

Poetry Series

**Aidan Horse**  
**- poems -**

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## Aidan Horse()

Any (constructive) criticisms are greatly appreciated.

Lucrece is the greatest thing ever written (Shakespeare) so to any salacious language I say

'Think but how vile a spectacle it were,

to view thy present trespass in another.

Men's faults do seldom to themselves appear;

Their own transgressions partially they smother:

This guilt would seem death worthy in thy brother.

O, how are they wrapt in with infamies

That from their own misdeeds askance their eyes! ' Hell! Crap! Boobs!

# A Walk On The Beach

The crunch of rocks under your feet sounds alongside  
The crashing thunder of the tide  
Come to large rocks aged with jags  
That hide inlets with sprays and lags  
Dare to reach the deep dark gorge  
That aches and urges to be explored  
The wind and waves blow and throw the sand  
Gently swirling inland with a playful dance,  
The shining sun or the smiling  
Stars are not lost on further enchanting the romance.  
Dip or dodge, the chide of the ebb and flow of the relentless tide  
Run up, or down, in, or away.  
The shimmering sea roars with laughter waiting for you to play.  
But when gone too far,  
Wherever you are,  
Take a small shell to your ear,  
Forget all fear, stress, or care; the soft sea knows you're there.

Aidan Horse

# If One Should Bellow Out This Each One Morning

And then a hundred thousand griefs came over me  
As it's done a hundred thousand times before  
And then I vowed to myself, that whichever way I be  
These griefs will not sustain so long that they consume and alter me,  
And then I screamed a hundred thousand times with might born from my lungs,  
And I looked inside upon myself to discover what I'd become,  
And then my life with heraldry was sung such so as though a new one had begun  
And when those hundred thousand griefs came knocking at my door  
I sent them back with a furious intent and heard from them no more.

Aidan Horse

## Read This Aloud In A Quiet Crowd

I sired an heir today, and yet was his mother fair fighting fit  
For great sport at his making was the order of the day  
Think on the sprightly dog playfully chasing tail  
And when he catches and bites the teasing tail, they both are one hear him wail  
That bitch and I did sail, the rocking of the ship was not rough sea  
But jocund romping by the thrusts of me  
The lusts of she were beyond all fathom, that saucy, sensual, madam  
You should have heard her scream and heard her shout, and if my tale you  
should doubt  
Here she be to tell you what it was about.  
See that's not a nose but a snout, those eyes of lies show nothing but cries of  
some intense despise. See the flies awaiting her soon demise  
O I have never seen such a ghastly sight I feel fright and woe that I should have  
had some blessed light.

Aidan Horse

# So Low, So Only One Place To Go.

Where has that time gone? It seemed so long, yet in hindsight its brevity flew with rapid celerity.

The fruits of my labour; acrid parasite infested nubs of still frozen dead buds.  
What a waste of time and life it's such a crime; unrewarded, unlearned strife.  
What's worse is that it lies ahead of me still; it seems as easy to overcome as some infinitely vertical snarling hill. Now will I dare to set my mind on it and overcome surmount. I have for on top I look down; the world is at my feet, I can run anywhere

Do anything command and win respect of people I meet

My home lies on no street, I have the well wishes of all those I greet.

I will win for the good of all defeat all else. Watch them fall.

While I sprint others crawl, surrounded their lives drown and drawl.

And happily I fly free for all those to see; the man that climbed minds mountain wall.

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# The Breath Of Dawn

The dark blue sky, stretches, into the soft  
Violet clouds, that dwarf the dark hills  
Floating upon the yawning sea of morning.  
The fish are bouncing along the silver streaked surfaces  
With ripples gliding their way out, to, meet  
The rays racing from the roaring sun  
Beyond the long lush meadow that acres the uptaken mountain,  
Before the glistening grass awakens the sleeping ladybird  
The raindropped rose bows down to start the startled gun  
And the bumbling bees hum out from their hives  
To stumble onto the flaring flowers, to ignite their fragrant haze,  
The beam has brought about the valley, entranced by its glow,  
The sparkling sea sprays playfully now with glee  
As the streams trickle down into a steady flow.

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