

Poetry Series

Viv Huskings
- poems -

Publication Date:
2010

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

Viv Huskings(13 June 1965)

Welsh middle aged male.

Bitter But Proud

You're the land that taught me to stand proud
In our Celtic hearts we sing so loud
Foundations dug deep for our black gold
Lives were lost...
The coal was sold.

English masters tried to rule our hills
Still in our hearts the red blood spills
Onto the pitch where the dragons roar
Fighting hard to settle...
The score.

Land of Wales, all things Welsh
Bitter but proud with the blood of a Celt.
Bread of heaven in our hands
No-one will ever take our land!

Your roaming, rambling beauty
That makes me shiver with pride.
The remote moors, desolate shores
with rivers guiding the Mountainside.

Our green fields...
Hide the scars of old
Ich Dien Cymru
Forever more.

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Lust

Neither nature nor art could
make you more perfect than you are.
The pleasant curves and taste of
your body are implanted in my
Mind forever.

Like a lost soul I wander in a
Daze searching for happiness
which I will never find.

But as long as I have you in
my mind, I live in hope that our
paths will one day cross and
my heart can once again unwind.

Until the next time
I say goodbye.

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Runaway Kids

Runaway kids miles from home live
in boxes and doorways of Britain's capital city.
Walking the streets like wily old
Foxes, searching for food and people to take pity.

Begging in subways and busy street corners
To feed their bellies and addicted minds
Abused and accused young juvenile
Loners, prostitutes, rent boys and other mixed kinds.

Round their little fires they ponder
Their life, while a drunken tramp
Sings a sad song.
Guarding their patch with a blade
of a knife, stabbing intruders as if
nothing's wrong.

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