

Poetry Series

Jeff Hobbs
- poems -

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Jeff Hobbs(6 September,1962)

I teach, am married with three children and have a number of other 'projects' which keep me busy with life. Lived some time in the USA but most time in Melbourne, Australia. I am also a volunteer firefighter.

A great deal of the poems I have put on line have come from those moments in life when events have led to a poetic response - usually based on some turmoil in the journey of love which life brings most of us. There is a large group of poems from the early 80s (my late teens and early 20s) and another group from the early 90s as well as a few more recent bits and pieces.

A Silent Love

So I sit
silently
tick, tick, tick
papers rustle
pages turn
prophets speak
'The wolf shall dwell with the lamb'
and in it is a hope
a hope for we who fight
a silent fight:
'They shall not hurt or destroy
in all my holy mountain.'
As you raise your sword
I offer my hand -
take it in yours
or cut it off
but, please,
be swift in your action.
'In that day the Lord will extend
his hand yet a second time to
recover the remnant which is left.'
I have only a
silent love to give.

(21 November 1990)

Jeff Hobbs

Age - A Birthday Gift On 6 September 1990

I awoke, dying of old age;
bigger bags under my eyes,
a bit more hair missing,
a weary body
little hope....

I trudged outside to
journey to a place
of adolescent torture
youth inflicting its grip
on my life....

I saw flowers, a jar,
a sign, a note -
I became sixteen
I rejoiced
 little did I know....

13 November 1990

Jeff Hobbs

Anger

I wish I could get angry
The way other people get angry
I see them lash out, yell, scream, abuse
I see their frustrations, hurts and disappointments
Grow into a visible, tangible demonstration
I wish I could get angry
Instead of having this beast inside me
Seethe and devour within
It shows itself in tears, anxiety, worry
While all it should be doing is yelling
I wish I could get angry
Their lives carry on without worry
They are forgiven and still can smile
While my beast grows and consumes
And soon I am anger.

(9 June 2006)

Jeff Hobbs

Belief

She lives in the back part of the house,
The old lady,
I've never seen her but they tell me
She is there.

I can imagine her,
Sitting in an old, cracked rocking chair,
A crocheted shawl over her bony frame,
Grey hair over a still golden expression,
Greyer eyes staring out at...

A knock on the door,
Doctors go in and out,
Instructions all sound vaguely familiar,
Is she really there?

The traffic goes up and down the hill
The butcher talks to his customers
The music plays, blaring over the TV,
Trains rattle past and the hours drag.

Down past the frosted glass door
At the end of the corridor
She is there.

The garden is her realm,
The trees, her friends,
The clouds - her books,
Her eyes staring out at...

She is there
they told me so.

28 December 1980

Jeff Hobbs

Between You And Me

Christopher Robin always used to sit half way up the stairs
Looking up you can see where the big people live
Being busy and important and doing what big people do
Looking down you can see the toys and the games
Waiting for you to come down and play with them.
It is strange being half way between two worlds
Being between life and death, love and emptiness
Hope and routine
Sitting half way down the stairs wondering
Which way, is there choice, why?

5 June 2006

Jeff Hobbs

Black Saturday

In a gentle moment, time stopped.
The rush of a million events in one day
 Stilled and whispered;
Hearts beat to a slower pace
And one hundred and seventy three
Charcoaled souls drifted slowly
From their infernal torment
Leaving blackened, dusty Pompeii-like
Tears.
In one moment we were given rest
- a heavy peace to carry.

February 7, 2014

Jeff Hobbs

By Candlelight

Sitting under a tree,
On a cold, wet summer morn,
Watching people watching
A man they loved
Being buried.
His wife and three children
Sat awake
All last night
And saw each others tears
Gently shine in a candle's light.
Its warmth comforting
The cold water from their eyes.
Its wax forming a quivering green pool
Which melts as their emotions.
The Latin suits the mood
And the lonely pigeon near-by
Stops eating the grass-seed
And also turns to watch.
The willow which covers my ground
Only stops the cool water
From touching me.
His wife throws the first handful
Down to his casing
And they all leave.
The pigeon and I still watch.
Two men quickly fill the ditch
And erect the small stone.
Before leaving, one of them pauses.
He, too, has a tear in his eye,
We all do,
Except the pigeon.
They walk away, dragging
Their shovels behind them.
A new burst of rain falls
And the pigeon flies away.

We are alone.

The light rises and burns my eyes

I read the lettering
And place my own small tribute
On the muddy patch.
I smile at him
And return to my tree
Waiting for the rain to stop.

Then I go home.

(5 October 1980)

Jeff Hobbs

Consider

Pawing at a sunburnt heart,
 Dry, dusty
Scratching, pawing.
My withered, cold heart
 Moistened only by a few drops
Drops of wine
 Poured softly
 Cool water falling from the petals
Of a lily of the field.
My smile releases a tear,
Chaped lips burn and crack
 My cheeks are a platform
 For the journey.
I taste the salt,
Lick my lips,
Swallow like sugar,
Breathe the perfume.
 Green leaves wrap the stem,
 A white flower
 beyond withering.
Repetitious nothingness
 on and on.
 Each day on its own
 Is nothing without
 That dropp of loving moisture.
And yet it seems like nothing
 on and on.

(24 April 1985)

Jeff Hobbs

Cum Gratia Pace

May I dream
of the people we will be?
Denying the scheme
either one of us may
have attempted to see...
Becoming the leaf
from a long dead tree;
through the loss of belief
not in you, but through me.

(Late 1990?)

Jeff Hobbs

Death Of Beauty

Cinamon eyes on a breakfast toast,
Beverages of shameless sin,
Trumpets announce the arrival
Of new innocence.
Creatures slither, slide and squirm
Towards the gates of the village.
Legs over arms over feet,
A mass of decrepid youth,
Faces hidden under masks
Of black and white,
Lizards introduce the crowd
To the new sacrifices.
Tears of agony and helplessness
Moisten the eager mouths
Of the blasphemous horde
And white skin lights the
Bottomless dark pupils.
The once glittering eyes,
Brown, green and blue,
Can no longer reflect
The sky or walking beauty
And are now colourless,
Empty pits of desperation.
They huddle close together
But still don't feel
The comfort of those around them.
They see red peering at them
And tongues lined with barbs
Licking scaley lips.
Lips that never knew
The softness of a true kiss.
Although the evil glares scan
Them all, there is a concentration.
One young maiden
With long golden hair
And deep soulful eyes
Of the darkest warming brown
Scattered with glints of emerald.
A face which longed to remember

What a smile was like.
Cheeks which were drained
Of a colour they always knew.
Even in her immense sorrow
Her beauty radiated
Over the crowd,
Causing their fingers to itch,
Their tongues to flicker
And their bodies to writhe
With ecstatic expectations.
It had been decided
Upon her untimely capture
That she was the one.
The one for the Ultimate,
The Master.
Carefully hoisted from the cart
Her hands were bound
And a cloak of white silk
Was placed on her bare shoulders.
She was gently lifted
To the mouth of the transporter
A shining black-dragon.
The stench greeting her
Small upturned nose
Caused her to gasp and choke
As if placed in the sulphurous
Pits of hell itself.
She lay in the dragon's mouth,
The forked tongue gently probing
The breath of flame scorching her purity.
Her struggle was mild
As her mind failed to comprehend
The nightmare of reality she faced.
Each slow, plodding step of the beast
Caused pain to echo through her
And horror to stab her.
Her eyes refused to close
But stared with naked terror
At the decay around her.
Grotesquely shaped rocks
Spewed smoke from them;
The houses of the damned.

Dead trees strived to be cinders
But burnt with undying heat.
A twisted red path poured itself
Before them
Beckoning them with glints
Of poisoned rubies.
The bleak surrounds
Screamed and chanted at her
And her ears felt like a bottomless pit
Being filled with burning needles.
Her lips became stretched with each scream
And her whole mouth bled,
Her skin blistered from the air.
The path stretched before them,
A mansion as its source.
They arrived and
Gargoyles left from chewing old flesh
To carry her to her awaiting agony.
She was slowly carried down
A corridor lit by burning rock
And lined with all the people
of the town.
Dark voices sang an endless cantata,
Reverberating through each chamber
Of what had once been a full innocence.
Her mind stretched and her eyelids ripped,
Her neck tightened and strained beyond
The capabilities of her muscles.
She closed her eyes and prayed,
By the end of the corridor
She was a dreamt hope
And no longer awaited
A torment which her comrades
Still faced.
Her slumped body was thrown
Down onto the grey wet pavement
As the creatures wept
Acid tears of disappointment
And by night the gargoyles
Picked the insects off her
and separated her beauty
To share.

Her beauty - always gone,
Slightly remembered
And always deceiving.
Her innocence - immortal,
Stabbing the memory of evil,
Truth.

Jeff Hobbs

Elf

Come, rest your dreams
upon the soil of my
imagination
Let a million petals
gather upon my
shoulders
Allow your hopes
to be raised by my
wings
Smile, sing, float, live:
in the solemnity is my
happiness.

(22 October,1990)

Jeff Hobbs

Epilogue - This Is Not A Leather Jacket

This contrite conundrum
is a leather jacket:
a tough, rough, solid
protective coating
blackened by thoughts alone.
It is Sewen, they say, with care
using threads of convexed regret
and lined with egregious humility.
The beast from whose inanimate
carcass the hide
comes is oblate hope.
The tailor, I am told, was obtested trust.
Its use,
(as the egg would say)
in inpenetrability
or a coriaceous protection from coquettish glory.
Can the shell be broken
as it falls off the wall?
And, if so,
what use has a broken egg?

(25 January, 1991)

Jeff Hobbs

Explosion

Sacred cow stands on corrupt grass,
Eating, chewing, munching.
Ate too much and exploded.
Covers the world with cow,
Sin or sanctity,
Never knowing.

(23 April 1980)

Jeff Hobbs

Filling The Void

Slowly the square metal front moves closer
Lights useless blazing into the sunlight
Small windows with a driver sipping hot chocolate
Gazing intently at the green light
All is ready to go
A bird breaks its flight path
To avoid the oncoming silver snake
The ground shakes enough to tickle
The soles of my feet
A dull rumbling sound moves toward me
Accompanied by its creator
It is so solid firm strong definite
The air starts to move pushed forward
A blast of the horn is a fitting last tribute
I step forward
The light turns red

Jeff Hobbs

Focus Of Happiness

There's a photo of you above my desk
St Kilda beach with the sand almost hiding you
You search for shells
 with the intensity of life.
Even when you look for shells it is everything.
There is no one else in the photo
I, the camera, am distant watching admiring
Your whole focus is in your action
We walked near that same beach this weekend
The refrain from Hosea echoed through my mind
and your tears as you sang
We rode the merry-go-round again
Jumped on without thinking about what it meant
and then returned
 sat in the same place on the couch
 with the same fear;
 the same intensity
 as looking for shells.
Why do I feel like a wife
 watching her husband head off to war
 knowing he will never return,
 preparing roses for the inevitable coffin?
Perhaps I knew
 when I took that photo
Perhpas I should have known
 you are free
 you have always been free
 you cannot be held
 except by your own intensity.
So I leave you on the beach
I hope you have found some pretty shells;
I shall keep an empty frame for them.

(12 March 1996)

Jeff Hobbs

Gott Würfelt Nicht

From the nothing
From the no time
From before the moment which was the first
Sudden, entropy, movement, light, being
From that moment these words were born
Your reading, my creating, our connection
Has been since then and will determine all that will follow
Blessed be the nothingness that has brought us together
And which will tear us apart.

24 March 2014

Jeff Hobbs

Hallmark Is Trolling This Site

Hallmark is trolling this site
To see if you make rhymes right
If you do, there's a job
If you don't, please don't sob
Cause sometimes poems don't have to rhyme like on greeting cards.

Jeff Hobbs

Idol Humans

I parody the beliefs of the ruling elite
Those who point to the stars to find no meaning
Those who look to the atom to find that
They can see no eye looking back at them.
I laugh at their attempts to create
Ways of being and ways of knowing
Which long for truth and meaning
But so often just ridicule their own reflections.
Like Pandora they dig deep into a box of knowledge
Only to discover, instead of a demon,
Nothing

And they dance around the nothing
In ritualistic fervour pretending that anyone
Else who finds meaning in any other way
Must be mad.

26 March 2014

Jeff Hobbs

Indecision

Leaves, the sailboats of the air,
Rarely, no, quite often,
And therefore constantly,
Do various things,
Which bare no direct relationship
To their ultimate placement on the earth.
Summersaults and such,
What a waste of time.
If I were a leaf,
I'd just fall.

(23 March 1981)

Jeff Hobbs

Ir A Freak

If eye spel not lyk u
Or perhaps there are ways I eat my food
Or suggest things
Perhaps my humour is not
as you have been taught humour should be
(Pardon my lack of blonde jokes)
Perhaps I think that
there are more important things than the superficial
Perhaps I define the superficial differently to you.
How different?
If I sit and rock holding my knees every now and then
If I plummet to sadness when joy is little
If I can't get the words out:
"Ine, oo, ee, bor, by, ix..."
How different?
If I do not have the beauty the world demands
If I can spring up from a car hitting my head
But fall down when I find I've got cancer
Or if I enjoy not knowing the pain of the rich
Perhaps I should be locked away
There are homes and schools for such freaks
How different?
If I am defined by legislation
Or banned by it
If your perceptions of normal are the norm
Then perhaps I should redefine my humanity
I am a genetic mess of the past
You are the perfect of the future
Pardon my big ears
Perhaps they shouldn't have let me be born
How different?
Sadly, only you know.

Jeff Hobbs

It Hopped?

T-U-T-S-A-W-H-A-M-P-O-P-D-I-E.

Well, what I really mean is:

m-o-p-u-p-t-h-e-w-a-d-s-i-t-a

No! That's wrong too. Um.

How about his one:

T-A-P-H-I-M-A-T-D-O-P-E-U-W-S.

Sheep on drugs? Couldn't be. Wrong spelling anyway.

w-h-a-t-a-s-t-u-p-i-d-p-o-e-m.

(20 July 1980) Written after reading e e cummings' grasshopper

Jeff Hobbs

Lied

'Die Gedanken sind frei,
wer Kann sie erratan? '

Do not let it mar learned thoughts
This painful joy we sing together.

Go, sit by the berry tree:

jellybean colours shine out

from a multitude of berries;

the leaves are gentle,

breaking the harshness of a fall

(or so it seems) :

the branches are strong,

holding you upon your journey

(as you move higher) :

the fruit is sweet,

as it touches your tongue

(though morning my bring a bitter taste) .

I shall sit here at my end of the hill

and hold my heart still

as it flutters like an old bird

attempting the final break from its cage.

Go, take a berry from the tree:

taste each of the fruits

savour each exotic taste;

there is strength in that one

it will hold you with warmth

(or so it seems) :

there is a sweetness in the next

raising you past who you are

(as you move higher) :

a gentle taste is in the third

swallow it all

(though morning may bring a bitter taste)

I shall remember when I did the same

and shall try to remember the joy

ignoring the cage it made

but watching the feathers, preened and sparkling

Go, eat to your fill;

there is no shortage of nature

be totally filled;

sweetness will overwhelm your body
 responding to the heat
 (or so it seems) :
the softness will be carressed
 as you move to the summit
 (as you move higher) :
you will know the fulness of strength
 of being totally filled
 (though morning may bring a bitter taste) .

I shall wait here in my prison
 singing a lied from the tower
 listening for a call
 and looking for a key.

(6 October,1990)

Jeff Hobbs

Lovely

An image in a mirror
Rocking, swaying in and out of view
just as your alcohol daze
swayed your view
I sat and shared a moment
a pancake
and a coffee
with that image....
We trod carefully
'I'll tell you
if you tell me...'
We spoke honestly
We remembered the
past thirty two hours
of my driving.
I returned home
not realising how much
that image had become
a mirror
Nor how much I would
have to treat it gently....
Else both of us might shatter.

12 November 1990

Jeff Hobbs

Mangees, Mangees, Mangees...

A new order is ours,
A new birth to the old
And we have ceremony.
A garden with no green,
 White flowers grow on a bed of
Yellow sunlight.
 The cliched regiment of red and white stripes
Have lost any meaning - black and blue drift
Into the past.
 The long lost past.
Everything's gone green.
 Growth, loving laughter with no emotion.
 Carefree happiness lost in decaying childhood
While living childhood has tears
 Brimming on every eye.
 Buttercups flow everywhere -
Drifting in memories,
 Floating on ponds,
 Singing around my head.
Sunlight illuminates even the eve
 linger by my side today.
 Tomorrow become a forest
Put the world in a teacup
 - it wouldn't notice.
 But we'll change seats forever
 And the dishes will always be clean
Tea for two
 I am one
 Are you -
 happy?

(7 July 1982)

Jeff Hobbs

Meaning

I walk a path of sad
meaning
Knowing that the words
only indicate
the nothingness of the breath
as blood
oil
water
drips
find new definitions
candles flicker
genuflect
My words are old yet
meaning
Lacks direction or nuance
Turn away
We die
yet still it is there

March 15,2014

Jeff Hobbs

Michelle

An awkward rustling of a sock,
The sudden shock
 of death...
When the light of the rainbow
And the glass of the window
Meet -
 We have an eternity.
Until then there is nothing
 The garter will fall,
 The smile will fade
 The show will end
 I will leave -
 The smile will remain
 I will still leave
I never had choice,
 Her eyes flash - green
 to blue
Dark meaningful pupils
 - Students of youth.
From bearded to naked,
Fishnet stockings and her smile.
If ever, whenever, never,
 Memories forever
 Until tomorrow anyway.

(14 August 1981)

Jeff Hobbs

Mk (Rip)

I paraded the world
with arms outstretched
between those I loved and those I knew
Stopping only to see
Heaven reach a new meaning,
Passing between deep
emotion and death.
The bee is gone
and all that is left is hope.

Beyond all that we see
past the white coffin
and the lifeless roses
is a new dream
and the curse of never
knowing how to live it.

She held the secret
and now it is with each of us
if only it could be found.

I continue walking
dragging my feet through life.
One day I'll know what
all those dreams of those who are gone
really meant.

(2 August 1988)

Jeff Hobbs

Mortar Boards

The ad never said
'Position Vacant
One heart to become
part of the bricks
cement and stones.
One soul - quick setting,
flexible, open to
future alterations.'
It's not real at the moment
It's a ghost bathed by a
different moon.
The trees are gentle spectres
hiding those rooms.
The grass is a carpet for an ego
which doesn't turn in upon
itself but almost rejoices
in its crushing.
Happy are those who are crushed
by buildings
Buildings which even in the night
have vague chatter
occasional laughter
a cantata of gossip.
How is it that these stones,
not even living stones
can grow and control
in the proportions of a monster?
The skeletons of the building
those bone coloured banshees
drift aimlessly with direct purpose.
Lit by the moon
they are the she-devils
pathetic demons.
They gather together to clap
politely
as fingers strike wrong
chords
and voices mutter self evident
truths

in the belief it matters.
I stood quietly this evening
after hearing that it is a
blessed thing to be open to hurt
to love others even if they don't care
to fight for truth even if it is weird
I stood quietly, in the evening
and faced that magic box
I hadn't faced for so many years.
A different shattered mirror rock
watched this time...
I stood, in peace, o moonlit night
and the world, the life, the love
was in my hands
The suffering so much greater
than that which I create
for myself
sat quietly before me
and I locked it away.
Shut, key turned, over.
Come, sit with me Jesus
be eaten by these mosquitoes
and consider it all in the
light of the moon.
Go children, skip, dance, laugh
kiss with broken lips
place questions in my mind
and run away
before the answers threaten you.
I have been told it is blessed,
a blessed thing,
to become part of a building.
My soul, my heart, my blood
mix to become part of the concrete
and harden if they are to be useful.
So again I am a stone
littering a new lawn
that which was shorn
was crushed too
a while ago...
But flowers and candles
shall continue to be traded

and what does it matter
if I die in the meantime?
There will always be new hearts
to become bricks
and blood to wash
the mortar boards.

1 November 1990

Jeff Hobbs

Motive

Judicious lies
pertaining to the secrecy
within the window of thought.
Superfluous complement
aimed at the target
of the fruit of knowledge.
Standard exaggerations
in reference to the locks
which have no door.
Unknowledgable guesses
as to the content of the room
which has no lock but needs
a key for entry.
All so the truth of love
May be discovered.

(1 May,1981)

Jeff Hobbs

Observer

I heard the voices of a
Mother's crying pain in
A Mountain Wilderness I
Heard her child's reply
Echo across the crevice
I saw despair where the
Bridge broke across the
Gap, Hope drowning in a
White torrent below the
Suffering. But always I
saw Love.

(6 October 1981)

Jeff Hobbs

Oh Paris

Ah, to be in Paris in the rain
The tower dripping wet
The pavement like moist sheets
Beneath our bodies
The taste of sweets on our misty breath
The sounds of music hidden under
Flashes of lightning and the roar of
A thunderous climax
Ah, to be in Paris
In the rain

(25 July 2006)

Jeff Hobbs

On The Day

The sight of a mother's smirk
a dream beyond dreaming
leaving, lying
baring the intrinsic wound
of hope.
Human pain sighs desperately
beyond the joy of nights before
crying to the nothingness
for a reason for faith.
We all know what to do
but recognition is incompatible
reason or experience.
Dreams never end
but every new dawn fades.

(26 March 1988)

Jeff Hobbs

Pastoral Land

For Bishop Jeremiah (1933-2014)

In the minds
Of the souls
Of the people
Who mourn
There is meaning.
For those who watch
Value is nothing;
Moments are empty.
The coffin is lowered
And we walk away
In silence.

December 3, 2014

Jeff Hobbs

Pavel

At times even the disorganised
need to be precise.

How many stars lay scattered
across your view?

Let us understand our
dreams: analyse
the passage of thoughts,
the direction of hopes,
the journey of love...

Nothing will be resolved
All will change by tomorrow
But the logic will be satisfied.

(22 October 1990)

Jeff Hobbs

Porcupine

Let the universe rejoice
from the depths of its reality
Let each dandelion quiver
In a vibrant yellow sea.
Two swans drift peacefully
Toward the sun
as a declaration
of a new friendship.

There's a world outside -
another person dead
Ethiopia cried
for another note.
Why hope?
A graceful Japanese bird
Flew to hidden misty mountains
Bodies littered the gardens.
The South African chess game
has reached a tactical farce.
Paupers give up on soup
they form a money cue
Unemployment becomes a ropeless bondage.
Youth kill
Babies are battered
Rubber bullets are knocked back by rocks
Riot shields are covered in blood
Rats eat away at an old lady's life.
The explosion waits eagerly
A feeble finger is poised to fall
The atomic button rests below.

But still
A tear rolled down my friend's cheek
for none of those reasons.
A small dropp of salty water
Just one.
Leaving a damp trail.
Then it dried up
And for some reason I cared.

(15 August 1985)

Jeff Hobbs

Preserved Colour

Flowers of many colours
Red and blue and gold
Amber flowing from the trees
Nestling memories of old
Colours kept within my sight
Indigo to red
Nature preserved in living hope
Eternity not dead
Jewels of light are shining out
Always spectrums bright
Clover makes a bed of green
Kisses in the night
Yellow sunshine sparkles through
Brilliant wonderous rays
Etching pictures in the sky
Roaring like the waves
Never will I forget the sight
In my memory clear
Children of the sky and sea
Each one of them so dear.

(19 March 1981)

Jeff Hobbs

Reflection

I held my little boy last night
As he lay on the pillow
Sucking gently at the teat of a bottle
Taking in the milk, gulping
With a gentle smile appearing from around
The sides
His eyes were closed, his body limp
He was totally relaxed and totally trusting
As he took in the final drops
I removed the bottle and looked at his
Round face
His ears slightly protruding
His sparse hair
He frowned and his lip
Started to tremble
His face creased and he suddenly
Looked totally abandoned and lost
His peace had been taken from him
And I realised he was me.

(21 June 2006)

Jeff Hobbs

Rocking Horse

A land of magic exists above the clouds
And a sad, old rocking horse sits by the window
Knowing he'd lost a friend.
A white tuft of hair is all that is left of a once grand mane,
Flakes of paint had fallen off his wooden head,
His plastic saddle had faded and cracked in the sun,
One of his antique glass eyes was missing,
Still, he sat, and as he looked out the window
A beam of light made its way to him,
It moved in a slow, majestic manner but had purpose,
As it hit the frosty window it burst into colour
The rocking horse was ungluffed by beauty
But soon realised he was beauty
His mind used to force itself through other's eyes,
Magic made him realise he was what he perceived,
And even though it was less than most rocking horses,
It was enough to make him rock in happiness until
The friend he had lost had a child.

(5 January 1981)

Jeff Hobbs

Sabbath Rain

Let us bury two birds together;
Two fragile little sacks of skin
 holding that which
 could have been life.
Cold, wet, blue around the eyes,
 little beaks never to peck,
 featherless wings.
You dig as I hold
 what could have been garbage
 in a sacred manner.
 They could be us.
And as you arrange a wreath:
 yellow, white, purple,
 oh, and blue
 I shall fashion a cross
They were baptised into death
 by the Sabbath rain
Now they lie with broken shell,
 covered by earth
 celebrated by flowers
 consecrated by wood
Remembered by what might be love.

(22 October 1990)

Jeff Hobbs

Second Song

That part which is beyond us...
Eyes are staring outward
Grasping, tickling
A song, a young song
Drifts yet again through
The air to whoever
receives.
A sacrament of purely human love
Of desire beyond our
Limited comprehension.
Infatuation creeps up, grasping
Grabbing
There is an unsettled
Rustling in the air.
The song soothes but the problem
Remains
All is a rustling.
And as dead leaves gather
Below the tree
Their decay will bring
Growth
Pushed by a song of the wind.

(15 August 1984)

Jeff Hobbs

Security

Last night I thought I saw
An embryo floating in the toilet
But then I thought
'Embryos don't float'
So I went back to bed
And teddy and me talked
About life.

(7 November 1980)

Jeff Hobbs

Seven In One

I am an old man,
Dressed in a shrunken skin,
Disguised in a costume
As obvious as tears in the rain
A frown wrinkles to the truth,
A bright light intensifies
The Shadows of age.
Youth leaks from the eyes,
Cheeks sink in murky waters,
Evidence splashes over my face
But conclusions are drawn from an arid well.

(27 May,1981)

Jeff Hobbs

Silent Reading

I have shared my dreams
written on paper such as this
paper which will be dust
just as I shall also be.

I have purchased for those dreams
a coffin, locked and initialed
with my own name
I claim my death
in this friendship

I have sent the flowers of dreams
they also will wither
despite the water and champagne
Will you forgive me?
And forget?

(16 October 1990)

Jeff Hobbs

Snow

I grow taller and taller
As I walk away from
The street light,
Down the road.
I'm retracing the
Black marks my
feet made while
Moving away the
New covering.
Walking up the path
I see footprints
Of my retreat.
Confusing, Interesting.
Sadly true.

(1 January 1981)

Jeff Hobbs

Song

Growing scath
Rustling leaves
drailing dripping
Mushroom
Wind singing
Pushing from
a rock platform
Throwing a laughing
Love
An accented rustling
Rustling
Hidden behind a rock
Growing
Laughing
Singing
A flower blooms in a
wooded glade
for an hour or
two
it is mine
for that long
Plus eternity.

(12 February,1984)

Jeff Hobbs

Spaceman

How sadly ironic,
After passing the sonic,
Caught the bubonic,
And died.

(1 May 1980)

Jeff Hobbs

Starless Night

Accepting the death of a withered leaf

Green faded to barren crisp

No gentle floating

Crunch

Decay

Die

!

(22 March 1989)

Jeff Hobbs

Steve And Peter - A Tale Of Two Fish(Es)

it's strange how fish behave
in water and on track
and how they take the brave
leaving us in lack

the tail of one so obvious
took steve right in the heart
and left a gap for all of us
no one can play that part

the other tail a strange old name
when cars swerve on the dirt
and brocky left us just the same
with death they both did flirt

so let us beware of fish
and their tales of woe and shock
and make a silent secret wish
for our friends irwin and brock

For Steve Irwin and Peter Brock - two Aussie blokes
(13 September 2006)

Jeff Hobbs

Steve Irwin - Rest In Peace

Gliding over muddy plains
Sliding with the crocs
Ripping snakes from rocks
Slipping down ice
Of ugly beasts you taught so much
Of joy and light and madness
The nature and the oneness all
Your passing is with sadness
The peace of floating on the waves
Looking down at rays divine
That peace holds you closely now
Nature got you - that's fine

(5 Sept 2006)

Jeff Hobbs

Stupid Dog - Black Saturday 2009

There was a dog
A stupid dog
I saw it lying there with eyes
That read my soul
questioning eyes
'Did it have to be now? What is happening?
Is today the day? '
I saw it ripped open yet still alive
It screamed but was now silent
Its eyes spoke all that needed to be said
I saw its owner hold it close
Remembering all that needed to be remembered
Calming those eyes
Without words saying 'Yes it is now, you are dying
Today is the day'
I heard the shot
A dull crack
While all around us stormed
With smoke and flames and torment
A dull crack finalised the day
Defined the day
And we left without words to say
Knowing that stupid dog was wiser than any of us.

(February 14,2011)

Jeff Hobbs

Sunrise

As the day begins
Light covers the sky
With no seen source.
A single white cloud
Sits on the horizon.
Each crease on it
Forms a shadow.
Fluffy around the edges,
An almost transparent centre.
Smooth surfaces show
Through the creases.
Slowly the sun rises.
The cloud blushes red,
The thin section shines pink,
And the shadows increase.
The sun surrounds the cloud
And as it gets nearer
A glorious beam of light
Breaks through the cloud
And shines all around.
The cloud sparkles
With unique beauty.
The red slowly leaves
And a golden colour surrounds
As the sun spreads its glory.
Light shoots in every direction,
Filling the sky
And awakening the cloud
To a new day.
Full of energy
The cloud shines with the sun.
But soon the sun has risen,
Higher than the cloud.
The cloud loses its colour,
And is grey.
Its beauty has disappeared
And it blows away.

(26 July 1980)

Jeff Hobbs

The Execution

I journeyed deep, deep, deep,
along the twisted path of ivy,
where life's juices seep.
Each turn unveiled surprise,
Each flash of darkness
burnt into my eyes.
With each step forward,
the muscular strands against my face
ripped and clawed.
My own blood seeped out
And mixed with the dew
Which left a drought.
The moisture without drink
stung my throat
and caused me to sink.
Sounds from outside the forest
magnified and dispersed.
Each wave seemed to infest.
Messages from every limb
passed by like lightning.
Each shock seemed so dim.
The activity increased,
I detected worry.
Each note roared like a beast.
A final mass of colour
surrounded and moved in
but it all appeared duller.
Then a hollow was left like a crater,
The fores rose and was displayed:
'Behold, the head of a traitor! '

(19 September, 1980)

Jeff Hobbs

The Other Art

There's a side of you I fear I only see
In glimpses, shadows – peering through leaves
On an autumn tree
The bravado of knowing that loss will never hurt
Hides the fear and sorrow
Of the loss which follows us from birth
Life is a journey of picking up and letting go
But we carry with us the knowing
For it is in that knowing that all things grow
To cast aside with visage of uncaring futility
Hardens our hearts, our love, our soul
And in this I see great sorrow through any beauty
Rejoice in the winter's barren sight
Carry its memory so that growth
May be bring you spring's true delight

(26/5/06)

Jeff Hobbs

The Turning World

As light shines through a glistening dew drop,
Showing the true beauty of white,
The world continues to turn.
As the birds of the forest chirp,
Singing of love and hope,
The world continues to turn.
As sound echoes through dark caverns,
Bouncing into nothingness,
The world continues to turn.
If all this beauty were to cease,
Would the world also cease to turn?

(23 April 1978)

Jeff Hobbs

There Have Been Five Loves

Since adulthood five have gained the phrase
Since passing through and touching
Each in their own strange way
Each teaching and learning through the gaining

Since finding truth is a life long journey
Since years build on years of before
Each has been a stepping stone
Each has protected me and opened me

Looking back I see them now
Faces lost but never gone
They haunt and heal
The five who owned my heart

One taught me of soul, of friendship,
Of trust. With her I shared moonlight
She gave laughter and peace
Innocence so ready to be betrayed

One taught me of hope – of music and secrets
Of leather bound dreams and birds in the rain
She offered beware and be careful and stop
Confusion and sadness and song

One taught me of life, of closeness, of me
Of madness and sorrow so deep
She brought me to oneness in shattered pieces somehow
And of history ancient and new

One teaches me daily of life as it is
Of every day's needs and desires
She is my companion in hope and in growth
Cherished in ways yet unknown

One fills gaps unknown in many strange ways
Of life left unlived and is me years ago
She hovers so close in unreachable ways
And teaches me more than she learns

Of the last two is future in ways yet untrod
A strangeness and challenge of hope
I love them, I loved them, I will love them still
May God bless them and give them true peace.

4 June 2006

Jeff Hobbs

Twinkle, Twinkle, Twinkle

Each stirring moment
of life leave us
with a.....

I was walking past a tree,
The air hung wet,
Mist hid my future and past,
My left and right,
A leaf slowly reached out,
Grabbing my face with its dew,
The coolness dampening,
My head turned and the leaf
sprung away.

The branch shivered as if
It were me who moistened it
The leaf dropped a tear
Falling to a rock
Seeming solid, steady
But gracefully twisting within itself,
The light through the trees
Caught the gyrations
And projected them as love.
Love which has no purpose
Other than itself,
An undying, unselfish, perfect
Love.

The Drop Shattered.
The rock became wet
Earth was mud
Movement in the tree ceased
Soon, ten steps further,
The tree may as well have had
been a dream.

I sighed.
Our Father Who...
Twenty times
After walking past caves of uncertainty
While whistling.
A happy tune.
Awakening to the first day,

Drowning, gasping, helping,
Light, bright, shock, pain,
Hunger, sleep, need, need...
Blessed Is The Fruit Of...
Giving in to and relying on,
And never being without,
Warmth, cool slumber,
First friends, jigsaw edges,
But no box lid to compare.
Musty scarlet carpet,
Heat through dirty venetians,
A happy cat singing of wonder,
Bad colour but impressive.
A rocket ship to nowhere
On a freeway smiling, telephones.
Solidity. A magic star necklace,
Orange stinging moths,
Thin plastic creatures on flying carpets,
Wild things swinging on purple trees
And red balloons crying for friendship.
I am a red balloon
You are a stone.
Ships, secret clubs, the brick cubbyhouse.
Up periscope, onto the roof,
War in the neighbourhood,
Traps, birthday cakes for royalty,
Missing shoes, codes, dams,
Love hearts and jackets on summer days.
Apple blossoms in an ancient native tongue.
Never say 'Good Afternoon' again.
Tears again, first of many, Why?
Why? , first of many.
'We were strangers
who waited too long.'
The silent love, the room is the world,
The world is the room,
Snow, a white covering,
Deep, cold, happy, memories.
The plane crash,
Doctors rescue a hero's heart
As mine washes down the drain,
To a haunted house of hidden charms

And traps for truth as the name of love
Appears for the second time
Three times lucky,
Never take the third light
Too late
'Medical authorities warn....'
It was our brother
Hardly worth an icecream
But a memory and a warning sign.
They sat in front of me
A bomb in the garbage of
hide and seek.
Aniseed balls, two for a cent.
I don't know, I don't want to know
Why? The second time.
The thinker. Dinosaur windows,
Black, orange, yellow, red, Black.
Ink all over the books
False love notes.
The burnt old car and the
Dead cat.
Fainting, sickness, huge trees,
Trains, first of many.
Of course, but, well, not really.
Three crumpled leaves,
dry, dead, green dust,
returned a never life.
One left is never seen
in the pocket
The tree is bare.
Twenty times.
Waves, wind, storms,
Sand flying at my bare legs
Silver fish with sharp teeth,
A knife through the backbone,
Quick, choking gasps, blood,
Feed it to the cat,
It's had kittens.
The old barn and a rocky fence,
Mushrooms no-one ever saw,
A turtle telling me secrets,
The cat everywhere and leaves

Covered the moist autumn ground.
Rabbit, zoom, the sister of secrets,
The second name of truthless trust
Appears for the first time.
The third man was shot,
His cigarette hung from his grey lips,
A red patch on his neck was his only wound,
A clean death, his shoes were newly polished.
The trench had worse sights,
Armless corpses with no tobacco,
Helmets filled with a soup of life,
Thicker than any gas or any mud,
Never to be sent home, filled over,
Extinguishing the smouldering filter and the memory.
Was it? Were they?
Why?
A rotten old wooden house
Charcoal hot-water system,
An out-house at the end of a cold path.
Teeth out, blood on the street,
Beginning of riotous electricity.
The birthday party, each person sat
And the man next door raked his leaves,
I was four, the cake was pink or blue or something.
A slow painful crushing
A knock at the door,
'How are you? '
'How are you? '
'How are you? '
Racing ambulance,
months in a plaster bed,
Sitting at the dinner table
Arguing about and then
So I did.
Five years of rugby.
The horse race called off,
A day of friendship closed off,
Grandma died, just in time
Open freeways, telephone.
Ring and then hang up.
'I put my trust in you.'
A final division of joy - torn apart.

A bare cold castle
Home at last.
Year after year,
Tear after tear,
The second appearance causes
The third way. Why? Never.
A misunderstanding,
Wrong words, wrong times,
Wrong. Why?
A drunken concert,
A spiteful, hopeful movement
To no avail. The first kiss.
A fool, the same why.
Older than ever before
And soon to leave.
Soft, gentle, kind, deceiving or not,
Tear inducing, water shared,
'I grok.'
Incredible, unbelievable, lies.
False - the third name of love
for three months.
Three words
My age...?
An everlasting friendship
With my mirror image - who is he?
Different appearances for the
Sake of deception.
Do you really? A lying lawyer,
Success has gone and a weed grows
instead. Regret.
Back, almost over.
Blue never was a primary colour,
It faded to black.
It never was blue.
Even the eyes are gone,
Who are you?
Cicadas turn the air to a confusing
Mass of summer memories.
Sitting under the water wondering,
My breath lasts forever,
I am a seal, I am a fish,
I am dead. Drowned in water,

Under a deceptive sky.

The third was a part of three,
March, April, May, Why?
June shows a new number,
Three.

One.

One in Three

Three in One.

White.

The procession is over,
The road was muddy and my face
Was still damp from the leaf.
Tomorrow a new wonderland.
- The Mad Hatter at your service!

(5 June,1981)

Jeff Hobbs

White Sea

He tried to explain to a daughter's mother,
All in vain I fear,
He climbed to the top of a great white tower
Hoping the view would be clear.
He died.

(12 July 1981)

Jeff Hobbs

Withdrawal

He withdrew from life completely,
Not knowing which way was up,
Or whether his life was a miscarriage,
Or what....

(12 March 1980)

Jeff Hobbs