

Poetry Series

Alice Anne Gordon
- poems -

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Alice Anne Gordon()

I'm a wee Scottish lass - lovin' living and laughing ma wee head off at life! I
enjoy dabbling with poems and songs and hope people enjoy reading my efforts.
Take care x

A Bad Attempt At Rock Lyrics

Can't do rock,
Can't do rhyme,
Can't pay the call man
Coz he's outta' time
There ain't no reason
Why I oughta' play
If the stakes get higher
Then hire away
Can't see no answer
Won't take no rest
Just wannna' get higher and higher and higher.....

Talk to the man
Talk to the man
Talk to the man,
To see if he answers

There's blood in the system
There's life in the wire
Just wanted to ask him
To give me his mind
A taste of 'his' reason
A taste of 'his' crime
Just gonna wait on him
to work out his time
To tell me secrets
Of what he has done
Or to shut the hell * up
And pass me 'his' gun

Talk to the man
Talk to the man
Talk to the man,
To see if he cares

Alice Anne Gordon

A Reply... Men & Thir Habits (Scots)

Och Men!

Ye canny live way thum
Ye canny live without thum

Fur Aw thir hitherin and ditherin
About wit thir goan tae wear...
No wait a meenit, that's us wumen.
I'll steart again...

Och men!

Ye canny live way thum
Ye canny live without thum

Way thir idea eh a pint
Being o'er the score
First its wan
Then its two
Then its seven bludy more

They think that thir sober
Till the night wind's over
Then it back tae thir bed
Where the wumen never said,
"I telt ye no tae huv that last pint"

So with a pacifying peck
Oan the dear wifie's cheek
Its oaf tae the slumber land
With oot oany breeks
Then the snorin' gets started
Followed close by the fartin
An hes deid tae the world and aw that

But at three, up he gets
To relieve from hes bladder
Aw the pints that ah mentioned afore.
So he feels fur the handle

In the dark pitch of night
And he open, what he thinks, is the door

Then We find thum,
Stark naked,
Daein' impressions of that statue,
Where the wee man is peein in the pool.
If he'd made it tae the bathroom,
And just peed on the linoleum,
Ye could get away with callin thum a fool.

But he's stonin' in the wardrobe
Wae hes bahoochy aw hairy an shiverin
As he shoogles aff the pee from his wee man.
And tae mak'et matters worse,
Hes done hes due on only hurs
And now shes thinking that she should provide a ban
On oany type a muckle drinkin,
Where the pundit gets pure stinkin,
And proceeds tae widdle naewhere near the pan!

Alice Anne Gordon

A Sense Of Something Beautiful

The sound of rain on window pane
when you're all wrapped up inside.
The sound of gentle breathing
as you lie awake at night.
The taste of HP sauce on beans
with hot bacon.
The taste of homemade apple-pie
with ice-cream.
Reminds you of your child's first drawing -
not perfect, but unique.
Holds likeness to great tapestries
with their complex, beauty.
Like favourite woollen gloves
with hat and scarf to match.
The rose with petals soft, accepting
thorns that scratch.
The smell of books anew,
each chapter unread.
The smell of pillow case,
Where memories dwell.

Alice Anne Gordon

A To Zen

Always be an avid admirer of art
Always blaspheme the blasted bigot
Always count the calm caresses
Always debate the damning defect of duty
Always eject eminent eejits
Always find and forge fine friendships
Always get god to go away
Always have harmony handy
Always investigate illogical ideology
Always jump on jaggy judges
Always kiss Celts in kilts
Always love, laugh, live, learn
Always make memorable moments
Always negate the negative newscast
Always be open to offers obscure
Always appease a 'pretty please'
Always question a quizzical quarrel
Always return a rude raspberry
Always stalk with stealth
Always talk with truth
Always use the universe unselfishly
Always vocalise vibrant voices
Always weave a wondrous web
Always excoriate exasperating xenophobes
Always yearn for youthful yesterdays
Always zig-zag to the zenith with zest and zeal

Alice Anne Gordon

A Verse

Masks slip, faces seen
reveals a little of what's been.
Keys fit, gates swing
melodies of old sing.
Chase fate, catch dreams
illusions never are what seems.
deception cracks, pathways clear
turn the corner, dwindling fear.
Lion's heart, sword make known
the seeds of knowledge have been sown.

Alice Anne Gordon

Advice To A Schizophrenic...

I drift and dream between inventions
of worlds that are not there. Illusionary, intentions
bearing down an unreal calamity.

Always after, finding normality.
Uncontrolled avenues of imagination
terrified of the self imposed brutality,
confused by its duality,
addicted to finding an explanation.

Skewed archetypes form dimensions
unknown and unreal. Balanced attention
needed in the prevention
of fatality. Can't focus all on mentality,
advised to curb temptation.

Alice Anne Gordon

At The End Of The World

Dandelions float untroubled
in the gentle strokes of sunshine.
Tiny creatures curl in comfort,
watched,
as quiet as an ancient dream.
The Prairie pauses.

A lick of bright heat,
the straw stalks stammer,
the zzub of uneasy wings cease...

Peace in this place
of tamed sunbeams,
the dandelion drifts undisturbed.

Alice Anne Gordon

Autumn Evening

Leaves deepen to orange ember
as twilight comes,
sky drifts to smother the day,
swaddling memories in soft pink clouds.
Neon lights flicker, illuminating
windless trees, standing crooked.
Evening song edges towards the night.

Alice Anne Gordon

Babylon Barcode

Babylon Barcode, the 7 pointed star.
Telling a little of who you are.
Never fading line of fates,
Never ending love that waits.
Knowing what it means.

Babylon Barcode, 7 points on the star.
Knowledge so old, knowledge so far,
Knowledge of learning, never to hate.
Knowing what it means.

Babylon Barcode, I know who you are.
A symbol of life here, from afar.
We will strive to never abate
In the future, past or to date.
Knowing what it means.

Alice Anne Gordon

Behind The Veil

Who is behind the veil,
behind the veil?
Who sees what others
only think they feel?
Who gives hope
and hands out fate?
Who has the keys
to freedom's gate?
Who walks through
the passages of mind?
Locking, unlocking doors behind.
Who has the power
to say they don't exist?
Who writes out a master's list?
Who keeps the secrets
that have never been told?
Who passes on
what must never unfold?
Who is behind the veil,
behind the veil?
questions old, answers frail.

Alice Anne Gordon

Blanket Of Ignorance

Blanket of ignorance start to unfold.
Blindness has led me bold
yet naïve, to this strange place
where life is a woven web of lace.
Life, enchant me.

Blanket of ignorance is growing old,
deep rooted in religious holds,
that no longer matter in this space.
Life enchant, be

Blanket of ignorance is making me cold.
Get rid of it swiftly; coaxed, cajoled.
Leave, inexperience, from this face;
Learn to live with growing pace.
The soul inside has not been sold.
Life enchant, see.

Alice Anne Gordon

Broken Arrow Blues - Chernobyl

I sometimes think I can hear them cry,
And then I imagine them laughing.
I sometimes think I can see them running,
And then I imagine them safe.

I sometimes think I can smell the burn,
And then I imagine them playing.
I sometimes think I can feel their pain.
And then I imagine.

I imagine what it might have been like
If the operators had been more vigilant,
If the mechanisms had been quicker.
I imagine

That the world could find another way.

Alice Anne Gordon

Confabulation

Confabulation of the inner kind
Chat to myself, in my own time.
Am I a liar? Or just unaware
Of why some people don't stop to stare?
Is it just me?
Or perhaps self-deception
Of peoples reactions; perceptions
Deeper I go into my mind
Trying to solve what I just can't find

Mind, whirling with ideas new
Medic notes and book reviews
Found a novel full of facts
The brain's abound with mem'ry
Spiralling, spinning, sprawling, learning, living.

Confabulation of the psychiatric kind
Tied up in knots of the naughty mind
Am I a liar? Or just unaware
Of why some people really don't care
Is it just me?
Or perhaps self-deception
Of people's reactions; reception
Deeper I go into my mind
Trying to solve what I just can't find

Mind, whirling with ideas new
Medic notes and book reviews
Found a novel full of facts
The brain's abound with mem'ry
Spiralling, spinning, sprawling, learning, laughing

Who am I?
Who are they?
Why won't I let
Myself out to play?

Conspiculation of the obvious kind
Blatant respect for my visible find

Am I a liar? Or just unaware
Of why that one person really does care
Is it me or self deception
Of my own reaction; attraction
Deeper I go into my mind
Not trying to find what I've already found

Mind, whirling with ideas new
Medic notes and book reviews
Found a novel full of facts
The brain's abound with mem'ry
Spiralling, spinning, sprawling, learning, loving.

Alice Anne Gordon

Crushed Up... Way Out

crushed up
f*cked up
living in the gutter
Wanna take my life back
Wanna claim my soul
Jacked up
Cracked up
Living n a hole
Want to find the right path
Want to find my home

Living the street life
Living as a whore
Please someone get me outta here
Can't stand it no more

Ain't no whore baby
You got soul

Who are all these people
wanting a piece of me?
I give it coz I got no option
Gotta make the rent
The man is leaning heavy
On me
The man is wanting more
But I'm just so f*ing tired baby
I'm living on the floor

You're living in another world
You don't have to be so low
All you've got to do babe
Is walk out the door
You ain't no whore baby
Just gotta get out there
Just gotta get out there
And see the world some more

Dance With Me...

Dance with me, just once more.
Dance with me and feel my heart beat.
Hold me, make me safe, protect me from the music
That staggers from beat to beat.
Embrace the madness that is my repertoire
Forgive the dirge that is my disease.

Find a note that sings so pure
In me and tell me
That I can make my own music
To which you want to dance.

Dance with me, just once more.
Dance and hear my music,
Like no one else.

Alice Anne Gordon

Dreams (I)

Are dreams merely shadows
of a self that is unknown?
That break the body, mind and
soul to energies unflown.
To know thy self, above all things,
is a most impressive plight.
To take leave of the senses
and explore the endless night.
To fly with all eternity
To fly with wings of gold
To fly with gods and demons
To fly with new and old

Are dreams merely make believe,
a film of many scenes?
Projecting fears and wonder
on the world and what it means.
They tell so many stories
Some truth, some lies, some both
It is so difficult to tell
Unless we take an oath to
Fly with all eternity
To fly with wings of gold
To fly with gods and demons
To fly with tales untold

Alice Anne Gordon

Euphoric Black

Flying high
eagle's haunt
soaring
swooping
diving
glide

bolt cracks; key turns

tumbling down
twisted; gaunt
tearing
blindly
swiping
halt

Alice Anne Gordon

Fear Of Gods, Fear Of Death

Epicurus states our responsibility.
In all my meekness and volatility,
irresolute am I to appear.
But for him it was crystal clear
His thoughts on life and death.

Religion grasps at our own docility,
plays to the masses our susceptibilities.
He was, indeed, a pioneer.
It may just be strife and breath.

Is it beyond ignorant capabilities?
To pursue a fathomed possibility
that gods are just the last frontier
In modern man: imagineer.
No need for religion that brings hostility.
The atoms resume to be life and death.

Alice Anne Gordon

Heaven & Hell

Heaven and Hell; all on the same plane.
Depends on how you play the game
of life; depends on your reception;
depends on lies, truth and deception.
Where are you, in reality?

Heaven's above? Hell's below? Name
the reason that you know? Tame
the beast that yields the inception
of sleeping safe, in reality.

Heaven – a space where we once came,
Hell – a place to live without shame.
Some sell the brand; perpetuation.
Others reject, reprove in all damnation.
What riddles, what stories; outrageous claims!
That drive us from reality.

Alice Anne Gordon

Hope

No being of creation
can be your soul's content.
Love and deep relation,
support the self's ascent.
The power to see,
the power to be,
comes from understanding
the role of 'me'.
Microcosmic fates in reality,
Microscopic dents in humanity.
To fail to place the self as first
is letting a poor man die of thirst.
Look then within
without concern,
nurture your nature
with a whole and honest heart.
Fulfil your fated future.
Change, and make a start

Alice Anne Gordon

How It Is

The difference between how it is
and how it might have been
is irrelevant now.

My life is how it's meant to be,
my life is how it is just now,
nothing more,
nothing less.

No name in lights,
no dressing room,
no make-up thickly smeared.

I am just me.

A simple frame.

A structured puzzle.

A poet's tear.

How it is? I'm still not sure.

How it is? I'm still here.

How it is and how it's meant to be.

Alice Anne Gordon

How You Should Love (?)

Love is the answer
Love is the key
Love is all enduring
Love for you and me
Love's a perfect reason
But blinding it can be

So love
With one eye open
So that you
Can always see

x

Alice Anne Gordon

I Am

I
I am
I am me
I am
I

Alice Anne Gordon

I Can

I
I can
I can be
I can be loved
I can be
I can
I

Alice Anne Gordon

I Never Meant To...

I never meant to try to go
away from all your love, so
all I can say now
is thank you somehow
for loving me with patience.

I never meant to try to sow
a seed so full of doubt, so
all I can say now
is love me with forgiveness.

I never meant to hurt you, low
I felt and confused and so
I thought I had to bow
out of life and somehow
you saved me with your flow
of endless loving love.

Alice Anne Gordon

I. Hee Hee :)

Page up! I want to scream and shout!
Copy, cut, paste I start to spout.
Ostentatiously I try to comprehend,
The message that I want to send...
But happiness is my default position.

Page down, I try again with doubt
But it's easier to eat a brussel sprout!
My mouse is stuck! ! ! I'll try to mend...
But happiness is my default position.

Soft-ware, what a mystery; devout
am I to work it a-ll out.
Confused and confuddled, I am my friend.
Escape I want! ! ! To leave! ! Transcend! ?
Alas, I know not; not enough... POUT...
But happiness is my default position :)

Alice Anne Gordon

In Pursuit Of Perfection

You can pray for perfection,
But you'll never find it.
And it's not because God's not there.
You can search for it,
Seek it,
Hunt it down,
But with every step you take,
To close in on what you perceive to be perfection,
You shatter the one true beauty of life.
That is,
You fail to see that trying to find perfection, in self or others,
Will only lead to blindness of all that is truly good and wonderful.
It is not the finding of perfection that brings happiness;
It is the realisation,
That you can never find it.

Alice Anne Gordon

Losing To Laryngitis

What do I miss?
I cannot tell you what I'm thinking
I cannot say how I'm feeling
I can manage tears
but no sound
I cannot tell you the best way to do things
I cannot tell you where things are
But I can manage tears
Without sound

I miss not being able to talk jibberish nonsense
I miss not gossiping on the phone or at work
I miss not being able to say "thanks" for this and that
I hope you know

What do I miss?
I cannot ask you how your day went
I cannot share my day with you
I can manage a giggle
But no sound
I miss not being able to say "I love you" the most ...

I cannot wait till my voice comes back
And then
I will

Alice Anne Gordon

Love Is The Law

Love is the last man standing,
Love is the last message taught,
Love is the true understanding,
That was never caught,
Love is the first one falling,
Love is the only way out,
Love is the answer calling,
Love without doubt,
Love is the Law
Love under will.

Nov 2011

Alice Anne Gordon

Monday 8 Am (Faithless Thanks :)

Tree lined avenue, walk in the park.
Foliar, white-greens and yellow.
Daybreak glows,
Illumination,
Shines.

Tree lined avenue, walk in the park.
Timbers cast long and tall,
Magnificent shadows,
Imponderous,
Grace.

Tree lined avenue, walk in the park.
Many in number they stand,
Naturally balanced,
Animated,
Proud.

Tree lined avenue, walk in the park.
Criss-cross the canopy reaches,
Enfolding life,
Discovery,
Beauty.

Monday 8am (part II)

Tree lined avenue, into the dark.
Sky concealed, foliage hues.
Soft underfoot.
Mysterious,
Deep.

Tree lined avenue, into the dark.
Seeds and leaves, carpet thick.
Morning shadows,
Enigmatic,
Obscure.

Tree lined avenue, into the dark.

Musky, sombre, broken sticks,
Light-footed tread,
Tenebrous,
Sunless.

Tree lined avenue, into the dark.
Turning corners, guiding timbers,
Encounter mystics,
Indistinct,
Cryptic.

Alice Anne Gordon

Night Inhabitants Of Round-About Island (Haiku)

Like dark stones they sit
Motionless until lights pass
Disturbed fear scamper

Alice Anne Gordon

Paranoid Perceptions

She sits,
As the cigarette smoke smothers her eyes.
She sits,
And tastes the wine with its rotten, crumbling cork.
She sits,
Like a happy snap-shot, with a smile that is not there.
She sits,
Solitary, in silence as the party surrounds.
She sits,
And hears all the 'tellings' of parental warnings.

She fears,
The drunkards breath, laced with lustful words.
She fears,
The bile of forgotten pills, burning her throat again.
She fears,
The dust collecting on anniversary glasses.
She fears,
The taps and scratches on the window three floors up.

She feels,
The toxic bleach, peeling away delicate layers.
She feels,
The uncracked pepper-corn, crushed 'tween teeth and tongue.
She feels,
The flowers cling to life - the vase empty of water.
She feels,
The stabbing at her secret imagination.
She feels,
Part of "It" without express permission.

Alice Anne Gordon

Pity The Woman

Sorrow and Pity the woman's plight
From Blake's image'ry, a lost fight.
Sorrow, for pity's sake,
is wasted energies; unmake.
Change, round-turn; woman.

Pity the unfelt love of smite.
Lo, behold thee that might
become woman, free'd from lake,
Change, round-turn; woman.

Life not borne from within womb-like
tombs of perfection, tis not a right
precluded from the single form; take
away this virtue of piety; break
with sorrow and pity, take flight.
Change, round-turn; woman.

Alice Anne Gordon

Please Stay

I can hardly see you for all the tubes and monitors they've attached you to my little one.

You look so frail and poorly.

Oh how I wish I could hold you – but I can't.

Just hang in there, be strong for Daddy.

He loves you very much.

And so do I.

Please don't leave.

Stay, just one more day.

I want you to see the sky.

The many colours it changes through.

The wonderful fun you could have with clouds and rain and sunshine and snow and...

I want you to smell cut grass in the park and roll in the autumn leaves.

I want you to hear Mozart and Beethoven and the Sex pistols and Radiohead and whatever music your generation will bring you.

I want you to dance, to sing, to feel all the emotions with a whole an honest heart.

Please, stay one more day.

The doctors and nurses have come in now.

They're shouting and moving so fast.

I can't quite see what's going on.

I just want you to stay – one more day, one more hour, one more minute.

Life has so much to offer you my dear, dear child.

Daddy loves you and so do I.

They've taken away the tubes and the machines now.

They've placed you in Daddy's arms.

You couldn't stay any longer.

Now you're here with me and you never did see the sky.

Remember Daddy loves you.

And so do I.

Alice Anne Gordon

Power

malformed, mangled, manipulative mind
subconsciously secreting
subtle scents
of insecurities and fears
comforting the festering falsehoods of the soul

misinformed, misfortunate, manipulative mind
scraping scars into
social acceptance of the status quo

perfection pertaining to the yielding
of power over people
to persuade the delusion of evil and good

Alice Anne Gordon

Sarah Leaves...

Used,
abused,
disused blues,
quake.
nothin' doin',
nothin' tellin',
fake?
old news,
new news,
heard it all before news.
speak up,
shut up,
put up or put out.
back bone,
shin bone,
smashin' in your face bone.
keep going,
get going,
going, going,
gone.

Alice Anne Gordon

Scottish Sky - Haiku

Heavy gunner blue
Sky hangs low uninviting
Shrapnel raindrops slice

Alice Anne Gordon

Shine Like The Sun (Summer Song II)

Shine, shine like the sun
Now that summer's begun
Live, life like a dream
Shine, shine, shine like the sun

The rosebud wakens and peeks from her hood
The blackbird startles and searches for food
The crimson tipped daisies stretch out from their sleep
The morning has woken from slumbers deep

The butterfly flutters its delicate wings
The bees buzz along, the song thrush sings
The dancing of ants march along to the beat
The day carries onwards in blossoming heat

The blue skies lie open, cloudless and free
The golden crops shimmer for all to see
The flourishing hillside where wild flowers grow
The heat blisters on through the day long and slow

The night turns to pink the sun bows its head
The flowers curl inwards asleep in their bed
There's a brief summer song from birds up on high
As night time creeps in, day lets out a sigh.

Alice Anne Gordon

Statement

men and women
equal in value
different in worth
equal in worth
different in value
men and women

Alice Anne Gordon

Summer Song

Summer song
summer long
summer sounds
of summer throng

summer light
summer night
summer feels
alive and bright

Floating breezes
fresh and free
gentle sunkissed
bumble bee
curling creatures
sleeping so
marching ants
they come and go
tall grass bends
in sun lit beams
medows shimmer
golden gleams
birds call out
their summer song
dawn to dusk
singing long
bubbling brooks
with silver waters
bluebells dance
like woodlands daughters
velvet moss
enfolds the boulder
tree stumps covered
shadied; colder
for-get-me-nots
smile in their place
mischievous little dainty face

Summer song

summer long
summer sounds
of summer throng

summer light
summer night
summer feels
alive and bright

Alice Anne Gordon

The Cupboard Under The Stairs

Dark devours the hurt,
cradled under coats in the cusp of safety,
far from prying ears
a tear,
a whimper of self comfort,
in the company of a clicking meter.
The light slivers along the crack,
breaking into the darkness
of worn shoes and winter mittens.
Circumstances and surroundings uncomfortable.
How long to stay in the shadows?

Alice Anne Gordon

The Holy Whore Of Babylon

The Holy Whore of Babylon cries.
Her plea, invective cast as lies.
Prejudice awaits her toil,
Propaganda spates her foil,
Sin'ly, thinly await to rise.

To shed the shackles of her ties,
They think that she is in demise.
Blood begins to creep and boil.
The Envoy unchallenged.

The Holy Whore of Babylon flies,
Her motives strong, rejected; wise
Prejudice foretells her; loyal
Propaganda outstrips her; Royal
As others dictate; she simply sighs.
The Envoy unchallenged.

Alice Anne Gordon

The Minders Of Earth

That which cannot be recalled,
Irrevocable memories lasting but forgotten.
Irreprovable for how life falters,
Irreligious of how life altars.
Irrefutable, my speaking silence,
Irrecusable, my place on Earth.

Peace on Earth,
Piece of earth.
To dust we will
Not return to Earth.

That which cannot be over come,
Irreducible for others not me.
Irreversible, damage comes undone.
Irresponsible, of which I'm Guilty.
Irrespective of there poisoned darts,
Irresoluble, my beating heart.

Piece of mind.
Peace in mind.
To dust we will
not return to mind.

Alice Anne Gordon

The Rise And Fall Of An Argument

She starts with words of kindling.
He neglects to feed the fire.
She holds the blade in the heart of the flame.
He begins to spit broken glass.
The knife sharpens.
The glass cuts.
Silence.
The fiery embers die down.

Alice Anne Gordon

The Silver Fairy

The Silver Fairy, under flowers
Stands; holds apples, hidden powers.
Adam his rib, Eve the fruit.
Gone, rejected bible loot,
The Preachers, selling hours

The Silver Fairy, in her bower
Sits; mild and docile, hidden flowers.
Waiting till there's no-one, mute.
Her wings of silver, still.

The Silver Fairy, apples sour
Lies; beating breast in sorrow,
Moving towards her freedom fluted,
Noted for her silvered beauty.
All asleep, reprised, astute.
Her wings of silver, still.

Alice Anne Gordon

The Things People Say... (Scots)

'How oaften dae ye huv sex like? '
an I'm pishin' ma sel,
hauf laughing, hauf scared
incase they ask me direct like
'Ah mean - I kid oan I'm sleepin'
just soaz eh won't climb aboard'
An nen this other wifie cocks up.
'Aye, I stey doon on the couch like - till eh's out eh it.
An nen I just come up later, ken'
An I'm just won'erin' - wit's so bad about sex?

Alice Anne Gordon

The Wise V's The Fool

It is the wise man who knows the fool
In modern times as an ancient rule.
Wise they are that learn
From their mistakes; adjourn
To always question...

There is no need for 'best evidence rule'
To prove the thirst for knowledge; fuel
Ambition, be discreet; yearn
To always question

The fool trips onwards; passage cruel.
The wise man thinks; realities dual,
Passed the point – no return.
Reason, senses; which to spurn?
The ancients taught in worldly school
To always question.

Alice Anne Gordon

They Already Knew...

To realise
That you are not perfect
But instead
Just someone who tries,
Keeps trying,
Is a wonderful beginning.
To accept, not like, but accept your faults
And failings and to know
That it's o.k.,
Is life changing.
Then,
You are more understanding of others.
Then,
You come to understand what life is.
Then,
you know how lucky you are
That someone already figured that out.

Alice Anne Gordon

Till It's Gone...

Don't know what you've got till it's gone,
Then you're not so sure you really didn't want it.
Don't know what you've got till it's gone,
Then that first restful peace turns to emptiness.
Don't know what you've got till it's gone,
Then the nightmares come.
Don't know what you've got till it's gone,
Then you know you've made the wrong right choice.
Don't know what you've got till it's gone,
But this time it is too late.

Alice Anne Gordon

Touch On Time

An individual's touch on time
Is an irreversible knell;
Hear it chime.
Some stroll through seasons and try to sell
Leaves that have fallen each year.
They are the same yet not,
Individually crafted; mere
Wonders that can't be bought.
Uniform traits of time,
Interchangeable flow
Of movement, speech and silent mime.
The earth will grow
A multitude of mem'ry
From each touch of time.

Alice Anne Gordon

Touch On Time (Revised)

An individual's touch on time
Has a universal presence.
Feel it's tone, hear it's chime.
Traits of time
Begin to bend and flow
With movement, speech and silent mime.
The Earth will grow
A multitude of mem'ry
From each touch of time.

Alice Anne Gordon

Untitled

No one being of creation
can be your soul's content.
Love and deep relation,
support the selfs' ascent.
The power to see,
The power to be,
Comes from understanding
The role of 'me'.
Micro-cosmic fates in reality,
Micro-scopic dents in humanity.
Fail to place the self as first
is letting a poor man die of thirst.
Look then within
without concern,
nurture your nature
with a whole and honest heart.
Fulfil your future,
begin – start.

Alice Anne Gordon

Vegetable Stew! ! ! @# #**#

What did my love compare me to?

The starlit night... no

The play of moonbeams... no

The mystical love named venus..... no

apparently, I'm his parsnip!

Alice Anne Gordon

War Of Casualty

War of Casualty, casualty of war

War of insanity, insanity of war

War of reality, reality of war

Take them down

Down they take

No surrender

Surrender takes

Cuts won't heal

Heals wont hurt

Alice Anne Gordon

War Of Gender

Mistress of all of life's situations,
Greer-like warrior; ancient emotions.
Labyrinth of self deceit – denial
of archetypal scales that sway, the man
must gently dominate the woman. Once
The Queen, the soul of our creation, the
Matriarchal power, control: Fear of loss.
Matriarchal power, control: Fear of man.

Rise up oh strengthened wom'n, lay down your spear
of hate. Now stem manipulating blood,
Refrain from holding child as shield. Please halt.
Cease to spread your guilty bullets that sting
The hearts of men, the war of gender end.
Matriarchal power, control: Fear of love.

Alice Anne Gordon

What's In A Cuddle?

What's in a cuddle?
A fond farewell,
A happy greeting,
A healing solace,
A tear that's fleeting,
A hungered passion,
A longed for kiss,
A life affirming
Touch that's missed.
A place of safety,
A place of peace,
A place of happy
Times not least.
A source of comfort,
A source of wealth,
A source of pleasure,
Sumptuous health.
A time for closeness,
A time to cry,
A time to hold
On, never sigh.
A thought of loving,
A thought so dear,
At thought of being
With you near.
A touch of softness,
A touch of skin,
A touch on time
That both can win.
A sound of breathing,
A sound of light,
A sound of stars
That fill the night.
To hold on close,
To hold on now,
Is to hold on forever.

Alice Anne Gordon