

Poetry Series

Ray Feasey
- poems -

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Ray Feasey()

A New Life

My life is finished its over it's gone
I did not see it coming and was quite unprepared
I was angry and bitter and even quite scared
My life was finished it was over and gone
So now I am going to start a new one!

The good parts of old life I may like to use
Like family a true friends, just parts that I choose
I need not revisit or worry or brood
Nor seek to impress or stay in with a crowd
Time is my own thing I do or I don't and
I may help or may not and will or I won't

I am happier lately and active and bright
Strangely I'm busier but then that is my right
My new life is built on just one thing you see
Its main foundation is of just being me!

Ray Feasey

Adhd

I am loud and aggressive and often alone, can't seem to focus on anything long,
Getting into trouble, though often I am wronged

Few people want to be a friend as I charge about loudly waiting for school to end.
But I'm bright and intelligent and verbally strong, just can't write it down as it
comes out all wrong

It was awful at school all that mental cruelty, but idiots are idiots and they
always will be. Look he's 'pill boy' he's mad and he needs to be cured, Yet I have
no disease it's just a condition you 'nerds'

From report to expulsion they all pass the buck, as I end up at another School
that's ok despite the fact that's its some miles away.

Hopefully he'll settle here, they'd say to make their conscience clear. Few took
time to understand except for my specialist helping hand as he had helped so
many just like me by recognizing 'ADHD'

Leave school early was my request knowing the system does not really help
those like me best. So I checked out the army as career and salvation, and
passed all tests well and gained lots of attention.

Excitedly waiting for my enrolment letter for months I dreamed of a new life
that's better, but when the letter did arrive it scuppered my chances with what
was inside

Re apply in three years time as 'ADHD' medication is not fine, or so the army
Doctor says, but by then I'd be 20 and set in my ways. How could this be it
seemed so wrong I'd passed their tests and worked so long?

So they didn't want me as neither did School, why is it these people had such
stupid rules. I'd been happy and cheerful for most of the time, but now anger
and boredom became trapped inside.

Rejection at this stage had led me to crime, and caused pain and anguish most of
the time, at my lowest ebb I sought outlets so bad, although not for money or
the goods that I stole; just to be part of some group and know that I had a role

The pain and suffering that my family felt was oblivious to me at that time I can

tell. Though they steadfast supported me through these dark times often facing aggression and mood swings from me, as it was everyone's fault them, School and the Army

Ultimately having paid my dues for crimes committed and people I'd used through strong loving family care have overcome the pasts despair. No longer trapped in darkest moods I find my goodness always was just locked away and has survived to shine this day

Now as a man and uncle no less, it occurs to me that I am truly blessed as having found a new career, a well paid job I am secure in emotion and financial terms. My condition still exists for sure, but I'm in charge now and evermore, Oh and did I mention incidentally that I am very proud of me and my condition is only 'ADHD? '

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Advice Not Sought But Given

Have you thought of trying this?
Have you thought of trying that?
Advice not asked for offered no less
As they slap you on the back

Oh that's a great idea
I never would have thought it
How fortuitous that you happened by
I'd otherwise just have bought it

Maybe if you just do that
You could find its all just sorted
As easily as turning on a tap
What joy as my own approach is thwarted?

A friend of mine did it like this
His results left others in the shade
Why not do it the same as him
You'd be amazed at the progress made

Why don't they just keep it zipped?
Leave their advice unto themselves
But it's impossible for them you see
For they thrive on these 'busy body' spells

Ray Feasey

Being Early!

Ever sat waiting for someone you are meeting
You've planned it your early and awaiting they're greeting
Yet it's still some way off and there's nothing else planned
It's a strange piece of time and your thinking expands

For now you have time to decide your objective
The advantage is yours as your thoughts are selected
You laid back and relaxed as you plan your attack
Until someone saying 'Hi' and slaps you on the back

Ever sat waiting for someone your meeting
Well they have as well. Oh what were you thinking! !

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Beware Valentines Day!

February 14th and a special day
For many romantic couples at play
Card shops crammed with displays
Arty sentimental pictures
Inside see slushy verse

As those given to afterthought
Pull into a garage forecourt
Then leave with faded flowers
Entering front door for the romantic hours

The seasoned professional love monkey types
Excel at this days laborious hype
Ending day in booked restaurant
Oh how slick!

Love songs from lone guitarist on stool
Are sung to the many - oh so gullible
Extra Roses procured by restaurant staff
Blatantly passed to the ladies they pass

If you don't show a loved one they're loved
Through the year, can one day so called 'special'
Really prove that you care?
The money you spend on this commercial of days
Why not save it for loved one on any other day

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Bezzies

I was so unhappy until my bezzies I found
So much time on my hands just some family around

Just walls to look at and a new home to clean
Which only last year was merely a dream?

As a single mum with my two fine boys
To have our home with a garden our ultimate joy

But less than a year and depression set in
As I looked at the walls of the new house we are in

But that's all sorted with my bezzies around
No time to get bored endless fun just abounds

Not even time to tidy as much what with being so
Busy with bezzies and such

They pop in most days and cheer me no end
For the bezzies call often with wine as their friend

In fact I'm often hung over most weeks I find
But at least I am not bored and my family are fine

Least they were the last time they called at my door
Which they couldn't enter which was a bit poor
But my bezzies and friends were asleep on the floor

Who's home will the bezzies descend on after me?
Should we ever fall out or disagree

Oh they will be fine so outgoing you see
But then what will I do without bezzies just me

I could always pop round to my family home
That's if they are still there haven't moved, haven't gone!

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Boot Sale

How much is time worth when you get up at five
To attend a boot sale when your barley alive
It's an event you agree to but don't want to do
But you stick to your word as it's expected of you

Cost a small fee to enter and freezes your bones
As your approached early hour by a dealer for phones
Then another for jewellery as you try to unload
All the odds and ends you will sell - so you're told!

Sun starts to shine and visibility's gained
As you begin to take comfort in the fact it's not rained
Then the barter begins as the punters stroll through
And make offers that shock and surely cannot be true

Then midday you are buzzing as you've shifted some wares
Although much is still left and may return under stairs
It transpires it's successful as you count out your cash
And worthwhile after all as it was all just 'trash'

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Cat 'N' Dog

When I saw my dog chase after a cat
It was like a greyhound let out of the trap
Yet it hadn't a chance as the cat climbed the tree
Flicking vee's at the dog all smug you see
The dog would have barked and circled for hours
Unaware that the cat had escaped via hedges and flowers
When I finished laughing I put my dog on its lead
And continued to walk it while the cat remained free!

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Child Of The World

How can it be that child alone
All lost and starving skin and bone
With hand outstretched craving food

The fact they stand with hope still there
Despite being seen by a world aware

Soldiers in warm uniform random gunfire loud
Oblivious to the child unclothed unfed unproud

These forgotten children our technology age
Can nothing be done does the child go unsaved

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Circles

As life runs in circles which everyone knows
When you think it's all over new beginnings unfold
As artists create gold coloured fountains
To brighten their day
The monotony of life often makes others grey

Yet grey lives can change in a momentary thought
But time and reflection needs to be caught

Simply just take a moment to think of yourself
in fact rest from the rat race It's good for your health

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Classic Car

The leather upholstery and walnut dash
Nothing plastic looking cheap or brash
The shiny chrome and deep rug pile
Just sitting in it brings a smile

To clean for hours on weekend day
Then fill with petrol and drive away
To country place with airs and grace
This big old beauty has such pace

To see the many admiring stares
As they hurl past in their look-alike wares
Of modern age with designer fashion
All quiet the same, but no real passion

As hobbies go its not so cheap
Yet then again the joy you reap
Makes pure indulgence so worthwhile
As the whole 4 litre echoes such style

It's old yet ageless none the less
With uneconomical thirst and zest
Then as you drive it all the while
Consider its journey mile on mile

Throughout its years and ownerships
What places has it been?
I wonder was it loved in early days
And by its then owner cleaned

Or did the staff just do the chore
And fetch it round to large front door
With owner sitting in the back
Just being chauffeured, prestige and that!

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Cliché's

They say if it's not broken don't fix it
But we do as desire to improve makes us risk it

Half full or half empty another that's said
To establish if you've negative or positive edge

It's said that 'there's no smoke without fire'
What this means in fact is they think you're a liar?

I told him this and I told him that
Means they told no one anything and that's a fact!

Cliché's you see are spouted each day
In all walks of life at work or at play

So why don't we all just make up our own?
Chuck them out somewhere see how far they roam

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Deep Thought Train

Looking from the carriage window out into the beyond
This train journey had an effect quite unprepared for
Lost in thought and certainly a slowing down of heartbeat
Strange how once seated the motion calms one to solace

The views and buildings never seen from same journey by car
Individual's lives are lived behind each home or office seen
All different and secret from those in this carriage
Is anyone looking at us from there and if so what thoughts have they?

Yes it's a calming deep thought journey this and makes one take stock
Nice to know I've gained some time to wander in my mind
Good feelings and stories thrown around in head as into carriage I look
Fellow passengers also seem lost in thought- not bad this deep thought train?

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Downpour

I cannot recall this type of rain as often as seen now
Thunderous and constant falling for many hours
Lifting drain covers moving cars and vans and bins and things

Treacherous indiscriminate as to where it falls
Changing landscape and lives of people happy until now
Stretching emergency services to levels unforeseen in past years

Ruining crops and taken for granted revenues of past
Homes left wrecked as downpour end days later all is calm
Prices will rise lives will alter people carry on it seems

As nature does what nature can in its own way to rebuild?
Caught unaware and ill prepared are drains now cleared and built
Are safety measures put in place for downpours still to come?

Or do authorities still push through on 'New build' houses planned
Allowing developers funds from builds on flood planes while they can
Will greed remain the driving force when remedial action is clearly the course?

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Duck Feather

I saw a feather come of a duck
The duck was quite unaware
Calm and floating head held proud
This duck had a regal flair

Singularly just paddling along
The discarded feather afloat on its own
With duck navigating the plants and reeds
Oblivious of nature's assault course it seems
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Everyone Has To Be Somewhere

The M25 is a very strange place
That circles round London with cars at snail pace
As you sit there in standstill and time rushes by
You're forgiven for thinking I wish I could fly
But then everyone has to be somewhere

Supermarkets are another time warp
'It won't take us long' yet is never that short
Crowded with people of various mix
All cramming their trolleys with the weeks great fix
But then everyone has to be somewhere

The tax disc renewal a great waste of time
Queuing for ages but staying in line
Reading dull posters of no interest
While waiting for your turn to complain and protest
But then everyone has to be somewhere

Please help with this survey it's only a few minutes
Then 10 or so later your boredom's reached limits
Is there much more you ask, on no they reply
Then like a mug you end up 10 later saying goodbye
But then everyone has to be somewhere

And then as you read this and think
Well it wasn't that long
Look at your watch and see how time rushed on
And remember to think before you log off
What else would you be doing and please don't get cross
Because everyone has to be somewhere

(2007)

Ray Feasey

Fifty

This comes about so rapid and yet after long years at times we forget
Of the wonders we saw without caring to look have perhaps passed us by

On occasion a mind prompt brings detail to brain as we elate at our memory
Battles lost the battles won, hills that were mountains when problem would come

Great confidence often masking such fear as new beginnings faced as they
occurred

Having no past would makes one weak, its tragedies, victories, that make each
unique

Head of family the proudest joy sharing caring forbidding and guessing what's
right

Laying down rules and allowing them broken from time to time just to develop a
mind

Seeing past musical heroes and those of stage and film older by far that self this
day

Fighting for limelight certain to bore an encouraged sibling who supports along
way

Your respected rejected and never stop trying to make good your next dream
Failure ultimately becomes strength as direction may change but what fun it's
been

So much more to endure and develop and flourish and many years left to
contribute

Look forward not past as you forge now ahead take your demons for they
become tribute

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Firework Night

Firework night lasts 20 odd days
Debris fallen on cars, paths and roads
And does it still unite folk and families
The nights of thundering unplanned displays

Bangs and cracks and bright lit sky
Extended strain on busy Fire Service
The aftermath clears for all to see
The cause of distress to many calm pets

Do people still know why it's done?
This day that's celebrated up in the sky
Shops that temporary sell these wares
For one long 20 odd day night!

What became of just one night each year
Altered by prosperity taking a hold
The vanquishing of neighbours efforts
As the igniting of funds is proudly witnessed

Firework night is November 5th so
All other nights please just desist! !

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Golf 'N' Me

Golf and me are not to be I've tried it many times,
I slipped I fell and heard folk yell and even hit a old brass bell
At hole's I crossed when ball was lost

Then shortly after leaving Tee I let those pass who Tee long after me
While colleagues wait quiet patiently for me to find a perfect swing
And make the day worthwhile thing

Then suddenly success it's been I find my swing and hit the green
A putters what you need right now until I seem to miss somehow
Again to find the missing ball oh why do I bother at all?

The driving range would sort me out or so the experts all would shout
Yet many balls I'd bash and hit just went their own way, not ahead
The many times I failed to hit a single net or hole or flag

Yes golf and me are not to be and now we all know why
So shoes that crimp and made me limp, the single glove and strange shape clubs

I waive them all goodbye!
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Happy Old Man

Happy old man at the bus stop
All bent up and bearded
Smiling to the world it seems
Clearly caught up in his dreams

He's tidy in a old guy way
Not dishevelled or scruffy
Hard to put an age on him
Eighty or so -What's his life seen

Not prisoner of any home
He seems so free and life's his own
The city -The country he's all around
In every village street or town!

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How Did That Get There?

The old discarded chair upon its side no place to hide
Afar from town or building on roadside verge it has no pride

The roadside cone all red and white on top of roof so high
No ladders scaffold or obvious route it stays aloft buy why?

A single shoe that floats on by on long canal it slips away
No boats or people anywhere near who's limping home today

Then late at night while seeking car for journey home alone
A skywards glance and then by chance a bright star sky is shown

So how did that get there?

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How Do You Know?

If you didn't know what you were going to do
How would you know to use nail or screw?
Whether use of an electric or manual one's best
On the way to that place turning right and not left?

As it's hurling towards you to catch it or duck
And when picking that number is it really just luck
To know someone's not faking but really unwell
So you comfort and care for them, how do you tell

Despite the occasions when confusion's about
Your mind knows what actions to take to sort out
As you learn and you witness from things in life's game
Isn't it great to know humans are blessed with a brain?

Ray Feasey

I Know I Put It Somewhere?

I know I put it somewhere
So as to keep it safe
It was only weeks or was it months
That cunning hiding place

I knew at the time I'd not forget
The clever way I'd stored it
A place I'd know but not the rest
Because I couldn't really afford it

I need it now it's opportune
The time for slow reveal
This bargain found at costly price
Expensive, buy yet – a steal!

I know I put it somewhere
So as to keep it safe
It was only weeks or was it months
Where was that hiding place?

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I Looked In A River

I looked in a river from a bridge I was on
The river and bridge both small yet so strong
The water so clear you could see river bed
Yet what I saw cast around made me feel sad

A concrete pylon about two meters long
An old sack and Iron Gate and a cycle half gone
Then a blue plastic bag and a tyre yet no wheel
A place in seems for discarded items people steal

It's a shame a disgrace as this debris is strewn
As around it all river plants and reeds fight for room
Yet again it's a puzzle as the waters so clear
That's despite this mess on the riverbed here

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I'll Catch You

I'll catch you when you fall
Even now when fully grown as much as when so small
I'll laugh with you and be involved
Like always as before despite your growing up so well
I'll catch you when you fall

You know I will I always have
Lets face it that's my role for when I fell for you myself
You caught my heart and sole
My children you are older now as I am as you know
Yet on occasion still you'll trip – and I'll still break your fall

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Industry Lost

The manufacturing industry was once so great and strong
However if you seek it now, in the UK – It's Gone!
The more or less complete demise is clear as seldom things are built
Yet those in power across the years refuse to share the guilt

Today I read financially how we are the 5th largest economy
It makes me think of future careers, the apprenticeships that will not be
Can it be just time honored change that means our children need to strive?
To learn a work ethic of self sufficiency in careers of a different guise

With Leisure and finance growing fast are the new roles in this sphere?
If this is true then is there not need for educational change to adhere
Things need to change I am aware and welcome mostly this
Yet somehow still I have concerns for my children's futures bliss

Let future planning take account of future roles and life
So that never again can a complete demise of industry be a blight!

Ray Feasey

Is Christmas So Broken

Is Christmas so broken and well past repair
Why is there no Carol singing or snowfalling here?

Has commercialisation now taken its toll?
Leaving many with memories of better years gone

I think it's merely grown up in a different age
And it's magical still in many strange ways

Although world economics leaves millions so poor
We are perhaps now tasked with opening new doors

Is it not now about time for a simpler 'Noel'?
With each giving less are we thought of less well

It's another year gone in just a few days
So think of others not self and of more caring ways

Is Christmas so broken and well past repair
No it's great this 'New Christmas' - I'm walking on air!

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It's Alright For You!

It's all right for you with your
Well made nice clothes and performance car parked out on the road

You don't have worries things don't affect you
Your lucky and 'jammy' and 'oh good old you'

These claims have been laid at many who've surprisingly
Started with nothing and received no financial gifts
Who rely on hard effort and perhaps a little risk?

I wonder if those who spout on with these claims
Would work the long hours and cope with the strain, if they
Had a young family who they adored and wanted the best and so built a career?

Conclusion they put no effort in at all, instead they expect
A leg up for free and short hours of toil, they rather favour leisure
Time and mocking those doing well by not wasting their time
In some old drinking hole!

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Juggler

Jamie and the juggler
so wonderful to see
so unexpected unrehearsed
yet magical to me
The memory of a five year old
that i will keep forever
so unexpected unrehearsed
an absolute minds treasure!

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Just Smile

Today I am happy I don't even know why
Maybe it's the bright sunshine or clear sky
Just driving along thinking of my true friends
And became aware that I was smiling again

I have probably smiled a lot less of late
But somehow just smiling can make you elate
So why bother to wallow and get so fed up
Just smile at the world and it will change your luck

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Lights Above

Look up at dark night sky
See many lights that swirl not hurl
Some very bright that flicker
Occasionally a red that moves

Most from metal flying up high
Encasing human life
Wonderment as they circle and not fall
It's about time allocation

Approx fourteen counted
Are there really around four thousand
Encased humans above my head
Gazing wider around this - only black sky!

Ray Feasey

Long Day

The days been long with early start one's home was left when cold and dark
Just two hours drive and then a treat to stop for breakfast and enjoy a feast
All to plan initially and then as usual not to be the closure of distant road the
chaos unfolds

Vehicles backed up for miles containing early starters as myself with all smiles
gone
Radio on for traffic alerts and music from so called jockeys off music and humor
to accompany me this day

The completion of meetings and work based tasks then finally lunch that's late
but required as time has passed
A few more meetings that swallow up hours and late afternoon the wind down
begins

Another long drive more radio news with 'phone in' programme and expression of
views
Yet to drive three or four hours to get back home and shower and relax
And ponder on this day that's been action packed!
The days been long with early start one's home again and it's cold and dark!

Ray Feasey

Making Pastry's Not My Thing

Making pastry is not my thing
I had a go and now give in
It's easy water butter and flour
Mix to a thick and doughy paste
Add more flour just in case!

It's perfect now and thick enough
So it's time to make a ball of the stuff
Then roll I out to the size of a plate
And put it on the pie bowl and wait
But nothing it seems goes to plan

This sticky dough's stuck to my hands
More flour, more flour and fingers wiped
But now the rolling pins stuck tight
It's everywhere and such a mess
I cannot deny it's not my best

A simple piecrust was all I tried
Yet this simple task has dented pride
It seemed so easy when I read the book
Of famous chef who's advise I took

Ultimately it went on the pie and in the oven
It became so dry and burnt on top
Not golden brown, just black as charcoal
A damaged crown

Removed and thrown into the bin
The chicken pie's now in casserole tin
And salvaged as a meal no less
Would my guests ever really guess?

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My Cold! !

My throat is sore as my eyes lay heavy
It's hard to breathe as congestion abounds
I feel unwell sometimes hot and then chilled
With head on fire I know I have a 'cold'

Perhaps some rest will make it pass
One good nights sleep would be all I need
Then morning comes things aren't improved
Despite long hours sleep did not prevail

Facing hard time learned facts it owns its time
No remedy cures will make it pass
Suffer in silence is what's required of me
Yet I am a bad patient and will moan anyway!

Ray Feasey

Never Again

To drive through busy night town traffic
Through one way systems and bright lit streets
Ending at destination frazzled and tired at 9.15pm
Then night begins as hand not seen for years are shook again

Is it five years, actually its twelve our distant relative says
Can it be that long, how have you been, not bad the 'ups and downs'
The kids have grown and were alone much happier now it seems
Do what we like, it's our time now then talk of new 'widescreen'

'Oh busy life then' we reply with no sarcasm intended
'Always on the go' they reply contradicting earlier rendering
'How about you' they ask, as watch is scanned in the hope times past
Just same as you it seems we say -any other reply would ruin their day

Calculated mingling is employed around the darkened hall
Can't sit there it's my friends from the coast- they drove here after all
We are told by the elder we tried to engage, did I tell you I'm 83?
Peer down on peer through lack of chair 'well your good on it we see'

Hours to go before we leave, we won't be long here will we?
Despite this fact we fail to act and stay the entire evening
Ancient disco music blares and assorted folk dance into chairs
Then as if on cue at the midnight hour the inaudible speech is made

As people unknown are thanked for help and some with special praise
Let's just leave on the sly without drawn out goodbyes- their busy anyway
Passing through the door and the drunks drinking more we aim not to be rude
What a night it's been, never again- not for 10 years at least we conclude!

Ray Feasey

Nonsense Verses

Everybody tells me they know what I want
But they are wrong -even though they do,
I don't!

If I tell people
I know what they should do
Am I wrong also and maybe are you?

In fact who knows it all?
Certainly not me or you, so I guess
It's for others as we haven't a clue

Then again does it matter?
Why bother to tell, just let things happen
As life changes again-all is well

But we can't its inbuilt
We all have our say and why not
It's what we do it's the human way!

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Olympics

The Olympics comparable to a special party
That lasts but a small durations of time
Obviously infinitely greater by scale
Yet similarity is there as joy bringing
With unity is a desired outcome - politic free

Funding so huge the organisation has to be right
Actual participants are relatively few when compared
To those who listen and view and look with smiles
Long days planning and logistics to solve
Just for a brief moment in time this resolve

Not a huge fan myself I admit
Yet that look on winner's faces brings warmth in heart
Can we look and see nations as never before
As we are all invited to look through their door
We can if we remove our political eyes
And like a special party may be surprised!

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Once So Proud

Once so proud this ship of seas
Sails resplendant in the breeze
Smoking cannons mighty roar
Then one last dual cast her ashore

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Our Dog

The dog we got all those years ago
That flew up the stairs and left us in tow
That jumped and leapt and chewed the phone
And made us happy and protected our home

That played with the children, who now have their own
As they are no longer little having grown and left home
The one that seems to have squatter rights on the chair
Who now has streaks of white in her hair?

She's still with us now as loyal as can be
Much slower and less agile although just as free
The walks take longer and the ball is chased less
But she's our dog called 'Sandy' and she's still the best!

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Right And Wrong?

Convinced I was that I was right
In fact it seems I'm wrong
Despite such forceful argument
I was mislead all along

That didn't stop me fighting hard
Convincing others of what I knew
Except it seems I didn't know
And now its seems nor did you

Next time you want me fighting a cause
Don't give me half the story
I do not have to be right all the time
And excel at taking glory

I am you know as happy wrong
As I am, if I were right
in reality there's no right or wrong
Just many views on life

It's the taking part, not winning you see
But you know that you said so,
And I agree! !

Ray Feasey

Signs That Make Me Smile

Caution this drinks hot they say
Best not throw it on oneself today
Perhaps just wait until it's colder
By then I'll be 10 minutes older

Do not use lift in case of fire?
Sign in Belgium hotel said
Oh well if there is a fire tonight
I'll use the stairs to go to bed! !

Light the blue touch paper then retire
The note on firework warned me
So the cost of the firework is rather more
As I give up my job and be lonely

Clean this toilet seat with soapy water
I saw as I read my unexpected remit
Yet if it was down I'd not see and then
Would someone else have to clean it?

Mandatory 2 hour parking in this space
It said on the post by the meter
Well that's put me out for all the day
I only needed 20 minutes to meet her

Ray Feasey

Snow Drive

The snow is falling down from high
I cannot believe it I don't know why
My plan to travel is now in doubt
Is it wise to drive with this about?

I waited for a trip like this to escape the
Usual mundane bliss
And now it seems I may be thwarted
If my proposed mini break is now aborted

Well onwards as I stick to plan and drive
Slow through town and countryside
Visibility down to mere metres at best
A cautious drive this yet no time to rest

Just keep on plodding for two hours perhaps
Then as destination approaches snow has lapsed
So it was worthwhile as arrival is safe
Though I'd not recommend it again just in case?

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St Katherines Dock

Inspired by a wonderful place, almost a secret garden!

Across wild road through gates to calm, as ivory house presents such charm, on
cobble path to dock and loch to gaze upon brass mariners shop
Amongst such beauty calm and joy the waters, walks and floating buoys do draw
one's thoughts to a worlds gone by as Tower bridge looks down from high.

By solid chain and iron rail you wait as river life reveals its tourist ferry, barge
and gulls, all active on this river strong.

Whilst distant buildings proud and tall, and Butler Wharf look back though
different eyes is it the same or do I dream it all again.

Along the years this has for me been escapism good and clean even as Orange
peel floats and rots beside the many splendid yachts

Nothing can disrupt its charm and style as movement of masts and flags a swirl
portray stillness all the while

So vast, so small, immense this mix of buildings wooden, glass and bricks to
house hotel and office base, the thousand sorts of folk who race.

They rush along and seldom stroll as routine day just takes its toll, quite unaware
of this proud place with crumpled papers off they pace.

Such names on boats and yachts and shops a vast array of worldly lives gathered
here for all to see yet unknown to majority

Ray Feasey

Tattoo

Tattoo it's like a badge some wear
Obtained in parlors echoing 'funfairs'
And seldom do you see just one,
As once they start another's done

These parlors show a vast array
Of images that are displayed
With fonts and images for any occasion
They pay their money and leave emblazoned

It's like a sort of secret club
You've got one too where'd get yours done?
My friends got one on her entire left side
Oh really take long did it, bet she cried.

Ladies have 'a little butterfly' because it's cute
While gentleman no less astute
Have snakes, skulls, banners and one eyed jacks
On each arm for balance and shoulders and back

But each to their own as it's a personal thing
If it makes people happy then it's no worse than 'bling'
Although for added value there's piercing as well
At many a parlor, but careful it swells.

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Ray Feasey

Tedium!

The ships we are pass in the night
So dull and pointless habit formed
Not meeting like before not bright

Do we to live the next part me and you?
So distant so separate and forlorn
Or do we defy the trend and again be two

Can we not change and claim our right
To closer times based upon just us?
Against this tedium we have to fight

Habitual living two ships apart
Not either happy or fulfilled
Tedium ends this day our new life starts!

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The Cottage

I saw a cottage on a distant hill
It was overcast and dull of light
The wind blew hard although all was still
Way past day yet not quite night

Nothing else appeared nearby
A lonely place I would have guessed
Just this cottage and the dull old sky
No lighting and its outside way past best

But what's it like on sunny days
Perhaps first glance deceives ones eye
A lovely spot up there displayed?
As someone lives up there – But why?

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The Fox In The Morning!

The fox in the morning was out in the road
It stood looking at me its eyes gleaming gold
The slight mist and darkness framed it's clear silhouette
And I thought it unusual a sight I will not forget

It seemed like hours that we engaged eyes
Although it was only moments as it too was surprised
I slowly walked over and its departure began
It disappeared down an alley of houses it ran

It was no country fox I saw - just a city living animal
Must be scavenging around and seeking it's food
and I guess there are thousands all over this town?
Just that I've never seen one and I have been around

Are they good are they vermin I am really not sure
But I know I liked this one for its cocky stature
The fact is we all leave so much rubbish and waste
And a city fox needs food so it's no big disgrace

The fox in the morning was out in the road
I hope that one day I will again see
Those golden eyes locked on me!

(2007)

Ray Feasey

The Internet

Connects the world all good and bad
Sadly I feel it's often quiet sad

To sit for hours that can't be won back
Missing the chance of a face to face chat

A sad and lonely world wide club

Educationally great for a learning generation
Though often I misused for self gratification

It's good and bad rolled into one
Yet I feel it feeds the troublesome

Proceed with caution be free to surf
Yet be in control if you value self worth

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The Longer I Wait

The longer I wait the greater anxiety grows
Double-checking e-mails more than usual
This will not alleviate anxiety
Carry on with the tasks of the day and forget
Phones don't ring when you wait for them?

Wipe mind of awaited call or mail
What's next, perhaps pigeon post?
Accept and forget it, as it's not to be
Then life continues and morale improves
With expectation put far behind you

How strange after all this time?
From nowhere and taken by surprise
As the unexpected caller is on your mobile
Great news relayed despite delay
Sometimes it pays to wait and not anticipate!

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The Past Is Not Your Future

I do not think you ever can create the thing you did before
No looking back or mimicking it's gone, that was then – for sure
Recapture past the glories had and shine with them again?
Don't bother in this foolish trial its effort given in vain

Many times the once so highly held, just end up ridiculed
They can't let go and move ahead they end up being fooled
Time spent on yearning past success that now appears to fail
It's a case of timing much has changed and so must their avail

So with fresh eyes look forward now and see what today requires
And use the passion once you held for new goals to aspire
Tomorrow's success comes from today's efforts and best used skill
Your still unique and can attack all goals with iron strong will

Ray Feasey

The Quickest Way

The flights an hour well more or less
The quickest way you'll find
Except for arriving two hours before
Then queuing up and passport chores

Preparation that's the thing
It's easy just one click
Then fill out data form
It only takes a bit

Although the info that's required
Takes time to do then page expires
So back again new logging in
Remember password again?

Well that's all done now nothing lost
But wait the car park, what's that cost
Another form completed
The cars booked in your undefeated

Time to relax now but wait a minute
The airline rules whats the baggage limit
Another click and glance
The limits fine we know in advance

So this one hour flight to other end
What actual time is needed?
Counting one hour already on line
And airport drive an hour you'll find
Two hours before and one in air
That's five hours total -It's so unfair!

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The Thrill Of Seeing A Theatre Show

The thrill of seeing a theatre show
That silent wait for lights to dim and
Suddenly as music starts
Pulses race just for a while
And on one's face a certain smile

The players on stage begin their trade
Story unfolding as night goes on
A spectacle of light and flair and despite
Not being on stage your there!

The half way break and drink at bar
A time to discuss the first half gone
As do the others at bar in throng
Humming show songs seems all are happy

Second half and joy again
You feel at one on this evening treat
With program held and hardly thumbed
It's for later viewing back at home

The end arrives as standing applause
Is given out as all are enthralled
Then shuffle out along the isle to see
The folks with all their smiles

So nice to mangle this escape
From troubled times and things so fake
The morning after still feel a glow
The thrill of seeing a theatre show

Ray Feasey

This Sunday Morning?

Clocks gone back and one hour gained
Woke to find it's early and rained
Walked the dog then back to bed
Could not sleep things in my head

Got up and showered dressed and ate
Got in car and notice clock was late
Hold, scroll, click, as time set and date, yeh
Another task done before getting paper

Rain falls on windscreen its overcast
Quiet day in as I think going to last
Soon back home in lounge reading views
Can't believe they call some of this news

Is it really still only that time on the clock
A slow day it seems will this boredom not stop
Look out the window and see still the rain
Dog walking soon again oh what a pain!

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Time Travel Song?

A modern song, completed in an older style
A kind of wall of sound not heard for a while
Until this night driving through town in my car
I find this new sound takes me back afar?

It's was on new CD that was a gifted to me
I did not think I'd like it but was wrong you see
So with smile on my face I attempt harmonies
As I drive and feel cool and drift back in time

An amazing experience so out of the blue
To be taken back in time from a song that's brand new
That's never been aired until 2008
One so distant yet modern and so up to date

We all know there is nothing new under the sun
This song obviously influenced by some past 'someone'
Yet I don't care or scoff as it's been a success
As it's not like anyone distant that I can guess

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Tranquillity

This is not often sought and is not thought about
What can I do today to be tranquil is not how a day is planned
The pressure is on from awakening to sleep at the end of day

Surprisingly as moments of tranquillity occur one is given to wanting more
Yet time and again the day begins as tranquillity is overridden by chore
Beware this fine line between enjoying tranquilly and enduring boredom

Boredom is a stress placed upon oneself through lack of planning
Why take the time to take 'time out' for idleness or purposeless pursuit
Tranquillity is the knack of calm recharging to allow continuation of life!

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Trousers

Haven't they changed lots over the years?
From baggy high waisted to drainpipes and flares
From cotton to jean and now track bottom black
That shine and create static when taken from rack

There was a time when they were patched and sewn
To keep them pristine when you'd places to go
As prosperity came these repair tasks just ended
People replaced damaged with new, never mended

The gentry strode around in Oxford bags, such flair
Most youngsters had drainpipes and combed back hair
Yet that wasn't to last as economy grew
And flares so wide covered many high shoes

You had to have the right trousers each time
Narrow or flared the wrong choice was a crime
Yet see how it's changed to a mix of them all
All the different styles displayed in shopping mall

As society changed and becomes 'throw away'
With prices by scale lower than yesterday
You have to laugh when paying more for less
As you wear ripped or faded and torn out 'for best'

Ray Feasey

Trust Me

Trust me I want to work with you
Visit your customer that I never knew
Chat them up to enhance your sale
My expertise on hand for free

Just give me a call anytime it's easy
Leave the hard stuff all to me
I'll give you best prices I guarantee

No one else will ever compete
I've offered prices unrivalled unique
I mean it's your customer you took me in

The weeks go by no sale, not a gram
This slimey 'friends' plot is exposed as a scam
Truth reveals his disingenuous plan
He is no friend, and certainly no man!

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Uk Poetry Day

It's the day for poetic types who write
Those new those seasoned experienced and published
Opportunity for many styles and types
Not writing for reward financial, just pure delight

Some days there is a lot to pen
While other days thoughts waver and then
Always once you start your script
Creative juices flow as the joy of word begins

The subject matter so surreal at times
Are ideas sparked from something heard or seen?
Perhaps experienced by things unexpected
Yet always it seems grown to completed theme

Whether it's the expression of sadness, anger or humor
Once written your thoughts are secret no more
But often once they are put down
A face may smile or cry, grimace or frown!

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Wall

I tried to mend a wall,
It was mine after all,
With mortar mixed and stones and chips
I troweled and pointed broken bits

Then leaning back to look with pride
I noticed parts were on the slide
Well that's not good I claimed with fright
I read the booklet and did it right

Perhaps more sand, or maybe cement
The mix must be wrong as the trowels not bent
Do I rake it out and start again
Or put more on before it rains

That's it decision made just slap more in
It's cheap enough just one more skim
Yes that looks great all problems covered
Though it's thicker than before I had discovered

But who would notice no one really
Though it wasn't that bad and only damp rarely
So it's a pointing job that's become rendered
It's waterproofed now and the task is ended

Yes these quick little jobs are always the same
They take hours of effort with aches and pains
And thinking of money I may have saved
I could have made better use of those two days

So if you try and mend a wall,
Just call a tradesman, well that's all.

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Wander-Wander

Wander Wander where to go
This way that way I don't know
Just keep walking forward stance
Take in views and capture chance
Two Herons here and horses there
Country wandering more than fair

Crossing style and jumping brook
Sit a while and take a look
See the water meander down
Watch a small frog jump around
Then move on and up the hill
Wild grass grows and always will

Wander Wander where to go
Down long lane and past hedge row
Light is fading now it's late
A distant building I cannot wait
For the light that glimmers from within
It's no public house, it's a 'real ale' Inn!

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Warm Coats

In a warm coat you feel so snug when all around are chilled
Walking through the busy street at night in London town
Towards the restaurant of your choice as josslers bang about
You have to laugh not get upset at your systematically barged

It's been so many long gone years since this location you strode
Then as you enter for your meal is all so crammed and spoilt
The food was awful, no such treat as limited time prevents desertion
For less than one hour your show will start and that is the nights plan

Then inside theatre the show begins a rock and roll show blast
A superb set and joy to see and hear and think of past
Already now the meal of pain has been erased from mind
You just indulge and think of your young days in this location

Then walking back towards the car that's parked in NCP
It's been there 5 point 29 hours a blue machine displays
The whole days rate is pounds thirty two so I expect pro rata
But shock as card is charged the whole day's value anger fills me

This battle I shall take up in days to come as principle is key
But until then I just recall the nights entertaining joy, time spent
With one I love as we walked hand in hand through cold and busy streets
In our warm coats both snug and happy despite the rushing folks

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We All Know One

Knows everything, knows nothing at all
I'd thought of that already he'd say
As others ideas were presented that day
Knows everything, knows nothing at all

So serious and sergeant like
A cold fish with no warmth or light
Commands the team yet leads know one
Knows everything, knows nothing at all

Present s all good ideas as own
And ridicules those not quite grown
A bullish type and full of self
Knows everything, knows nothing at all

No team player this upright one
Who'd turn all good morale to glum?
Does not empower no praise is showered
Knows everything, knows nothing at all

So smartly dressed yet unimpressed
With anyone buy self this insular type
Oblivious to talent that's bright
Knows everything, knows nothing at all

Through life his failings won't show up
As this type moves along
Once his destruction is complete
He'll find another team of his to defeat

Knows everything, knows nothing at all

Ray Feasey

We Brothers Three

The brother three together again and it has
Been many a year
Not much has changed from way back then
Apart from wear and tear

The fun we had with wood and string
For bows and arrows seemed our thing

Out for hours across the wreck until dad
Came looking, quick hide he's seen us oh heck

False alarm it was just time for tea
Out of hedges we scrambled
We brothers three

Good how a photo brings it all back
How we can recall easier times

Times less stressful then than now
at play in London over the wreck
Or Dursley's fields with the brook Dam and cows

We brothers three we all survived
and when you care to think back
We are older and wiser and have values unknown
All forged from way back when we all lived at home.

Ray Feasey

What's The Point Of A Circus?

What's the point of a circus?
It's cruelty beyond belief
Not just for the animals
But the audience being fleeced

Underneath the big top
That's faded stitched and bound
The clowns in yesteryears routine
Who's bow tie spins around

The wire walking aging pair
Who once looked fit and now don't care
The old ring master with hat and tails
Who tries to build applause and fails?

What's the point of a circus now?
As technology provides such 'wow'
Yet still the circus folk stay on
The sense of family clearly strong

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What's Seen In Clouds

What's seen in clouds is all for free
On journeys long this picture sky
Presents a huge majestic stag so high
Above us for all to see

As journey moves also do clouds
Just view their pictures looking down
No longer stag for now its man
With old top hat and bag in hand

Much shade of white yet really dark
In places scarce and blue in parts
Not hard to see how legends ran
Of god like beings joining man

As thoughts of loved one comes to mind
Are they at moment same as mine
Looking skyward and soaking time
To see the stag and man up high

Do aero passengers looking out
Just see mist and dew about
As they cruise through my stag and man
Their view is closer, yet they cannot see

Ray Feasey

Wonderful Guy

You probably know me I'm a wonderful guy
As anyone who's worked for me can always testify

You see I am a simply a genius an expert real sound
I even stopped office banter just by being around

I can do all the jobs that I pay them to do
It's really is frustrating how little they knew
About anything really so I help them get by
Yes you probably know me I'm a wonderful guy

I could easily do without any of them
Yet they can't do without me their mentor and friend
Without me the world would be empty and dry
Yes you probably know me I'm a wonderful guy

But wait what's that no one's at work
I'll sort them out for trying to shirk
But it's been three days now and know one come by
How can that be?
I'm a wonderful guy?

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