

Poetry Series

Stevie Taite
- poems -

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Stevie Taite(30th January 1973)

I am just starting out. I write for me mostly (I think way too much and this serves as an outlet for my very busy mind) . It is fun to share to see if anyone gets anything from them, like a sparked memory, a giggle or some sort of connection. They are nothing amazing, compared to many on here! But I enjoy writing them and to me, that is all that should really matter. X

A Lesson On Poetry From My Five Year Old

I sat in bed one morning
With a note pad on my knee
When in wondered my Charlie
And he snuggled up to me

He said, 'You writing poems?
We are learning that at school
I know a lot about them'
I said, 'Really mate, how cool'

He stared at me intently
As he stretched out on the bed
His legs crossed at the ankle
And a hand propped up his head

After I had sorted through
And read back what I'd penned
He slid off of the bed
And peered up at me from the end

He stayed there quite transfixed
It kinda put me off my flow
I looked over my glasses
But he wasn't gonna go!

'Mum' he said ' has it got all
the things a poem ought
It should include good rhyme and rhythm
That's what I've been taught

Does it have some repetition
And patterns that are clear
What theme have you gone for? '
I smiled from ear to ear.

My Charlie, you've remembered well
It's Impressive, what you know
What else have you been taught then?

His face with pride did glow!

He ummed and arghed a little bit
To recall all he could
'Oh yeah, you need some 'wow words' too
They'll make it really good! '

I nodded with an 'oh I see,
Well thanks for all your tips'
He came and leant his head on mine
And kissed me on the lips

He left me to my writing
How adorable he'd been
And I put my first idea aside
And wrote one about him!

Stevie Taite

A Quiet Side Street

A quiet side street
I guide your feet

'This is not the way'
You playfully say

Your hands on my waist
I steal a taste

My hand on your hip
I bite your lip

I wish it to last
It's over too fast

You kiss me again
As I leave for my train

lets wait and see
If you want more of me!

Stevie Taite

A To Z Of A Body Completing Demanding Exercise.

Aerobically breathing
Constantly demanding energy
Furnacing glucose.
Heart internally jettisoning
Keeping lifejuice moving
Neatly optimising pulse
Quickening rate steadily
To undertake vigorously
With x-treme youthful zeal

Stevie Taite

A To Z Of Less Able Exerciser!

A body completing demanding exercise feels great.
However jumping kicks lead
most novice older people
Quickly requiring sending to
Undertake vital X-rays yelling 'Zeus '

Stevie Taite

A Writers' Zen

Muddy mind
melds shy meekness
into confusion

Emotions emaciated
and encased in quicksands of
unsure

Frozen solid,
frustrated fury fights dirty
with a frigid fear of self

Stifled silence
of incensed solitude

Trapped by timidness,
tangled with acute awareness

Dumb struck into oblivion,
with one deliverance.....

A gaping hole
A endless pole
A tortured soul

Then

A tempered pen
Enter again
A writers' Zen

Stevie Taite

Affliction Or Blessing?

It is an affliction I suffer,
to see only the good in people around me.
Does it make me sick?

Or is it a (mixed) blessing I behold?
to see only the good in people around me.
It stifles the crap that ruins my fragile mind!

Stevie Taite

Angels Fall

Angels fall

Angels fall

Sometimes it is because they are tripped

Tricked

Unguided

Neglected

No one really to show them the way

Easily received but selfishly not wanted

An accident

An inconvenience

Left to their own devices and what they know

They land on dirty grown, grubby nails and knees

and they scramble around in ignorant bliss

Angels fall

Sometimes it is because they were pushed

Rejected

Frustrated

Tempted

Someone forgets to polish the treasure

Taken for granted that the ring was binding

A habit

A convenience

Left to their longing and desires

and what they deserve

They fall on soft feathers,

that leave imprints of guilty relief,

and they languish a while.

Angels fall

Sometimes it is out of the blue for no good reason at all

Confused

Possessed

Obsessed

No one trips them, no one pushes them

A grip so tight round the heart

Teetering

Peering

They land in the ocean that is their heart
and it must be deep enough for all this love
as nothing else makes any sense.

Angels fall
Few are the angels that keep their wings
Enlightened?
Accepting?
Scared?
Please don't look down on us in that way
This flight for you was smooth
Lucky?
Righteous?
We all chose whether we live
cushioned by a cloud or on the ground!

Stevie Taite

Another Limerick About The Limerick Master Himself.

Jb

There once was a man called John brown
Whose limericks painted our town
He's on 83
Soon a century will be
And they serve to turn frowns upside down!

Stevie Taite

Answered In Dreams (A Bit Saucy)

I fell asleep, needy
You were not lying there
A dull ache reseeded
My body lay bare

The night passed as normal
Unaware my frustration
Should have sorted it out
With a quick masturbation

too sleepy was I
So I drifted away
But to my delight
Naughty dreams came to play

You came to the rescue
In the depths of my brain
The surprise when I woke
Was the bonus 'I came'

Stevie Taite

Autumn 's Waking Mutants!

When Autumn knocks and hangs his leafy coat up by the door
Drifting slowly in and leaving footprints on the floor
He drags along behind him his dormant pathogens
The central heating shakes them and their Summer slumber ends
We as humble humans stand to play the perfect host
A feast we serve the growing hoards, with medicines
we toast.

The apex of the predators, so dominant are we
But every year stopped in our tracks by things we cannot see
We dropp like flies from offices, and schools have empty chairs
A mutant generation catch our white cells unawares
We are lucky if the Autumn leaves us free from snotty
noses
And come the Spring we're thankful when the door on Winter closes.

Stevie Taite

Before A*

In maths I was average
Never appreciated the function
Very intimidated by this area
Got lost a multiple of times
Algebra? As easy as pie? haha
Thank Goodness Jack Kilby for your triumphant gadget!
The unknown number? 'C'

At English, I was as clumsy as a butterfly without wings
There wasn't A FORREST to walk through!
I had a GO. It was a MASSIVE walk in the dark.
I stumbled and unknowingly PEE'd but came through
with a 'B'and a 'C'

At art I was sketchy
We did not learn from the Greats
Or get to see the world through their eyes.
Technically, we never wrote more than our name on the back
My art emerged from ignorant pigment and HB and produced an 'E'

Geography was physically beautiful!
Although I couldn't find my way out of a paper bag, or remember many Capitals,
I still ascended.
It was about the way of the land and people and populations!
I gloried at that globe and navigated an A

Science. What a cerebral exercise!
A new quirky language
Labelling and learning
A world in miniature to build as a concept
The gravity of it kept me rooted
The cause? Wonderment and osmotic thirst
The effect? An A

PE was just to keep us fit
RE was deemed morally essential (C)
Computers....Ahem.... Our school had Ten!
I still remember my schoolgirl French (C)
And don't mention zee Germans! (D)

I believe they have invented many more subjects since then?
My day when A was just A and not A*

Stevie Taite

Behold The Flower Of The Waterlily

Behold the flower of the waterlily
The pretty pretty flower
Below the surface is a long long stem
That from deep, floats the flower high

You can't just have the flower, no no no
It cannot be with out its deep reaching stem
It's anchored with integrity
And with out what's underneath, she will die.

Stevie Taite

Black And Gold

Gold shimmers and dark, bottomless pools
call from the shallow film
of my freshly mopped floor.

I sit

with no common sense
in a corner.

Melancholy meanders unwelcome, through the moment
I daydream, and wait
For it to evaporate

My fingertips

hold a memory.

The gold is real and it floats
on the surface
in the dark.

You

There you are, and you are real.

I swim

in the fathoms

Reckless and unafraid

Here, I recall the memory

left at the end of my fingertips.

This fantasy place

of gold rolled thin,

and black

bottomless pools

is the escape I chose.

The dark is a blessing

in my nakedness

with gold's caresses

When fantasy unfolds and lays

flat on the surface

Held up from below

shimmering, as gold

To be lifted and kissed

Inviting, submerging my skin

What then?

Stevie Taite

Blessed

Pop as my waters broke.
So full of anticipation.
Waves of contraction.
Pushed free.
Happy!

Oh burning ring of fire.
Stretched to ripping point.
Then followed relief.
Baby boy.
Joy!

Bearing down, sending your invite.
Come meet your family.
Sister waited excitedly.
Accepted invitation.
Elation!

Perfect mop of dark hair.
I held you close.
You smelt sweet.
Tiny feet.
Complete!

A cascade of overwhelming emotions
Staring into husbands eyes
Happy tears cried
Bursting with
Pride!

Words cannot express how happy.
Joy, elation, complete, pride
I wholly invest
my love.
Blessed.

Bloody Ikea

That bloody Ikea, someone ought to be shot
for designing their plugs so they stick out a lot.
Why should they make them fit so close to the wall?
That's over pragmatic, no challenge at all!

In theory their lighting is ever so classy
but when they're unpacked the damn things make me arsey
My non Swedish table that stood by my bed
It's been moved some where much less useful instead

The years pass me by and my decor gets tired
So I sift their free brochure and get all inspired
And then I go back to be tempted again
For by then I've forgotten their plugs are a pain

As a company famed for space saving ideas
they're good, but just don't get your lights from ikea.
I hope for their plugs there's a job on the line
Recruit someone with half a brain the next time.

Stevie Taite

Body Has The Last Laugh

Have you ever sniggered so much
that a snot bubble came out

Have you creased up
and then sprayed out all your drink

Have you chuckled out a fart
Maybe giggled out a wee

Or shoulder jiggled silently
until your face turned pink.

Can you say with pride
that your laughter button works?

Do you care
if the last laugh is on you?

Coz beware that if your senses
tell your brain to make you laugh

Your brain might tell
another body part to join in too!

Stevie Taite

Brown Limerick

There once was a poet called Brown
Who liked getting his ideas down
At rhyme he was Swell
Which is just as well
As free form and prose made him frown

Stevie Taite

Buried Seed

She was sitting, pretty
The metal serpent was transporting her from her flowery garden.
The heat of Summer was beautiful, perfect, all she wanted.
Then why, when cool shade, with a gentle breeze, never failed to complement,
did the heat of the old city call her?

He was waiting
A skyscraper?
Her own shyness had once been the best and most obstinate doorman.
Never allowing her more than a glimpse passed his wonderful facade.
Leaving only the room in her mind to explore freely

But now, where confidence had grown and curiosity sheltered
Where the grass was well trodden
And foundations set deeply elsewhere.
The edge, that fear had
kept her teetering.....
Now she would land softly.
It was safe to seek the buried seed, that was never destined to grow under
shadows cast.

Stevie Taite

Call Time

Call time.

When the Sun goes down

Will I draw the curtains, smiling
or leave them stubbornly open and yearn for another dawn?

When last orders are called

Will I have sent everyone home
or will there be a 'lock in'?

When the crickets play their loudest

Will their gently lullaby send me a slumber
or will it torment me and not let me rest?

Will I die alone or surrounded by love?

I hope my time is not called too early!
As much as I hope I am not left, powerless, waiting.

Stevie Taite

Castrate The Crayon

Stalking in the shadow of syllables
Drooling at the curves of translucent lines
Slipping your warped finger under the hem of stanza
You transverberate through every victims creation
And the tight fit of their text
Makes you hold your poison pen
In sexual frustration.

What it produces is wasted semen
Ejaculating a commentary of callous cum
And the intelligent poems pity you
As you cannot control your
Sordid stirrings
Your crusted marks of degradation are wiped away with deepest disdain

You think you are so very clever
With the disguises you don.
So as to remain elusive and unstoppable in your destructive desires
If I could, I would find a way to castrate your crayon
Then the beautiful poems would feel safe once again!
And their pure embodiment can lay out in the scripted sun
without fear of your perverse eye peering upon them.

Stevie Taite

Catch A Poem

If you cast and catch a poem
Set it free, enjoy it flowing
Stretch it, streamlined in the brine
Either with or without rhyme

Your tide will take it, foot off the throttle
Unroll the message In the bottle
Save it, swim it back to shore
Share it here, then write some more!

Stevie Taite

Charlie's First Rainbow

Gloriously Grubby
Sipping on his Mountain Dew
A picture of contentment
Captured there in my rear view

A day full of adventure
Now a forming memory
He asked whilst glazing blankly
When our next day out would be

I laughed and told him gently
'You look ready for your bed'
He smiled a sleepy smile
Then focused on the road ahead

I spoke of future outings
As we drove on, homeward bound
But sleep soon interrupted
With its laboured breathing sound

I warmly recollected
Many summer days like these
Heading home, exhausted
Windows wound down for the breeze

But this one would be special
As the raindrops hit the bonnet
The horizon up ahead
Had a rainbow painted on it

Now, even though I learnt at school,
What puts them in the skies
The magic of these coloured arches
Still astounds my eyes

The clarity and flawlessness
Not marred by science told
And for Charlie, this would be his first

(he wasn't very old)

I savoured Charlie's wonder
And his eyes sprung open wide
Excitement echoed in his voice
As 'follow it' he cried

'But Charlie, its across a field,
I cannot drive that way'
'We have to reach the end', He pleaded
'Please do as I say!

I think it ends right by our house
And so you simply must
Take the quickest route you can.
Oh, come on Mum, FULL THRUST! '

He aired his disappointment
With his 'off road' route refused
And when I asked him, 'What's the fuss'
He stared at me, bemused

'Mum' He said, exasperated
'Haven't you been told?
That at the end of rainbows
Is the hugest pot of gold! '

Even though I knew it was
To be a pointless chase
My childish heart was hopeful
As we pulled up to our place

The rainbow hung there mockingly
As Sun and showers played
Its end still seemed so far away
And Charlie looked dismayed.

'They do not have an end' I said
'I'll teach you how they're done
So you can make your very own'
He cheered and looked less glum

(We took a picture, Charlie's arm
Stretched out in its direction
Just in time, as drying skies
Put end to nature's spectrum)

Stevie Taite

Clever Fella, My Fold Up Umbrella

Work here has been slow of late
I'm a fair weather recluse
The other hand bag 'hang outs'
get an awful lot more use

My canopy's been folded
Held in place by Velcro strap
I lost my cover long ago
(an unfortunate mishap)

I long to stretch my metal ribs
And lock my tiny joints
My fabric is a wondrous sight
With nipples ferrule point

The sound of pitter patter
Excites my buttoned springs
They'll nip you like a playful pup
They're temperamental things!

When I can be made use of
To catch and steer cloud bursts
I wish the rains be generous
To quench the grounds great thirst

I'm not good on a blust'ry storm
It's a skill you have to learn
to keep me pushed into the wind
Or inside out I'll turn

But I'll make no apologies
In showers I'm ok!
For wind proof reinforcement
A lot more you will pay

And generally they don't fold up
They are so cumbersome
But me, I'm with you all the time
And not just sat at home.

And when you shake the excess off
As to the door you get
With out the shelter that I give
You'd be a lot more wet!

Stevie Taite

Converse

Converse are best worn marked and scuffed
They faithfully give comfort
Like the company of old, reliable friends.
Moulded by memories.

Stevie Taite

Cryptic Lipstick

Some poems are simplistic
They don't wear cryptic
lipstick
They never try to force it
If the words don't fit their corset
They may don a facade
But they never try too hard!
They're not as flat as pancakes
They are natural and are not fakes
Some work it trips and crashes
If it's wearing false eyelashes
'up do's ' can look pretentious
Wear it messy, be adventurous
It would lose all of its passion
If all poems followed fashion
Whether free flow, prose or rhyme
Wear it your way, it's looks fine

Stevie Taite

Cupids Arrows (Acrostic)

Capturing hearts with their mystical arrows
Up in the clouds, little cherubs do flutter
Playing their part in the search for new lovers
Intent on bringing the lonely together.
Dutiful Angels fly, carried by whirlwinds
Sent as from Venus herself, granting wishes
Amorous notions they hint through their strumming
Reciting sweet music, blown down through their kisses
Receiving them softly feels loves gently pulling
Opening eyes that before had been blind
Waiting in earnest for fate to end longing
Soaring hearts swoon as the the 'love struck' entwine

Stevie Taite

Cure For Stuttering

Whilst walking to work through Brunswick Square
A man on a bench went to stand
He wore a brown suit and he had auburn hair
And a notebook was poised in his hand

His eyes were sincere and they pleaded to me
More than his words when revealed
A stammering sentence
congealed at his lips
And the smirk at my mouth I concealed

I fashioned a smile which served to bring calm
And he heartily took in some air
He passed me the book at the end of his arm
And I read under his watchful stare

The sentence was simple, it said nothing new
And I handed it back with conviction
I decided to give him the time he was due
And help cure his crippling
affliction

He looked at me kindly with thanks in his face
And I noticed his eyes were ice blue
He spoke his first words with a steady pace
Which for him was a brave thing to do!

I turn out to be candidate number 3
He had been there from first light of Sun
He had to stop one hundred people like me
and get us to sign when he'd done!

Although I admit I first thought it a joke
And this method of cure quite absurd.
My mind would be swayed with each word that he spoke
By the last line less stutter was heard

I told him well done and I said he was brave
He thanked me and wished me good day

His eyes thanked me too with the look that they gave
And with that we both went on our way

Stevie Taite

Cyberspace

To live in Cyberspace amongst the wireless whizzung binary
Puts a mask upon our face and affords us anonymity

Its amazing how the jargon travels at the speed of light
So we shouldn't press the send button until constructed right

Some people cyber bully, some people cyber brag
Some people cyber buy and sell, and some just cyber shag

The magic of the net keeps us 'caught up' and collected
It's criss crosses the globe, ensuring loved ones stay connected

Is it safe to live here and frolic in the mesh?
I'd say it's good for humans but it isn't skin and flesh!

Even FaceTime apps and Skype don't have the same appeal
You can't give hugs in cyberspace, there's just no touchy feel!

I like the world it's opened up, It more than has a place
But let's not get so caught up we forget our open space.

Stevie Taite

Daddy, Swallow Your Pride.

I want to flip your view point over
With my spatula of persuasion
Tease the edges of your stubborn mind made up

I want to swap the duvet on your embedded
Wake up to a fresh perception
Shake the corners right down to the end

I want to plant a tiny seed of an idea
longing for the flower to take form
waiting for the right time to sow

I want to turn the page on your calendar
It's October and you are still on July
Remind you that times move on

I wouldn't change you for the world
even if I could, I wouldn't
But Daddy, swallow your pride with the drink I offer

Stevie Taite

Dear Old Jeeves

Glandular fever had made me skinny and pale
The sofa held my feeble form
Oh Jeeves, how you hopefully waggled your tale
Resting chin on my 'blankie', all tatty and worn.

Persistently nuzzling your slobbering snout
And whimpering gently your worry
As to why I had failed to get up and about
(My white cells seemed to be in no particular hurry)

Throughout those long days of my childhood disease
As I fought with my mal altered self.
You stayed by my side, wanting only to please
Waiting patiently for the return of my health

Then as I improved, and the illness subsided
You laid on your side for some rest
You welcomed my head as on your belly it resided
Grateful me in my oversized knickers and vest.

Stevie Taite

Digging To Australia

My dad has always been a terrible tease.
When I was small,
small enough for a lap not to notice, and small enough to think of things in a
simple way, he sold me a tease as a truth....

'Did you know
that
If you
dig
and keep digging,
eventually
you get to Australia? '

'Where Uncle Philips lives? ' I asked.
I remembered the pictures....
The Sun looked a warmer shade of yellow
in Australia. Warmth that made me imagine
sandpits and
ice-cream and
Paddling pools and
grass between wet toes.
It reminded me of
staying out playing, really late, and
smiling sleepily in my bed, whilst the Sun tried hard to bore through my curtains,

on its way down, behind the houses.

These were good things to remember.
I felt let down by the turn in the weather
and the need for a coat that got in the way of play!
It hadn't, of-course
stopped me enjoying
the crunch
of the leafy carpet
the trees had kindly lent.
Their colours
were warmer than
the bite of the air on my ears.
How I missed the gentle kisses of the Sun.....

'How long would it take? '

He was not specific with his answer, and he also said that in Australia, everyone was upside down.

'Isn't that a bit awkward and how do they not fall off? '

He said they didn't realise, as a thing called gravity kept them on the ground. I took it as read, although I hoped gravity was sticky enough and wasn't exactly sure how that could work!

He lifted me to the floor and I followed him to the front door. He was never allowed to leave for work until I got my kiss! It was my rule!

Naturally, as any small child would, who does not yet know about the true shape of the Earth, and
the fire at its molten core,
and all the rock
and all the miles,
and fully willing to risk
gravity,
I fetched my red spade
with the wooden handle
and made a start....

Mum was unhappy
with the hole in her lawn
She told me
that my father
was a terrible tease!
When she explained just the beginnings of how big the Earth truly was,
I cried.
She put the soil back,
and I cried some more.
Then she hugged me.
She also said that she
would be having words
with daddy,
when he got in from work.

Nowadays, I wish I could magically make that tale a reality. I wish it were that
easy! !

Why?
Because
Lisa!
With a world made so small
by technology
She has found her way
into my heart
through the spirit carried in her words.

I am in wonder at how love could grow so definitely and defiantly
all the way, there and back, from Australia!

I want to dig my way to her,
tomorrow,
with my red spade
with the Wooden handle.

You see, I miss her!
Our souls swim together in electromagnet waves.
This is comfort, and I don't mean to sound ungrateful.
But, just as my story started with me, tucked up on my dads lap, and at around
mid point, received the gentle squeeze of a loving mummy,
I long to give my Lisa a big fat hug! !

I want to
Link my arm through hers
and walk under the same sky.
Share a bottle
Have a laughing battle
Listen to her talking sense, and nonsense
And of corse,
get up to no good!

One day Lisa, we will meet. I don't believe in heaven and I am not sure I would
get a ticket anyway. So it has to be before we pop our clogs! Ok?

X x x x. X x x x x

Stevie Taite

Dream-Ed Muse

It happened as a dream-ed muse, transpired itself awake
The longing met its target, from his slumber she did shake

To share with her a spark of passions fire starting strike
A match of two, belonging where a lovers spell ignites

Each one searched a yearn-ed touch, caressing languid stature
Tantalising grasps sent heart rates racing in their rapture

Moistened flesh slid sweetly, kisses shared, did taste divine
Their forms explored for high reward and rhythms worked in time.

Let not that sensual closeness as a memory remain
Remind her how it felt so good , be close to her again!

Stevie Taite

Driftwood

Drift wood

Is this just 'fun' for you?
Coasting on the ride.
It's been deep here with me.
Now I'm washed up in the tide.

Crashing over rocks.
Could you not just hold my hand.
And carry me beyond.
To fall on softer sand?

I was struggling for air.
Whilst you washed over me.
I thought that I could swim.
But It's unfamiliar sea.

I'm craving for the mainland.
But an island's what I get.
Where my poor mind is stranded.
As it won't let me forget.

Would you send me the drift wood.
That you stowed a ride upon.
And want the tide to take us.
To a place where we'd belong.

Could we stay there a while?
Im not asking forever.
As I understand my rescue.
Doesn't end with us together.

Stevie Taite

Drug Induced Blood, Sweat And Tears

Blood

I bled for you
lies I said for you
Truth I force fed to you
Red leaves stains

Language I took from you
Money I shock from you
white dust had hold of you
Little remains

Sweat

I'm ringing wet
Things that you forget
Now you have regrets
White ringed tides

Kind I cannot be
Cruel will set you free
Son, please stop and see
My love abides

Tears

That I have wept
Nights I haven't slept
Mornings when you crept
Home again

I've done all I can
You are your own man
Need me, here I am
Heal your pain

Tears, sweet, blood will pour
I will mop the floor
You're worth fighting for
Please come back

Be the son I knew

Back with worries few
Where only hope once grew
Before the 'Crack'

Stevie Taite

Drunk And Disorganised

I tried to write a poem
whilst drunk
I thunk and I thunk
which is hard when you're drunk
But all I could thunk
was how bladdered I were
And that probably
all of my stanza would slur

Stevie Taite

Earth Without People

You wouldn't write a song and not ask a voice to share.
A balloon's a useless thing if you don't fill it with air.
We wouldn't make a hammer for a nail not to be hit
And who would craft a chair, then allow no one to sit
in it.

The crafting of this Earth followed logic of the same
With all conditions set just right for life to stake its claim
The other planets not designed or destined for this use
Then how could we, the most evolved, bombarded it with obtuse
abuse.

We use up its resources at a rate it can't sustain.
Its spells its sad prognosis but too slowly we refrain.
We watch the species dwindle, as we hog the crafted chair.
And our tone deaf ears kill nature's song with notes that simply are
not there.

Nature filled balloons with breathe of life that we pollute.
It almost seems at self destruction, we are resolute.
But worldly goods won't be redundant if we run our course.
Hammer will nail the coffin shut, too late to act on
our remorse.

Stevie Taite

Empty

My breath catches
in the ripples
of finality
at the surface of his beer

I nurse my long held plans,
as again I feel them die.
Wiping cold tears
as they fall down the side.

But I feel too empty to cry
My tears,
rung dry.

On a table near by,
laughter springs
from the belly of a baby.

My sad smile dances,
for comfort
in the arms
of the infants' chuckle.

It echoes its way
through my aching heart
and tugs, with two hands, at a vacant womb,
then buries itself in a wish...

That before all is lost,
I'll feel whole.
and will hold
a better moment
than this.

Stevie Taite

Exception To The Rule

'I' before 'e' except after 'c'

Im afraid that rule wasn't helpful to me!

I'm deficient at spelling and find it absurd

The incomprehensible weirdness of words

I'm reintroduced to the seismic array

Of words that don't follow the rules everyday!

My daughter is eight and

I hope she is free

of this problem with words

that weighs heavy on me

My neighbour and I feel the the same it would seem

We discuss the dilemma whilst sipping caffeine

It was all very foreign when I was at school

Can you find the words that are breaking the rule?

Stevie Taite

Feel Sad For Me

Feel sad for me
The 'death' I feel
For the thing I mourn
That wasn't real

The burning ache
So bitter sweet
Unleashed from where
My wishes sleep

Beneath the surface
Frozen cold
Defrosted by
Desires untold

So warm it felt
Though tinged with sorrow
A mouth of taste
Forbidden to swallow

My heart is whole
safe and cherished
And inner demons
Would see it perished?

If not for sense
And circumstance
How fond is felt
The backward glance

Stevie Taite

Fetal And Folded

Within this nurturing capsule
I am fetal and folded
I listen to the embryo of language
And bathe in a vibration of basal rhythm
Here is where I grow
I do not eat but I am fed well
I drink as I bathe
A fitting gestation
Brings my birth
to cry and breath in one
Perfect even if flawed
Uniquely I belong
To you

Stevie Taite

First Trip To The Pool For Rosie

Two tiny tots
Named Rosie and Jack
Raced to the revolving doors
With sports bags on their back

They were so excited
'Bout a morning at the pool
Jack had been just twice before
But Rosie, not at all.

They manoeuvred obligingly
To climb into their suits
Then as their mums locked up their stuff
The two were in cahoots

In between plans
About what, we'll never know
They made their way to pool side
Mums cried 'steady as you go'

Jack asked his friend
'Rosie, can you swim? '
She said 'Don't know, I've never tried.
I'll see when I get in'

'I can'
he boasted.
But really he could not
His goggles made his ears stick out
As in the pool he got.

Rosie followed after
The water wasn't cold
She seemed not to be anxious
And the side she didn't hold

Jack splashed his arms
Yet his feet stayed on the bottom
Rosie shouted 'swim then Jack!

.. Or have you forgotten? '

Jack got cross
His arms just flapped and flailed
He tried to lift his feet again
But hopelessly he failed

Rosie pondered quietly
The cogs in her head spinning
And then with out a warning
She had a go a swimming

And do you know what?
She swam right up to jack
And Both mums jaws dropped open
As she turned and swam right back

No one could explain
Where on earth she'd got those skills
Perhaps in her last life
She was an animal with gills!

Stevie Taite

Fishing

I went fishing, for you
Well more net dipping
Not wanting to upset the balance of nature
I clumsily caught you, fishing.....
Gently I placed you in my ice cream tub

I fed you with images, words and honesty
You ate eagerly, it appeared to please
I studied what I could see and tried to learn it by heart

I put the tub in the water
As I had been taught at home
So you could swim away freely and unharmed
I watched you swim
but by surprise, you swam back

And whilst I smiled the deepest your wish to return
I did not want to tame you all the same
You are not mine to keep
You belong in wider waters
But my ice-cream tub sits below the surface
Dear friend, if you are curious, swim by when ever
I may just, by coincidence walk past and peer in.

Stevie Taite

Floccinaucinihilipilification

Floccinaucinihilipilification

floc-ci-nau-ci-ni-hi-li-pi-li-fi-ca-tion. (breathe)

On last count it has 12 syllables, I do believe

It's about the longest word that I have ever seen

And I bet that you are asking, 'what the heck does this word mean? '

It is a flabagasting piece of vocabulary

And pronouncing it will need rehearsals, that is clear to see

But how to bring it into speech with out sounding show offy?

Or slip it in quite casually over a cup of coffee?

Well hear it is; You use this word when what you really meant

Is that you have found something to be... insignificant

So, Floccinaucinihilipilification

Is ' worthless' to us numpties as we'd need an explanation!

Stevie Taite

For The Sake Of The Fairies

It's important that everyone tries
To capitalise their pronoun I's
For when a person doesn't
A grammar fairy dies

When a child writes out the alphabet
for practice so they don't forget
All fairies are quite safe
(pew, you were worried there, I bet!)

obviously it would be absurd
if the i was in a word.
Too many would have passed
6, in this stanza you've just heard

Forgetting at a sentence start
Well, that would stop a fairies heart
Correct, 'for its to late and
Reverse their cardiac infarct!

I hope now that you realise
you'll never dot the pronoun I's
It's you! so make it count
and save those little lives!

Stevie Taite

Friday Night

To this point in time the ride had been rough
But the demand on posture to counter the motion would be forgotten
As impatience fermented foretaste

We took the detour,
Passed crisp, transparent slopes
Where mostly water fell into man made lakes
And the now distant mountains, with their treacherous descent would become
Embellished with a layer of illusory snow

At last we could switch off the noisy engine
And recline in our cerebral comfort
Intentionally stalling, windows fogging, distorting and enhancing the views.
Tunes shared through the muffled transmission of inarticulate hosts

Maybe a fools paradise from a wiser angle
We didn't care! This place was familiar and easily accessible.
But we knew if we did not leave before darkness fell we could not return home
safely from here.

Stevie Taite

Glimpse Of Her

Soft flesh revealed itself amply
Summer raised hems to the thighs
Shoulders shimmered and cleavage clocked
By heedfully chancing eyes

A cool beverage beckoned
Mates catching up for the week.
Numerous were the distractions
(A welcome distraction to seek)

Cloth clinging round the curvaceous
Or floating to veil female form
A fall of the Sun made transparent
The cottons and synthetics worn

There on a seat in the corner
Stretching the tone of her limbs
A girl on her own with sweet posture
Took innocent sips of her Pimms

One of the mates eyes meandered
Through the canyon of hope 'tween her legs
Her positioning gave him an angle
As he nursed the last 'glass clinging' dregs

The girl gathered up all her moneys
Slid lithely off her chair
Yet even with careful manoeuvre
gave glimpse of her white underwear

The man felt his loins aching gently
He savoured her neat revelation
The girl met the steel of his glances
Then smiled at the realisation

He blushed with the rise of his semi
She purchased a drink then walked back
Sat down with a glance at his table
(And let her legs open a crack)

He watched as she put on her lip stick
Making no qualms of his gaze
Pretending to pay no attention
She acted at not being phased

So obvious was the attraction
Physical distance made pale
Who would close down the small chasm?
Would it be female or male?

It was his turn for refilling
So he pointed requests from his friends
Then he strolled to the bar to place orders
But made sure he went down to her end

While he awaited the bar maid
To fill up the glasses with beer
He casually lent up beside her
A whispered some words in her ear

He swept back her hair oh so gently
That goose bump appeared on her neck
warm blood rushed to regions yet hidden
('Come meet me out side in a sec? ')

The grin at her lips gave the answer
She knocked back the Pimms that remained
He dished out the pints to his buddies
Who were not wise at all to his game!

Unwatched by his mates, busy
Gassing
He sneaked off out side for some 'air'
Nodding his head as he passed her
She soon duly followed him there

The warmth of the sun was upon them
Their hands entwined naturally
In search of a more quiet side street
Their touch shared electricity

At last, a mews meeting their purpose
Two bodies together were thrown
Lips found the taste they'd been yearning
Hands found erogenous zones

She stroked all along his erection
He thrilled that her gusset was moist
The brush of his touch made her tremble
Approved by the groan of her voice

Lust had no hint of subsiding
But obviously they had to slow
Exchanging their names, they decided
That for a sit down they should go

In shock at their intimate intro
Neither had done such before
A more usual date was suggested
As they whispered their needy 'encore '!!!!

Stevie Taite

Goalie Haiku

Studded shoes dig in
Foe wish for butter fingers
Be a mind reader

Net best stay empty
Stop mid flight by hands instead
Back of net is bad

Mouth guardian preempt well
Number less to make a win

Stevie Taite

Grandma Round For Tea

'Lets eat, grandma! 'Said the man with a grin.
He squeezed her bony hand in despair
'I know what I fancy for dinner today'
They peered inside, all the cupboard was bare

He squeezed her bony hand in despair
'I'm hungry' Said he.' I could kill for a bite'
They peered. Inside all the cupboard was bare?
But he knew he had gran for dinner tonight?

'I'm hungry' he said. 'I could kill for a bite'
Gran now no more in ignorant bliss!
He knew he had gran for dinner tonight
The cauldron did bubble, and whistle and hiss

Gran. Now no more. In ignorant bliss
She'd struggle much less now the knife was in.
The cauldron did bubble, and whistle and hiss
'Lets eat grandma' Said the man, with a grin.

Stevie Taite

Greedy Poem Gannet

I stuff my face with poems here
The meals served up in reams
I indulge in wordy gluttony
I'm bursting at the seams

But still you serve me more and more
Just like a pushing Aunt
I eat and eat all that I can
But finish? I just can't

You cook and bake and fry and grill
The most delicious food
I want to at least try it all
So you don't think me rude

Even 'back of cupboard' tins
Will not go out of date
And if you all stopped cooking
All the meals would still taste great

There so much here to be consumed
Enough to feed the planet
I savour all I can
As I'm a greedy poem gannet

I've started cooking recently
To add into the mix
I have a mind of recipes
Do try the meals I fix!

Stevie Taite

Grow A Happy Tree

Good friend, take my hand, come with me
I planted you a happy tree
Please water it with hope and love
And it will grow the ground above
I'll care for it when you are weak
And help you find the life you seek!
And so you don't lose sight of your dream
I thought I'd make it evergreen!

Stevie Taite

High Board

I teeter at the edge
Peering down into the deep
Precariously balancing
Eyes closed, imagining

If I take that step
There is no going back
The fall will be exhilarating
Heart in mouth, liberating

And when it is done?
What will I become?
Will I repeat the plummet
Or enough to say I've done it!

It's water after all
What is to be afraid?
It laps below, summoning
Cajoling, teasing, beckoning.

The edge and back, the edge and back
A maddening frustration
A pride that I'm defending
Backs away and starts descending.

Stevie Taite

Honour Killing?

From your loins, bear this beautiful fruit
Surely never tastes bitter, but her suitor didn't suit

From your guarded gardens to our fields spread vast
She grew on those borders with a split in the cast

A heart from the fields had her love buried deep
and that crack in the cast Is where two cultures meet

Your unnatural actions, twisted, evil, inhumane
Understanding escapes me...she put shame upon your name?

I hope you both rot for the gift you ripped apart
Your kind god is forgiving..but for this he has no heart! !

Stevie Taite

I Cry

Can I cry and get over you now?
Dear heart,
Stop your bleeding
Stem the flow
I am pleading
Can I cry and let go of you now?

Can I cry and get over you now?
Brave mind
Stop tormenting
That's enough
I'm repenting
Can I cry and let go of you now?

Can I cry and get over you now?
Sweet soul
Stop your bearing
I am done
Done with caring
Can I cry and let go of you now?

I cry for me now, letting go.
Bleed dry
Tired minds eye
Stop caring? I lie
Don't think I will ever get over you

Stevie Taite

I Like Me!

I love my legs
There I said it woohooooo
And my boobs aren't that bad
For a mother of two

My legs are quite long
And I use them to run
My boobs are quite small
But they're still bags of fun

The rest of my body
Can't really complain
Though it took some hard graft
Convincing my brain

My face isn't classic
According to who
Some magazine monkeys
With 'photoshop' glue

I'm not getting younger
But strangely it seems
I like myself more
Than I did in my teens!

When the crows feet just stayed
Even after the laughter
I was sad for a bit
But life's still good after!

I've been through dark phases
Feeling rough in my skin
But I found a real beauty
When I searched from
Within

I've thrown those thoughts out
I am thankful and free
Now I'm not holding back

I have grown to love me!

Stevie Taite

I Need A Mentor

I need a mentor
Who's honest with kind
Sift prudently through
The ideas of my mind

They'll wring them out gently
Shake them flat, watch them dry
have a cloud with more wisdom
rain down from the sky

they'll challenge and stretch
Whisper things I don't see
Prescribe when it's illing
and think well of me

I'm sitting here waiting
Having penned this big ask
In the hope a kind soul
finds my plea, wants the task

I'm needy and draining
My faults are a many
It's a lot to take on
For not even a penny

But I hope if you read
What I spill from my heart
you'll see something you like
And we can make a start!

Stevie Taite

I Pinch But Flesh Does Not Answer

I pinch but flesh does not answer
I know I do not have long here
A wave of hesitation washes wonderfully over

On your face a serene smile
But you are silent
I steal a breath and drift to your side, through the daisies and buttercups

Innermost mind more endless than the universe
But trustily it searches for our favourite haunt
You smell so very real and for a tenuous moment I am content

My weightless body feels small, wrapped in the memory of your arms
You cup my face in your familiar hand and I taste my tears
You never left me, did you? You did? oh. I wake to a damp pillow.

It is best I am not the keeper of my dreams
The gate is unlocked and you are free to come and go as you please
For if not, in sleep, death shared, as I would choose to sleep forever.

Stevie Taite

Id And The Ego's

Last night my Id, the tricky minx
Just had to play a game
The day before both Egos
Occupied my busy brain!

They fight for my attention
These triplets born of Freud
Internal conflict Manifests
In things I should avoid.

I try to keep a balance
Between my heart and head
But when bad feels so bloody good
I side with Id instead!

Stevie Taite

Invest In Friends

Invest in friends
With reliable interest rates
For good returns

Stevie Taite

Invigilator Blues

Invigilation. Invigilator.

I work in a school and part of the Summer
is this mind numbing task, of watching mind spill.

through the ink of a pen as
their papers fill.

I pace the floors behind 'silence please' doors,
indifferent host to their moment of truth.
They have time against them. I have just time.

Time. Time to hold vigil, the passing of time.
Quite the skill, to slip out past the tedious grind.
Just how to lead this trail of thought past empty time?

To survive, it will wander where it will.
keeping one eye on this room that they fill.
Believe me when I say, this time can be enjoyed....

I will tell you of a particular day,
in a hot room, wrestling the boredom.
How my mind fought, surrendering at last, to thoughts of you.

It took just a few of those moments to
remember how it feels when you are close.
There, it lingered a while, and breathed you in.

I held you in my mind, tight as I could.
Pulling free, fleetingly, whilst I dealt with a dropped pen.
Then my mind wrapped me up in your arms, once again...

It wandered oddly to behind my left ear,
where it was mesmerised by the gentle glide
of your fingers as they tidied a stand of hair..

It wandered to the soft skin at the very
top of my thigh, and, quite taken aback,
it thrilled at the pressure of your warm palm..

It wandered, quite leisurely underneath white cotton cloth
where you teased me cruelly
beneath the confines of my summer skirt.

It found itself exploring your mouth with my kiss,
and meandering to the nape of your neck.
It took your hand and followed your lead.

Back to a whole afternoon, dipping
in and out of daydreams of you, mmm. you.
Content with your role in the muse that I choose

a delectable shade of exam blues...

Then, a timely request for more paper,
and a fall through the quick sands of lost time...
Just 15 minutes left! ! I was a little sad.

The last paper collected, I made haste,
to be stopped in my tracks by a small request;
'Can you do the maths exam tomorrow? '

I smiled, turned around, rolled my eyes and sighed, 'Yes'

Stevie Taite

Invisible

Did you spot the girl
Who sat all alone,
On a bench in a playground
Outcast and unknown?

The mates meet up early
To recall and recite
From the programmes they watched
On the previous night

The girl on the bench
Her eyes dart pensively
She doesn't join in
As she has no tv

The mates meet for break
Strong opinions they share
On what clothes they like
Trends in labels to wear

The girl on the bench
Turns away in her shame
She doesn't join in
Shabby clothes on her frame

The mates meet for lunch
The school rings with loud prattle
The alpha females
Choose a cage they can rattle

The girl on the bench
muted through her own choice
She doesn't join in
scared of her own small voice

The mates have a moan
At their parents restrictions
Loving guardian's angst
They interpret as friction.

The girl on the bench
Knows the deal she's been dealt
She doesn't join in
Little love has she felt

The mates gather up
Final bell has been rung
The school empties out
All except one.....

The girl on the bench
Sadly stands and walks home
How she longs to fit in
And not feel so alone.

Stevie Taite

Jahan's Special Place

The water splashes round you
You balance on your heel
A half a smile upon your face
How does the water feel?

Your clothes are cream and comfortable
Your form blends with the spray
I see your hem is dampened
Will it dry soon on this day?

You shared with us your river
And the memories it finds
Your prose made waters flow right through
The image in my mind.

x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x

Stevie Taite

January Acrostic (With Rhyme)

J uncture of the year
A t which we like to make
N umerous null promises
U ndoubtedly they'll take
A bout a week to break
R esolutions gone awry
Y et again next year we'll try

Stevie Taite

Just A Load Of Silly Limericks About People I Know

I know young lady called Dee
Who lived in a bubblegum tree
She savoured the view
Whilst big bubbles she blew
And she only came down for her tea.

I know I young lady called Carolyn
Who said she was gonna go travelling
She afforded the lot
By a pay out she got
When her ex got impaled by a javelin.

There once was a poet called Ben
Who couldn't let go of his pen
He had a 'to do'
With some strong super glue
And it's been stuck there ever since then.

There once was a young Mr bright
Who wanted his farts to ignite
When he lighted the match
His fart just wouldn't catch
Coz the pants he had on were too tight!

I know a young lady called Laurie
Who burped after eating a curry
By god it was loud
And for this she was proud
Then she giggled and said she was sorry!

There once was a young man called Will
Who found it quite hard to sit still
He did not sit down once
No not even for lunch
It eventually made him quite ill

I know a lady called Karen
Who hired a group of hit men
She payed a few bob

For this one special job
And her ex was not spotted again

I know a girl called Nicola
Who craved for a day at a spar
She wanted shellac
And a rub of her back
But thought waxing was going too far

Stevie Taite

King Henry's Roast Pig

King Henry's roast pig.

'This orange tastes like pigs crap'
Our brows concertinaed. Our jaws hung
The tooth pierced sack of offending pap
Was spat in the bin, and her sleeve scoured her tongue

I eye balled the black marble breakfast bar
Sort of embarrassed yet slightly amused
My sniggering friend did her best to assure;
'There are worse words she could have used '

'Sweetie, that outburst was out of the blue!
You could have picked a less colourful way
to express your dislike.' (Thank goodness you knew
that crap was the better bad word to say!)

She returned to her book and found her place
Horrible histories; King Henry was feasting
on roasted pig, orange globe in it's face
She was sure that it winked as she carried on reading.

Stevie Taite

Lake Swimming

Streamlined hands spear the lake, cascading a rhythm repeated
Smooth undulation descends with each stroke I take
A perpetual movement where my weight is defeated
Streamlined hands spear the lake

Effortless, graceful, no splash do I make
White noise sees my stresses retreated
Leaving my worries back there in my wake

A mile, maybe two, body and mind, meditation completed
Wonderfully tired, beginning to flake
The waters do witness a tension deleted.
Streamlined hands spear the lake.

Stevie Taite

Left Can'T Be Left Without Right

Often I take a vacation
Where drive is on the right
I weave an alphabet of roads there
I enjoy the scenery
When I am at this place
It is ok to spill!
I am passionate, impulsive and a little bit wreck less

Then it's back to work
And have left it all behind
Sometimes order and organisation are necessary
But the temptation is
To get out and walk
On the right
And face the oncoming

Stevie Taite

Left Lobe Anxiety

Left lobe torment

Often I take a vacation
Where drive is on the right
I lay an alphabet of roads
paint my own scenery
sky suits a changing muse.
When I explore this place
I create
I express
I spill without anxiety!
But across the channel I reluctantly sail
Where drive is on the left
And it's a struggle
To steer through the neat mesh
surrounded by concrete
Feeling the limits of my route
I comply
I restrain
I spill often, with anxiety
But the temptation is
To get out and walk
On the right
And face the oncoming

Stevie Taite

Longing A Banished Word!

If I could cast a magic spell
To cover the deceit
Protecting kin from any Sin
Then freely we could meet

Saved from hurt, the ones we love
A parallel we'd find
Where longing was a banished word
As nobody would mind

But no such trick exists
So surreptitiously we tread
Need outweighing guilty thoughts
no mention of it said

More sensible would be
To pinch the flame that burns within
Yet the sorrow that this idea brings
Extinguishes the sin

How cruel it is to have to choose
Each path carved through the soul
But one path shatters many lives
The other leaves them whole.

Stevie Taite

Make Friends

Reality

He is a prick

That pops your bubble

Honesty

She is a bully

That stamps on your rose tinted glasses

Well you better make them your friends then!

Stevie Taite

Merry Christmas To All My Poet Pals!

I see rhyme
At Christmas time
I hear Christmas
Bells that chime
I'll taste buckets
Of mulled wine
I see rhyme
At Christmas time

My heart lifts
On Christmas Day
Getting gifts
From Santa's sleigh
Excited kids
'Hooray' they'll say'
My heart lifts
On Christmas Day

Ply myself
With Christmas zeal
Drink good health
Prepare the meal
Greatest wealth
The love we feel
Ply myself
with Christmas zeal

Stevie Taite

Messy Daughter

Messy daughter
Messy daughter
Makes my blood boil
Ought to just
Follow after
Bin her trail
Of disaster

Put away
Put away
Is it too much to ask?
Didn't inherit
The 'tidy' gene
Well, at least
SHE'S quite clean!

Stevie Taite

Mind Over Matter

Mind over matter
What's the matter?
It's your assumption
Be responsible for it

If the matter doesn't mind
That's because why should it?
Your mind put it there.
It only really matters to you.

Mind over matter
Mental strength
With this matter in mind
I need to work out
So I am less vulnerable

Stevie Taite

Mirror Mirror

Mirror mirror
You tell lies
Who put crows feet
Round my eyes?

Mirror mirror
Hanging there
Who put that grey
In my hair?

Mirror mirror
Is that me
Is that really
Me I see?

Mirror Mirror
Stop your fun
That's not me
That is my mum

Mirror mirror
Don't stare back
For it's bad luck
If you should crack

Mirror mirror
On days like these
When what I see
Doesn't please

Mirror mirror
My mood this day
Will ask you turn
The other way!

Stevie Taite

Mother

My mother
Once was
The centre
On my circle maker

My mother
Once was
The warmth
Around a cold hand

My mother
Once was
The smile
On a pensive face

My mother
Once was
The rule
To run rings around

My mother
Once was
The champion
Of assurance and affection

My mother
Once was
The guide
Through a foreign land

My mother
Is now
The open window
Of a tamed bird

My mother
Will always be
In my heart
And part of me.

Stevie Taite

Mother And Daughter

Not so cunning as a fox
My curious daughter went uninvited into my jewellery box

She left a trail of clues so clear
That said she had explored my gear

But a memory was unfolded
I didn't question, I left her unscoulded

I remember having the same obsession
With my own mothers precious possessions

It made a smile wash over, with pounding heart beats.
Mother and daughter, for ever and ever and history repeats!

Stevie Taite

My First Sonnet One Sided Love.

O heart! Resting in a cloud like breast,
Listen what says my heart in my chest.
Thy door close, thy ear and eyes shut,
Open them, Feel hear and see, the cut.

The cut that runs deep and spilleth my feelings
Whereas thine for me are shy from revealing
Let thy heart on thy sleeve live
As mine to thee I am willing to give.

To give and pair it with heart thine,
Own me, my love in thy clouded shrine.
Hold me to thy heart in a floating sleep,
As Longing for thy love, sleepless I weep.

I weep through this darkness, a most wretched storm
From my night in the morn, pray will to me thee warm?

Stevie Taite

Nail Varnish Numpty

I wish I was clever at painting my nails
But varnish just laughs in my face
I try to paint flawlessly, but doomed to fail
The lacquer won't stay in its place

I start off determined that perfect they'll be
The left hand come close to the mark
I let them dry out so they'll stay all smudge free
And then on the right, I'll embark

This is where 'do it yourself' cannot work
As ambidextrous I am not
It looks like a three year old child's gone berserk
So I end up removing the lot

Even if polish keeps where it's meant
With cuticles sitting unscathed
I guarantee before an hour is spent
Their surface looks dull and engraved!

The science of make up has answered our prayers
With the smudge and chip free makes about
I 'll have to remortgage my house but who cares
I'll flaunt my nails more when I'm out!

Stevie Taite

Not In This Universe

I did dream for more time
Wish and want for proper time
A first date....wine and dine
The cinema your hand in mine
A first time lips meet
An evening stroll along any street
A first mornings kissed
Nay this universe missed
That moment in the past was lost
Then permitting only time at cost
At an inconvenient date
Drawn together all too late
Precious sand falls by gravity's ask
Hear the ticking futility as deceptive hours pass
Time wistfully wasted
Longings end is sorrowfully tasted
no will to wash my hands of kin
A life time made and saved here in
Pitiful heart beats on
Invested hearts continue strong

Stevie Taite

Notes

Necessary scribblings done by every humaN
Only species that has the compulsive need tO
Transcribe reminders so we are less likely to forgeT.
Endless tree killing paper trails we relentlessly makE!
Seems e-mail and text still can't replace paper noteS

Stevie Taite

On Your Pillow

On your pillow
Indent made
Shower running
There I laid
Sleepily
I stretched my limbs
And smiled as now
my act begins
I did feign
Unconsciousness
And breathed so deeply
As you dressed
I waited
as you fumbled blind
To see if you would
Still be kind
And gently plant
A morning kiss
Not try to wake me
From this bliss
(Soft wet touch
like dawns fresh mist)
Then pick your change
In pocket put
Down stairs you went
With gentle foot
And quietly
You turned the key
So careful not
To disturb me
You did this
As you always do
My darling husband
I love you!

Stevie Taite

One Last Coffee

Meet me for this one last coffee
So we can kiss our last goodbyes
Sit close and be as awkward as me
(one more look into your eyes)

Then somehow I'll hide you inside me
deep within my vaulted chest
Please wipe the trail of my mascara
And wish my weary heart at rest!

Stevie Taite

One Year A Tree Day

Oh gently giants
How are you so old?
Calendar after calendar
Shaped from your sacrifice
Crowned producer so cleverly a meal maker
Sun fed in joyous morn, your hazy green unfolds a shady relief
Making most of your day, you silently forge another ring
By evening your clothes are wondrously worn from visible labours
Nay with your resourceful reasoning you shall stitch and recycle whilst rewarding
your tiny helper
And in your night, naked and fasting, sipping your mineral (homemade) tippie
and
contemplating your next great day.....
Our year a tree day
Bare, bud, green, gold
This is how you are so old!

Stevie Taite

Our Auntie Maggie (Roundeau)

Our Auntie Maggie used to sit
In winters evening she would knit
No sooner was one garment done
She'd go and start another one
Selected from her knitting kit

She'd always have a candle lit
The gentle light it did emit
Was how it was when she was young
Our Auntie Maggie

Our Uncle Dave worked down the pit
He'd come home late covered in shit
There'd always be a warm bath run
Poor sod, he barely saw the Sun
She loved him so, the silly git
Our Auntie Maggie

Stevie Taite

Our Craft (Haiku)

Eloquently done
Your form you shape with chisel
Chisel of the mind

My eyes caress it
Feel filed contours of stanza
Such pleasing artwork

Bag of ideas put to work
New shapes will take form
today

Stevie Taite

Payal Limerick

There once was a poet called Payal
Who's poetry really took sail
It travelling this sight
Giving readers delight
And to please us she just couldn't fail!

Stevie Taite

Pictures From Bama

My friend Tom's from Alabama
State bird, Yellowhammer
Golden rod's their state flower
By the road side, it does tower
In full bloom this time of year
Growing out of waters clear
Waters where the fishing's fine
Horizon lined with long leaf pine
These the pictures he sends me
Bitter sweet 'heart of Dixie'
The best is when his time is free
In the sun he likes to be
Drives his boat to nearest lake
Leaving dry land in its wake
Catching bass of winning size
Aware of black bears watchful eyes
He contemplates a time gone by
Mesmerised by dragon flies
Who hover there, metallic blue.
Then blurred wing dart them out of view.
He also dreams of what's ahead
As he wades back through the reedy bed
As crickets sing their trilling drone
Alabama state, for now his home.

Stevie Taite

Pink Or Blue?

She asked
Do you want a drink?
I said yes I do I think....
How much do I owe
She said don't be silly,
Here you go

She asked
So, do you like pink?
I had to stop and think
I said No I prefer blue
But I appreciate the view,
And thank-you

Stevie Taite

Poetic Licence

Poetic licence

I use my poetic licence a lot
Its a vital piece of ID
Border control won't let me cross
They'd stop me being as free

Its dog eared now beyond repair
And if it falls to bits
I'll order me another
For all language's misfits

I use it so much when I jiggle my words
Ought to get it laminated
Cover my back when the words don't quite fit
In the stanza I've created

The poem police are out there you know
In search of a dodgy poet
Always carry it in your head
In case you have to show it!

If you are so daring
That you'd use a word like orange....
Some would get a nervous twitch
I get a nervous twinge!

A few words, they just cant be rhymed
No matter if you're smart
So write in prose
And prosper in this slightly different art.

Stevie Taite

Poor Little Pinkies

My dearest little pinkies
With your tips of ruby treasure
I know you'll be complaining
Soon
And screaming your displeasure

Say hello to socks and boots
The weather is the reason
And that pedicure I got you
Was the last one of the season

You're happiest when you can wriggle freely all the day
But sadly you must kiss goodbye
To flip flops til next May

You'll moan at being squashed and sore
I'll promise as you groan
Of freedom from your clompy cells
As soon as I get home.

Stevie Taite

Pop Fairy

When my daughter was six,
she swallowed a tooth
At first, she wasn't aware
But then as her tongue
found the hole in her gum,
she realised her tooth wasn't there!

Now, my girl had her eye
on a toy in a shop
and she knew that the tooth fairy paid.
She guessed teeth might get her
a few pound a pop
so she cried when her tooth got 'mislaid'

She thought that her chance
of getting some cash
were lost when her tooth got ingested
The tooth fairy surely
required some proof
before she paid up and invested

I settled her mind
and came up with a plan..
Write a letter, that's what she should do
Asking the fairy
to wait a few days
when the tooth would get flushed down the loo.

I told her that fairies
who didn't work hard
and hadn't achieved their full quota
were usually also
the ones that were sent
to retrieve a lost tooth from a floater

The note that she wrote
said how sorry she was
and asked if there was any chance
of coming back later

when nature had called
but getting the pay in advance

When all that was done
she got ready for bed
and hoped that her note would be found
So happy was she
when the morning arrived
The tooth fairy had left her 2 pound

Stevie Taite

Positivity

I'm finding truth within myself.
It barricades my mental health
I had to find belief in me
Without this I was trapped, you see

My heart is large, with feelings deep
And often for the world I weep
So try I may and try I might
Do what I can, to help it right

I seek the beauty all around
If you look hard it can be found
Turn the tainted on its tail
Let positivity prevail

The God I seek rings in us all
But many chose to miss the call
Just maybe though, without this wrong
Ideas of right would not hold strong

Without the dark there is no light
Without the ground there is no flight
So count your blessings, hold them close
And of them you must make the most.

Stevie Taite

Post Traumatic Stress Disorder

Three years!
Three years! !
From beginning to 'all is well'
One wayward body cell
The catalyst for merry hell.

Forced headlong into battle
with armed reinforcements
To overhaul
Malignant mutated mutiny
Unimaginable anxiety
blind bravery
Surviving the fallout
Of chemical warfare

And.....

Then.....

.

enemy overthrown

Triumph and relief

Head scarves worn
To mourn
A loss

Scarred battlefields become

Beautiful landscapes
once again

Hazy shadows
Like springs re-growth
Signal the end of
This cruel, draw out
testing winter

And.....

Then.....

Numbness

No one warned her about this

The re-living of the battle

Post traumatic stress disorder

Quiet tears and fading facade

A survivor

Toll taken

How to be there for a survivor?

Stevie Taite

Product Appeal

Mine is for niche, not wide market promotion
And only some have opted to 'buy the full version'

The parts are functioning and well organised
But I, forever scrutinise

If I am not happy with my wares
Who is going to want to buy shares?

Stevie Taite

Promises

He sharpened his tongue before he came
I had ears shielded with understanding
Innocently I had follied, too horizontal
He was vertically vexed
I was rehearsed, tail tucked, eyes downcast
He was ready to prompt me, with poignant pauses
I knew my lines and I meant to mean every word
I cannot act to save my life
When it was done I let him own his smugness
And I made promises I would try and keep.

Stevie Taite

Putting Computers In Their Place

The age of computers and clever machines
Came from the minds of the human supremes
They thought it would ease
and relieve human plight
But the truth is it doesn't with thoughtful hindsight
They may do things quicker and save lots of space
No need for CD rack or even book case
I connect with the world just by moving my thumb
And check if tomorrow we'll get rain or sun
It's all very clever but here is the catch
What technology churns out a human can't match
So supreme own the world as all power they rob
And more and more people are losing their job
But poems and music and dance and great art
Set the machines and us quite far apart
From our brains come a wonder, it's what makes us great
The expression of art forms, desire to create
A computer falls flat on its binary face
In this one respect, we put them in their place!

Stevie Taite

Reclining Nude

How fruitful, the rounded limbs of the reclining nude.
Soft contours long to be caressed by the eye
In all feminine holds robust strength
Fragility insults the perception of woman.
In this form, sensual solidity transfuses with sweetened slopes of eb and flow.
Womb throbs under curved florescent reflections, transcribing life's intriguing
form
Breasts propped, from where warm heart of desire beats fervently
On a proud pedestal
Thighs rest, unified with the gravity of Mother Earth.

Stevie Taite

Regeneration

Your muse is a starfish in midnights' ocean
She lives deep, embedded in your soul
In tired agitation you tore off her arms
Knowing full well that they would regrow
Her voice is heard loudly through your pen
She floats to the shallows and her words meander
Illuminated by the moons borrowed light
She discretely makes way through your candour

Stevie Taite

Response To A Great Poem About Spiders

I read a poem called 'spider month'
It portrayed the fear, and was a triumph
In reply I wrote this poem below
(The poet was V. Doherty, so you know)

I also dread that time of year
But thankful for the flies they clear

I wish they'd hide, stay out of sight
Not scurry 'cross the boards at night

A movement in periphery
Makes heart rate rise immediately

I'm quick to make my feet retract
For fear of them is not an act

Perhaps we shouldn't be so hard
On keeper of the fly graveyard

I have one up upon a shelf
I never see him, he is stealth

I often have to use a Hoover
Just as a dead fly remover

He kills the wasps, he's that hardcore
As creatures, I hate them much more

As long as he stays out of sight
To let him live? I think I might! X x

Stevie Taite

Return Journey Blues

Like drones, all descending through dank, cool air.
Simple hours detach a sultry hot breeze.
Stubborn attire leaves sun kissed skin bare
Warm breath leaves in clouds from their clement bodies

Antipodean are hankered and yearned
Past the conveyer of their yesterweek
Dragging the luggage of Landry, spurned
Assembled in haste, no wish to fold neat.

Weighty and weary, surrendered to home
Faces depict Father Time as a cheat
How could the fortnight be over so soon?
Fleetingly wanting time stuck on repeat

Holiday Sun now a near memory
Softening blues with a nice cup of tea.

Stevie Taite

Riptide

The layers of comment
fall on top
Like in the making of
sedimentary rock
And fossilised
amongst opinions
are thanks for support
In this dominion

The layers of words
whether many or few
Will recycle our eyes
to Poets new
So we can deposit
some thought of ours
Big apologies if it takes
more than hours

Hey where are the poems
in this analogy
They are the beautiful
deep blue Sea
That laps and swirls
with riptides of emotions
We take pleasure in swimming
in the poetic ocean!

Stevie Taite

Root Erosion

Longevity Suffocates and can be too much
Omitted less easily, the repeated small stigma
Vexing even the most forgiving, patient heart
Eroding loves foundations with roots of hate

Stevie Taite

Rose Tinted Glasses

Plaaa don't ask me to take off
My rose tinted glasses
Sometimes when it's blurry
I peek over the top
But I really can't see 'very well'
Without them!

Stevie Taite

Ruby Ruby Honeytip

Ruby Ruby Honeytip
Heavens what a title
You' d see how fitting is the name
At her poetry recital

What a gem, what a sweet treat
Ruby Honey tip
A read may find your buttons torn
And heading for your zip

Ruby Ruby Honeytip
I'm obviously a fan
Comes highly recommended
Go read her if you can!

Stevie Taite

Saved

Scraped
the inside surface of my rib cage

Hell
Was never turning to the next page

Stagnant
Murdering surface of the pond weed

Sealed
Entombed and stifled by the wrong need

Scared
Was how malignancy had grown strong

Faced
Was how to kick it into head long

Healed
The mind that breaks out of its prison

Saved
The ledge that sanity had given

Stevie Taite

School Pick Up Haiku

The rain is falling
Guess it must be the school run
Bloody typical

Stevie Taite

Seale Limerick

There once was a poet named Seale
With writes of far reaching appeal
He wrote through the night
Where his poems took flight
And when they were done he'd reveal

Stevie Taite

Sealed

Within the seal, a captured mirage
I am excused to miss you

Within this sealed tomb, shy from light
I am sure it is safe to love you

In the interim I lay feigned trust in the seal
Nay you seep out like sand through fingers

A breeze sees you reach every waking hour
Dusting my heart with brown sugar

The desert in some sense a serene landscape
But thirst and searing heat sharpens the opposing blade

I walk in the desert day after day
Until I can once again set you free from your tomb.

Stevie Taite

Serpentine

My favourite hour is spent at the lake, where my weight feels defeat
Conquering eddies with each stroke I take
Fighting the chill with my own body heat
My favourite hour is spent with the lake

Playing at how little splash I can make
White sound of a womb sees my stress in retreat
Leaving it drifting, back there in my wake

A mile, maybe more, meditation complete
Wonderfully tired, beginning to flake
Making my way back to finding my feet
My favourite hour spent well with the lake

Stevie Taite

She Wants To Swim

She wants to swim
I feel her pulling at my surface
In her cage, stirring
The waters lap to torment her chagrin
Shall I swim with her?
Beside her?
I possess the key, but freely would put you in charge
My offer of freedom to swim
Is to slip my sympathetic fingers
Into the moist
And coax her out
I know her every move,
when to be slow,
when to wait
When to quicken
She responds, yields and spills out into her release
She is the most divine creature to see set free
She would swim as well with you with some training.

Stevie Taite

Showing My Bladder Who's Boss!

Oh what an annoyance
It happens to be
When my bladder, at night
Wakes me up for a wee

I'm often too sleepy
And stubborn I get
So I drift back to sleep
As I'm sure I won't wet

The nerves from my bladder
I try to block out
As to nod off again
Is what I am about

You then try to trick me
By hijack of dreams
But I've learnt not to cave
In your dreamed up latrines

Some how I control you
As I'd rather stay warm
You had your short freedom
When I was first born

Back then, you took charge
You let loose when you liked
But by about two
I could seal you up tight

I batten the hatches
And legs I will cross
You got emptied at bed time
So I'll show you who's boss!

And then come the morn
With call of the alarm
You'll give a sharp prod
With your quick nervous arm

I'll jump out of bed
As I won't get to choose
The option of pressing the
Button for snooze

I'll run for the loo
What relief it will be
To empty my bladder
(But when it suits me!)

Stevie Taite

Shy

Hi

My name is Stevie
and I hide behind type
because I am so shy.

I suffer diffidence.
So I started to write
And then I couldn't stop

The shyness steels my words.
Sense falls from broken string,
like helpless beads slipping

Unfastened anxiety.
A clumsy splattering
of awkward utterings.

So I deal in writing,
arrange the beads with zeal
and tie the bloody string

I don't know what I think
until I lay it down
in the comfort of ink.

Stevie Taite

Sides, Edges And Vertices Edited

Sides form the faces that we see
They make shapes in 2D
Edges are where two sides meet
To walk on them would hurt your feet
Vertices, three plus edges joint
Come together as a point
To count them in exam's quite a trick
Even with a 3D pic
Not everyone can visualise
And to learn the rules you must revise!

Stevie Taite

Sky Fall

When ever I go running, I'm
Forever dodging poos
one eye kept on path, so none mars my running shoes.
.Experience bestowed a pearl of wisdom recently.....
So take heed, increase your speed, when you run beneath a tree.
You are sure to steer your path around a steaming doggy turd
But its much harder avoiding getting shat on by a bird!

Stevie Taite

Snowflakes

Each intricate snowflake that lands on your glove
Or diagonals its way to the ground
pray wish for conditions to favour its stay
As much beauty in them can be found.

Their life story starts when the temperature falls
To between two and zero degrees
The precipitation falls away from a cloud
Pulled by gravity, destined to freeze

In high atmosphere, the thin air is not clear
It is sprinkled with pollen and dust
Extremely cold droplets of water stick fast
And encase each in hard icy crust

So there is its birth, and the embryo grows
From crystal so tiny and pure
The journey to Earth sees it widen its girth
As vapour collects more and more

It's crystalline arms grow in numbers of six
And all mirrored in sweet symmetry
The molecules merge, with arrangement they fit
Like they knew where their place had to be.

More wondrous still is how each is unique
Not ever can two be alike.
Conditions are constantly in state of flux
On the path that they take whilst in flight.

A selection of prisms and Lacey designs
Or needles and feathery fluff
Make sure you take time to examine a few
If they manage to last long enough!

Stevie Taite

Splinters And Fragments

I stole a splinter from your heart.
For being numb,
you barely noticed
So I took as well
A tiny fragment.
I hid the theft
'Neath my muse.

When my muse
had twirled it through
its tainted fingers
It carried it back
To you
In pathetic prose.

The shadow of my heart
hitched a ride
On your ego

How did a shadow lifted
Darken my heart?

Do you still bask
in it's shade
With a splinter
and a fragment
from your heart
Singing amongst
pitiful prose?

Stevie Taite

Stark

All matter and existence
build from the concept of quark
Stark

Everything you need for life
Fits on one Arc
Stark

A misty graveyard with just
the song of the Lark
Stark

The raving madness that takes hold
and makes you bark
Stark

The cutting bluntness
of a succinct remark
Stark

Barren, the searing desert.
I fight the urge to disembark
Stark

A broken mind, in the shade
of depression, so dark
Stark

A winters morn alone
on a bench in an empty park
Stark

Stevie Taite

Stark (5,3,1 Structure For Gulsher: -)

All matter that existence here
constructed of quark?
Stark

Everything you need for life
Fits one arc?
Stark

A misty graveyard with only
Song of Lark
Stark

Raving madness that takes hold
Makes you bark
Stark

Cutting bluntness of succinct remark
Stalks like shark
Stark

Barron, the searing hot desert
Must not disembark
Stark

Broken mind, shades
under depression
So very dark
Stark

Winters morn sitting on bench
In empty park
Stark

Stevie Taite

Stillborn

Silence did haunt the delivery room
Tortured by labour forlorn
Infant lay lifeless in saddening gloom
Limp but so perfectly formed
Life was not meant to inhabit their girl
Barren, the pain mum endured
Only the sobs of the dad split the still
Ripped, by what must be inured
(Nine months to make death? cruel's the word)

Stevie Taite

Stupid

I'm pretty dumb but my muse is much brighter
It seems that the strangest of things can excite her
If she gets dusty I give her a shaking
But it was just flour from where she's been baking.
When she is sad she's a dour alcoholic
She slumps in a corner and wines for her tonic
When she is happy she's contagious like giggles
She flounces around with her hair in cute pig tails.
She rarely gets caught as she steels through my senses
And fashions her fancies with
their consequences.
I'm glad she feels safe but I wish she'd stay put
I could sure use her help with this 'stupid' I've got.

Stevie Taite

Surrealism

Poems and dreams (surrealism)

Alone

In our head with many

Unknown

Faces

Forms that disconnect

Places

Surreal

When the dawn shakes us

Feel

Unplanned

Abstract association

Understand

See

Unconscious mind

Free

Strive

Elements of chance

Alive

Accidental

Random mix and match

mental

Truth

Search for understanding

Sleuth

Stevie Taite

Sweet Obsession

My sweet obsession

Here inside my heart
Every day reminding
Of something I can't have
Ne'er comfort I am finding

Cruel to be obsessed
The switch not in my hand
The demon has possessed
The torment, I can't stand

I wish it wasn't there
Yet it is tattooed on
In time will its ink wear
and wretched ache be gone?

It finds no happy form
That sits there quietly
Instead it has me torn
Obsession, let me be!

Stevie Taite

Sycamore Seed

Spinning slowly in the breeze

The sycamore seed follows blindly the random current of sun risen air

Unique to every other

It is driven by nature to reach beyond the realm

It's passage is graced with pirouetting design

On landing, who preys for its requiring conditions?

It is by chance alone that is made the sapling tree

It is by chance alone it's true purpose is realised

It is by chance alone, chance that chances collide

Catch your breeze

Spin wildly

Reach far

Chance that chance will be knocked by your will

Unique you are, spinning slowly in the breeze

Stevie Taite

The Day After The Pillow Write

I wrote you a poem
I knew one was owing
It had to ring true and spell out how you are
You don't have a poetic bone in your body
So demanding your interest
Was going too far

Few of my writes
Had you on the invite
As you'd said that the meaning goes over your head
A role of the eyes is your silent reply
So til now I've kept most of them from you instead.

But the morn before this
As you planted that kiss
A poem emerged I was sure
would transcend
The picture it painted was
just as occurs
And I knew it would reach you, so I pressed send.

I looked at the floor
As you walked through the door
And smiled coyly but didn't coax any praise
Those curls soon turned South
at the ends of my mouth
Cos the subject, I'm sad to report, was not raised: -(

Stevie Taite

The Making Of The Moon

The moon was born with Earth they say
Two vortex, large and small
Of gas and dusty nebula
And gravitation's pull

Little wind does stroke its land
For mass is sixth of Earth
Which holds down little Atmosphere
Around its smaller girth

It doesn't suffer weathering
Or recycling of rocks
It's craters still look like the day
The meteors gave it pox

The moon it had no H₂O
No vapour formed a sea
The soup of life was not there served
So remained species free!

The jealous moon so tries to steal
Our oceans from their sleep
In cohorts with the Sun
In tides, the water it does reap

It shares our sky as night time falls
Lit by Sun's distant rays
Earth's shadow makes it wax and wane
in monthly orbit phase

It shows us always that same face
A twirl timed to perfection
The dark side made to shy away
and ne'er holds lights reflection

It has a trick tucked up its sleeve
When trajectory befits
Its size and distance blocks the Sun
In rare lunar eclipse

But feel the comfort shared by those
In full moons gentle light
It's softness soothes the wounded heart
And hears its woeful plight

A flip of coin would have us think
The disc could turn us wild
It sparked a werewolf fairy tale
That scared me as a child

The moon was born with Earth they say
I think it was decided.
The other explanations
Was that meteor collided

In orbit round the Earth it stayed
It's how the theory's stated
But I prefer the version here
That has the two related.

.

Stevie Taite

The Therapists Not So Hidden Treasures

Off you went with my trust
Not about us
Just the job in hand

I was tied, unavoidable deadlines
'Just go, you'll manage fine
(For you, these meetings a foreign land)

Our daughter had trouble with speech
Needed to reach
Out for a helping hand

This speech therapist was fit
Had great tits
Where your eyes couldn't help but land

Did one thing she said remain?
You men, all the same
(Push it down fella, with your hand)

Guess I will wait for written report
Yes to that I'll resort
When on my mat it will land

Good job in you I have trust
I have a great bust!
Here fella, give me your hand!

Stevie Taite

The Washing Monster

The washing monster
How it grows
It's fed well
On our dirty clothes

Relentlessly
We do attack
But by the next day
It's grown back

He has a friend
That's equally vile
It calls itself
The ironing pile

Stevie Taite

The Washing Monster, And Friends

The washing monster
How it grows
It's fed well
On our dirty clothes

Relentlessly
We do attack
But by the next day
It's grown back

He has a friend
That's equally vile
It calls itself
The ironing pile

The ironing pile
I don't even start
I bury its parts
Once I've torn it apart

And then as my body
Is hungry for clothes
Might give an iron lick
If it needs, I suppose

The washing up witch
Gets a boiling from hell
She's hard to ignore
So she doesn't last well

The dust and dirt devil
He spreads his self thin
Barely there, if I squint
So I can live with him
(for a while)

Stevie Taite

There Once Was A Poet Called Thomas

There once was a poet called Thomas
Who bestowed all his wisdom upon us
Pen a poem he could
They were always so good
And his comments were kind and without cuss

Stevie Taite

There Once Was A Valerie D

There once was a Valerie D
Who's poems we all loved to see
They came from her heart
She's perfected her art
Can she pass on her wisdom to me?

Stevie Taite

Time Difference Annoyance

The Earth revolves through night and day
Dawn, dusk, midnight and noon
We shoo horn much in waking hours
It's over all too soon

I stretch my love of friends no end
An arm right round our sphere
Not virtual, no, but cyber
Type
Keeps them in touch and dear!

A picture on my network sits
4D will have to wait
Whilst words and minds rehearse and play
Their world I contemplate

I look at time and how it
works
It's difference round the world
I guess there is no other choice
Our planet's always twirled

I wouldn't wish an endless day.
The sun always in sight
And never would I send someone
To drown In eternal night

Sometimes I dream, as chat cuts short
With these good friends of mine
That we could shape our 24
And fashion our own time!

Stevie Taite

Time For A Break

I'm taking a break from Penelope Hayes
I've been living in her pocket for days
I love her to bits but the truth of it is
I owe some time to my husband and kids

Its not that I'm bored of her company
The opposite really, she makes me feel free
I treasure the joy of our two way exchange
But to be so wrapped up in one person looks strange

I'll knock for you soon my sweet of lady of lilt
But neglecting my kin leaves me riddled with guilt
My family crave my full focus on them
So dear Penny, kiss kiss and TTFN.

Stevie Taite

Trespass

Trespass

Each striated fibre screams in tension
Please offer your services, valiant digits and heels
Begging for a firm manipulating
I need kneading of knots so congealed

Please offer your services valiant digits and heels
I will hold fast my white delta disinclined
I need kneading of knots so congealed
Disarm your weapon and come in kind

I will hold fast my white delta disinclined
Do know not to trespass fallow fields
Disarm your weapon and come in kind
Search less fertile fodder to gallantly yeild

Do know not to trespass fallow Field
Send not ten strong to fortuitously find
Soft curves of sensation and casual brush of trepidation
Disarm your weapon and come in kind

Stevie Taite

True North

True North

Moral compass calibrator
Degrees decrees unsettle me
In search of what? Will
We know later?
Spun out by ancient gravity

Starlight sings and smells of succour
Instinct shouldn't blind an eye
Star shaped navigators flutter
Follow not the crooked lie

Paths are carved from influences
Random guides for rambling
Pivotal, some consequence
Demand therefore discourse within.

Mystic stone that stuck foot fast
Metal rock is precious still
Raw attraction guides the mast
Free to twist its own free will

Foggy morn veils destination
Short arm of a law that leads
Near star brings evaporation
True North guides the soul that sees

Stevie Taite

Turning Off The Flame

I left you simmering, surface Undulation
Mustn't boil over, refrain
A 'burn in hell' type revelation
My conscience turned off the flame

How could something barely amalgamated
Meal uneaten, Luke warm
Leave my heart this strangulated
Aching, throbbing, torn.

Stevie Taite

Unkept

Roundel

Unkept

Economy of effort filling any fitting crevice
A thousand telling tones, lost with bravado through eyelashes
Battered, head bowed to deflect all adult menace
a message missing target, in attempt to stop her stashes

What befitting impetus would shift a messy mindset?
Must just love the sound of a broken telling off
Grooves are wearing thin, so must think up a good threat

barricade the flood land and let procrastination
Build a tide of tidy-less, forego the constant clashes
Would she bale a sinking ship and welcome her salvation?
A message missing target, in attempt to stop her stashes

Stevie Taite

Unkept (Remastered To Be True To The Roundel Format.)

In attempt to stop her stashes in any fitting crevice
A thousand telling tones, lost with bravado through eyelashes
Battered, head bowed to deflect all adult menace
a message missing target, in attempt to stop her stashes

Must just love the sound of flapping tongue lashes
What befitting impetus would set a pride in place
Grooves are wearing thin, needle sparks and flashes

barricade the flood land and she will drown in her misplace
Build a tide of tidy-less, forego the constant clashes
Would she bale a sinking ship and welcome her new found space?
A message missing target, in attempt to stop her stashes

Stevie Taite

Verification Code (Grrrrrrrr)

I like this site, don't get me wrong
It's my poetry abode
But the keyhole needs some oiling
Bloody verification code

It drives me mad as I fight with
That stiff old letter flap
I try to post my comment in
But it keeps spitting them back.

Can somebody please just listen up
I have fatigue of thumb
We sign in with a password
So this silly code is dumb

I have to stretch the screen to see
My eye sight's getting worse
I know I type the numbers right
(oh how they make me curse)

So if you read this and agree
Quite sick of their torment
Give support and sign
With a petitioning comment

Stevie Taite

'Wake Up Kavita! '

Behind blurry, foggy windows
My 'wake up' words sit and wait.....
'Poetry..... Poetry'
(A reached for, flattened cuboid shape)
' Poetry..... For you it is early!
Here my lunch, I already ate!
Are you awake? '
(The words focus slowly)
' Kavita.....Kavita?
Awake! , shower! tea!
Walk with me! '

Hearty steps steer
Legs walking me to work
As into your words I peer
In and out, the signal waits
For me to walk and catch its waves
With your friendly words in their wake!
'How your tea you take? '
Playful banter we make
But it's always over too quick
My peripheral on its obstacle avoiding task
My friend on electromagnetic magic received
My focus on your simple ask
(Blessed with a friend whom in me, believes)

Walking home, I know
the Indian Sun will soon be setting
A few sleepy words from you I may be getting
Windows with you, covered in sleepy fog, reflecting
Goodnight Sunshine!

Stevie Taite

Washing Time Machine

The place where washing machines are all made
must be a land where some time gets waylaid
When they deliver them back here again
they seem to defy space time continuum

If it tells you I minute, don't bother to wait
Those people that make them must always run late
It takes a lot longer, their cycles are wack
That time that you've stolen, we need it all back!

Stevie Taite

Wasps Are Carnivores

Wasps are carnivores
Yes they eat meat
Aggressive meat eaters
mean meat eating stinging machines

I am not vegetarian
But I don't have a sting in my tail
Bloody wasps spoil the summer.

I googled to see if they did anything useful
I didn't like what I found
Without them, wine would not exist.

Ok ok I don't hate you quite as much
But is this why you are so smug?
Sometimes after wine I get a sting in my tail!

Stevie Taite

Where's My Pen?

Prolific poet pen
Mind exploding
Needs unloading
Again again again

There and then is how
For if not
Will be forgot
They live in the now

Cares not what the hour
3am
I need that pen
By morning will turn sour

Like conceiving new
Embryo made
Idea laid
Pen made sure it grew.

Paper not a must
Back of hand
Will do grand
On my skin I trust.

Stevie Taite

White Triangle

White cotton triangle
Placed on draped dress
Over back rest

Laying in wait
Imagine the form it fits upon
When the longing night is gone

Bathed in soothing warmth
Soft as petals of the rose
Think of this before eyes close.

Stevie Taite

Wipe The Blade Clean

You sharpened your show
of indifference
In attempt to sever
my emotional strings
You twisted the knife
in the soft flesh of situation
But when my back was turned.
You cowardly thing

The death you sought
was to free yourself
And in the fields of my death,
buried your guilt
So you could run
to your greener horizon
Wiping the blade clean
of blood that you spilt

Stevie Taite

Wishes Cried For Wanted Child!

The wishes that are washed in tears
Are for a pitied child
Who knows no love and warmth of heart
I wish this reconciled

The wishes bathed in helpless brine
Do ask the reaper why
They come for child with future bright?
I wish they did not die

The wishes leaving salted trails
Are laid with grief profound
My empathy, in sorrow shared
I wish for comfort found!

Stevie Taite

With Out A Parachute

Is it endearing
when my tongue ties?
Do you like the flutter
Of my butterflies?
I reel with a nervousness hard to reign in
It's blatantly clear by the rouge of my skin
But it's strangely addictive
To be close to you
Like seeking a thrill as those skydivers do
I know I won't plummet
I'll land in your arms
With no parachute
I'll fall for your charms
You'll put me at ease
Run your hand through my hair
And you'll-make me believe
That you're glad I am there.

Stevie Taite