ignoring unwelcome influences for we possess our own mandate for the new life  
evolving as nature intended without intervention,  
Two souls enjoying the fruits of life,  
Biting the apple for selfish pleasure and why not?  
We are chosen by merit,  
Guiding the innocent in the ways of our forefathers,  
We are the creators of the universe.

Phil Ward

# Life's Twists And Turns

Their love could not be stronger,  
It stood the test of time,  
Happiness reigned longer,  
The more their lives entwined.

They even looked alike some said,  
From kids when they first met,  
And it was no surprise they wed,  
A simple life beset.

For thirty years of bliss till now,  
The children had flown the nest,  
Precious extra time'll allow,  
The pursuit of other interests.

Inevitability took its course,  
And indeed their ways did part,  
The lack of understanding forced,  
Separation thoughts to start.

Their combined assets weren't enough,  
To find another place,  
So times in future will be tough,  
Austerity to face.

Then thoughts of self preservation,  
And what is all involved,  
With elaborate plan creation,  
To get the whole thing solved.

The neighbours know the problem,  
And offer to help out,  
With appeals of fairness to them,  
And not to scream and shout.

Eventually things turn sour,  
She's no longer there,  
They're worried by the hour,  
The police search everywhere.

He claims she just walked out,  
Packed a case and went,  
The neighbours seem to doubt,  
That it was a non event.

There's now a lot of pressure,  
He has to let them know,  
Somehow to reassure,  
And to make the rumours go.

He's off to go and find her,  
And bring her back you see,  
To offer a reminder,  
Of how things used to be.

To quell the allegation,  
Of the people and the press,  
And restore his reputation,  
Most of all reduce the stress.

She returned alone one day,  
He was nowhere to be seen,  
It kept the poisoned talk at bay,  
From things that might have been.

For many years she lived there,  
He never did drop by,  
Devoid of friendship and of care,  
Maybe he had just died.

She never ever saw him,  
The rumours went away,  
Life was now worth living,  
Parties, work and play.

He got just what she wanted,  
He was a devious rat,  
Thanks to the plastic surgeon,  
Who took care of all of that.



# Man In The Calf Of Man

Why, Oh man in the Calf of Man,  
Don't you look over at me?  
On grassy banks of Cregneash I sit,  
I'm as close as I can be,  
For hours and hours I'm watching you  
as you watch over the sea.  
In the cold and windy sunlit rain,  
With a rainbow over me.  
So you stare, Oh calf of Man?  
Why don't you turn your head?  
Looking East Oh calf of Man,  
At only the mainland ahead.  
What do you long for Calf of Man?  
You can talk to me,  
I am the keeper of the land,  
And minder of the sea.  
But if I seat as long as you,  
And watch you watching the sea,  
I'll disanimate, Oh Calf of Man  
As I can't wait, Oh Calf of Man,  
I have other places to be.

Phil Ward

# Meeting Old Friends

Perched high on a cliff overlooking the sea,  
A black-headed gull was peering at me,  
I'd come to meet some old friends of mine,  
At a place that I love where I can be free.

Powerful waves with the sun on their crest,  
Touching them lightly on the catwalk all dressed,  
In their fine Sunday blue suits with long thin white caps,  
A parade for the privileged at nature's behest.

They rush up towards me they're eager to greet,  
Then bow on the rocks and lie at my feet,  
They melt in an instant and fade from my gaze,  
Like an army of soldiers on the sound of retreat.

Sitting up high and enjoying the show,  
I exchange with a gull, as I'm ready to go,  
I'm watched as I'm leaving, a witness I've left,  
With a nod of respect of what happened below.

Glorious freedom I'll come here again,  
Some time in the future I'd have missed them by then,  
Sharing intimate moments as we did for a while,  
Now our spirits are married and our love will remain.

Phil Ward

# Memories

I sip the last dropp of red wine left in your glass,  
Suddenly my mind is clear and you are near,  
A reminder of the taste on your sweet lips,  
From the meal shared now you're not here,  
Staring into space reliving our moments together,  
A passion play of memories only an hour ago,  
Our lives entwined so tightly,  
Why did you have to go?

Phil Ward

# Mona Long's Lot

Mona had a good voice,  
She was an auctioneer,  
She'd shout the bids out for the lots,  
This made the punters cheer.

At weekends she was busy,  
She'd joined the local choir,  
She'd sing with the sopranos'  
and could sing an octave higher.

Then one day she went solo  
and hoping for that break,  
Invited scouts from Music Mag,  
But that was her mistake.

She wanted for the big time  
and thought that she could sing,  
They wrote that she was noted for:  
"She made our ears ring".

Poor Mona Long was shattered,  
Reviews rang out bad news,  
She sank into depression,  
A bad case of the blues.

She's now down at her auction house,  
A noted rising star,  
Singing bids on all her lots,  
With the strum from an old guitar.

Phil Ward

# My Comfort Blanket

On a cold and frosty winters night,  
There's nothing more than I desire  
To wrap a blanket good and tight,  
Around me sat before the fire,  
And stare upon the amber glow,  
In wonder as the dancers weave,  
A merry reel of make believe.

Phil Ward

# Naive

When I was young and quite naive,  
What grown-ups said I did believe,  
My Uncle told me of his pet,  
The one he got, I hadn't met,  
It was a monkey young and shy,  
And hid from people passing by,  
It had been seen a fleeting glance,  
Can I see it any chance?  
You can see it clear as day,  
Look in the mirror he would say.

Phil Ward

# Ode To Idleness

Never let it not be said,  
That I like to lie in bed,  
Hour on hour I love to laze,  
And sleep away my working days.

I've heard that it is good for me,  
If fit and bright I want to be,  
To rest my bones, do what I choose,  
That's what I think, any excuse.

Now in my easy chair I sit,  
Do I regret it? Not a bit?  
Old and chilling out for God,  
Yes I'm just an idle sod.

Philip L Ward ©

Phil Ward

# Old Jake

At her friends the other day,  
My Auntie with her old dog Jake,  
Was sitting chatting in the lounge,  
With a pot of tea and slice of cake.

Come and see our garden pond,  
The dogs asleep so leave the door,  
But when returning to the lounge,  
The slice of cake was there no more.

Auntie shrieked! My cake has gone,  
And looked around accusingly,  
Old Jake still prostrate on the floor,  
Twitched an eyelid knowingly.

It can't have gone for goodness sake,  
The Innocent lay on the floor,  
You naughty dog, she scolded Jake,  
The evidence was round his jaw.

Phil Ward

# Our Pet's Pets

Suddenly our old cat's a spring chicken,  
He's leaping about like a kitten,  
It seems much more frequent,  
The need for some treatment,  
The fleas make him jump when he's bitten.

I'm a flea on the back of your cat,  
And I'm not very happy with that,  
I know I'm not blameless,  
But don't make me homeless,  
I don't earn enough for a flat.

Well I am the cat in the question,  
Trying to make an impression,  
There's no bed and breakfast,  
For fleas that are downcast,  
Regardless that there's a recession.

Phil Ward

# Ronald's New Mac

Ronald was flying on cloud nine,  
He had the winning bid,  
He always wanted a Burberry Mac,  
Ever since he was a kid.

It was a long light brown one,  
With buttons and a belt,  
He imagined how he'd wear it,  
How it looked and how it felt.

He left very positive feedback,  
To the seller on the web,  
And couldn't believe it was once owned,  
By a famous TV celeb.

When it arrived he put it on,  
It fitted like a glove,  
He wore it to the cinema,  
Where he was sure that he'd find love.

He walked towards two ladies,  
Who were ambling down the street,  
And opened up his Burberry Mac,  
To give them both a treat.

You're nicked so come with us sir,  
We've been looking for you, Ah ha,  
We're escorting you back to our place,  
Are you up for a Ménage à trios?

Phil Ward

# Seagulls

I donâ€™t have to tell you what happened next,  
I walked into an ambush it wasnâ€™t my fault,  
Strolling the prom with a big bag of chips,  
Thatâ€™s when it commenced â€”The Seagull Assaultâ€™.

If they are prepared to fight for my snack,  
Theyâ€™ve bitten off more than they think they can chew,  
Iâ€™m armed and Iâ€™ll give them one hell of a whack,  
Iâ€™ll show them whatâ€™s what with the heel of my shoe.

Thereâ€™s more of them now the word has got round,  
Iâ€™m out in the open and feeling quite stuck,  
Itâ€™s one against fifty Iâ€™m standing my ground,  
Sure that Iâ€™m anxious Iâ€™m their sitting duck.

Thoughts of the Light brigade come to my mind,  
With a change to the outcome Iâ€™m making my stand,  
Preparing for battle for the sake of mankind,  
Itâ€™s the gulls and me I wait the command.

Off comes my shoe and Iâ€™m ready for action,  
What happens next I observe with dismay,  
The smell of my feet were the cause of distraction,  
The pong was so bad that they all flew away.

Philip L Ward Â©

Phil Ward

# Sharing Their Nuts

Two trees were talking in a wood,  
Don't say it! You're thinking if they could?  
Concerned about their acorns and,  
The blessed squirrel's sneaky hand,  
Well what do'ya know they've got some guts,  
To come and nibble at our nuts,  
I'm not so bothered as it stands,  
At least they haven't got cold hands,  
Two age old oaks just standing there,  
Quite happy for their nuts to share.

Phil Ward

# Skating On Thicker Ice

Can you spare some coins from your change?  
My life's in a mess and I've got nothing left,  
I'm all that you see sleeping rough on the street,  
And the people I meet just couldn't care less,  
For a man in a stew I was once like you,  
It was six month ago that inevitable blow,  
That would turn me around like an old roundabout,  
How things would work out from the throw of the dice,  
Oh I wish I was skating on much thicker ice.

I look at me now as I reckon my worth,  
I still have my health, ok minus the wealth,  
And able to look at you straight in the eye,  
As you pass me by I say to myself,  
My pride is strong and I'll get along,  
Someone will help me it isn't all bad,  
I've had harder times when I was a lad,  
A ten pence will do a pound would be nice,  
Oh I wish I was skating on much thicker ice.

I go home at night to wherever I lay,  
A doorway my bed where I rest my head,  
There's nothing more to me and I'll struggle through,  
My road I'll pursue whatever's ahead,  
A prayer to arrange my direction to change,  
I'm pinning my hopes on that time to come soon,  
And I won't have to spend my time under the moon,  
Or begging on corners till I've paid the price,  
Oh I wish I was skating on much thicker ice.

So why have you given me this path to take,  
When I had it all and life was a ball,  
Did I do wrong, please what did I do?  
If only I knew I've tried to recall,  
How low can I get from just losing a bet?  
It won't keep me down my spirits are high,  
I'll rise from the ashes and you watch me fly,  
I'm going to be up there I've taken advice,  
And soon I'll be skating on much thicker ice.

Phil Ward

# Stoking For A Date

Max Casson was a stoker,  
And very good at that,  
He'd stoke the barges up the Thames,  
Then stoke them coming back.

He had muscles on his muscles,  
A truly great physique,  
Not only could he shift the coal,  
He could do it double quick.

The ladies up the mews at home,  
All hoped their cards were marked,  
And thought it was significant,  
Whose house outside he'd parked.

He'd do their little jobs for them,  
He really was quite handy,  
It got them hot and bothered,  
Not to mention very randy.

A stoker for a partner,  
What girl could want for more?  
A fit and active husband,  
At least to sixty four.

But Max's thoughts were elsewhere,  
He had his eye on Cecil,  
The one who he's been stoking for,  
The captain of the vessel.

Phil Ward

# Sunny Blue Skies

Chillaxing on a Sunday morning,  
Close my eyes and can't stop yawning,  
Sunny blue skies overhead,  
Sunny blue skies in my head,  
Sunny blue skies wandering free,  
Nothings gon'a be bothering me.

Drink with the lads and taking it slow,  
Laugh with the girls and what do you know,  
Sunny blue skies come what may,  
Sunny blue skies all of the day,  
Sunny blue skies on to the end,  
Living is easy when you've got friends.

What do I care if I haven't got much?  
The air that I breathe, the grass that I touch,  
Sunny blue skies is all that I need,  
Sunny blue skies the life that I lead,  
Sunny blue skies lighten my load,  
The way that I face is my guiding road.

Happy go living I'm drifting along,  
Casually humming my favourite songs,  
Sunny blue skies with the birds and the bees,  
Sunny blue skies the wind in the trees,  
Sunny blue skies wandering free,  
Nothings gon'a be bothering me.

Phil Ward

# Taking The Hiss

It's careless really, quite remiss,  
For a snake to lose its hiss,  
To stick your tongue out with no noise,  
Doesn't fit with reptile poise,  
On seeing this one might conclude,  
That the beast was being rude.

Phil Ward

# Tanning

When in the midday sun,  
And you're having lots of fun,  
There's one thing that you really ought to learn,  
Don't forget those silent beams,  
That will penetrate your creams,  
And cause your skin to redden and to burn.

Phil Ward

# The Gift Of Sight

Thanks to you I opened my eyes,  
Looked around and saw the world,  
And there it was in front of me  
the life that I'd been searching for.  
I was blinded and couldn't see,  
What was right in front of me,  
The years of foggy compromise  
had clouded judgment in my eyes.

Now that I can see the light,  
I see the day not dark of night  
and life has opened up for me,  
Now I can see in front of me.  
Gone the blinkers from my eyes,  
It's time for me to realise,  
To take a step into the light,  
Where all around are roaming free,  
Now I have the gift of sight,  
I see what's right in front of me.

Phil Ward

# The River Nidd

A most pleasant lunch I ever did,  
Was spent at Pately Bridge amid,  
The narrow streets and bunting flags,  
Remnants of those cycling lads,  
Who shot through here without a glance,  
Oblivious to its quiet romance,  
They were out to win the Tour de France,  
And never saw the river Nidd.

The treasure here in Pately Bridge,  
Is whispered from the river Nidd,  
In sparkling form and quiet surrender,  
Modest in its hidden splendour,  
If only they had had the time,  
To watch the water flow sublime,  
Just half a mo to see what's hid,  
Beneath their wheels,  
The river Nidd.

I sit beside the River Nidd,  
Staring deep in thought amid,  
What happened here some days ago,  
The fish and ducks they'll never know,  
Would they even give a quack?  
About Pately Bridge the cycle track,  
No doubt they'll mark it with a plaque,  
Upon the bridge of the river Nidd.

Phil Ward

# The Single Handed Sailor

I am the intrepid sailor and I cruise the open sea,  
I sail the way the wind blows but it's all the same to me,  
What people think I do aboard come day on week on year?  
'sides drifting around the oceans it really isn't clear,  
And if I ask that question to myself I find it hard,  
To get an honest answer cos I'm always on my guard,  
Against my lack of understanding, comprehension of this place,  
The motives of the people that they call the human race,  
So I go to sea to get away for peace and harmony,  
And I live at one with nature and leave the lubbers be,  
My life is tough, I know it's rough but I've found my inner self,  
And as long as I'm quite able and I'm lucky with my health,  
I'll carry on regardless in search of what I find,  
I'm just that sort of person, quite unique, one of a kind.

Phil Ward

# The Twerlies

God bless the pensioners bus pass,  
And the council who at sixty two,  
Opened up my front door,  
For travelling and so much more,  
I salute you and give you praise,  
For brightening up my twilight days.

The only point I want to make,  
Is why restrict for goodness sake?  
The time when I can catch a bus,  
To ten o'clock and make us wait,  
Until the jobbers are at work,  
A crazy notion of some clerk,  
We think the council's gone berserk.

So there we are in line at ten,  
Or was it nine or quarter to,  
"Too early" shouts the operator,  
Push off home and come back later,  
We make him shout by feigning deafness,  
Puff and wheeze to show we're breathless,  
But he's having none of that,  
The jobsworth, heartless little prat.

We'll get the next at quarter to,  
I can't believe he yelled at us  
to come back for a later bus,  
We're standing here all eight of us,  
In the cold for goodness sake,  
You wait I'll give him such earache.

Here it comes the bus for town,  
Jack you wave your arms around,  
Do your impression of a circus clown,  
On second thoughts Mary show some leg,  
And get us on this bus instead  
of waiting here till ten o'clock,  
We're looking like a laughing stock.

"You're too early" aren't you lass,  
It says ten o'clock on your bus pass,  
You can't get on until that time,  
You're going to have to wait in line  
and get the next one as it says,  
Except on Sundays and Saturdays.

So there it is, how we got our name,  
The councils fault we're not to blame,  
We're the Twerlies short and sweet,  
The nicest folk you'll ever meet,  
Yes we're pensioners old and grey,  
But we're wide awake at the break of day.

Phil Ward

# The Uhu Curse

It doesn't matter just how gently,  
You squeeze a tube of UHU glue,  
There always ends up more than plenty,  
And it gets all over you.

Besides the table and the chair,  
It's on your fingers, in your hair,  
It's on your clothes that wretched goo,  
It's even worse than doggy poo.

You stuck the thing you bought it for,  
You've gone and stuck the kitchen door,  
To the packet and the box,  
It's even got inside the lock.

There's nowhere now there isn't glue,  
You've stuck the carpet to your shoe,  
You're firmly fixed and goodness knows,  
How it got inside your nose.

Then panic starts to settle in,  
It's in your mouth and on your chin,  
While summing up the mess construed,  
You lose your balance squash the tube.

A jet of nasty sticky stuff,  
If all of this was not enough,  
Has rained it's droplets through the air,  
And scattered nearly everywhere.

It's hard to picture at a glance,  
If at all there's any chance,  
That what has happened here today,  
Is down to Karma, me to pay.

For doing something bad before,  
To even up and settle a score,  
There's nothing I can think that's worse,  
To suffer from the UHU curse.

Philip L Ward ©

Phil Ward

# The Village Pub

I love to go to the village pub and meet old friends of mine,  
To prop up the bar and share a jar of beer or a glass of wine,  
Just like old John, yes please John a pint of best,  
He doesn't drink a lot, a pint and he's gone,  
That's our John back to the nest and the missus,  
Then there's Pete, the nicest guy you'll ever meet,  
He's in for the night, thanks Pete I'll have a pint of the best,  
Through the night it goes on and on, friends like John,  
And Pete and Graham and Sue, who,  
Live down the lane where Richard and Jane live,  
And what I wouldn't give to live in their house,  
Thanks Graham a pint of best, that goes down so well,  
Now what was I saying? Oh yesh I was torkin abou mi fwens,  
What a gweat brunch of preople, a pub is a meeetin prace,  
Where yo can sup a pint or four before fallin on the floor,  
While makin for the door of the gents and not findin it,  
So the fence will av to do,  
Ah that's better,  
A pint of best Mike,  
Ees the barman, im n Trish,  
Now she's a dish delish,  
Well she was in er younger day,  
And she couldn't arf play, knock the spots off those dominoes,  
Woe betide anyone oo crossed er eer,  
She wore the trousers, lovely rear, kept tabs on the beer,  
Made sure it were clear, beautiful pint, the best,  
That's why we keep cumin back,  
Then Jack takes us ome, ee don't drink,  
Ee jus makes sure we do,  
A little gold mine this place,  
Right, off ome now,  
Good night.

Phil Ward

# The Worries Of Folk

Where's me umbrella I had it in me hand,  
I can't lose that, I borrowed it she'll throw a dicky and,  
If I don't return it in the state she gev it me,  
I'll git no snap for me lunch and nuffin for me tea.

Phil Ward

# Time To Myself

On a cold and frosty winters night,  
There's nothing more than I desire  
To wrap a blanket good and tight,  
Around me sat before the fire,  
And stare upon the amber glow,  
In wonder as the dancers weave,  
A merry reel of make believe.

Phil Ward

# Trench-Fright

The rain so fresh so cool and clean,  
Pains my face where the sweat has been,  
So far so good but not far behind,  
Are those headless riders of not mankind.

Rifles at dawn a raspberry surprise,  
Don't fire a shot till the whites of their eyes,  
Explode in the sunrise where shadows are waxing,  
Emerging from armchairs where they've been relaxing.

Fasten my breastplate with tethers of silk,  
And moisten my lips with coconut milk,  
My heart is screaming my vision blurred,  
My mind in melt-down of the absurd,  
Seconds to go will this ever stop,  
Okay men,  
Over the top.

Phil Ward

# Trevor

We've got ourselves a new neighbour,  
Trevor is his name,  
And he doesn't know that we know,  
That we know his little game,  
He moved in only a week ago,  
He's a "middle aged", old, single guy,  
He acts like a stud in his salad days,  
And we've sussed the reason why.

There's a number of us single girls living up our street,  
And he's made it very obvious the ones he wants to meet,  
He'll turn up on our doorsteps with a cup for sugar,  
But we know what he really wants,  
The cunning little bugger.  
He came round once quite neighbourly,  
And joined our game of cribbage,  
But he wasn't looking at his cards,  
His eyes were down our cleavage.  
He collars us when we're shopping and running for the bus,  
He's even joined the WI, and didn't half make a fuss,  
About sexual discrimination and claimed he had the right,  
To join in with the ladies on our social night.

We're getting fed up with Trevor,  
He's a pain in our backsides,  
We've changed our night to Thursdays,  
So his pub night coincides,  
Now his choice is us or beer,  
At the local down the village,  
We hope now things are difficult,  
And hope he gets the message.

Phil Ward

# Unwanted Tenant

Before I was evicted,  
From the place I wasn't wanted,  
My landlord wasn't pleased one little bit,  
Accused of spying overhead  
at his wife laid out in bed,  
She leapt around the room in a screaming fit.

I know it was predictable  
those moments so restrictable,  
A feeling quite collectable  
in a glass receptacle.

Lead crystal, how to go in class,  
A perfect piece of fine cut glass,  
Then on the cold wet night time grass,  
He threw me outside on my ass.

Phil Ward

# Warm Heart

The salty air, the seagulls cry and it feels like home,  
A distant bark from a dog at play as I brave  
the sandy beach today and take in the view,  
In my ears the Northern winds whisper silently,  
You've come back to see me,  
I've got something for you.

On my return I found a seed,  
Yes, a stray seed from the North,  
Lying on my stony ground,  
Quietly it lay without a sound,  
And over time it lay there still,  
It lay there from its own free will,  
Fed by my warmth unknowingly,  
Changing to be part of me.

Then from that seed and warily,  
A tiny gap and it came forth,  
A hair emerged and touched my skin,  
And in my flesh it made a mark,  
And that warmth within my heart,  
Freed that seed from up the North.

Then I did change and welcomed it,  
And finding who I am to be,  
Accepted it quite willingly,  
For I in it and it in me,  
Both needing to be living free,  
Were complimented perfectly.

Phil Ward

# We Are Not Amused

I'm not sure if it's fact or rumour,  
Queen Victoria lost her humour,  
Deciding one day she refused,  
All attempts to be amused.

Some say it was indigestion,  
Others claim that's speculation,  
I believe what's widely known,  
That she hurt her funny bone.

Phil Ward

# Work Till You Drop

Work till we drop, work till we drop,  
We all carry on and we work till we drop,  
The roofs got a leak; the cars got a dent,  
The money they cost were the savings that meant,  
To provide for a break that you need to come down,  
From intensive living and expected to drown,  
Out the stress and the trauma over the weeks and the years,  
Through the let-downs, disappointments the sorrows and tears,  
Some of us make it; it's a test we go through,  
No second chance but a time to review,  
If we're able to finish the life we began,  
In a manner of dignity, honour and san...,  
...ity on to the end we'll drive ourselves mad,  
It's a story of life sometimes ending so sad.

Phil Ward

# You Can'T Win

When I was a baby I couldn't talk,  
Give a few months and I managed a squawk  
I learnt the few words you taught me to say,  
You encouraged my learning every day,  
I was speaking by two you were over the moon,  
And soon after that I sang my first tune,  
I was up on my feet and walking was fun,  
You helped me with that and taught me to run,  
I loved all the things you helped me to do,  
Playing an instrument, tying my shoe,  
Now that I'm older and wanting to play,  
Sit down and shut up is all that you say.

Phil Ward

# Your Last Flame.

Although my home was no bigger than a box,  
You always claimed I was your perfect match,  
You took me out a few times but nothing came of it,  
Then the last time,  
You forcibly removed me and struck me on the head,  
I was alight with rage,  
Why?  
Was I just your latest flame?  
You used me!  
You used me and because of it I burnt myself out,  
Now I'm no use to anyone.  
Discarded like an old match.

Phil Ward