

Poetry Series

**Allan James Saywell**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**

2020

**Publisher:**

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

# Allan James Saywell(Australia)

# A Cats Tale

My black pussy loves her freedom  
She roams from home to forest  
birds become her friend  
she lie on feathers  
in a white forest  
that becomes her den  
she feasts on leaves  
the colour of her eyes  
everybody is her friend

Allan James Saywell

# A Christmas Reminisce

Memories are made at Christmas time  
Christmas time is memory time  
Seasons come, seasons go  
Christmas comes just like a thought  
And it reads just like a book  
Place all your happy memories  
In your Christmas basket  
Wrap it with pretty paper  
Oh so bright, wrap it tight  
Many days have faded with the year  
Looking back brings a tear  
Yes reminisce with total joy  
Remember the door that opens wide  
So we can gaze on Christmas day  
Oh happy day, oh happy day

Allan James Saywell

# A Creature Of Habit

You don't have to be a Nun  
You can still be  
A creature of habit  
You rise from your bed at six  
Breakfast at six thirty  
Brush your teeth at seven fifteen  
Walk the dog at seven thirty  
Have coffee at the same cafe  
Always have a flat white  
With one sugar, white only  
Be back home by eleven  
Shower at eleven fifteen  
Lunch at twelve  
At a table facing east  
Yes we all can be  
Creature, s of habit

Allan James Saywell

# A Dog Called Trump

Henry the dog has to go  
Whats wrong now Martha  
You keep the dog  
Under our bed  
Well he loves it, under there Martha  
He snores and blows gas all night  
Are you sure you got the right culprit, Martha  
He rubs his head on the bottom of the bed  
He is losing his hair  
On the top of his head  
Well comb it down, like you know who

Allan James Saywell

# A Drip

There was a drip  
That did drop  
Into a stream  
That met a river, from which  
Another drip did drink  
Then flowed into an ocean  
From which another, drip did fish  
Then another drip  
Sold the fish, to another drip  
Who made a lot of money  
This drip became a politician  
Who aspired to be President  
He washed his hair, with many drips  
To keep it squeaky clean

Allan James Saywell

# A Gentle Thought About Politicians

When i wake in the morning  
I usually do not think  
About violent thoughts  
Tis gainst my conscience  
I am afeard, if i do  
I will make a glutton of myself  
Yes and my foe  
Will bleed on both sides

Allan James Saywell



# A Green Poem

Dear Mother went to check the mail  
In yonder personal letter box  
On her way she trod on a little snail  
When she opened the letter box  
Up jumped an environmentally friendly big green frog  
And slapped her as hard  
As would a forest log  
All my friends cheered and clapped  
With great glee  
The funny side she could not see

Allan James Saywell

# A Letter To America

You cant always get what you want  
He is your President elect  
So give him some love  
He might turn your Country around  
Make you love each other again  
He could turn out to be your greatest  
He could be your worst  
Give the man a chance  
He loves his country  
He loves his family  
None of us are perfect  
Give peace a chance  
America will always be our friend  
We will always love you  
No matter what

Allan James Saywell

Allan James Saywell

# A Lion Cant Cry

When you hear me roaring  
In the jungle, don, t be afraid  
Just come into the jungle  
Cover me with green leaf  
I, m just roaring baby  
A lonely lion cant cry  
Just roaring in the jungle  
Letting you know  
How lonely I am  
Lonely just for you  
I love you so much  
Roaring just for you

Allan James Saywell

# A Love Letter To Any Woman

Even though you write your poetry  
While the stars burn  
With a deep fire  
You think my love is a vile phrase  
From your bosom  
These words I speak  
Are spoken with a beautiful flow  
My good Woman stay awhile  
I will be faithful  
As long as the sun burn  
In the sky  
I love you best-most best  
Believe it  
Like a hot love on a wing

Allan James Saywell

# A Man In Love

If a man in love is a fool  
Then I, m a fool in love  
If to love a woman  
Is the act of a fool  
If a man in love is a fool  
Then I, m a fool in love  
If to love a woman  
Is the act of a fool  
Then I, m a foolish man In love  
So please, feel free  
To love this fool

If I, m not to love at all  
I would appear to be a fool  
Could you love a fool

Allan James Saywell

# A Mans Words Can Be Lost On His Own Ass

The mans poetry book  
Was full of beauty  
With words known, only to him  
A work of art  
In his own mind  
He was a frugile man  
Aware that beautiful words  
Do not always sell  
So he wrote his book  
On toilet paper  
Double edged like a sword  
His sharp words were not wasted

Allan James Saywell

# A Painting Within

Place A Painting  
Of what lie beyond the window  
Then tell me what is real  
For what lie outside  
We feel within  
Transfer the present  
To the past  
Space and time are the great divide  
Which takes daily experience  
Into consideration

Allan James Saywell

# A Piece Of Art

in the mirror  
there was a face  
with a certain amount of expression  
a map of life  
in every crease  
the beard of time was grey  
the window to the soul  
was etched in blue  
love for all shone through

Allan James Saywell



# A Political Tale

A short clinical dance  
Performed by a candidate  
Only trumped by-  
Another muddied candidate- -  
Who desire, s a drug test  
To be performed, to obtain  
The whole truth  
Nothing but the truth  
So help us all

Allan James Saywell

# A Red Head With Red Eyes From Memphis

Who was the most unusual lady you have encountered Tom  
Well Dick it was a Woman from Memphis  
We'd been drinking all day  
We were both pissed and randy  
It was night when we arrived at the motel  
What nationality was she Tom  
She said she was Cuban Dick  
Well she had been smoking Cuban cigars all day  
Anyway we secured a room and got settled  
Every thing was hot and on fire  
We were both smoking  
I didnt' know you smoked Tom  
No, no Dick, we were hot for each other  
Well why didnt you say so Tom  
Well anyway she threw me on my back  
And climbed on board  
Then she flicks off the light and bingo  
Bingo what Tom  
Well Dick she had two bright red eyes  
Shining in the dark  
You only see that in Dogs Tom  
Your right Dick, that is why i threw her off and bolted  
There is something strange about Women from the south  
Oh hello Harry, didnt' know you were listening

Allan James Saywell

# A Religious Woman

Thank God a table separates  
How can one compete with a Holy Spirit  
Thank God for scotch  
He wondered if she ever defecated  
Do Saints defecate  
Hail Mary full of grace-  
The Holy Spirit -  
Holds the Ace-

Allan James Saywell

# A Sheep Dog Called Barnaby

You cant be a sheep dog, and be  
A member of Parlement, In Australia  
You have to be a cattle dog  
All the powers to be  
Had to say to barnaby, Is  
Ask him to say the number six  
He would have said, sex  
Because he is a sheep dog  
Born in new Zealand  
We have to build a wall  
We cant afford to have him running loose  
As taxpayers, we have to give him a snip  
Hell hath no fury as a scorned Woman  
He is stuffed, no point repenting  
His Australian hat wont save him  
I love being a cattle dog  
I love my country

Allan James Saywell

# A Walk Through A Cemetery

The path was narrow and cobbled in sandstone  
Birds warbled and squabbled and pecked sweet honey  
From brilliant flowers, that flowered a tree  
Just like a still life that sit on an easel  
The artificial pond was brimming with colourful life  
Fishes and tadpoles and frogs that sat on green lillies  
Artificial gnomes watching in awe  
At life, so alive, so alive, like you and me  
Just like a still-life, that sit on an easel  
Just past the pond, a new world awaited me  
Rows and rows of silence greeted me  
People spoke of who they were  
In written word that lay so still  
In the early morning chill

Allan James Saywell

## A Woman With Class

She looked at me  
As though- -I was  
A piece of vermin  
But with a smile  
That poet- -was pathetic  
If that is your best line  
You can throw at a lady  
To encourage her attention  
You had better buy yourself a favour  
Find yourself a poor young thing  
With a better body  
But less of a brain  
Anywhere but here- - I placed my ego  
In a large suitcase- -and left

Allan James Saywell

# Adams Apple

The poet arrived in great style  
He spoke with Adams apple  
He pleased and deceived  
Both at the one time  
When he died  
People cried  
People laughed  
In perfect time

Allan James Saywell

# Addiction

Two people in a desert  
Caring sharing their smoke  
Inhaling, exhaling  
All over their love  
With a burning ring of fire  
They embrace, then kiss  
Embrace their toxic love  
Their sense of smell  
Lost in a warm embrace  
In a real addiction  
They both embrace

Allan James Saywell



# Africa I Am A Hippopotamus

You cant hide from the Hippopotamus  
People of Africa  
Even though his vision is blurred  
He can smell the poverty  
And taste the hunger  
He stand in the clearing  
Listens to the cry of the children  
Your land is borrowed  
What lie on the earth  
Will stay on the earth  
The bones of the children  
Will turn to dust  
Their spirit will live  
The armour of the Hippopotamus  
The waste of the Hippopotamus  
Will be sown into the earth  
And the children will cry no more

Allan James Saywell

# Aid De Camp

My woman is my right hand candle  
Light oh so bright  
She is my bottle holder  
My maid of honour  
She is my puppet  
On a cats paw  
My stand up stooge  
My dependable jackal creature  
She is as adhearant as a satalight parasite  
All Woman

Allan James Saywell

# Albert The Crow

You know Albert  
You a better pet then a dog  
Or a pussy cat  
You sit on the end of my bed  
Making sure my women behave themselves  
If they dont like you '  
There gone the next day  
You make sure theres no -hanky panky  
You dont like bad poetry- do you  
When you read that bad poem  
You gave it the old four crow word  
That is what i like about you Albert  
Your so honest  
No turnip for you Albert  
Your like me  
You like a bit of sweet meat  
Closer to the bone  
Something a bit rare  
Was that you Albert  
Have some control bird

Allan James Saywell

# Alive And Well

Woke up got out of bed  
Shaved the hairs off my head  
Painted my dome the colour red  
Symble of the power i feel  
Especially when I kneel  
Thank my Lord for being alive  
Thank my Lord for the power of speech  
Thank my Lord for my country of origen  
Drink the water that sustains my life  
Thank the Lord for my lack of a wife  
Thank the Lord for my sweet life

Allan James Saywell

# An Old Mug

He knew he would never be a grandfather  
So the old weather beaten man of the sea  
bought himself a mug  
with the powerful words  
I love you grand-Dad  
Written in a blood red paint  
He was never sad or angry  
When he drank from the cup  
You could almost say  
He was drunk with joy  
He never filled his cup  
Though he wept  
when the old mug  
and he were finely parted

Allan James Saywell

# Angel Of Death

He rode toward me at great pace  
He smiled his wicked smile  
He said- -are you ready poet  
I replied - -no one is truly ready  
I know I cant escape it  
I cant obtain eternal youth  
I am but a speck of dust  
In the circular world  
It will only be a long sleep  
There will be no pain  
I will know not a soul  
There will be no shame  
How can you torture a man with no body  
Perhaps my stardust  
Will float across the universe  
Be born to another age  
I will be a man of honour  
There she will be waiting  
A woman of another dream

Allan James Saywell

# Anyway

Anyway, what we had  
Happened, yesterday  
Today is just another day  
Tomorrow will be tomorrow  
So forget about, yesterday  
Anyway, love is blind  
What you said, so unkind  
The words that you said, yesterday  
Now your just a mystery to me  
The pain that lived in my eyes  
And in my ears  
Was washed away  
By my tears, of yesterday

Allan James Saywell

# Art That You In The Mirror

Who art thou  
I am me  
Art thou happy with thyself  
Extremely so  
I love myself  
With a great passion  
Dost thou know thyself  
Every nook and cranny  
Dost thou love another  
I try to love men and women  
Art thou sometimes angry  
I try not to be  
Then I dub thee perfect  
Thank you mirror  
You be so kind

Allan James Saywell



# Attraction

He found the woman attractive  
He felt her gravity  
Pulling him toward her  
Like a piece of bait  
He was rooted to a spot  
He was the earth  
She was the sun

Allan James Saywell

# Awe And Wonder

He wondered where the fur ball went  
When he trod in it by accident  
Here puss, puss, puss  
Come share some awe and wonderment  
When I rub your nose in excrement  
Do you believe in God puss  
I don, t- - -

Allan James Saywell

# Baa, Baa, Black Sheep

Baa Baa white sheep  
Full of Christmas cheer  
This Infidel gonna  
Sing some Christmas carols  
Outside the well of fear  
His voice will rise above  
The common earth  
Even above the well of fear  
It will reach the throne above  
On who sits the God of all humanity  
Holding the written word  
That is understood so clear

Allan James Saywell

# Back In The U.S.A

Flew into New York last night  
I been banging Russian birds all night  
Cant find any decent food in the doggy bags  
Im' back in the U.S.A babe  
Back in the good old U.S.A

Calafornia gals really knock me out  
Memphis gals just wear me out  
Un pack me rubbers from me case honey  
You know i dont like missing out  
Im' back in the U.S.A babe  
Back in the U.S.A

Oil up me Supermarket trolley  
And ill' be on my way  
Cause im' back in the U.S.A babe  
Back in the U.S.A

Well the Hollywood gals really knock me out  
And the blokes just run away  
Cause im' back in the U.S.A babe  
Back in the good old U.S.A  
And its' always been on my MI, MI, MI MINDDDDDDDDD

Allan James Saywell

# Beautiful Irish Dreamer

Beautiful dreamer who wake in the morn  
Love and sweet passion, wait here with the dawn  
Sounds of the morning, come with the day  
Ill' kiss your sweet lips, here in the hay  
Beautiful dreamer the Queen, for whom i do long  
Lie in the soft sunlight, on this beautiful day  
Soft is your heartbeat, that beat so strong  
Beautiful dreamer, for whom i do long  
Beautiful dreamer, who bathe in the sea  
Like Mermaids sunbaking, on a rock made for thee  
Over the water my love is born free  
Beautiful dreamer girl of my song  
Beautiful dreamer for whom i do long  
Life is so sad now, now that your gone  
Love has left us gone with the dawn  
Beautiful dreamer, let me dream on  
Beautiful dreamer, please wait for me

Allan James Saywell

# Behold A Woman

I gazed in the mirror  
Behold, there stood a woman  
Then the image said  
Lot, s of love from your feminine side

Allan James Saywell

# Being A Woman Poet

Lately I've been ridden with guilt  
Not so long ago, well since the transition  
Well since the operation  
Well I used to wake up and give it a scratch  
But now I lay in bed stretching  
This way and that, preening myself  
Now when I go down to the shops  
I sway when i walk, I pout  
Especially when my lippy goes on  
Being a woman poet hasn't been easy you know  
There has been a price  
I'll catch you later darlings

Allan James Saywell

# Black And White

I'm a huge black and white  
Feathered nesting Magpie  
Sitting up a tree  
I'm a huge black and white  
Nesting Magpie  
Ready and willing  
To take a piece out of thee  
Just a hunk of hair  
Out of your lovely pate  
Just for my lovely nest  
Up this bloody tree  
You wont mind- you lovely conservasionest  
Walking peacefully below my tree  
Who is only to willing  
To give his blood for me  
For I'm protected from the likes of thee  
Swoop down the valley  
Swoop down on you  
For I'm a magpie- -who lives in this tree

Allan James Saywell



# Black Crows And Leather Skinned Dogs

I used to be mean to all the people i loved  
Man i was mean so totaly obscene  
People said i reminded them of a Devil on the end of their bed  
But i have to admit i'm feeling better  
Feeling better all the time  
I have to admit to feeling better  
All the time-  
I used to be mean to my dog  
Beating him with a black crows feather  
Till his skin became like a leather  
And he hated all birds with black feathers  
But i have to admit to feeling better  
So much better now your mine

Allan James Saywell

# Blind Date

She ran her fingers over my face  
Your almost handsome  
I thought- - thank God shes'blind

Allan James Saywell

# Blindness

Have you ever seen a red headed Albino  
Dressed in a white cloak  
Have you ever seen the devil  
Drink from the cup of Christ  
No, because the human race is blind  
The world from afar appears beautiful

When you get too close  
The horror appears as a vision  
Your world is a living nightmare  
The world is more beautiful  
From a distance  
If your too close  
You only see the filth

Allan James Saywell

# Blue Christmas

## Blue Christmas

It will be a wet rainy Christmas without you  
The leaves on the mistletoe wont seem so green  
The christmas tree wont seem so bright  
When it castes a glow on christmas night  
Oh i'll still drink a toddy or two  
The bells will still ring on christmas morn  
Yes the decorations will still hang on christmas night  
And i'll shed a tear when i hear holy night  
But lonlyness and i will be eating christmas pie  
Yes my dear it will be a wet rainy christmas without you  
The house will seem so empty and bare  
The rain will beat just like my heart  
On the cold of the window pane  
Yes dear it will be a cold wet rainy christmas without you

The frost will lay in yonder field  
Wet with tears that cannot be concealed  
Loves sweet light hang on every tree  
Yes it will be a blue Christmas without you  
The warmth of an inner fire wont keep me warm  
So ill' suffer a cold lonely Christmas without you  
Your head lay on a pillow so cold and grey  
At your feet flowers i lay, a bouquet of roses red like clay  
Conversations we have none, but our love will shine  
Like a rising sun, yes it will be a blue Christmas without you  
Yes it will be a blue cold Christmas without you

Yes the decorations will still hang on christmas night  
And i'll shed a tear when i hear holy night  
But lonlyness and i will be eating christmas pie  
Yes my dear it will be a wet rainy christmas without you  
The house will seem so empty and bare  
The rain will beat just like my heart



# Blue Tongue

We all grew up together  
We were young men  
We were known by  
Names we regarded  
As terms of endearment  
I was known as Sao  
Which was a common biscuit  
Another was known as billiads  
He always had his hands in his pockets  
We assumed he was playing with his balls  
Hence the name  
Then there was Blue tongue  
He could clean his eyebrows  
With his tongue  
He always ate blue berries for breakfast  
When he laughed, his tongue would dance  
The girls loved him  
God only knows why

Allan James Saywell

# Brooms Witches And Mothers

Witches have broom's  
When i a child  
Mother's had broom's  
Mother's ran with broom's  
Mother's ran fast with broom's  
I was a very swift boy  
I had to run from many broom's  
Sometimes mother would strike with broom  
Therefore throwing herself of balance  
As i ran i would laugh  
Like a kookaburra  
She would become a angry mother with broom  
She would call for me to stop running  
So she could give me her broom  
I would keep running  
For i did not like broom's  
Witches like broom's  
Mother's like broom's

Allan James Saywell

# Cambrian Of Life

The tree was a rich dark brown  
With a rich green leaf  
That was the cymbal of life  
The flower of the tree was red, like blood  
It dressed the tree  
In a birth of life  
Its breath was drawn from the gentle wind  
That gave it life itself

Allan James Saywell



# Cat With Nine Tails

There lay a man  
Dressed in rags  
When the moonlight lit his face  
His face became me  
Facing him was a Woman  
Holding a cat with nine tails  
The cat purred  
While the woman  
Sang a song called pain  
The woman lent down  
Whispered- be a man  
Not a bitch  
When a woman offers love  
Don't offer her pain

Allan James Saywell

# Celibate

Do you want to  
Yes, but i have decided  
To give up sex  
Take a vow, become pure  
I can offer you love  
In the pure sense  
Touch me if you must  
Be gentle  
Stroke me with words  
Except my new power  
Love the new me

Allan James Saywell

# Children Of The World

A child of the world  
Will always gaze  
With wonder  
At a picture book  
That tells a visual story  
That has a universal appeal  
Across the universe  
That tells a story  
To every universal child

Allan James Saywell

# Chucky

I used to like dolls  
Till Chucky came along  
He was in a movie  
He was a bad Dolly  
He used to kill, little boys  
Little girls  
I was so afraid of chucky  
I had to sleep with mummy  
Mummy bought me a book to read  
Sleeping in mummies secret garden  
I still sleep with mummy  
With the light on, all night  
Just in case chucky comes back  
Do you know, I used to like dolls  
Do you know, I used to like movies

Allan James Saywell

## Cleo, S Christmas Poem

In a land down under  
Lived an old lion  
So named Leo  
He was from Mars  
He met an old Lioness  
So named Cleo  
Who came from Venus  
All female lions reside on Venus  
All the pride were at a christmas party  
Cleo gave Leo a box of sweets  
He thanked her  
But never smiled  
You must understand  
He was an old lion with no mane  
He lived with pain  
All his fur was snowy white  
He had nothing to offer her  
Except his friendship  
And this Christmas poem

Allan James Saywell

# Cold, Cold Hands

Your cold, cold hands  
That stroke my soul  
Your cold, cold hands  
That chill my bones  
You made me feel the chill  
That blow in from the arctic Ice  
You made me feel that I did, nt belong  
In your home you made so nice  
It was you who tasted the street  
You played me for a fool  
When you found your crown Prince  
When you found him he was a frog  
That lived in a pond  
You kissed him, he became a prince  
I became a pauper  
The pauper was touched by the Holy Ghost  
The Prince bore the mark of Cain  
You walked away with the Prince  
Went back to the pond  
You lived the life of a frog  
I married the Holy Ghost  
Became a man, complete in myself  
For I need warm hands  
To touch me  
Not, cold, cold hands

Allan James Saywell

# Communism And The Spanish Inquisition

Was Communism born at the Spanish Inquisition  
Did the Pope sign a piece of paper  
It was said at the time  
People confess easier, when aided by torture  
And yes death can be a blessing

Allan James Saywell

# Complications

She is causing me complications  
From being too complicated  
That woman is living too high  
My means are being tested  
Am feeling my mind  
Is being molested  
By that woman of mine  
Changing winds are blowing  
Control is slowly shifting  
Causing complications  
For that woman of mine  
Now we are living simpler  
With far less complications  
Now she is cured  
Of all those complications  
Now we are much closer  
Able to love each other  
All of the time

Allan James Saywell



# Constipation

A mans selfless act of contrition  
For Woman giving birth  
To such a large piece of matter.

Allan James Saywell

# Crocodile Shoes

You can pluck my crow  
Lick my dog  
Tongue kiss my woman  
In a london fog  
But dont you step on  
My crocodile shoes  
Dont you bloody dare  
Step on my crocodile shoes

You can beat my rooster  
With a four by two  
You can comb my hair  
With a bloody rake  
Chase my chickens all over the place  
But dont you bloody dare  
Step on my crocodile shoes

You can drink my whiskey  
From a coconut shell  
Get a woman to ring my bell  
Use my sheep as pillows all night  
But dont you step on  
My crocodile shoes

Oh no not my shoes  
Shoes are for dancing  
Dancing- dancing- dancing  
Shoes are for dancing  
Dancing- - dancing - -dancing

Allan James Saywell

# Cured

When i saw you last  
Your emptiness was just a face  
A reflection in a pane of glass  
Your voice was distant  
And like a violin gently wept  
The train of life arrived  
As i kissed your shadow  
And rode the milk train all the way home  
Youth sat on my shoulder like a monkey  
The air licked my face like a French lollipop  
The darkness ate at my soul  
I fell into a black hole  
My sedative was a bottle of rum  
And a little pink pill for birth control  
Though its, impossible to have sex while unconscious  
When i awoke Satan was sitting on my chest smoking a joint  
He said, your cured

Allan James Saywell

# Currawong Song

Currawong- -Currawong  
Black bird in a tree  
They call in the morning  
They call in the night  
Call for the rain  
Call for their mate  
Call for you to throw them some bread  
Their yellow eyes catches the light  
Currawong- -Currawong  
Sing me your song  
Beautiful blackbird who sing it so long  
Though I know its the rain  
You cry out for  
You cry in the morning  
Till I rise from my bed  
Currawong- Currawong  
Black bird in my song

Allan James Saywell

# Daughter Of Mine

How many times can a sunrise  
Or can a sunset  
How many faces can a man see  
Or places he know  
And yet i still search  
For your face in a crowd  
When i gaze in a pond  
No fish do i see  
Your beautiful face  
Still smile back at me  
The light shines brighter  
The years seem less  
I still have a window in my heart  
For you daughter of mine

Allan James Saywell

# Dearest

My dearest  
The music of sad songs are playing  
The meadow of love  
Is filled with tears of sad  
All the angels are weeping  
For our love has died  
Even the willows  
Are bent with sorrow  
How can I overcome this pain  
When i venture into the valley of love  
Lie in the meadow of life  
The roses are red with my ebbing blood  
A coldness chills my soul  
I cry out  
Where be my lost love now  
My voice is lost in the wind  
Time stands still

Allan James Saywell

# Death Is Beautiful

Death is beautiful  
Life is just a game  
Full of surprise  
Life is just a lie  
Death is beautiful  
We are all unaware and waiting  
For the sweet embrace  
So don't be afraid  
Just be laid back  
For when the moment in time  
Death is beautiful  
Life is just a play  
Death is just a final curtain  
Standing behind the stage door  
A beginning of the end  
The end of tomorrow and today

Allan James Saywell

# Depression

To me, depression  
Is a small piece of rock  
That has broken off a mountain

Allan James Saywell



# Desert Fish

Her portrait became a still life  
Age shall not weary her  
Time moved on, life moved on  
Everybody moved on  
She became born again  
She was resurrected as a desert Fish  
With the persona of her mother  
Each sentence was finished with a sigh  
She spoke a strange language  
A Mother tongue from the land of Venus  
His shed was built on Mars  
It was empty and had no soul  
The Spirit that lived within had died  
He came from the land down under  
He loved her, he told her  
She turned her back, left a black hole  
He loved and wept again  
His life had become a desert  
With water and wild with flower

Allan James Saywell

# Devil Woman

My woman has Ivory teeth man  
She flash them pearly white  
When she bite me  
With them fangs man  
I cry like a baby  
Deep into a dark black night  
When she stroke me  
With her whip man  
I confess all my sins  
While the devil  
Listens in the glow  
Of a pale moonlight  
I still love her  
With a passion  
Though the devil  
Owns her soul

Allan James Saywell

# Dominant Girls: Written By My Feminine Side

Men make better gang members  
Since early times they clubbed together  
They always need a crowd  
They make excellant Peacocks  
Who dance and prance and show their tail  
They make excellent sheep  
Because they love the warmth of the herd  
They suck on the breast longer  
They prefer war over love  
They become the whores of war  
Dont be their trollops  
Be dominant girls

Allan James Saywell

# Donna

out of a blue mist in time  
a young beauty of her generation  
appeared as a rose  
with a perfumed leaf  
offered her love  
to a young man  
with the swagger of youth  
they danced their dance of love  
to the music of their decade  
she never grows old  
my memory shares her soul  
together- -forever  
like two stars  
in an endless universe

Allan James Saywell

# Dream Of Intoxication

He slept in a vapour dream  
Of floating intoxication  
He was slowly dreaming  
In a vat of brandy  
His was a dribbling intoxication  
He dreamt of all his friends  
Gathered under a night black sky  
Roaming the dream was a pink Elephant Celebes  
Riding a pencil  
In front of Celebes stood a naked woman  
His head was leering from a wall  
And the wall was wailing  
Then a huge bird flew out of a black forrest  
And cried out  
He who lives for intoxication  
Shall forever sleep uneasy

Allan James Saywell

# Driver In The Woods

He was a Tiger in bed  
Due mainly to the length of his driver  
He met his match  
When he encountered a Tigress  
In the Woods  
She scratched his face  
And buried his balls in a hole  
He was never happy for a hole for one  
Transgressions he knew none  
When he met a pretty Tigress  
It wasn't just his hat he dipped  
With his extra long carbon tip

Allan James Saywell

# Eccentric

He was always different  
Who else would make love  
In a raincoat  
There was not a cloud  
In the sky  
Yet he still became wet

Allan James Saywell

# Existence

A poet, s food, is their written word  
A poet, s wine, is love and fame  
Complete when death will lay a claim  
When sodden earth  
Will cover pain  
Silence, lonlyness  
From stardust he came

Allan James Saywell



# Fame

Wisdom cannot be found  
In a fool  
Without a compass  
A famous person  
Uttered these words  
If this person  
Cannot be found  
Then it must have been me

Allan James Saywell

# Father Christmas

Walking along beside the sea  
In my finest red shirt  
My white beard glowing snow white  
A young boy walking with his mother  
Pointing a little finger  
Shouting mommy, It, s Father Christmas  
I kept walking, moving away  
From a little boys dream

Allan James Saywell

# Father Dear

Father dear, the years of time  
Are racing  
Being blown along  
By the sands of time  
Your face appears  
In my dreams of yesteryear  
As a boy, as a boy  
So young, so full of fear  
Your voice I hear  
My eyes still see  
The wisdom carried by your hands  
Your voice did sing  
How great thou art  
How great thou art  
Father dear  
I loved you so  
I loved you so

Allan James Saywell

# Feeling Love

I feel love  
Rise like the sun  
Can sleep with the night  
I feel love  
Moves away like a shadow  
You can drink it from a cup  
Love feels so real  
You can take like a pill  
You still need it  
When it moves away  
Rise again with the sun  
You always need it  
Because love is real  
Love is so real  
Love is real

Allan James Saywell

# Fire

Early In The Morning  
When the blue grey mist  
Hang above a Forest  
That become a sea like green  
A lone black bird  
Cry atop a blue gum tree  
A calling sound for love  
That carry from tree to tree  
To the south an angry fire  
Not unlike an angry sun  
Spitting hissing roaring  
Like an angry beast  
That has no love  
But still the bird cry for his lost love  
Cry for your brothers and sisters  
In a World that spins like a top

Allan James Saywell

# Flatulate In A Mini Skirt

Walk along the street head in the air  
Flatulate, Flatulate, till people stare  
Flatulate, Flatulate, with a leg in the air  
Wear a mini Skirt for more effect  
Tis easier for people to detect  
The gases from your Flatulation, will cause a stir  
Especially when you Flatulate into the air  
What is the point of saying', excuse me'  
People really dont care  
But when you start to Flatulate, it keeps there head in the air

Allan James Saywell

# Funny Weed

The poet took a drag of his funny weed  
He sucked it into his lungs  
It went to what was left of his brain  
His face lit up like a xmas tree and  
Took on the appearance of a cherub  
His face broke into a semblance of a smile  
He could feel a poem coming on  
He broke into a laugh, a hideous symphony of sound  
He took a drag and blew some gas  
It would be his fifth poem  
Oh it would be as good as his last  
For weren't they all good  
Didn't the gang say they were good

Allan James Saywell

# Gabi

There is no friend  
Quite like a woman  
She touch my soul  
With tender hands  
She is a friend indeed  
Her eyes light up  
Like diamond rings  
Makes no demands on me  
Except simple things  
She is a friend indeed  
Our love is shown with tender care  
For all the world to see

Allan James Saywell



# Ginger

poor old ginger  
That old cat ginger  
He just keep purring  
He just keep purring along  
He done a big dirty  
In my clean linen  
That dirty old furball  
I, ll make a fashion statement  
Out of dirty old ginger  
That dirty old ginger pussy  
My old ginger pussy  
Who dirty in the linen  
I, ll use him as a footrest  
I, ll use him as another step  
That lead to my linen  
My spanking white linen  
Poor old ginger he done shitten  
In my clean linen

Allan James Saywell

# Good Friday

She was sitting on concrete  
No shoes, bare feet  
Smoking a bumper Having a conversation  
With, God knows who  
Do you ever get a reply?  
No, she said  
With an educated voice  
Well we can break bread  
Share the blood of Christ  
With a red wine  
But I wont be washing  
Or kissing those feet  
Not even on good Friday

Allan James Saywell

# Hair Apparent

I picked a hair piece off the side-walk  
It said hair today  
Gone tomorrow  
Trump that

Allan James Saywell

# Her Rose Was White

Her Rose was white  
Only her memory sleeps tonight  
Her life has ceased  
On her grave i lay tonight  
Holding a Rose  
As white as white  
No longer will she smell their scent  
Or kiss them with a passion  
Heaven sent

Allan James Saywell

# Hi

If someone says' Hi  
How do you reply  
Hi lee hi low  
Hi, lop, bop, bop  
Hi lee, hi low, hi lep  
Sigh then repeat

Allan James Saywell

# Homeless In Paradise

He lay on a bed of discomfort  
Waiting for the first rays of hope  
Every night was long  
Every day was bleak  
He waited for the streetcar called desire  
It never came  
His youth was dulled with pain  
His friends were demons  
They lived within  
His soul had moved away  
All he wanted was the gravy train

Allan James Saywell

# Honey Dont

Thousands of Bees produce Honey in Hives  
Thousands of innocents depend on the honey  
Drones protect the honey  
Even in Pakistan  
Long live the Drone

Published today 09.11

Allan James Saywell

# Human Beans

Long long ago  
In a land down under  
When I a young boy  
There was a young friend  
Who thought he was a human bean  
His mother said he was  
She told him he was just a young butter bean  
When he grew up he would become a human bean  
I asked him would he go to heaven  
When you die- - he replied  
No a space ship will come  
Take me to a land of plenty  
Where everybody is full of love  
What are you he said  
Im just a young human being- -I replied  
Who will grow to be an old human being  
When I die they will burn me in a furnace  
Deposit my ashes in a garden  
Then a wind will blow me away  
Whereby I will finish up in a field of beans  
Then a cow will eat the beans  
Then deposit me in a lonely field  
Where I will be surrounded by  
Lots of other human beings  
Sad lonely human beings

Allan James Saywell



# I, M Leaving

Baby cant you see  
I, m leaving  
Cant you see I, m moving  
What you going to do  
When the sky is grey  
What you going to do  
When it rains all day  
Baby cant you see I, m leaving  
Sick and tired of all your lying  
Tired of all your deceiving  
What you going to do  
When you cant sleep  
What you going to do  
When you cant afford to eat  
Baby cant you see I, m leaving  
No more you and me  
Because I, m leaving  
Baby when you cant see  
Me any more  
Iv, e left

Allan James Saywell

# If I Could Fly Like A Bird

If I could fly like a bird  
I would soar like an angel  
Through the valley of death  
Through the tunnel of the great white light  
Sit cross legged on top of Everest  
Migrate the seasons of the continents  
If I could fly like a bird  
The seven seas would become my own  
Anywhere would become my home  
If I could fly like a bird  
I would ride a solar wind  
Catch the tail of a comet  
Explore the mystery of a black hole  
Make infinity my home  
If only I could fly  
All my dreams  
Would be dreams with feathers

Allan James Saywell

# In Defence Of Man

They sat in silence  
Nothing was said  
For what seemed like eternity  
Silence was golden  
Then the shrink said  
Women can love you that much  
Then hate you as much  
The Man in all his wisdom  
Relied, I hope no other Woman  
Loves me that much, ever again  
The shrink roared with laughter  
Your cured he said.

Allan James Saywell

# Infallibility

Is the Pope Infallible Henry?  
Well Martha- -one Pope will die  
Another Pope will be resurrected  
In his place  
Are you Infallible Henry  
Well Martha- I do have  
A certain ring of confidence  
No sins to confess  
No intention to tell  
Anyone else- -so there- -  
Wont be any lies told

Allan James Saywell

# Infinity

The path was long  
It went on for ever, and ever  
Even though  
The path was straight  
My mind was held  
In the palm of my hand  
Then i came upon a door  
And beyond the door lay the answer

Allan James Saywell

# Jane

Someone desire me yesterday  
Tomorrow a teardrop  
Hot secret reigns  
Dance soft shoe  
Will we remember yesterday  
Can we think about tomorrow  
Shall we live today  
Shall we love tomorrow  
The sun will shine  
Our love will grow  
Not even the rain  
Will dampen our desire  
Just you and I  
Jane for ever  
For eternity

Allan James Saywell

# Kindred Souls

They become as one  
Together forever  
They lie like all lovers do  
Their breath dissolving the purest of air  
His hand stroking white shoulders  
Silvery and bare-  
Into the blue of heaven  
With a sweet Woman  
Their love will live forever  
On this bed of dew  
Let them love each other  
In peace, in love, and peace among  
Honey from the hive, they bring  
And sweet apples they gather too  
That they will look with affectionate light  
Into their eyes of diamond things  
Like child like kisses they draw from each other  
Then they both give up garlands of sweet life  
To one to the other

Allan James Saywell

# Liberated Man

I, m just a liberated man  
A right wing Johney come nothing  
Liberated Man  
I always say what I think  
Take people to the brink  
I t makes them think  
Makes all my girlfriends drink  
Drink is a common link  
That brings Men and Women together  
In the heather  
Rub your nose and other parts together  
What I ask, is what I get  
Women say, how high Johney  
All the way Turkey sister  
All the way to the Moon  
Jump till you have a blister sister  
For we live in a horrible World

Allan James Saywell



# Little Red Apples

Out of Mother Nature  
Came little red Apples'  
That were grown  
In the Garden of time  
But God don't like  
Little red Apples'  
From which the Devil does dine  
Women love to eat little red Apples'  
In the Summer time  
Men desire little red Apples'  
Any old time  
Winter, Summer, especially  
When the Sun is high  
In a clear blue Sky  
The Devil does love  
Little red Apples'  
Man does love  
Little red Apples'  
Women love  
Little red Apples'

Allan James Saywell

# Loading Zone

What is that white paper  
On your windscreen  
The one that says  
This is your first  
This is your last warning  
You have parked your dirty old car  
In my loading zone  
So I have sooted all of your car  
With a filthy greasy dust  
From my street cleaning truck  
I could have towed you away  
So be thankful for a small mercy  
So when you drive away  
Sing how much is that dog in the window  
The one with the waggy little tail

Allan James Saywell

# Lonesome Boots

She said, you can put your boots  
Under my bed anytime stranger  
I replied, but  
What about me?

Allan James Saywell

# Look At Me Society

They walk along  
With heads bowed over  
At bright screens  
With information lost  
In fields of clover  
Look at me  
For i cant see  
The rest of  
The plastic society  
They walk past  
The homeless youth  
With hats held out  
For money toward  
An easy hit  
Look at me  
You old people  
From the old society  
Most of whom  
Drive old steel cars  
Built in what used to be  
Their old society  
Please look at me  
The young look at me society

Allan James Saywell

# Love Is Real

Feeling love, feeling love  
Love is sleeping with the night  
We feel love is a shadow  
That walks with the day  
You can drink love  
With sweet lips on a cup  
Love, feels so real  
You can take it like a pill  
We all need it  
When it leave us  
If only for a day  
We all need it  
Every single day  
Feeling love, feels so real  
Love is real  
Love is real

Allan James Saywell

# Marriage

In a perfect marriage  
Within a bad relationship  
A free spirit  
Can become a trapped animal  
Your world can become a cage

Allan James Saywell

# Martyr's Guns And Roses

Young lives are full of promise  
Old lives are full of wisdom  
Guns have the potential to commit murder  
Explosives' tears apart the temple  
Disconnects' the body  
Human blood becomes a river  
What cause is worth taking the lives  
Of Men Women and children  
What reward awaits the human being  
Who seeks to murder  
In the name of the Father  
Who is this imposter, who sits in a rose garden  
Holding in his hand a bouquet of death

Allan James Saywell

# Me Man, You Woman

If you seek to call me a Man  
You may address me as  
Male gentleman, sir master  
Yeoman, fellow gay blade  
If you think of me as a bit of an animal  
Then feel free to call me  
Cock Drake, dog boar, stag buck  
Tom cat, he, billy goat  
Ram, top bull  
But please don, t call me a gelding  
I am also masculine, manly  
Virile and vile  
But I am not, Womanly or feminine  
By the way my nickname, be Adonis

Allan James Saywell



# Mirror Mirror

Why lie to me  
The image I see  
Is quite foreign to me  
Perhaps with a little more light  
No alas, it has not changed my plight  
Maybe some soap, water  
Even though it stings my eyes  
Runs down my throat  
My face is somewhat like a map  
The years etched by lines  
Both new and old  
Different paths, decisions made  
A young man no longer looks back at me

Allan James Saywell

# Mister Sheen

Oh Mister Sheen  
Oh Mister Sheen  
Your words we find offensive  
And quite obscene  
We know you sniff the coke  
And you are the half a bloke  
We all love your flower shirts  
And the way you always flirt  
Your mind is quite a maze  
And you never cease to amaze  
Oh Mister Sheen  
Oh Mister Sheen  
You don't come across as squeaky clean  
Not not even when appearing shiny bright  
No not even when you try to glitter on Twitter  
Oh Mister Sheen  
Oh Mister Sheen

Allan James Saywell

# Money Poem

Can you write a poem for five cents  
And three blind mice  
Don, t tell your mom  
Don, t tell your dad  
That your hooked on ice  
Two for your scotch  
Two to chill your beer  
Two cubes to sit on  
To chill your little rear

Allan James Saywell

# Mother Of Pearl

If you awake  
Feeling a sense of sad  
In the first light of dawn  
Just hold your gun  
Give the chamber a little twirl  
Pull your hammer back  
While you begin to finger  
Your Mother of Pearl  
Clench the barrel between your teeth  
Try not to think happy thoughts'  
Of your little girl

Allan James Saywell

# My Empty Room

I sit in my empty room  
Observing life  
Thinking of those special things  
That make life worthwhile  
If I had told her, the many things  
She wanted to hear  
Whispered those sweet nothings  
Women love to hear  
So I sit with my despair  
Watching through the pain  
Life passing by  
Could I have explained my want  
Ran my fingers through her hair  
Told her, I love you  
Then this emptiness  
Would disappear  
When I leave my empty room  
My lost love will not be there  
Just a memory  
In her youth, she set me free

Allan James Saywell

# My Extraordiarily Ordinary Woman

She could have been the perfect Woman  
If only for her insensibility  
Which caused a certain amount  
Of cold blooded behaviour  
Her moist eyes hid her coldness  
Her callous heart of stone  
Hid her marble deadness  
She woke every morning  
As if waking from a coma  
She had the hide of a Rhino  
Did'nt give a strawberry for me  
I loved her  
She was to me  
What Adams rib was to Eve

Allan James Saywell

# My Love Lives In A Shadow

Is that you soul-mate  
Come away from the shadow  
Step away from the night  
Burn me with your light  
Stroke me with your voice  
Cover me with your love  
Don, t hide yourself in my dreams  
Or so it seems  
Don, t live in fear  
For I'm always here

Allan James Saywell

# Naked

you are born naked  
they cover you with cloth  
for the rest of your life  
when you die  
they strip you of your cloth  
gaze upon you at your worst  
dress you up in your finest cloth  
deposit you in a grave  
cover you with dirt  
or burn you in a furnace  
spread your ash  
or flower your grave

Allan James Saywell



# Noah, S Ark

The deputy heads message was clear  
Boys- -you have comitted  
A great sin  
To talk in scripture class  
Interupt Father Fentons  
Explanation of Noahs Ark  
In front of this 1960 class  
Sentence has been passed  
There is no appeal  
Nor one lodged  
You will be paraded forthwith  
In front of school assembly  
To receive your allocated six strokes  
With a delicate length of bamboo cane  
Delivered with a great deal of ferocity  
By Father Fenton himself  
Disipline must be maintained  
I, m still somewhat reluctant  
To murmer while- - while in Church  
Especially during a serman on Noahs Ark

Allan James Saywell

# Nonsense With A Touch Of Love

My God she said  
Your so Ugly  
Your almost handsome  
I replied with a mouth  
Full of broken teeth  
Due to years of eating raw corn  
Your so beautiful  
That the mere sight of you  
Leaves a Man  
Impotent but with a sense of importance

Allan James Saywell

# Nowhere Man

Many, many years ago  
He was cast out on his own  
Freedom come, freedom go  
Nowhere to lay his head  
No place for him to know  
He walked all day  
He walked all night  
Till he felt a morning glow  
His pockets peeled out  
Like ears of corn  
But he knew he could kiss the sun  
Feel as pure as a Nun  
Freedom always has a price  
Nobody knew, nobody cared  
Whether he had a nickle or a dime  
Nobody knew his name

Allan James Saywell

# On Being Dead

I did not know  
I was dead  
Till my girlfriend said  
I was lacking- - in warmth

Allan James Saywell

# On The Rainy Side Of The Street

Grab your coat and your umbrella  
Your gumboots and your cane  
Cant you hear the rain coming down  
Soaking all the ground  
Life can feel soggy wet  
On the rainy side of the street  
He used to walk under the Sun  
With his bare ass facing down  
With his face set like a clown  
With no money in his pockets  
Because his Country spent it on Rockets  
He is feeling blue  
Like a Man on parade  
Cause its' raining in his shade  
On the rainy side of the street

Allan James Saywell

# Only The Lonely

Wont be hugging Betty no more  
Just be drinking my corona beer  
Wont be sleeping with Janice no more  
Just be sipping on my Corona  
Wont be kissing Olga no more  
She wont even Open her door  
This virus has left me all alone  
I feel like a leper  
Left to roam  
Still got plenty of Corona left  
More money left to lodge a bet  
Still sleeping with my wife  
Her up one end  
Me down the other  
Our feet we share  
One to the other

Allan James Saywell

# Outer Space

He used to wonder why Man invaded Outer Space  
Now he has obtained a black hole  
As a Garbage disposal unit  
Set up in his Greenhouse kitchen Resturant  
Right beside Central Park  
Where the ghost of Lennon still resides  
You can hear him singing in the night  
Imagine there is no sunshine  
No wind or rain or cloud  
Imagine there is no tomorrow  
Or today or next week too  
Imagine nobody left to love  
No grass or trees, or oceans full of fish  
No home or family, no enemies too hate  
No just thousands of black holes and Space

Allan James Saywell

# Peace Not War

We lie in the sun  
We picnic under e tree  
We forget there was a price  
Young men gave their lives  
So we could be free  
Yes war is a brutal conflict  
The horror, the loss  
There is no honour in killing  
They gave their lives  
We must always  
Remember them  
The human race wage  
Don, t ask your God for victory  
God does, nt carry a sword  
The powers to be wage war  
Man has the power  
There will be no victory  
Live and let live  
Protect what you have  
The lands where you reside  
Trade what you have  
With what you need  
Live in peace

Allan James Saywell



# Pistol Boo, Depp

A man dressed somewhat similar  
From that movie, The Godfather  
I felt like kissing his ring  
It was none other then, Johnny Depp  
With the Al Pacino eyes  
The Elvis lips, slicked black hair  
Then a warm sensation, on my leg  
It was Pistol marking his terrority, and Boo  
Then loud applause, clapping  
A beautiful woman kissing everybody  
All except me

Allan James Saywell

# Poetry

Words forever blown along by a gentle wind  
Given the kiss of life  
By both happy and sad poets  
Words embraced by both the young  
And the old  
Regardless of gender  
Colour or creed

Allan James Saywell

# Political Correctness

Remember back in the old days  
When we were just sitting around  
On our old Poofs, Martha  
Listening to our, Tranny  
Sucking on a fag  
Having a gay old time, Henry  
No one was offended

Allan James Saywell

# Rambling Nose

Rambling nose, rambling nose  
Where it goes, nobody nose  
Oh I just hate my rambling nose  
When I blow my rambling nose  
It grows redder then a rose  
Oh I just cant live  
Without my nose  
When I lean down to sniff a rose  
A bee did bite and bloody my nose  
Now I cant sniff with my rambling nose  
My love for my nose just grows and grows  
Rambling nose, rambling nose  
I just love my rambling nose

Allan James Saywell

# Rhyming Artificially

Known to all  
Paternity admitted by none  
For a century smut has had a ball  
Limerics written- -even about  
The order of the Nun  
Its'content insipid- the rhyming  
Artificially ingenious

Allan James Saywell

# Romancing The Valentine

We were dancing  
In the moonlight  
When my baby  
Whispered beautiful-  
Words to me  
I love you  
My valentine  
We be together  
Happy forever  
On this day  
Eternaly

Allan James Saywell

# Rooster

All the men of the world  
Are Roosters with feathers  
All the Women are hens  
With feathers  
We all are from an egg  
My brothers were all Roosters  
We all lived in a barn  
Our barn not your barn  
We all married hens  
With feathers  
I married three hens  
Some say I was a bad Rooster  
Because more then one hen loved me  
They must have loved my comb  
Or my feathers  
Now my brothers are all gone  
The hens have moved on  
I rule the roost  
And am king of my barn  
My barn - not your barn

Allan James Saywell

# Saga Of A Sexy Seahorse

Randy Andy the Australian Pot bellied Seahorse  
Danced his dance of love  
Seven times a day  
His color changed  
As he danced his exotic dance  
In perfect erotic time  
The bigger his belly  
The saucier he became  
With Alison Seahorse Nelly  
Seahorses flirt all day  
Just like humans  
With ever whom they choose  
They dance their dance all day

Allan James Saywell



# She Was Burmese

She was Burmese  
I never had a black pussy before  
Her eyes were emerald  
Chinese saucers set in black  
I gave her food  
She gave me love  
When I stroked her  
She purred  
So what's new pussy- cat

Allan James Saywell

# Shelling Peas For Ruby

Now all the world is sad and blue  
All the world is full of you  
You are indeed the modern woman  
With your little mini skirt  
Who I watch  
As you bend to do your work  
A red thong that doesn't  
Cover your extremity  
Does distract me from shelling peas  
Oh God, now she is on her knees  
Another scene is in my view  
A vision of cleavage  
Cross my eyes  
Does distract me from shelling peas  
One for the mouth, one fly south  
An odd pea does fly west  
Her eyes are sleepy, made for bed  
Pimples deck her cheeks  
Her eyes are fire red, made to burn  
My inner soul  
I have to keep shelling  
Them peas, just for my Ruby

Allan James Saywell

# Siberia

Putin is on the phone AJS  
Hello sir, what can I do for you  
A deal, what sort of deal  
You want to house our boat people  
In Siberia  
What a brilliant Idea  
What a brilliant deal  
Yes I, ll run it past prime minister, Tumblebuck  
Well that, s what the Americans call him  
Dont worry about Trump  
He is too busy building a wall  
Just send him a dozen Vodka  
No not the women called Vodka

Allan James Saywell

## Some Mothers Do Have Them

Our boy left you a Mothers day present- Martha  
Its very long Henry  
Well what is it? Its a red chainsaw Henry  
For cutting hedges Martha  
I dont cut the hedges Henry  
You do- -  
What did you give your mother Henry  
Oh some red roses and a box of sweets  
What colour are the roses Henry  
Red just like the chainsaw

Allan James Saywell

# Son Of A Gun

My daddy was a Winchester  
People always said  
That i was the Son of a gun  
So it came as no surprise  
That people nicknamed me Colt  
I was always a sharp shooter  
People always said  
Never get in Colts cross hair sights  
Never put a bullet in colts chamber  
When i met my wife  
I asked her for her name  
She said my people are Carbines  
I said if you and i ever get married  
You and i are going to have-  
A lot of sons of Guns and carbines

Allan James Saywell

# Soul Mate

A solitary man- who lived  
Happiness was a cave  
In that cave  
A solitary confinement  
Then she appeared  
Out of a rose coloured mist  
Then only then  
Did city lights burn bright  
No more cold nights  
Warmth shone out of eyes so light  
Pale like a blue bayou  
The blonde held with bobby pin  
No more hurt no more pain  
Like a heart held in a vice  
A kindred soul  
No longer does he sleep with moles  
Forever watched over  
By a blue eyed rove

Allan James Saywell

# Sour Dough Limerick

My jug of milk went sour  
So i made myself a loaf of bread  
Called it sour dough bread  
Now eat it up you sweet bastards  
Milk a cow with teats  
Not a bloody bull

Allan James Saywell

# Spring Is In The Air

Spring is in the air  
You can smell it on a breeze  
Spring is in the air  
You can feel it in your bones  
You cant help feeling happy  
You cant help feeling lively  
Spring is in the air  
You can kiss it everyday  
Spring is in the air  
You can love the warm embrace  
So smile, spring is in the air  
Lovers come out to play  
Spring is when love is in the air  
So give your love a bouquet  
Sing so spring is in the air

Allan James Saywell



## Still Life

A moment in time  
Is a photograph  
Of a young boy  
An innocent young boy  
With no knowledge  
Of relationship  
Of a human kind  
He was happiness with a smile  
Pure of heart  
A young boy  
Without guilt  
Full of love  
A trusting spirit  
Caught like a bird  
In a web of deceit  
Caught in a moment in time

Allan James Saywell

# Suicide Watch

You know, you don, t have to  
Just tell the powers to be  
That you are the Son of God  
Not sure,  
Just ask Jesus

Allan James Saywell

# Sunflower

I pictured a vase  
Full of sunflower  
Their colour was yellow  
Green brown - White  
The eye of the flower  
Stared back at me  
They had no ear  
The leaf was green  
But the green appeared tired  
The name of the vase was vincent  
It sat in a desert  
With a pale blue sky

Allan James Saywell

# Sweet Talk Cafe,

Im on my way  
Im on my way  
Down Coolangatta way  
To meet my arty friends  
At the sweet talk Cafe  
Maybe I, ll create  
A little bit of genius  
At the sweet talk Cafe  
If Im real lucky  
Heather will be serving coffee  
At the sweet talk Cafe  
Art decorates the walls  
Their beauty for all to see  
The decor is pretty trendy  
At the sweet talk Cafe  
Through wind rain and storm  
The sun will always shine  
On the sweet talk Cafe

Allan James Saywell

# Technology On Canvas

The high diver turns into points of light  
Disappears into a black void  
Disintergrates over and over again  
Played like a movie without end  
Astronauts fall like stars  
Tumble like specks  
In outer space  
Brilliant lighting illuminates  
Electric green clouds  
Fire and ice landscapes erupt  
Leaving heat emitting surfaces  
Of invisible biological aura  
A volcanic landscape  
Of flames and fiery geysers  
That crackle with neon energy  
Mass culture  
That addresses the imagination  
Of man and woman

Allan James Saywell

# The Beggar Cried Christmas

The beggar cried Christmas today  
The songwriter wrote pretty paper  
We celebrate a child born on this day  
We sing all the songs  
The priest says, forgive your fellow man  
In the name of the lord  
The beggar wont sing in the chapel  
Or receive a blessing that day  
Is he a lesser man in the eyes of the lord  
I feel like a beggar come Christmas day  
I don, t sing with the sheep  
I don, t pray with the lambs  
I wait for a phone call that never comes  
The forgiveness that was promised by the lord  
The spirit of Christmas, still live in my soul  
Like the beggar of the street  
My star still shines in the eyes of the lord

Allan James Saywell

# 'The Devil In Me

Yes Im, the best deceiver  
Breaking every heart that I know  
Deceiving to me is a thrill you see  
I, ll break your heart  
Tear your love apart  
You will frown when your down  
I, ll laugh like a clown  
Please get rid of this devil in me  
Yes I wear a coat of many colours  
Have eyes that sparkle like diamonds  
Baby be aware, don, t get caught in my snare  
Just wash me out of your hair  
The real me loves you baby  
The devil in me doesn, t care

Allan James Saywell

# The Funeral

What sort of funeral have you arranged Dick  
Just a quick burn Harry  
No service, no casket, no flowers  
Invite only  
How many people will be there Dick  
None Harry, Zilch, zero, nought  
What about the wake Dick  
Invite only Harry  
What sort of food and drink  
Will be at the wake Dick  
Nought Harry, no ones invited  
He cant stand crowds Harry  
Hello Tom, your very quiet  
Not half as quiet as your going to be  
After your quick burn Dick

Allan James Saywell



# The Hermit

The cave was dark  
An ideal place  
For a Hermit to live  
He held a fascination  
For a young boy  
Like myself  
I went to the cave  
Almost everyday  
Are you afraid hermit  
Of the light of day  
Are you afraid  
Of birds in trees  
Are you afraid  
Of a bee in flowers  
Or water cascading  
Down a waterfall  
He answered from  
That dark cave  
I'm just afraid of life  
The dark is like a friend  
That surrounds me  
Like an embrace  
The stars are like  
A crowd of people  
That i see only from within  
Like people who i cant hear or see  
Nor they me  
I love the night  
And the night loves me

Allan James Saywell

# The Hogs'Breath Cafe

You dont have to be a Pig'  
To eat at the Hogs breath Cafe  
Run around eat a little Pigs trotter  
At the hogs breath cafe  
Ham it up big time  
At the hogs breath cafe  
Pull up a chair but take great care  
That you dont swill too much pork  
At the hogs breath cafe  
If you want to pork a porker  
Go to the hogs breath cafe  
Squeal and squeak while you eat  
At the hogs breath cafe  
Bust a toe- -go eat white meat  
At the hogs breath cafe  
All the pigs are gathered together  
Down at the hogs breath cafe

Allan James Saywell

# The Irish And The Orchids

The beauty of a warm sultry, sunny day  
Glad to be alive, i rested my ample rump  
On the first available park bench and  
Gazed at the beauty of a cybidium orchids  
Hot pink in colour, open in all it's glory  
To reveal it's stigmatic surface  
Resting on the labellium lip  
Surrounded by two petals, mounted by  
The dorsal sepal, the long green stem  
Running down to rest against  
A half bottle of sherry, and a black haired head  
Wait a minute, you drunk again paddy  
You bloody Irish, pissed all the time  
Lying in the beautiful orchids  
And i say goodnight, sweet drunk  
Flights of angels, sing you to sleep

Allan James Saywell

# The Last Train

The Poet sat at table  
He was from the old school  
His Pen was poised  
Waiting for a Train of thought  
The carriage lay empty  
The track lay bare  
In the midday Sun  
He smiled as he stroked the page  
With vivid thoughts  
Of former love  
In the year  
Two thousand and twelve  
On Valentine day

Allan James Saywell

# The Morning My Dad Had Breakfast With Elvis

I was quite young  
a mere slip of a boy  
it was 1957  
In lismore, new south wales  
The radio was playing quiet music  
Dads music  
Dad was ready to eat  
An Aussie breakfast  
Weetbix sausage and egg  
In a small country town  
Then Elvis started to sing  
It seemed like dad was eating in time  
To the music of the king  
I didn, t think dad could eat that fast  
Or with such lack of class  
I remained quite calm  
Though inclined to move and twitch  
I sat waiting for the song to end  
Fascinated with my dads eating display  
finally, every body lets rock  
Dancing to the jailhouse rock  
dancing to the jailhouse rock  
I managed a look at my father  
He said, make sure Elvis is not invited  
For breakfast tomorrow son

Allan James Saywell

# The Night Is Just A Blanket

Losing love can be like  
Playing a bad riff  
On a golden stringed guitar  
But the road is long  
The wind blow strong  
The smell of a good sea  
Will follow me every where  
People will stare  
At the colored clown  
With the comic frown  
They will all cry out  
Who needs a big tent  
When your canopy is full with stars

Allan James Saywell

# The Oldest Virgin

Why so sad stranger?  
My former wife has died  
She arranged to have my marriage annulled  
So she could remarry again as a virgin  
Dressed in the finest white silk  
What a bitch I whispered  
Are you going to her funeral  
Yes he said  
I want to make sure she is dead  
I have never seen a dead virgin before  
I said the hate has died  
Offer her your love  
Heal yourself

Allan James Saywell

# The Orange And The Green

There were two Soccer teams  
They were Irish and were called  
The Orange and the Green  
But alas, every time they played  
They brawled and fought  
And the playing of Soccer  
Counted less then nought  
When the match was over  
They always travelled home by Bus  
They were found early in the morn  
Scattered and battered and most surely  
All of them were dead  
Much deader then all the dead  
The police were baffled  
As to how it all came about  
The only clue was the Orange Mascot  
So named Irish the sole survivor of the crash  
He sat lonely by the road  
Detective Green who was in charge  
Of the investigation  
Endeavoured to test the intelligence of the Monkey  
So he put to him some questions  
That could solve the mystery of why the Bus did crash  
And the death of the Orange and the Green  
He asked the Monkey what they were all doing  
Just before the crash  
The Monkey Irish grabbed a glass  
And raised it to his lips  
And what was the driver doing  
Just before the crash, asked Detective Green  
The Monkey smiled and raised the glass  
Straight to his hairy lips  
Just one more question said Detective Sargent Green  
Who was driving the said Bus just before the crash  
The Monkey smiled and showing all his pearly whites  
He grabbed the battered steering wheel  
And turned it to the right





# The Poet With A Touch Of Dipsomania

When he awakes In the morning  
There is often noises in the upper belfry  
An infatuation with a twist of eccentricity  
In his mornings work  
His reason and inclination  
To lose his senses  
Also the overpowering urge  
To rant rave, wander, run am0ck  
While undergoing, addling of his wits  
While looking rabid  
Giddy with a wild bug eyed look  
The only cure  
Write another bloody poem

Allan James Saywell

# The Tree Of Life

The mould is born  
On the tree that died  
The grass that live  
Born from the sun that burn  
The sun that rise  
The sun that set  
The rain that fall  
So life can live  
All this I witness

Allan James Saywell

# The White Forrest

Shave it off Henry  
No Martha, never  
Just give me one positive  
The cat loves it Martha  
The cat thinks it.s just another pussy Henry  
Well he is a tom cat Martha  
Well it looks like a petrified Forrest  
A man and his beard  
It, s just like a beautiful marriage Martha  
Just like ours

Allan James Saywell

# This Infidel

The beautiful black bird, sits on the railing  
Our eyes meet  
There is no hate  
In his mirror  
I throw him bread  
He breaks it into smaller pieces  
With his beak  
He loves this Infidel  
He cares not that I have no God  
I offer the wild Dog  
The back of my hand  
He gently licks away his fear  
I stroke his chest  
His eyes become soft  
I these things of nature lie trust  
This Infidel will die with love  
There wont be any hate in his heart  
God willing

Allan James Saywell

# Till Death Do Us Part

I wrote the word dog  
O n a piece of paper  
Then I wrote it back to front  
That is how I met God  
He introduced me to a woman  
Her name was bitch  
I fell in love with bitch  
She told me she loved me  
So we went to a church called marriage  
Where we fornicated  
Till we produced little people  
Called children  
We loved them too death  
We sent them too school  
Where they learnt  
They were better off with out us  
So they replaced us  
With drugs and music festivals  
I still have my bitch  
She still has her dog

Allan James Saywell

# To Whom It May Concern

Have you seen the news  
Today, more decay  
More guns and knives  
More drugs, more loss of sons  
Bloody streets of no respect  
Flowers cards of sorrow  
On lonely street corners  
Wont solve problems  
A baby receives daily milk  
We need politicians to solve problems  
Not spit dummies  
So get off your ass  
Get into it

Allan James Saywell

# Total Eclipse Of Mine Heart

darling can you feel it  
the total eclipse of mine heart  
can you see it  
appear out of everywhere  
love lost to a universe  
fragments of love  
the total eclipse of mine heart  
can you hear the sad music  
playing on a solar wind  
the total eclipse of mine heart  
when i gaze at the moon  
all i will see  
is a total eclipse of mine heart

Allan James Saywell



# True Freedom

When death comes  
Greet him like an old friend  
Like a rotting apple  
He desires', only what remains  
When the door is closed on life  
Please enter a new beginning  
Like a snake would shed skin  
Throw off your coat  
For the color is dark  
The universe is full of light  
Your journey will be long  
Rejoice, for you are free  
At last...

Allan James Saywell

# Unrequited

Close your eyes, close the door  
Don't you love me any more  
I just want to be  
Your ever loving baby, tonight  
Have you ever been kissed by the sun  
Bathed in the early morning light  
Been caressed by a breeze  
In the evening night  
Startled by the glow  
From a pale moonlight  
Have you ever been in love  
Close your eyes  
Close the door

Allan James Saywell

## Well - -Do You

Do you love me Henry  
Well when I wake  
Of a morning Martha  
At first light  
Your face becomes the Sun  
That first morning kiss  
Burns my lips  
My heart is surrounded  
By a ring of fire  
Only you can quench that thirst- Martha  
Just answer the question- - Henry

Allan James Saywell

# When I A Boy

My shadow did follow me  
When I a boy  
He ate with me  
He drank his fill  
My shadow emulate  
When I a boy  
My mother kissed my shadow  
I felt it too  
When I a boy  
I used to race my shadow  
And never lose  
When I a boy  
He passed me once  
He was with my dad  
In a car  
When I a boy

Allan James Saywell

# When I Loved Miss Day

Can you still hear your name  
Being carried by the wind Baby  
Can you still hear my goodbye  
Your family said had to go  
They said he's the wrong Religion  
I said, God only knows  
We were just fifteen baby  
Far too young, I know  
You were my first sweet heart  
You said I was your true love  
You told me over the phone  
Told me I had to go  
You came back to see me  
Years later, I know  
It made me glad  
And a little sad  
I'm a little wiser now  
I'm still the wrong religion baby  
God only knows  
I still gaze at your face  
Hanging there in the clouds  
The same face I pictured  
When I put down that phone

Allan James Saywell

# When Love Die

Our love lie dormant  
On a bed of fallen leaves  
The branch lie broken  
Where love drew breath  
Among early tender scenes  
Sadness rides upone a wave  
Of sad and broken dreames  
Alone again, alone again  
Love has died, love has died  
Two people cried, alone they cried  
On a bed of lonely leaves

Allan James Saywell

# Woman

woke up made my bed  
washed my face  
the man in the mirror smiled  
said hello  
cleaned teeth  
with a whiter bright  
covered my feet  
with a leather sole  
dressed myself  
in wool and cotten  
drove down town  
to share a drink  
with a beautiful girl  
dressed in mink  
told her  
your so beautiful  
there is something about you  
cant quite put my finger on it  
she said you never will  
you dirty rotten scoundrel

Allan James Saywell

# Woman In Red

If only you could have seen  
My Woman in red  
He caught his first sight of her  
Behind a brick kiln shed  
Though she appeared a shadow in the haze  
Enslaved for ever he would be  
Should anything stop a man from his work  
Duties he would never shirk  
His gaze transfixed on the way she walked  
She floated past  
Left him with only a stare  
He could see her better  
Only for the glare  
If only he could have said  
To the woman in red  
The thoughts that were running  
Through his head  
Long of stride, strong of thigh  
She continued to pass him by  
The kind of woman that make strong men cry  
Was the woman in red

Allan James Saywell



# Your Economy

Hold your wife in check  
Prevent her waste  
Hold her candles both ends  
Cut her cost  
According to her cloth  
Make both her ends meet  
Make her save for a rainy day  
So you can feather your nest  
Be aware of the pick-pocket-temptress

Allan James Saywell

# Your Primatial Scream

Life is held within a day  
Out of the darkness comes the light  
At the end of the day  
Life becomes the dark  
The agony, the ecstasy  
Your love of life  
Your infinite search for wisdom  
Emotional highs, emotional lows  
You reside on a mountain  
You recline on a plain  
Drink the water eat the grain  
When you love it consumes you like a fire  
When you lose that love  
You let loose your primatial scream  
Which loose the beast  
That resides deep within your soul  
At the end of your day  
Pull the curtain down

Allan James Saywell