

Poetry Series

Andrew David Dalby
- poems -

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Andrew David Dalby(17th Of March 1967)

I am a happily married 46 year old father of four: the son of a father who is a retired police officer and a mother who worked as a shop manager. I grew up in a very politically active household, where the ideals of socialism were passionately discussed; this has effected my view of the world considerably, and does have an impact upon my work.

I began writing poetry in my early twenties, however, it is only recently with the development of the internet, and the opportunities given by the Open University have I been able to work solidly.

I have one collection of poetry completed that I will post here in e-book form.

A Psalm Of Love

Love is more than a collection of random words...
Love is more than a mirrored reflection of emotion...
Love, charged directly at the heart, changes lives;
That, when touched by Love, are made new...whole... entire.
Love shimmer's with delicate tender kisses.
Love glows, with the pumping of a knight's desire.
All who are touched by love are tuned to light.
For Love's iridescent glory is like a warm rapturous musk.
Enrapt and so entwined, are those who know the reality of love.
For they chime, in moist excitement.
and move in a slow purpousful dance of beautiful synchronicity.
with tenderness, they stroke, stoke and enrich each other.
In the near silent breeze, caught by the shade of a butterfly's wing,
Shines forth Love's eternal kiss.
And so Love stands strong, with a smile of total triumph;
That then frees the chains of we the lost, the poor and broken hearted;
To become... so much more...than we dare think ourselves to be.

Andrew David Dalby

Absolom

Rusted curled,
Yet not forgotten.
A part of God's Eternal plan.
Here, now and forever;
Not misbegotten
A shard of beauty,
From a delicate hand.
Golden yellow,
Rustic red,
Veined rich
in Bulbous form;
To be buried deep,
In warm soft yielding earth,
Now...almost ready to transform.

Andrew David Dalby

All Women Are Her

The cruelty of men placed her within a barbed wire cage
But oh how strong she stood, so bold and so very brave
For she guards her spirit from the black hooked talon's,
And a dark murder that longs to scythe the night apart.

The men bitterly mocked her, as they cruelly fought her,
They placed a gnarled rope around her proud noble neck,
And she took what they gave her, and faced her monster,
As the cruel brothers she knew just stole her spirit away.

But... oh... Christ how bloody brightly she still now sings,
With such open blossoming spring that from shining tiers
Which wrestles here so beautiful so eternal and so bright,
That slowly glisten as they rise with an ever diamond hew.

For the cruelty of men spat and simply called her a harlot,
But they did not know of the power that she had within,
For she was honest and proud and defiant and so loud,
And the man that she dearly loved gave himself for her.

Who is she? She is the light, she is the stain; she is the song,
She is the refrain, she is the humble the woken the proud.
She is the beauty, she is the duty, she is the body so strong.
And she is all woman, and in all women... for all women are her.

Andrew David Dalby

And On The Offing

It is from this now passing place,
Where the truth of time and dark of space
Are seen in but a glimpse,
That I can look back And yet look forth
At the world that is to be.
Time is deep.
Its long path trails out into waves
That heaves in peaks and sloughs in troughs
That are these restless eternal mountains that
Collide with savage fury as they scream at the sky.
I Imagine Everest's descending into a fathomless morass
Yet across this distance these mere vales I do but peek
And so witness a dim reflection of a blister burnt savage sky.
Oh we are but mortals!
a blip on the surface of a pond!
Yet, we leave behind many, many, many, songs.
And on the offing, I gaze beyond myself to see
Those as good as me raise up a glass
And with glad cheer bellow
Oh how happy how happy are we.
Adh 2014

Andrew David Dalby

Apple

Apple

She is the sacred fruit that connects to images of reason,
Yet she also spirals out in waves of sensual temptation;
And her pleasure -rich and ruddy- is very welcome here.
At first glance, she is an apple
But she is so much more than that.
For Lucifer spools; and with his such soft subtle thrusts,
He begs us to question: -exactly- who it is that we trust.
And as the snake slowly circles, its penetration close,
Is it really our innocence that we have lost,
Or, are we -as always- merely fools on an errand?
I take her in my hands,
I embrace her entire
For from here and from here, such life resides!
so I gnaw I chomp I break through with one scrunch
Into the firm yet fleshy fruit, that stings my senses,
and finally slakes my ardent appetite.

(c) adh2103

Andrew David Dalby

Autumn Reflections

This season is full of secret hints: of mustard spiced tints,
Which wrestle between the steps of rusted slow-dancing.
It is a secret, sacred space, where the night fingers of crows,
Stretch out in slowly expanding, ever circling swirling curls;
-Their murderous chatter, so lively and so violently explodes-
Upon this: the finite and ever dwindling fingers of the dusk.

Here, I'm tripping, while blood is slowly dripping, from heavily
Veined trees, whose pulsing green, of a laced summer scene,
Is now near almost lost to a fragile -near forgotten- dream...
So, I'm given to an earth that's rich, moist and very welcoming;
While the wailing cast's violent shudders against a steel grey rain,
That mocks... in blistering cuts, and chisels against the grain.

It's from these tossed -near green- tormented bitter scenes,
That so savagely builds a heavy salted stain upon the whipped air;
I almost hear screamed out from a cavernous mouth: - beware...
To note, that despite numb hands, tightly shut from each other,
How a single rose...slight... fleshy, pink and brightly new born;
Simply shines, in crystal clarity...forever against the storm.

Life is special.

Andrew David Dalby

Bingo And Beer

When fighting for rights, that were pitifully few,
Six men were duly forced, to pay for their dew
For simply standing up against a landowners spew
And a system that thrived on corruption so cruel
It was their vile landowner: James Frampton his name,
He charged them all with an old law incepted in pay,
A crime so terrible and viscously and excessively shrew
It was the pledging an oath -to themselves- a pure tool.
And for this, they were enforcedly shipped and then wracked
They were thrown off the land of their birth, on their backs
That led to a march against the sick rich with sheer disdain
That was the beginning of a brand new day!
And now in a county that's lost in its near dying light
These men's actions resonate in powerful ways:
They shout it loud! And proud! And so bright and so clear!
This fight is not just for the bloody Bingo or for the damn beer!

And so began the fight for the equal rights call
With railings and marches women count one and all
But many were force fed by the cat and mouse law
To retract their acts of ambition and refuse the true call.
However this ended after the first world war's bitter blight
Because during the war they needed working women to fight
Also the war had decimated most of the hard working men;
For the servants were needed in their big houses again
Again arose the landowners bitter hold over the poor
These bastards, they just laughed as they closed all the doors.
And as their machine just got under-way
It came to a crash in its inevitable way
And in a county that's now lost in its slow dying day
These women now resonate in such powerful ways:
They shout it loud! And proud! And so bright and so clear!
This fight is not just for the bloody Bingo or for the damn beer!

Ever onwards and onwards the struggle just goes
Through conflicts at home, the battles and woes
Through each generation it constantly flows
In this war that is hidden there never is an end
For the rich's need to dominate control and to stem.

But when the Second World War then came to pass
The working men and women: they took to the mast.
They bravely stood against the mask of the beast;
Despite having a leader who stood for the elite,
And when that war came to an inevitable end
The working people wanted a change from the trend
They wanted a world that would make a great change
Where everyone was equal: and society was gained.
But in a county that's lost in this it's now dying day
These people now resonate in such powerful ways:
They shout it loud! and proud! And so bright and so clear!
This fights not just for the bloody Bingo or for the damn beer!

Then came the elites push from our solid battle pull
But with a world on the brink it did so silently hush.
And with the worlds plight of lethargy so bright
Out of the Cowl came Thatcher's legendary blight.
With her cold skim of scythe came cutting of hearts
Shuffling the blame and saying what society starts
though in her viscous little mind there was not a crime
As the pig pens went up and these communities died
She stood on the martyrs before her and lied
She lied about freedom and economic rights
She lied about society while the people all prayed.
She lied once again as the banks came and saved.
And in the wake of it all she failed to achieve
Lie the bodies all broken and people oblique.
In a county that's lost in its now dying day,
This woman now resonates in such terrible ways:
Please shout it loud and proud and so bright and so clear!
The workers aren't here for the bloody Bingo or the damn beer!

Now we are here, and we have come round again
- With a skip through the right left of the 00 years-
The "masters" are back, it's their time once again
But gone are the factory's and the skills for their reign
For the machine that they loved has gone far, far away
To countries now enslaved to the capitalist "new " way
So it's now in the money: that bitter invisible pill
This kills all it touches, and mocks to the core
The disabled are sanctioned: The poor "here's the door! "
So in looking back was it all worth then fight?

Too right buddy too right! For now they deem us fair treated
By giving us more money for Bingo and money for beer.
And in a world that's lost in its dying day
This fight now resonates in such powerful ways:
So shout it loud! and proud! so bright and so clear!
We don't work for Bingo or beer!

And it's not just for bingo or beer
The fighting! the suffering! The Jeers!
The terrible sight of this man made plight
its not Just for Bingo or beer!
Its not just for bingo or beer!
The workers who have suffered the years,
In bloody hard battles and shudders and squalls
The rights of the many are put to the pall
By killservative values that simply appal
No Its not for the Bingo and Beer!
No Its just not for Bingo or beer!
The fighting! the suffering! The Jeers!
We will not be frightened
We stand strong: united
Its not for the bingo or beer

No its not for the Bingo or beer!
Sing it loud sing it proud! sing it clear!
Sing it without any fear!
we just want the chance to make ourselves valued
against a giant a tidal wall of media moguls
Who spend their political time talking in volute
As their world goes up the shoot!
They have nothing themselves to prove!
No Its not for the Bingo or Beer!
The fighting! the suffering! The Jeers!
We will not be frightened!
We stand strong: united!
Its not just for Bingo or Beer!

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Andrew David Dalby

Black Light

Dark light: you crack open like a black flower, to unfurl a burnt smile;
That, in turn, gives an open honest witness to death's pure perfection.
It is here within this soft entrance, that you are now slowly squeezed:
And together with white penetrating fingers, that have heated blisters,
You violently turn in upon yourself; and with the action of an implosion,
You thrust yourself out into our world. For now you are ready to be born.
It is here, upon this dry desert, I witness your huge hideous fleshless skull
That is violently thrust forward; and in agony, flushed out on our dim world.
And you arrive with such brutal force; such terrible malicious magnificence:
Yet you are an embryo, being brought to life by the actions of mere mortals,
Who had no real knowledge of what it really was, that they had unleashed;
Or what would be the consequences that their new knowledge would reap.
And in these small seeds that bloom on every shore, your power slowly grows:
For many crave your uncurling flower: and the skull that is your terrible power,
They fight, and they bicker, and they push, and they pull, to gain a positional
place.
To simply be another lunatic voice: and a part of this utterly insane nuclear race.

C-adh2013

Andrew David Dalby

Bottom Knockers

Here we were, just us bottom knocker's all;
Young, flinted, bevelled steel, still strong.
Oh how glad, how proud, and in such fine fettle;
As we leaned, upon our plumping mawls... long.
For we were ready, throbbing giddy and sweaty;
As the saggar slowly filled his ever blistered frame.
And with no humility the marl we happily shared;
For we dare not fight against the maker s name.

we were a naked witness to the bottles outer hovel;
Its wicket, stained and cracked but resisted fire well.
So with our placer's raised in high position shovelled;
We made our mark...within the clammin we stood.
Oh, our saggars were so tall; they nearly went to fall,
As unfired guns want for more, screamed in battle-cry!
While within, our biscuits pinned, with saddled, spur;
Those thimble few, did safely rest with the interred.

With firemouth's bagged, and battet out and well;
We witnessed the blistering heat start to swell.
Our burnished bodies frenzied bucked and baked.
With toiled rags chopped, we near burst with hate.
Yet deep within our hearts, oh... how our bungs shone;
For they were neither caught taught or made in vain
For we fought the heat with dampers on the crown;
And dared not set a crack against the makers name.

Andrew David Dalby

Butterfly Eyes

She has these lovely butterfly eyes,
that lustre in their sweet fragility.
They look at me, so bold and unafraid;
despite her twenty three years of age,
they are untamed by life's hard lessons;
of heavy bitterness and ice cold cruelty.
They lift me up, and hold me very close,
And wrap about my shattered legs.
and with a sweet secret, aching 'shhh',
She slowly settles all my needy debts.
With a slender raised winked finger,
placed on her lush and tender lips;
I slowly sense a growing needy ache,
that fills me with her heady sips.
and as we touch...our breath is stilled...
yet not filled... with any sad regrets.

Andrew David Dalby

Carpe Viam Carpe Diem

Come on! seize that hard fought road!
That steady stained and chiselled path,
Scratched out from our chalk filled thoughts
Which touches on our naked dreams.
For it is the here, and that ever now
That desperately pleads to be run upon.
So Let us run!
Run with all our bloody heart's desire
and all our open worth;
Before times iron scythe slips
and casts its cold lot against us.
For the day is not as young,
with an ever eager pumping breast,
It tends to wander without rest.

Come on! let us seize this day!
For destiny is on the horizon,
And the shades are very close
I can sense their bated breath,
That hints of rare design upon the line.
With her flag raised,
Fate reaches out and begs for us
To reach for the that sacred open door.
So finally let us note,
that a pen stands,
where a sacred sword once stood,
Yet it renders and cleaves better,
than any solid weapon ever could.

Andrew David Dalby

Caught Between The Whisper And The Muse

“The other half of half afraid opens many a door.” Brendan Kellery

If I am roughly ripped and cleaved from a rocky heart
And then thrown out, from a callous rough muscled tongue;
Oh, how desperately I wish to be brought into pure life.
To be so shaped, into a powerful sword of burnished steel
That would glisten when touched by the golden light of dawn.

If I am hotly wrestled from the furnace of the soul too late
Then I have already lost my fight for life and begin to crack apart.
I shatter like a stack of brittle bones left to rot in the hot light of day,
To finally turn to shards and then just become just dry dust...
Tasteless, and useless to all who try to touch my beauty and my worth.

If I am far too easily thrown up and out of the heat of the heart
I am simply far too young, and unaware of my form to function.
How simple it is for me to bubble and blister happily in the souls of men;
and have unthinking consequence of form or strained pertaining action.
For I am blown out, far too quickly upon the winds of lost selection.

If I am too cool I sadly rest upon the dusted floor, just useless
Unfettered and unguarded, a twisted lump of unwanted form.
There's nothing here worth saving... nothing here at all,
So I am left to left to be trampled underfoot, broken and rejected;
To everyone who sees me trying to boldly walk so tall.

But... if I am just right, and I am caught in the whisper of the muse;
Then like a golden butterfly I awake, transformed, cut, shaped, hewed.
I hold... strong tall and bold; captured...whole.
leaving truly nowhere upon these spheres that cannot dare to go!
So no God below! or twisted fear within!
can keep me from the gentle tender you.

Andrew David Dalby

Dandelion

They cut the sky
And slice through
The moist earth
Leaving behind
A cracked membrane
Whose veins
Through which
Weeds weave
Biscuit tentacles
That squeeze through
To then reveal
The deceptive flower
Which time shall shrink
To so slowly transform
Mutating from ovulating
To now produce a seed
That takes to the air
With a sigh

Andrew David Dalby

Dead Weight.

We nearly met...leaving mere hints
of subtle reflected connections,
that longed to delicately linger.
She smiled, with no conditions;
nor hiding her near raw hunger.
Dared I admit, how I truly felt,
and torn my heart upon her alter?

For everything was in her eyes.
From the heady intoned desire,
to a distant time etched echo
that was just longing to be free.
She was complete in her radiance...
While I...I in agony, ached to burn;
Yet not plead for my forgiveness.

We so very nearly drifted together.
Our bodies, enticed, near entwined;
I felt our heart pulses, sweat leather.
and as our tender lips, slipped long sips,
In passionate and needy expectation;
I saw his nailed hard, wrapped hands,
rest about her, in cold determination.

It was with a whisper and hand gesture
that made me pause, stall then hesitate.
Then with a subtle sigh and sad blush,
she hinted this could be her checkmate.
so, with night, shining in her naked eye,
I watched her go... and let her die...
feeling her bullet...then sensing her dead-weight.

Andrew David Dalby

Fingerhooks

finger hooks
wrapped strapped and tied...
threads hanging
By whisper's
of a dark hinted appetite;
yet to kindle a burning fire...
all resting in the sound
of a slowly zipping fly...

Andrew David Dalby

Fledgling

Alight here, sweet neophyte,
and lay my heady heart to rest!
For though it is hard to hear,
the patter of your tenderness;
I vow to never dare a push,
or break, or force a nasty thrust,
As I make single statement,
that in me you can truly trust.
For you are nearly so complete,
and almost ready now to sing,
But, I sense a nervous reflection,
that slowly starts to rise within.
For in the stretching
and the beating of your powerful wings,
There rests a tousled shake,
within the gossamer nest you're in.
And though a heavy door,
longs to close upon this part of your life,
I wonder... are you ready,
for the step that leads to constant flight...
That so slow, eternal wander,
into the gentle rise of ever-evening,
Which begins with tempting delight
of such soft sensual releasing,
Yet ends in shadows that fall,
to flakes of cold ashes in patches of dull grey;
As I beg with open heart
and plead for you kind spirit here to stay.
For it is in the night, dear pupil,
I hope that you come to understand;
Where senses are matched and mingled,
entwined in my soft hand.
Then I in whispering sighing hints,
will succumb as you so gently sing
With the sublime taste upon your breath,
of sweet honey rose and jasmine.

Andrew David Dalby

For Twilight Is Softly Slow Breathing

To the west, the sky flashes blue bright alive.
As to the east rises a huge golden orb moon,
while all around there is a heavy utter silence.

There is no light on the dusty road to Damascus
No blinding bright light to change this raggedy way.
For there are no bonds that are there helped to build us
And there is no means to help us make the change
There is no real call for a true social revolution
For there are no real screams of anger and dissent
There are just the rich and obscenely powerful
Who thrive upon causing strife and bitter malcontent- -

There is no rise in the unbridled unsung masses
No placards left, no room to demonstrate.
There is just vile blue hatred and stout snobbery
From googly eyes that so mirthlessly start to dilate
There is no building or any form of creation
There are just words around pointless points of view.
No, there is no revolution On the political road
This... I know...is true.

And as the tide of twilight is now ebbing away
I see the earth's tears rise upwards into the sky
And Within this softly slow rising there 's breathing,
In a tired world that seems to be so full of lies.

And In this so near sacred, so silent place,
Among the now rising budding blossom
I long to grasp for the peace that rests
Along this veined, bloom filled, bosom
And in the crimson of the setting sun,
Whose dim light is casts on these fibrous hills;
And In-between the clamor of the curling bells,
And amid the culling of the cracking daffodils;
I finally find the time to rest -and here- recline.
For twilight is now softly slow breathing;
And that...my love...is fine.

Forever

Forever

There is Light! She shines behind these paralysed winter trees:
A mere hint of tangerine, which melts into a burnt blood orange;
That causes their almost chestnut limbs, now to stretch to black.
And she slowly mutates them. She forces them into other beings,
Whose coarse, fibrous hair, seems to bend in the near bitter wind;
That also sows his own seeds, as it stretches along her high spine.

Within his blistering bitter chill, can be heard the cold hard cracking,
Of splitting twig fingers as they extend out into the growing night;
That also has hints of an unopened sacred mystery soon revealed.
For it is here, everything is alive, caught by this so fragile hint of day,
In this place nothing is erased everything has its place: even mortality;
Changing the hard and physical into the softly hinted kiss of spiritual.

I witness this as the visual part of myself is now slowly dying by inches,
A reflective mockery of the day, that folds off into visions of soft velvet;
Where are seen fine tissues of light broken by the growing pig iron sky.
And in this growing ebb, the tree's mutter; and in their delicate kisses,
There can be clearly heard through those subtle sweet hinted at hisses;
The blending: an emulsifying of the senses where I have a taste of terror.

For as the soothing birds of evening, now sing the sun's slow goodbye,
They then herald in the rising of the golden moon his huge orb sublime:
This is where time in its echoing eternal ascendance...suddenly stops.

Andrew David Dalby

Freshwater Bay

i

I stand by the cold stone cross,
to then breathe in in the view;
While my mind slowly wander's,
towards visions of you...
Yet, this bitter east wind,
with its steel coloured hues,
forces your image to fade and unglue.
The wind whips the tufts of soft grass,
and the gnarled hunched stunted trees,
Shaping their tawny fingered limbs,
with such terrible ease.
while to my left,
and below at my feet;
I see the craggy, grey cliffs,
and the wind ridden seas;
That, with such terrible thunder,
bellow as they meet.
So I shut my eyes tight,
and long for you here;
To catch just a small glimpse,
Of the mere ghost of tear.
But time... like our lives...
slips to a loud smash
and echoes within me to say:
damn these storm tossed green seas,
around Freshwater Bay!

ii

The painful words within
never seem to want to have an end.
For I thought that you
were my forever friend.
I thought that meant here,
I thought that meant now,
But now is all but ashes;
and leaves me riddled with doubt.
I long to reach out,
I beg you to hear,

But my words fade away
With a cold winter tear.
Im left all alone,
With my thoughts and my fears;
Oh how I wish to Christ
That you would appear.
but without me all is muted,
and my slated tongue is clay;
my voice drowned by the roaring
of the wind in grass and the trees!
and these damned storm tossed green seas,
around Freshwater bay!

iii

To a mother and a son,
To a brother and a sister
To a loving dear father
The old and the young...
to the wars and the cost,
to the the terror and the pain!
To the joy and the laughter
that we do over and over and over again.
We reach out... we touch...
we embrace and then we are gone...
To leave nothing but memories
Of our tender love song.
I think of our years
The laughter, the joy,
And then come the tears
from your 'dear sweet boy'.
I then turn open the urn
To the cold bitter breeze
to watch you take form
and see you dance free.
For moment your there,
Then you whisper away,
above the storm tossed green seas
of Freshwater Bay.

Andrew David Dalby

Giddy Wonder From A Near Slumber

I recall with such vivid giddy wonder,
The way she so loved to gently play.
And how she slowly stroked my soul,
With her tender misdirected sway.
Yet she left me with a hint of rose,
That whispered to my aching heart;
And through her open gooseberry eyes;
I felt our worlds slide... then slowly fall apart.

I recall the azure crystal constant sky...
It was hinted with a whispered kiss;
That melted milk like upon the horizon,
Close upon those long legged Grecian cliffs.
Lashed they were... cut quick... near stiff...
Plunged with a sweated rusty ochre sword;
Yet... seemed to me to breathe so deeply;
As she touched my heart upon the salted shore.

I recall how we faced each other silently;
Amid this dreamy cream filled atmosphere.
I felt we were separate, yet linked together;
Entwined, within a delicate crystal sphere.
And like a desert -dry curled- snake like soul;
Forever intertwined upon this ancient land.
Oh I yearned to burst with words not spoken;
Yet fear of those daemon furies frothing,
Nearly kept me, from her very gentle hand.

But as our tender lips... damp and plump,
Full of vibrant deep ruddy needy longing;
Almost touched and longed to linger still,
There reached full chorus of morning song;
I felt my soul was torn from of light and night
And bodily thrown from this radiant place,
Then awake and so tragically dourly return;
To the sad mad bad cracked world of the day.

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Her Delicate Kiss

As I slowly lift my head to face the sky,
I feel the warmth of the summer rain,
Slowly kiss open my swollen eyes;
And in the midst of their fall,
A sound... delicate...
Made from the curl of an angels wing,
Gently echo's within my soul.
Slowly, it strokes the back of my neck,
To bring alive a shudder,
Like stone ice down my spine.
Now... I know that I am truly alive!

Andrew David Dalby

Her Eyes

Her eyes reflect her gentle beauty
As she sways in sublime sighs.
Her auburn hair, weak curled, is rolling;
About her glistening pearl like eyes.
Everything about her's golden.
It rests within her very form;
While I sit and stare with wonder;
As she slowly walks along.

Andrew David Dalby

Her Eyes Reflect Such Subtle Beauty

I

Her eyes reflect such subtle beauty,
As in a vast and cloudless star filled sky;
While her luscious hair, weak curled, is rolling
About her glistening, radiant, pearl blue eyes.
Everything about her is so gloriously golden!
It rests so strong, within her very form:
While I, a mortal, turn with awe and wonder,
To watch her rise, then, so gently, glide along.

II

One moonlit ray the more, one shade the less
As my soul, impaired is so in need of grace.
But stone silver hints here now expressed
Sting so darkly from an aged dwelling place;
Where mocking calls, from silk raven winged
Beasts laugh with cheerless want amid her caress:
As my thoughts –unheeded- here fool a tender trace,
To mark those walls with words that I dare confess.

III

And on her soft cheek and over her brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
Rests a smile that wins in tints of sheer relief
Which gloriously sing a song of time well spent
With a mind at peace with all beneath,
And a heart whose love rests innocent,
Free from the chains of loves bequeath,
And thus fired up by her pure soul infinite.

Andrew David Dalby

Hints And Images

Long low sensual sighs
Rich gnawed plum delights
slow soft peeled back skin
Raw tension in the air begins
entwining lying in the rain
Fractal images be-spokes
melting a soft melodic refrain
Bright echoes from a funeral
train
Lost in blizzards
Of melting stars colliding cinnabar
filled light mars the hints of
secret delight
Button noses
the wink of an eye
The not so subtle slice
of warm and soft dark thigh
A shard of lemon
Against a shard of blue sky
and a soft warm tender kiss
healing a broken hear-ted tear... goodbye x

Andrew David Dalby

Hints Of Images

Long low sensual sighs
Rich gnawed plum delights
slow soft peeled back skin
Raw tension in the air begins
entwining lying in the rain
Fractal images be-spoke
melting a soft melodic refrain
Bright echoes from a funeral
train
Lost in blizzards
Of melting stars colliding cinnabar
filled light mars the hints of
secret delight
Button noses
the wink of an eye
The not so subtle slice
of warm and soft dark thigh
A shard of lemon
Against a shard of blue sky
and a soft warm tender kiss
healing a broken hear-ted tear... goodbye x

Andrew David Dalby

His Perfect Kiss

Based on an idea by Deseree x

With a surging swirling deep within;
I rest myself upon his luscious lips so red.
It is a tryst that melts away the hints of sin,
With this sweet life, so well sustained;
From the heaving of my beating heart,
To the pulsing of my throbbing veins.

Yet, his is not so much a sweet kiss
That brings warmth and tender bliss
Instead it brings forth lust and pain:
But his voice is such a sweet refrain,
And he drinks so deep my death is near
Oh will my soul still weep a bitter tear?

Eden, is the promise now vainly made,
As a light from my eyes now start to fade;
So mesmerized, I am, of this my lovers kiss
I wrestle in the dark with ghosts and mist
Now I start to sense his so rotting flesh,
But his golden gaze leaves I enmeshed.

A brief moment of ecstasy can be felt,
He ends his kiss and deaths been dealt.
Am I now forced to suffer an eternal curse,
Of hundreds years of night and life perverse?
Will I now stalk the Earth forever in pain;
With a lust for blood that will never wane?

Will the full yellow sun now slowly cracked
Upon the horizon lift turn my skin to black?
For through his promise and his bitter kiss
I have built a wall against my soul to bath,
So, now I curl among the waiting dead
And here I kneel to my masters lower path.

How I Hate To Say This, I Leave Here Very Well

As I hear the hollow clanking of the heavy Iron bell,
With woods surround, all grey fibrous and as dark as night;
Oh how I hate to say this, I leave here very well.

Those school rooms echo calls and foe reside;
Their mockery calls down to make my eyes alight,
As I hear the hollow clanking of the heavy iron bell.

For now their voices turn the tide,
And make this soul grab turn for the fight;
Oh how I hate to say this, I leave here very well.

And in this growing ember I shall not hide,
Or turn my may face and flee in fright;
As I hear the hollow clanging of the heavy Iron bell.

For within my soul, a new hope resides,
Fending off the demons blight,
Oh how I hate to say this I leave here very well.

And with their echo's in my mind,
I now rest my heart my soul is bright;
As I hear the hollow clanking of the Iron bell...
Oh I hate to say this... I leave here very well.

Andrew David Dalby

I Stand Here And Go No Further

'rise like lions after slumber
In unvanquished number-
Shake your chains to earth like dew
for ye are many and they are few' P. B Shelley

Brick after blood soaked brick,
Line after gnarled racked line;
I will make this world my own.
I stand upon this wind-swept beach,
My skin chiseled and spat ruddy;
Scythed by time, wind and rough salt.
My mottled hair is weathered wiry,
My glistening eyes are very wide,
Taught hard by the gods of the sea.
Upon this heavy heartfelt reflection,
I see myself, a soldier-incarnate;
Born for the taste of a bitter war
So it's here...with my red wet sword,
I scrape a long deep scar-line,
Upon this wild and writhing shore
To boldly shout out my proclamation!

How I hear death's vengeful scream,
And see its claw-like monstrous wings,
Gleaming with the sheen of wet leather.
But oh, how heartily I earnestly laugh,
At the feel of the drawing of its clasp;
And the cracking crunch of its feathers.
For in the hideous unrelenting iced hiss,
Of its truly terrible sour midnight kiss;
I mock and slice Its cold three lobed eye.
And while it screams with blistering rage,
I will hold-fast to face this foul beast;
With bold defiance I take my place to stand.
Proclaiming to every single child and man,
With phlegm flying in arcs from my mouth;
I scream I stand here and go no further!

It

padding silently,
so dark brown its almost black as night;
with its feelers outstretched,
every step is cautious careful delicate.
Then it waits...
before moving rhythmically once more.
Everything it does has purpose,
the wait, the tapping as it tenderly traps.
Its my voice that gives it movement.
while reading and pondering Lawrence's 'snake',
I sense a subtle similarity;
as I feel it looking down,
and sense it crawling through my hair,
leaving icy ripples down my back;
I can feel it waiting
for me to conclude...
and so carefully... leave the room.

Andrew David Dalby

Its Now: Nevermore

I see our world churning,
just bleeding its guts out;
from this blackened door,
to far a off golden shore.
With flaming pyres lighting,
the furies stare brightly;
with grit-blistered eyes,
so bloody, torrid and sore.
As I stand here just sweating,
my mind is just screaming;
with tender dear thoughts,
Which silently echo your's.
While the cities are burning,
and the masses are yearning,
As we all scream and shout out: -
'it's now's nevermore! '

From my tatty bench corner,
Upon a splintered wall I percieve,
some grim, and green-glowing
letters, that were not there
a mere moment before.
While the screaming increases,
and value in money deceases;
I see poor bodies broken:
they lie, scattered bloody and torn.
And the bells are now pealing;
as the greedy are scything,
Turning burning cash into glittering gold.
while the poverty's rising,
the growing fear, is obliging;
As we poor starving bastards
Scream 'It's now's nevermore! '

Oh, those hard bell's now echo
a cold heartless memory!
A sad recollection of something
That I'm responsible for.
but I can't seem to see it,

or don't want to face it,
I just simply slam
the near broken charred door.
while The earthquakes are cracking,
As the volcano's are spurting,
and huge waves are bursting,
upon blood ridden shores;
while we all stand and shake,
and we all crack and quake,
as we, with a hearty bellow, yell
'it's now... its now's nevermore! '

Andrew David Dalby

Mistletoe Wishes

a secret longing,
A wish fulfilled;
a tender touch,
a silence, stilled.
here...
under mistletoe.

Andrew David Dalby

Ode To Bo

On a bed of violet velvet roses you rest
Where threads of soft tension is tested
From a sweet scent that leaves no threat
But slides in fine lines of such intricate design
Made in form by hints of my secret and sacred desire
for no one knows this aching I have for you.
The rocky hard is hard ruddy with throbs that long to grow
Born by images of soft supple skin
That kissed alive in rich passionate throws
Which then begin to rise and glow when squeezed.
As the subtle muscle is then slowly teased,
while inner images of linking limbs: calves and thighs
-Their very form makes me sigh-

duly and beautifully arrive

A charged scent now fills the air
Lifting me above my cares
To then rise tumultuous
Until
The rocking quakes and the shudder of the flower
Peels a rich bloom that unveils her beautiful honesty
Given freely far from masks of hypocrisy,
Where her unhindered sexuality is given
Intimately,
And so, reality prevails:
it peels away like worn clothes as my aching unfurls
In slow rocked thrusts that is with thunder mixed
To Thus make our body's minds and souls transfixed.
And in this place I shudder in our long release,
As then the Universe now bows down low
For my lovely
My wonderful
My Beautiful
My Bo x

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Andrew David Dalby

Ode To Venus

1

In the glint of your clear crystal eyes,
I am witness to the birth of deep desire,
For they shine with an unfettered resonance.
And in the glisten of your tender parted lips,
So sensual and bountiful with honeyed sips;
My soul rests, with heavy permanence.
For you raise me upon pealed parted wings,
Only To set me down, with shuddered swirls,
Of iced cyclones where thudding shattered air explodes.
To then caress me, with such sighs, so sweet sublime,
Yet with a knowing smile of roasted plum delight;
You cleave my sin heavy, bloated, crimson soul in two.

2

With my nerves ridden raw by heated thoughts,
I long to feel the touch of your tender hands,
So I can rest, with dreams free from barbed-wire;
Then gladly dwell upon your trembling, sacred lands.
Oh how I loathe that shy, inner, well paged self,
Who guards, with shards, the reality of who I am...
For, it's with gentle relish that I recall,
Your coy smile upon that heated summer night.
And how gladly we wrapped ourselves so small,
Yet ever gladder, so still, so tender not so very slight.
Here... we wrestled, for a moment... lost amid a thrall;
Then hidden we lost ourselves once more, in such delight.

3

And I recall shaded fragrant cinnamon threads;
That arose, full upon that glowing golden dawn, .
While you slowly choose to allow my hands, drawn,
To the rest upon your tender-scented, well-dressed nest;
That, with my slender keys I gladly then unlocked,
To then digest your heady sacred dampness...
I see myself slowly begin to rise... redefined...
Tender, yet eager, to reach within your sanctum;
Where ever sated souls do very seldom rest,
Yet still manage to find contentment's castle.
And I, a mere commander to your glorious Cleopatra;
Feel near enthroned by your vibrant laughter.

4

For in your gentle caress, heaven is revealed;
And in your kiss I know how the dove is freed.
For your love is high above my weighted shield
That has been splintered by your ruddy joyful sigh...
And... as rippled waves, from within you are released;
They free this soul from chains that binds, and blind...
But now as we meet on these aged steady streets,
Our eyes slowly wrestle yet never seem to nestle;
And our words wanly fall from our now, near silent lips.
Yet... there rests -perhaps- the hint of a ready hope...
Could -possibly- just as easily... be broke?

Andrew David Dalby

Our Lives Are Cordiform

It begins at the base of an inner pointed curve
And there lingers, as hands, now slowly meet
To then extend along two long slow lined curves
To appear as arms wrapped about another to greet.
It then then curves off into long lines of perspective
That seems to diverge upon a once separate course
Only to then, with joy, slow collide again once more
In a sacred dance of pure passionate perforce.
Our lives are cordiform: now embraced apart.
Then pulled forever together: afar distinct.
We are one: yet we are whole apart
Separate on this spiralling globe
That is so eternally unwrapped by time
In a slow forever dance with you my beloved.

Andrew David Dalby

Parliament Street

Parliament street

This narrow path is simply riddled with shit
And blighted near blind, save for one solitary light,
That catches in-styme: a dark -suckling- thing from the shadows
Where muttered carols from bedlamites are nearly heard.
Here reside those near lost: the interred and the forlorn;
Whose pained, lead filled step and gaunt fixed features, travail.
But growing from their unfixed, unfocused -near dead- gaze,
And showing in the subtle sounds of their breath whispers;
Are questions: for they all believe that they were deceived!
They stagger and blunder, as they blindly walk onward,
While considering this path: an old, so cold, vicious slit.

But blazing upon this scarred tarred near sacred wall
Are echoes: - not mere chalk lines but prayers eternally placed
In sketched statements, that smart this bitter dark end clip.
Its parliament Street: The narrowest path on the globe!
An eternal home for internal dreams or atreest hope!
Where vizyed people leave their mark for others to ponder!
Where painted thoughts resonate and are never to decay;
Where politics is actually made real and is given back!
you're never alone! The old bold never lost words scream.
They uplift this tatty soul, who thus rises to the call.

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Andrew David Dalby

Poem Written On A Bus

A shuddering start...
Tattered scraps upon the floor
A busted light and sweet laces
Couples in close company
Turquoise smiles
with long lashes
from hoodies
with goodies
Brilliant brollies
and tree petals
curb crawling
amber headed needs scream
just linking loneliness
with pain.
Blonde love roaches sign
shakes snakes
Burgundy wrapped in orange
peeling through receipts
while sons and doting mums,
Sing with their arms stretched for protection.
The Muslim in prayer silent meditation
next to the punk psycho
with blood filled eyes
and booze soaked breath
with every start and stop
flat caps crease on silent faces
while outside wombs of cars surround
And the sign says welcome,
I wonder what it meant,
while this bloody seat benumbs.
Hangletons hangman
is grinning from glistening nails,
then echoes remain of a football ground now lost
then Chewing gum gives a wink and subtle wiggle
from a nice pert bum
as she slides up the rail to the top deck
and pushchairs bags and rattles roll
people mass gain and slowly writhe
and monkeys chatter from phones held high

and all the while no one speaks...
not one single word...

Andrew David Dalby

Reborn

The golden echoes of the rising sun
erupts though the stain glass pane;
eclipsing my now new exhumed form.
so, from where cold cruel death
had left its ever always ice blown kiss;
Life's light,
now forever reigns
... reborn.

Andrew David Dalby

Saturnius

Deep in the shady sadness of a vale,
Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
Far from the fiery noon, and eve's one star,
Sat gray-hair'd Saturn, quiet as a stone,
Still as the silence round about his lair.

J. Keats (31 October 1795 – 23 February 1821) Hyperion. (1819)

First- - there is the untamed and timeless vast void,
A night ocean: forever soundless- forever voiceless,
That is warped by whorls that bury and bear it down;
Or in a fury seethes away by burning light that is so bright
To keep those weak constructed laws we make at bay.
This is his black palace! This is his huge stabbed throne!
Where screaming Saturnus and the shining stars do live.
This- - he calls his home.

From this vast throne a weaved ring is carved by atoms and vapour
From his madman eyes that scream while his mouth devours his sons
Sol-Invictus stands sourly back to allow this, his wild shadow, honour.
And in the glorified sense of the malefic through force of inertia,
There grows the celebration of the were-wild and the scourged:
A slow sure beauty in the celebration of this: the forever un living.
And that through his truly vast and inspiring unsurpassed majesty
The surety of egalitarianism stoutly sings.

To many Saturnus is the beast: the monster of melancholic
Through sacrifices that are made to the furies and the fates
That are devoured so deliciously by the now growing Chthonic
A symbol of omens and the phony proof of divine entropy.
While still others slowly slip off his dragging cleaving crown
With presents and with family however far and misplaced
And on the birthday of this the known unconquerable sun
A kingdom of Thorns is sown.

Yet we are Saturnus kith and kin, we are fully Saturnius
We celebrate his seeds and the removal of hard weeds
We see the scythe yet we hate to see it fully thrown,
We are his servants and we bathe in this his wonder
And a mid this wild and weird and so savage night,

Where breathing is so vast and so very, very tight
I take some time to contemplate your real delight.
On the sphere that's yours alone.

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Andrew David Dalby

Serpentine

I sense her as she gently slips between the sheets;
While I slide along those sacred lines of near sleep,
To then rest within twilight's gossamer tainted dream.
And here I smile, for in her arms, I am so self-defined,
Free from the curses of blind, foolish and cruel guides;
Who hide within the corners of my closing muddled mind.
In silent places, she comes and goes in slow staged days;
To beg a whisper from a plump heart so dear and aged.
And while we walk in secret scented high landscapes,
Made of honey milk and red blossom, counter-changed
Where I beg a gentle touch, or the merest taste of grape,
And laugh heavily at this our so secret place out of time,
Here, along the honoured banks of the golden serpentine.

Andrew David Dalby

Shard

This is how the heart of the universe
can be revealed:

Resting, in shards of a budding flower's blossom;
Rising slowly in pulses, upon a warm gentle breeze.
Lifting, within the warmth of a rich golden sunrise;
Flowing lazily along in an incandescent, warm dream.
Writhing, with your candescent slow tremors;
That shudder so tender... so delicately.
These are the forces that tremble within me,
For this is what you really mean to me.

Feeling your warmth rise up with your passion;
Sensing your breath quicken, so suddenly.
Noting the stars that rise in the heavens,
Watching them fall in reflections of three.
Wanting to know if you feel the way I do,
Fearing the worst I stand by the door.
Hoping that this time you won't leave me standing,
As tears fall like glass upon bitter cold shores.
In don't want know what you think about me.

Sensing our sweat mingles and suddenly quench-en;
Feeling your touch rest upon my hard breast.
I want you to know that this is forever,
That my soul is yours and is forever blest.
Should these words now be forever spoken?
Should I dare to say what I truly do feel?
What if I did would you think me so churlish?
Or would you simply just laugh back at me?

Love is forever, these words sacred are spoken.
but they lift us all up and tie us all blind.
Because we don't understand the hearts
we have broken, just own desperate needs.
Perhaps I am wrong and have spoken too harshly,
Perhaps you think I speak bitterly.
But I know than in an act of selfless kindness
A person's tired and worn out soul can be healed...

Andrew David Dalby

She Moves In Rain-Dances.

In entering in this sacred circle
I'm entranced by their sacred song
That allows the senses here to mingle
As all the rain-dancers move as one.
Here, in swelling spirals of pure perfection
Rest rings that rest in finite form
Each person in their intimate motion
yet in unity they move as one.

In rich old dusted roads they pace and ponder
Caught by the blood orange of the twilight fire
Their bodies sweat soaked wracked and wrestle
With invisible elemental's of desire.
In their movement I sense her presence
Whilst in their prayers I trace her stare
And in their sighs, their calls
My spirit wanders
Until I face her features fair.

Andrew David Dalby

Sitting On My Fathers Shoulders

Sitting on my father's shoulders;
Smiling oh so secretly,
Watching leaves curl up the roadside,
feeling the soothing southern breeze.

I felt content upon those shoulders,
I felt so safe so confident,
For I was safe and so sure of all things,
That this was time so well spent.

My father, a man so rugged,
With crystal eyes he shone at me.
And he would smile and I would blossom,
For on his shoulders I would be.

Yet time is cold, Its pathways hardened,
And age has left its bitter stain.
The man I knew has left me standing,
By an open dampened grave.

He left me yet he's with me still;
Those memories they never die;
I take them all and wrap them round me,
Even though they make me cry.

And now I am a father myself,
And on my shoulders my daughter sits,
I hear her laugh with fruity candor;
And I know just what she thinks.

For sitting on my father's shoulders,
I thought that I could see the world,
That I could see more than he could wonder;
I did not know that he did know.

Because its not the view that matters,
It's the person that hold you up.
And as my father stopped me falling,
I stop her falling just as much.

We need each other on this journey,
We cannot do it all alone.
And the view we see is shared in glory,
Held up by others...we're not alone.

Andrew David Dalby

Spent

We spent many warm summer nights,
simply twisting threads of echoes;
Into clustering meadows of starlight.
While throwing our tender passions,
Upon the little gods of this world.
Oh how we sought each other's heart;
Hoping that this too brief a time,
Would never set us so far apart;
On a new sad day of reckoning.
Walking barefoot, I felt so naked.
Just raw...like dragged ice within.
and, as my numbed tingling feet,
graced this sand climbed shoreline;
I earnestly, desperately prayed
that this night would never end.

I recall In looking ever outward,
with wonder in our now opened eyes;
How we stared with sheer delight,
onto the twilight of the night.
And witness the stars play a melody,
To the delicate tempest of our love.
We grasped... our hands held tight...
And...in sheer awe resplendent...
We saw the moon slowly begin to wane
into the silver boiling of the sea.
But with sadness, I noted the line...
the glowing light of the golden dawn,
that marks the ever constant change
of tender night to sun kissed day...
And how...your whispered kiss
left its gentle mark upon my cheek,
As your spirit gently carried you from me..

for Blessing... wherever you may be.

Andrew David Dalby

Spirit Dream Erupts

How your spirit achingly dreams
of unashamed and uplifted flight.
For you curl upon petalled wings;
That Lift you heavenwards from this
blackened empty and encrusted shore.
To where a distant crystalline ship;
beckons you onward, onward, onward evermore...

To simply touch you... there...
To swan with you in sinless symmetry,
to ponder on your tender beating
Honey scented, thrumming heart,
that thumps in blessed union with mine.
Beyond these crawling scheming masses,
Of lime tasting, tortured sorrows;
That always wish to wake me from this
heavenly place of bliss.

To sense that growing blessed union
a torrid seas rich and a salty shore;
As flaccid muscles, weak with flight,
Slowly curl and thus become tight,
fuelling me with intense delight;
as your sweet and tender heaving breasts,
Make play where my aching pleasure rests.

Oh, to touch, to stroke, to feel;
To push onward, onward ever onward...
To curl, to twist to deeply Plum
To plunge upon those fuelled depths
That are buried heavenly deep,
Yet shine... so beautiful, so bright,
so full of delicious purposeful light;
to taste of the sweet warmth of your delight,
And then rest... tired spent...Content...
Stroking your hair, with the tip of my golden wing;
Oh for that, for that my love...
I would give you anything...

The Bobtail

My fine-spun self is shrouded;
Shielded from approaching storms,
By guilders shade now tainted;
Upon my gentle dancing form.

The dark-ground is my comfort,
Cupping my cavorting feet;
While drumming beats of my tender-heart,
Harks' my strumming bobbing beat.

Innocence is the name upon my heart,
And my delicate ways are seen by all;
Enthroned are the souls' who see me standing;
For my body given, is given whole.

I beckon out to all who notice,
I tap my beat to all whom fear;
I beg to reach those lost forgotten,
I long to make the listening hear...

Andrew David Dalby

The Deer

The Deer

I

A heavy musk of pine, oak, birch and hyssop;
Hang like sacred garlands upon the blue breeze.
They twist high amongst the trees' stretched tentacles,
To turn amongst the cassis and the Celeste;
Then thrust with plum pleasure into dark wonder.

II

With new delicate deliberation
She deftly pads through twilights last embrace.
Her feet penetrating rich, deep-damp soil,
That is full of the heavy scent of re-birth,
Time and spirits spent in wrestling with desire.

III

Her heavy mottled undulating flank,
Slowly begins to reflect a golden hue.
As the ciara sun encroaches from beyond,
The growing, glowing, summer shaded trees.
Its in their shade she rests her panting breath.

IV

Then she's off, lost amongst the forest's dream.
Now an echo of a pause of a thought,
Her pounding limbs thrust down, her muscles stretch,
She graces the air with pure desire.
Is it any wonder that I love her so?

Andrew David Dalby

The Deer.

The Deer

I

The heavy scent of pine, oak, birch and hyssop,
Spins like secret sacred garlands within the breeze;
It twists high and then low, among the boughs of trees
that stand on the damp and musky eternal bridal road,
That leads to the town of Cassis under a celeste sky.
Its here: with a new pondering of delicate deliberation,
I see her deftly pad through twilight s last embrace.
Her feet -penetrating- the rich, dark, deep-damp soil,
That is full of the heavy scent of a rising re-birth;
where even time is held in her shy and rising girth.

II

Her slight and slender, mottled undulating flank,
Slowly begins to reflect and refract amid a golden hue;
As the straw coloured sun encroaches from beyond.
The growing, glowing, summer shaded trees, are naught
For they interfere with her delicate point of view
As its in their shade I see her panting breath is caught.
There is a pause for breath- - as she so shyly stares
Then she she's off! lost in this forest of a dream.
Now an echo of a pause of a losing thought.
Her ghost limbs thrust down. Her muscles stretch.
She graces the air with such ease and pure desire.
To be lost perhaps forever and evermore
Amid the wild mans eyes and his nougat thoughts.

(c) 2010 readrafted 2014

Andrew David Dalby

The Eye Of Zeus

He stares:
Swirling,
Unfurling,
Unleashing,
Pure cosmic furies
Within ceaseless
Eternal spirals,
That roar with thunder;
Within an alien
Broiling sky.
And with
Preter-natural strength
There slowly turns to form,
A hideous thing;
Huge,
Powerful,
Recognizable,
Eternally unborn.
A single blistering
Haunted eye!
Blazing red
Yet with the innocence
of a child.
And he simply stares
Never blindly,
Onward and outward,
Upon mere earth
And her mortality.
Yet, from the corner
where there might be seen,
A likeness of a tear-duct,
There slowly fills and falls,
With a fragility unknown,
A small single pale tear...

Andrew David Dalby

The Green Man

Stave the first

You stretch with so much sensual strain,
While your terrible and titanic capillaries,
Lunge forth, in vast mighty skew arches,
That in wind roars, sending your seed leaf
To then quiver and fall, in a slow spiral rain;
Thus then reveal, in green and tan bas relief,
Those secret pockets, of near hidden places,
Where sprout your splinter-cracked feet remain.
And along the rafters, amid those gnarled struts,
There still shouts a resounding bestial clamour
Of nature's call: that, in this slow time stilled hour,
Contains the thought of this our ouroboric world;
Once violently brought to life by your spectral bowers,
Is to tremble; then fall, into chaos amid crumbing towers.

Stave the second

Your real name is lost to time and space,
Yet your face is seen on almost every screen;

Scraped on arches and carved into thin ribs
Which are vaulted high within our sacred scenes.
And how you glare with menace and madness
Heavily down upon us: mere mortal beings.
Your mouth gripped or ripped right open,
Giving those who dare to fully behold you
-And the wild woods that you represent-
A leaf reminder of our cold and cruel hearts,
Of how far we have slipped without a care.
Oh you wealthy deity! You God among us!
You Wild man of the woods! How you glare,
While with sheer hypocrisy we -above us- stare.

Stave the third

Yet, as we gaze up -or out- to polish off our souls,
So restlessly stands the shifty, sliced eyed, Pan;
Together with his pretty sweet skinned nymphs.
How they cavort in sacred spirit woodland groves,
While gazing deep, into the minds of mere mortal man.
And what thoughts rest in Silvanus in his wooded clothes,

As he goes, coyly flirting, with his beloved Pomona,
As bare foot, on Ter, she blows a kiss to her betrothed.
And why is that horned Fanus consulting his shade Fattus?
Is it to hide from us a sacred secret that only they know?
And so onward we go, to yet another place where sour
Smells rest, and people simply stare, tease mock or jest,
Because our civilisation, is just so bloody great to behold!
Oh how sad! How bad! How mad we are! How old!

Stave the fourth

And as we stare amid any sacred woodland vale,
Is Herne the Hunter's Horn triumphantly heard?
Are his ragged antlers clacking so subtly cracking
In the winter moonlight around your ancient frame?
Do we grasp at the Lore, that we seem to surround
With Ignorance derision, distaste or at times, disdain?
Or do we ignorantly laugh at Jack the Greens sneer.
Is the Green knight's smile lost to our right hand,
As we seek to rule that which we cannot command?
Or have we lost something real, a secret so sacred
Is this why the green man's oak leafed face does shine,

While we in our vain precious yet precocious knowledge,
Feed our almost open minds, it is our souls that are dry,
For nothing ever really stops the Herne the hunters cry.

Stave the fifth

No, for in our woods the wild man never really rests.
His symbol hidden is spirally cavorting amid the trees,
Flying with the birds, buzzing with the bees, he's in the face
On every single tree, his smile is there for us to freely see,
If we took time from our constant mental chaotic unrest:
The wild messenger -at our man made world- would truly jest.
His laughter would resound from every tree and every wound
Path that darts about each forest vale and each woodland glade,
For as the wild hunt is in full cry the wilderness would sigh
It would turn a leaf into a brook and kiss this wondrous sky.
While his gladiators: Oak Ash elm and birch fight for his rights;
"This war is upon us! The wild hunt is on! " Screams Sweeney.
See how his ragged saw tooth mouth his wide with sheer delight,
While his feathered hair is so raven, his eyes are blinding white!

Stave the sixth

And from the huge bleeding boughs the black dogs are freed
To charge onward with pumping limbs upon such sacred seed,
That then turns upon this world of arrogance and sheer greed.
With fury they charge towards us through the long cold night
And surround the mounds proud made from our fathers blight,
Leaving the world we know turning still in our mad god's blind sight.
While the machines we make: this world's pain we truly create
Change nothing but our wild hidden deity's feelings of hate,
But The Wild Hunt is here! So there is nothing to fear: just dissipate.
And as the Black dogs in huge wild tribes march so ferociously on
We simply stare and linger vainly on why we chose this human don,
Oh god help us oh how our words are nothing but an empty song.
And as the world now slowly turns and here begins to dissipate
So does the bitterness the rage, the greed and the burning hate,
Leaving the wild man and his voice to linger and to finally resonate!

Stave the seventh

And so at last the prophesy is now told,
To the very wee and the oh so very old,

The world we know is turning, revolving
In ways that we seldom so very clearly see,
For the cycle really resonates within us all
In spheres, that fall into a slow dissolving.
It's up, to us to change then break the toll;
And make a path clear and make us free
From the monsters whom loath revolting.
We must make a stand, both woman and man
To make a case for this so terrible a plight,
For the land and we are truly bound as one,
So it's up to us to sing our honest heartfelt honest song
Or waste off into the dim haze: a truly useless throng.

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Andrew David Dalby

The Kiss

With the heavy, steady, drumbeat;
The light dance, resonates resilient,
To leave an aching, longing, wanting.
There's no fragile fresco waiting here;
Instead within hints of a toile tease,
There wrestles wrapped up desire
Entwined with a passion to be free.

Within this swirling, whirling room
I sense the rise of my belated breath,
It comes so close to bloody taught.
I hear the heady unsteady heart strings,
That echoes out a sure chorded chime
And from my pulled and burnished bow;
My well-aimed arrow is now free to go.

Within the moisture of this midnight place
I see my tender dart, take to stable flight,
To gladly note my aim is tight and true.
Then smile, as it selectively slides through
This sweaty, gently writhing crowd to you.
I hear the sigh of you're gently beating heart,
Then I smile at the sealing of the mark.

I see the moon shine upon your lovely face,
I note the sweetest smile, the gentle grace,
The growing love that leaves a fragrant trace.
Oh how I long to sing of your sacred space,
then reach for the merest tender scent of touch;
That leaves me nervous, naked in my raw humility,
As our two lips brush with tender vulnerability.

Andrew David Dalby

The Lake

I close my eyes and the lake comes to mind:

Its silver hue, flat expanse extends onward,
Into what seems an eternal; yet is refined,
By thick mists sweeping, rolling now forward,
That is made by soft energy, simply defined.

And through the cold, crystal clear water,
Are -hard seen- large orbs of mitered stones;
That seem as eyes beholding life's curiosity,
mere musings of the gods upon their thrones.

While, out of this still and solid open water
Fingers, slow cracked open with naked honesty;
Rise rust dusted, thickly veined squatters
grow these grey aged forms of twisted trees.

Their murmur's rest in whispers along the beach,
And in winked hints beside the slow curling shore
These lusty ghosts that cling to life reach out
then slowly thrust deep in a rich ruddy rapport.

And how they mingle with your near sweet salt,
which tingle's a tease to blister out a shear.
I feel it rest upon the wet crimson, soft silk,
Of my now slowly blushing, blossoming spear.

Then, as this thus begins to slowly ebb away,
I try to stay with these steady heady pulses,
And achingly long to rest nowhere else but here,
For your raw warmth is healing all my bruises.

C-ADD,2013

Andrew David Dalby

The Man Who Strolled Into The Sea.

The sun -in waves- glimmers still off her gossamer skin.
It reflects from her mouth: the swirling river, curling
In soft silver strokes that shines with tender memories
At once I am upon her and then -so slowly- I am within her.
And as she lets me glide in, with a smooth and silky motion,
I stroke, and then bathe with such abandoned joyful reverie.

This place is full: the ghosts stain a day of so much tender love.
Yet, they reach out from the light and lift me up to sensual sighs;
That from their pure form simply denies me absolutely nothing.
I am split open: sliced apart by their beauty and honest clarity;
And in her growing arms, a lack fear and loathing starts to flow,
Here my fists are raised towards the grey, as I meet my destiny.

Oh how I sense everything in her slow and tender motion;
In the longing the waiting, the aching, the pain and the strain,
That slowly raises in pulses within these the throbbing veins.
And the ever rolling constant tides of our long sought time;
That just so slowly thrusts turns and then oh so gently slides,
I merely glimpse her along the length of this golden shoreline.

And in the long yet subtle strokes, rests another hidden reality
Once lost to us by the lies made by our so sour present time;
Oh how truth slowly spreads in surging unfurling weaving arcs
To reach a place of no known beginning and no known end
Where ancient heaving worlds divide, as they so nearly collide,
To free this soul from the ties that make us so bitter and blind.

I float by the edge: I am the man who strolled into the sea;
For there is no other place that gives anything more to me.
I take every step so slowly, as I long to meet her gaze;
I stare at sea salted trousers but my mind is not in a daze.
I want to be with her and away from all this hard aching sky;
And with anticipation in my heart, I scream, as she gently sighs.

Andrew David Dalby

The Moon Is On The Rise

O secret sacred silver world
you divinely shine here whole
and in this now pure growing light
In the hints of such subtle night
I sense your sensual sweet delight
That here so wondrously wraps
Around and about about this weary soul.
And with heaving hearts of feverous fire
With burning eyes of pure desire
Within this beautiful twilight squall
I hear the beast here within me call
As your sensual spirit here now so spills
Amid these oh so secret hinted thrills
Like dusted diamonds upon this crystal shore.
Here! Now! within your tender refuge
I sense the growth of powerful centrifuge
So with the surge of growth of life
I Bellow out: Yes the Moon is on the rise!
Thus capturing this moving moment refined.
yes wrestling with you here, is so sublime.

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Andrew David Dalby

The Muses

i

I met the fair-voiced Calliope
whilst waiting For a bus: -
" You must go to Clapham! "
She bellowed
yet so sweetly I might add.
while I noticed she
-with vain indifference-
scratched her arse,
then flicked at her auburn hair
with torpid introspection,
with her busy right fingers
upon her bilious tableaux
resting within her left palm.
Though for what reason,
I could never guess.

ii

"Clapham? " Asked Clio;
her crystal violet eyes bemused;
as she suddenly appeared
close to my right side
catching me totally off guard.
'why there? '
I then jumped as I noticed
times winds were blowing
through her long gold hair.
and paused to thus consider
whether Clapham was the place
where finally Odysseus could
finally lay his head at peace.
or Heracles had been overcome
with madness within his heart;
To slay those he loved so dear.
"Err... no.. but I might just-"
Calliope began, but never finished
with her subtle hint of night,
and her usual delicate sense of timing.

iii

"Clapham...why there?" asked Erato;
who tapped gently upon Calliope's
shoulder, before allowing Her fingers
to gently strum upon her lyre;
then distracted she wildly span
Towards two gentle lovers
whose hands, gladly embraced
in the open sense of nakedness.
only to return a moment later to say
"Is that the place where
fair Paris and Helen exchanged
glances before the age
of brutal war broke forth
once more upon the land? "
"Well-" Calliope began,
her plum mouth ready
for sharing elegance.

iv

But she was again interrupted.
This time by the wonderful Eurterpe
whose golden eyes shone stones,
as her gentle strident Form
screamed as she fell
from a great cloud down,
and with a resounding clumping Thump,
to crash upon the curved ridges
of the bus-stop awning;
Before falling,
once again and then bouncing
to the grimy floor.
I thought that then she would speak,
but instead She arose,
wiped her long, elegant
pure white robes,
and then began to play
an elegant sounding melody.
Upon her sliver flute

v

"Very nice..."
applauded Calliope,
as she stared towards her sister
with tired but good humored eyes.
But as Eurterpe played,
Melopomene, appeared in a plume
of black swirling spiraling smoke
Whose sad mask filled the air with gloom,
and Began to recall with vivid disdain
the tragic tale of Hector, the brave
who's heart was bitterly broken
by the horses that tore
his body to pieces around
the walls of Troy.
I have to admit,
she did go one somewhat,
Bringing the crowded bus-stop
almost heavily down upon us.
"Now now, don't go on Mel..."
Calliope began,
getting tired Of her sisters
interrupting her thinking...

vi

But just then Polyhemia arrived
and spoke with a pensive look.
"We have to be Prepared!
for Zeus is on the warpath again! '
And this time nothing
is going to keep him quiet! "
Then the sisters all, looked above
and in their many faces
Masked and unmasked
beautiful or plain
and spoke now with a slow
Growing sense of trembling awe
with one heavy and distraught voice,
that made the very shelter Quake
with a deep and trembling state:
"Not Zeus! NO! "

vii

"Oh I'm getting fed up of this! "
Said Calliope sounding
furious and frustrated;
A growing sense of annoyance
spreading upon her oval face
"I think I'll walk home instead."
But as she spoke,
the traffic began to increase
just as she three of her sisters
All arrived at once,
dancing with capricious comedy,
they jovially pointed
at the wonders of the universe.
as I saw new and distant Planets
formed upon heavens shores,
and spirals of gates displaced
revealing huge fantastic Star ships
made of crystalline cubed lavender;
whose engines rocked above my head
as all of London's buildings fell about me.

viii

I felt my mind inwardly start to melt
and screamed in spectacular agony,
as Calliope slowly took my hand.
"It's alright." I heard her whisper,
as all her sisters many faces
Slowly began to blur into one.
Each being a reflection of the next.
And as the bus finally arrived
the weary bearded tatty fat grey face
of the driver slowly appeared,
I said the words word...
"Clapham, return please...."
Afraid of what she might do,
if I said something else instead.
And, As I took my rat eaten seat,
a gorgeous woman with raven hair
distant yet wanton desire
Written in her eyes told me this: -

'The stars about the lovely moon,
Fade back and vanish all too soon,
When round and full her silver face,
Swings into sight and lights all of space.'
And with that,
she winked at the woman to her left...Then vanished in thin air.

Andrew David Dalby

The Rain

I love the near silent sound of rain;
Its delicate intricacy overwhelms.
Yet it never tickles, as it trickles,
Forever failing to touch my -near parted- lips,
That rest, warm, plump and heavy;
Close to the cold crystal of the window pane.

I love the radiant light of rain;
I love its fracturing geometry.
For it glimmers, as it glisten's,
Kaleidoscopically slicing in heavy pulsing throws,
To build within, the image of a liquid train
That rails to free my quake-ridden mind
From the sad, the empty and the mundane.

I love the frosted benumbing touch of rain;
I love its clear sharpened ability.
For it reverberates, as it replicates,
In perfect symmetry,
With torrid, vibrant ice bone finger's
That caresses the twisted depths that rest,
As yet unburdened from my heaving breast.

I love the fragrant recollection the rain;
Its rounded scent is rich in pre-possessing.
Recalling images of desires needy entwine,
Around -and upon- that heavy purple vine,
And then -once sated- simply sigh,
To finally and so very snugly rest,
To warmly feel you upon my chest
Amongst the gentle pattering;
That echoes from this thundering sky.
Oh how I wish to God that you were mine.

Andrew David Dalby

The Song Of Trees

I pause to ponder on these changes,
And face this bitter winter chill.
that clamps on me like lime greased pages,
and longs to twist and turn me still.
Yet, to see these tree trunks grinding,
as they turn about on windswept days;
They seems to me to long reach out,
Then embrace me like a crinkled sage.
I close my eyes and see them shine;
then pull their tendrils from the earth.
to then watch them slowly start to smile;
and wrap around each other's girth.
And as they walk slowly together,
a single part, yet still complete;
I see them gathered free from tethers;
yet still need others of itself to greet.

Their single parts are of the whole,
As they gather for a sweet chorale;
in colours of the dawning times,
That echoes of a beautiful madrigal.
From pale citrus to the budding flower,
that remind me of my innocence;
and times now red with rusting roots;
that bring fears of inner subsidence.
So are these golden fiery tears,
to be shelled now on the floor;
Just whispered hints of ecstatic stints;
spent knocking on my autumn door?
No... for now I am not afraid to face it;
For I see change as the eternal plan,
that brings forth life, to all things living,
and proves that death is just a sham.

For Autumn is a part of a circle,
and not just a terminal line;
and we are a part of this cycle,
on this universal palace, divine.
Now to some our home might seem small,

and perhaps tired and a little drab;
But its up to us to keep it special,
because it's our home and all we have.
So let's sing the song of trees together,
and understand their precious song;
otherwise we have a house of lies,
and of cold and ruthless oppression.
It's up to us to make the changes,
To fight and hold to what is true;
And sing the song of Trees together,
to thus finally defeat the wormwood crew.

Andrew David Dalby

The Swan

In the white of the winter sun
Her pure feather's deftly shine;
And like finely sharpened knives
They weave and carve the sky divine.
Beneath them rests a wise heart
And fibrous muscles... tender yet taught,
That twist and curl in a gentle rotation.
Pivoted upon the river she turns tense,
and begins her slow surge forward.
She is prepared and ready for the fight,
Her weight balancing as she glides,
She stretches herself out,
As she raises herself up for flight.
While there, beneath her feet,
The finality of those iced river fingers,
Now descend scratching the air
Failing, to keep their hold,
Of this oh so beautiful and fragile soul.
So there she goes,
she floats above it all,
Iridescent and totally free,
Far from the rough tough
Gnarled shanks of stone,
That were ploughed brutally down,
By the giant's heavy shoes.
And while the flaming flutes,
Of times brutal arrows,
Bounce off her, she sighs
With a glorious glint
Resting in her testing eyes.
So damned defiant she rises!
So strong and bloody proud!
So she should...
For she is my beloved swan,
And I love her intimately.

Andrew David Dalby

The Vamps Song

The Vamp's song.

Darling, let's detonate and render obsolete this day;
To bring about the triumphant mistress of the night.
So we can walk upon the hiss shingle of twilight's bay;
And bathe in glory amongst the starry skies so bright.
To then allow our brush and bosom a chance to play;
And give our heightened senses pleasure and delight.

My dear, resonate an echo my pure heartfelt delight;
To burn off the torrent shadows of this too bitter day.
Come into me, with relish sweaty joy, and fervent play;
And let's live in the joy of the darkness of a new night.
To then sing with a melody sweet so clear and bright;
And with desire let's leave these fears at twilight's bay.

My love, hesitate and you'll drown in twilight's bay;
And forever slowly burn the hope of our new delight.
So hold-fast to those who shine with clarity so bright;
Until Sol stands upon the beach at the lark-rise of day.
Then we can kiss away the passion of this tender night;
To gladly sup and bring an end of new loves sweet play.

Oh my love, desolated my heart rests when not at play;
And all alone I wander along the stones of twilight's bay.
For I, my love, live by drinking blood in an endless night;
From those who ring the makers sweet song of delight.
While avoiding the sun that brings forth the light of day;
In case my form broils in flames that burn so very bright.

For my love is desecrated: this soul's light is never bright;
While I tease others with thoughts of tender sensual play.
Oh so carefully, I avoid the hideous presence of the day;
For my flesh is far from the sacred realms of twilight's bay.
And I am empty, while tempting you with sensuous delight;
In fact I'm nothing. Flawed flesh made real by eternal night.

Yes my love, unabated, we suckle out the marrow of the night;
Avoiding Sol's world that's so clean so pure...and so very bright.

And taking titillation in eyes sheer sweet hinted sexual delight;
We use our time, making tender prey out of our tempting play;
Along the shining shoreline of this place, called twilight's bay;
While loathing those who safely rest, in the passion of the day.

While hating the light of the day with its sun so hideous and so bright.
We spirits wander twilight's bay forever upon this aching braking night;
For as we play we feed upon our prey...those loved less in sheer delight...
In sheer delight...
In sheer delight...
We feed upon those loved less ones in sweet and sheer delight...

Andrew David Dalby

This Entreaty Is Mine

Entreaties mine
Through faults line dominion
she mocks;
and
Like a mad fool king,
With deep aching rage I stand;
Fighting for the right to be loved.
Is it so unfair a thing that I ask?
Is love... love... pure selfless love,
Nothing more than an aching
need within me?
Or am I like the delicate angel,
Who sings of the sweet and gentle
Lord's caress,
Yet is nothing other than an echo,
From a dry and dusty hymnal,
Thrown to the floor,
On a mid september morn...

No I say!
And No again!
For I am more than that...
I am created,
Born out of desire,
need,
longing....
Thrust into life,
I scream my own precious melody
for all the world to hear...
and
In doing so,
Feel deep satisfaction,
in her tender loving kiss.

Andrew David Dalby

This Room Is Filled With You

his room is filled with you:
whose tender tremors
are still felt within
these jasmine scented sheets.
Your heady scent is here....
Its not a dim remembered echo,
from a distant beating heart;
but present...
alive...

The golden candle light
from behind the open doorway
shines across your calf, your thigh:
and reflects in a glint from your eye,
and then down to where the musk
of your being soothes
my eager soul.

and as you rest back upon the bed,
your near sleeping form,
so gently sigh's...
and in the glimpse of the cup
that curls
from where I long to sup,
I... now... with eager muscles
beg for your return
longing to keep sleep
so very far away away from you
Tonight. x

Andrew David Dalby

Thoughts On A Train Ride

The lush folds of land
arose in heavy sweaty lines
As the fawning trees nakedly
thrust their brittle fingers
Up towards the steel grey sky;
I feel them seek fresh damp soil beneath.
as She rests her head upon my shoulder;
and curls her oval eyes upward
towards mine.
A welcome smile rests upon her blushed lips
As we pass the man of staves.
He leaves with me an impression
of a vast giant opening a door....
I feel her whispered sigh,
its stirs the weight of stars,
as the warm wheels of Iron
Roll upon heavy lines of steel.
its grinding echo rises
to meet mine.
Polegate...
and then the wheels roll on...

Andrew David Dalby

Thoughts Upon The Shore

The sun shimmers upon her gossamer skin,
to shine ever onward now and for evermore.
it glimmers with hints of radiant rippling;
giving an illusion of a starlight's lord.
This place is full of so much tender love,
As it lifts me upon such warm sensual sighs.
Which in their form hide from me nothing;
and also lack fear and loathings bitter flies.
Oh how I sense the longing waiting strain,
within the throbbing of her rising veins.
As the ever rolling constant tides of time;
so slowly thrust then just gently slide,
along the length of this her golden shoreline.

but oh how I fear his plump veined spear,
that thrusts into her tender damp sand.
For she heavily pierces down deep;
to bring upon me a cold brutal shudder,
which weaves in swirls as she sweeps,
into liquid crystalline whorls,
as wild yet soft as her so raven hair.
Yet, are these spears images of seem?
a basket of tangled half conceived dreams,
That are soon lost amid the flowing wash
that come from salt blister cracked fingers
from gnarled aged hands of the riven fleshed?

Or are these just gentle sublime waves
that so slowly stoke her tender beach,
with long yet subtle tender strokes,
other layers of a pure hidden reality
lost from us by lies of this sour time;
which slowly spread in weaving arcs
that are then like gossamer threads
so woven out, to then blissfully end
where ancient heaving worlds divide,
as they so nearly tenderly collide,
To free the soul from the ties
that are so near and so very long,

yet always fail in their way to bind
I stand by the water's edge,
and with heavy anticipation in my heart
I scream with triumph as I cry... then dive.

Andrew David Dalby

To See Her Fly

I would give my all to see her fly.
Her beautiful, unhindered spirit;
is fueled with longing dreams.
of total free, unfettered flight;
Of whispered sighs,
from gentle sprites;
who warm the growing twilight;
and its ever bitter breeze.
I glimpse her slowly spiral;
It lifts her from the coming storm.
and upbraids her fibrous petal wing;
to keep herself free,
from the Ice-wraiths glee.
And those heavy nightmare bells
that seem to ring for evermore.

oh...To reach out and to touch her;
To free myself from this aching form.
To rise high with her pure divinity;
then to fall, to gently rest,
Near foetal on her chest.
To touch to stroke to stoke to feel;
To curl to twist to thrum.
to float amongst the crystal spires,
and then so deftly plunge.
To fly upon those pure fuelled fires;
That shine... so beautiful, so bright,
so full of delicious purposeful light.
And then to rest, tired, spent, content
Rested... upon a settled earth.
Oh Christ... to see her fly, divine!

Andrew David Dalby

Tonight

There's nothing in the world of matter,
just mere rocks that collect dust
In spirals; outside is a vacuum
a cacophony of silence
benumbing to the ears
and its cold...so bloody old
yet I've never seen the stars
shine so very bright
as they do...
Tonight. x

Andrew David Dalby

Triolet: From The Park

We're planning a revolution from the park:
Where all the children gather and laugh
To then climb on the frames just after dark.
We're planning a revolution from the park:
A scribble to freedom is leaving our mark
After lifting to life, with a very strong quaff.
We're planning a revolution from the park,
Where, all the children, gather and laugh!

Andrew David Dalby

Twilight Is Now Softly Slow Breathing

Twilight is now softly slow breathing:
And In this so near sacred silent place,
Among the now rising budding blossom
Where throbbing, plump anthers unfurl;
I long to grasp for the peace that rests
Along this veined, bloom filled, Avenue.
And in the crimson of the setting sun,
Whose dim light is casts on fibrous hills;
In-between the clamor of the curling bells,
And amid the culling of the creaking daffodils;
I finally find the time to rest -and here- recline:
For twilight is now softly slow breathing:
And that...my love...is fine.

Andrew David Dalby

Wolfsbane

I drink her in and then I spit to spout her out... entirely.
I thrust long, deep, with a sigh of plumped rich precision;
But I pace my bleeding aching urges to a gentle glow.
Oh... to sup this real bitter blistered free communion,
And to touch with revelry, her sweat ridden body slow.
For she beckons me from the pitch of this twilight night,
I know she's waiting... yet I dare not dare I, choose to go.
Because. I know the cost of loss and total empty dislocation;
I feel it shudder through my soul to the point of screaming no!
And I hear insane rhyming chords echo the lunacy now within.
So I try not to let them guide my new found hidden instincts.
And as the sublime moonlight drive within me starts to flow;
I reach out with claw-ridden hands, its talons beyond myself...
I twist I turn I turn I tryst I twist I turn I tryst and turn;
To finally throw myself upon this, my new found purpose;
And then lay to rest the beast that lies within... completely.

Andrew David Dalby

You Are My Appetence

You are my hunger
My desire
My need
My craving inclination
Without that bond
That natural connection
All is lost
And I slowly bleed away
To dissolve into dry dust
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