Poetry Series

Barry Conway
- poems -

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Barry Conway()

(burt) Albert

(BURT) ALBERT

'BURT WAS OLD! '
'HOW DO YOU KNOW? '
'BECAUSE HE IS DEAD! '
'JUST BECAUSE HE IS DEAD DOES NOT MAKE HIM OLD! '

'JUST LOOK AT HIM,
HE IS OLD,
HE DID NOT SMOKE,
HE DID NOT DRINK, OR GAMBLE
HE DID NOT CHASE WOMEN.
ONLY BELIEVED IN SEX FOR PROCREATION.
DID NOT DO ANY SPORT,
OR EVEN TOOK ANY RISKS.
NEVER HAD AN AVOCADO
OR EVEN HAD A TELEVISION.
NEVER WENT ABROAD,
OR LEFT YORKSHIRE FOR THAT MATTER.
WHY WOULD YOU HE SAID
I HAVE SEEN EVERYTHING I NEED TO IN YORKSHIRE.
HE DID NOT EVEN LIKE CRICKET!
WENT TO SCARBOROUGH EVERY YEAR ON HOLIDAY
AND STAYED AT THE SAME B&B,
SAT IN A DECKCHAIR WITH A HANKY ON HIS HEAD.
HE WAS AN ACCOUNTANT FOR THE COUNCIL.
ALWAYS WORE BROWN SHOES,
AND DROVE THE SAME FORD CORTINA HE BOUGHT IN THE 1970S.
AND WAS MARRIED TO THE SAME WOMAN DORIS FOR 60 YEARS.
HE WAS BORN IN AND DIED,
IN THE SAME HOUSE ON THAKERY STREET.
HE WAS A SOLID, RELIABLE, DIE HARD STICK IN THE MUD! '

'OH I SEE, BUT WHAT DID HE DIE OF? '
'BOREDOM, BLOODY BOREDOM! '

Barry Conway

1-2-5-9 1-7 9-5-2-1 3-4

1-2-5-9 1-7 9-5-2-1 3-4

"1-2-5-9 1-2-5-9 ALL THE TIME
IT'S A RHYME
IN MY HEAD
IT IS SAID
1-2-5-9
WANT-YOU-FOR-MINE
IT'S A SIGN
1-2-5-9
1-2-5-9
17
1&7
YOU'RE-ONE-FROM-HEAVEN
17
YOU'RE SUCH A DREAM
DO YOU SEE WHAT I MEAN
1-2-5-9
YOU'RE GOING TO BE FINE
FOR YOU'RE GOING TO BE MINE! "

"9-5-2-1, NAY FIGHT TRUE LOVE 1-2-5-9
9-5-2-1 AWAITS
AS WELL AS THE COMING OF 34! "
……

Barry Conway

2nd Saturday Of The Month

2ND SATURDAY OF THE MONTH

OH DEAR
HERE WE ARE AGAIN,
THE SECOND SATURDAY
OF THE MONTH
POETRY FOR PLEASURE GROUP.
WHAT A BORING OLD FART OF A MORNING
HAVING TO SIT THERE
LISTENING TO THESE SELF IMPORTANT.
SELF OBSESSED.
SO CALLED POETS.
PRATTLING ON ABOUT
WHO REALLY CARES WHAT.
THEY SHOULD BE LISTENING TO ME
I AM REALLY THE ONLY ONE
REALLY WORTH LISTENING TO HERE.

WHAT IF I STAY IN BED
AND DREAM OF A LUSCIOUS WOMEN
BRINGING ME BREAKFAST IN BED
NICE CUP OF TEA AND CRUMPETS.
PITY THOUGH THAT I REALLY
DO NOT EAT BREAKFAST.
SO I GUESS I WILL TRUNDLE ON INTO THE COLD,
AND BURN MY EARS
AT THE POETRY GROUP,
AND FEIGN INTEREST
PRETEND TO LIKE THEM AND THEIR WORK.
OH HERE WE GO AGAIN
THEY ARE STARTING TO SCUFFLE IN.

WAIT A MINUTE THAT ONE WAS NOT SO BAD
I WAS ACTUALLY LISTENING TO THAT ONE
AND THEY ALSO LIKED MY POEM
MAYBE I WAS A BIT HARSH
SHE CAN BE QUITE SWEET REALLY
AND HE IS NOT THAT BAD EITHER
PERHAPS THE PROBLEM, IS ME

YES THAT IS IT!
THE PROBLEM IS ME
I AM A PRATT!

Barry Conway

33

33

IT SEEMED TO STEP OUT OF ITSELF,
THE NUMBER 33,
REPEATING THE DANCE,
IT SUNG TO THE TUNE OF THE YOUNG,
WHOSE INDIFFERENCE TO AGE,
THEY HIDE NOT,
FOR THE WORLD BELONGS TO THEM,
WITH ALL THE APPREHENSION,
OF THOSE WHOSE TIME,
SHRANK AS OLD BARK,
FROM THE TREE OF LIFE.

EVEN DREAMS HAVE DREAMS,
EACH NOTE THAT SPARKLES FROM THE DANCE,
PASSES OVER FOR THE NEXT GENERATION,
ALWAYS LOOKING BACK,
ON YESTERDAYS TOMORROWS.
WE ALL MOST OBSERVE LIFE,
VERY FEW PARTICIPATE IN THE DANCE,
PREFERRING TO WATCH,
IN CRITICAL MISKNOWLEDGE,
THINKING THAT THEY,
THE UNTHINKING,
HAVE THE KNOWLEDGE THAT ELUDES.

SUCH IS THE MIND,
A COMPLEXITY OF MISUNDERSTANDING,
REPEATED AS THE NUMBER 3
REPEATS ITSELF IN IT'S TWIN.

Barry Conway

500th

500TH

IT WAS THE 500TH,
WOULD THAT SOMEONE,
CALL THIS ACHIEVEMENT,
FOR IT IS NOT.

IT IS JUST A NUMBER,
WITHIN NUMBERS.
IT MEANS LITTLE,
SAYS LITTLE,
FOR THE WORDS,
THE MEANINGS,
THE FEELINGS THAT FLOW,
HAVE NO NUMBER.

FOR JUST ONE WORD,
ONE LETTER,
CAN HAVE MORE MEANING,
THAN ALL THAT HAS BEEN SAID BEFORE.

Barry Conway

7.53

7.53

7.3 MI,
7.4 WITH NAILS OF BLACK,
7.5 AND VOICE OF DREAD
7.6 I MET THE MAN
7.6.1. I WAS TO WED
7.7 HAVING RELIEVED MYSELF
7.8 IN THE USUAL WAY
7.9 TWO HOURS OF TOIL,
7.10 JUST WASHED AWAY,
7.11 NOWHERE TO HIDE
7.12 NOWHERE TO RUN
7.13 THE SHORELINE TRAPPED ME
7.14 UNDER HIS THUMB
7.15 HE HAD A BOAT
7.16 AND FEET TO MATCH
7.17 ALL IN ALL
7.18 THE POOREST CATCH.

POLITELY SITTING AND LISTENING THERE,
MY MIND JUST WANDERED,
TO THE PACT, FAIR,
FOR MONSTERS ALL,
WE CHOOSE TO SHARE,
IN THE FORLORN SEARCH,
THAT BRINGS HIM HERE.

AND SO TO GOOD DAY,
THE TWISTER RECALLS,
BOATS AND EARS,
HE NAMED THEM ALL.
SO I SAILED AWAY,
TO BE NOT LOVE,
IN THE ARMS,
OF THE DUTY DOVE.

Barry Conway

A Catered Affair

A CATERED AFFAIR

HE OPENED
WITH A CLOSING LINE
‘IT'S OVER'

HER EYES IMPLORED HIM
TO TAKE BACK
THE POISON OF HIS WORDS
SHE LAID
LIKE A STREWN SAPLING
HAVING BEEN RAVAGED
BY THE WIND
WHO NOW STOOD OVER HER
HAVING TAKEN
HER WOMANHOOD ONCE AGAIN AT HIS WHIM
MOMENTS BEFORE

‘WHY? '

HER MEASURED RESPONSE
NOT TEARFUL, OR ANGRY
BUT COLD AND ASSURED WITHIN THE CHILL OF THE ROOM

HE STARTED TO BUTTON HIS SHIRT
‘I ONLY WANTED YOU FOR THE SEX,
AND TO BE HONEST IT IS BECOMING BORING NOW'

NOW SHE UNDERSTOOD
SO THIS IS HOW IT IS
THE WAY OF ALL MEN?
SELF GRATIFICATION
ON THE BACK OF A WOMAN
NOW
THE ANGER WELLED UP WITHIN HER
AND FOR AN INSTANT SHE FANTASIZED

SCISSORS EMBEDDED INTO HIS BACK AS HE LAY FACE DOWN ON THE FLOOR,
HIS OXBRIDGE TIE AND SHIRT SLOWLY BEING STAINED BY HIS FATAL WOUND

SEEPING BLOOD, OOZING OUT ALL THE BAD WITHIN.

‘WHAT ABOUT ALL YOUR PROMISES? '

HIS BACK WAS TURNED TO HER, THE VISION OF THE SCISSORS FADING

HE GRUNTED WHILE REACHING FOR HIS TROUSERS
‘YOU KNEW THE SCORE, DID YOU REALLY THINK I WOULD LEAVE MY WIFE FOR YOU, OR ANY WOMAN FOR THAT MATTER? '

SHE REFLECTED ON HIM ONCE AGAIN, FACE GRIMACED IN PAIN, STRANGLED BY HIS OWN BELT, HIS MOUTH OPEN GRASPING IN VAIN FOR BREATH, PANICKING TO LOOSEN THE NOOSE STRUGGLING TO SPEAK THOSE SPITEFUL WORDS, UNTIL HIS EYES WERE GLAZED AND FIXED.

‘HUH JUST LIKE THAT! , YOU HAVE HAD YOUR FUN AND NOW YOU ARE OFF! '

‘FUN, IT WAS NEVER FUN! . YOU ARE A MISERABLE COW, AND YOU ARE MAKING ME MISERABLE TOO! '

SHE SAW HIM SLUMPED OVER THE BED, HIS HEAD SPLIT WIDE OPEN BY THE BEDSIDE LAMP. LIFELESS AND MOTIONLESS, SILENT. THE BULLY GETS HIS COME UPPANCE AT LAST

‘OK JUST PAY ME BACK THE MONEY I LENT YOU, THAT IS ALL I WANT FROM YOU EVER! '

HE WAS PUTTING HIS EXPENSIVE SHOES ON, RESTING EACH UNCAREINGLY ON HER MUCH LOVED VICTORIAN CHAIR AS HE FORCED THE LACES TO OBEY HIM.

‘I HAVE NOT GOT IT, I SPENT IT, I CAN'T PAY YOU BACK'

SHE PICTURED HIM, BODY TWISTED AND BROKEN, LYING ON THE GROUND DEAD BELOW, BENEATH THE BEDROOM, HAVING FALLEN WHILE OPENING THE WINDOW AND SLIPPING ON THE RUG.

THAT WAS THE STORY THE POLICE HEARD

Barry Conway

A Grave Symmetry

A GRAVE SYMMETRY

HE GAZED
AT HER SYMMETRY
IN THE CEMETERY
WHERE SHE LAY
HER GRAVE
WAS A CORNER STONE
IN LIFE'S PATTERN
AND COMPLETED
THE LINE AND ROW
MIRRORING THE EDGE
THAT GAVE SHELTER TO HER PLACE
AND THE SHADOWS.

I COULD ONLY STARE
ACKNOWLEDGING THE CERTAINTY
OF THE MOMENT
WHICH LED HER HERE
AND AWAITS US ALL.

Barry Conway

A Moment In Time

A MOMENT IN TIME

THERE WERE BEER CIRCLES ON THE TABLE
AND CIRCLES OF LIFE UNDER HIS EYES,
BOTH CAUSED BY THE WEAR AND TEAR OF EXISTENCE.
HER EYES RAN OVER THE WOODEN TABLE
MUCH USED WITHIN THE SLEAZY PUB
HER FINGERS
FOLLOWED THE GRAIN OF THE WOODEN TABLE
AS THEY FORMED LINES OF COMPROMISE,
CONFORMED TO A PATTERN
IN THEIR OWN INDIVIDUAL FORM
DILUTED ONLY BY THE RINGS.

SHE FELT APART
SEPARATED BY AN INVISIBLE BARRIER OF YEARS
FROM ALL THE OTHER DINERS,
AS IF SHE HAD JOINED
THE MULTITUDE OF FADED PICTURES
OF OLD FARM SCENES UPON THE WALL.

THE YOUNG WAITER
ASKED THE DISINTERESTED COUPLE
IF THEY WANTED MUSHY PEAS
WITH THEIR DRIED COD AND CHIPS
AND IT WAS ONLY THEN
THAT SHE HAD REALIZED FOR THE FIRST TIME
THAT IT REALLY DOES NOT MATTER
THAT HE DOES NOT MATTER TO HER ANYMORE
THAT THIS LIFE DOES NOT MATTER ANYMORE.
ALL IT HAD TAKEN
WAS A ROUND WOODEN TABLE
ROUND BEER RINGS
TO GIVE HER THE CLARITY OF FREE THOUGHT
SHE HAD SO LONG DENIED HERSELF.

Barry Conway

A New Comet

A NEW COMET

I STOOD ALONE ON THE DECK,
AT WAY PAST THE HOUR OF MIDNIGHT.
THE SHIP THRASHED ITS WAY,
THROUGH THE EXPANSE OF PACIFIC OCEAN,
THROWING UP A CLOAK OF WHITE FOAM,
THAT CLINGED TO ITS MAN MADE NATURE.
THE MOON SHONE, AS ONLY THE MOON CAN
AND LIT THE WAY,
A BEAM ON AN ECHO OF THE UNIVERSE,
A TORCH UPON THE VASTNESS OF THE WATER.

I PULLED MY COAT CLOSER,
WHILE THE POUNDING HORSE RODE THE WAVES,
FELT THE VIBRATION OF THE ENGINES THROUGH MY BODY,
AND LET MY AMAZED THOUGHTS TRAVEL ON ITS BACK.
I SUCH AN INSIGNIFICANT HUMAN,
BEING ALLOWED TO WITNESS SUCH MAJESTY,
IN THE NOISY SILENCE OF THIS SMALL HOUR,
THIS SMALL OCEAN.

MY SPIRITUALITY WAS HARNESSED BY THE NIGHT,
AND MY CHARIOT DROVE ME ONWARD,
DISAPPEARING BENEATH ME,
UNTIL I WAS HOVERING,
UNTETHERED, OVER THE WATER,
CARRIED ON A MOONBEAM,
I WAS JOINED OF OTHER BEINGS,
WHOSE FAMILIARITY WAS STRANGELY KNOWN TO ME.

I FELT EACH DROP UPON THE WIND,
I BECAME BETWEEN TWO WORLD,
FREE FROM ALL BINDINGS AND OBLIGATIONS,
A COMET OF AIR AND LIQUID,
MIXED TOGETHER IN JOYOUS REVELATION.

Barry Conway

A New Waiting

A NEW WAITING

THEY WAITED,
AS A PELICAN WAITS UPON THE DOCK,
WAITED,
FOR THE GREEN MOON IN ACKNOWLEDGMENT,
AND BOW TO THE SUN,
WAITED UNTIL THE COVERING CLOUD,
BOWED AND LEFT THE STAGE.
THERE IN THE DISTANT,
OUR FIRST GOD RAISED IT'S EYES,
TO SMILE UPON US.

IT'S WARMTH GAVE MOVEMENT,
TO THE OLD MANS BENT FINGERS,
HELD LIGHTLY BY A LOVING WIFE,
WHO DEPARTED MANY YEARS BEFORE.
HE KNEW THIS WAS HIS LAST SUNRISE,
WHICH HE WELCOMED,
FOR NOW, , AT LONG LAST,
HE WOULD BE LED BY HER HAND,
AS SHE GUIDED HIM,
TO JOIN HER ONCE AGAIN.

Barry Conway

Absent

I HAVE ABSENT FRIENDS,
NOW THEY ARE SOMEONE ELSE'S FRIENDS,
THEY USED TO KEEP ME WARM AT NIGHT.
I WOULD OFTEN THINK OF THEM,
WALLOW IN THEIR STRENGTHS,
THE ATTENTION OF ADMIRATION,
THAT THEY ENGENDERED.

LIKE ALL GOOD FRIENDS,
OTHERS COVETED THEM,
PEOPLE WERE ALWAYS TRYING,
TO RELIEVE ME OF THEM,
THEIR BASKING WARMTH,
BUT I ALWAYS HELD ON TIGHT,
RESISTED THEIR ADVANCES,
SAVED THEM,
SHELTERED THEM FOR A RAINY DAY.
THEY WERE FOR MY OLD AGE,
FOR YOU COULD ALWAYS RELY ON THEM.

THEY DO NOT CARE,
IF YOU ARE OLD OR YOUNG,
UGLY OR GOOD LOOKING,
WHETHER YOU BELIEVE IN GOD OR NOT,
THEY DO NOT CARE,
WHAT RELIGION YOU ARE,
WHETHER YOU ARE CLEVER OR STUPID,
SO YOU ARE MORE LIKELY,
TO LOOSE THEM,
AND ONCE LOST,
THEY BECOME ABSENT FRIENDS,
EVERYTHING LEAVES,
EVERYTHING,
BECOMES ABSENT

Barry Conway

Acceptance

ACCEPTANCE

I CAN NOT BE WHAT YOU WANT ME TO BE,
I CAN NOT EVEN BE WHAT I WANT TO BE
SO, I AM SO DEVOID,
OF THE ABILITY TO PLEASE YOU.

YOU MAY BE DISDAINFUL OF ME,
CRITICIZE, SCOLD AND DERIDE,
THE PLAYFUL MANNER OF MY ABUNDANCE,
THE WAY THE SERIOUSNESS OF LIFE,
IS LEFT BEHIND AMONGST THE DEAD CALM.

YOU MAY LOOK AT ME IMPATIENT OF ACHIEVEMENT,
WARY OF THE FUTURE SPENT IN THE COMPANY,
OF A LOVERS MOMENT WHO WILL NOT CONFORM,
TO THE IDEAL OF YOUR URGING.

THE CLOSEST TO ACCEPTANCE WE ALL COME,
IS STILL NOT ENOUGH!
WE ARE STRIVEN TO STRIVE FOREVER FOR MORE,
TO A HOPE THAT DOES NOT EXIST,
AND A TIME THAT WILL NEVER RISE

YOU MAY TO BE WITH ME,
IN WHATEVER WAY YOU CHOOSE.
YOU MAY CHOOSE TO SEND AWAY THE CHILD,
IN FAVOUR OF THE MAN!
BUT THE CHILD WILL ALWAYS RETURN,
AND MY HEART WILL ALWAYS BE YOURS,
WHATEVER.

Barry Conway

After It Came

AFTER IT CAME

I AM DIFFERENT,
AFTER IT CAME,
I AM DIFFERENT.

I AM CHANGED,
I NO LONGER SEE WITH MY EYES,
NO LONGER THINK WITH MY OWN,
CAN NOT DESCRIBE THE DESCRIPTION,
I AM DIFFERENT.

BUT TO YOU, AND YOU, AND YOU,
I APPEAR THE SAME,
I SOUND THE SAME,
I LOOK THE SAME,

BUT INSIDE,
INSIDE,
IT IS COMING OUT,
THE FEELING, THE FEELING, THE FEELING,
AFTER IT CAME.

Barry Conway

After You Left

AFTER YOU LEFT

AFTER YOU LEFT
I FELT VERY ALONE
FOR THE FIRST TIME
SO MINDFUL
IN OUR NEWNESS OF RENEWAL
THAT THERE IS A NEW HOUSE
OF KNOWING
AND ACCEPTANCE.

THE ROOMS WERE MISSING YOU
A PIECE OF THEM
HAD ALSO BEEN TORN AWAY
A BRANCH FROM THE TREE OF LIFE REMOVED
LEAVING UNBALANCE OF FORM
IN THE QUIETNESS
IN THEIR LONGING OF YOUR RETURN.

I LAID
LAYERED
IN MY DARKENED BED
SAD AND TEARFUL
BESIDE YOUR COMPANION
WHO TOO WAS LOST TO THE NIGHT IN SEARCH.
JUST THE TICKING OF THE OLD CLOCK
IN IT'S NEW NICHE
KEEPING RHYTHM
TO ALL THE DAYS SPENT TOGETHER
REPLAYING THROUGH MY MEMORY
WITHIN THE WORDS
AND FEELINGS
WE SHARE STILL.

Barry Conway

Again

AGAIN

He could not see her face again,
It was changing from shade to noise,
Where only the outline of change concerned.
It was receding within her,
As an apparition
Appearing between time and space.

He watched as the room tilted back and forth,
Starting to pulse and waiver,
Turning into a slow whirlpool, of floating particles of dust
Following in abeyance.

Hands reached out
To hear his name spoken without utterance,
As a falling leaf on a tidal flow,
Is taken without regard.

The floor reached up to feel him
Joining within his travel.
No pain of voyage,
Just the quick departure of the light,
Into the void,
Bathing the lawn at Arundle

Barry Conway

Again And Again

AGAIN AND AGAIN

MOVEMENT INVOLVEMENT
FREEDOMS RESENTMENT
THE PACE
THE RACE
THE SIZE
THE PRIZE
THE TIME
THE RHYME
THE LIFE'S HARD TIME
THE MONEY
YOU'RE HONEY
YOU'RE SUNNY
YOU FIGURE
YOUR VIGOUR
IS BIGGER THAN MINE
BUT I
HAVE RHYME
AND TIME
TO WRITE
AND FIGHT
FREEDOMS RESENTMENT
DID YOU READ WHAT I MEANT?
READ IT AGAIN
IT CHANGES, IT CHANGES
IT'S NEVER THE SAME
READ IT AGAIN AND AGAIN.

Barry Conway

Age

AGE

OUR YOUTH HAS GONE,
ALL THAT IS LEFT,
IS PARCELS OF THE PAST,
TIED UP,
IN THE NARROWING HALLS,
FILLED WITH THE SMELL,
AND SOUNDS OF YESTERDAY.

FADING FOOTSTEPS
FLOAT FROM THE FLOOR,
WHERE WE ONCE RAN,
IN THE FREEDOM OF THE YOUNG,
RUNNING TO AND FROM,
FRIENDS OF CONVENIENCE,
IN WHOSE JOY,
THEIR MOTHERS SHARED,
AT THE END OF THE FULL DAY.

Barry Conway

All And One

ALL AND ONE

MAY ALL THAT IS GOOD SUSTAIN US
AND ALL THAT IS BAD HEAL US
FOR WE BE A COLOUR OF LIGHT
TRAVELING THROUGH MOMENTS
OF DISCOVERY.
HAVING MARVELED AT THE JOURNEY
PAST AND FUTURE TO COME
ABLE TO BE BOTH,
BE SEVERAL, AND ONE AT THE SAME TIME.
WE ARE GIVEN THIS ABILITY
IF ONLY WE CHOOSE TO LOOK
FOR IN EACH VIEW
WE MAY SEE ALL THERE IS
BE ALL THERE IS
OR WILL EVER BE, OR WAS.
IT IS ONLY THE WILLINGNESS
TO ACKNOWLEDGE THE ABILITY
THAT IS NOT RECOGNIZED BY THE MANY
THAT WE MUST OURSELVES ACKNOWLEDGE.

Barry Conway

All Now Gone

ALL NOW GONE

WHERE HAS IT ALL GONE
NOW THAT THE CLOWNINGS OVER
NOW LOWER IN TEMPERAMENT
CONCERNED OF VIRTUE
TIME HOLDS NO SECRETS
IN THE CONSERVATION OF MY ENERGY
SHUFFLING THROUGH
WAS NOT GOOD ENOUGH
IN THE RETROSPECTIVE OF THE ANCIENTS
WHO NO LONGER VISIT ME

ONCE MIGHTY AMONGST MEN
CONCERNED OF SELF
THE DETERMINATION OF THE DAMNED
IN THE QUICKENING OF QUITE REJECTION
THE FULFILLMENT OF NECESSITY
GOVERNED BY THE FORCE
THAT GOVERNS ALL

NO LONGER
TALL AND UPRIGHT
BUT LIGHT
OF BONE AND STATURE
THE RAPTURE
OF YOUTH
DISPELLED IN FORGOTTEN THOUGHT
FALLEN AND DISCOLOURED
OF DAYS
LIVED TOO LONG AGO

HOW I WISH THE GLOW
IN A WOMAN'S EYES
WAS MINE
TO LOVE ONCE AGAIN
TO SEE CHILDREN GROW
TO PLAY

WITH THEIR CHILDREN

THE BACKWARD LOOK
IS NOT RETURNED
NOT LEARNED
OF PAST MISTAKES
FOR ALL IT TAKES
IS ONE WRONG TURN
TO LOSE ONES' WAY
AND PAY
TO WATCH IT ALL
DRIFT AWAY

Barry Conway

All Of Us

ALL OF US

I DID MY BEST
EVEN MY WORST
WAS MY BEST.

FOR ALL
WE ARE THE PRODUCT
OF THIS WORLD
HOWEVER WE LIVE WITHIN IT
IMPROVING OR NOT
THE ESSENCE OF OURSELVES
IS NOT COUNTED
IN SUCCESS OR FAILURE
NOT TO BE COUNTED
NOT TO IMPART
PRAISE OR DISSENSION
FOR THERE ARE NO BOUNDARIES
SAVING THOSE SET BY US
WHOSE SELF SERVING
SERVES NO ONE
FOR THE SOLUTION
IS ALL OF US

Barry Conway

All That Is

ALL THAT IS

IN QUITE REFLECTION
I GET LOST
AND I AM ABSORBED
INTO ALL THAT WAS
OR ALL THAT COULD BE
IT APPEARS
I AM NEITHER ASLEEP OR AWAKE
EXISTING
BETWEEN TWO INFLUENCES
A TREE SWAYING GENTLY
TO THE RHYTHMS OF THE BREEZES
EACH VOYAGE BACK AND FORTH
HEARTBEATS
MEETING
AL THAT IS
IN EQUAL BALANCE
AS THE DAYS RENEW.

Barry Conway

Altered State

ALTERED STATE

YOU HAVE OPENED UP,
NEW VEINS OF LOVE WITHIN MY BODY.
I CRY WITH THE JOY OF YOU.
THE WORD LOVE,
LACKS ADEQUATE DESCRIPTION.

I AM UNDONE,
I AM UNRAVELED WITHIN YOU.
I AM ON THE EDGE,
LOOKING DOWN,
TRYING NOT TO FALL INTO YOU.
BUT IT IS A FUTILE EXPECTATION,
FOR I HAVE ALREADY FALLEN.
AND I AM TRAVELING TO,
EDGE UPON EDGE,
FOREVER FALLING DEEPER.
WITH EACH SIGH,
I FALL FURTHER THAN KNOWLEDGE.
YOU HAVE CONSUME ME,
AND I JUST FALL,
NOW WITHOUT RESTRAINT OR WORRY

I SPREAD MY ARMS,
AND ACCEPT MY WONDERFUL FATE.
I PLACE MY HEAD WITHIN YOUR BOSOM,
I CUT MY HEART FROM MY BODY,
AND PRESENT IT TO YOU IN WILLING TROPHY.

THIS PAIN IS EXQUISITE,
AND WITH EVERY FALL,
IT GROWS SHARPER AND MORE INTENSE,
UNTIL JUST PURE THOUGHT CONVEYS ME.
I AM IN AN ALTERED STATE,
THAT NO ONE, BUT YOU AND I
CAN EVER COMPREHEND.

Always

ALWAYS

LOOK!
HE'S COME BACK
YET AGAIN
ALWAYS SEARCHING
ALWAYS LOOKING
ALWAYS
NOT ACCEPTING
THAT IT IS ALL OVER BETWEEN THEM
LOVE PARTED FOREVER

THERE HE SITS
ALWAYS IN THE SAME CHAIR
ALWAYS AT THE SAME TABLE
WHERE THEY USED TO SIT
ALWAYS
ALL NIGHT SITTING
TEARING UP PIECES OF PAPER
BITING HIS NAILS
YET AGAIN
ALWAYS LOOKING TO THE DOOR
ALWAYS WAITING FOR HER TO ENTER
ALWAYS
HE WILL BE FOREVER THERE
FOR HIS LOVE IS DEAD
ALWAYS DEAD.

Barry Conway

Always Never

ALWAYS NEVER

I AM EXTREMELY MODERATE,
IN MY ABUNDANT LACK,
OF ADVANCED ELEMENTARY,
QUESTIONING ANSWERS,
WHICH ARE EQUALLY DIFFERENT,
AND BORINGLY INTERESTING.
BEING BEAUTIFULLY UGLY,
AND EXCITEDLY CALM,
I AM CONSTANTLY CHANGEABLE,
BUT DIFFERENTLY ALIKE,
AS I AM CLEVERLY STUPID,
WHILE COMPLICATEDLY SIMPLE.
BEING DELICIOUSLY AWFUL,
I STILL REMAIN DANGEROUSLY SAFE,
ALWAYS DESPERATELY HOPEFUL,
IN FINDING LOSS.

Barry Conway

Alzeheimer's

ALZHEIMER'S

KNOWING NOTHING ABOUT EVERYTHING AGAIN
I LOOK AT YOU
WORRY AT THE GAZE OF YOUR FIXATION
IN A WORLD OF WHISPERS
WITHIN A WORLD RESERVED
THE TORN LID OF A BLACK BOX VOID OF ALL INTENTION
WHERE THE LANGUAGE OF SORROW HAS MANY WORDS.

YOU WERE ONCE SO UNCONQUERED AND UNSPOILED
UNSCARED BY LIFE'S BLADE
REFLECTING THE COLOURS OF SPRINGS INFANCY,
A CHILD OF THE FLOWER.

MY MIND IS STARTING TO UNWIND TOO
AND MY EYES SPLIT INTO A THOUSAND FRAGMENTS.
I CAN NOT HEART YOU,
I CAN NOT BE YOU
AND IN MY SEARCHING FOR YOU
I BECAME CONTEMPTIBLE
I BECAME A TWISTED CANDLE,
A CHAIR WITH IT'S BACK BROKEN
LIFTING ITS ARMS UP FOR MERCY

BUT MY ATTEMPTS HAVE NO RESOLUTION
MY QUESTIONING GOES UNANSWERED
IN THE SLOPE OF YOUR SHOULDERS.
YOU HAVE TURNED AWAY FROM ME
SPURNED ME.
THE PETALS OF THE LOCK ON MY HEART FALL ONE BY ONE
TAKE ITS KEY AND MELT IT
FOR IT IS NOW THE ARTISTS BROKEN BRUSH!

MY LIFE WAS ONCE LIVED IN YOUR RADIANCE
AND YOU WOULD FILL ALL MY DAYS WITH LOVE
YOU WERE THE COLOURS OF THE SUNSET THAT DISSOLVED ME.
THE BLAME YOU VISIT ME WITH I KNOW
IS NOT OF MY MAKING

BUT BORN DEEP WITHIN YOUR DISFIGURATION

THERE IS NO MORE TIME
THE AGEING YEARS HAVE NOT BEEN KIND TO YOU
AND OUR LIVES AN NOT BE LED, BE FED
BY YESTERDAYS HAPPINESS
OUR CHOICES ARE NOW FEWER AS IS MY EXPECTATION
AND BEHIND EVERY PASSING DAY
THE STRING DRAWS TIGHTER, AND LIGHTER IN RESISTANCE

IN LOVE, IN STRENGTH WE MUST LIVE APART
THE MINDFUL HEART
MUST ENDURE THE LONELINESS OF ONESELF
FAR BETTER THIS
THAN THE SPITEFUL SILENCE.

I WILL NEVER KNOW WHAT I COULD HAVE DONE TO SAVE YOU,
WHAT I HAVE BECOME IN YOUR EYES
FOR NOW I WANDER DOWN LOST AVENUES
ENTWINED IN VIOLENT SKIES WITH NO HORIZON
I ONLY KNOW THAT I CAN NO LONGER LOOK AFTER YOU
DENY THOSE THAT WOULD TAKE YOU.
AND AS I LOOK AT YOU THROUGH THE GLASS
IN THE RESTRAINT OF YESTERDAYS TOMORROWS
YOU LEAVE NO PATH BUT TO LET TIME HAVE YOU
FOR I NO LONGER HAVE YOU.

Barry Conway

Am I

AM I

I AM
WHAT I AM
DO NOT TRY TO CHANGE ME
MY LIFE WILL RUN ITS COURSE
I WILL DO GOOD
AND I WILL ALSO DO BAD
BUT THAT IS THE WAY OF THE WORLD.
WE ALL STRUGGLE
TO COPE
WITH THE THOUGHT
THAT ONE DAY
WE WILL NO LONGER BE HERE.
IF WE ARE LUCKY
WE WILL SEE OUR PARENTS DIE
AND IF WE ARE UNLUCKY
WE WILL SEE OUR PARENTS DIE.
SO THE CONUNDRUM GOES ON
THERE IS NO ESCAPE
WE ARE ALL DOING
THE BEST WE CAN
AND IF MY BEST
IS NOT GOOD ENOUGH
THEN BE ON YOUR WAY
AND SAY
NO MORE TO ME
FOR I AM
WHAT I AM
A PRODUCT
OF THE WORLD WE ALL INHALE
AND IF I AM TO CHANGE
I WILL DO IT
AS MY BIDDING WISHES
LOVE ME OR LEAVE ME
SOMETIMES IT IS BOTH THE SAME.

I MAKE NO APOLOGIES FOR MYSELF
DO I WANT YOU TO STAY

STAY IF YOU WISH TO
GO IF YOU DO NOT
I AM NOT YOUR MASTER
OR WOULD EVER WANT TO BE
YOU MUST DECIDE YOUR OWN WAY.

I AM HAPPY WITH WHO I AM
ANY IMPROVEMENT WILL COME
IF IT COMES
AND IF I GET WORSE
SO BE IT
WHO ARE YOU TO SAY WHAT IS RIGHT
OR WHAT IS WRONG
WHO ARE YOU TO SAY
THAT YOURS IS THE TRUE WAY
PROVE IT TO ME
AND EVEN THEN I WILL DECIDE
DERIDE
OR AGREE
TO BE
AS YOU WISH
BUT REMEMBER
THIS IS A DISH
BEST NOT SERVED AT ALL
AND THEN ONLY
BY THE FOOL
WHO HAS BEEN SERVED
BY THE FOOL.

Barry Conway

An Extra

AN EXTRA

ARE YOU AN EXTROVERT?
ARE YOU AN EXTRA SHIRT?
ARE YOU AN EXTRA HURT?
ARE YOU AN EXTRA PERT?
ARE YOU AN EXTRA DIRT?
ARE YOU AN EXTRA SKIRT?
ARE YOU AN EXTRA FLIRT?

AS FOR ME,
I AM JUST AN EXTRA,
IN MY OWN PRODUCTION,
A REDUCTION,
IN KIND,
IN TIME,
TO THE MUSIC.
SO LET US,
USE IT!
BEFORE IT FADES AWAY,
BROWN TO GREY,
END OF DAYS.

Barry Conway

And In That

AND IN THAT MULTIVERSE,
THERE WAS A UNIVERSE,
AND IN THAT UNIVERSE,
THERE WAS A GALAXY,
AND IN THAT GALAXY, ,
THERE WAS A PLANET,
AND IN THAT PLANET,
THERE WAS A CONTINENT,
AND IN THAT CONTINENT,
THERE WAS A COUNTRY,
AND IN THAT COUNTRY,
THERE WAS A TOWN,
AND IN THAT TOWN,
THERE WAS A ROAD,
AND IN THAT ROAD,
THERE WAS A DWELLING,
AND IN THAT DWELLING,
THERE WAS A ROOM,
AND IN THAT ROOM,
THERE WAS A CHAIR,
AND IN THAT CHAIR,
IS YOU.

Barry Conway

Anna

ANNA

DEAR ANNA,
MY ONCE DEPARTED LOVER,
THERE IS NO EXPRESSION,
TO TO DESCEND THE DEEP LONGING,
I HAVE FOR YOU, WITHIN ME.

I YEARN FOR YOUR GENTLE TOUCH,
YOUR WARMTH OF CARESS,
THE FEEL OF YOUR LITHE BODY,
IN UNISON WITH MINE.

I CRAVE THE INNOCENCE,
YOU RELEASED IN ME.
YOUR FINGERS DANCING,
THROUGH MY YEARS.

I SEARCH CONSTANTLY,
FOR YOUR SHADOW,
THROUGHOUT THE DIM LIGHT,
OF THE NIGHT.
OH TO WATCH YOU RISE AND FALL,
ONCE AGAIN,
WITH EACH PULSE OF OUR LOVEMAKING.

I SEE YOUR FACE
IN THE TOUCH OF MY OWN.
I REMEMBER,
THE URGENCY OF YOUR MOUTH,
OPEN AND WILLING,
FEEDING FROM THE AIR
AS WE MOVE AS ONE,
EACH BEAD UPON OUR SKIN,
WELL MERITED,
IN THE THROWS OF WONDER.

LET NO ONE CLAIM,
THAT HER LIFE,

BE WITHOUT MERIT,
THAT HER ONE TRUE ACT,
OF JEALOUS MADNESS,
PAYING THE ULTIMATE PRICE,
FOR LOVE,
WAS NOT WORTHY
OF HER SACRIFICE.

Barry Conway

Another Belonging

ANOTHER BELONGING

YOU BELONG TO ANOTHER
AND NOT YOURSELF
HAVING BEEN DETAINED
IN THE FORMATION
NOT OF YOUR CHOOSING
AND NOW IT CONSUMES YOU
SLOWLY
DAY BY DAY
THE UNEASE OF KNOWLEDGE
UNABLE TO CHANGE MOMENTS
OF QUITE DESPERATION.
THE SLOWING OF A LIFE
FOREVER SLOWING IN SADNESS
AS YOUR WOMANHOOD
PASSES INTO AN AGE OF UNDESIRABILITY
THE WORRY
OF RELINQUISHED PASSION
IN THE KNOWLEDGE
THAT TIME CANNOT BE DENIED
WHERE AGE IS BURDEN WITHOUT PLEASURE
IN EQUAL MEASURE

YOU HAVE FOUND WHAT YOU SEARCHED FOR
BUT IT CAME TO LATE
A RECENT COMPLIANCE
AN OBSERVANCE
FATE DETERMINED YEARS AGO
IN THE SLOWNESS OF REJECTION
IN THE FALSE REFLECTION
OF LONELINESS
WHERE EVEN THE SMALLEST CHANCE
OF ESCAPE
ESCAPED
AND ELUDED REASON
HERE AM I POWERLESS TO HELP
BOUND NOW BY IDEALS BROKEN IN YOUTH

Another Love Lost.

ANOTHER LOVE LOST.

ANOTHER LOVE LOST.
I PUT MY HEART IN YOUR HAND,
YOU LET IT FALL,
YOU THREW IT AWAY,
WITH NO ONE TO CATCH IT.
IT BROKE UPON THE GROUND,
THE PIECES,
ARE NOW DISPERSED BY THE INSECTS,
THAT PREPARE MY GRAVE,
FOR YOU MY LOVE!

YOU COULD NOT HANDLE YOUR FEAR,
IT LED YOU TO SCORN ME,
TO CLOAK ME IN YOUR MANTLE,
OF YOUR PAST FAILURES,
ENGRAVED ME,
WITH THE FRAILTIES OF PAST LOVERS,
THAT SCARED YOU SO COMPLETELY,
SO THAT NOW YOU SEE,
THIS IS THE INEVITABLE CONSEQUENCE,
OF ANY LOVE,
FOR YOU,
ARE NOT ALL HEARTS NOT THE SAME?
IS NOT ALL LOVE DOOMED TO DIE?
BUT THE ONLY DENY YOU HAVE,
IS THAT WE ALL HAVE LOVE TO GIVE,
AND IT IS THIS TRUST,
YOU MUST NOT DENY.
FOR IF YOU DO,
YOU DOOM YOURSELF TOO.

Barry Conway

Another Meeting

ANOTHER MEETING

ANOTHER MEETING,
ANOTHER GREETING,
LOOSING COUNT,
SUCH IS THE MOUNT,
I RIDE.

YET THIS MEETING,
THIS GREETING,
IS SET UPON GREEN,
WITH CHICKENS,
WHO ARE THE DREAM OF CHICKENS,
WITH PLUMAGE FAIR,
ROAMING HERE,
ROAMING THERE,
WITHOUT THE CARE,
OF THE COOKING POT.

DEEP WATER LAKE,
COFFEE, CAKE,
FOOD AND ALE,
TO THE PEACOCKS WAIL,
RENOWNED IN IT'S; OT,
I KID YOU NOT,
TURTLEY CORN MILL,
WITH THE TURN OF THE WHEEL,
WHAT A THRILL,
TO WAIT,
IN THE EARLY LATE,
OF MY FUTURE FATE,
FOR THIS MEETING,
THIS GREETING,
WITH A FLEETING SMILE,
RISING,
NO SURPRISING,
THERE THEN.

ANOTHER IN THE HOPE,

OF A LOVELY ROPE,
TO TIE AROUND MY HEART,
TO KEEP IT WHOLE,
TO PLUG UP THE HOLE,
TO STOP THE CYNICISM,
THE CRITICISM,
TO BREAK THE BLOOD
TO STOP THE FLOOD
FROM BREAKING THROUGH,
A JAGGED HUE,
WITHIN IT'S AGELESS QUEST,
THE TEST,
OF LOVE.

SO WHAT,
WILL THIS MEETING,
THIS GREETING,
BRING,
A SONG TO SING?
OR THE TIRELESS RING,
OF THE BELL OF DISAPPOINTMENT.
OH JOY,
OH HAPPY DAY, AT LEAST IN THE WAIT,
OF EXPECTATION,
THE OPTIMISM OF LOVE,
A TURTLE DOVE,
TO WOO,
TO COO,
THROUGH AND THROUGH.

THE LESSENING YEARS,
THE LESSENING TEARS,
MAKE ONES CHOICES,
FEWER,
FOR ME,
FOR YOU.
EVEN SO,
WE MUST TAKE,
THOSE LESSENING YEARS,
WITH GUSTO,
OR FADE,
AS A FLOWER,

WITHOUT THE SUN.

Barry Conway

Apples

APPLES

MY HOW I SEE YOU FLY!
AND THEN I SEE YOU CRY,
WITH EVERY SECOND DIE
AND I WONDER WHY
ABOVE YOU THERE'S NO SKY
AND I SEE THAT I
CAN NOT MAKE YOU TRY
TO BE A BETTER GUY
TO THE FACT THAT MY
HEART WILL ALWAYS REPLY
TO THE HURTFUL SKY
EVERY TIME THAT I PASS BY
WITHOUT A CURSE REPLY
UNTIL YOU WON'T DENY
I'M THE APPLE OF YOUR EYE.

Barry Conway

Artistic Nation

ARTISTIC NATION

THEIR DEPRESSION,
IS BOTH DESTRUCTIVE,
AND CONSTRUCTIVE,
IN EQUAL DISREGARD,
CONSTANTLY RETURNING TO THE THEME,
OF THEMSELVES,
GROWN FROM THEIR BACKGROUND,
INTO AN UNSURE ARTIST,
POET, WRITER,
A TRIFLING JOKE,
THE FEW RIPE PLUMBS,
WHAT SUMS,
WE ADD TO THEM NOW.

THEY LIE IN THEIR BEDS,
LIVE IN THERE HEADS,
WITHOUT THE BELIEF,
OF THEIR TRUE WORTH,
OF WHO THEY REALLY ARE.
SENSITIVE, WEAK AND STRONG,
IN EQUAL MEASURE,
BEING COMPELLED TO CREATE,
TO PUT DOWN, TO LIFT UP,
WITHOUT AIRS AND GRACES,
RISING ABOVE THEIR STATION,
TO THE STATION,
THAT SOCIETY GIVES YOU,
WHETHER YOU BE DISCOVERED,
FOUND OR LOST

Barry Conway

As Time Goes By

AS TIME GOES BY

YOU MUST REMEMBER THIS

Johnny aged five at his birthday party dressed up as the Lone Ranger pretending to be riding a horse shooting up all the other kids. The picture is a bit faded now, but it was a lovely day

Or this one, you and me in our school uniforms cramming into the photo booth and seeing who could pull the funniest face and look the ugliest.
YOU definitely won

This ones nice. You in your pink dress with the hat your mother bought you, that one you really hated, but were always too kind to tell her. She liked that hat more than the both of us. Even when she wore it did not suit her.

And here we are on our honeymoon in sunny Bognor Regis. God we had no money then, but we were so happy, and you were the most beautiful girl in the world...and still are.

Ah Yes our first house, the one with the funny smell in Summer. We never figured out where it came from. I wonder if anyone ever did?

Now this is great. Johnny collecting his PHD done up like, um, what was the guys name, you know the one who was all bull and fluster, built like a tank...ah yes..... I was a little disappointed though. I always thought he would grow up to be a cowboy.

Happy days.

Anyhow I have to go now I have the gas man coming round to service the boiler, and if I miss him it will be another month before I can get him back again.

I will bring you some more flowers next week. I see they have cut your grass..... nice! I love you.....bye!

Barry Conway

Asking

ASKING

I ASKED HER,
WHY SHE CRIED AND SAID THANK YOU
AFTER MAKING LOVE?
HER RED SAD EYES DRIPPED A REPLY,
FOR ME LOVE IS SEX, AND LOVE IS A COLOUR.
IT IS THE LOW DULL SOUND
IN THE RHYTHM OF OUR SOULS,
IT IS THE MEANING OF LIFE
IN EACH ERECT THOUGHT.
THE GENTLE WAVE OF THE SEA,
AS IT REACHES THE SHORE.
IT IS THE SMILE OF ACCEPTANCE,
IN THE GIFT OF GIVING AND SHARING.
THE GROWTH OF THE INDIVIDUALS,
IN JOINING AS ONE.
IT IS THE TOUCH OF THE LIGHT,
THE CLOSING OF THE PAGE IN A BOOK.
I AM TAKEN OFF WORLD, .
ONLY TO BE BROUGHT BACK
I SEE THE MICROCOSM,
IN THE WHOLE OF A CHILD SMILE.
THE JOY OF A SPRING DAY,
THE BEAUTY OF THE FLOWER OPENING,
TO JOIN THE SUN.
I TASTE THE WONDER OF BELONGING,
I BECOME NATURE.
I SEE THE PAST, THE HOPE FOR THE FUTURE
AND SEEING ALL AND MORE IS WHY I CRY.

BLIMEY, I WISH I HADN'T ASKED NOW!

Barry Conway

Asleep To.....

I SAW HER FROM BEHIND,
THAT IS A BIG, BIG LADY,
SHE NEEDS TO LOSE WEIGHT, POOR THING,
YOU DON'T GET MANY OF THEM TO THE POUND,

and then!
She turned around.....

ALL THE WORLD FELL AWAY,
REPLACED BY THE PERFUMED SWELL,
OF ETERNAL TRUTH,
ABOVE ALL ELSE, TRUTH,
ELEVATED BEYOND THOUGHT,
DEEP WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL MANKIND,
EACH PRISM WITHIN A PRISM ONCE MORE,
FOR I WAS LOOKING WITHOUT SIGHT,
TAKING ME TO A PLACE BEYOND TIME,
WITHOUT EXISTENCE.

HOW CAN I UNDERSTAND EVERYTHING
IS BEYOND ALL KNOWLEDGE.
KNOWING THAT THE ETERNAL TRUTH,
IS LOVE, UNMEASURED.

FOR I WAS A MAN
ASLEEP.

Barry Conway

Asma

ASMA

I USED TO BE A PESSIMIST,
I USED TO SIGH OUT LOUD,
THERE WERE NO SILVER LININGS,
WITH ANY BLACKENED CLOUD.

THEN ASMA CAME ALONG,
AND I BURST INTO SONG,
IT DOES NOT SEEM QUITE FAIR,
BEING HAPPY EVERYWHERE.

Barry Conway

At First Sight

AT FIRST SIGHT

THERE CAN BE NO EXCUSE
HOWEVER WE ACCEPT LIFE
IT IS OUR DETERMINATION
OF OUR FEELINGS
THAT SHAPES US

AND AS WE LOOK BACK
AND THEN FORWARD
THE STORY OF OUR LIFE
IS ONE WE PEN OURSELVES
WE CAN ONLY REWRITE THE PAST
IN OUR DREAMING
CAN NOT SEPARATE
AND SHAPE THE FUTURE
FROM THE EMOTIONS WE CARRY FORWARD
WITHOUT BLAME
OR MISGIVINGS.

THE REFLECTION
OF SOMEONE WHO HAS LEARNT
LIFE'S LESSONS
THE TEACHER
OF THE SPIRIT WITHIN US ALL

Barry Conway

Autumn Dew

AUTUMN DEW

I SHALL TARRY WITH YOU NO LONGER
IN THE JAGGED GREYNESS OF YOUR CONTOUR
BUT LEAVE THE DAPPLED, SPECKLED SUN
IN ITS HARSHNESS FROM WHENCED IT'S COME

KEEP THE RINGS UPON YOUR FINGERS
KEEP THE GROWN CHILDREN WHO DO NOT LINGER
KEEP THE SNARLING LOOK AND THE SILENT TONGUE
KEEP ALL THE YEARS THAT YOU'VE UNDONE

FOR IN THE SWALLOWS DIVE AND SWOOPING
IN THE LONG HOURS OF MY RECOUPING
A MAIDEN LOVED ME IN THE AUTUMN DEW
AND PASSED MY LOVE TO HER FROM YOU.

Barry Conway

Azure Future

AZURE FUTURE

THERE IS A CRIMSON BLUE
CASCADING INTO AUREOLIN
THAT TRAVELS IMMEASURABLY
FROM YOUR RUBINESS
TO MY OPEN SIGH

YOUR COLOURS PULSATE INTO LAVENDER SOUND
AS GRAINS OF SAND
FLOWING THROUGH AN AMARANTH AIR
YOUR AQUAMARINE THIGHS
SHINE A SILENT HALO
YOUR LEGS ECHO THE SAFFRON SIGHT

LET YOUR AUBURN HAIR
TASTE MY BRONZE FINGERS
AND YOUR CARMINE LIPS
WHISPER TO FOLD FROM CRIMSON LONGING
TO OUR AZURE FUTURE
OF WHITE LIGHT.

Barry Conway

Baked Beans Recipe

BAKED BEANS RECIPE

A TIN CAN OF BAKED BEANS
ANY BRAND,
THE AMBER ORNATION,
THE JEWELS OF TOAST.

FIRSTLY, AND VERY IMPORTANTLY,
SHAKE THE CAN TO MIX THE TOMATO SAUCE,
AND THEN PEEL OFF THE ENTIRE LABEL.
OPEN WITH THE CAN OPENER,
MAKING SURE TO TAKE THE LID OFF COMPLETELY,
WITHOUT LEAVING ANY BURRS!
TAKE A LONG, THIN SMALL CONCAVE SPOON
AND MANOUVER OUT AS MUCH OF THE SAUCE AS POSSIBLE,
SUPPING EACH STREAM WITH DELIGHT.
ONCE THIS HAS BEEN DONE,
JUGGLE EACH INDIVIDUAL BEAN ONTO YOUR RECEPTACLE,
AND ROLL IT AROUND YOUR TONGUE AND MOUTH,
STRIPPING OFF ITS OUTER LAYER DEFTLY.
SAVOUR EACH AMBER BODY IN UNRUSHED ACCOMPLISHMENT.
LET THE PALETTE PAINT THE PICTURE,
LET THE FLAVOURS JOIN YOU.
LET NOT TWO BEANS OCCUPY YOUR ATTENTION AT THE SAME TIME,
GIVE EACH AN UNDIVIDED WARRANTED ATTENTION,
THAT ANY ROYAL LEGUME DESERVES.
REVISIT ANY SAUCE LEFT BEHIND
BEST RESCUED WITH A LONG FINGER AROUND THE TIN
AND SLURPED INTO YOUR EAGER MOUTH.
UNTIL THE SIDES AND BOTTOM OF THE TIN ARE DRY AND LIBERATED.

A TIN OF BAKED BEANS NO LESS!

Barry Conway

Barely A Ripple

BARELY A RIPPLE

I AM THE BLACK HOLE
THE SINGULARITY OF THE SOUL
WHOLE
TRAVELING BACK TO STARDUST
ON HIS LAST JOURNEY
TO START THE NEXT BEING
FOREVER IN CONSTANT JOURNEY
SLOWLY BEING DRAWN
DEEPER AND DEEPER INTO TOMORROW
AND THE CLOSER I GET
THE MORE MY RESISTANCE WEAKENS
AN INEVITABLE INEVITABILITY
LEAVING NO ABILITY
TO ESCAPE
TO REPLACE
ONES DESTINY WITH ANOTHER
AND IN DREAM
I SEE THE REALITY OF DREAMS
THE REALM OF THE NEGATIVE
TURNED
FROM A POSITIVE BEGINNING
AN ELECTRICAL IMPULSE OF THE POWERLESS
WHO IN HIS MEANINGLESS SPECK OF EXISTENCE
CREATED BARELY A RIPPLE IN TIME
SO UNACCOMPLISHED AND REPLACEABLE
A SPENT LIFE SPENT
IN TIME AND SPACE
IN SEQUENCE AND MOVEMENT.

Barry Conway

Barmy Tom

BARMY TOM

THERE WAS A YOUNG MAN CALLED TOM,
WHO SPENT HIS TIME SUCKING HIS THUMB,
RELEASED FROM THE ARMY,
HE WAS CONSIDERED QUITE BARMY,
BY HIS DAD AS WELL AS HIS MUM.

Barry Conway

Basking

BASKING

HE WAS BASKING,
IN THE MEMORY OF HER ARMS,
WHEN HE WOKE WITH FEAR,
AND KNOWLEDGE.

FEAR THAT THIS WAS NOT A DREAM,
THAT ALL THE PROMISES WERE NOT REAL,
THAT THE FLOATING OF HIS HEART,
WOULD BE BUT FALSE.

HE AROSE,
AND LOOKED OUT OF HIS WINDOW,
LOOKED DOWN WITH THE SEAGULLS GLIDE TO THE SEA.
IT LOOKED CRIMSON,
CRIMSON,
AND IT WAS DEVOID OF MOVEMENT.

A SHEET OF RAIN RAISED A HALO,
WHICH SUNK DOWN UPON A HILL,
TRIED TO GIVE LIFE TO A WITHERED TREE,
STARK IN ITS LONELINESS.

THERE CAME UPON HIM,
A MIST WITHIN A MIST,
WHICH ENTERED THE ROOM,
AND FROM WITHIN,
A FIGURE,
DRESSED IN FLOWING ROBES,
OPAQUE WITHOUT FORM.

AT ONCE HE RECOGNIZED HER,
SHE WAS THERE TO SAY GOODBYE,
THERE NOT TO LEAVE,
WITHOUT ONE LAST EMBRACE.

SHE HANDED HIM HER HEART,
AND AS HE REACHED OUT,

ALL WAS GONE,
AS HE WOKE WITH FEAR.

Barry Conway

Bathtime

BATHTIME

HER LONG SHAPELY LEGS,
PULLED AT HIS SHIRT,
FROM THE EDGE OF THE BATH,
HER TOES, PAINTED GREEN AS FIRED EMERALDS,
ENTICED ME IN.

THE INVITATION,
HAD BEEN SHIMMERING FOR WEEKS,
ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO REFUSE,
FOR A 17 YEAR OLD EAGER FOR EXPERIENCE,
INTRIGUED BY THE OLDER WOMAN,
PLEASURE IN WAITING,
MAKING HIS EGO STRUT,
INSTEAD OF BEING LOCKED AWAY,
WITHIN A MEAGER FRAME.

STARTING ALL SO EASILY, SIMPLY,
A BRIEF LOOK, A HALF SMILE,
THE RESEMBLANCE OF HIS MOTHER,
ENDOWED WITH STYLE AND GRACE.
OFFERING TO HELP WITH BULKY SHOPPING
ON THE NARROW STAIRS OF THE FLATS,
A TIME TO DANCE, THE CLOSE DANCE.

A TEENAGE FANTASY OF DESIRE.
MY GOD SHE WAS STILL SO BEAUTIFUL,
LEAN AND SENSUAL,
AS HE ENTERED THE BATH,
STILL FULLY CLOTHED,
PULLED DOWN,
ONTO SOFT, POUTING LIPS,
LEGS WRAPPED THEMSELVES AROUND HIM,
THE CLOSING OF A DOOR,
FLOATING ON A SEA OF QUICKENING WAVES,
PULSING THROUGH HIM,
LASHED TO A LIFERAFT,
BEING PULLED FURTHER UNDER,

WITH EVERY PULSE OF PLEASURE.

Barry Conway

Bay Horse Inn Haughty Culture

BAY HORSE INN HAUGHTY CULTURE

SO THE SUBJECTS WERE
AGRICULTURE OR HORTICULTURE
SO I THOUGHT I WOULD WRITE ABOUT
HAUGHTY CULTURE.
I DON'T GET MOST OF IT
PEOPLE AND ARTISTS PRETENDING
TO KNOW WHAT THEY ARE DOING
OR DRIBBLING OUT THEIR FANCY EXPLANATIONS
LOOKING DOWN THEIR BONY POINTED NOSES AT US
SELF IMPORTANT PEACOCKS
WITH SMALL members AND LARGE, , , ,
WELL YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.....! !
STRUTTING AROUND SAYING
OH LOOK AT ME,
LOOK WHAT I'VE DONE
LOOK WHAT I KNOW!

I GREW UP ON A COUNCIL ESTATE
AND WHAT A STATE THAT WAS IN!
MY FAMILIES IDEA OF HAUGHTY CULTURE
WAS TO BUTTER THE TOAST INSTEAD OF USING DRIPPING,
AND TO EAT WITH YOUR MOUTH CLOSED.
MY DAD WAS A ROUGH AND READY DOCKER
AND MY MOTHER WAS A MOANER
I THOUGHT THAT WAS HER PROFESSION,
NO REALLY,
NO ONE COULD BE THAT GOOD AT IT
WITHOUT BEING A PROFESSIONAL.

HAUGHTY CULTURE
TAKE JACKSON POLLOCK
WHAT A LOAD OF B.....KS
ALL TOO CONTRIVED
JUST LIKE THAT LAST RHYMING COUPLET
WHICH I AM PREPARED TO SUB-LET.

IT WAS NOT TILL YEARS LATER

GOING THROUGH HIS POSSESSIONS
AFTER HE DIED
THAT I DISCOVERED MY DAD LIKED TENORS
NOT THE KIND YOU FOLD
THE ONES YOU LISTEN TO
HE LIKED MARIO LANZA, BJORLING,
AND OF COURSE THE THREE TENORS
WHICH I SUPPOSE MAKES £30
AND SO YOU KNOW WHAT?
THE OLDER I GET
THE MORE I AM DRAWN
TO HAUGHTY CULTURE
EXCEPT POLLOCK AND THE ILK
OF COURSE
WHO LOOK LIKE THEY WERE MEASURING
A CANVASS BESIDE PAINT POTS ON THE FLOOR,
AND IN THE PROCESS TRIPPED OVER THEM ALL,
MAKING A MESS EVERYWHERE.
SOME SMOCK THEN CAME ALONG AND SAID
YES, MY YES,
I CAN SEE WHAT YOU ARE TRYING TO SAY
THE FLOWS, THE MOVEMENT, THE ANGUISH
B.....S!
GIVE ME VAN GOUGH ANY DAY
AT LEAST HE WAS AS MAD AS ME.

Barry Conway

Be Sure

SHE SAT ON HER FAVOURITE CUSHION
EMBROIDERED WITH CATS
SAT ON HER HANDS
WITH HER MOUTH TIGHTLY CLENCHED.

HE SLAMMED THE DOOR BEHIND HIM
AND BARKED AT HER
AS A SAVAGE DOG
BARKS WHEN CHAINED TO A POST.

HE SLUMPED ON THE COUCH
HOLDING HIS BALDING HEAD IN HIS HANDS
SHE RECOGNIZED THE SIGNS
AS HIS MOUTH TURNED
AS HIS EYES RAISED TOWARDS HER
THOSE DARK VIOLENT EYES
WERE CAPABLE OF ANYTHING

NO MORE EXCUSES
NO MORE LIES
TONIGHT YOU WILL TELL ME THE TRUTH
THE REAL TRUTH
NOT WHAT YOU THINK I WANT TO HEAR
BUT BE SURE
THAT IF YOU LIE TO ME
THEN YOU WILL PAY
MORE THAN THE PRICE,
DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

HER MOUTH
DRYING BY THE SECOND
TRIED TO SPEAK
BUT THERE WERE NO WORDS
NOTHING THAT WOULD EASE THE SITUATION
EASE THE TOWERING BEAST
NO LOOKS
NO GESTURES

Beacon

BEACON

THERE IS NO SIGN
NO BEACON
TO LEAD THE WAY
WE MUST STUMBLE ALONG
AMONGST A THRONG
OF STUMBLES
SLUMBERING
LIKE SHEEP
TO THE COUNTING ROOM

THE EXACTNESS WE SEEK
SO UNPREDICTABLE
GIVES RISE
TO THE TRODDEN PATHS
CRISS CROSSED
BY SO MANY SEARCHES
THROUGH THE PINES
TO THE SEA AND BEYOND
FOREVER IN JOURNEY.

WOULD A WORLD WITHOUT EMOTIONS
BE BETTER OR WORSE
WOULD NEEDS
BE LESS URGENT
LESS PRONOUNCED
WITHOUT SIGNS
FOR FUTURES PAST
OR PRESENT.

Barry Conway

Beaten

BEATEN

HE WAS AN OLD MAN,
AN OLD, OLD MAN,
NOT OLD BEFORE HIS TIME,
FOR THIS WAS HIS TIME.

HIS GREY AND WHITE HAIR,
STUCK UP IN SHOCK.
HE SAT LONELY WITH HIS DRINK,
SILENT AND SULLEN
IN THIS EMPTY BAR,
SAVE FOR HIM, ME, AND THE TENDER.
LIFE HAD BEATEN HIM,
BEATEN HIM DOWN.
LIFE HAD CUT SLIVERS OF FLESH,
FROM HIS BONES,
CARVED HIM SLOWLY.
SKIN HUNG OFF THIN ARMS,
SOLID DIRT WAS EMBEDDED UNDER HIS NAILS.
HE SAT WITH WORN, STAINED, DISHEVELLED CLOTHES
DIRTY SHOES, SMELLING OF URINE.

THE SAD WRETCH,
NEVER LOOKED UP.
I BOUGHT HIM A DRINK, AND SAT BESIDE HIM,
IGNORING THE SMELL.
HE DID NOT LOOK UP,
JUST DRANK,
AND STARED AT IT ON THE TABLE.
HE WAS NOT THERE,
BUT ENTOMBED IN HIS PAST,
A LIVING DEATH,
TILL THE LAST BREATH.
I SPOKE TO HIM SEVERAL TIMES REPEATEDLY
TRYING TO UNDERSTAND, OR TO HELP,
WITHOUT REPLY OR ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.

WITH NO RESPONSE

I LEFT HIM TO IT,
JUST IN CASE
IT WAS CATCHING.

Barry Conway

Become More

BECOME MORE

I TAKE YOU,
AND YOU TAKE ME,
AND AS WE TAKE,
WE GIVE MORE,
BECOME MORE.

Barry Conway

Being

BEING

I WAS BEFRIENDED BY
THE SOFTLY WOVEN SILK MOON
AS IT LAYERED A PATTERN
OF FOLDING KISSES
ON THE SHOULDER OF THE HILLSIDE
FOLLOWING THE HEAVENS
WATCHING THE WORLD STRETCHING INTO DAY
GIVING A DEEP COURTEOUS BOW
TO ITS PARTNER THE SUN
AS IT ROSE TO TAKE THE FLOOR
FLOWING IN SUMPTUOUS WARMTH
AND ABSORBENT GLINT
IN WHOSE CLARITY THE EARTH CONFIDED
IN WHOSE CHARMS THE WORLD IS DIVIDED
TURNING FROM ONE PARENT TO ANOTHER
FOR REASSURANCE.

I WATCH THE CALM DAY COME INTO BEING
FELT THE GENTLE RAIN ON MY EYELIDS
DASHING TO EARTH TO QUENCH ALL THIRST
IN QUITE REFLECTION
I WROTE BY THE SILVER STREAM
FLOATING IN DREAM ON A LEAF BOAT
NAVIGATING THE FRIENDLY ROCKS
OF EXISTENCE
FOLLOWING THE PERSISTENT SMALL FRY
CAVORTING DOWNSTREAM
ENJOYING THE FLOWING CARESS
AGAINST THEIR SCALES.

A LONG LAZY WALK
IN WOODED WONDERLAND
LISTENING
THE VOICE OF THE WIND
IN PLAYFUL IDLE CHAT WITH THE TREES
WINDING ONES WAY
AMONGST THE VERDANT BUSHES

AND BRISK BRAMBLES
THE FROLICKING FERNS
AND THE UNEVEN FURROWS
CRISS CROSSED WITH RAMBLING ROOTS
SEEKING NEW ADVENTURE

HERE OVERHEAD SINGS WINGED CHARIOTS
DELIVERING SUBSTANCE TO THEIR YOUNG
MY BEING IN HARMONY
BESIDE THE FRIENDLY MR ROBIN
EAGERLY BOBBING AND WEAVING
AS MY PATH HOPEFULLY UNCOVERS
HIS NEXT TASTY MEAL

I EMERGE INTO THE LONG SWAYING GRASS
WHOSE TUFTED CROWNS WAVE IN FORMATION
MERGING INTO EACH OTHERS DANCE
NEATLY TIED UP IN PARCELED HEDGEROWS
I SIT UNDER MY TREE MY ADOPTED FATHER
GROWING FORTH FROM MOTHER EARTH
I RENEW OUR BOND
AS MY FINGERS SOOTHE ITS TRUNK
CARVED WITH TIME LINES UPON AN OLD MANS FACE
EACH WOUND TELLING ITS OWN STORY
SHADED AND PROTECTED
I WATCH RABBITS BUNNY HOPPING, PLAYFULLY
THROUGH THE HAZE JUGGLED SPECKS OF UPLIFTED DUST
FLUTTERING UNDER THE HUES OF BUTTERFLIES
IN MY STILLNESS
I HEAR THE RUTTING DEAR BAYING AT A DISTANCE
I FEEL ALL LIFE'S VIBRATIONS
SCENTED UPON THE SENSES IN BALANCE.

THE WHITE WASHED VILLAGE
WHERE MY OTHER HEART LIES
MELTS WITHIN THE SMOOTH RHYTHM OF THE COUNTRYSIDE
IT CALLS FOR MY RETURN
AS THE DAY LAYERS ME
WRAPPED IN THE INSPIRATION
AND DOUBT OF ONES SELF
FEATHERING THE AIR WITH NEW DEEP SIGHS
AND REBORN SIGHTS FROM THE CHARACTERS

BECOMING REAL WITHIN YOU
GROWING AND MATURING IN STRUCTURE
TO BECOME OLD TRUSTED FRIENDS

SOMEHOW
IN THEIR BOUNTY OF REFLECTION
STAND THE GUARDIANS OF YOUR SOUL
THE KNOWLEDGE SECURE
WHERE YOUR DESTINATION IS STRIVEN STILL
THAT IN YOUR ENDEAVORS
IN YOUR FAILURES
YOU REMAIN AMONGST THE MOST NOBLE OF PURSUITS

ALL THINGS CHANGE AS I KNOW THEY MUST
TIME WILL NOT STAND STILL FOR ME
THIS STRANGENESS OF COMPREHENSION
THE UNCERTAINTY OF US
IN THIS SPINNING UNIVERSE
TOO DIVERSE
FOR THE LIMITS OF OUR MINDS
THE SELFISHNESS OF THE SELF
THE CHANGING OF ONES BEING TO ANOTHER
EVERYTHING IS ON A JOURNEY TO SOMEWHERE ELSE
AND I AM CALMLY RESOLVED
TO RENEW MY AGREEMENT WITH THIS WORLD.

Barry Conway

Beset With Difficulty

BESET WITH DIFFICULTY

I AM BESET WITH DIFFICULTY,
MY MIND IS IN UNREST,
IT TEARS AT ME,
LIKE VERMIN DEVOURING MY HEART.

THIS DIFFICULTY,
RISES BEFORE US, BETWEEN US,
AN INSURMOUNTABLE CHASM,
OF DARK CONCERN,
THAT CAN ONLY BE ASWAGED,
TRANSVERSED BY YOUR CLARITY,
FOR THE CHASM IS OF YOUR DESIGN,
AND I AM UNDONE OF COMPROMISE.

I MAKE AVAILABLE THE SOLUTION,
FOR I KNEEL BEFORE YOU,
TRUE AND HONEST,
YET A MAN IN YOUR EYES,
OF QUESTIONABLE VIRTUE,
BUT OF VIRTUE NONE THE LESS.
I CAN OFFER YOU NOT,
PROOF IMUTABLE,
EXCEPT THAT OF MY UNDYING WORD,
OR DIE UPON MY SWORD OF RETICENCE,
A BROKEN MAN.

Barry Conway

Betrayal

BETRAYAL

BETRAYAL
THE FINAL ACT,
OF A DESPERATE SOUL,
FOR THOSE,
WHO HAD NO FURTHER TO FALL,
THE CALL,
OF THE ALL, PERVASIVE DARK,
INVADING,
ALL THAT YOU ONCE HELD DEAR,
BANISHED,
TO THE DISTANCE,
IN RESISTANCE,
OF HONOUR.

IN ANYONE'S BEING,
AFTER THAT MOMENT OF INSANITY,
YOU WILL FAIL,
BE LOST
IN THE REGRET OF THE LOST.
EACH SECOND,
THE INVASIVE HAND,
CREEPS IT'S SHADOW,
ACROSS THE SEMI CONSCIOUSNESS,
OF THE FELLED,
GROWING EVER MENACING,
AND UNSTOPPABLE,
TEARING AT THE FLESH,
RIPPING AND CUTTING,
INTO THE BEING,
THAT WAS ONCE THERE.

EMPTY,
ARE THOSE THAT DENY,
THE RIGHT.
LONG IS EACH INSTANT,
LONG IS IT'S REACH.
YOU WEAR BETRAYAL,

THE SCENT,
LAYS UPON YOU,
TO THE GRAVE,
AND BEYOND.

Barry Conway

Big Dump

BIG DUMP

TODAY
I HAD A BIG DUMP,
BIG DUMP!
I WOULD CLASS IT AS A HEROIC EFFORT
I HAD NOT BEEN FOR 5 DAYS, I HAD BEEN EATING NORMALLY, BUT FOR SOME REASON IT WAS NOT PRODUCING AN END RESULT.
NOW THIS IS VERY UNUSUAL FOR ME
MY BOWELS USUALLY OPERATE LIKE A FINE ROLEX WATCH,
BUT ON THIS OCCASION IT FELT
AS IF I HAD A CORK STUCK UP THERE OR A CONCRETE BUNG
SO WHEN THE RUMBLING STARTED IT WAS WITH SOME TREPIDATION AND I WISHED AT THAT MOMENT THAT I HAD HANDRAILS BY THE TOILET.
GOOD JOB I WAS AT HOME
IT IS ALWAYS BETTER TO GO ONE ONES OWN TOILET
I WOULD NOT HAVE WISHED TO INFLICT THE NECESSARY
ON SOMEONE ELSE'S TOILET, ESPECIALLY A PUBLIC TOILET
WITH ALL THOSE NOISES OUTSIDE.
YOU ARE IN SUCH A VULNERABLE POSITION
TRYING TO KEEP YOUR TROUSERS
OFF THE PEE ON THE FLOOR.
I ALSO HATE IT WHEN SOMEONE TRIES TO PUSH THE DOOR TO SEE IF IT IS OCCUPIED, OR KNOCKS ON IT AND ASKS HOW LONG WILL YOU BE?
I WILL BE AS LONG AS I NEED TO BE. DUMP IN THE SINK, JOG ON.
OF COURSE I DO NOT SAY THAT, YOU DO NOT KNOW WHO IS THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR. I PRETEND TO STRAIN A LITTLE SO THAT THEY GET THE MESSAGE, HOPEFULLY EVEN PUTTING THEM OFF FROM WANTING TO USE THAT TOILET WHEN IT IS FREE.
JUST IMAGINE DOING A BIG SHIT IN YOUR FRIENDS HOUSE. HOW WOULD YOU EXPLAIN THAT. THANKS FOR LETTING ME USE THE TOILET. I HAVE DESTROYED IT, BUT I THINK YOU COULD FIT ANOTHER ONE AFTER THE REPAIRS. I WOULD LEAVE IT A WHILE IF I WERE YOU!
WHEN YOU GO IN JUST THINK OF IT AS DRESDEN AFTER THE ALLIES HAVE FINISHED BOMBING IT, AFTER I AM YOUR FRIEND AND WE HAVE THE TECHNOLOGY TO REBUILD IT.

SO I STAGGERED TO THE TOILET, SOMEWHAT DIZZY

AS IF I HAD A DIVIDING BAR BETWEEN MY LEGS, OR I HAD JUST GOT OFF A HORSE AFTER BEING IN THE SADDLE FOR 72 HOURS.
BUT THERE WAS NO RUSH, THANK GOODNESS
IT WAS NOT ONE OF THOSE WHEN YOU DO NOT KNOW
IF YOU ARE GOING TO MAKE IT IN TIME
BEFORE VESUVIUS ERUPTS
DOWNWARDS OF COURSE, HOPEFULLY.
SO I SLID CAREFULLY ONTO THE WHITE
HOPPING I WOULD NOT WAKE UP THE NEIGHBOURS
WITH THE ELEPHANT NOISES COMING FROM MY REAR END
IT SOUNDED A BIT LIKE THE 1812 OVERTURE BY TCHAIKOVSKY
I WAS GOING TO GIVE BIRTH TO A FOOD BABY
OR MAYBE PEBBLEDASH THE BATHROOM
I DO HOPE THE NEIGHBOURS DO NOT THINK WE ARE UNDER ATTACK AND THAT WORLD WAR 3 HAS STARTED. I WONDER SHOULD I DUMP INTO A BLACK BAG AND FERTILIZE THE GARDEN
OR PUT IT ON THAT BLACK CAR WHO ALWAYS PARTIALLY BLOCKS MY DRIVEWAY. TOLD HIM A HUNDRED TIMES, TOO OBVIOUS!
AND ANYWAY GIVEN PAST HAPPENINGS I AM AM TERRIBLE AT AIMING WITH MY BUM
ABSTRACT THOUGHT FLEW INTO MY BRIAN

MOBY DICK, THERE SHE BLOWS
HOLD ON TIGHT IT IS GOING TO BE A BUMPY RIDE
WHICH WAY SHOULD I POINT, WHERE IS NORTH, WHERE IS THE ENEMY
MY BUM WAS ABOUT TO SCREAM FOR HELP AND I WAS NOT TOO FAR OFF IN DOING THE SAME.
WAS IT TO BE HARD LOGS?
THE TYPE THAT COULD FLOAT DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI WITH TOM SAWYER ON IT, ABLE TO SHOOT THE RAPIDS
WAS IT TO BE BOULDERS?
A LANDSLIDE FALLING INTO THE OCEAN SPLASHING
A TSUNAMI BACK TOWARDS MY UNCERTAIN PERCH, OR
CONSTIPATION BRINGING THE PAIN OF STRAIN
WOULD I NEED TO DIG IT OUT WITH A FORK?
WOULD IT BE MUSHY LIQUID JET PROPELLED
THAT WENT EVERYWHERE LIKE A WHIRLWIND WITH BITS YOU FIND ON YOUR SOCKS AFTERWARDS,
WOULD I NEED TO CALL AN AMBULANCE, THE FIRE BRIGADE
TO PUMP OUT THE BATHROOM?
LET US PRAY FOR SEMI SOLID, SLIDING OUT WITHOUT TOO MUCH DRAMA GIVING A SOMEWHAT PLEASURABLE INTERLUDE. YES, YES PLEASE BE THAT

VARIETY!

YES!
WHAT A RELIEF!
FOR AS IT STARTED I RAISED MY STRAIGHT SPASAMING LEGS
AND RESTED THEM OM THE BATH AND THE TOWEL RADIATOR
SOFT SOLIDS, MOULDED LIKE CIGARS..PHEW!
AND THEN IT WENT ON, AND ON, AND ON
THE SMELL WAS QUITE PLEASANT.
YOURS ALWAYS SMELLS NOT TOOOO! BAD AS OPPOSED TO OTHERS
WHICH ALWAYS SMELL AWFUL,
FUNNY THAT, MUST BE A NATURAL DEFENSE THING.
ON AND ON UNTIL FINALLY I FELT
AS IF I WAS BEING PUSHED UP OFF THE TOILET
MY BUM WAS SCREAMING FOR MERCY AND FUNNILY ENOUGH I WAS FEELING QUITE HUNGRY NOW.
THE SWEAT WAS POURING DOWN MY FACE DOWN MY BODY AND TO JOIN THE DELUGE
MY MOUTH WAS DRY AND MY VISION BLURRY.
THANKFULLY IT STOPPED AND I COULD RETURN
MY FACE TO NORMAL FROM AN EXPRESSION OF WORRY AND WONDER TURNED IT TO SOMEWHAT OF A PROUD LOOK AT THE SHEER ACCOMPLISHMENT.
IT STOPPED, WAS I SURE
I LINGERED JUST IN CASE, JUST A FEW FARTS, NO SMELL
YES THE DEED WAS DONE, THANK GOODNESS!
I LOWERED MY LEGS AND PREPARED TO DISMOUNT
BUT I COULD STILL FEEL THE TUG,
I WAS ATTACHED BY THE POO TO THE TOILET.
AS I ROSE THERE WAS A SOUND OF A SUCKING AS IF YOU HAD JUST PLUNGERED A SINK THAT WAS BLOCKED. MY BUM WAS COATED WITH A LIGHT BROWN MOSAIC. I STEADIED MYSELF ON THE SINK BECAUSE NOW I FELT SO LIGHT I WAS WORRIED I MIGHT FLOAT AWAY.
I WAS NOW FEELING QUITE LIGHT HEADED WITH A HEADACHE SO BAD IT WAS AS IF MY SKULL HAD BEEN CRACKED.. MY LEGS WERE STILL TREMBLING AND I FELT A STONE LIGHTER.

I LOOKED INTO THE ABYSS
IT WAS A MOUNTAIN, NOT JUST ANY MOUNTAIN
IT LOOKED NOW LIKE A BROWN MOUNT FUJI,
WITHOUT THE SNOW,
SOMEWHAT SPIRITUAL IN ITS PERCEPTION
I TOYED WITH THE IDEA OF SPRINKLING DESICCATED COCONUT

ON IT TO FINISH OFF THE EFFECTS.
SHOULD I TAKE A PICTURE AS NO ONE WILL BELIEVE THIS?
WOW WAS THAT POSSIBLE, DID THAT COME OUT OF ME
AM I HUMAN?
NOT MANY MEN COULD DO A SHIT LIKE THAT THOUGH!
I MUST BE IN THE TOP PERCENTILE
MY MIND FLASHED TO THE MOUNTAIN IN THE FILM
CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND,
IT HAD TO BE DONE.

THIS WOULD NOT FLUSH, ANY ATTEMPT WOULD BE FUTILE
THERE WAS NO ROOM FOR THE WATER
IT WAS FILLED TO THE BRIM, AND ABOVE, NOW THAT I WAS OFF IT.
I WASHED MY BUM FIRST AFTER WIPING IT WITH KITCHEN TOWELS
HAVING STAGGERED TO THE KITCHEN TO FETCH THEM DOING A GOOD IMPERSONATION OF JOHN WAYNE
IT WOULD HAVE TO BE WASHED IN THE BATH, WHERE ELSE!
I GOT A BUCKET FROM THE GARDEN AND A TROWEL AND STARTED TO SCOOP OUT THE TOP AND SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN,
CREATING SOMEWHERE FOR THE FLUSH TO PENETRATE.
IT NOW LOOKED LIKE A VOLCANO AND I FLUSHED.
IT SNEERED AT ME IN DEFIANCE AND WENT NOWHERE SO I TROWELED SOME MORE INTO THE BUCKET AND TRIED AGAIN.
I AM SURE I HEARD IT GROAN AS SOME OF IT DISAPPEARED.
ONCE AGAIN AND A BIT WENT.
FINALLY AFTER 12 FLUSHES AND MUCH SHOVELING IT WAS GONE.
I EXPECTED AN ANGRY LETTER FROM THE WATER COMPANY WARNING ME OF MY FUTURE CONDUCT,

I STARTED TO CLEAN UP. I USED TWO BOTTLES OF BLEACH ON THE TOILET, THE SINK, THE BATH, ON THE SEAT, ON THE WALLS, EVERYWHERE JUST IN CASE. I FINISHED THE TOILET OFF WITH SOME GREEN TOILET CLEANER AND WHEN IT WAS ALL CLEAN AND TIDY I SAT DOWN WITH A CUP OF TEA AND LOOKED AT THE PICTURES I HAD TOOK ON MY PHONE AT THIS MOMENTOUS EVENT.
YES, THAT WAS A BIG DUMP. BIG DUMP!

Barry Conway

Binky Boo

BINKY BOO

"I SAY OLD MAN, HAVE YOU SEEN MAJOR BINKY? , NO!
BLAST HIS BONES, HE HAS NOT BEEN THE SAME,
SINCE WE LOST THE RAJ,
HE PROMISED TO TAKE PART IN A CHUKKA OF POLO,
I SAY DEAR CHAP, HAVE YOU SEEN BINKY BOO? ,
NO,
IT REALLY IS TO MUCH,
I HOPE HE IS NOT CHECKING ON HIS DOBI,
OR GLEAMING HIS BOOTS,
FUSSY SOUL DON'T YOU KNOW! ,
OH THIS IS BONE LOOKING FOR HIM.
WE GAVE THE WORLD CIVILIZATION,
DEMOCRACY, STANDARDS,
STOPPED THE BLIGHTERS WALKING ABOUT NAKED,
STOPPED THEM FORNICATING AND EATING EACH OTHER.
AT ONE TIME THE SUN NEVER SET ON THE BRITISH EMPIRE,
SOMEONE ONCE SAID, I FORGET WHO,
IT WAS BECAUSE GOD NEVER TRUSTED THE BRITISH IN THE DARK,
WELL REALLY!
I WILL HAVE TO HAVE A WORD WITH HIM WHEN I GET THERE!
BUT IF BINKY DOES NOT GET A SHIFT ON,
IT WILL SET ON THE POLO FIELD!

BINKY, BINKY OLD BOY,
WHERE THE DICKENS HAVE YOU BEEN? "

"OH SO SORRY OLD CHAP,
WAS DOWN WITH CURRUTHERS AT THE Q.M. DON'T YOU KNOW! ,
PUT MY ARSE THROUGH MY JODHPURS, SHAME, DAMN SHAME,
COMFORTABLE THOSE WHAT, WHAT!
CAN'T GO ON THE FIELD LOOKING LIKE A SHAMBLES,
AFTER ALL WHAT WOULD THE COLONEL SAY?
STILL ALL DONE NOW.
NOW! AS YOU HAVE DONE IN THE PAST,
TAKE THE LEAD, FLY THE STANDARD, MY GOOD MAN,
CHARGE, LEAD US ON, ON TO THE HORSES STINKY! "

Bitter Legacy

BITTER LEGACY

HE WAS BITTER
SHE DID NOT UNDERSTAND
WHY HE HAD IGNORED HER
HOW THIS COULD HAVE HAPPENED
AFTER ALL SHE HAD WARNED HIM ABOUT IT
TIME AND TIME AGAIN
BUT THIS WAS HUMAN NATURE
REARING UP IN ITS UGLIEST FORM
BUT IT WAS TO NO AVAIL
HE WAS DETERMINED
TO DO WHAT HE WANTED TO DO
TO DO WHAT HE MUST DO
REGARDLESS OF THE CONSEQUENCES.

SHE LOOKED AT HIM
AND REALIZED IT WAS TURNING
INTO AN OBSESSION, A COMPULSION
THAT ONCE DEVOURED,
HAD HIM AT ITS MERCY
A CERTAINTY WOVEN INTO HIS BRAIN
UNRAVALLING BARREN YEARS WITHOUT.
THIS WAS JUST TOO MUCH!
SHE BANISHED HIM FROM THE BEDROOM
TOLD HIM TO LEAVE,
TO SLEEP ON THE COUCH
TOLD HIM TO THINK ABOUT WHAT HE HAD DONE,
TO ASK HIMSELF,
WHAT WAS MORE IMPORTANT IN HIS LIFE
HIS WIFE,
OR THE PINE NUTS
THAT MADE HIM TASTE AND SMELL SO BITTER.

Barry Conway

Block Out The World

BLOCK OUT THE WORLD
BLOCK OUT THE SUN
BLOCK OUT THE LIGHT
AND EVERYONE

BLOCK OUT YOUR SENSES
BLOCK OUT ALL THOUGHT
BLOCK OUT ALL DEFENSES
BLOCK TILL THERE'S NAUGHT

BLOCK OUT THE WORLD
BLOCK OUT THE SUN
BLOCK OUT THE LIGHT
AND EVERYONE

Barry Conway

Blue Green Stream

BLUE GREEN STREAM

THERE IS A STREAM THAT RUNS THROUGH OUR LIVES,
IT FLOWS WITH US UPON IT,
AND WE ARE TAKEN IN THE DIRECTION,
ITS INSISTENCE COMMANDS.

UPON THIS BLUE GREEN,
WE WATCH OTHER STREAMS JOIN WITHIN,
WE WATCH THE RISE AND FALL, DEPARTING,
ALWAYS LEAVING THE COLOUR OF THE WATER,
IN AN EVER CHANGING HUE.

EACH DROP OF THE CURRENT OF THE ENERGY,
GUIDES US TO THE RIVER,
WHICH GUIDES US TO THE SEA, TO THE OCEAN.

ALL STREAMS TRAVEL IN THE SAME DIRECTION,
TO THE SAME DESTINATION,
ALL TIED BY AN INVISIBLE STRING,
SLOWLY BEING WOUND,
WATCHED BY EVERYONE,
UPON THIS BLUE GREEN.

Barry Conway

Boxes

BOXES

ALL THIS TALK OF BOXES,
THINKING OUTSIDE THE BOX,
INSIDE THE BOX.
THERE IS NO BOX
ONLY THOSE OF YOUR OWN THINKING
OWN MAKING, OWN VOLITION.

IT IS THE SAME,
ALL THIS TALK OF GLASSES,
I AM A GLASS HALF FULL PERSON,
I AM A GLASS HALF EMPTY PERSON.

WHAT A LOAD OF TOSH
PISH, PASH POSH.
THERE IS NO GLASS
ONLY THOSE OF YOUR OWN THINKING
OWN MAKING, OWN VOLITION.

I AM A CHRISTIAN, JEW, MUSLIM, HINDU, BUDDHIST.
ALL VOLATILE BOXES,
CONSTRUCTS,
TO A NEED TO BELONG,
TO GIVE OURSELVES, AND OTHERS
SELF IMPORTANCE
TO GIVE PURPOSE.
AN IMAGINED FUTURE
WHERE WE WILL ENDURE,
GO ON.

SO BE IT
IF YOU WISH TO FEED
YOUR SAFETY OF THE BOX
WHO AM I TO QUESTION,
TO DENY OR DISFAVOUR
FOR IF I DO
IS THAT NOT A BOX
OF MY OWN MAKING.

Barry Conway

Breath

BREATH

THERE ARE AS MANY WAYS TO LOVE.
AS THERE ARE BREATHS IN THE WORLD
AND AS YOU LET ME LOVE YOU,
SO YOU WILL NEVER BE WITHOUT BREATH
AND AS YOU LOVE ME
YOU ARE MY BREATH.

I WHISPER THIS TO YOU
WHILE YOU SLEEP NEXT TO ME.
I WATCH YOUR HEART.
RISE AND FALL,
AS IF FLOWING ON A LIVING SEA.
I LISTEN FOR THE SOUND,
ENTERING YOUR BODY.
AND I AM CARRIED WITH IT
TO JOIN YOU DEEP WITHIN.

I FEEL THE MORNING LIGHT
INSISTING THROUGH THE CURTAINS,
AND I REALIZE
I HAVE BEEN RISING AND FALLING
WITH YOU ALL NIGHT.

AND YET,
I AM NEITHER TIRED NOR WEARY,
BUT JOINED EVEN MORE WITH YOU.
FOR I HAVE SEEN
THAT WHILE YOU SLEPT
YOU WERE SMILING
AND BREATHING DEEPLY.
AND I KNOW
THAT I AM THE SMILE
UPON YOUR FACE.

Barry Conway

Breathing Heart

BREATHING HEART

MY MUSE RETURNED
GLIDING, FLOWING
BOTH TWO AND FORTH
EBB AND SWAY
ANNOUNCING INTO THE ROOM
DISPLAYING HER FEATHERS OF DESIRE
THE HIGHER IDEALS
OF THE LOVER TO BE LOVED
THE NEEDY LOOK
OF THE LOVER TO BE LOVED
CAPTURING MY BREATH
WHICH FLOATED ON THE AIR
INTO HER

RIVERS CAN NOT CHOOSE
NOT TO RETURN TO THE SEA,
THE SEA, DOES NOT RESIST THE MOON
OR THE UNIVERSE PRETEND
NOT TO BE UNIVERSAL.
DISHARMONY AND DISCORD,
LONELINESS AND DESPAIR
HAVE NO PLACE
NO FACE
IN MY WORLD.
WORDS
BY THEIR VERY NATURE
MUST ENDURE
WITH THOSE THAT TRULY LISTEN
AND I KNOW
THAT YOU HEAR MY CRY
FEEL MY BREATH
ON YOUR HEART.

Barry Conway

Brian My Dead Son

BRIAN MY DEAD SON

THE DOOR LOOMED,
LIKE THE SUN AND THE MOON,
FALLEN TO EARTH.

HER SMILE, HER HOUSE,
WHERE THE MEMORIES HANG,
HE SAT WITHOUT SPEAKING,
WAITING TO SPEAK THE WORDS HE MUST.

BUT SHE SPOKE FIRST,
BRIAN..... MY SON,
LEFT THIS FOR YOU.

Barry Conway

Bridgemaster & Bridgemasters Message

BRIDGEMASTER

I SAT AT MY DESK
AND STARTED TO SCRIBBLE,
AT FIRST ILLEGIBLY,
AND THEN,
THE WORDS BECAME UNDERSTOOD
AND AS I WROTE,
I READ ALOUD
AS IF ALL THE WORLD COULD HEAR.

' I AM LODNOW
I AM THE BRIDGE BETWEEN ALL REALITIES
WHICH ARE REAL AND UNREAL.
I COME TO YOU TO CONVEY THIS MESSAGE.
RAISE YOUR EYES AND SEE ME.'

I LOOKED UP
AND BEFORE ME LAY A SIGHT
FAR DIFFERENT FROM THE PLACE
I THOUGHT I WAS,
FOR I WAS SITTING ON A SEA
WITHOUT THE MEANS TO BE ABLE TO,
SITTING AMIDST A VISTA
WHERE SEA AND SKY WERE JOINED AS ONE,
WITH THREE SUNS ARCHING
WITHOUT HORIZON
AND THERE, FLOATING WITH ME, WAS LODNOW

HE TOLD ME HE WAS THE LORD OF WHISPERS
THE NOISES WE ALL HEAR
BUT ARE UNAWARE FROM WHENCE THEY COME.
ALL THESE ARE MINE.
I AM THE SOUND OF YOUR HEARTBEAT
THE CRY OF THE NEWBORN
YOUR LAST BREATH
YOUR IDEAS CARRIED ON THE WIND,
AND MY MESSAGE TO YOU I WILL CONVEY.

I WAS NOT AFRAID,
BUT REBORN OF A NEW IDENTITY,
JOINED OF A CALM AND TRANQUILITY
I HAD NEVER KNOWN BEFORE,
AN ACCEPTANCE OF KNOWING
THAT AT LAST I HAD NOTHING TO FEAR
FROM MY JOURNEY THROUGH THIS REALITY.

I INQUIRED WHY HE HAD CHOSEN ME,
CHOSEN ME TO APPEAR BEFORE.
HE SPOKE ONCE MORE WITHOUT MOVEMENT,
'YOU HAVE CHOSEN ME
I AM BEFORE YOU FOR YOU ARE A VESSEL
WHO SEES YOUR WORLD
WITHOUT PRIOR JUDGEMENT.
YOU MUST EXIST WITHOUT DOING HARM,
YOU MUST HELP YOUR SPECIES
TO UNDERSTAND WHO YOU REALLY ARE.
BUT THERE ARE MISSING LINKS,
TO YOUR UNDERSTANDING AND KNOWLEDGE,
AND I WILL EMPART TO YOU THE PATH TO THE BRIDGE,
WHICH WILL LIGHT THE WAY.

AND THEN IN AN INSTANT IMMEASURABLE,
HE WAS GONE
AND ALL WAS RETURNED TO NORMAL.
HIS MESSAGE WAS UPON THE PAGE
MADE FOR ALL TO READ.
MADE,
FOR ME TO SPREAD.

BRIDGEMASTERS MESSAGE

I WENT OUT IN THE WORLD
AND FOUND MYSELF WALKING IN A PARK
WHEREUPON A STRANGER APPROACHED ME
WHO WAS STRANGELY KNOWN TO ME.
HE CALLED ME CONSTANT
AND I KNEW FROM WHENCE HE CAME.

HE LOOKED THROUGH ME
AND SPOKE MY NAME.
HE WAS DRESSED IN A PATCHED SAFFRON ROBE,
WALKED IN BARE FEET BENEATH A BARE HEAD.
HE HAD THE MOST PERFECT SMILE
I HAD EVER SEEN.
IT FILLED YOU WITH A LOVING WARMTH.
I WAS CAPTIVATED BY HIS PRESENCE.
HIS AURA ENGULFED ME WITH ITS GOODNESS,
ITS WHITE LIGHT FLOWED FAR FURTHER
THAN THE HUMAN EYE COULD COMPREHEND.

HE BADE ME SIT
WE FLOATED TO THE GRASS SMELLING OF BLOSSOM
AND AS WE SAT IT FOLDED OUR LEGS
INTO THE MEDITATION POSITION OF THE LOTUS
UNDER A SORROWLESS TREE.
HE OPENED HIS ARMS TOWARDS ME.
I KNEW THIS WAS THE START OF THE PATH
WHICH GAVE MELLOWNESS
TO THE QUESTIONS THAT WERE UPON ME,
FOR THEY NOW WERE ALL ANSWERED
WITH HIS KNOWING LOOK THAT ENTERED ME.

I KNEW HE HAD BEEN SENT BY LODNOW
HE WAS TO BE MY SPIRIT GUIDE
NOW THAT I HAD CROSSED THE BRIDGE
MY GUIDE,
INTO THE LANDS OF FREEDOM OF THE FOUND
WHERE NO ONE WANDERS ALONE

I LOOKED DOWN
AND BY MY SIDE THERE APPEARED A CAT
WHO PLACED HIS PAW UPON MY HAND
THE MONK,
WHO WAS CALLED CHUMBA,
EXPLAINED THAT THE CAT WAS CALLED CHULAH,
WHO WAS MY MINDFUL PROTECTOR,
AS THERE WERE TO BE THOSE
WHO WOULD WISH ME TO FAIL
IN THE WAY THAT THE UNIVERSE

BALANCES GOOD AND EVIL,
FOR THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE ANCIENTS
WAS TO BE RELEASED,
NOT TO THE CHOSEN FEW,
BUT TO ALL THE UNCHOSEN
WHO LIVE THEIR LIVES
WANDERING LOST WITHOUT HOPE OR HAPPINESS.

THIS WAS THE DHARMA
THAT WAS PLACED WITH ME,
THIS IS THE RESPONSIBILITY
I HOLD WITHIN MY HANDS
AN UNCHOSEN WHO HAS CROSSED OVER
TO THOSE WHO POSSESS THE KNOWLEDGE,
THE INFINITE LIGHT,
THE TRUE LIGHT,
TO LEAD THE WAY FORWARD.

Barry Conway

C&b B&c Lost

C&B B&C LOST

GRACIOUS THOUGHTS WERE BOTH GIVE WE
BUT WE COULD NOT GROW WE COULD NOT BE
UNDER THAT CANOPY OF OUR DARK LOVE
THAT SUFFERS US NOT TO SUFFER LOVE

WITHOUT FRIENDSHIP AND WITHOUT PLEASURE
OUR HEARTS NOW DO NOT FEEL THE MEASURE
OF MAN AND WOMAN JOINED AS ONE
THE LONELY DAUGHTER AND THE LONELY SON

IN OUR BEDS, EMPTY AWAKE WE LIE
AND DREAM OF US IN MINDS EYE
TO BE WITH YOU, TO BE WITH ME
WITHOUT OUR TONGUES INEQUITIES

WE TRAVELED TO MOMENTS OF TRUE GRACE
THAT SMOOTHED AWAY LINES UPON OUR FACE
AND GAVE OF EACH OTHER ALL THAT WE ARE
AND YET THE JOURNEY WAS TOO FAR

SO AS TOGETHER WE REMAIN APART
LONELY CHILDREN WITH A LONELY HEART
FOREVER WANTON THAT WE COULD NOT MEET
IN THE MIDDLE OF THAT LONELY STREET

Barry Conway

Can You Be

CAN YOU BE?

CAN YOU BE,
IN A ROOM WITH ME?
CAN YOU SEE,
IN A ROOM WITH ME,
ALL YOUR LIFE WITH ME?
CAN YOU SEE,
GIVING BIRTH WITH ME?
CAN YOU BE,
ALWAYS HAPPY WITH ME?
CAN YOU SEE,
WHAT THIS MEANS TO ME?
CAN YOU BE,
JUST THE SAME AS ME?
CAN YOU FREE,
ALL THE LOVE IN ME?
CAN YOU BE,
WHAT I WANT YOU TO BE?

CAN WE BE,
BOTH OUR DESTINY?
CAN YOU SEE,
THE LITTLE CHILD IN ME?
CAN YOU SEE,
A MAN IN TRAGEDY?
CAN AS WE,
BE COMPLETELY FREE?
CAN YOU SEE,
THE BRANCHES OF OUR TREE?
CAN YOU BE,
BORN OF LOVE FOR ME?
CAN WE BE,
IN LOVES ETERNITY,
CAN WE?

Barry Conway

Can You See The Light?

CAN YOU SEE THE LIGHT?

WHAT LIGHT THROUGH YONDER WINDOW BREAKS?
IT IS THE EAST AND JULIET IS THE SUN!

IF ONLY THAT WERE TRUE
FOR ME, FOR YOU
FOR THE LIGHT THAT HISTORY SHINES
CAN BE FOR LOVE, CAN BE FOR CRIMES

LET US LOOK INTO THE BOOK
AND SEE
HOW THEY GAVE THEIR MESSAGES
TO YOU AND ME.

JESUS OF NAZARETH GAVE HIS BREATH AND SAID 'AND KNOW THAT I AM WITH YOU ALWAYS, TILL THE END OF TIME'
IS THIS A MESSAGE THAT GIVES YOUR LIFE RHYME.

MOHAMMED OF MECCA HAS SPOKE THUS
' KINDNESS IS A MARK OF FAITH, AND WHOEVER HATH NOT KINDNESS DOES NOT HAVE FAITH'
WHICH SEEMS TO ME A LOVING PLACE. SOMEWHERE FOR MANKIND TO GATHER PACE

GAUTAMA BUDDHA WORD ARE THUS ' THREE THINGS CANNOT BE LONG HIDDEN, THE SUN, THE MOON, THE TRUTH
AND THAT SEEMS TO ME TO BE THE TRUTH, RUTH

KRISHNA WHOSE LIGHT SO MANY FOLLOW SAID
' AS THEY APPROACH ME, SO I RECEIVE THEM, ALL PATHS, ARJUNA, LEAD TO ME'
ARE YOU ON A PATH THAT WILL SET YOU FREE? '

CONFUCIUS SAY 'WHEREVER YOU GO, GO WITH ALL YOUR HEART'
SO IT SEEMS OUR HEART IS A GOOD START!

ZOROASTER GAVE TO US 'FOR A THINKING MAN IS WHERE WISDOM IS AT HOME, ' SOMEWHERE THAT WE SHOULD ALWAYS ROAM.

MOSES OH MOSES CRIED 'DO NOT WORSHIP ANY OTHER GOD, FOR THE LORD, WHOSE NAME IS JEALOUS, IS A JEALOUS GOD,
SEEMS A LITTLE INSECURE, A LITTLE ODD

MOHANDAS GANDHI 'YOU MUST BE THE CHANGE YOU WISH TO SEE'
DO YOU THOUGH WISH TO SEE, WISH TO BE?

LOA TZU GAVE TO ME AND YOU 'A JOURNEY OF A THOUSAND MILES BEGINS WITH ONE STEP'
IT CERTAINLY DOES, BUT WHAT A SLEEP!

MARTIN LUTHER KING, IN THE WAY HE DID HIS THING
'I HAVE A DREAM'
WE ALL HAVE A DREAM IT SEEMS.

THE DALAI LAMA IN HIS WORLDARAMA SAYS' OUR PRIME PURPOSE IN LIFE IS TO HELP OTHERS.IF YOU CAN NOT HELP THEM, AT LEAST DO NOT HURT THEM. NOW THAT IS A POEM

THERE ARE APPROXIMATELY 4,200 RELIGIONS IN TH WORLD
BUT LET US NOT FORGET THE LIGHT CAN STILL BE SEEN BY THOSE WHO DO NOT FOLLOW.

IT IS THE SEEING OF THE LIGHT, BY WHATEVER MEANS, THAT YONDER BREAKS. THAT IS THE REAL MESSAGE. FOR LIGHT IS ENERGY, AND ENERGY NEVER DIES.

Barry Conway

Can You Spare Some Change Please

CAN YOU SPARE SOME CHANGE PLEASE

HE SAT LAYING PERCHED ON ONE DIRTY TATTOOED ARM
ON THE FLOORS CONCRETE PAVEMENT
SMELLING OF URINE, METHS AND AN UNWASHED LIFE,
DRESSED IN CAMOUFLAGE RAGS CAKED WITH GRIME.
THAT YOU SMELT FROM AFAR.
HIS FAITHFUL DOG UNHAPPILY WAITED,
FACE TO FLOOR, PAWS FORWARD
COVERED IN A TATTERED EMBROILED BLANKET
IN A VAIN ATTEMPT TO KEEP OUT THE RAIN.
A HEAVILY CHIPPED ENAMEL MUG SAT ON THE CARDBOARD SIGN
TORN FROM A BOX, PATHETICALLY PLEADING,
CAN YOU SPARE SOME CHANGE PLEASE?

THE PIN STRIPED CITY GENT IN SYMPATHY AND UNDERSTANDING
CRAMMED A NOTE INTO THE EMPTY MUG.
A RETIRED COMMANDO COLONEL BLACK BROLLY IN HAND
STIFFLY INQUIRED WHAT PART OF THE SERVICE HE SAW ACTION IN?
THE DULL WRETCH, BEREFT OF HOPE AND CARING
FINALLY LOOKED UP AND DRAGGED WORDS OUT OF HIS MOUTH.

'I, I WAS A WAR POET.'

Barry Conway

Candles

CANDLES

JOHNNY WAS 1 ON FRIDAY
HIS MOTHER BAKED HIM A CHOCOLATE CAKE
THAT LOOKED JUST LIKE OUR CAT MISTY
WITH NOSE, WHISKERS AND A MOUTH
MADE OUT OF WHITE MARZIPAN WITH SPRINKLES
DECORATED WITH ONE BLUE CANDLE
SITTING ON TOP OF BIRTHDAY BOY.

JOHNNY WAS DRESSED
IN A CUTE SAILORS OUTFIT
WITH A BLUE AND WHITE STRIPED TEESHIRT
AND A SAILORS HAT HE WAS ALWAYS TAKING OFF.
THE FAMILY HAD GATHERED,
AS FAMILIES DO ON OCCASIONS
A BEAMING GRANDMA AND GRANDPA
LITTLE SISTER EVIE
TRYING TO GET ATTENTION
CENTERED ON HER.
DAD WAS ABSENT AS HE OFTEN WAS
WORKING AS USUAL IN HIS DREARY JOB,
KEEPING THE COUNCIL FROM HIS DOOR,
BUT WOULD RETURN TO A SLICE
OF THE CATS EAR,
SAVED FOR HIM SPECIALLY
AS HE WAS ALWAYS AN EAR MAN.

JOHNNY WAS DOING HIS BEST
TO STAY AWAKE
BUT THE EXCITEMENT WAS TO WEARYING
HE SWAYED FROM SIDE TO SIDE
OVER HIS ICE CREAM AND SMARTIES,
HE LIKED THE YELLOW ONES ESPECIALLY
JOLTING BACK INTO CONSCIOUSNESS
AS HIS HEAD NEARED THE BOTTOM OF ITS SWING
OVER THE BOWL,
MOTHER TRYING TO KEEP HIM UPRIGHT.

A FIRST BIRTHDAY WITH FAMILY, CAKE,
PAPER HATS, BALLOONS AND OF COURSE
WOBBLY JELLY AND ICE CREAM
ALL WASHED DOWN WITH FIZZY DRINKS.
TIME FOR TOYS AND PRESENTS
AN IMPORTANT MILESTONE IN ANYONE'S LIFE
SURVIVAL
REMEMBERED BY ALL THE FAMILY
PERHAPS, EXCEPT BY JOHNNY
WHOSE MEMORY OF THIS HAPPY OCCASION
WILL BE HIDDEN IN CLOUD
ONLY TO BE ACKNOWLEDGED
IN PHOTOS YEARS LATER
WHEN RELEASED FROM THE DRAWER
ON FUTURE BIRTHDAYS
AND MARVELED AT HOW HE HAD LOOKED
AND HOW, HE LOOKED NOW
WITH EACH INCREASING CANDLE

Barry Conway

Canonteign Falls

CANONTEIGN FALLS

POLLUTION FREE
IT SEEMS TO ME
WE FALL
BEFORE THE FALLS
CANONTEIGN
LIVES ON
IN THE HEART OF MINE
NATURE UNTARNISHED
WHERE EVEN THE BUTTERFLIES
ARE UNREHEARSED.

THE REACHING ROAR
LICHENS TO OUR GRASP
OF NATURE
HERE IN GENTLE POWER
WHOSE VICTORIAN STEPS
STEPS US BACK
TO A PURER TIME.
STANDING STILL
BENEATH THE SILVER SPRAY
IN WOODED WONDERLAND.
LEAF OF BRANCH
AND LIFE OF STATURE
THE RAPTURE OF THE RICH
WHO STARE
AND SHARE ITS BEAUTY
WHERE WATER FOWL
GLIDE WITHOUT SCOWL
AND STRETCH THEIR WINGED WAY
FROM POND TO PATH
AND BATHE
AMONGST ITS PLAY.

HERE FERNS FAVOUR
EVERY BEND
WHERE A SURPRISE
OF NATURE AWAITS

IN CONTENTED WISE
WHERE WATER FALLS
FROM OUT THE SKY.

DUCKS LAUGH AND GAZE
WITHOUT AN ECHO
AS ROCKS PROTECT THEIR WORLD
WHERE FINGER TREES
POINT SKYWARD
TO THE HEAVENS
AND FRAME THE HAUNCH OF THE HILLS,
LET LILLY LAKE LAY
AND THE WETLANDS FEED.

A JEWEL OF YESTERDAY
PRESERVED FOR TODAY
SO PLAY
MAY NEVER BE FORGOTTEN
HERE TRULY
THE PATH OF LIFE IS WINDING
BINDING
TO THE SENSES
ATOP OF BUZZARDS VIEW
CAPTURE THE VERDANT PATCHWORK TAPESTRY
THAT FALLS BEFORE THE VISTA

JUST LEAVE ME HERE
TO GROW INTO
TO DRINK IN THE LULLABY
AND LET ME FLOAT AWAY
INTO ITS CALLS
THE MAGICAL KINGDOM
OF CANONTEIGN FALLS

Barry Conway

Capture

CAPTURE

AT NIGHT, AT DAY
I SIT IN THE DARK
AND WATCH THE FLICKER OF THE T.V.
WATCH THE PULSING LIGHT
GROW LESS SURE, LESS SUSTAINABLE
THERE
TRANQUILIZED
FROM THE WORLD
BOTH SOOTHED AND AGITATED
IN EQUAL MEASURE.
I TOIL THERE
AND IN THOSE MOMENTS
AM I NOT ALONE?
NOT THROWN
TO THE LION OF LIFE

I WAS ALWAYS SCARED TO REALLY LIVE
TO GIVE
HELD BACK
DENYING MYSELF
THE FULL EMBRACE OF EXISTENCE
I STAGGERED AROUND
THE EDGE OF THE LAKE
WARY
THAT IT WOULD IMMERSE ME WITH EVERY RIPPLE
MOVEMENT SNATCHING AT MY MIND
TURNING INTO WAVE UPON WAVE
OF DREAMS
THE TRAP OPEN, AND INVITING.
SO I REMAINED DRY
ARID AND SHRIVELING
OVER THE YEARS
I BECAME SAND
THE DESERT OF THE DESERT
ON ALL OF THE DAYS UNTIL TODAY
WHERE I SIT IN THE DARKNESS

LISTENING TO THE RAIN
SUSTAINING THE LAKE
LAMENTING AT MY WINDOW
A CHORUS WITHOUT TONE
IN A ROOM WITH NO VIEW OF MY OWN
SAVE THAT OF THE PLASTIC BOX
MY EYE OF ON THE WORLD
LULLING YOU INTO SUBMISSION
IN THE RELUCTANT SURRENDER
OF YOUR OWN CAPTURE

Barry Conway

Cease Fire

CEASE FIRE

THEY
SHOOK HANDS AGAIN
ONE FROM THE EAST
AND ONE FROM THE WEST
SHOOK HANDS
OVER THOUSANDS OF BODIES
LIKE NOTHING HAS HAPPENED
OR WILL HAPPEN AGAIN
BUT IT WILL
THEY
NOW SIT AROUND A TABLE
WILL THEY
BE ABLE
TO TALK PEACE
AND PIECE
BACK THEIR COUNTRIES
TOGETHER AGAIN

EVERY WAR
PEOPLE DIE
AND YET
THEY ALWAYS SHAKE HANDS
LIKE NOTHING HAS HAPPENED
OR WILL HAPPEN AGAIN

PLEASE GOD
LET THEM SHAKE HANDS
BEFORE THEY FIGHT
LET THEM SHAKE HANDS
ON PEACE
THEN FIGHTING
WILL CEASE.

Barry Conway

Celebrations With My Father

CELEBRATIONS WITH MY FATHER

I CELEBRATED WITH MY FATHER LAST NIGHT
I BOUGHT SOME CHAMPAGNE
BUT NOT THE CHEAP STUFF
BUT A BOTTLE OF KRUG.
I HAD NEVER BOUGHT A BOTTLE OF KRUG BEFORE
BUT THIS WAS A SPECIAL OCCASION
FOR IT IS NOT EVERY DAY
THAT YOUR FATHER REACHES 100
YES 100 YEARS YOUNG
SINCE THE DAY HE WAS BORN
ON OCTOBER THE 31st
HALLOWEEN
ALL HALLOWS EVE EVENING
ALL HALLOW TIDE
OR ALL SAINTS EVENING
THE CHRISTIAN FEAST
DEDICATED TO REMEMBERING THE DEAD
THE MODERN USE OF HUMOUR AND RIDICULE
A DAY IN PAGAN HISTORY
WHEN THE DEAD REVISIT
THE HOMES OF THE LOVED ONES STILL LIVING
WHAT A DAY TO BE BORN!

AT FIRST WE SAT IN SILENCE
ME AND THE WIZENED GREY OLD MAN
WHO ONCE COULD HOIST ATLAS ON HIS SHOULDERS
AND TOASTED THE NIGHT
WHILE THE LOG FIRE
DANCED AMONGST OUR THOUGHTS
ITS FLICKERING
MESSAGING
IMPRINTED UPON THE PUPILS OF OUR EYES.
WE LAUGHED
WE CRIED
WE REMINISCED
MOTHERS SILK AND LACE WEDDING DRESS
STIFFLY WORN IN THE SEPIA PICTURE

SHE LOOKED SO BEAUTIFUL, SO LOVING
SADLY NOW NO LONGER WITH US
THE BLOND CURLY HAIR OF MY YOUTH
THE CENTRAL PARTING I NOW POLISH
HIS BELOVED JAGUAR CAR
MY BELOVED RED TRICYCLE
LIVES BROUGHT TO LIFE ONCE AGAIN
IN THE MEMORIES
IN THE WORDS OF THE NIGHT
PARALLEL LIVES.

IT WAS THE BEST NIGHT
THE BEST CAKE
THE BEST TALK
THE BEST COMPANY
THE BEST
LAUGHING AND CRYING TOGETHER.

BUT TIME MOVES US ALL ON
I WENT TO BED
BOTH HAPPY AND SAD AT THE NIGHT
KNOWING MY FATHER HAD DIED
14 YEARS AGO.

Barry Conway

Central

CENTRAL

ALL AT ONCE
HE FOUND HIMSELF
ON A BRIGHTLY LIT PLATFORM
THAT HAD NO LIGHT SOURCE
TO HIS LEFT
PEERED A DARK TUNNEL
WHICH DISAPPEARED PAST THE PLATFORM
TO HIS RIGHT INTO ANOTHER.
BEHIND HIM ANOTHER PLATFORM
WITH TUNNELS
DISAPPEARING INTO NOTHINGNESS.
ON THE WALL ONE FADED SIGN
CENTRAL.

HE WAS ALONE
HIS STEPS DID NOT ECHO
OR MAKE ANY SOUND.
AS HE SAW THAT THERE WAS
NO ENTRANCE OR EXIT.
AS THE TUNNELS AND THE PLATFORMS
FELL AWAY INTO NOTHINGNESS.
AND THEN
HE HEARD A FEINT SOUND,
A FEINT LIGHT COMING FROM A TUNNEL.
AS IT ENTERED THE PLATFORM
HE SAW IT WAS A SLOW TRAIN.
THE DOORS OPENED
TO THE ONE BRIGHT CARRIAGE
AND HE GOT ON, SAT DOWN
THE CARRIAGE WAS BARE
SAW THAT HE WAS STILL ALONE,
ONLY NOW HE WAS NOT ON THE PLATFORM.
THE DOORS CLOSED
AND THE SLOW TRAIN DEPARTED
DOWN THE DARK UNLIT TUNNEL.
HE SAW A LIGHT AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL
AND THE TRAIN PULLED INTO A STATION.

CENTRAL
WITH THE SAME FADED SIGN.
THE DOORS OPENED
NO ONE GOT ON.
THE DOORS CLOSED
AND SET OFF ONCE AGAIN
AND ARRIVED AT THE NEXT STOP.
CENTRAL

HE DECIDED TO GET OFF
STOOD ON THE SAME PLATFORM
FROM WHERE HE HAD STARTED
AND WATCHED THE TRAIN DEPART
DOWN THE SAME DARK TUNNEL

WITHOUT ANSWERS HE SAT
AND HEARD ANOTHER TRAIN APPROACHING
ON THE OTHER PLATFORM
HE CROSSED OVER
AGAIN A FEINT LIGHT COMING FROM A TUNNEL.
AS IT ENTERED THE PLATFORM
HE SAW IT WAS A SLOW TRAIN.
THE DOORS OPENED
TO THE ONE BRIGHT CARRIAGE
AND HE GOT ON, SAT DOWN
THE CARRIAGE WAS BARE
SAW THAT HE WAS STILL ALONE,
ONLY NOW HE WAS NOT ON THE PLATFORM.
THE DOORS CLOSED
AND THE SLOW TRAIN DEPARTED
DOWN THE DARK UNLIT TUNNEL.
HE SAW A LIGHT AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL
AND THE TRAIN PULLED INTO A STATION.
CENTRAL
WITH THE SAME FADED SIGN.
THE DOORS OPENED
NO ONE GOT ON.
THE DOORS CLOSED
AND SET OFF ONCE AGAIN
IT APPROACHED ANOTHER STOP
IT WAS CENTRAL,
AS WAS THE NEXT,

AND THE NEXT,
AND THE NEXT.
HE STAYED ON THE TRAIN
ITS NOISE AND MOVEMENT
HIS ONLY COMFORT.

Barry Conway

Certainly Maybe

CERTAINTY

I LISTEN,
TRY TO TAKE IN THE LESSON,
BUT THE DRONE OF HIS VOICE,
IS IRRITATING MY SOUL.
I AM NOT RESTED ENOUGH,
TO ABSORB HIS MESSAGE,
HIS VISION,
NO MATTER AS TO ITS DIRECTION,
OR GOODNESS.

I AM AWARE OF MY FAULTS,
MANY ARE!
THE INABILITY TO PROGRESS BEYOND,
THE FRAILTIES OF MY CHARACTER,
THE ONWARD MISGIVINGS,
THAT PERSIST,
NO MATTER HOW HARD,
OTHERS, OR I,
TRY TO CHANGE ME.
WITH EACH LOSS OF CHANGE,
I AM LESSENED OF MY RESISTANCE.

BUT I FEAR,
THAT TIME WILL ELAPSE FOR ME,
BEFORE I CAN DIVEST MYSELF
ENTIRELY OF MY BADNESS,
MY BLACKNESS.

IF THAT BE THE CASE,
THEN WILL I NEED TO RETURN?
IS IT POSSIBLE TO RETURN
TO LEARN THE LESSONS NOT LEARNT?
I DO NOT KNOW THIS,
EVEN THOUGH,
SOME WILL SWEAR ON ITS CERTAINTY!

Certainty

CERTAINTY

HER KNOWING YEARS
RECOGNIZED MY VALOUR
THE PERSISTENCE OF HOPE
FLICKERS BEFORE
CALLING THE LOST
TO FIND A NEW BEGINNING
WHEREUPON J
FELL INTO MY HEART
TO START BOTH JOURNEYS END
A FRIEND
A LOVER
THE TENDER AMONGST THE TENDER
ENTWINED
WITH THE STILLNESS OF DISCOVERY

EACH TOUCH
CARESS
LOOK
BUILT STRENGTH OF REALIZATION
KNOWING THE CERTAINTY
OF LIVES CONNECTING
INTO ALL TIME

Barry Conway

Changeling

CHANGELING

THERE IS AN AGE,
WHEN THE HEART SINKS,
WHEN THE PERFECT WOMAN,
HAS TO REMAIN ELUSIVE,
AND FREE FROM THE DISPLAY
HE MUST PERFORM.

HE LOOKS,
IN INCREASING RESIGNATION,
AT COUPLES IN THE STREETS.
REMEMBERS,
MOMENTS OF TENDERNESS,
WITHIN THE SADNESS,
HE REVISITS IN MOMENTS OF FANTASY
HOLDING HANDS, CARESSES,
LOOKING, TOUCHING, LOVING.

UNDERSTAND THAT,
THIS LONGING CAN NEVER DIE,
HERE IS A SEARCH THAT MUST ENDURE.
FOR LOVE IN ALL IT'S FORMS,
IS NOT SET IN A PLACE OR TIME,
BUT LIVES WITHIN ALL,
STRETCHING OUT ACROSS VOIDS,
WAITING TO BE FOUND FOR ALL.

I WAS THAT MAN,
BOUND WITH A CONSTRUCT, OF MY OWN MAKING,
SHROUDED IN DISAPPOINTMENT
IN AN INVERTED SPIRAL,
TURNING THE CIRCLE
INTO THE INWARD.

Barry Conway

Cherished Hand

CHERISHED HAND

TWO DAYS TO GO
UNTIL THE CHERISHED HAND
RETURNS TO TOUCH AWAY
THE SADNESS FROM MY EYES

THE BLOSSOM IS FALLING
AND THE BIRDS ARE BURSTING WITH SONG
ANNOUNCING THE COMING OF YOU.
THE SLOW WALK
THE HEAD HELD HIGH WITH MATURITY.
YOU'RE AWARENESS OF LOVE
THAT FLOWS IN RIVERS AND OCEANS
FROM THE FIRES OF PASSION
THAT ENCIRCLE
THE CHERISHED HAND
THAT WILL RETURN
TO TOUCH AWAY
THE SADNESS FROM MY EYES
HOW LONG TWO DAYS CAN SEEM

HOW BEAUTIFUL YOUR PICTURE
STANDING LOOKING TOWARDS THE SUNSET
THE COLOURS BLAZE AND MERGE
INTO UNITY.
I LAY ON MY BED
AND THINK OF YOU
FALLING ASLEEP
DEEPLY FULFILLED
WITH THOUGHTS OF YOU
YOU, ARE MY THOUGHTS
THE MORNING IS SHARP AND A SLIGHT MIST GLIDES DOWN FROM THE MOUNTAINS
THAT ARE ALWAYS SNOW CAPPED
MY ORANGE
FRESHLY SQUEEZES
WAKES ME SLOWLY TO FACE THE DAY
TO WAIT FOR YOU

ONE DAY TO GO
TILL THE CHERISHED HAND
RETURNS TO TOUCH AWAY
THE SADNESS FROM MY EYES

I WALK IN THE PARK
STUDYING EVERY MOVEMENT
THAT MOVES ME WITH THOUGHT
SINCE YOU'RE TEACHINGS
I CAN APPRECIATE LIFE
MORE THAN I EVER THOUGHT
I OWE MY MIND TO YOU
I WAS TIED AND BOUND
TILL YOU CAME
TO SET ME FREE

I READ THE LETTERS THAT YOU SENT
ALL EVENING
HARPING ON EVERY WORD
EVERY NOURISHED SENTENCE.
THEY FORM A PATTERN ON THE FLOOR
BY THE LOG FIRE
THAT FLICKERS
LIKE MILLIONS OF CANDLES
FOREVER BURNING.
I LOOK IN THE ROOM
AND I SEE YOU
YOU ARE HERE
IN MIND AND SPIRIT.
HAVE PATIENCE YOU TAUGHT ME
IT IS HARD
BUT FOR YOU I COULD DO ANYTHING

I CANNOT SLEEP FOR THINKING OF YOU
I ONLY LOOK DOWN THE LANE
UNTIL THE CHERISHED HAND
RETURNS TO TOUCH AWAY
THE SADNESS FROM MY EYES

I WAIT ALL NIGHT
AND I SEE YOU COMING FROM THE WEST

HOW LONG A FEW MINUTES CAN SEEM.

Barry Conway

Choices That Have Choices

CHOICES THAT HAVE CHOICES

DEATH,
WILL NOT HARM ME,
DEATH,
IS NOT A TRAGEDY, OR A TRIUMPH
DEATH,
WILL NOT SHAME ME,
CAN NOT CHANGE,
WHAT HAS PASSED BETWEEN US,
AND FROM US.

THE BEGINNING OF ALL THINGS,
AND THE ENDING OF ALL THINGS,
IT MATTERS NOT,
FOR ONCE THE LEAF,
HAS FALLEN FROM THE TREE,
IT CAN NEVER RETURN.
ONCE THE CRY HAS BEEN HEARD,
THERE CAN NEVER BE SILENCE.
ONCE A HEART IS BROKEN,
IT CAN NEVER BE REPAIRED,
TORN SINEW, A FATAL WOUND,
A BROKEN PROMISE OF LOVE.

SO DEATH,
HOLDS NO MYSTERY FOR ME,
NO LONGING, NO LOATHING,
AS TIME HAS NO MEANING.

Barry Conway

Cleansed

CLEANSED

I COULD SEE HIM UNWINDING BEFORE MY EYES
HE WAS AN INFLATED BALL OF RUBBER BANDS
FIREING OFF IN ALL DIRECTIONS
AS EACH BAND OF ANGER
SHOT OFF INTO THE UNCERTAIN DISTANCE
WITH EACH AIMED VICIOUS EXPLETIVE

HOW COULD SHE?
AFTER ALL THESE YEARS
I HAVE WORKED MY FINGERS TO THE BONE
TO PROVIDE, ALL THIS!
DID EVERYTHING I COULD,
GAVE THEM ALL A GOOD, GOOD LIFE,
AND THEN SHE DOES THIS!
WHAT A WASTE OF 20 YEARS

LOOKING BACK
I CAN NOW SEE WHERE I HAVE BEEN A FOOL,
BEEN USED
WITH LITTLE REGARD FOR MY NEEDS
I WAS JUST SOMEONE WHO PROVIDED,
SUCKED DRY,
AND THEN SHE DOES THIS!

GO ON,
TAKE IT ALL,
THAT PILE, AND THAT ONE TOO.
SHOVE IT ALL IN THE VAN
TAKE ALL THE TAINT,
LEAVE NO FALSE MEMORIES.
I NOW WILL NOT LOOK BACK,
ONLY FORWARD.
I WILL NOT FESTER SOMEWHERE ELSE
I HAVE CLEANSED MYSELF.
I WILL PUT THE KEYS THROUGH THE LETTERBOX OF LIFE
TO HELL WITH HER AND HER BOYS
I HAVE THE REST OF MY LIFE TO LEAD.

Barry Conway

Cliff Edge

CLIFF EDGE

THEY REVIVED HER, YET AGAIN.
SHE WAS DETERIORATING,
GETTING WORSE WITH EVERY MEDICATION,
HER DEMEANOUR AND BEHAVIOUR,
WAS BECOMING UNACCEPTABLE,
SHE WAS THE TALK OF THE INSTITUTION.
IT HAD TO COME TO A POINT,
WHERE THE RESPONSIBILITY FOR HER SECTIONING,
HAD TO BE PRIZED OUT OF HER.

Barry Conway

Cloistered Halls

CLOISTERED HALLS

I LAID UP SLOPE
AND MY EYES CLOSED
UNDER A GENTLE SUN
KISSING EVERYONE TODAY
IN BENEVOLENCE.
WITHIN MY EYELIDS
THE SUNS LONG MEMORY PERUSED ME
CREATING CORONAS AND CIRCLES
OF BRIGHT DANCING LIGHT
AND IN MY DARK LIGHT
WHERE ALL NIGHT BECOMES DAY
GIVING WAY TO THE SKY'S CURTAIN
THE GREAT ORBS STAGE
PLAYING THE MUSIC OF WARMTH
ECHOING FAMILIES UPON THE GREEN
NEXT TO VERDANT IDEALS
OF A DAY, MELLOW, WITHOUT HARM
SPENT UPON MOTHER EARTH
BORROWED FOR BRIEF MOMENTS
WHOSE CONSCIOUS AWAITS THEIR RETURN

COMFORTED
I DREAMPT OF CLOISTERED HALLS
OF WALLS WITHOUT WALLS
OF SPANISH GALLEONS
AND SPICES FROM THE INDIES
SILK GLIDERS
GRACEFUL FEATHERLESS BIRDS
FLYING TOWARDS THE EARTHS PARTNER
OF BALLS WITHIN BALLOONS
OF DAISIES HOLDING HANDS
OF IRON BANDS
PLAYING IN ICE CREAM HOUSES
IN A WORLD CONTENT
ACCEPTING ITS FAVOURS
THROUGH MANS VAULTS OF HARM

IMAGES FULLED MY MIND
CLOWNS DANCING ON CLOUDS
A FATHER
HOLDING HIS NEW BORN ALOFT
PROUDLY TO THE SUN
POLISHED SHOES
FLOATING ON A RASPBERRY JELLY.
RELIVING MY YOUTH
INTO DOTAGE
EACH PAGE A BOOK
EACH LOOK A STORY
EACH THOUGHT A MIRAGE
UNDER THE ONE
THEY CALL MY SUN.

Barry Conway

Colour Me Banana

COLOUR ME BANANA

I SAID COLOUR ME BANANA,
THE SHOPKEEPER LOOKED AT ME
WITH AN ICY HIGHLIGHT.
"WE DO NOT DO BANANA! "
"THE NEXT CUSTOMER SAID THAT I LOOK,
LIKE A STRAWBERRY TO ME! "
FUNNY, I NEVER THOUGHT OF MYSELF,
AS A STRAWBERRY!
"WHAT ABOUT REDDISH,
TO MATCH MY CHEEKS?
MY BOYFRIENDS DOES WANT ME TO BE FRUITY,
TO ADD A BIT OF ZEST,
FRESHEN UP THE AIR,
AND FAIR AMBER AGREED.
THINGS HAVE BEEN TOO GREY BETWEEN US,
FOR FAR TOO LONG,
OUR NOOKY IS SUFFERING.
WE USED TO BE AS THICK AS CHOCOLATE,
NOT TO MENTION FIERY
AND I WAS THE HONEYED TEMPTRESS,
IN DAYS GONE PAST,
A GOLDEN DIRTY WOMAN.
I COULD MAKE DO WITH SOME CAFE AU LAIT,
OR SOME CARAMEL,
MAYBE SOME CREAMY WHITE,
AND A HINT OF CHESTNUT.
I SUPPOSE I COULD ORDER A BABY
AND GET OUT TO PLAY ON THE BEACH,
BE SANDY, OR GOLDEN GLOW"

HE GAVE ME A COPPER LOOK
THE GREEN HIGHLIGHT OF THE DAY.
THE OTHER CUSTOMER,
WANTED TO REMAIN NEUTRAL,
SHE GAVE ME,
A DARK BLACK ASHY LOOK,
ALTHOUGH SHE WAS PRACTICALLY,

A BRUNETTE, WITH UPDATED FROSTY TIPS.
SHE HAD SEEMED LIKE A SILVER SURFER,
NOW IN OLD AGE,
AS WHITE AS A SHEET.
I WAS NO YOUNGSTER,
BUT NOW FELT LIKE A GOLDEN DIRTY,
MAYBE ROSE GOLD IN MY DOTAGE.

"I'VE GOT IT! " THE SHOPKEEPER SAID,
"YOU ARE A GOLDEN BEIGE! "
"TOO MUCH LIKE LIGHT BROWN!
IF I AM GOING TO GO GOLD,
HOW ABOUT GOLDEN PLATINUM?
GOLDEN BEIGE IS TOO DATED,
MAYBE BRONDE,
OR EVEN PRACTICALLY BRUNETTE!
NO, NO, I WILL GET THE MYSTERY,
BACK IN TO OUR RELATIONSHIP!

I WILL HAVE THE BLACK! "

Barry Conway

Colours Of Disappointment

COLOURS OF DISAPPOINTMENT

HE HEARS A SONG,
AND HE CRIES,
A MEMORY RETURNS
AND HE CRIES.
COLOURS OF DISAPPOINTMENT.
IT IS THE CRYING OF SOMETHING,
THAT HAS PASSED,
THAT WILL NEVER BE AGAIN.

THESE EMOTIONS,
CAN NEVER BE SUPPRESSED.
FOR IF YOU FEEL, YOU FEEL TO MUCH
THIS IS YOUR DENY.
THIS, ABOUT YOURSELF,
WILL MAKE YOU BE THE EMOTION
THAT CAN NEVER SHOW ITSELF
YOU WILL BE LESSENED
AND THE LESSONS
WOULD HAVE FALLEN WITHOUT SEED.
EACH LEGACY
OF SONG AND MEMORY
WILL PULL YOU DOWN
INTO THE GREY MIST
A FACE WITHOUT FORM
UNRECOGNIZABLE
TO THOSE YOU DRAW CLOSE.

THEY WILL PASS
LIKE THE GREEN SEA TIDES
THAT FALL AWAY FROM THE SHORE
LEAVING A HOLLOW TO FILL
AND ALL EXISTENCE OF THE LOST
WILL NOT LEAVE A HOLLOW TO FILL
ON THE NEXT PASSING.

Barry Conway

Comfortless

COMFORTLESS

FOR COMFORT SHE SAT ON HER FAVOURITE CUSHION
EMBROIDERED WITH CATS,
SAT ON HER HANDS,
WITH HER MOUTH TIGHTLY CLENCHED
TO KEEP THE BLOOD IN.
HE SLAMMED THE DOOR BEHIND HIM
AND BARKED AT HER
LIKE A SAVAGE DOG CHAINED TO A POST.
HE SLUMPED ON THE COUCH
HOLDING HIS BALDING HEAD IN HIS HANDS
SHE RECOGNIZED THE SIGNS YET AGAIN
AS HIS MOUTH TURNED CRUEL
WHILE RAISING HIS EYES TOWARDS HER,
THOSE DARK TROUBLED EYES WERE CAPABLE OF ANYTHING

'NO MORE EXCUSES, NO MORE LIES,
TONIGHT YOU WILL TELL ME THE TRUTH,
THE WHOLE TRUTH,
WHY ARE YOU ALWAYS MAKING ME DO THIS TO YOU?
BUT BE SURE THAT IF YOU LIE TO ME,
THAT THIS WILL BE THE LAST TIME EVER
AND YOU WILL PAY THE PRICE,
I WON'T STAND FOR IT,
DO YOU UNDERSTAND'

HER MOUTH SEEPED THROUGH ARID CRACKED LIPS
TRIED TO SPEAK,
BUT THERE WERE NO WORDS
NOTHING WOULD EASE THE SITUATION
NO LOOKS OR GESTURES WOULD CURE OR CALM
THE PARANOID INSECURITY OF AN INADEQUATE MAN.
THE FEAR OVERCAME HER,
CONTROLLED AND TRAPPED
SHE HAD NO MORE CHOICE
BUT TO SUBMIT TO A DYING, BROKEN, FRAGILE LIFE.

Committee

COMMITTEE

THE LADY,
KEPT ENGAGING HIM IN CONVERSATION,
HIS BEGRUDGING REPLIES,
IRRITATED AND INTERRUPTED HIM,
AS HE TRIED TO OVERHEAR,
THE CONVERSATION OF THE COMMITTEE'S
LONG SELF IMPORTANT INDULGENT STORIES.

HE ARROWED AND DARTED,
IN AND OUT OF MISSED WORDS,
AS HE POLITELY ACKNOWLEDGED THE LADY.
NO SMILES WERE PRESENT,
THAT IS TO SAY NO REAL ONES,
AMONGST THE OLD SCHOOL TIES,
JUST PASSED FADED PERCEIVED GLORIES,
BROUGHT TO BEAR UPON THEIR FALSE IMPORTANCE,
INTERRUPTED ONLY,
BY THE CHINK OF CHINAWARE,
AS OVERSTEWED HYPOCRITES AND TEA
WAS CONSUMED AND SPILT.
HOW HE WISHED,
HE COULD CLOSE HIS EYES,
AND JUST DRIFT AWAY,
TO THE LAPPING SEA BIRD SHORE,
TO FEEL THE ROUGH WIND UPON HIS CHEEKS.

THEN THE 65 YEAR OLD SAPLING ROSE,
AND MADE HIS WAY TOWARDS HIS PERCH.
IT ONLY CONFIRMED HIS FEARS,
THAT IN THE CONSIDERATION OF THE FACELESS,
NO DECISION WAS MADE.

Barry Conway

Constancy

CONSTANCY

I COULD NOT SEE
THE GOOD IN HER
NO MATTER HOW HARD
I INQUIRED
HER LIGHT WAS DIMMED
AND MY HAIR STOOD
IN HER SHADOW
SHE THREW NOT

A DANGER LOOK
CAME MY WAY
DISMISSED BY HER BREATH
AS SHE TURNED AWAY.
BUT I STILL FELT BEING WATCHED
WAS A JOURNEY TOO FAR
TO ACCOMMODATE
AND I QUICK AWAY.

I LEFT THE MOMENT
BUT IT NEVER LEFT ME.
I WAIT TO BE TAKEN,
AS EACH NIGHT SHE REVISITS ME
AS I LAY IN THE DARK
WHERE EVEN THE SHADOWS HIDE.

Barry Conway

Continuance

CONTINUANCE

THERE IS A LONGNESS IN HIS STEP
AN EASINESS IN HIS STRIDE
A SIMPLICITY IN HIS THOUGHT
HE IS MINDFUL OF HIS JOURNEY
AS HE PASSES YOU IN A TRANQUIL IDEAL

YOU SEE HIM COMING
AND WATCH HIS SELF ASSURANCE.
HIS ARMS SWAY IN BALANCE
YOU WATCH
THE AIR IN PARTNERSHIP AROUND HIM
OPENING AND CLOSING UP NEW PATHS
AS THE EXPRESSION OF OF HIS MOVEMENT
IS RELEASED.
IT IS A RHYTHMICAL FAMILIAR RELEASE
A ONENESS OF FORM
WITHIN A REHEARSAL OF YOUR LIFE.
THE CONTINUANCE OF A DANCE
EACH STEP A LYRICAL PART OF A SONG
AS HE BECKONS ALL TO JOIN HIM.

ONCE CONFRONTED
IT RELEASES YOU TO A NEW CALMNESS
THOUGHTS, OF HOW THE WORLD SHOULD BE.
IT IS MORE THAN AN AURA
FOR IT A GLIMPSE INTO YOUR FUTURE
IF YOU ARE WILLING.

IT IS EASY
TO LOSE ONES STEP IN THIS LIFE
TO STOP
AND WANDER LOST IN THE WOODS.
HIS PASSING
LEADS THE WAY THROUGH THE CLEARING
AND MINDS THE QUESTION
WHY ALL MEN
DO NOT STRIVE TO HIS GOODNESS,

FOR THEIR IS NO HARM IN HIS PASSING
AND YOUR JOURNEY
WILL BE THE BETTER FOR IT.

Barry Conway

Countdown

COUNTDOWN

I WATCH THE COUNTDOWN OF THE CLOCK
ITS NUMBERS
DRIPPING MY LIFE AWAY
AS THE ANGRY RADIO
CONVERGES INTO THE ROOM
EVEN THE SHIPS
SHELTERING IN THE BAY
TURN AWAY FROM ME
AND THE PERCHING CROWS
ON BARE WINTER BRANCHES
WATCH THE DEMISE OF THE DAY
ITS SAY, SAID

MY VIEW
OF THE SEA
IS UNSHARED
UNCARED
FOR IN ITS CONTEMPLATION
ONLY THE EARLY TULIPS
DARE TO CHALLENGE
AS THE CARS CREST THE HILL
BETWEEN THE ROOFTOPS
OF BUNGALOWS
RESEMBLING CARD PYRAMIDS
BUILT BY A CHILD
JEALOUSLY GUARDED OVER
BY THE AGGRESSIVE MAGPIE

HOW I WISH
I COULD FLOAT AWAY
ONTO THE HORIZON
THE MERGING OF
GREY AND BLUE
WHOSE HUE
LIKE MY SHARP KNIFE
WELCOMES ME
UPON ITS SERVICE

Barry Conway

Creation

CREATION

LET US SIT
CREATE TOGETHER BROTHERS AND SISTERS
HOLD EACH OTHER BY HAND
WHILE THE PEN DANCES
THERE IS NO CHOICE HERE
ONLY THE COMPEL
BY THOUGHT
BY KNOWLEDGE
BY THE INSPIRATION
THAT FALLS WITHIN OUR GRASP
A POET
IS A POET
BECAUSE HE IS A POET
WHETHER THEY BE DEEMED
GOOD OR BAD
IT MATTERS NOT
EVEN A SINGLE WORD
IS A POEM
UPON THE SOUL
LANGUAGE IS THE LIGHT

WERE YOU BORN POET
OR MADE BY LIFE AND DEATH
DID YOU SEEK IT OUT
OR DID IT COME FOR YOU
IS IT THE EXPRESSION OF YOUR DESIRES
FROM THE EARTH
BELOW THE SKY
OR CLOUDED IN MYSTERY
OR ONE THAT SERVES YOU
FROM THE HIGHEST TABLE

TAKE YOUR WORDS
AND FLOW THEM
UPON THE PAGE
WITHIN THE EAR
LET THEM FLOW INTO

THE WATER OF THE MIND
OF THOSE WHO ARE WILLING
FOR IT IS YOUR WILLING
THAT THOSE IN NEED
WILL SEEK OUT

Barry Conway

Crumbling

CRUMBLING

HE DID NOT HAVE THE SEQUENCE IN HIS HEAD
HIS INTENT
WAS TO LISTEN
TO THE CRUMBLING BRICK FIREPLACE
RED
STAINED WITH WHITE HISTORY
AS IT FOUGHT OVER HIS FUTURE.
LEFT BRICKS URGED MORE CAUTION
THE LESSENING OF THE MEANING
IN WORDS SPOKEN WITH SPITE.
RIGHT BRICKS IMPLORED INVENTION
STRIDING OUT ALONE
IN NEWNESS, IN NEW BEGINNINGS
AS THE FIERY FLAMES
TOLD A MILLION STORIES EVERY SECOND
WHILE FOR ONCE, ACTING AS MEDIATOR.

HE KNEW MARRIAGE WAS COMPROMISE
EACH PROMISE MADE IN LOVE AND FAITH
BUT THE YEARS
HAD BLURRED AND FADED GOOD INTENTIONS
UNTIL THE REMAINING JAGGED HEART
ANGERED,
CAN BLEED NO MORE
AS EACH STRING
FRAYED AND VULNERABLE
MUST EVENTUALLY BREAK
ANGRY
THAT THE JOURNEY WAS STILL THE JOURNEY.
DESTINY OR FATE
BAD LUCK, OR BAD JUDGEMENT
IT ALL LED TO WHERE HE WAS,
TO THIS CRUMBLING TIME
WHERE EVERY FORWARD STEP
UNSURE, UNKIND AND UNKNOWING
REMAINED UNCHOSEN.

Cry, My Lover, Cry.

CRY,
MY LOVER, CRY.

CRY,
MY LOVER, CRY.

YOU FEEL SO DEEPLY,
WEEP SO WILDLY,
TAKE ON THE PAIN,
THE WORLD DEMANDS,
TO CRADLE IT,
IN YOUR WARM LOVE.

CRY,
MY LOVER, CRY,
BUT DO NOT ASK,
THE QUESTION WHY?
JUST COMFORT THOSE,
WITHOUT COMFORT,
HEAL THOSE,
THAT NEED HEALING,
HELP THE HELPLESS.
YOU BE WHAT YOU WISH,
THE WORLD TO BE.

CRY,
MY LOVER, CRY,
AND IN YOUR CRYING,
I WILL COMFORT YOU,
I WILL KISS YOUR EYES,
AND STROKE YOUR HAIR,
I WILL ALWAYS BE THERE!
JUST AS YOU,
ARE ALWAYS THERE,
FOR THE WORLD,
WITHOUT END OR BEGINNING,
PASSING BETWEEN ONE WORLD,
AND THE NEXT,
FOR BEYOND LIES THE INNOCENCE.

Barry Conway

Dagenham

DAGENHAM

' DAD HOW LONG HAVE YOU LIVED IN DAGENHAM? '

'WHY SON? '

'WELL OUR TEACHER SAYS BIRDS MIGRATE TO MATE, HAVE WE MIGRATED? '

'NO SON'

'DAD WHY DOES EVERYONE CALL ME MATE, DO THEY WANT TO HAVE CHILDREN? '

' NO! MATE MEANS FRIEND, YOU KNOW THAT! '

'YEH I SUPPOSE SO.. TELL ME DAD MY TEACHER WAS ALSO SPEAKING ABOUT SEXUAL ORIENTALS.. I DID NOT UNDERSTAND IT! '

'SEXUAL ORIENTALS, WHAT DO YOU MEAN? '

'YOU KNOW PEOPLE I GUESS WHO HAVE SEX FROM CHINA AND ALL OVER THE WORLD. PEOPLE WHO THEY FALL IN LOVE WITH'

'FALL IN LOVE WITH? '

'YEH WHETHER A BOY GIRL, BOY LOVING A BOY OR GIRL LOVING A GIRL'

' OH YOU MEAN SEXUAL ORIENTATION! '

'YEH THAT'S IT! , I DID NOT UNDERSTAND IT REALLY, COULD YOU EXPLAIN IT PROPER.

' YOU MEAN BETTER, DON'T YOU THINK YOUR AUNT DOT WOULD EXPLAIN IT BETTER? '

NO I WOULD BE SHY TO ASK HER! , ANYWAY SHE ALWAYS SMELLS OF WEE. GO ON DAD EXPLAIN IT TO ME. WHY WOULD A MAN FALL IN LOVE WITH ANOTHER MAN AND BE GAY?

'WELL SON, SOMETIMES A MAN, WELL THEY CAN FALL IN LOVE WITH ANOTHER MAN BECAUSE THEY HAVE FEELINGS FOR THEM INSTEAD OF A WOMAN'

'YES BUT THEY CAN NOT HAVE KIDS BECAUSE A TEACHER SAID A MAN PUTS HIS PENIS INTO A WOMAN'S VAGINA TO MAKE A BABY. DO THESE MEN HAVE VAGINAS TOO? '
' NO SON, THEY ARE JUST NORMAL, WITH NORMAL MEN'S BITS'

'SO IF THEY DO NOT MAKE A BABY WHAT IS THE POINT OF IT? '

'THEY ARE COMPANIONS FOR EACH OTHER, AND IF THEY WANT A BABY THEY CAN ADOPT'

'YES BUT IT WILL NOT BE THEIR OWN. SO ARE LEBANONS NORMAL WOMEN TOO, SO DOES THAT MEAN THEY TOO CAN NOT HAVE A BABY'

'YOU MEAN LESBIANS. THEY CAN HAVE A BABY, BUT IT CAN ONLY BE WITH A MAN AND LESBIANS PREFER WOMEN, BUT THEY CAN ALSO ADOPT.'

YES BUT DO THE GAY MEN AND LESBIANS SLEEP TOGETHER JUST LIKE YOU AND MUM USED TO? '

' YES OF COURSE THEY DO AS THEY ARE COMPANIONS.'

'RIGHT AND DO THEY MAKE THOSE FUNNY NOISES LIKE YOU AND MUM USED TO AND BANG ON THE WALL. WHY DID YOU BANG ON THE WALL? '

'I GUESS SO SON, I THINK WE BANGED ON THE WALL BY MISTAKE WHEN WE WERE MOVING FURNITURE'

' YOU MUST HAVE BEEN MOVING FURNITURE FOR HOURS! '
SO DAD HAVE MEN MIGRATED FROM WOMEN TO MEN AND WOMEN MIGRATED FROM MEN TO WOMEN? '

'SOMETIMES BUT NOT ALWAYS'

SO DID MUM MIGRATE WHEN SHE LEFT YOU FOR THE MILKMAN? '

'I GUESS SO SON! , NOW WHY DON'T YOU GO AND FEED THE DUCKS! '

'LOOK DAD THAT DUCK IS SWIMMING UPSIDE DOWN! '

'DON'T BE SILLY DUCKS DON'T SWIM UPSIDE DOWN'

'WELL LOOK AT THAT DAD! '

'OH I SEE, DON'T WORRY SON THAT IS A DAGENHAM DUCK, IT IS ALWAYS DUCKING AND DIVING! '

Barry Conway

Dark

DARK

I WRITE DARK POETRY,
WRITE IN THE DARK,
IN A DARK ROOM,
IN A DARK TOWN,
UNDER DARK SKIES,
WITH DARK HUMOUR,
PEN DARK MEANINGS,
FROM THE DARK AGES,
WITH DARK MATTER,
SUMMON UP DARK FORCES,
DARK DESTROYERS,
FOR THE DARK WEB.
TO BRING THE DARKEST NIGHT,
TO YOUR DARKEST HOUR,

Barry Conway

Dark Deep

DARK DEEP

DARK, DEEP
WHERE CARRION LAY
UNDER COBBLED STREETS
THE RISING MIASMAS
OF PUTRID SMOG
GUARD ITS SECRETS.

SWINGS THE WINDED LANTERN
OF BOTTLED GLASS
IN WHOSE SHADOW
LURKS THE LIGHT OF BLACK.

CLOAKED
IN MYSTERY UPON MYSTERY
EACH DYING FOOTSTEP MUTED
SPIRITED AWAY,
DISAPPEARING,
TIME AND TIME AGAIN
INTO BURNT BARREN BRANCHES
WHOSE STRETCHING FINGERS
CATCH THOSE FORLORN
WHO DARE TO SEARCH
WHERE THE ANSWERS REMAIN.

ALL ARE SILENCED WITHIN THEIR TURMOIL
HERE,
EACH MOMENT IS THEIR END,
EACH CRY A WHISPER
OF THE UNHEARD
RELENTLESS
IN IT'S MESMERIC ECHO
SHROUDED IN UNSPOKEN QUESTIONS
UNANSWERED BY THE BLACK

Barry Conway

Dark World

DARK WORLD

I READ POETS
RELUCTANTLY
IT SHOWS
HOW LITTLE I KNOW
AND HOW LITTLE
I WANT TO KNOW
THINKING TOO DEEPLY
YOU CAN KNOW TOO MUCH

BETTER IGNORANT
THAN HOPELESS

THERE IS A TENDER BIRD
FRAGILE AND TREMBLING
PERCHED BETWEEN REALITIES
WAITING
STEADYING ITSELF
TO RECEIVE
PAIN OR PLEASURE
THAT COMES
FROM THE DARK WORLD
WE CALL OURSELVES.

Barry Conway

Dartmouth

DARTMOUTH

THE FERRIES,
DANCED AND DARTED,
IN ELABORATE TANGOS,
TUGGED AND WERE CARRIED,
BY PASSAGE,
DECKED BY FOOT AND VEHICLE,
ACROSS THE DART,
WHILE THE RIVER REVELED,
AT THE QUITE GENTLE DAY,
FOLDING IT'S LAYERS UPON ITSELF.

THE QUAINTLY PAINTED HOUSES,
CLIMBED THE HILLS,
ANNOUNCING THEIR PRESENCE,
THROUGH OPEN WINDOWS.
THE QUICK BARKING SEAGULLS,
SURVEYED ALL,
EYEING NERVOUS TOURISTS ICE CREAMS.
BOTH OLD AND YOUNG,
WAIVED IN LIMBER UNISON,
AS THEY PASSED ON THE WATER,
DOGS URGING TO BE INCLUDED.
FRINGED HILLS STOOD GUARD,
EITHER SIDE OF THE RIVERS MOUTH,
READY, STRONG,
FRAMING THE RIVERS WALLS,
HOLDING BACK THE COBBLED STREETS
WHERE SHOPS SOLD.
THEY FORTIFIED THE MAST FORREST,
OF THE BOBBING MARINA,
PERCEPTIVELY STILL,
IN THEIR MOVEMENT,
ALOOF AND ASSURED.
I WATCHED THE UNFOLDING STORY,
FROM MY BENCH IN MEMORY,
OF MARY AND DAVID,
AWAITING THE NEXT DANCE,

OF THE FERRIES.

Barry Conway

Dear John.....Dear Jane Huh

DEAR JOHN

DEAR JOHN WE NEED TO TALK
FOR I FEAR THAT I MUST WALK
DOWN THE LANE, PAST THE CHURCH
THROUGH THE GATEWAY, UNDER THE BIRCH

OUR MARRIAGE NOW IS IN A DIRE STRAIGHT
NO MORE DO WE COMMUNICATE
WE MUST SIT DOWN AND SORT THIS OUT
AND BE CALM, NOT SCREAM AND SHOUT

WE NEVER CUDDLE, WE NEVER KISS
A LOVING MARRIAGE IS NOT LIKE THIS
WE DO NOT MAKE LOVE FROM YEAR TO YEAR
AND I NEED A LOVER WHO WILL TAKE ME THERE

MY LOVE FOR YOU NOW WILL NOT REAPPEAR
AND I AM SO SAD WHEN YOU COME NEAR
LOVE IS A TOWN WE DO NOT VISIT
AND I CANNOT LIVE A LIFE WITHOUT IT

IT'S NO GOOD BOTH OF US JUST COMPLAINING
TO LIVE A LIFE LIKE THIS IS JUST SO DRAINING
LET US AGREE FOR US LOVE HAS FLOWN
AND YOU ARE LIKE ME SO VERY ALONE

SO JUST SIT DOWN AND WE'LL TAKE A WHILE
SO THAT ONCE AGAIN WE CAN BOTH SMILE
FOR THERE IS AN OCEAN IN MY MIND
WHERE WE BOTH FLOAT AWAY TO SOMEONE KIND.

FOR WHEN I LOOK INTO YOUR EYES
YOUR FEELINGS FOR ME ARE FULL OF LIES
WE SPEND TOO LONG IN TOTAL SILENCE
AND I SEE IN YOUR FACE A MUTED VIOLENCE

YOU USED TO TAKE ME AND STROKE MY HAIR
BUT NOW I KNOW YOU DO NOT CARE

SO LET US FACE A TRUE REALITY
ANY FUTURE WE MAY HAVE LIES SEPARATELY

YOU DESERVE TO FIND SOMEONE NEW
SOMEONE WHO WILL CHERISH YOU
YOU NEED SOMEONE NEW TO GUIDE YOUR HAND
NOT OUR HOURGLASS DRAINED OF SAND.

YOU CAN NO MORE TAKE ME FOR GRANTED
THAT IS NOT A LOVE I EVER WANTED
I NEED SOMEONE WHO IS TENDER TO HOLD
WHO WILL SHIELD ME FROM A LIFE OF COLD

SOMEONE WHO MAKES MY WORLD FEEL SAFE
WHO MAKES LOVE SOFTLY WITHOUT HASTE
A MAN WHO WILL TELL ME I'M HIS TRUE LOVE
TO COCOON ME INSIDE HIS VELVET GLOVE

WHO CHERISHES AND PROTECTS ALL THE TIME
THESE ARE THE THINGS THAT MUST BE MINE
NOT TO CRITICIZE EVERYTHING I DO
AND I'M SO SORRY NOW THAT IT'S NOT YOU.

SO LET US PART, IT IS THE RIGHT THING TO DO
AND FROM TIME TO TIME I WILL THINK OF YOU
IN MY HEART YOU WILL ALWAYS BE MY FRIEND
AND BE WITH ME TILL MY VERY END

DEAR JOHN WE NEED TO TALK
FOR I FEAR I MUST WALK
DOWN THE LANE PAST THE CHURCH
THROUGH THE GATEWAY UNDER THE BIRCH.

DEAR JANE…HUH

JANE… WE MUST TALK
I, VE GOT NO CHOICE I MUST WALK

DOWN THE LANE PAST THE CHURCH
BECAUSE YOU HAVE LEFT ME IN THE LURCH.

OUR MARRIAGE NOW IS FILLED WITH HATE
FOR ME NOW IT IS JUST TOO LATE
JUST SIT DOWN I'M GOING TO SORT THIS OUT
AND STAY CALM AND DON'T SCREAM OR SHOUT.

WE HARDLY TALK AND WHEN WE DO
YOU START SHOUTING AND CURSING TOO
FOR NOW I KNOW WE MUST DIVORCE
FOR ME NOW THIS IS THE ONLY COURSE

WHEN I COME HOME MY FACE WEARS A FROWN
SEEING YOU THERE IN YOUR OLD DRESSING GOWN
WOULD IT HURT YOU TO CLEAN UP THE PLACE
OR GET DRESSED AND PUT SOME MAKE UP ON YOUR FACE

YOU COULD NOT EVEN PROVIDE ME WITH A SON
I WISH MY LIFE WITH YOU HAD NOT BEGUN
IT IS TIME TO PUT THIS AT AN END
YOU ARE NOT A FIT WIFE AND NOT EVEN A FRIEND.

ALL YOU DO ALL THE TIME IS WINGE AND MOAN
OR COMPLAIN TO YOUR MUM FOR HOURS ON THE PHONE
AND SEX WITH YOU NOW DOES NOT EXIST
I MIGHT AS WELL JUST BE A SIMPERING CYST

YOU'VE SUCKED OUT ALL THE JOY IN ME
I'M GOING TO TAKE THIS CHANCE TO BREAK FREE
NOTHING YOU SAY WILL DO ANY GOOD
I'M LEAVING THIS TIME FOR EVER FOR GOOD

FOR IT IS TIME TO BREAK THE OATH
IN THE END IT IS BETTER FOR BOTH
THIS GIVES YOU A CHANCE TO FIND SOMEONE NEW
SOMEONE WHO DOESN'T MINE PUTTING UP WITH YOU.

I WORK ALL THE HOURS I AM ABLE TO
AND THEN I HAVE TO COME HOME AND LOOK AT YOU

YOU HAVE NEVER TRUSTED ME FROM THE START
SO I GIVING YOU AN EXCUSE FOR US TO PART

I WOULD HAVE RATHER BEEN ALONE THAN BE WITH YOU
BUT NOW AS IT HAPPENS I'VE MET SOMEONE NEW
AND NOT ONLY THAT SHE DOES AS SHE'S TOLD
SHE'S YOUNG AND SHE'S SEXY, NOT GREY AND NOT OLD

SHES CLEAN AND SHE'S TIDY AND DRESSES TO KILL
AND EACH TIME I SEE HER I'M FILLED WITH A THRILL
AND WHENEVER I'M READY I KNOW SHE'LL COMPLY
AND I CAN SAY WHAT I WANT AND IT WON'T MAKE HER CRY

SHE LAUGHS AT MY JOKES AND THINKS I AM FUNNY
AND DOES NOT JUST LIKE ME JUST FOR MY MONEY
AND SHE HASN'T RUINED HER FIGURE BY CONSTANTLY EATING.
OR MOANING OR GROANING OR CONSTANTLY BLEATING.

IT'S REALLY QUITE SIMPLE I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOU
THIS IS THE LAST STRAW, IT'S OVER, IT'S THROUGH
ILL PACK MY BAGS AND LEAVE STRAIGHT AWAY
I CAN'T STAY IN THIS HOUSE FOR ANOTHER DAY.

SO DON'T SAY A WORD IT'S NO USE IN TRYING
AND DON'T GIVE ME ALL THAT SOBBING AND CRYING
I DESERVE A NEW START, AND A NEW LIFE
AND WHATS MORE IMPORTANT I DESERVE A NEW WIFE.

Barry Conway

Dear W.C.

DEAR W.C.
WING COMMANDER
OR TO GIVE YOU YOUR OTHER NAME,
THE NAME I ALLUDE TO YOU,
MR MAGOO WITHOUT THE GLASSES.
SO DEAR W.C., GEEZER, FLYING GEEZER
(RET) , WHICH MEANS RETIRED,
AND NOT RETARDED,
AS YOU HAVE GOT ALL YOUR MARBLES,
I KNOW, AS I HAVE TRIPPED OVER A FEW OF THEM
WHILE I WAS TRYING TO TRIP YOU UP.
MIND YOU THOUGH YOU SEEM TO BE
LOOSING BITS AS YOU WALK ALONG
NOT GOING ON ANOTHER BOMBING RUN ARE YOU?
I KNOW YOU FLEW THE BERLIN AIRLIFT
AND ONLY BOMBED THE GERMANS
WITH FOOD AND THE LIKE,
SHAME THAT,
I GUESS YOU VER ONLY FOLLOWING ZE ORDERS.
FOR YOU ZE VAR VOS OVER BEFORE IT BEGUN.

SO DEAR W.C. MAGOO
AS YOU ARE NOW APPROACHING
YOUR 90th LANDING IN 2014
I THOUGHT I WOULD ASK YOU
TO LOOK OUT OF THE STARBOARD WINDOW,
WHERE YOU WILL SEE THE LANDING STRIP FOR 95.
NOW PLEASE GLANCE OUT OF YOUR PORT WINDOW,
NO, THAT IS A WINDOW AND NOT A BOTTLE,
PUT THE PORT DOWN THERE'S A GOOD MAGOO,
YOU WILL SEE THE LANDING STRIP FOR 100.
I KNOW THAT YOU HAVE HAD A BIT OF TROUBLE
WITH YOUR UNDERCARRIAGE,
BUT I HOPE THAT IS ON THE MEND,
AND THAT NOTHING IS LEAKING,
AS I NEED YOU TO BE IN TIP TOP SHAPE
FOR A LONG TIME TO COME.
SO I CAN STILL TAKE THE MICKEY OUT OF YOU.
YOU ARE THE ONLY REASON I KEEP GOING.

IT GOES WITHOUT SAYING,
THAT I WISH YOU TO CONTINUE FLYING
STRAIGHT AND TRUE,
LEVEL WITH THE HORIZON,
KEEPING IN INCREASINGLY GOOD HEALTH AND HAPPINESS
SO THAT YOU CAN SOAR ON HIGH WITHOUT A PLANE,
NO PUT THAT PORT BOTTLE DOWN.

AT OUR LAST MEETING
YOU TOLD ME THAT YOU HAD BEEN NOMINATED
FOR CARER OF THE YEAR.
WAS THAT TO DO WITH YOUR WONDERFUL WIFE
OR THE INTRICATE TRAIN SET LAYOUT YOU PLAY WITH.
I FEIGNED INTEREST,
AS I DO WITH MOST OF OUR CONVERSATIONS,
AS I HAVE TOO, BEING ONE OF YOUR NEIGHBOURS.
BUT I STILL WISH YOU WELL
AS I AM NOT A COMPLETE BASTARD.

NOW YOU ARE PROBABLY WONDERING
WHO THIS BIRTHDAY CARD IS FROM
IT IS FROM BARRY,84
I AM KNOWN AS 84,
AS THIS IS SCORE THE LADIES GIVE ME
AFTER THE THROWS OF PASSION
HAVE SUBSIDED.
I USED TO BE KNOWN AS 100,
BUT THE KNEES ARE STARTING TO GO.

SO, HAVE A LOVELY DAY, A LOVELY BIRTHDAY,
PLAYING WITH YOUR TOY PLANES AND TRAINS
NO PUT DOWN THE PORT,
FROM GUNNER BARRY AND THE WING.

P.S. I WILL BE AROUND FOR A BIT OF CAKE LATER,
BUT DO NOT PUT 90 CANDLES ON THE CAKE,
OR YOU WILL BURN THE PLACE DOWN.
ANYWAY YOU DO NOT HAVE THE PUFF
TO BLOW THEM ALL OUT.

Deare Bbc

DEAR BBC

DEAR BBC
PLEASE WOULD YOU BE SO KIND AS TO PLAY
EVIL WOMAN BY CLIFF RICHARD?
IT IS FOR MY MOTHER -IN-LAW.
TO BE HONEST I CAN NOT STAND HER,
SHE IS JUST A HORRIBLE WOMAN,
MANIPULATIVE, SPITEFUL, SCHEMING,
NOT ENDOWED WITH A NICE BONE IN HER BODY.

SHE HAS NEVER LIKED ME, OR MY WIFE,
SHE IS CONSTANTLY TRYING,
TO TURN OUR CHILDREN AGAINST US,
TELL ME I AM USELESS,
TELL MY WIFE SHE MARRIED THE WRONG MAN,
CRITICIZING MY JOB, AND HOW MUCH I DON'T EARN,
TELLS US NON STOP THAT I AM A FAILURE,
AND THAT EVEN MY WIFE COULD HAVE DONE A LOT BETTER,
SHE CRITICIZES THE CLEANLINESS OF OUR HOUSE,
THAT IT IS TOO SMALL,
THAT MY WIFE'S COOKING IS A DISGRACE,
AND THAT MY DIANE DRESSES AWFULLY.
EVEN HER EX HUSBANDS DO NOT SPEAK TO HER ANY MORE.
SHE HAS ALIENATED EVERYONE WHO GETS TO KNOW HER

ALL IN ALL. SHE IS A BITTER, TWISTED. EVIL WOMAN,
BUT SHE IS AT PRESENT IN ST MARY'S HOSPITAL PADDINGTON UNDERGOING A HEART OPERATION, AND OF COURSE WE WISH HER NO HARM. WE WISH HER WELL AND A SPEEDY RECOVERY,
WHERE THERE IS LIFE THERE IS ALWAYS HOPE?

YOURS SINCERELY,
JOHN CRABB.

Barry Conway

Death

DEATH

I WISH I WAS DEAD!
SOMETIMES THAT IS,
TAKE THE DOWNHILL EXPRESS
TO SEE WHERE I END UP,
IF ANYWHERE.

BUT PLEASE DO NOT UNDERSTAND ME,
OR TRY,
FOR I DO NOT UNDERSTAND THIS EITHER.
I LOVE BEING ALIVE,
AS LONG AS I AM FIT, AND HEALTHY,
WARM AND DRY,
HAVE A HOME,
LOVED,
AND HAVE ENOUGH MONEY NOT TO STRUGGLE.
IT IS JUST THAT DEATH
HANGS OVER US ALL,
LIKE AN ANVIL SUSPENDED BY A FINE HAIR,
THAT CAN SNAP AT ANY MOMENT.
IT IS THE ANTICIPATION,
THE NOT KNOWING, WHEN, HOW, WHY.
DO WE EVEN WANT TO KNOW,
WHEN, HOW WHY?
TO ME,
THIS IS THE DEATH WE LIVE WITH,
EVERY DAY.
WE ALL MUST COPE WITH IT,
FOR I AM ALREADY DEAD,
JUST LIKE EVERYONE ELSE.

Barry Conway

Death Too

DEATH TOO

DEATH,
IT STALKES US,
WE ARE IT'S PREY,
AND IT'S PREY IS ALWAYS CAUGHT.

IT SITS ON OUR SHOULDER,
YOURS AND MINE,
LAUGHING,
SITS ON THE UPPER HAND,
NO ESCAPE, NO REPRIEVE.

YES WE ALL KNOW THIS,
WE ALL TREAT IT DIFFERENTLY,
SEE IT IN OTHERS BEFORE OURSELVES.

WE ARE TOLD TO ENJOY OUR LIVES,
LIVE EVERY DAY AS IF IT WAS OUR LAST,
EVEN TOLD THAT DEATH IS NOT THE END,
THAT IT CAN EVEN BE THE BEGINNING!
WHATEVER THE CASE,
IT IS SOMETHING WE MUST TREVAIL,
AND MY HEART GOES OUT TO ALL OF US.

Barry Conway

Death Too!

DEATH TOO!

DEATH,
HUH,
I LAUGH AT YOU,
I SPIT IN YOUR FACE,
YOU HORRIBLE CRETIN.
HUH,
I HAVE CONQUERED YOU,
FINALLY,
I HAVE CONQUERED YOU,
ALL I NEED TO DO,
IS PRESS MY BELLY BUTTON,
AND THE YEARS REVERSE,
SEE..
PRESS....
NOW I AM 50 AGAIN,
PRESS..
NOW I AM 22 AGAIN.
YOU HAVE NO DOMAIN OVER ME,
AND THE ANSWER,
WAS WITH ME ALL THE TIME.
PRESS....
I WILL NOW LIVE FOREVER.....HAHAHAHAHAHA

'' MR SCOTT, MR SCOTT,
TIME FOR YOUR MEDICATION''

Barry Conway

Deathsville

DEATHSVILLE

WITH A MAN ON A HILL
AND A WOMAN OF ILL
AND A TOWN WHERE NO ONE DARES VENTURE

WITH THE THRUST OF THE SWORD
AND THE CRY OF THE LORD
YOU START ON YOUR KILLING ADVENTURES

HAILSTORMS AND SNOWSTORMS
AND LOCUSTS ALL SWARM
TO THE SOUND OF THE FIERY NIGHT

WHERE DEATHS IN THE AIR
DEATHS IN YOUR STARE
AND DEATH ON THE NIGHT IS SO RIGHT

ON A SILVERY NIGHT
WHERE THE STARS SHINE SO BRIGHT
AND KILLER BATS COME DOWN FROM THE TREES

WHERE THE LOVERS RUN WILD
AND THE KILLERS ARE MILD
AND THE KING IS ALL COVERED IN FLEAS

COME LISTEN YOUNG FELLOW
AND THEN OFTEN BELLOW
ABOUT THE SIX MICE YOU JUST KILLED

WHAT A TERRIBLE SIGHT
I DIDN'T FEEL RIGHT
BUT MY HOW YOU WERE THRILLED

BABIES IN PRAMS
KNIVES IN THEIR HANDS
STABBING THEIR PLASTIC BABIES

THEN THEY SUCK OUT THEIR EYES

WHAT A WONDERFUL PRIZE
WILL THEY GROW TO BE KILLERS? WELL MAYBE

WITH THUNDER AND LIGHTENING
AND CHILDREN ALL FIGHTING
THE MOTHERS STEAL ALL THAT THEY CAN
WITH HOUSES SO OLD
AND THE STREETS MUCH TOO COLD
AND A WOMAN THAT ONCE WAS A MAN

A BOMB IN A CRATER
YOU ALWAYS DID HATE HER
A DEVILISH CUNNING PLAN

IF I SAY IT MYSELF
YOU HAVE A GREAT WEALTH
FOR YOU KILL WHENEVER YOU CAN

FOR YOU ARE THE BEST
THERE ARE BRAINS ON YOUR VEST
AND DEATHS ALWAYS WORN ABOVE AS YOUR CREST

THERE ARE KILLERS WITH HOODS
KILLERS IN WOODS
AND I'D BE A KILLER IF ONLY I COULD

WHERE MEN KILL ALL THE TIME
AND THE CLOCKS NEVER CHIME
AND THEN ALL OF THE MOTHERS ARE SOLD

FOR A FEW BITS OF BREAD
OR A SHRIVELED UP HEAD
OR A FISTFUL OF RED BLOODY GOLD

IF YOU'RE CAUGHT OUT AT NIGHT
AND COME OUT UNDER THE LIGHT
THAT SHINES FROM THE DEEP BLACK DARK MOON

FOR YOU LIFE WON'T BE LONG
AS THEY SING YOUR DEATHS SONG
AS YOU DIE TO THE SOUND OF A TUNE

THEN THE ANTS EAT YOUR BRAINS
AND THE SUN CRACKS YOUR VEINS
AND YOU'RE SICK ALL OVER A BROOK

AND YOUR ARMS THEN FALL OFF
WHEN YOUR EYES START TO COUGH
AND A KILLER GIVES YOU A DEATH LOOK

AND WITH A GREAT FLOOD
DRINKS ALL OF YOUR BLOOD
AND RISES TO LOOK DOWN AND GLOAT

WHEN YOUR LEGS COME APART
TO THE KNIFE IN YOUR HEART
WHERE A KILLER WAITS PATIENTLY BLIND

FOR YOUR LIFE WILL END HERE
TO ENORMOUS GREAT CHEER
AS THEY SEARCH FOR THE NEXT VICTIM BLIND

Barry Conway

Debiting

DEBITING

SHE CRAWLED TOWARDS HIM
THE DRUNKEN NIGHT
REVELING IN THE ABSURDITIES OF YOUTH
WHERE THE CONCEPT OF HAVING A GOOD TIME
MEANS NOT HAVING ONE.
HER EYES,
WERE FULL OF STORIES OF HER SHORT LIFE
GIVEN DIRECTION BY THE MARKS ON HER ARMS.
IT TOLD OF SELF HARM
WITHIN A WORLD OF THOSE
WHO SUFFER THEIR OWN STORIES
UPON THEMSELVES.

HE WATCHED HER SLOW MOVEMENT
MOVING TOWARDS A DESTINATION
THAT SHE DID NOT WANT TO ARRIVE AT,
EACH FINGER TRYING TO HOLD ONTO
THE WORN AND FRAYED SPINNING CARPET,
LITTERED WITH THE NIGHTS ENDEAVOUR
FALLEN FROM THE GLASS TABLE
WHERE DISCOLOURED BENT SPOONS
AND SILVER PAPER ORCHESTRATED HER LIFE.

EVEN HE FELT UNCOMFORTABLE WATCHING HER
KNOWING THAT HIS OWN STORY
WOULD ADD ANOTHER DISTASTEFUL CHAPTER.
BUT LIFE'S IMPRINT
HAD MOULDED A MAN PAST CARING.
HE KNEW HE WAS A MANIPULATOR, A USER
WHO IN TURN WAS USED,
SOMEONE WHO CONTRIVES TO HIS PLEASURES
TO USE WHATEVER MEANS
TO FULFILL HIS HEDONISTIC DESIRES,
A PLEASURABLE DISPLEASURE.
HIS LIFE WAS LEAD, LIVED
IN THIS PURSUIT
IN THE DISCOMFORT OF HIMSELF AND OTHERS

EACH DAY
THE PRICE, THE PAYMENT,
IN THE COLUMN OF THE GREAT BOOK
DEBITING WITH EACH MOVEMENT, TOWARDS A LOST REDEMPTION.

Barry Conway

Dee

DEE

SUCH FORMALITY,
FROM ONE SO INFORMAL
AT A WEDDING OF DESIRES.
SO INFORMED OF FRIENDS,
THAT MENDS,
THE LONELINESS OF DESIRE.
THE PERSONAL OF THE PERSONAL
IN SEARCH,
THAT BROUGHT DEE,
TO ME.

UNDER THE FLAG,
THAT TENDER, TENDERS AGE
IN THE SERVICE,
OF THOSE WHO SERVED,
AND DESERVED,
THEIR PLACE OF CARE.
UNDER THE ANGEL WINGS
I SEE.

TO SOFT?
THE HONEST, WITTY STANDS,
WHO ACCEPTS THOSE WHO ASK
OF HER HELPING HAND,
AS I OFFER MINE,
TO BE WARMED BY HERS.
SO THAT EACH,
MAY BE KEPT SAFE,
FROM THE HARSHNESS
OF PAST PLAYS,
THAT DELAYS
THE SEARCH FOR TRUE TOGETHERNESS.

FOR NO ANIMAL,
MAN OR BEAST,
WILL EVER BE UNDONE WITH HER.
AND THE GINNIE IN THE GIRL

WILL ALWAYS WALK,
IN THE MEMORY OF DEE
AND HOPEFULLY
SO SHE, WILL REMEMBER ME

Barry Conway

Deliverance

DELIVERANCE

NOW MY MEMORIES RHYTHMICAL PERSISTENCE
IN THE HOUR OF ITS INSISTENCE
THERE LIES MY TRUTHFUL COEXISTENCE
MY HEART UNFOLDS IN SHAMEFUL RELEVANCE
AND ALL I SEEK IS JUST DELIVERANCE
FOR A MAN OF INSIGNIFICANCE
FROM THE POWER THAT RULES EXISTENCE

Barry Conway

Demeanour

DEMEANOUR

THERE IS A QUIETNESS IN HER DEMEANOUR
A CALMNESS IN HER TALK
AND A MINDFULNESS
IN THE WAY SHE LOOKS AT YOU,
THAT LEAVES YOU WITH A SENSE
THAT YOU HAVE LOST SOMETHING,
SOMETHING MISPLACED IN YOUR PAST
THAT HAS REEMERGED IN HER.
YOU FEEL
AS THAT YOU MUST NOT PASS HER BY,
LET HER WALK INTO YOUR PAST
WITHOUT FOLLOWING

THERE IS A CAPTURE HERE
AN IMPULSE, AN URGE TO BELONG,
AND HAVE HER BELONG WITH YOU.
SHE BRINGS A TASTE WITHIN YOUR MOUTH
ENJOYABLE RECOGNITION
OF MELTED PLEASURE UPON THE PALLET
THAT YOUR MIND, ONCE TASTED,
CRAVES THE ONGOING SENSATION
NEVER KNOWING WHEN OR HOW TO STOP,
OR BEING ABLE TO SHOW RESTRAINT.

IT IS BOTH REASSURING AND WORRYING
IN THE SAME INSTANT THOUGHT,
BEING TORN BETWEEN
CERTAINTY AND DOUBT,
THE CERTAINTY OF HER SMILE
AND THE DOUBT
THAT YOU ARE WORTHY
OF ONE SUCH AS SHE,
FOR THERE IS A LOUDNESS,
A TROUBLED SPEECH IN YOUR MIND
SCRATCHING AT YOU
THAT YOU ARE GOING TO MAKE A MISTAKE,
ANOTHER MISTAKE,

LOSING SOMEONE, REEMERGING.
AND SO YOU MUST LET HER PASS BY
LET HER INTO YOUR PAST, WITHOUT FOLLOWING..

Barry Conway

Denise

DENISE

DENISE
THE NEEDS
OF THE MANY
ARE CRADLED IN YOUR CARE
TO SHARE
THE LOVE
WHERE IT'S BIDDING RESIDES.
THERE
IN A LIFE DIVIDED
SERVED BY MANY A WOUND
SCARING
EACH LADDER RUNG
STILL ABLE TO WITHSTAND
AND CLIMB
THE HILLOCK BARE.
TO STARE
AND WONDER
AT THE WANDERER
TO PERSIST
AND DO IT'S BIDDING
TO RESOLVE ALL BURDENS
EACH SINEW OF ROAD
SLOWED
BY THE YEARNINGS OF ACCEPTANCE
IN THE RELUCTANT
OF THE UNTROUBLED BLIND.

CAUGHT BETWEEN ALL
THERE WAS NO FALL
NO ENDINGS OF WORLDS
JUST NEW UNIVERSES TO EXPLORE
AS EACH OF THOSE UNIVERSES
LIKES WHAT THEY SEE IN YOU.
TO IMPLORE THE FUTURE
TO NURTURE
TO SHARE
THE CARING HEART

WITH THOSE
THAT CARRY THEIR WOUNDED HEARTS
FORWARD.

Barry Conway……..Devon 2009

Barry Conway

Denise Limericks

DENISE LIMERICKS

THERE WAS A YOUNG LADY DENISE
WHOSE HAIR WAS CAUGHT ON THE BREEZE
SHE FLEW UP TO THE MOON
BUT CAME DOWN TOO SOON
WITHOUT HAVING SAMPLED THE CHEESE

THERE WAS A YOUNG LADY DENISE
WHOSE WHOLE DAY WAS SPENT IN A SNEEZE
FROM THE TIME SHE GOT UP
TO HER LAST COCOA CUP
SHE WOULD BLOW, DRIP, SNORT AND JUST WHEEZE

THERE WAS A YOUNG LADY DENISE
WHOSE JEANS ALWAYS HAD A CRISP CREASE
SHE'D IRON ALL DAY
TO GET THEM HER WAY
DOWN THE MIDDLE OF EACH LOVELY KNEE

THERE WAS A YOUNG LADY DENISE
WHO USED TO EAT FOOD STEEPED IN GREASE
ON A DIET SHE SPED
AND THE POUNDS SHE DID SHED
AND NOW SHE WEIGHS LESS THAN A PEA

THERE WAS A YOUNG LADY DENISE
WHOSE LOVE WAS ON HOLD TO RELEASE
THEN THE MAN OF HER WISH
CAME ON PLENTY OF FISH
FROM TORQUAY, WHO'S A BIT OF A TEASE

THERE WAS A YOUNG LADY DENISE
WHO TOOK THE WORLD JUST AS SHE PLEASED
WITH A CALM AIR OF GRACE
AND A SMILE ON HER FACE
SHE'S THE GIRL THAT I WANT, YES INDEED

THERE WAS A YOUNG LADY DENISE

WHOSE CLOTHES I WANTED TO FLEECE
IN HER NURSES OUTFIT
WITH A VERY LONG SLIT
THAT REVEALED ALL HER BEAUTY WITH EASE

Barry Conway

Depression

DEPRESSION

DEPRESSED?
YES I AM BLOODY DEPRESSED!
BUT IT IS OK!
DEPRESSION
IS SOMEWHAT NECESSARY
FOR IT DOES NOT GIVE YOU FALSE HOPE
DOES NOT RISE YOU UP ABOVE THE GUTTER
WHERE YOU BELONG
IT LEAVES YOU
TO WALLOW DEEPER INTO THE WHOLE
WHO'S BLACKNESS
GIVES A WELCOMING REASSURANCE
THAT NO EFFORT IS REQUIRED
OR MOTIVATION
TO CLIMB OUT FROM THE ABYSS.
YOU CAN NOW RELINQUISH ALL HOPE
ALL THOUGHT OF ADJUSTMENT
THROUGH IMPROVEMENT

ACCEPTANCE
IS THE RELEASE WE ALL SEEK
NOT NEEDING TO STRIVE
TO ACCOMPLISH
TO RECEIVE THE RECOGNITION
TO BE SUCCESSFUL
HAPPY
CONTENTED
ALL THESE PRESSURES
WHOSE TUNE WE MARCH TO
ARE NOT MINE
AND I CAN FEEL JUSTLY SORRY FOR MYSELF
AND NOT BE DEPRESSED
AT MY DEPRESSION
WITHOUT CREATING
AN EXTENSION
OF MY EXISTENCE
I DO NOT DESIRE.

Barry Conway

Deserve

DESERVE

IF ONLY I WOULD HAVE KNOWN
IF ONLY I KNEW THEN WHAT I KNOW NOW
IT WAS ALWAYS GOING TO BE THUS
IT COULD NOT OCCUR
IN ANY OTHER WAY
WHATEVER DIRECTION
I MAY HAVE CHOSEN
WHICHEVER WAY
I WOULD HAVE TURNED
IT WOULD ALWAYS HAVE LED ME
TO THIS POINT
IT IS IN THE PLAN
THE GRAND DESTINY OF EVERYTHING
THAT IS LAID DOWN
NO MATTER HOW I MIGHT STRUGGLE
AGAINST IT
STRUGGLE TO THROW OFF
A FINALITY OF OPPRESSION
I WOULD NEVER BE SUCCESSFUL
AND ALL THE ANGUISHES, PAIN AND WORRY
OF THE JOURNEY
WERE JUST IN VAIN
ALL MY HOPES AND DESIRES
COUNTED FOR NOTHING
FOR IT IS WRITTEN
EVERYWHERE
IN THE BOOK OF THE UNIVERSE
THAT THE LONGING AND SUFFERING
I FEEL
CAN NOT BE OTHER
THAN THAT OF WHICH I DESERVE

Barry Conway

Design

DESIGN

THERE WAS A MOMENT WITHIN A MOMENT
SEVERAL YEARS AGO
WHEN FOR THE ONLY TIME
EVERYTHING MADE SENSE

A VIBRATION WITHIN A RAINDROP
A CLEAR CRYSTAL PRISM
FELL INTO MY PALM
OPENING UP THE SECRET KNOWLEDGE
RIGHTLY DENIED TO ALL
I FELL INTO THE UNDERSTANDING
OF PAST AND PRESENT SOULS
RESOUNDING THROUGH THE MISTS OF TIME
AND WITHIN THAT SINGULARITY
ALL WAS FOREVER MADE REAL TO ME

I WAS NOT IN THE KEEP OF ANY PLACE
OR OF ANY TIME
THAT MANS INTELLIGENT REASONING COULD ENDURE
IT WAS NOT EARTHLY OR HEAVENLY
BUT KNOWN OF A PURE PARALLAX
DESIGNED OF CHAOS
BY AN UNDERSTANDING BEYOND
REVEALED
OUT OF MY TIME
A MOMENT OF RAPTURE
INSTANTLY REDESIGNED
INTO THE MISTS
ABANDONING ME
HERE.

Barry Conway

Devon's Shangri La

DEVON'S SHANGRI LA

SHE SPOKE OF INJUSTICE,
BENEATH THE QUARRY PEAKS,
RINGED AND FENCED,
PROTECTING THE HISTORY,
OF THE ROCKY ENCLAVE.

HURRYING DOGS, HURRYING DAYS,
SKILLED THROUGHOUT,
WEAVING A PATH FOR OTHERS TO FOLLOW,
WITHIN THE HOLLOW,
OF THE QUARRY.
LAKESIDE TREES,
DANCED IN THE HARSH BREEZE,
DIVIDING IT'S ECHO,
GIVING A TORRID SWAY,
TO THE PERCHING BIRDS,
WHOSE SONGS REMAINED UNDIMINISHED.

CHILDREN ESCAPED INTO THE ROCKS,
PLAYING OUT IMAGINARY ADVENTURES,
URGING THEIR PARENTS TO WATCH THE STAGE.
QUITE AND NOISE,
MINGLED INTO A HUSHED ACCEPTANCE,
OF THE DAY,
WHERE HAY TOR,
MAJESTICALLY WAITED,
TO BE SOOTHED,
BY OUR FOOTSTEPS.

CONVERSATIONS OF LOST LIVES,
DISTURBED THE MOMENT,
AS TRAVELERS,
AND TALES OF PAST SORROWS,
WERE TAKEN BY THE WIND,
TO BE RETOLD AMONGST OTHER LIVES.

THE SUN,

SHAWLED IN GROWING CLOUDS,
SMILED UPON US,
AS WE RELEASED,
ALL PAST PERCEIVED SLEIGHTS,
LET THEM GO TO THE NIGHT,
SO THAT WE MAY ENJOY THE DAY,
AMONGST THE FINEST,
THAT NATURES BOUNTY,
UNFOLDED BEFORE US.

EACH STONE AND ROCK,
PIECES OF A PICTURE PUZZLE,
REARRANGED BY MAN,
TO FORM A NEW PICTURE,
WITHIN A NEW PUZZLE.
FAUNA HANGS ON BY IT'S FINGERTIPS,
FRAGILE AND UNCERTAIN BY THE PASSINGS,
BY THE FORCES PRESENT,
SPENT IN WINTER,
RENEWING IN SPRING,
GIVING VERDANT COLOUR,
TO THE GREYING MONOLITHS,
THAT SEEM TO SHIFT,
WITH THE EYE,
WATCHING AND WAITING FOR YOU.
THE NEW,
IN HOMAGE TO THE OLD,
BOLD AND PRETENTIOUS,
RESERVED FOR CERTAIN,
WHILE THE FORCE LETS IT BE.

CONSIDER THIS ALL,
WHO TREAD HERE,
IS THIS ANOTHER SHANGRI LA?
WILL WE NEVER TIRE,
NEVER GROW OLD,
BE SUSTAINED,
BY THE QUARRY OF THE QUARRY.

Barry Conway

Disappointments

DISAPPOINTMENTS

I LIVE IN A DREAM
UNPENATRATED BY REALITY
EXPRESSED IN IMAGES
OF THE SCREEN OF MY THOUGHTS
THAT RELEASES THE EMOTION
IN TEAR FORM WITHIN.

I AM IN THAT LONELY PLACE
THAT DISAPPOINTMENT IN OTHERS
HAS LED ME TO.
RELEASING ONLY
THE BITTER MEMORIES
OF OUR FAILURES
LONGING FOR AN OUTCOME
TO DIFFER
FROM THE SOULFULNESS
I FEEL NOW.

MY CHOICES
WERE TO BE
AS I AM NOW
ALONE,
DESPERATE FOR A FUTURE
WHERE I AM CHOSEN
AND CHERISHED
FOR WHO I REALLY AM,
SOMEONE
WHO IS NOT LET DOWN
OR DISAPPOINTED
IN THE ONE I LOVE.

Barry Conway

Disgrace

DISGRACE

HER BROKEN BODY
CAST SHADOWS
FOLLOWED ME THROUGH
THE FINAL DOOR
INTO THE DAMP, DARK NIGHT
AS MELTING MIST
WHERE HER LIGHT FADED
IN HUMILIATION
NOT MINE
THE WEIGHT OF DISGRACE
BUT HER OWN QUITE TRUTH
NOW FACE TO FACE

FOR HEREIN
LIES THE LIES
LOVE
CANNOT SERVE TWO MASTERS,
TWO DENIALS
CANNOT FILL
YOUR HEART WITH DUTY
OR RELEASE
THE EXHALATION OF HONOUR

SHADOWS
ONCE CAST
CANNOT CHOOSE
TO TURN BACK

Barry Conway

Dissolved

DISSOLVED

I AM DISSOLVED OF YOUR FAVOUR
AND I AM LANGUISHED OF YOUR HUMOUR
YOU WERE FORETOLD OF MY PALLOR
AND YOU ARE FORLORN AS MY SAVIOUR

SUCH IS THE CANDOR OF YOUR PERSON
GONE FLEETING COMES THE MORROW
CALLED WANTONLY IS THE DAGGER
FORSWORN OF CANDOUR IS MY LESSON

DRIVEN HOPELESS BY THE MOURNING
PERCHED WITHOUT A HEART OF LONGING
SEEING YOUR LOVE SO SHACKLED SILENT
IGNORING SIGHTINGS IN THE WARNING

SLOWLY FLOWS THIS LIFE OF SORROW
DARKNESS CALLS THE CHERISHED LIGHT
LONGINGS GONE FOREVER FLOWING
INTO THE SILENCE WE ALL WILL FOLLOW.

Barry Conway

Distinguishing

DISTINGUISHING

OUR LIVES ARE INTERTWINED
UNABLE TO BREAK FREE
BETWEEN THE REAL
AND THE UNREAL
EXISTING WITHIN US ALL
TIMELESS
IN THE PRESENT
IN THE PAST
AND FUTURE
INDISTINGUISHABLE
BETWEEN REALITY
AND THE UNREAL

I CAN NOT HELP YOU DISTINGUISH THEM
AS I CAN NOT HELP MYSELF.

Barry Conway

Do Not

DO NOT

DO NOT TALK TO ME OF FRIENDS,
OF NATURE'S LOVE,
OF NATURES END,
WITH THOUGHTS,
TOSSED AMONG THE DYING LEAVES,
TO ONE SO DISTRAUGHT,
UPON THE BREEZE.

Barry Conway

Do Not Read This!

DO NOT READ THIS!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
I TOLD YOU NOT TO READ THIS!
NOW YOU HAVE DONE IT,
PUT YOURSELF IN THE UNENVIABLE POSITION,
OF MAKING ME WRITE SOMETHING,
THAT YOU WILL HAVE TO READ.
ALL I WANTED WAS TO PUT MY FEET UP,
HAVE A CUP OF TEA,
AND THINK OF WOMEN.
INSTEAD
I AM PUTTING DOWN THIS PIFFLE DRIVEL,
JUST FOR YOU,
YOU LUCKY, LUCKY PERSON,
THAT WAS SARCASM IF YOU DID NOT REALIZE IT.
THANKS A LOT PAL,
REMIND ME TO DO YOU A FAVOUR SOMETIMES TOO!
ANYTHING I CAN SUGGEST THAT YOU DO NOT WANT TO DO?
HOW ABOUT GOING TO THE DENTIST,
CLEANING OUT A BLOCKED TOILET,
OR CATCHING FLU?
HOW ABOUT I INSIST YOU PAY YOUR TAXES?
I HOPE NOW YOU KNOW JUST HOW IT FEELS?

DO NOT READ THIS!
I MIGHT AS WELL HAVE SAID,
READ THIS!
YOU PLONKER.

Barry Conway

Do Read This!

DO READ THIS!

OK NOW I HAVE TOLD YOU TO READ THIS,
I BET YOU HAVE NOT,
I BET,
JUST, BECAUSE YOU WERE TOLD TO DO SOMETHING
YOU DID NOT,
HOW DARE I TELL YOU TO DO SOMETHING,
WHAT AM I,
SOME SORT OF DICTATOR,

BUT YOU SEE,
I AM USING REVERSE PSYCHOLOGY ON YOU,
THAT IS OF COURSE REVERSED.
A BIT OF,
I KNOW THAT YOU KNOW,
THAT I KNOW, THAT YOU KNOW,
WHICH I AM SURE I KNEW.

WELL IT IS YOUR OWN FAULT,
YOUR LACK OF NOSINESS,
HAS GOT THE BETTER OF YOU.
NOW YOU ARE NOT READING THIS,
YOU WILL NEVER KNOW,
JUST WHAT A,
FUNNY, BRILLIANT, KIND, LOVING, GENEROUS,
YADA YADA YADA, YADA,
PERSON YOU ARE.
SHAME YOU DID NOT READ IT.
THERE IS NO ACCOUNTING FOR FOLK,
WHAT DOES A POET HAVE TO GO THROUGH?
IT WOULD BE EASIER DIGGING ROADS,
OR FLYING NUDE WITHOUT WINGS.
I AM SO GLAD I DID NOT WRITE THIS ANYWAY.

Barry Conway

Do We All Need Help

DO WE ALL NEED HELP?

I OFTEN WONDER IF WE ALL NEED PSYCHIATRIC HELP,
IF WE ARE ALL MAD?
ARE YOU ON THE EDGE,
WANTING TO SCREAM AT THE TOP OF YOUR LUNGS?
DO YOU FEEL THE PRESSURE BUILDING UP,
SQUEEZING YOUR MELON MAN?
FEEL THE ANGER WANTING TO STRIKE OUT,
TO HIT SOMETHING, SOMEONE?
TO TELL PEOPLE WHAT YOU REALLY THINK OF THEM?
TO TELL THEM GO SHOVE IT UP YOUR A—E?
TO GET YOUR OWN BACK,
ON EVERYONE WHO DID YOU WRONG?
REPLAY YOUR REVENGE IN YOUR MINDS EYE?

IS EVERYTHING A CHALLENGE FOR YOU?
ARE THERE MOMENTS OF HAPPINESS TOO FLEETING,
OUTWEIGHED BY THE DOWNSIDE?
ARE ALL WORRIES WEIGHING YOU DOWN,
DOWN TO THE POINT OF EXHAUSTION?
ARE YOUR THOUGHTS EATING YOU FROM THE INSIDE,
YOUR BLOOD STAGNANT, YOU EYES GLAZED OVER?
NO!
NO! ARE YOU SURE,
OK,
JUST ME THEN! ! !

Barry Conway

Do You Forgive

DO YOU FORGIVE

DO YOU KNOW HOW IT IS
TO LET YOUR BODY
BE USED
TO HELP SOMEBODY ELSE?

"YES"

DO YOU KNOW HOW IT IS
TO LET YOUR BODY
BE USED
TO HELP SOMEBODY ELSE
AND ENJOY BEING USED?

"YES"

THEN LET MY LOVE
NOT BE TURNED AWAY
BY TIMES RELENTLESS TIDE
OR BY THE WINDS CALL TO THE BEYOND

FOR OUR TIME IS NOW
LOOK TO ME AND FORGIVE
FOR I FORGIVE YOU.

Barry Conway

Don't Go There!

DON'T GO THERE!

HE IS IN THE ROOM WITH THEM AGAIN.
THEY ARE ALL OLD,
NOT IN AGE, WHICH THEY ARE!
BUT IN THOUGHT,
THEIR AGED TAKE ON LIFE,
IS A LIFE TAKEN IN THE PAST,
WITHOUT CHANGE IN THE FUTURE,
THEY NOW ROAR WITHIN.

THEY HAVE A GARDEN OF EDEN
FILLED WITH KNOWLEDGE, THOUGHT, ADVANCEMENT,
YET THEY CHOSE TO DENY,
TO WALK WITHIN CAGED CIRCLES OF UNKNOWING.

YET ONCE A MONTH, HE SITS WITH THEM,
HEAR THEIR SNEERS AT THE UNUSUAL
THE COMINGS OF BYGONE PREJUDICES,
THE BIGOTRY OF THE UNINFORMED
LISTENING WITH DEAF EARS,
STIRRED IN THE SAFETY OF THE LIKE MINDED,
SECURE BEHIND THEIR FENCES,
OF SELF DECEPTION,
IGNORANT OF THEIR TRUE WEALTH,
COCOONED IN A BANAL KNOWLEDGE,
RESTRICTING OTHER POSSIBILITIES.

SO WHY DOES HE GO?
WHY DOES HE RETURN?
IT IS DONE TO REASSURE HIMSELF!
TO GUARD WITHIN THE WARNING,
OF WHAT NOT TO BECOME.

Barry Conway

Dragon

DRAGON

THERE IS MOVEMENT HERE
THERE IS MOVEMENT EVERYWHERE
WITHIN THE WALLS
IT CALLS
HOW DID IT KNOW
TO SEARCH ME OUT

I AM TRANSFIXED
AND MERGE
INTO THE PATTERN
OF THE PAPER,
THE CRATER.
IT SHAPE,
CONTORTS
INTO FIRE
THAT BURNS WITHOUT HEAT
WHERE THE SMELL OF CHARRED FLESH
CLINGS
THROUGH THE FLAME
AND INTO MY VERY BEING

THROUGH THE FLAME
EMERGES A DIFFERENT SHAPE
NOW THERE ARE EYES
AND THEIR LIES
ARE UNCONVINCING
THEY BLEED ME OF EMOTION
AND NOTION
OF ESCAPE
THEY ARE ICE CRYSTALS
WITHIN FIRE
THEY BURROW
WITHIN MY THOUGHT
AND I AM FRAUGHT
OF ITS DEMAND
ITS GAPING WOUND
EMANATING SOUNDS

TO BRITTLE AND FRACTURE
ALL EARTHLY BONE.

NO ESCAPE
IS AFFORDED ME
I AM MESMERIZED
CAPTURED TO ITS CHANGING SHAPE
STILL EMERGING
STILL INSISTING
A PERSISTENCE OF WILL
FAR GREATER THAN MY OWN
ALONE,
I AM BEING REABSORBED
CORRUPTED
BY ITS DETERMINATION.

NOW THERE ARE NO WALLS
NO BARRIERS
AM I REALLY HERE
MY SHAPE
CAN NOT BE REALITY
I AM A CHILD OF DISBELIEF.
FREE MY BELIEF
FROM THIS REALITY
GIVE ME RELIEF
FROM IMAGINATION
THIS CAN NOT BE MY REALITY
IT IS NO MORE REAL
THAN FABLE
OR SUPERSTITION
WHERE THE UNKNOWINGNESS
IS ONLY MADE REAL
IN THE IMAGINATION.
THIS IS NOT POSSIBLE.

I AM ELSEWHERE
OUTSIDE OF MYSELF
LOOKING INWARD
WITHOUT DURESS
AN ACCEPTANCE OF DUALITY
WITHOUT CONTROL
MY PURIFICATION CONSIGNED.

IT'S IMMENSENESS OF SELF
ITS DESIRES
ENGULFS
I SEE WITH ITS FACE
I MEET ITS INSISTENCE
AND I REFRAIN
FROM THE LIFE
I WILL NEVER KNOW AGAIN.

Barry Conway

Dragons

DRAGONS

THERE IS A DRAGON
THAT SCOWERS
IN ALL OF US
IT BINDS THE SECRETS
WE KEEP FROM OURSELVES
IT INHABITS IN WORLDS
BETWEEN TRUTH AND CONVENIENCE
SHIELDING ITS INTENT
IN THE HOURS
WE SHARE ALONE
SHEDDING SKIN
WHEN WE YIELD
WITHIN ITS HEARTBEAT

I KNOW THE BEAST
I TO BE OF ITS MIND
AND IT'S SPIRIT
ITS BIDDING IS DONE
IN THE EVERYDAY
OF EVERY BREATH
THAT UTTERS FROM ME
I SEE THEM IN YOU,
AND YOU
IT IS THE RECOGNITION
WITHIN THE RECOGNITION
THAT DISTURBS US SO.

Barry Conway

Drifting

DRIFTING

DRIFT OFF TO SLEEP
WHERE AGAIN
WE WILL MEET
ON THE SEA
OF TRANQUILITY
ENTHRALLED WITHIN
OUR DESTINY

SURRENDER THEE
TO ME
AND WE WILL GLIDE
FOREVER FREE
THROUGH THE LAND
OF SERENITY

CALMNESS
FLOATS US ALL ALONG
HERALDS WHISPER
SILENT SONGS
RIPPLES DANCE
AMONG THE LIGHT
SHADED
IN IT'S OWN DELIGHTS

HOLDING EACH
SO GENTLY BE
LOVERS TOUCH
SOLEMNITY
GUIDED
BY THE MELODY
THE WAY OF SOULS
IN UNITED HARMONY

COMPLETENESS
HOLDS A SWEET CARESS
ENCUMBERED NOT
THE RIGHTEOUSNESS

FOR IN THAT PLACE
OF QUITE REFRAIN
WE WILL MEET
YET AGAIN

Barry Conway

Drink

DRINK

THERE IS A CLOSENESS IN BEING APART,
THAT DRAWS LOVE FROM THE WELL,
HAVING BEEN FOUND IN THE SEARCH,
THE LOST AND FOUND OF LOVE.
FINDING EACH OTHER,
HAVING BEEN LOST TO THE WORLD OF LOVE.

TRAVELING FROM DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS,
TO REACH THE WELL,
THE SAME DESTINATION FOR ALL THAT SEEK LOVE.

GINGER JUICE,
A DRINK TO SAVIOR,
FOR THE MAD ENGLISHMAN,
WITH THE AFFECTED LAUGH,
SHE OF KIND HEART,
WEARY OF THE PAIN, AGAIN,
BUT STRIVEN OF THIRST.

THE THIRST.
WE MUST ALL DRINK OF THE WELL,
OR ELSE WE PERISH.

Barry Conway

Dwaine And Co

DWAINE AND CO

C OH MY GOD EDDY HERE COMES THAT AWFUL BORE OF A FELLOW DWAINE WITH HIS DEL BOY SOPHISTICATION.
I BET IF HE HAD A FAMILY COAT OF ARMS IT WOULD BE A PLATE OF JELLIED EALS OVER PIE AND MASH WITH GRAVY RUNNING DOWN'

E NOW COLONEL YOU KNOW WHAT THE DOCTOR SAID ABOUT YOUR ANGINA, DON'T GET UPSET.'

C 'WE WOULD NOT HAVE TOLERATED THE LITTLE PIPSQUEAK IN KENYA. WE WOULD HAVE GIVEN HIM A DAMN GOOD THRASHING SO THAT HE KNEW HIS PLACE IN THE ORDER OF THINGS. I HAVE NEVER TRUSTED NEW MONEY, AND I CERTAINLY DON'T TRUST THIS LITTLE SOCIAL CLIMBER.

E NOW COLONEL HE IS NOT A BAD CHAP WHEN YOU GET TO KNOW HIM.' HE IS REALLY QUITE A CLEVER BUSINESSMAN. MADE HIS MONEY IN MOBILE COMMUNICATIONS AND IS WORTH A QUID OR TWO, AND HE DOES A LOT FOR LOCAL CHARITIES.'

C 'GET TO KNOW HIM! LOOK AT HIM AMBLING TOWARDS US IN THOSE AWFUL CHECKED TROUSERS THAT ARE HALF MAST, AND WHAT TOP IS HE WEARING? HE NEEDS TO WEAR SPIKES TO GET TO 5 FOOT 6 INCHES

HE'S WAVING THAT CLUB AROUND TO ATTRACT US, AS IF IT WERE A REGIMENTAL FLAG. I MEAN TO SAY HE ONLY BOUGHT HIS CAR BECAUSE HIS GOLF CLUBS FITTED INTO IT NICELY, HOW PRETENTIOUS.

E YES BUT HE HAS BROUGHT A LOT OF NEW MEMBERS INTO THE CLUB, AND HIS WIFE IS VERY ATTRACTIVE! '

C 'ATTRACTIVE, MY GOD MAN HAVE YOU BEEN OUT IN THE SUN TOO LONG, AND HE MUST HAVE POOR EYESIGHT TOO. SHE IS ENORMOUSE. SHE MAKES HATTIE JAKES LOOK THIN.
SHE LOOKS LIKE THREE POUND OF APPLES IN A TWO POUND BAG, AND WHEN SHE WALKS ON THOSE RIDICULOUS HIGH HEELS IT LOOKS LIKE A RUNAWAY CAMEL HAVING A FIT'

E 'YES MAYBE, BUT A RUNAWAY CAMEL WITH A MAGNIFICENT PAIR OF HUMPS'

C 'SHE'S AT LEAST 5 INCHES BIGGER THAN HIM AND THOSE SKIRTS SHE WEARS COULD AT BEST BE DESCRIBED AS SCARFS AS THEY ARE SO HIGH UP'

E 'NOW COLONEL HERE HE COMES, SHOW YOUR BREEDING'

D ALL RIGHT GEEZERS HOW'S IT HANGING BRO A LITTLE BIT TO THE LEFT. ARE YOU GENTS OUT CUTTING SOME GRASS? YOU WILL NEED A BIGGER CLUB FOR THAT. IT'S EDDY AND ER COLONEL MUSTARD ISN'T IT? TELL ME COLONEL DID YOU DO IT IN THE PANTRY, OR WAS IT THE BUTLER?

C IT'S COLONEL MUSGRAVE TO YOU, AND I AM NOT YOUR BRO AS YOU PUT IT. I BELIEVE YOUR NAME IS DRAIN? '

D MY NAME IS DWAIN, NOT DRAIN, ALTHOUGH YOU THE WAY I SINK THE SHERBETS YOU MIGHT BE RIGHT. PEOPLE OFTEN SAY THAT I HAVE GOT SOME NECK ON ME. I COULD CALL YOU CURLY, BUT AS THERE IS SNOW ON THE PEAK IT MIGHT BE BETTER CALLING YOU WHITEY! '

C WOULD RATHER YOU DID NOT. YOU CAN ADDRESS ME AS BEFITS ME, COLONEL'

E HAVE YOU BEEN PLAYING AROUND? '

D NO NOT ME! MY SONJA WOULD KILL ME, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN. SHE AIN'T HALF GOT A WALLOP ON HER. YOU DON'T GET MANY OF THEM TO THE Y SHE'S TOO GORGEOUS WHY WOULD I WANT TO. YOU COULD PUT A BOOKSHELF ON HER BREASTS.
. YEH I USED TO BE 6 FOOT TALL YOU KNOW, BUT SHE IS LIKE A WHIRLING DERVISH IN BED.
I SHRANK WITH ALL THE EXERTION. SHE IS A SEXUAL GODDESS AND I AM THE SACRIFICE EVERY NIGHT,
THAT IS WHY I ALWAYS LOOK SLAUGHTERED IN THE MORNING.
AND WHY WHEN I HOLD A CLUB IN MY HAND IT SHAKES LIKE MAD. THAT IS MY REAL HANDICAP.
WE ARE ON OUR THIRD BED THIS YEAR. SHE CAN'T HAVE KIDS THOUGH AND I THINK THAT RELEASED THE BEAST IN HER.

IT'S LIKE RIDDING A BIKE DOWNHILL WITH NO TYRES AND NO BRAKES.
SHE IS A REAL ESSEX GIRL, NOTHING FAKE ABOUT HER. THEY SAY SHE LOOKS LIKE A BRASS, BUT TO ME SHE LOOKS LIKE A DIAMOND, WHICH MAKES ME A DIAMOND GEEZER, PROBABLY BECAUSE SHE IS ALWAYS GETTING THEM FROM ME.
SHE DESERVES IT. WELL YOU HAVE TO KEEP THE MISSES HAPPY, REMEMBER THAT WALLOP, AND ANYWAY I WOULD RATHER BE EATING MY DINNER THAN WEARING IT.

SHE IS SOFT AS A BRUSH REALLY. MADE ME WHAT I AM TODAY

NOT ONLY THAT YOU WOULD NOT GET THOSE LEGS ON NIJINSKY? '

C□□HE RACEHORSE OR THE BALLET DANCER? '

D□OH WAS THERE A BALLET DANCER NAMED NIJINSKY?

DO YOU LIKE ME TOP? IT'S GOT NELSON MANDELA ON THE FRONT AND GHANDI ON THE BACK.
WE ARE CALLING THEM A MANGANDA AND WE ARE GIVING THEM AWAY WITH ALL NEW SIGN UPS FOR MY NEW FREEDOM PHONE PROMOTION.
GET IT FREEDOM PHONES, MANDELLA, GHANDI'

C□YES I GET IT VERY CLEVER, SHAME ABOUT THE COLOUR THOUGH. WHAT WOULD YOU CALL THAT ONE YOU ARE WEARING, ORANGE TANGO?

D□□HEY COME IN ALL COLOURS; THIS ONE IS CALLED SUNSET GLOW.

COME ON LET'S PLAY 18 HOLES AND I CAN DISCUSS YOUR SUPPORT FOR ME TO BECOME CLUB PRESIDENT AND THE NEXT GENERAL MEETING OF THE COMMITTEE. I ALREADY HAVE OVER 90% OF MEMBERS BACKING.'

C□OH WELL EDDY I CAN SEE WE ARE ON A LOOSING WICKET HERE. VERY WELL MY GOOD MAN, IF YOU CAN'T LITERALLY BEAT THEM THERE LEAVES NO OTHER COURSE BUT TO JOIN THEM.

AFTER ALL SAID AND DONE I WOULD BE DELIGHTED TO SUPPORT YOU FOR CLUB PRESIDENT. IT IS NO GOOD ME TAKING UP POLO AT MY AGE EVEN THOUGH THE PLAYERS ARE OF MY STATION.

GOLF IS THE ONLY WAY I CAN GET MY OWN BACK. BE PREPARED FOR A DAMN GOOD THRASHING MY MAN, ON THE GOLF COURSE, OF COURSE. I WILL SHOW

YOU THAT BREEDING WILL OUT.
NOT ONLY THAT BUT I WILL AGREE WITH YOU, YOUR SONJA IS GORGEOUS AND IF THE TRUTH BE KNOWN I WOULD LOVE TO HAVE A WOMAN LIKE THAT.

EWHY COLONEL YOU DO SURPRISE ME, YOU ARE A DARK HORSE! '

Barry Conway

Each Word

EACH WORD IS A POEM,
A CRY FOR HELP,
A TEAR UPON A LEAF,
THE MISTY CAULDRON,
BUBBLING WITHIN,
EACH IDEA OF THE TROUBLED MIND.

ISOLATION WITHIN THE WORDS,
FILLS THE PAGE,
GUIDES THE VEINED SPIDER,
THAT HOLDS THE PEN.
WHERE EVEN A WHISPER OF THE MIND,
IS INCESSANT INTENT,
CHAINED TO THE MASTER,
IMPELLED TO ACT,
OR DROWN IN THE SORROW.

Barry Conway

Easter Sunday

EASTER SUNDAY

HE WAS TO BE ADMIRED,
LAUDED.
A MAN FOR THE PEOPLE,
A SHINNING LIGHT,
A BEACON,
TO FREE OURSELVES,
FROM OURSELVES,

HE WAS THEN,
THE LATEST IN A LINE,
GOING BACK THROUGH HISTORY.
JOINING MANY OF THOSE,
THAT NOW,
HAVE BEEN MOMENTS IN TIME.
SOME NOW LONG FORGOTTEN,
SOME STILL,
THE BURDEN OF THIS WORLD.

IT IS OUR SPECIES,
A FAULT OF OUR MECHANISM,
THAT ALLOWS US TO HOPE,
THAT WHAT WE PERCEIVE,
IS NOT ALL THERE IS.
THAT SOMEWHERE,
IN SOME WAY,
WE WILL PERSIST,
SOME WAY,
WE WILL ENDURE,
AFTER OUR TRIP ON THIS WORLD,
IS OVER.
IT IS IN THIS HOPE OF DESIRE,
THAT WE GIVE CREDENCE,
TO THOSE,
THAT ARE WILLING,
TO BE LAUDED,
OR HAVE THE ACKNOWLEDGEMENT,

THRUST UPON THEM.

Barry Conway

Egg Fried Rice

EGG FRIED RICE

EGG FRIED RICE,
IS VERY NICE,
IT'S TWICE AS NICE,
AS PLAIN FRIED RICE.

HAVE YOU SEEN,
THE EGG CHOW MIEN?
IT'S VERY MEAN,
AND SOMEWHAT LEAN.

SO IT'S EGG FRIED RICE,
CAUSE IT'S VERY NICE,
IT'S SO VERY NICE,
I'M ORDERING TWICE!

Barry Conway

Elvin

ELVIN

THE TWO WISE TREES,
HELD EACH OTHER IN THEIR KNOWLEDGE,
BEING OVERSHADOWED BY THE GREEN GIANTS.
THE SLOPING FIELD PROVIDED AN ESCAPE,
TO THE UNEVEN DEVON HEDGEROWS,
JOINING THE OLD ROAD AS IT RAN PAST,
FOLLOWING THE FINGERED CLOUDS,
FERRYING ALL TRAVELERS,
WHO KNEW NOT OF THE FIELDS PAST.
AS THEY PASSED,
THE LARGE ASH WOULD BADE THEM ENTER,
TO WHISPER HER NAME,
BADE THEM THROUGH THE BROKEN WOODEN GATE,
BY THE WELL AGEING EVER ONWARD.

THE BROKEN BOUNDARY,
STILL HELD THE MYSTERY OF ELVIN,
WHOSE FOOTSTEPS,
ARE STILL SEEN AND HEARD BY THE TREES,
AS SHE MOVES THROUGH THE KNEE HIGH GRASS,
NO LONGER DESTINED FOR HAY.
FOR THE FIELD IS CAUGHT WITHIN A TIME,
A PLACE OF KNOWING OF THE ENIGMA OF ELVIN.
THE HAPPENING HERE WILL NEVER BE KNOWN,
FOR THE TWO TREES KEEP HER SECRETS.

Barry Conway

Elvin's Song

ELVIN'S SONG

SHE CAME TO ME AS ALL WOMEN DO,
UNSURE OF MY BEING.
SHE BROUGHT A KNOWING LOOK,
VULNERABLE IN HER SURPRISE,
FOR SHE HAD CROSSED THE RIVER,
FROM PAST TO PRESENT,
WITHOUT RELINQUISHING IT,
CHERISHING IT.

HER SOFT LIPS YEARNED FOR ACCEPTANCE,
TO BE HELD AND CARESSED ONCE AGAIN,
WITHOUT THE TREPIDATION OF TIME.
SUCH ARE THE DESIRES WE ALL POSSESS,
GIVEN LIFE BY ELVIN.

THE SPEED OF HER ACCEPTANCE,
LEFT AN AMAZEMENT OF TOUCH,
HOW COULD SUCH COMPLEXITY,
THE INDIVIDUALISM OF INDIVIDUALS,
BE SO DRAWN TOWARDS THE FLAME?
HOW HAD SHE BECOME SO YIELDING?

THE DESIRE OF ACCEPTANCE,
THE NEED TO BE NEEDED LAY CALMLY BEFORE US.
A NEW FIELD FULL OF LIFE THREW UP IT'S BOUNTY,
TO BE CAUGHT UPON THIS TIME OF LOVE.
FOR THEY KNEW NOW, WITHIN A MOMENT,
THAT THEY WOULD BANISH ALL DARK NIGHTS AWAY,
IN THEIR DREAMS TOGETHER.

SHE FELT THE STRENGTH PULSING WITHIN,
AS I HELD HER TIGHTLY CLOSE,
WE FELT THE DESIRES PRESS UPON US,
SURRENDERED TO THE IMPULSE.
I FELT ALL BARRIERS DROP,
AS TASTED HER SOFT SWEET LIPS.
I KNEW SHE WAS MINE,

AND I BECAME,
EVERYTHING I NOW AM,

Barry Conway

Emerge

EMERGE

NO MATTER WHAT YOU, OR I, WILL SAY,
HE WILL HAVE HIS WAY,
HE WILL WIN THE DAY,
NO MATTER WHAT YOU, OR I, WILL SAY,
HE WILL WIN THE DAY,
AYE!
THAT IS THE WAY,
OF ALL WHO PRAY,
TO THE FALSE RELIGION,
THE DECISION,
MADE OF THE POOR,
WHO WORK, AND TOIL, THE SOIL,
THE GOOD EARTH WITH THEIR BLOOD,
THE FLOOD,
THAT NOAH FORETOLD,
IS STILL RAINING DOWN,
UPON THE UNDERCLASS,
WHO WILL OUTLAST,
THE TYRANTS TOLL,
SO BOLD, OF SPIRIT WILL THEIRS BE,
OUT OF THE NECESSITY,
FOR ONE DAY THEY WILL BE FREE,
LAID BEFORE THE ONE TRUE GOOD,
WHOSE WITNESSES WILL ONE DAY,
EMERGE FROM OUT THE WOOD.

Barry Conway

Emotion

EMOTION

EMOTION
WASHES OVER ME AS AN OCEAN GRAVEYARD
AND ALL AT ONCE
I AM BENEATH THE SEA
STRUGGLING FOR HARMONY
TO REACH ITS SURFACE
AS I SINK WITHIN ITS GRASP.
I SEE THE CORPSES
OF LOVED AND HATED ONES
FLOAT BY
EACH REACHING OUT
FOR THE UNOBTAINABLE
IN A SWIRL OF NEGLECT
AND REGRET

THE SOUND OF NO SOUND
DIVIDES MY HEAD
AND MY INNER SIGHT
IN CONSTANT REPLAY
CHRONICLES THE DAYS
AS ALL FLOW ON BY
PRY
INTO MY INNER TENDERNESS
BEFRIENDING
OR DEFENDING
PAST ACTIONS OF HYPOCRISY
IT'S LEGACY OF DEEP SCARS
UNHEALED BY TIME

TO LIVE
WITHIN ONES OWN PITY
IS A CRIME OF LIFE.
NOT TO BE STRONG ENOUGH
TO WITHSTAND THE CURRENT

THAT TAKES YOU
AS ITS WHIM COMMANDS.
THE FLEETING MOMENTS
OF A LIFE
WHO REVISIT YOU
IN MOVEMENTS OF PAIN
EAT AWAY
AT THE FLESH UPON YOUR BONES
THE MARROW OF YOUR BEING
WITH EVERY BITE
OF THE OCEAN
THAT FOLDS
SHEET UPON SHEET UPON YOU
INCREASING ITS PRESSURE
WITHOUT END.
NO STRATEGY LEFT
FOR ME ONLY ONE CALL
IN THE EBB
THE WEB
OF NATURES CHAOS.

Barry Conway

End Of Days

END OF DAYS

AS WE WALK
THE FOREST SURROUNDS US
I WATCHED THE WORDS
SPILL FROM YOUR MOUTH
BUT I COULD ONLY HEAR
ANGRY SILENCE
I WAS WATCHING A FILM
OF MY LIFE UNFOLD
AND YET
I WAS NOT PART OF IT
I WAS ON THE OUTSIDE
LOOKING IN
AND THEN
I REMEMBERED TO BREATH
TO BELIEVE
IN WHAT WAS HAPPENING

THE TYRANT
DISMISSING THE LOWEST PEASANT
FROM HIS PRESENCE
MY VISION BLURRED
AS MY EYES
FILLED WITH RESIGNATION
AS YOUR WORDS
BECAME MORE VIOLENT
UNFOLDING
INTO EVEN DEEPER SILENCE
UPON MY BEING
ALL DEPTH OF PERCEPTION
WAS BEING LOST TO ME
AS I HELD ON
TO AN INVISIBLE WALL
TRIED
TO STAND TALL
TO WEATHER THE BLOWS

I HEARD THE DISTANT WHISTLE BLOWING

SAW THE EMPTY NIGHTS
IN TWILIGHT CROWING
BREATHED IN COLD WINDS
FOREVER BLOWING
FELT MY LIFE
FOREVER SLOWING

I CAUGHT A GLIMPSE
OF MY REFLECTION
IN THE GLOW
OF NIGHTS RETENTION
WHERE ALL LIFE
COMPOUNDS REJECTION
IN ALL OF US
WHO SEEK PROTECTION
IN THE TRUTH
WE DARE NOT MENTION

CAVERNED IN SPIRES UNDONE
TO A PLACE DEVOID OF SUN
DESTROYING HEARTS WHERE LOVES UNWON
WHEREIN LIES A LONELY SON.

PRISMS PART THE PATIENT FEW
WHO IN TURN REACH OUT ANEW
FOR THE HAND OF LOVES RESCUE
TO BE DENIED, AS I, AS YOU

SO GIVE US NOT THIS PAIN OF MORROW
THIS CROWN OF THORNS THIS PAIN OF SORROW
FOR IN HERE LIES NO PATH TO FOLLOW
A LIFE WITHOUT LIFE UNBOUND AND HOLLOW

I CANNOT LIVE
WITH THE LIES
OR WITHOUT THEM
I CANNOT LIVE
WITH THE TIES
CRUSHED
BY DECEIT OF HEART
FELT SORROWS
FOR LOST TOMORROW'S

LOST TODAY'S
LOST WAYS
WHO'S UNDERSTANDING
WAS DECEIVED
IN THE BETRAYAL
OF DEPARTING
FROM MY SIDE
THERE
IN THE REJECTION GIVEN
THE RECOLLECTION
OF MEMORIES
UNRECOGNIZABLE
FROM THE INVERTED TRUTH
AN INVERTED LIFE
CONCEALED BY SPECULATION
OR SALVATION

I WATCHED AS
YOUR ARMS FLAILED AS MEDUSA
WATCHED
THE OUTLINE OF YOUR MOUTH
TURN CRUEL
SAW
YOUR TEETH IN JAGGED FORM
FELT YOUR EYES NARROW
AND YOUR BROW
CREASE AND HARDEN
I SAW YOU TOWER OVER ME
AN OGRE
READY TO CRUSH ALL BEAUTY

THERE WAS NO WARNING
NO CONTEXT OF IMPLICATION
NO REASON
OF EXPECTATION
TO UNDERSTAND
HOW LOVE IS EXPIRED
IN ONE SO CHERISHED
AND ADMIRED
JUST THE MOMENT

TIME IMMORTAL
A CLOCK STOPPING
A TIDE TURNING
A FISH
PLUCKED FROM THE LAKE
STRUGGLING HOPELESSLY
IN THE TALONS
OF THE LOST SEA EAGLE
THE RUNT REJECTED
A LIFE DYING

A TRAIN LEAVING
THROUGH CANDLE SMOKE
DECREASING
THE ESSENCE OF A MAN

I SAW YOUR HEART
LEAVE YOUR BODY
IN PARODY OF LIFE
HAVING BEEN LOST
TO THE WORLD OF THE HEART DIVINE
HAVING BEEN LOST TO MINE

KIDNAPPED
IN A FOREIGN LAND
LOST
LEAVING ONES OWN
HABITUAL HABITAT
FORLORN
AND FORSWORN
OF DESPAIR
IN EACH DROP OF BREATH
OUT OF BALANCE
WITH THE TURNING
OF THE WORLD
UNCLEANSED OF THOUGHT
THE PERFUME OF REJECTION
THAT CLUNG MERCILESSLY
UNDETERRED FROM IT'S TASK
FEATHERED THE AIR
UNDONE.
UNSUNG OF PRAISE

UNABLE TO RESURRECT HOPE

I COULD NOT TASTE TIME
SPENT IN FALSE HAPPINESS
THE WEIGHT OF YEARS
LOST EXPECTATIONS
ENGULFED
INCANDESCENTLY DEVOURED THE LIGHT OF MEMORY
THE THREAD BROKEN
AND THE WAY AHEAD
LAY ONLY BROKEN DREAMS
AND SOLITUDE
THE LONELINESS
OF THE BETRAYED
THE BETRAYAL
OF THE BETRAYED
THE END OF DAYS
THE END OF ALL DAYS

LOVE AND HATE
THE SIMPLICITY OF PAIN
THE DOUBTS OF GRIEF
THE INTRICATE YEARNINGS
OF DESIRE
ALL INTERWOVEN
AND INSEPARABLE
HOW THE MIGHTY ARE FALLEN
I WAS NEVER MIGHTY
NEVER FALLEN
FOR I WAS NEVER TALLER
A LIFE
IS NOT WASTED
IN ANY PURSUIT
FOR THEIR IS NO RIGHT WAY
NO REAL TRUTH
INTERESTING THOUGHTS
WILL NOT AGREE
THINK OF IT
AS SOLILOQUY
THERE IS NO GOD
NO SATAN'S CURSE
ONLY ONE THING

HAPPINESS
THE VERY WORSE
IN THAT YOU DIE
WITHOUT LIVING FIRST

I COULD NOT BELIEVE
I COULD NOT HOPE
SO STILL I CARRY
THE MASTERS YOKE
BUT EVEN HERE
I STILL EVOKE
ALL THAT SPIRIT
DOTH PROVOKE
ALL THE PRAYERS
I NEVER SPOKE
AS ALL DECEPTIONS
HERE UNCLOAK
FROM THE BOOK
FROM EVERY AGE
ALL MY SINS
FROM EVERY PAGE
RELEASE ME FROM
THAT WRONGFUL CAGE
MORE IN COMPASSION
THAN IN RAGE
NO TIME FOR REMORSE
THE RACE IS RUN
THERE WAS NO RACE
NO MOON, NO SUN
NO EARTH, NO SKY
TO BE WITH ONE
JUST ILLUSIONS TOY
PLAYED BY EVERYONE

SO SEEK YE NOT
THE PLEASURES OF THE FLESH
POSSESSIONS BREATH
BUT HEAR THE MELODY
OF TIME IN DEPTH
FOR THERE IS NO LIFE
THERE IS NO DEATH

FOR OUR MINDS
WE ARE TOLD
ARE MERE PORTALS
TO A GREATER GOAL
WHO CALLS
ALL OF THOSE
WHO WE CALL MAN
FALL
DO NOT EXIST
AND NEVER CAN

FIRE UP
THE FIRES BURN
WE HAVE SO LITTLE TIME
TO BURN
LOOK IN DEEP
SO WE MAY LEARN
DEEP WITHIN
THE FLARES THAT TURN

HERE I FELL
LIKE MIGHTY OAK
WEARING NOT
THE TYRANTS YOKE
WHEREUPON THE ANGELS SPOKE

‘FOR NOW BE FREE
RETURN, RETURN
UNBROKEN
TAKE FROM THE WORLD
THAT AS YE CAME
NO MORE, NO LESS
FROM OUT THE GAME
FOR ALL DEALT HANDS
ARE PLAYED THE SAME
SOME WITH PLEASURE
ALL WITH PAIN
NONE WITH FAVOUR
NONE WITH GAIN

MOMENTS OF GRACE

WERE GIVEN YOU
SOME TOO FLEETING
SOME TOO FEW
DISPOSED OF NOW
IN NATURES HUE
GODS UNIVERSAL SECRETS
ARE RETURNED ANEW

FOR BEFORE YOU
PATIENTLY WAITS
THROUGH THE LIGHT
THROUGH THE GATE
THE END OF SORROW
THE END OF HATE
THE ONE TRUE WAY
HE DID CREATE

NO MORE DREAMS
NO DEATH, NO LIFE
NO MORE PLEASURE
NO MORE STRIFE
THE COMPLETED CIRCLE
THE COMPLETED LIFE
HERE BORN ANEW
THE TRUTH OF YOU

NO MORE AWAKE
NO MORE ASLEEP
THE COMPLETED CIRCLE
HERE TO KEEP
THE ETERNITY OF ALL
TO THOSE WHO SEEK
FOR NOW'S THE TIME
ENTER THE KEEP'

HOW THE ACORN RETURNS
TO THE SOIL
YOU BEGAN TO RECEDE
INTO DISTANCE
INTO YOUR DARK TUNNEL

BEING DRAWN
FURTHER AND FURTHER AWAY
UNTIL,
MY HAND IN THEIRS
ALL I HEARD
WAS A FAINT MIST,
AND A SMELL OF SWEET MUSK,
LINGERING ON THE FOREST FLOOR

Barry Conway

Endless

AN ENDLESS KISS
IS GIVEN TO YOU BY HAND, .

THE SAME HAND,
THAT WAS PROMISED TO YOU,
CAN NOW NEVER BE GIVEN,
LAID SPARSE,
AMONG THE TRAVELLING WHISPER,
OF MY FUTURE.
THIS IS MY BURDEN,
ONE THAT I CAN NOT SHARE,
WITH THE ONE I LOVE.

FOR I KNOW,
THAT YOU WILL STAND BY ME,
SUFFER IN MY SUFFERING,
BEAR THE PAIN IN MY PAIN,
DIE IN MY DEATH,
TO CUT A LIFE SHORT,
WHEN LOVE IS NEW FOUND,
IS THE CRUELEST OF THE CRUEL,
SHARPER THAN THE SHARPEST KNIFE,
THAT CUTS THE HEART PIECE BY PIECE.

HOW I WISH,
THAT I NEVER FOUND LOVE,
THAN TO FLOUDER IN THE LONG GRASS,
NOT KNOWING MY DIRECTION,
IN THE PALOUR OF MY FUTURE.
I CAN ONLY PREY,
THAT WE WILL FIND EACH OTHER,
IN THE NEXT LIFE.

Barry Conway

Escaping Loneliness

ESCAPING LONELINESS

THERE IS A LONELINESS,
THAT LIVES WITHIN ALL OF US,
IT HIDES DEEP,
READY TO JUMP OUT,
AT THE SLIGHTEST TEMPTATION.

IT IS A PERSISTENT ACHE,
AT THE BACK OF OUR PSYCHE,
WHERE EVEN BEING WITH SOMEONE,
CAN BRING IT ON.

THERE IS NO ESCAPING IT'S MELANCHOLY,
NO MATTER HOW MUCH WE ARE LOVED,
OR ADMIRED.

THERE IS BUT ONE END TO LONELINESS,
AND THAT IS DEATH,
TO LIVE WITHOUT BREATH.

Barry Conway

Everything

EVERYTHING

HE IS PRETTY BASIC IN SOME RESPECTS
HE WANTS A WOMAN TO LOVE HIM
TO DESIRE HIM SEXUALLY
TO LET HIM TAKE HER WHENEVER HE WANTS
TO LET HIM CARE FOR HER
MAKE HER FEEL SEXUALLY
AND EMOTIONALLY FULFILLED
TO PROTECT HER

HE WANTS HER
TO LAUGH AT HIS JOKES
UNDERSTAND HIM
WANT TO BE WITH HIM
WHEN THEY ARE APART
WANTS TO PLEASE HIM
LET HIM PLEASE HER NON SEXUALLY
TREAT HER AS AN EQUAL
OR BETTER
ACCEPT HIS FAILURES
AS WELL AS HIS LONELINESS
TO BE LOYAL TO HIM
FAITHFUL
GENTLE, KIND AND CONSIDERATE
AND TO SEE JOY WHEN HE LOOKS AT HER.
HE WANTS EVERYTHING.

Barry Conway

Everything Is A Circle

EVERYTHING IS A CIRCLE

EVERYTHING WE SAY,
HAS BEEN SAID BEFORE,
EVERYTHING WE WRITE,
HAS BEEN WRITTEN BEFORE,
EVEN WHAT I SAY AND WRITE HERE,
HAS COME BEFORE.
SO WHY DO WE CONTINUE?
WE CONTINUE,
SO THAT WE ARE NOT ALONE,
BECAUSE WE FEEL,
THE HEARTBEAT OF THE EARTH WITHIN US,
FEEL THE THOUGHTS AND EMOTIONS,
COURSING THROUGH OUR BLOOD.
FOR OUR BRAINS WILL NOT ACCEPT,
THAT OUR EXISTENCE CAN BE LIVED,
WITHOUT THE ACKNOWLEDGEMENT OF OTHERS.

TO BE LEFT WITH NOTHING BUT OURSELVES,
IS TOO TERRIBLE TO CONTEMPLATE.
WE ARE THE INSURMOUNTABLE,
THE URGE TO PARTICIPATE,
TO BE ACCEPTED,
TO ENDURE,
TO GO ON.

Barry Conway

Evolve Love

EVOLVE LOVE

L
LO
LOV
LOVE

FOUR LETTERS
THEY'RE LOVE LETTERS
LETTERS OF LOVE
DO YOU LOVE THOSE LETTERS?
DO YOU LOVE THAT WORD?
IS THAT WORD LOVE TO YOU?
CAN YOU SEE LOVE IN THOSE LETTERS
CAN YOU SEE LOVE?
CAN YOU?

LOVE RETURNED IS
EVOL
LOVE BACKWARDS IS
EVOL
THE FIRST FOUR LETTERS OF THE WORD EVOLve
EVOLVE
LOVE EITHER SIDE

EVOLVE = TO DEVELOP, TO UNFOLD,
TO OPEN OUT, TO PRODUCE,
DEVELOP BY NATURAL PROCESS.
LET US
LET OUR LOVE EVOLVE

E
EV
EVO
EVOL
EVOLV
EVOLVE

Exhaust The Exhaustion

EXHAUST THE EXHAUSTION

DO NOT WEAKEN,
BE WORN AWAY,
FOR THROUGH PAIN,
EVERY DAY,
A NEW LIGHT DAWNS,
CHALLENGING CREATIVITY,
CREATED IN CREATION,
TO EXHAUST THE EXHAUSTION,

SO THE THOUGHT WITHIN,
BEGINS.

Barry Conway

Expectation & Expectation 20, Years Later

EXPECTATION

SHE EXPECTED HIM
TO FORGIVE HER
SHE DEMANDED IT
HE COULD SEE IT
IN THE SMIRK OF HER CRUEL MOUTH.
HOW MANY HEARTS
DID SHE THINK HE POSSESSED.
SHE HAD TAKEN THE SUN
AND DROWNED IT IN A DESPERATE SEA.

THE LOOK HE SAW
WAS ONE OF HIS CONQUEST
BINDING HIS MOVEMENT, .
HE KNEW THIS UNION WAS WRONG,
REALLY WRONG.
BUT THE ENSLAVING
THE SEXUAL PREDATOR
HELD SWAY.

HE REMEMBERED FORGOTTEN OTHER LOVERS
TENDER GENTLE EMBRACES
HONEST SMILES OF TOGETHERNESS
AN ATTEMPT OF LOVE.

HE SAW HIS FUTURE BEHIND HIM
ADDICTED TO A SCHEMING, VINDICTIVE WOMAN
WHO HAD USED HIS LOST SELF RESPECT
AS A CROWN,
SAW THE OLD MAN
TRAILING MISERABLY, DRAGGING
WALKING SUBSERVIENTLY BEHIND HER.
DOING HER SPITEFUL BIDDING
CONQUERING HIS SOUL
EVERY DAY.

HE MUST BREAK FREE NOW,
HE MUST FORGIVE HIMSELF,

FORGIVE HIS WEAKNESSES,
LEARN TO LOVE HIMSELF,

EXPECTATION (20 YEARS LATER)

'WHY ARE YOU HERE?
LET US TELL THE TRUTH FOR ONCE,
LET US PLAY THE TRUTH GAME.
DO NOT SAY
WHAT YOU THINK I WANT TO HEAR,
DO NOT SAY
WHAT YOU THINK YOU SHOULD SAY,
THAT SOMEONE OF YOUR AGE AND POSITION,
YOUR EDUCATION AND UPBRINGING,
WOULD,
BUT SAY WHAT YOU REALLY THINK.
DO NOT WORRY
ABOUT WHAT REACTION
YOU WILL CONJURE UP.
DO NOT LIVE WITH FALSE MODESTY,
PRAY TO FALSE GODS
OR THE MANNERS THAT SOCIETY DICTATES.
FEEL THE PULSES WITHIN YOU
DO NOT LET YOUR RIVERS FLOW
IN THE SAME DIRECTIONS AS OTHERS
BE A MAN FOR ONCE.
WHY ARE YOU HERE
WHY ARE YOU REALLY HERE
HUH? '

'I AM HERE
I AM HERE NOW,
AT THIS MOMENT,
EITHER TO MAKE LOVE TO YOU
OR TO KILL YOU
AFTER ALL THESE YEARS
I AM STILL IMPRISONED IN UNCERTAINTY.

Barry Conway

Fail

FAIL

OH TO FIND THAT GREAT WORK WITHIN
TO CHANGE PEOPLES LIVES
TO RESPOND TO THE INSPIRATION
TO EXPERIENCE THE TRAVELING WORD
APPEAR ON THE PAGE OF LOTUS WHITE
ARROWED BY YOUR HAND

THE END OF YOU

THE CRIMSON MAGIC
OF THE MOMENT OF MOMENTS
THE CREATIVITY OF THE NEWBORN
CHANGING YOU
NEVER TO BE THE SAME AGAIN

I KNOW THAT THERE IS GREATNESS
IN ALL OF US
DO NOT CHOOSE TO TURN AWAY
EMBRACE IT
DO NOT BE DRAWN IN-BETWEEN
KNOW IT IS THERE
DO NOT CHOOSE SECURITY
LET IT TAKE PRECEDENCE
LET IT TAKE AWAY CHOICE
SELF DENIAL IS NO DENIAL
JUST SELF PRESERVATION
FROM FAILURE

JUST BE MAGNIFICENT
FAIL EVERY DAY
FAIL AND FAIL AGAIN
WHAT MATTER IT
FOR IT IS IN YOUR FAILURE
THAT YOUR GREATEST WORK WILL ENDURE
YOU

Fallen

FALLEN

NIGHT FELL
HAIR FELL FROM HER LIPS
HIS HEART FELL.

FALLEN WINTER LED THE BERRIES
INTO THE RUTS OF THE COMMON
MADE WHOLE BY THE PASSINGS.
HIS BREATH CUT THE AIR
TO VANISH AS HIS LOVE
FELL FROM HER MOUTH.

TRAVELING TO THE GREY ORCHARD
TWISTED WITH LACK OF COLOUR
GUARDING A SECRET GARDEN
WHOSE SCENT ESCAPED ON SUNNIER DAYS
BRINGING FORTH HAPPIER FALLINGS.

DAY FELL
THE HOUSE FELL
HIS HEART FELL

Barry Conway

False Apex

FALSE APEX

TELL ME WHAT IT IS TO WIN?
THIS CONCEPT WHERE THE WORLD BEGINS
TO STRIVE TO BE THE VERY BEST
IS THIS A REAL AND VALID TEST?

AND TO WIN LEAVES OTHERS BEHIND
THE LOSERS, THE LOST, IN LIFE UNKIND
WHAT NOW OF THEIR INJURED SELF ESTEEM
HOW DO THEY NOW LIVE THEIR DREAM/

IS SEEMS TO ME TO LOSE IS GAIN
TO REMOVE THE BURDEN OF THE PAIN
OF HAVING ALWAYS TO WIN ANEW
AND REACH THE APEX OF THE FEW

SO FAR BEHIND I WISH TO BE
TO LIVE A LIFE IN MEDIOCRITY
SO NO ONE WILL EVER SAY OF ME
HE WAS THE BEST, BUT HE WAS NOT FREE

Barry Conway

Falsehoods

FALSEHOODS

I AM HAPPY TO TALK TO YOU,
AS LONG AS YOU UNDERSTAND,
WHAT YOU MUST REALIZE!
THAT MY WORDS CONTAIN LIES,
NO MATTER WHAT YOU ASK,
OR WHAT I REPLY,
MY WORDS CONTAIN LIES.

FOR TO TALK, TO THINK,
OR TO TRY TO UNDERSTAND,
ALL BY THE VERY NATURE OF OUR BEING,
WILL CONTAIN FALSEHOODS.
FOR IT IS BY THESE FALSEHOOD,
THAT WE SURVIVE,
FOR WITHOUT THEM,
WE HAVE BUT THE TRUTH,
AND THE TRUTH,
IS A STEP TOO FAR.

Barry Conway

Family Fortunes

FAMILY FORTUNES

STRANGE DAYS THESE,
NOW THE SEAL IS BROKEN,
THE TRUST,
THAT DEPARTS COMPASSION,
NOW WAITS,
FOR THE DWINDLING YEARS,
TO CRUSH BY.

DISDAINFUL DAYS,
SPENT IN DEPRESSION,
A LESSON,
OF LIFE'S STRUGGLE.
ALL SO FRAGILE TO ACCOMPLISH.
STILL TO BE UNHAPPY,
TO LEAVE UNHAPPINESS,
FOR UNHAPPINESS,
FINDING NO GREEN GRASS,
NO PEACE, THAT LASTS.

NOW THE SEAL IS BROKEN,
IT RESISTS REPAIR
THINGS,
CAN NEVER BE AS THEY WERE,
FOR AS THEY WERE,
WERE NOT AS THEY SHOULD,
HAVE BEEN

THE FOOLISH WRITINGS,
OF A LOST HEART,
LONELY TOGETHER,
LONELY APART,
LONELY,
SELFISHLY DOING ONE'S BEST,
STILL NOT GOOD ENOUGH.
DEMANDS,
TOO DEMANDING,
OF A FLAWED MAN,

WHO AS PARENTS PAST,
PASS ON THE FLAWS,
IN HIREDITORY VIGOUR.

SOULS NOT DIVERGING,
BUT DRIFTING APART,
JETSAM UPON THE HEART
THEIR WORTH,
INSIGNIFICANT TO ALL BUT THEM.
SEEK WISE COUNCIL THEY CRY,
SO THAT THE ANSWERS WITHIN,
WILL BE WITHOUT,
UNDERSTANDING NOT,
THAT NO ANSWERS PERSIST,
AS THEY CHANGE,
WITH EVERY PASSING THOUGHT, TAUGHT,
BY A CRUEL MASTER.

UNHAPPINESS,
ALL PERVASIVE,
LIVED IN OUR HOUSE FOR YEARS,
HOPING TO CHANGE,
INHIBITED THE WAITING,
MUTED,
DESIRES AND PLEASURE,
WAITING FOR THE KILL,
HIDING,
UNTIL THE WORDS,
WRITTEN UPON THE SWORD,
WERE THRUST DEEP,
INTO THE HEART.
WORDS AND DEEDS,
THE SAME PAIN,
THE FINAL CUT,
TO VANQUISH,
BANISH,
TO THE OTHER SIDE.

HONOUR AND DUTY,
CAST ASIDE,

LOVE AND TENDERNESS,
DERIDE,
SLIDE,
INTO A MEANINGLESS REPETITION,
A MAZE,
OF TALKLESS TALK,
CHALK,
THIS UPON YOUR BOARD,
THIS IS ALL TOO FAMILIAR,
TOO SIMILAR.

THE SON,
HAS DEPARTED FROM THE SKY,
AND HIS FRACTURED SOUL,
WEEPS BITTERNESS,
CLOUDING HIS WANDERING DAYS,
OF OPPORTUNITY,
HAVING WIELDED THE SWORD,
HE NOW KNOWS NOT,
HOW TO RELINQUISH IT'S HOLD UPON HIM.
AND I,
ON THE BATTLEFIELD,
SHOULD HAVE DIED UPON HIS SWORD,
INSTEAD,
I DEFENDED MY HONOUR,
NOW A WORTHLESS TROPHY,
COATED IN THE KNOWLEDGE,
THAT WE BOTH,
FOUGHT THE WRONG BATTLE,
INSTEAD OF THE BATTLE WITHIN.
I AM NOT HIS ENEMY,
THE ENEMY IS HIMSELF,
AND MY ENEMY,
IS A DISMEMBERED FAMILY.

IT IS ALL TOO FAMILIAR,
IN IT'S CONTEMPT,
THAT DROVE APART,
THAT MADE EXEMPT,
THAT WILL FOREVER TEMPT,
THE UNREACHABLE,
TO OBTAIN,

THROUGH IT'S DISDAIN,
THE SILENT NIGHT,
AWAKE IN PAIN.
MORE EXTRAORDINARY,
THAN A BEATING HEART
DISMEMBERED LIVES,
TORN APART,
LIVING IN A CLOUDED BALL,
DISTRAUGHT SHADOWS,
ON A PAPERED WALL,
THAT ECHOES,
TO THE MOURNFUL CALL,
THE BATTLE,
WILL DEFEAT US ALL,
THE FALLEN,
DO NOT RISE AGAIN,
BUT PASSING FROM,
THIS WORLD OF PAIN,
INTO THE NEXT,
WHERE IT REMAINS,
UPON OUR SOULS,
IN IT'S GREAT SHAME.

Barry Conway

Fantastic Catch For Someone

FANTASTIC CATCH FOR SOMEONE

If I had any friends they would say that I am all man, now that I have had the gender change operation. I am just as comfortable in high heels as I am in wellies. I like being outdoors, when I am not passing wind on the couch. I love watching naughty movies, or squeezing, and the woman should want to mimic what we see on the TV in role play.
I am looking for a woman, or past man, who can treat me to the finer things in life, champagne, expensive meals out. Expensive gifts and exotic holidays, that sort of thing. Someone who loves rumpy pumpy at least twice a day, yet can still wield a pick-axe with the best of them.
She, or He, not fussed at my age (happy for the attention) must do as they are told and worship the ground I walk on. I like to explore my nose a lot so they should be tolerant of my bad habits, especially my dirty finger nails.
It would be useful if they had a sister who was open minded who did not mind sharing me with them.
Someone who is a good cleaner and washer upper would be welcome as my place has not seen a duster or clean plate for years, or a clean woman for that matter..
I believe a woman's place is in the kitchen and she should do as she is told.
I am not looking for a wife, more of a housekeeper or a gofor.
Liking pets is a must as I have 7 snakes,19 spiders and 4 scorpions.
They love to run around the place and are quite tame as long as you do not touch them.
Although I am ugly, fat and overweight, with too many spots I can still climb stairs.
I love walking in the woods at night, and hiding in the bushes.
My hobbies are biting my toenails and fingernails which I collect in a jar. I now have 42 large jars.
I also like to collect old underwear from past associates, of which I have an extensive collection, which are hanging on my bedroom wall.
My other main hobby is collecting peoples hair, especially past girlfriends. I mostly get this while they are sleeping. I have also got an ear from a past conquest which I keep under my pillow.
You will also need to be able to let me wear your clothes and underwear (you will need to be a size 28 at least) and introduced me as STUD to your friends.
Spiritual, but not religious. I hear voices all the time. Wish they would keep quite for a while as they keep telling me to do things.

In return I promise not to stray too often. I am usually a man of my word unless it does not suit me. I am very modest and considerate with a heart of gold.
I buy all my clothes from the left overs at jumble sales, but I do need help washing (once a week will do if you must) and feeding.
I am a pacifist at heart although if you get out of line you may get a backhander.
So potential suitors what are you waiting for;
COME AND GET ME YOU LUCKY PEOPLE.

Barry Conway

Father And Son

FATHER AND SON

THE FATHER
WANTED HIM TO BE
BIG AND STRONG
TO TELL THE WORLD
HE IS A BULL OF A BOY
ABLE TO SMITE THE PHILISTINES
WITH A SINGLE BLOW
ABLE TO SAY
"THAT'S MY BOY!
DON'T MESS WITH HIM
OR HE WILL BITE YOUR HEAD OFF
THAT'S MY SON!
HARD AND STRONG
TOUGH AND DECISIVE! "
BUT TRUTH
WEARS MANY DISGUISES
HIDES BEHIND MANY TALL FENCES
THE DEFENSE
OF THE DEFENSELESS

THE SON
WANTED HIM TO BE
KIND AND LOVING
NOT SELFISHLY BOASTFUL
A BULL OF A FATHER
ABLE TO SMITE HIS FEARS
WITH A SINGLE WORD
ABLE TO SAY
"YOU ARE MY BOY
DON'T MESS WITH WHO HE REALLY IS
OR I WILL BITE YOUR HEAD OFF,
THAT'S MY SON
GENTLE AND MILD
SENSITIVE AND THOUGHTFUL
HIS TRUTH
CANNOT BE DISGUISED
WILL NOT BE HIDDEN

BEHIND MANY TALL FENCES
FOR I WILL DEFEND
THE DEFENSELESS
FOR I AM PROUD
OF WHO YOU REALLY ARE
PROUD
THAT YOU ARE MY SON"

Barry Conway

Feeling The Ripples

FEELING THE RIPPLES

JANE FELT THE WATER OF THE POND
RIPPLE BETWEEN HER TOES
DUCKS SWAM CLOSE BY
LOOKING FAMILIAR
AS ALL DUCKS DO
HOPING FOR A FEW TREATS
FROM HER MARKS AND SPENCER BAG

THE POPLARS
SHAPED THE WEST BOUNDARY WITH ELEGANCE
SWAYING TO THE VILLAGE GREEN
WHERE LINDA HAD BURIED HER DOLL
AFTER AN UNFORTUNATE MEETING WITH JIMMY JONES.
THE TWO GREY HAIRED LADIES OF AGE
EYED HER INQUISITIVELY
AS THEY HELPED EACH OTHER
WALK ALONG THE ROAD TO THE BAKERY
WHICH STILL DISPLAYED
RASPBERRY JAM PECULIARS
WITH FLUTED RIBBONED EDGES

THE OLD GRAIN BARN
LOOKING A LITTLE OLDER NOW
STILL HAD THE SUN SHINNING OVER IT
A SENTRY OF CENTURIES
KEEPING THE VILLAGE WHERE SHE WAS BORN.

SO MANY PASSING YEARS GONE LIKE THE WIND
SINCE SHE HAD FELT THE WATER.
HER THOUGHT WAS INTERRUPTED
AS A FAMILIAR SQUEAK CAUGHT HER EAR
IT WAS THE BARN DOOR OF NUMBER 6
WHERE THE OLD MOTHER OF THE VILLAGE
ONCE CROUCHED BY CANDLELIGHT
FORTIFIED BY HOT TODDIES
AND GOSSIP FROM THE KNITTING LADIES.

SHE SAW FRIENDS RUNNING
HER FIRST TRICYCLE
HER DAD PULLING HIS TROUSERS UP
BEFORE BEING BOWLED CLEAN OUT.
SHE SAW THE MANGY CAT
CHASING SPARROWS
AND THE NIGHT
LINDA TOLD HER SHE WAS LEAVING
AS SHE HAD DONE SOON AFTER.
HER FIRST KISS UNDER THE CONKER TREE
WHERE THEY HAD SHELTERED FROM THE SHOWER.

QUACK WENT THE DUCK
YES QUACK INDEED, QUACK INDEED.
YOU WANT SOMETHING FROM THEIR BAG
OH YES
WE ALL HAVE BAGS FULL WE NEED.

Barry Conway

Femme Scarlet

FEMME SCARLET

JE SUIS AMOUREUX
Avec une femme SCARLET
NOM WHOS est gravé dans mon cœur.
La belle DOUX MADELAINE.
Je te aime plus qu'hier et bien Moins que demain

NOUS avons jamais rencontré,
Pourtant, chaque NUIT
NOUS FAISONS pure passion,
Tout l'Extrême ATTEINT du multivers.
POUR Nous tenons les uns des autres MAINS SERRÉ
À travers les tunnels tout noir
DANS la lumière où l'amour nous illumine tout

Vous pouvez penser que mon amour est FANTAISISTES
Les voeux pieux de fantaisie,
Mais vous ne voyons avec nos yeux
Ne pas respirer AVEC notre souffle
NE PAS sentir le battement DE NOS COEURS AS ONE
IL N'Y A PAS DE MOTS
Pour décrire son LAVANDE AURA
Ce qui l'entoure.
Vous ne entendez la tendresse de ses paroles
OU LA SAGESSE de ses pensées.

Nous tenons mutuellement dans l'amour
Que le monde appelle FANTASY
Nous tenons REAL
A SAVOIR savent toujours NOUS
POUR amour est une force
ENTWINED DANS NOS ETRES
En signe de reddition UTTER
Tout obstacle
ET MAIDLAINE ET JE
sont la nature

Fields Of Gold

FIELDS OF GOLD

THE OWL CIRCLED OVERHEAD,
SPIRALING DOWN,
WATCHING OVER,
GUARDING TIME,
TOWARDS THE LOVERS,
SILHOUETTED,
BY THE CRESCENT MOON,
AS THEY WALKED,
THROUGH FIELDS OF GOLD,
HOLDING TIGHTLY,
IN EACH OTHERS MOMENT,
SAVOURING THEIR UNION,
IN THE FABLED LIGHT,
OF HALF LIGHT.

WORDS UNSPOKEN,
SUSTAINED THEIR SPIRIT,
IN THEIR SIMPLICITY OF UNDERSTANDING,
AS SONGS,
OF THE DEARLY DEPARTED,
GUIDED THEIR WAY,
HERE MET.

THE FIELDS GOLDEN HEADS,
TURNED IN UNISON,
SUPPORTED BY THE BREEZE,
TO WATCH THE WONDER.
ALL LIFE STOOD STILL,
TRANSFIXED WITH JOY,
AND EMPATHY,
OF LOVE.

IN THEIR MOVING GAZE,
THEY GAVE TO EACH OTHER,
RECLAIMED FEELINGS,
LOST IN PAST FIELDS,
WATCHED OVER,

BY THE CIRCLING OWL,
SPIRALING DOWN,
SILHOUETTED,
BY THE CRESCENT MOON,
AS THEY WALKED,
THROUGH FIELDS OF GOLD.

Barry Conway

Fields Of Learning

FIELDS OF LEARNING

I NOW POSSESS THE KNOWLEDGE
I LACKED IN MY YOUTH
WHEN I WANDERED BLIND AND BOUND,
UNOBSERVED
AND UNOBSERVING.
IT CAME TO ME AS ONLY IT COULD
WITH THE JOY AND SADNESS OF BEING,
SPENDING EACH GRAIN OF SAND
AS IT FALLS THROUGH THE HOUR GLASS
SPILLING ONTO THE EARTH,
LEARNING THE LESSONS
THAT LIFE INSISTS UPON YOU.
SOME LESSONS COME
WHEN THEY ARE NEEDED,
OTHERS ARRIVE TOO LATE.
SOME WERE IGNORED OR MISINTERPRETED,
ONLY TO BE UNDERSTOOD YEARS LATER,
TO BE REVEALED IN THEIR TRUE MAJESTY,
OR NOT AT ALL.

THERE ARE SO MAY DOORS OPENING
LEADING TO ANOTHER,
AND AS MY LIFE'S STRING DRAWS TIGHTER
I NOW REALIZE
THIS EXISTENCE
MUST BE THE FIELDS OF LEARNING
HOWEVER WE TRAVEL ON.

Barry Conway

Final Destination?

FINAL DESTINATION?

I ALWAYS HAD AN INCLINATION
TO WALLOW IN MY CONSTERNATION
ABOUT MY FINAL DESTINATION.

MY LIFE'S NOW REACHING ITS SUMMATION
THERE'S NO MORE TIME FOR HESITATION
NOW DULLED OF THOUGHT BY MEDICATION
I STEEL MYSELF IN MEDITATION
I LAY IN WORRIED CONTEMPLATION
OPPRESSED BY WEIGHT OF EXPECTATION
IF I WILL EVER REACH SALVATION.

BUT WITH MY LACK OF INFORMATION
DEVOID OF PROOF OR TRUE FOUNDATION
I WAIT WITHOUT IN TREPIDATION
AS TO ITS SPIRITUAL LOCATION.

SO MOCK YE NOT MY PROTESTATION
THAT IN YOUR GOD'S WORSHIPED ELATION
CAN THERE BE FORCES OF DIVINATION
THAT SHUNS THE WRETCHED OF THEIR NATION?

UNTIL NOW MY PROCRASTINATION
ON THE UNIVERSE'S CREATION
AND MY DOUBTING THOMAS ORATION
HAS LEFT MY SOUL IN RESIGNATION
IN THE BALANCE OF RECLAMATION
TO END IN ETERNAL DAMNATION
OR IN HEAVENLY EXULTATION.

OR IS THERE ANOTHER EXPLANATION
AT THE TIME OF MY EMBARKATION
A REAL TRUTH, A REAL REVELATION
AT MY FINAL DESTINATION?

Barry Conway

First Impressions

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

DIFFERENT NAMES DIFFERENT FACES
DIFFERENT SMILES DIFFERENT PLACES
WHEN YOU'RE NEW TO SOMETHING NEW
THERE IS SO MUCH MORE TO DO
TO SAY HELLO AND BE POLITE
TO MAKE SURE YOU EVERYTHING IS JUST RIGHT
NOT TO OFFEND THIS THING ANEW
FOR THAT WILL CERTAINLY NOT DO

FIRST IMPRESSIONS COUNT SO MUCH
TO LOOK, TO HEAR, TO SMELL, TO TOUCH
THE SPOKEN WORD AND LOOKS FROM YOU
COUNT SO MUCH WITH SOMEONE NEW
SO BE YOURSELF FOR THAT IS RIGHT
WITHOUT SHINNING FORTH A FALSE LIGHT
FOR EVERYBODY, YES EVEN YOU
WERE ONCE UPON A TIME SO NEW

Barry Conway

First Night

FIRST NIGHT

IT WAS THEIR FIRST NIGHT,
THEIR LOVEMAKING WAS WONDROUS,
SHE HAD LOST HERSELF,
IN THE JOY OF HIS MOVEMENT.

HE ASKED HER IF SHE WANTED ANOTHER DRINK,
AND ROSE TO FETCH IT.
ON HIS RETURN SHE BECAME VERY WORRIED,
SOMEWHAT PANICKY,
AS HE HELD A KNIFE IN HIS HAND.
SHE ASKED WHAT WAS GOING TO HAPPEN?

HE ASSURE HER NOT TO BE WORRIED,
AS IT WAS TO CARVE ANOTHER NOTCH IN HIS BEDPOST!
SHE TURNED SOMEWHAT DESPONDENTLY,
AND NOTICED THAT THERE WERE ONLY TWO NOTCHES.
"NICE TO NOW YOU ONLY HAVE TWO NOTCHES.
YOU WORRIED ME, BUT NOW I FEEL SOMEWHAT RELIEVED! "

HIS REPLY PANICKED HER ONCE AGAIN WITHOUT RELIEF,
"OH YES HE SAID, JUST TWO, ON THIS BED,
THE OTHER THREE BEDS COLLAPSED! "

Barry Conway

Flippant Brevity

PLEASE EXCUSE MY FLIPPANT BREVITY,
SOMETIMES LESS IS MORE.

IN THIS CASE,
MORE IS LESS,
WOULD HAVE BEEN,
EXCESSIVELY FLIPPANT.

Barry Conway

Flow

FLOW

HE SAT
ON THE STONE OF MOSS
AND WATCHED THE STREAM
HURRY FROM THE LOG
CASCADING IN TRANSPARENT TUBES
BENT BY GRAVITY
HILLING THE POOL
FORMING MILLIONS OF FOAMING BUBBLES
HUDDLES AND HUBBLE
EACH WITH THEIR OWN STORY TO TELL
TRYING TO ESCAPE
THE PEBBLES AND STONES
WHO LAID IN WAIT
IN ROWS OF DISJOINTED PATTERNS
HOPING TO CATCH THEM
THE BRAVEST
SURVIVING THE RAPIDS
IN EACH FALL.

HE GAZED
AT THE SYMMETRY
OF THE REFLECTION OF THE SUN
MINGLING WITH THE FLOW
IN PARTS FAST
SOME SLOW
AND REFLECTED ON HIS OWN LIFE
IN THE YELLOW, GREEN AND BROWN
OF THE SUBMERGING LEAVES
THAT SPEED ON BY
IN CONSTANT VOYAGE
SHARING THEIR VOICE
WITH THE DRONE
OF THE WATER.

SUBMERGED
AND EMERGED LIFE
REVERED

AND FEARED
IN EQUAL PLEASURE
REST IN ITS CONTROL
AND IGNORES ITS CRY
AT ITS PERIL.

Barry Conway

Food

FOOD

HE WAS A LECH,
HE LOOKED AT WOMEN AS FOOD,
FOOD TO FILL HIS DESIRES,
HIS PLEASURES,
HIS LIFESTYLE,
HIS HEDONISTIC EGO.

BUT YET,
IN RETURN, HE FED THEM,
GAVE THEM THE FULFILLMENT,
OF MOMENTS OF PLEASURE,
WHEN LOVE WAS ENACTED,
BETWEEN THE ARMS OF PLENTY.

WOMEN LOOKED AT HIM,
AND KNEW,
HERE WAS A MAN TO ENJOY,
AND THEN MOVE ON,
LETTING ONLY THE YEARS,
HIDE THE MEMORY.

FOR YOU SEE, LOVE,
IN ALL IT'S ANIMALISTIC FORMS,
WAS THE MEAL,
AT LEAST THE HORS D'OUVRE,
LEARNING TO GIVE AND TAKE,
WITHOUT REGRET.

Barry Conway

For The Want,

FOR THE WANT

FOR THE WANT OF A THOUGHT,
AN IDEA WAS LOST.

FOR THE WANT OF A WORD,
A POEM WAS LOST.

FOR THE WANT OF A NOTE,
A SONG WAS LOST.

FOR THE WANT OF EDUCATION,
FUTURES WERE LOST.

FOR THE WANT OF HUMAN RIGHTS,
JUSTICE WAS LOST.

FOR THE WANT OF A SPEECH,
LIBERTY WAS LOST.

FOR THE WANT OF TOLERANCE,
UNDERSTANDING WAS LOST.

FOR THE WANT OF PROFIT,
JOBS WERE LOST.

FOR THE WANT OF COMPASSION,
ANIMALS WERE LOST,

FOR THE WANT OF LOVE,
RELATIONSHIPS WERE LOST.

FOR THE WANT OF FOOD,
BABIES WERE LOST.

FOR THE WANT OF SHELTER,
LIVES WERE LOST.

FOR THE WANT OF UNDERSTANDING,

PEACE WAS LOST.

FOR THE WANT OF A HORSE,
A KINGDOM WAS LOST.

FOR THE WANT OF AN ARMY,
A COUNTRY WAS LOST.

FOR THE WANT OF GREED,
THE WORLD WAS LOST.

FOR THE WANT,

WE HUMANS ALWAYS WANT,
NEED WANT.

FOR THE WANT OF HUMANITY.

Barry Conway

Forgiveness

FORGIVENESS

''TO FORGET IS TO FORGIVE''
WHO SAID THAT?
WHOEVER IT WAS
MUST HAVE CARRIED A LOAD
THAT SAMSON WOULD STRUGGLE WITH.
IS IT THE REPRESSION OF WOUNDS
TO THE VICTIM, PERSECUTOR OR HEALER?

SO SHOULD WE FORGET SO THAT WE FORGIVE?
OR SHOULD WE FORGIVE AND NEVER FORGET?

Barry Conway

Forgot To Remember

FORGOT TO REMEMBER

THE SUBJECT WAS FORGETTING,
AND TO BE HONEST
I FORGOT TO WRITE A POEM.
IN FACT
I FORGOT THERE WAS A MEETING AT ALL.
THE ONLY REASON THAT I AM HERE,
WAS BECAUSE,
AS I LEFT THE HOUSE,
AND GOT INTO THE CAR,
TO DO SOMETHING ELSE,
I REALIZED,
I HAD FORGOTTEN MY PHONE,
AND WENT BACK TO GET IT,
DROPPED IT AS I PICKED IT UP.
FROM THE COUCH,
AND IT SPRANG INTO LIFE,
AND OPENED UP ON TODAYS CALENDAR,
SHOWING ME THAT THERE WAS,
A MEETING OF THE POETRY GROUP TODAY.

I WAS ACTUALLY GOING ROUND,
TO MY FRIENDS HOUSE,
TO WATCH A FILM SHE HAD JUST RECORDED.
CALLED 'FORGETTING SARAH MARSHALL, '
WHICH SEEMS APT.
SO I PHONED HER.
SHE SAID, 'I SHOULD FORGET ABOUT THE FILM,
AND THAT I SHOULD GO TO THE MEETING
AS I AM A GENIUS,
WHEN IT COMES TO WRITING POEMS.'
I EXPLAINED,
THAT I HAD NOT WRITTEN ANYTHING,
FOR THE MEETING
AS I HAD FORGOT ABOUT IT,

SO HERE I AM
EXCEPT I FORGOT TO BRING ANY MONEY

FOR THE TEA, AND ANYWAY,
I AM HERE TO TELL YOU,
I FORGOT ABOUT THE MEETING
AND I WONT BE HERE,
AS I AM GOING TO SEE MY FRIEND.
SO FORGET ABOUT ME FOR THE DAY
AND HAVE A NICE TIME.

Barry Conway

Forgotten.

FORGOTTEN.

HOW STRANGE,
ONLY YESTERDAY,
SHE WAS HERE WITH HIM, AND NOW,
TODAY,
SHE IS GONE,
UNRECOGNIZABLE,
FROM THAT YOUNG, BLOND GIRL,
WITH PINK LIPSTICK,
THAT USED TO DANCE DOWN THE PALAISE,
EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT,

NOW,
SHE SITS AMONGST THE OTHERS,
IN A GREEN WINGED ARMCHAIR,
STARING AT THE VERDANT HILL,
THAT FRAME THE WINDOW,
WITHOUT MEMORY, OR RECOGNITION,
OF THE LINED MAN,
WHO HOLDS HER HAND,
HELPLESSLY CAUGHT IN TIME.

HE TALKS TO HER SOFTLY,
OF PAST GOOD TIMES SPENT TOGETHER,
ONCE SHARED IN JOY,
HELPS HER EAT HER FOOD,
FOR SHE HAS FORGOTTEN,
HOW TO FEED HERSELF,
HELPS HER DRINK HER SWEET TEA.
ALL THIS WITHOUT ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.

EVERY DAY,
FURTHER AND FURTHER OUT OF STEP,
OF A KNOWN EXISTENCE.
HE TURNS TO ME LOOKING FOR SOLACE,
PLEADING FOR A REASON,
OR AN EXPLANATION,

WHICH I CAN NOT OFFER,
OR EXPLAIN TO HIM.
AND IN THAT HELPLESSNESS,
I FEAR FOR MY OWN FUTURE,
FEAR FOR HIS.

Barry Conway

Fortitude

FORTITUDE

HE COULD NOT RESIST
GLOSSY AND SHINY
ON HIS SHELF OF DESTINY
IT WAS HIS FORTITUDE
THAT LED HIM HERE
TO THIS PLACE OF WORSHIP.

HE HAD SEARCHED
INTO THE PROVERBIAL
HIGH AND LOW
CASTING DISTRAUGHT OUT
SEARCHED INTO THE PROMISED LAND
NEVER DOUBTING
NEVER GIVING UP
AND HIS STUBBORN RESISTANCE
HIS STUBBORN PERSISTENCE
TO OVERCOME THE ODDS
WAS NOW ABOUT TO
FLOWER FORTH FRUIT
IN THIS LAND OF PLENTY,
THIS LAND OF MILK AND HONEY.

HIS HEART SOARED IN HIS CHEST
IT PUMPED WILDLY
AT THE LOVE BEFORE HIM
HIS EYES DILATED,
HAIR STOOD UP UPON HIS ARMS,
AND ON THE BACK OF HIS NECK
AND HIS MOUTH
FLOWED WITH THE JUICES OF DESIRE
HEIGHTENED BEFORE THE BATTLE.

HE QUICKLY GLANCED
BACK AND FORTH,
THEN SIDE TO SIDE
SURVEYING THE GROUND
FOR ANY OTHER

THAT MAY CAPTURE HIS FATE
AND SNATCH HIS DESTINY AWAY.
IT WAS ONLY THEN
THAT THE SMILE OF RELIEF CAME
FOR THEY WERE HIS FOR THE TAKING
HIS FOR THE CAPTURE.
HIS MIND
COMPREHENDED ONCE AGAIN
THE RELIGIOUS SIGNS
THOSE HOLY WORDS

REDUCED
NOT ONLY REDUCED
BUT SUBSTANTIALLY REDUCED

A BARGAIN
A BARGAIN

HE READ THE SECOND MANTRA

TO CLEAR
TO CLEAR

THIS WAS TRUE NIRVANA
FOR HE HAD FOUND HIS HOLY GRAIL
A CLEARANCE BARGAIN
WHAT MORE COULD A HUNTER GATHERER
DO FOR HIS TRIBE
THAN BECOME A HERO
IN THIS NOBLEST OF HEROIC QUESTS,
TO SLAY THE SUPERMARKET DRAGON
AND FREE HIS PEOPLE.

Barry Conway

Foundling

FOUNDLING

YOU HAVE BEEN LEFT ON THE STEP,
OF THE ORPHANAGE,
YOU WERE LEFT NEXT TO ME
NEXT TO YOUR BROTHERS AND SISTERS,
NEXT TO ALL OF US.

YOU HAVE BEEN ABANDONED,
FOR DOING WHAT?
FOR DOING WRONG?
FOR BEING HUMAN.
YOU ARE DIFFERENT,
FROM ALL OTHERS,
YET THIS DIFFERENCE,
IS JUST THE SAME AS ALL OF US.

YOU MAY SNEER,
AT YOUR NEIGHBOUR,
LOOK DOWN UPON THEM,
TELL YOURSELF YOU ARE SUPERIOR,
OR INVERSELY,
LOOK UP TO THEM,
TELL YOURSELF YOU ARE INFERIOR.
BUT THAT IS NOT THE CASE,
FOR WE ALL START THE SAME,
AS FOUNDLINGS,
THE REST IS UP TO YOU,
DON'T LET ANYONE ELSE TELL YOU DIFFERENTLY.

Barry Conway

Future Retribution

FUTURE RETRIBUTION

DON'T ASK ME IN FUTURE RETRIBUTION
HOW I AM
I CARRY THE BURDEN HOURLY
OF YOUR MISTAKES
BEAR THE UNCERTAINTY
LISTEN TO THE MELLOW VOICE
THAT HIDES THE SCORPION
BRANDISHING A HURT
FAR WORSE
THAN ANY NATURE PROVIDES.

Barry Conway

Gallantry

GALLANTRY

THE ALARM RAISED
THE BRAVE SOULS RACE
TO SAVE SOULS IN MORTAL PERIL
RAISE UP THEIR COURAGE
AT WHATEVER COST

AT THIS TIME OF PERIL
THE BRAVEST OF THE BRAVE
BECOME OUR MOTHERS AND FATHERS
RESPONSIBLE TO PAY ANY PRICE
TO PROTECT THEIR CHILDREN
THEIR CHARGES.
THE SEA
BOTH FRIEND AND ENEMY
PROTECTS ITS CATCH
AND RESISTS THE LIFEBOATS ENDEAVOR

IN CONSTANT BATTLE
AGAINST THE ELEMENTS AND THE ENEMY
STRIVING TO SAVE LIVES
TO DEPRIVE
THE DEEP OF ITS KEEP
TO DENY
THE LONG SLEEP
OF THE DEAD.

THE HEROIC LIFEBOAT CREW
IN WHOSE STEPS GIANTS WALK
IN WHOSE SHADOW WE ASPIRE
THROUGH THE GLOOM
THE DESPERATE HUDDLE
IN WHOSE ARMS THEY TRUST
MORE THAN ANY PARENT
BRAVING THE ELEMENTS
BRAVING THE UNKNOWN
DEFYING FEAR
AND THE WEAKNESS OF ALL MEN

TO LEAVE BEHIND THEIR FAMILIES
TO RISK THEIR LIVES
FOR THEIR NEW FAMILY
THE FAMILY OF MAN.

THEY GO TO SEA
NOT FOR VANITY
NOR SELFISHNESS
NOT FOR EGO
OR FOR SELF IMPORTANCE
NO THEY GO FOR HUMANITY
TO SET FREE FROM DEATH

THEY RACE AGAINST TIME
TO THOSE CLINGING TO LIFE
AS EACH SECOND PASSES
THE DEEP CALLS LOUDER
WHEN ALL THE ELEMENTS
CONSPIRE TO CLAW
AND WRENCH YOUR SOUL TO THE BEYOND
THE DESPERATE
SNATCHED FROM THE DEEP
WHO MUST WAIT TO REAP
ANOTHER DAY

SO UNDERSTAND
ALL THOSE WHO GO TO SEA
THAT IF EVER THE ALARM IS RAISED
THAT THE LIFEBOAT CREW
ARE THE EARTHLY ANGELS
THAT SAVE YOU
FOR THAT IS THE CLOSEST
YOU WILL EVER BE
TO HEAVEN HERE ON EARTH
AND SEE THE SAVIOUR
FAR GRATER THAN ANY MORTAL WORTH.

Barry Conway

Game Play

GAME PLAY

THIS DREAM
WILL ALWAYS BE A DREAM
FOR THE BOY
TO BECOME A MAN
IN THE EXTENSION
OF THE REAL
THAT JACK LAYS DOWN

AN OCEAN OF IDEAS
SWIMMING TOGETHER
ABROAD OF INTENTION
THE INVENTION
OF THE DREAM
TO SEEM
MORE REAL
THAN ANY CONSTRUCT
IMAGINED
OR LIVED OUT
HERE, ON A SPINNING ROCK,
OR THERE,
IN A WORLD OF IMAGINATION,
FED BY THE GAME
AT THE END OF A HAND,
WHERE TO COMMAND
THE PLEASURES OF THE CONSCIOUS
ENHANCES
THE DEPTH OF ACCESSIBILITY
TO HIS DREAMS.

Barry Conway…….……..Devon Feb 28th 2010

Written for Jack Wilson on his 14th birthday

Barry Conway

Ginger Limmericks

THERE WAS A YOUNG LADY CALLED GINGER,
WHO NEVER COULD BE JUST A WINGER
SHE WAS SWEET AND SO KIND
WITH A SMALL PERT BEHIND
AND I AM GONNA FLY OVER AND WIN HER

THERE WAS A YOUNG LADY CALLED GINGER
WHO'S FRIEND WAS SOMEWHAT QUITE SIMILAR
DOWN THE GYM THEY WOULD GO
WITH THEIR MUSCLES IN TOW
AND IMPRESS THE YOUNG MEN IN THEIR GYM GEAR

THERE WAS A YOUNG LADY CALLED GINGER
WHO'S DEMEANOUR WAS SOMEWHAT FAMILIAR
SHE WAS MEEK, SHE WAS MILD
WITH THE FACE OF A CHILD
IF UPSET THOUGH, SHE'D GIVE YOU THE FINGER

THERE WAS A YOUNG LADY CALLED GINGER
WHO SOME SAID WAS A BIT OF A BINGER
BUT THAT'S IN HER YOUTH
AND TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH
SHE HAS MUCH MORE TIME NOW JUST TO LINGER

Barry Conway

Give Me Not

GIVE ME NOT

GIVE ME NOT,
TIME AND SPACE,
BUT THE ENCUMBRANCE,
OF SOMEONE.

THE INSISTENCE,
OF SHARING,
CARING,
FOR ANOTHER,
A LOVER,
ENTWINED IN YOUR PSYCHE,
FOREVER THERE,
CONDENSING YOUR THOUGHTS,
AND DESIRES.

ANOTHER,
TO HELP STOKE,
THE FIRES,
THAT WANE AND FLICKER,
UNDER THE BURDEN,
OF BEING,
OF SEEING,
THE WORLD AS IT IS,
AS IT SHOULD BE.

FOR WE,
ARE BETTER,
THAN I,
AND I,
CRY FOR THEE.

Barry Conway

Given

GIVEN

HE GAVE ME AN UNDERSTANDING,
WITHOUT MOVEMENT,
HE CAME TO ME,
WITHOUT CONSEQUENCE,
ENFOLDED BETWEEN THOUGHTS,
THE SPACE THAT DOES NOT EXIST,
UNTIL YOU SEARCH FOR IT.

I KNEW NOT WHO HE WAS,
I CARED NOT,
FOR IT MATTERED NOT,
FOR HE HAD MADE KNOWN,
THAT WHICH HAD NOT BEEN KNOWN,
TO THOSE WHO HAD NOT BEEN INVITED.

NOW CHANGED,
NEVER TO BE THE SAME AGAIN,
LEFT BETWEEN LIVES,
LEFT BETWEEN WORLDS,
BETWEEN KNOWLEDGE AND UNCERTAINTY,
AND I KNEW NOT HOW TO LIVE,
FOR THE GIFT WAS BOTH,
A JOY AND A BURDEN,
A DOGMA OF KNOWING,
THAT URGES YOU,
TO QUESTION EVERYTHING.

Barry Conway

Glint

GLINT

HER HAIR CAUGHT THE GLINT
SHIMMERING FROM THE MIRROR
AND I WAS NOT SURE
IF SHE WAS LOOKING AT ME
OR THE HAT
I HAD COME TO A VIBRATING STOP
IN THE SHOP
WHOSE NAME ESCAPED ME
AS DID MY OWN
IN THAT INSTANT
TOO FEW IN LIFE
I BECAME WEIGHTLESS
AND EVERYTHING ELSE WAS LOST TO ME
FOR MY WORLD HAD BECOME BLURRED
IN ITS PERFECT FOCUS
AND THERE REMAINED
ONLY HER SILHOUETTE AGAINST THE LIGHT

MY MOUTH BECAME DRY
AND MY DIZZINESS PREVENTED SPEECH
AND I WAS UNABLE
TO TELL HER OF THE MOMENT
BUT THIS BECAME UNIMPORTANT
AS SHE TURNED TO ME
AND ALL AT ONCE
WE WERE FLOATING TOGETHER
BEING DRAWN CLOSER TOGETHER
OUTSTRETCHING OUR PALMS
TO TOUCH IN UNISON
AND THE LIGHT
ENTERED BOTH OUR BEINGS
REMOVING ALL IMPERFECTIONS
INTO THE AIR
AND WE WERE CARRIED AWAY
INTO EVERYWHERE.

God

GOD

BELIEVE IN GOD, TO DISBELIEVE IS WORSE
AND IF UPON YOUR MEETING BE WELL REHEARSED
FOR A DOUBTING THOMAS THERE IS NOTHING WORSE
ONCE YOU ARE TRAVELING IN YOUR HEARSE

SO FOR BORN AGAIN ATHEISTS EVERYWHERE
GIVE TRUE REGARD TO THE MAN IN THE CHAIR
FOR WHEN TIME COMES YOU MAY FIND YOURSELF THERE
AND WHAT WOULD YOU GIVE FOR A WING AND A PRAYER

Barry Conway

Good Day?

GOOD DAY?

I DID NOT UNDERSTAND HER SIGHS,
I DID NOT HER THIGHS,
I DID NOT UNDERSTAND HER FIT,
BUT IT DID NOT MAKE ME AN IDYIT,

THAT'S ALL I WAS ALLOWED TO SAY,
GOOD DAY.

Barry Conway

Goodbye Victoria

GOODBYE VICTORIA

NOT FORSAKING MARRIAGE
I LET MY BLOUSE FALL
HIS WORDS ARE SO MEANINGFUL
AND TRUE LOVE SO HARD TO FIND
IT IS LIKE A PRECIOUS STONE
THAT YOU SEE LYING ON THE EAR
ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS STOOP
AND GRASP IT WITHIN YOUR PALM

MY VICTORIAN UPBRINGING
THAT WAS THRUST UPON ME
MUST NOW BE ENTOMBED
AND LEFT TO DISAPPEAR
FROM WHENCE IT CAME
FOR HIS WORDS
RING NON UNCEASINGLY IN MY HEAD
AND MY BODY IS SET AFLAME
AT HIS SLIGHTEST TOUCH

HOW PRECIOUS IS HIS LOVE
AND I MUST GRASP IT
FOR TOMORROW HOLDS TOO MANY SECRETS

Barry Conway

Grains

GRAINS

THE DAM BROKEN
LOG AND STONE
BY THE FALLING TREE
AND THE MEANDERING STREAM
MEANDERED NO MORE
BLOCKED BY TRUNK BRANCHES AND LEAVES
ORDERING INTO CONTROL
FORMING A NEW DAM.
UPSTREAM
SURPASSING LOG, STONE. ROCK AND BANK
USURPING THE STREAMS KINGDOM
BY CONQUEST.
THE WAY OF THE WORLD
THE STRONG OVERPOWERING THE WEAK
AS THE WIND
OVERPOWERED THE TREE
MOVING DOWN THE CHAIN
OF COMMAND.
A WILL
THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE CRADLE
THAT WE ALL SUCKLE FROM

HOPE
OVER TIME
THAT THE STREAM WILL ATTUNE
THE KING WITH THE NEW CROWN
WILL ENDEAVOUR
BY CONSTANT ATTRITION
BY PRESSURE
TO REASSURE
TO RECOUNT THE WANDER
AND WANDER WHERE
IT WILL MEANDER
ONCE AGAIN
TO BE
THE PATH THROUGH THE FOREST
THE IMPRINT UPON THE LAKE

THE PATTERN UPON PLAIN
THE GRAIN UPON THE WOOD.

Barry Conway

Gratification

GRATIFICATION

HE LAY BESIDE HER
AMONGST THE FIELD MOUSE,
AND THE WART HOG,
THE WALRUS,
AND THE GRIZZLY BEAR,
AND NUDGED HER WITH HIS PRIDE.

THE BED CREAKED,
AND SO DID SHE,
INTERSPERSED WITH MOMENTS,
OF SILENCE AND SCRATCHING.
HER EYES OPENED BRIEFLY,
TO SEE WHAT HE WAS DOING,
AND HER HAND REACHED DOWN,
TO TOUCH HIS MANHOOD.
HER TOUCH SO SOFT AND GENTLE,
WAS MUTED IN HER WANTON DESIRE,
WANTING TO PLEASE,
BUT OH SO VERY TIRED,
AS THEY HAD TALKED,
WELL INTO THE SMALL HOURS,
OF THE MORNING,
IN EACH OTHERS ARMS,
AND IN EACH OTHERS BODY.
BUT SLEEP OVERTOOK HER AGAIN.
HE GAVE HER ANOTHER SMALL NUDGE,
BUT IT WAS NO GOOD,
HE WOULD HAVE TO WAIT,
FOR FURTHER GRATIFICATION,
FROM THE FIELD MOUSE.

Barry Conway

Great Lady

GREAT LADY

THE LADY
FOR SHE WAS OBVIOUSLY A LADY
GREY
WITH PIECES OF BLOND MEMORY
BENT HER WAY TOWARDS US
A NONAGENARIAN
SLOWLY BENDING SOME MORE.

FOR HERE IN SUNNY FL.
THEY WORK TILL THEY DROP
A CHARMING LADY
A REAL BEAUTY

'CAN I HELP YOU? ' SHE MUMBLED
I FELT STRANGE
SURELY IT WAS I THAT SHOULD HAVE SAID
CAN I HELP YOU?
'YES I AM LOOKING FOR THE GODFATHER'
'YES WE HAVE IT! ' CAME THE RESPONSE

SHE SLID HER WAY TO LOOK
RAMBLING AND SHUFFLING
INTO THE CRIME SECTION,
BLOCKBUSTER, CLASSIC, ,
MUTTERING 'NOT THERE
NOT THERE, NOT THERE
WHERE IS IT?
WE'VE GOT IT, WE'VE GOT!
DON' T WORRY I'LL FIND IT
I'LL FIND IT!
NEVER BEEN BEATEN YET
THE COMPUTER SAYS
WE HAVE 4 OF THEM
ALL HIDING FROM THE LAW"

SHE USES THE COMPUTER BETTER THAN ME!

TWENTY MINUTES PASS
WHILE I AND MY GINGER ESCORT FOLLOW
LIKE LOST DISCIPLES
LOOKING FOR THE HOLY GRAIL
'I'LL FIND IT I'LL FIND IT!
IT SHOULD BE HERE'
MORE COMPUTER, MORE SHUFFLING
BENDING, SMILING

SHE FOUND IT THOUGH!
BEHIND THE DESK
'WHAT'S IT DOING THERE! '
WHERE THE OTHER 3 WERE
WE WILL NEVER KNOW.

IN THAT TIME OF SEARCH
SHE PROBABLY TURNED
INTO A CENTENARIAN
I CERTAINLY HAD
WHAT A GREAT LADY.

Barry Conway

Great Neck

GREAT NECK

I SEE NO REASON,
TO DENY,
YOUR EYE,
TO ME,
OR MY EYE,
TO YOU.

OUR SIGHS,
ARE SHORT,
BUT WHEN CAUGHT,
RETORT,
PLEASURE,
AT LEISURE,
UNBOUND.
'GREAT NECK! '

Barry Conway

Green

GREEN

She was green, bloody green, unbelievable really, well not really, but I am not green.
Mind you she had just emerged from the water, like the lady of the lake, Vivian, mind you it was the sea.
She was covered in the stuff , it clinged to her like a baby orangutan, but green if you had not guessed it by now! I could not take my eyes off her, and not because I am a letch, which I really am, but because she was green and also now I could see tinges of brown, yes brown! Also
under all that gunk of green with brown tinges she looked, well be still my thumping green with brown tinges heart, gorgeous!
She was hot and I was not feeling that cool either. I had to talk to her, even at my ever advancing age I still felt I was quite the ladies man. Perhaps this is why I am single. Good job I was not wearing any budgie smugglers as that would have put her right off. I did not want to scare her before I could work my charm..
Excuse me but I do not usually talk to green people with a tinge of brown, but do you need any help. You seem to be covered in the stuff. Like seaweed and gunge do you? Are you collecting it for the garden, or to eat? Maybe for soup. I particularly like it in soup. We could always call the descendants of Jacques Cousteau. I could even put it in a bag for you to take home! Oh by the way please3d to meet you, my name is Tom, you know like the old Dragnet theme Tom to tom, tom te tom tom te tom tom te tom tom.
I think I stunned her into silence with my stupidity and she just nodded her compliance. I started to remove it in a gentlemanly way from her arrowed limbs, keeping the letch in me at bay. She had a lithe torso and as we spoke, she smiled as she became less green with brown tinges. Constance was her name, old English I think. Her form belied her years as she was only just a few years younger than me. Must be good for the skin I said swimming in all that goo green goo with brown tinges.
We spent the whole day together in conversation, of course after she had changed into her skivvies.
It was at the end of dinner over coffee that I remarked that she looked remarkably like the first of my wives!
You could see her face drop in disappointment and you could her jaw thud the floor. She hesitantly inquired with a look of trepidation just how many times I had been married.
'Married, married…Oh I have never been married my darling! '

Hainult Forest Golf Club

HAINULT FOREST GOLF CLUB

THE WINDING PATH,
AS IF LIFTED FROM A FAIRY TALE,
FOUND IT'S WAY,
TO THE TOP OF THE GENTLY SLOPING HILL,
WHERE LITTLE COPPICES,
MARCHED IN LINE TOWARDS THE APEX.

THE COTTAGE,
HID BEHIND THE GLINT OF THE SUNLIGHT,
PROTECTED BY THE FAUNA,
WHICH GUARDED IT.

YET,
IN THE TRANQUILITY OF THE SETTING,
HID SNARES,
SAND TRAPS,
AND A DARK, DANK LAGOON,
TO ENGULF THE UNLUCKY, OR UNWARY.
THOSE TINY SILHOUETTES,
CHASING WHITE SPHERES,
OF PLEASURE OR DESPAIR,
SET AGAINST GRASS AND SKY,
TREE AND WIND,
WHERE EVERY SAVIOUR,
FLIES FLAGS,
TO GUIDE THE SEEKER HOME,
TO RENEW.

Barry Conway

Half And Half

HALF AND HALF

SHE CAME TO ME WITH HER LAST CURRANT BUN,
BROWN AND STICKY WITH EYES,
THE BUN, NOT HER.
I BROKE INTO THE WHITE FLESH,
AND BATHED IT IN SALTY BUTTER
GIVING BACK THE HALF
BOTH LOOKING INTO EACH OTHER AS WE ATE.

SHE INQUIRED WHY I HAD SHARED
AND NOT SAID THAT,
AS IT WAS HER LAST BUN, SHE SHOULD HAVE IT.

I REPLIED AS ONLY I CAN,
IF YOU ATE THE WHOLE BUN ONLY BY YOURSELF,
YOU WOULD FEEL THE SWORD OF SELFISHNESS,
AND THE SHARP TASTE OF GUILT.
IF I HAD EATEN IT JUST BY MYSELF,
YOU WOULD HAVE FELT THE RED GUSHING OF ANNOYANCE,
AND DRANK THAT HUE FROM THE CUP OF RESENTMENT.
SAVING IT FOR LATER,
WOULD HAVE LEFT YOU IN A STATE OF PUZZLEMENT,
AS TO ITS OUTCOME, AND LEFT A FIDGET IN YOUR MIND.
TO GIVE IT AWAY WOULD HAVE LEFT NO BUN,
UNLESS, OF COURSE, THEIR NEED WAS GREATER
AND IT WOULD NOT HAVE STALED.

SO HALF AND HALF,
WITH EYES SO WIDE,
FILLS US BOTH,
WITH A SENSE OF PRIDE,
FOR AS THE TASTE,
JUST MELTS AWAY,
SO WE LIVE,
MY LOVE,
MY WHITE FLESHED LOVE,
TO BUTTER ANOTHER DAY.

Barry Conway

Haunted

HAUNTED

LAY DOWN YOUR FATHERS HAND THAT STRIKES ME
SET ASIDE THE ULCERED TONGUE THAT BITES ME
GIVE UP THE WAY YOUR MIND MUST FIGHT ME
YOU'RE ONLY A WOMAN, DO NOT FIGHT ME

LET'S DRIVE AWAY THE HURT THAT IS YOU
CLEAR YOU'RE PAST THAT DOES CONTROL YOU
FREE THE ANGRY BEAST LIEING WITHIN YOU
YOU'RE ONLY A MAN, DO NOT HIDE YOU

TOGETHER WE'LL OVERCOME FALSE NEEDS WITHIN US
MEND THE BARRIERS THAT STAND BETWEEN US
TAKE THE LOVING FUTURE THAT LAYS BEFORE US
WE ARE ALL ONLY HUMAN, DON'T LET IT HAUNT US

Barry Conway

Have You?

HAVE YOU?

I HAVE DONE ALL THAT I CAN,
TO BECOME ALL THAT I AM,
TODAY.

IF ONLY THESE WORDS WERE TRUE,
I COULD HAVE DONE A LOT BETTER,
BUT I WAS LAZY,
I WAS APATHETIC,
OR SELFISH,
OR JUST DISINTERESTED.
MAYBE THE EFFORT WAS TOO GREAT
OR THAT I WAS NOT PREPARED
TO PUT THAT EFFORT IN.

THIS THEN LEADS US,
TO THE QUESTION,
WHERE IS THE COMPASSION
WE ALL TALK ABOUT,
THE ALTRUISM,
THAT HIGHER IDEALS,
TELL US TO STRIVE FOR?

Barry Conway

Heathrow Terminal 3

HEATHROW TERMINAL 3

I AMBLED THROUGH AND PAST,
THE SHOPS SHOUTED THEIR AMAZING PRICES AT ME.
HYPER AS A MISCHIEVOUS CHILD.
EVEN SUPERGLUE WAS A SUPER STUPID PRICE.

A BVLGARI SAPHIRE NECKLACE,
A MERE STEAL AT £28,500,
FOR THAT IS THE ONLY WAY I COULD ATTAIN IT, TO STEAL IT.
I SHARED THIS JOKE,
WITH THE PASSENGER AND SHOPPING ASSISTANT THEOPHILUS,
IN CONFIRMATION OF THIS STRANGE WORLD.
HE, MORE BUBBLY THAN A MALTESSER CHOCOLATE,
COVERED IN A BAR OF AERO.
"CAN I INTEREST YOU IN OUR DUTY FREEEEEEEES? "
"NO THANK YOU, I CAN NOT AFFORD AN ARM AND A LEG, I AM TRAVELING YOU KNOW! "
WHERE IS ATTENTION TO THE FRUGALLY MINDED TRAVELLER?
IT LAYS IN THEIR FLASK AND PACKED SANDWICHES,
EMPTIED AT THE CHECKPOINT.
IF YOU GO DOWN TO HEATHROW TODAY,
YOU ARE IN FOR A DEAR SURPRISE,
FOR IF YOU LOOK INTO THE JAWS,
THEY WILL EAT YOU UP ALIVE.
GIVE ME THE POUND SHOP, OR GIVE ME DEATH.

SO INSTEAD I PRAYED AT THE POWER TREE,
WONDERED WHAT GATE I WOULD BE URGED TO?
IT WAS THE MONTH BEFORE CHRISTMAS.
YOUNG AND OLD WERE ELECTRONICALLY ENGROSSED.
I, AS USUAL SAT AND WATCHED, WAITED AND WATCHED,
WALKED AND WATCHED THE TIDE OF TIRED PEOPLE,
HUMP, TO AND FRO.
I NEVER REALIZED THAT THERE WERE SO MANY UGLY PEOPLE IN THE WORLD,
AND SUCH BEAUTIFUL ONES TOO!
EVEN SAW A WOMAN WEARING 3 FELT HATS.

THE TIME WAITING SWINGS BETWEEN BOREDOM AND ANTICIPATION.
AS THE TURNING BOARD, BIDS YOU TO BOARD, IN TURN, OF COURSE,
DEPENDING ON HOW MUCH MONEY, OR INFLUENCE YOU HAVE.
WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS, WE ARE ALL LUGGAGE.
LUGGED FROM PLACE TO PLACE, SPACE TO SPACE.

I STOOD OUT,
LIKE A PICKLE IN A FIELD OF DAFFODILS,
AFTER HAVING TO BARE MY CHEST,
IN THE SECURE PLACE, STRANGER DANGER!
MY FLIGHT SOCKS ITCH, AND MY NOSE RUNS BEFORE ME.
I SEE DANGER IN THE MASSES, MASSING TO GIVE ME MY RUNNY NOSE.
SOMETIMES HOT, SOMETIMES COLD.
THE MIXTURE OF WEARINESS AND RESIGNATION OVER THE WHOLE
COMMERCIAL FARCE.

THE CLOCK IS RUNNING DOWN, AS I AM,
AND I AM SITTING, SHIVERING WITH MY NOW WET NOSE.
THE DRIP OF A DRIP.
WELCOME TO HEATHROW TERMINAL 3
ARE ALL THE TERMINALS THE SAME?
THANK GOODNESS FOR THEOPHILUS.

BARRY CONWAY DEVON 2016/17

Barry Conway

Helmar

HELMAR

HELMAR CAST A TRAGIC FIGURE
SLUMPED OVER IN THE ARMCHAIR,
THE LOG FIRE LONG DEPARTED,
SMELLING OF YESTERDAY.

THE DUSTY MANTELPIECE,
HEAVILY BURDENED,
WITH ORNATELY FRAMED PICTURES,
OF THE LINEAGE OF HIS TIME,
WHEN BEER, SONG AND BRIGETTA FLOWED,
IN YEARS WITHOUT TEARS.

THE LARGE BLACK AND GOLD GILDED MIRROR
REJECTED A ROOM OF NEGLECT,
UNDISTURBED IN ITS WAITING.
THE SUBDUED RADIO PLAYED HIS EPITAPH,
WITHOUT ESCAPING FROM THE ROOM,
HELD BACK,
BY THE WORN AND FADED RED VELVET CURTAINS,
FRAYED ON THE EDGES,
HANGING UNCERTAINLY AGAINST THE OUTSIDE HUE,
DEFENDING THE INDEFENSIBLE.

THE UNFURLING OF AN UNFOLDING,
NO LONGER THE SECRET OF THE DAMNED,
OR THE PREDISPOSITION OF THE RIGHTEOUS,
WHERE NEGLECT OF THE TRUTH,
IS NEVER JUSTIFIED.
CHILDHOOD YOUTH AND INNOCENCE,
RIPPED AWAY,
REPLACING AND REPEATING,
AS A DEVILS HAND,
A LIVING AND DYING NIGHTMARE,
FOREVER BEING REPLAYED,
EVERYWHERE.

Her

HER

SHE SAT,
HER ROCK LIKE HEAD,
GROWLED,
SHAKING IN IT'S TURMOIL.
LIGHT FADED IN SOMBRE EYES,
CLOUDED IN MYSTERY,
HIDING PAST ADVENTURES,
LIFE,
IN ALL HER ROCK POOLS,
UNGUARDS THE UNWARY,
AS THEY TRAMPLE,
THE UNTHOUGHT OF.

ONCE A LEADER,
LED ASTRAY,
STRUGGLING,
BETWEEN SHORE AND SEA.
UNNERVED,
AND UNWARY NOW,
FEELING EVERYTHING,
FAIL BEFORE HER.

SHE SMILES AT ME,
FREEING HER FOR A SECOND,
BUT THE CRACKED GREETING,
HOLLOWED,
AND SIMPLISTIC,
CARRIES NO WARMTH.,
ONLY A RECOGNITION,
OF EXISTENCE,
SILENCED IMMEDIATELY,
BY TIMES PAST REMEMBRANCE,
A SEMBLANCE,
OF CONNECTIVITY.

SELECTIVE,
IN HER ACHING MOVEMENT,

HER BODY,
TWISTED IN THE PAIN OF AGE,
YIELDS SOME CLUE,
OF A ONCE HAPPY SOUL,
NOW FLAYING AT THE BOTTOM,
OF HER BURDEN
SHE DRAGS BEHIND HER.

HOW I WISH,
I COULD WARM HER, CALM HER,
SHOW HER AGE IS NO BARRIER,
TO COMPASSION,
THAT SCARS,
CAN BE SOOTHED AWAY,
AND THAT LIFE,
PERSISTENT IN IT'S WAY,
WHILE NEVER TAMED,
CAN BE GUIDED TOWARDS LOVE.

Barry Conway

Her Scent

HER SCENT

HER SCENT,
FOLLOWS ME,
LAYS WITHIN EACH BREATH,
AS MIST WARMS,
THE GENTLE EBB OF THE LOCH.
HER LOVE IS WHISPERED SILENTLY,
BY THE MOUNTAIN PEAK,
OFFERING UP THE MIST,
TO ALL THOSE WHO WOULD BREATH IT.

HER TOUCH IS THE BREEZE,
THAT GUIDES THE MIST.
HER CARESS IS THE WATER,
AS IT GENTLY LAPS THE SHORE.
MY LOVE,
AWAITS AMONG THE PINES,
BEING DRAWN DOWN,
TOWARDS THE RIPPLES,
OF HER SOUL JOINING MINE.

Barry Conway

Here With You

HERE WITH YOU

I AM HERE WITH YOU
AND YOU
ARE HERE WITH ME
AS WE SIT
OUR KNEES TOUCHING
SITTING OPPOSITE
OUR FOREHEADS RESTING ON EACH OTHERS
I SOOTHE YOUR HANDS IN MINE
I RELEASE
AND HOLD YOUR FACE IN MY HANDS
I KISS YOUR EYELIDS
ONE BY ONE
I KISS YOUR BROW
THE BRIDGE OF YOUR NOSE
I LOOK DEEP INTO YOUR EYES
SO DEEP
EACH CHEEK I CARESS IN RHYTHM
I STROKE YOUR SWEET MOIST LIPS WITH MINE
AS I RUN THEM SOFTLY OVER YOU
I BRUSH YOUR HAIR BACK WITH MY FINGERS
AND HALF SMILE
I TAKE YOUR HAND ONCE AGAIN
AND CARESS YOUR PALMS
I PUT MY CHEEK IN YOUR HAND
AND THEN WRAP MY ARMS AROUND YOU
AND HOLD YOU TIGHTLY
MORE TIGHTLY THAN EVER BEFORE
ONCE MORE UPON YOUR LIPS
I KISS YOU CAREFULLY, SOFTLY, GENTLY
AND GAZE AGAIN INTO YOUR WATERY EYES
AND I HEAR YOU SAY THE WORDS
I NEED TO HEAR

'NO I DO NOT LOVE HIM'

Barry Conway

Highate Hill

HIGHATE HILL

PUSH THE BARROW UP HIGHATE HILL
UNTIL THE WHEELS NO LONGER FEEL
THE COBBLED STONES UPON ITS BACK
EACH ACHING TOIL, EACH SINEWED CRACK

EACH SPINDLE CRIES IN ITS CHURNING
EACH BUMP VIBRATING IN ASHES BURNING
TO THE APEX, TO THE FLAT
WHERE MAN AND CART AT LAST RELAX.

Barry Conway

His Vision

HIS VISION

I LISTEN TO THE SOUND,
TRY TO TAKE IN THE LESSONS HE INVADES,
BUT HIS VOICE DRONES, IRRITATING MY SOUL,
I AM NOT RESTED ENOUGH,
TO TAKE IN HIS MESSAGE.

I AM MADE AWARE OF MY FAULTS, MANY ARE,
THE INABILITY TO PROGRESS BEYOND.
THE FRAILTIES OF MY CHARACTER,
THE INWARD MISGIVINGS,
THAT PERSIST AND STRUGGLE TO SURVIVE,
NO MATTER HOW HARD OTHERS, OR I, TRY TO CHANGE ME.

BUT TRYING TO CHANGE, DOES CHANGE ME!
I AM LESSENED OF MY UNNECESSARILY HARMFUL RESISTANCES.
MY FEAR IS THAT TIME WILL ELAPSE,
TIME WILL FLEE BEFORE I CAN DIVEST MYSELF ENTIRELY,
OF THE DEEP BLACKNESS THAT SWIMS BEFORE ME.

IF THAT BE THE CASE, THE OUTER AND INNER,
WILL THEN, I NEED TO RETURN?
IS IT POSSIBLE TO RETURN?
TO RELEARN THE LESSONS NOT LEARNT,
I DO NOT KNOW WHAT THE OUTCOME WILL BE,
EVEN THOUGH SOME WILL SWEAR ON ITS CERTAINTY.

Barry Conway

Holy Destiny

HOLY DESTINY

WE STAND CONSTANTLY ON THE EDGE OF DARKNESS,
FROM ONE MOMENT TO THE NEXT,
PEERING INTO IT FOR ANSWERS
SEARCHING OUT
ANY FAINT HOPE OF LIGHT
SO THAT THE ONWARD JOURNEY,
WE ALL TAKE
CAN BE ONE WITHOUT TREPIDATION.

BUT BECAUSE WE CAN NOT SEE,
THROUGH THE DARKNESS,
WE IMAGINE,
HOW THE JOURNEY WILL END.
WE CONJURE UP,
THE WISHES AND DESIRES,
OF THOUGHTS AND EMOTIONS.
WE RAISE OUR OWN IMPORTANCE,
AND THAT OF OTHERS,
SO WE MAY JOURNEY,
ON WINGS OF SILVER THREAD,
ON THE LIGHT THAT NEVER DIMS,
ON TIME EVERLASTING,
TO BECOME SPIRIT WITHOUT END.
TO BE GIVEN THE CHANCE,
TO REDEEM,
AND FIND REDEMPTION,
SO THAT OUR CONSCIOUS,
THAT WE HAVE IGNORED,
CAN BE CLEANSED.

Barry Conway

Honest Secrets

HONEST SECRETS

ARE YOU THREATENED,
BY THE TRANSFORMATION OF POWER?
A SNAPSHOT OF ENERGY, INSISTING,
COMPASSION STEADIER,
THAN A FRIGHTENED, DETERMINED,
UNFINISHED CONCEPT,
AN ORIGINAL, GENUINELY NEW SEED,
TO BREAK THE ENIGMA,
OF AN OUTWARD, PERMANENT, COMMON EFFORT,
TO REALIZE THE DESIRES
OF AN INTERESTED EXPRESSED MOMENT.

HONEST CALLED AN HONEST SECRET,
A MARRIED GENERATION IN WHOSE FEAR,
A THREAT DEPENDED ON SUPPLY,
DEFEATING AND BREAKING THE MACHINE,
SELLING ABSOLUTE CRIMINAL SECURITY.
EACH ROBBERY A DISTRESS,
OF DIFFERENT DEMORALIZED HUMANS,
PARTLY VICIOUS, PARTLY EVIL,
VISITING FUNCTIONS MATHEMATICALLY INCOMPLETE.

FRIENDS AND FAMILY,
ARE GOLDEN OPPORTUNITIES,
COMBINATIONS OF ALONE TOGETHER,
LEAVES THE FUNCTION BROKEN,
SUFFERING FORTUNE AWHILE,
PRIVATELY BEING DISPONDANTLY HAPPY,
LEAVING ONLY TRAVEL ELSEWHERE ANEW,
TO REAR THEIR UGLY HONESTY.

Barry Conway

Hope Within

HOPE WITHIN

I THINK I WOULD LIKE TO BE SPIRITUAL,
THERE ARE GLIMPSES,
THAT WING PASS MY EYES,
PRISMS OF THOUGHT AND CLARITY,
THAT FLASH TEASINGLY,
BOTH WITHOUT AND WITHIN.
I SEE THE HOPE IN OTHERS,
FEEL THEIR CONTENTMENT,
IN THE READINESS,
TO SHARE THEIR BOUNTY.

HOW CAN THE SAME QUESTION,
HAVE SO MANY ANSWERS?
SURELY ARE WE NOT ALL THE SAME?
ARE NOT THE ANSWERS WITHIN US?
IF NOT!
THEN DO THE QUESTIONS,
BECOME IRRELEVANT?

SO MANY FEEL IT AROUND THEM,
LOOK INSIDE!

Barry Conway

How Do You Love Flowers

HOW DO YOU LOVE FLOWERS

I WALKED THROUGH THEM
WITH REGARD
FOR MY SPECIES.

I WAS OFFERED
A SACRIFICIAL LEAF
TO MY MELANCHOLY GAIT,
FOR THEY UNDERSTOOD SACRIFICE,
THE UNDERSTOOD
THAT LIVING IN THE KILLING FIELDS
WHERE THEY MOURN
THEIR ANCESTORS AND THEIR OFFSPRING,
SHOULD THEY SURVIVE THE DAY,
FOR THEY KNOW US.

THEY SENSE US
WE WREAK WITH DEATH
WE ARE DEATH
FOR WE KILL THEM AT OUR WHIM
WE HAVE THEIR BLOOD ON OUR HANDS
AND WE CUT DOWN
THEIR SHORT LIVES
EVEN SHORTER.
THEY DO NOT HAVE THE POWER
TO RESIST
TO DENY US OUR LUST
FOR BEAUTY
AT WHATEVER COST.

BUT YET
THIS IS THE WAY OF THE UNIVERSE
WE TELL OURSELVES
CONSTANTLY CONSUMING.
AND SOON IT WILL BE OUR TURN
SWOLLEN TULIPS?
NOTHING ENDURES.

Humbled

HUMBLED

I POSSESS A CAT
OR SHOULD I SAY
SHE POSSESSES ME
I AM SURE SHE THINKS
THAT SHE IS MISTRESS OF THE HOUSE

TIDDLES
LOOKS AT ME
WITH SUCH UNDERSTANDING
WITH THOSE TIRED, SQUINTY EYES
AND I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT I MUST DO
FEED, WATER, STROKE, PAMPER
I AM AT HER BEHEST
AND THE REST.....
WELL?

SHE LETS ME HAVE THE RUN OF THE HOUSE
AND I REALLY DO NOT HAVE THE HEART
TO SHOO HER OFF MY BED,
OR DISTURB HER
FOR SHE LOOKS SO CUTE
CURLED UP IN A FLUFFY BALL
I'LL GO AND SLEEP ON THE COUCH
FOR I HAVE BEEN TAUGHT HUMILITY.

Barry Conway

Huron

HURON

THE HAND WRITTEN BOOK OF JOHN CHRISTIANS 1757 POEMS,
FELL FROM HIS SADDLEBAGS DURING THE ATTACK,
THAT DAY WEST OF THE HURON RIVER,
A DANGEROUS TRAIL OF MIXED POWERS,
IMPORTING THEIR SUPREMACY.
IT SLITHERED DOWN ON A SEA OF DRIED LEAVES,
ITS FACE AWAY FROM THE DARKENING SUN,
PAST ALL WOODED OBSTACLE,
SULLYING ITS GOOD INTENT,
WITH THE STAINS OF MOSS AND EARTH.

IT HIT THE AWAITING WATER,
LANDING AS IF IT WERE A SEABIRD WITH A BROKEN WING,
BEING ABSORBED BY THE WASH,
ENGULFED IN ITS STRENGTH, MENACE AND DETERMINATION,
TOSSED AND CHIDED, SCOLDED IN THE CAULDRON OF NATURE,
PUNISHED FOR HAVING GOOD INTENTIONS.
FINALLY SUCCUMBING, BECOMING UNDONE,
UNBOUND BY MANS DESIRE,
RE-ENTERING FROM WHENCE IT CAME
ALL WORDS LOST FOR NOW,
UNTIL THEY SPRING ONCE AGAIN,
FROM A HUMAN MIND,
REFRESHED BY THE WATERS OF THE HURON

Barry Conway

I Am Betrayed

I AM BETRAYED

I AM BETRAYED BY THE SUN,
IT PROMISED A DAY FULL OF NEW DAWN.
A NEW BEGINNING,
PUTTING THE DARK BEHIND.
CLOSING THE HOURS ON THE NIGHT,
GIVING WINGED SONG IN THE MORNING LIGHT.
THE KIND BLUE OF THE SKY,
AND CLOUDS OF SERENITY
FLOAT AND DANCE WITH EACH OTHER.

I AM BETRAYED BY YOUR SMILE,
THAT FIRST SMILE ACROSS THE FLOOR.
THAT LED ME HERE,
TO A TIME WHEN I HAVE ONLY MEMORIES,
OF HAPPIER TIMES,
WITH CHILDREN AND ANIMALS,
RUNNING THROUGH THE WOODS,
LAUGHING AND JOKING,
WHILE CHASING EACH OTHER.

I AM BETRAYED BY MY OWN FRAILTY.
THE INSECURITY OF A MAN
WHO NEEDS TO PROVE TO HIMSELF AND OTHERS,
THAT HE IS A MAN, A REAL MAN.
NOT CONTENT WITH EVERYTHING,
STILL WANTING MORE OF THE ALLUSION,
FALLING INWARD INTO SELFISHNESS,
WHOSE GRIP NEVER TIRES,
FROM PULLING YOU FURTHER DOWN.

I AM BETRAYED BY THE NIGHT.
REPLAYING REALITY,
TRYING TO CHANGE ITS OUTCOME,
TRYING TO RELIVE THE MOMENTS,
WHEN MY MISTAKES DO NOT HAPPEN.
TRYING TO CHANGE HISTORY,
TO EASE MY CONSCIENCE,

BUT ALAS MY REALITY IS SET
IN THE BETRAYALS.

Barry Conway

I Am Everyman

I AM EVERYMAN,
I AM YOU,
AND THEM,
YOU ARE ME,
YOU ARE THEM.

I AM EVERYWOMAN,
I AM YOU,
AND THEM,
YOU ARE ME,
YOU ARE THEM.

STILL,
THERE IS A PROBLEM.
YOU ARE EVERYONE,
BUT THEY ARE DIFFERENT,
THEY ARE NOT QUITE THE SAME,
AS US.
THEY ARE NOT EVERYMAN, EVERYWOMAN,

THE FALSE PERCEPTION,
OF THE SELFISH.
IT IS THOSE,
WHO IMAGINE THE DIFFERENCE,
WHO ARE NOT REALLY,
EVERYMAN, EVERYWOMAN,
BUT DELIVERED,
OF GREED AND MALICE.

Barry Conway

I Am That I Am

I AM THAT I AM.

I AM THAT I AM.

THE VOICE CAME TO ME,
FROM WHERE I KNEW NOT.
HER VOICE RESOUNDED WITHOUT END,
EACH WORD EVERLASTING.

I AM THAT I AM,
AGAIN AND AGAIN
FILLED ME.

THE MORE I HEARD,
THE MORE I LISTENED,
THE MORE I UNDERSTOOD.
A PENTECOST OF WORDS,
THE SIMPLICITY,
OF A COMPLEX MESSAGE.

THERE WAS NO BURNING BUSH,
NO WRITING UPON THE WALL,
JUST THE WORDS GIVING,
FILLING EVERY ATOM OF ME,
ANSWERING THE QUESTION WITHIN ME.

FOR THE MORE I HEARD,
THE MORE I LISTENED,
THE MORE I UNDERSTOOD,
UNTIL THE ANSWER WAS ME!

I AM THAT I AM.

Barry Conway

I Am Under Again

I AM UNDER AGAIN

I AM UNDER AGAIN
AND I AM NOT SURE
IF I LIKE IT OR NOT
MY YOUTH IS REVISITING ME
AND I ASK IT IN
ALONG WITH ALL THE SELF DOUBT
THAT MY WRITINGS BRING.
BEREFT OF FLOWING RHETORIC
OR WISE WORDS
WHEN EACH CONTEMPORARY
PAST AND PRESENT
HAVE BESTED MY WORDS
IN SUPERIOR UNDERSTANDING.

IT IS TRUE
I AM NOT MASTER OF ANY TRADE
I HAVE JUST GLIDED THROUGH LIFE
AS BEST I COULD
MAKING MY WAY, TURNING MY HAND
LIKE EVERYONE ELSE.
TREADING TREACLE
UNTIL THE BODY GIVES IN
TO SINK BELOW THE OOZE.

SO LEAVE THEM ON THE PAGE
DO NOT TAKE THEM WITH YOU,
BUT COME BACK AGAIN
AND YOU TELL ME?

Barry Conway

I Climbed

I CLIMBED

I CLIMBED
TWO MOUNTAINOUS ROCKS
AND FROM ABOVE
I SAW WHERE THEY JOINED
MILLIONS AND MILLIONS
OF DIFFERENT STONES
LAYING
WITH NOWHERE TO GO
HAVING BEEN CAST ASIDE
LIKE A RAINDROP THAT FOREVER FALLS
AND FROM ABOVE
I ALSO SAW THE SEA
POUNDING AGAINST THE ROCKS
SO HIGH WAS I
THAT I WANTED TO JUMP
AND FLY
SO ALIVE
FOR I HAD CLIMBED OVER THOSE
MILLIONS AND MILLIONS
OF DIFFERENT STONES
TO GET SO HIGH
SHOW ME A STONE
THAT I CANNOT CLIMB OVER
AND I WILL SHOW YOU A MIND
UNTO MY OWN

Barry Conway

I Could Have Loved You

I COULD HAVE LOVED YOU

I COULD HAVE LOVED YOU,
I DID NOT HAVE TO,
I DID NOT WANT TO,
I DID NOT HAVE TO,
I AM ONLY HUMAN,
AND YOU CAME TOO SOON.

I COULD HAVE LOVED YOU,
BUT YOU'RE TOO NEW,
AND I WAS FOOLISH,
AND YOU WERE SELFISH,
I COULD HAVE LOVED YOU,
IF YOU WERE TRUE.

I COULD HAVE LOVED YOU,
I DID NOT HAVE TO,
BUT NOW ITS WORTHLESS,
AND I AM WORTH LESS,
I COULD HAVE LOVED YOU,
YOU COULD HAVE LOVED YOU.

Barry Conway

I Don't

I DON'T

I DON'T BELIEVE IN FACTS,
I DON'T BELIEVE IN SCIENCE,
I DON'T BELIEVE IN RELIGION,
AND I DON'T BELIEVE IN YOU.

YOU SEE,
EVERYONE IS SO SURE OF EVERYTHING,
THEY THINK KNOW BEST,
THEY THINK THEY ALWAYS KNOW BEST.

I DON'T BELIEVE IN WAR,
I DON'T BELIEVE IN LAWYERS,
I DON'T BELIEVE IN DOCTORS,
AND I STILL DON'T BELIEVE IN YOU.

I DON'T BELIEVE IN ESTATE AGENTS,
I DON'T BELIEVE IN UNDERTAKERS,
I DON'T BELIEVE IN REINCARNATION,
AND I WON'T BELIEVE IN YOU

I DON'T BELIEVE IN TAXES,
I DON'T BELIEVE IN MONEY,
I DON'T BELIEVE IN BANKERS
AND I CAN'T BELIEVE IN YOU.

I DON'T BELIEVE IN LOVE,
I DON'T BELIEVE IN LAUGHTER,
I DON'T BELIEVE IN CONFORMITY,
AND I DON'T BELIEVE IN MUCH,
CAN YOU BLAME ME?

YOU SEE,
EVERYONE IS SO SURE OF EVERYTHING,
THEY THINK THEY KNOW BEST,
THEY THINK THEY ALWAYS KNOW BEST.
B- - - S.

AND I WILL NEVER BELIEVE IN YOU.

Barry Conway

I Don't Know Why?

I DON'T KNOW WHY

I DON'T KNOW WHY I DO
WHY I DO
LIVE HERE WITH YOU
YOU ARE
RUDE
SLY
CUNNING
AND YOU THROW THINGS AT ME
CALL ME EVERY NAME THERE IS
AND I LOVE YOU
YES
AND I LOVE YOU
THROUGH AND THROUGH
THROUGH AND THROUGH
I DON'T KNOW WHY I DO
DO YOU?

Barry Conway

I Have To

I HAVE TO

I AM RESTLESS
I WISH IT WOULD STOP RAINING
AS I HAVE TO WATER THE GARDEN
I DO THOUGH HAVE AN APPLIANCE FOR THAT
IT IS CALLED A WATERING CAN
EVEN THOUGH IT IS MADE OUT OF PLASTIC
A FANTASTIC
BIT OF KIT, INIT.
WITH A ROSE ON THE END
WHICH KEEPS ON FALLING OFF
IT'S JUST IT IS NOT REALLY A ROSE
JUST ANOTHER BIT OF PLASTIC.
BUT IT IS JUST TOO WET TO GO OUTSIDE
I SUPPOSE I COULD GET MY CLOTHES WASHED,
BY THE WASHING MACHINE,
BUT SHE HAS GONE DOWN THE SUPERMARKET
FOR SOME MILK,
EXCEPT, THE SUPERMARKET IS THE CO-OP
WHICH IS VERY EXPENSIVE,
WHICH MEANS IT IS NOT VERY SUPER.
PERHAPS I WILL READ A GOOD BOOK
BUT I AM REALLY NOT IN THE MOOD
TO READ THE BIBLE
AS I MAY BE LIABLE
TO TURN RELIGIOUS,
YOU KNOW I USED TO BE LIGEOUS
BUT I DO NOT WANT TO RE DO LIGEON AGAIN
I SUPPOSE I COULD WATCH TELEVISION
BUT IT LOOKS AT ME FUNNILY WHEN I DO.
I COULD LISTEN TO RADIO
BUT IT IS HIGH UP ON THE BOOKCASE SHELF
AND I DON'T LIKE IT TALKING DOWN TO ME
INSTEAD I WILL WRITE A POEM
AND ESCAPE INTO REALITY
BECAUSE ALITY MUST BE MISSING ME.
LOOK AT THAT!
THE CLOCK FACE IS SMILING AT ME

I THINK IT IS TIME
TO WIND HER UP
SO I ASK HER IF SHE HAS GOT A MINUTE?
MIND YOU I AM ADDICTED TO DAYDREAMING
MAKES YOU THINK DOESN'T IT?

YES I DREAMPT THAT I WAS WALKING
DOWN A STREET 1000 METERS ABOVE SEA LEVEL,
IT WAS A HIGH ST!
BUT I WOKE UP SUDDENLY
BECAUSE I WAS WORRIED
I HAD NOT TAKEN MY SLEEPING PILLS
I SUPPOSE I COULD TAKE A SELFIE
OR JUST LOOK IN THE MIRROR
MIRROR, MIRROR ON THE WALL
WHO IS THE FAIREST OF THEM ALL.
I SUPPOSE THE ANSWER WOULD BE BHUDDA
OR JESUS CHRIST
WHICH REMINDS ME
I AM SURE I HAVE FORGOTTEN SOMETHING.

Barry Conway

I Miss You

I MISS YOU

I MISS YOU,
EVERY DAY YOU ARE WITH ME,
ALTHOUGH WE DRIFTED APART,
SO MANY YEARS AGO,
I STILL,
LOOK FOR YOU ON THE HORIZON,
I STILL FEEL,
THE WARMTH OF YOUR LITHE BODY AROUND ME,
STILL FEEL,
THE MOISTNESS OF YOUR CARESS.

YOUR TENDERNESS,
SURROUNDS MY THOUGHTS.
I WONDER HOW YOUR LIFE TURNED OUT,
WHERE YOU ARE NOW,
IF YOU ARE HAPPY,
WONDER WHAT YOU HAVE DONE,
THESE PAST MANY YEARS.

I TURN,
TO LOOK AT MY SLEEPING WIFE,
AND I SEE IN HER,
MANY OF YOUR QUALITIES,
BUT SHE,
IS NOT YOU!

I MISS YOU.

Barry Conway

I Scream, You Scream, We All Scream For Ice Cream

I SCREAM, YOU SCREAM, WE ALL SCREAM FOR ICE CREAM

(DONE IN RAP FORM)

I EAT ICE CREAM ALL THE TIME
VANILLA AND COFFEE ARE FINE
I CRAM IT DOWN
RED, CREAM OR BROWN
AND NEVER WAIT IN LINE

FOR I'M CRAZY YOU SEE
TO GET ICE CREAM IN ME
I DON'T NEED MONEY
OR LOTS OF HONEY
JUST ICE CONFECTIONERY

SO DON'T JUST PLAY IT COOL
OR BE A STRAWBERRY FOOL
DON'T MAKE ME LATE
FOR CHOCOLATE
OR FEED ME ANY GRUEL

THE GIRLS SCREAM WHEN I BUY
AND SEEM TO MULTIPLY
THEY'RE THE SWEETEST TASTE
THAT I EAT IN HASTE
WITH BRAMLEY APPLE PIE

IF YOU WANT TO BE WITH ME
GIVE ME ICE CREAM FOR MY TEA
FOR SUPPER AND LUNCH
AND EVEN BRUNCH
I EAT IT MERCILESSLY

THE GIRLS THEY ALL DREAM
FOR A TASTE OF MY ICE CREAM
I SERVE ALL NIGHT
GIVING OUT DELIGHT
AND NEVER TREAT THEM MEAN

SO YOU JUST COME ON DOWN
MR WHIPPY IS IN TOWN
WITH A CHERRY ON TOP
HE'LL MAKE YOU POP
THERE'S PLENTY TO GO ROUND.

Barry Conway

I See Pinks

I SEE PINKS

I SEE PINKS
IN THE GREENS
WHERE THE FLOWERS GROW
WHERE THE CHILDREN GROW.

I SEE BLUE IN THE ORCHARD
AND STRAW IN THE WIND
I SEE THE STORY IN THE DISGUARDED PAPER
I SEE THE TRAIN THAT RUNS THROUGH THE CITY
I SEE THE CLOUDS AND I CRY
I DON'T KNOW WHY
BUT I CRY.

LAST NIGHT
I COULD NOT SLEEP
YOU HAVE DONE SOMETHING TO ME
I HAVE DONE SOMETHING TO MYSELF
OUR TALKS HAVE OPENED UP THE PAST
AND THE FUTURE
OLD AND NEW WORLDS
REVEALING MY MINDS INFANCY

I CAN'T SLEEP
FOR THINKING OF WHEN WE WILL BE TOGETHER
IN EMBRACE
RELEASING BODILY PLEASURES
FLOWING AS RIVERS OF SUN
RENEWING OURSELVES
IN ITS WARMTH

YOU HAVE CAST ME IN THE OPEN
I COULD WITHDRAW
THE ABILITY TO CHOOSE
BUT I DON'T WANT TO
I WANT TO TAKE YOU
AGGRESSIVE AS IT SOUNDS
I WANT TO TAKE YOU,

BUT IT IS NOT AGGRESSIVENESS
IT IS THE PINNACLE OF DESIRE
EXPRESSED IN MASCULINE ANXIETY
WITHOUT AMBIGUITY.

I WANT TO TAKE
I MUST TAKE,
AND TO GIVE
OH TO GIVE!
FOR I WRITE IN DARKNESS
BLIND TO THE LIGHT
NAKED
SHIVERING IN THE WILDERNESS
TILL YOU ARRIVE

NOW I SEE IT THROUGH YOUR EYES
IT IS ALL ABOUT ME
YOU ARE THE CAST
I AM THE METAL
YOURS IS THE PETAL
MINE IS THE STEM
FLOWING THROUGH IMPATIENCE
DEMANDING RESOLUTION
TO BE LISTENED TO
AND OBEYED
TO TAKE
WITHOUT REGRET
TO BE GIVEN EVERYTHING
WILLINGLY
INSTANTLY
UNTIL THE VINE WITHERS.
ALWAYS SEARCHING
GOING ON,
ON TO BE NEARER THE END
THAN THE BEGINNING

Barry Conway

I Thought There Would Be More

I THOUGHT THERE WOULD BE MORE.

I THOUGHT THERE WOULD BE MORE,
BIRTH,
LIFE,
WHAT DOES IT REALLY MEAN?
WE ARE BORN,
DANCE, OR MOURN,
THROUGH CHILDHOOD
FIRST LOVE,
JOB,
MARRIAGE,
CHILDREN,
MIDDLE AGE,
OLD AGE
ILLNESS,
DEATH,
ALL WITHIN THE QUESTION,
WHY ARE WE HERE?
WHAT IS THE MEANING OF LIFE?

IS THERE ANY REAL DISCOVERY,
WITHIN US?
WITHIN THEM?
IT ALL COMES, AND ALL GOES,
SO QUICKLY,
ASK YOUR NEIGHBOUR,
THEY WILL REMINISCE ABOUT THEIR PAST.
AS YOU AGE,
TIME SPEEDS UP,
THE WORLD TURNS FASTER,
UNTIL IT SPINS YOU OFF,

Barry Conway

I Told You I Was Ill

I TOLD YOU I WAS ILL

I TOLD YOU I WAS ILL
I TOLD YOU I WAS DYING
I TOLD YOU I WAS ILL
DID YOU THINK THAT I WAS LYING

I TOLD YOU I WAS ILL
THAT I'VE NOT LONG TO LIVE
I TOLD YOU I WAS ILL
MY GRAVE ARRIVED SO FAST

I TOLD YOU I WAS ILL
MY MONEY YOU DESIRED
I TOLD YOU I WAS ILL
YOU SCHEMED, CHEATED AND LIED

I TOLD YOU I WAS ILL
YOU DID NOT HELP ME LIVE
I TOLD YOU I WAS ILL
I NOW CAN NOT FORGIVE

I TOLD YOU I WAS ILL
I TOLD YOU I'LL BE BACK
I TOLD YOU I WAS ILL
NO HYPOCHONDRIAC

I TOLD YOU I WAS ILL
AND NOE I'M GONE ALLS WELL
I TOLD YOU I WAS ILL
I'LL MAKE YOUR LIFE A HELL

I TOLD YOU I WAS ILL
YOU'LL NEVER BE FREE OF ME
I TOLD YOU I WAS ILL
NOW I'M THE GHOST YOU SEE.

I TOLD YOU YOU WERE ILL

I Was Here

I WAS HERE

I WAS HERE
BUT YOU WERE NOT
I STAYED A WHILE
BUT COULD NOT STOP
FOR I HAD COME TO SEE YOU ALL
AND TO TELL MY STORIES TALL
TO MAKE YOU LAUGH, SING AND CRY
IT'S MY WAY DON'T ASK ME WHY

SO TO YOU MARK, JANE AND RUTH
LET YOU'RE WAY BE ONE OF TRUTH
FOR I WILL COME ANOTHER DAY
IF YOU PROMISE TO STAY THAT WAY

Barry Conway

I Was Not There 1 & 2

I WAS NOT THERE

I WAS NOT THERE
I AM GLAD I WASN'T
I AM NOT A BRAVE MAN
AS THOSE THAT DIED THERE
IT ALL SOUNDS BLOODY AWFUL
THE SAD, DESPERATE, AWFUL STORIES,
YES, JUST STORIES TO US,
BUT NO,
REAL LIVES,
REAL PEOPLE,
REAL DEATH,
I WAS NOT THERE
AND I AM GLAD I WASN'T THERE

I AM PART OF A LUCKY GENERATION
NOT CONSCRIPTED,
NOT COERCED,
NOT ORDERED AND FORCED,
TO FACE INEVITABLE DEATH,
FACE TO FACE,
MADE TO BE BRAVE.

BUT LET US NOT FORGET THE STORIES,
THE REALITIES OF WAR
THE HORROR,
THE SLAUGHTER,
THE DEFIANCE,
TO THOSE THAT OPPOSE THEIR WILL.
BOTH
THE GUILTY,
AND THE INNOCENT.
DEATH,
MAKES NO DISTINCTION,
THE SUFFERING
MAKES NO ONE NOBLE,
OR RIGHTEOUS.
BUT WE MUST NEVER DENY,

NEVER FORGET,
THE HORRORS OF WAR.
I AM GLAD I WASN'T THERE
I NEVER WANT TO BE THERE.
BUT WHEN WILL WE LEARN
THE BITTER LESSONS OF EVIL.

I WAS NOT THERE 2nd version

I WAS NOT THERE, I AM GLAD I WASN'T THERE.
I AM NOT A BRAVE MAN AS THOSE THAT DIED THERE.
IT ALL SOUNDS SO BLOODY AWFUL
THE SAD, DESPERATE, OBSCENE STORIES,
YES, JUST STORIES TO US,
BUT NO, REAL LIVES, REAL PEOPLE, REAL DEATH.
I WAS NOT THERE, AND I AM GLAD I WASN'T THERE
I AM PART OF A LUCKY GENERATION
NOT CONSCRIPTED, NOT COERCED, NOT ORDERED AND FORCED,
TO FACE INEVITABLE DEATH, FACE TO FACE, MADE TO BE BRAVE.

SO LET US NOT FORGET THE STORIES, THE REALITIES OF WAR,
THE HORROR, THE SLAUGHTER, THE DEFIANCE,
TO THOSE THAT OPPOSE THEIR WILL,
BOTH, THE GUILTY AND THE INNOCENT.
DEATH, MAKES NO DISTINCTION,
THE SUFFERING MAKES NO ONE NOBLE, OR RIGHTEOUS.
NOW WE MUST NEVER DENY, NEVER FORGET THE HORRORS OF WAR.
I AM GLAD I WAS NOT THERE, I NEVER WANT TO BE THERE.
WE ARE ALL HERE BECAUSE THEY WERE THERE.
WHEN WILL WE LEARN THE BITTER LESSONS OF EVIL.

Barry Conway

I Will Fix This

I WILL FIX THIS

I KNOW I HAVE HURT YOU
IT HURTS ME TO SEE YOU SOBBING
STANDING THERE LIKE A TREMBLING BIRD
WHOSE NEST HAS BEEN DESTROYED
I AM LESSENED IN YOUR EYES.
I AM SO SORRY.
SUCH A FOOL TO BE MARRIED TO
WHEN YOU CRY, I CRY INSIDE
WHEN YOU HURT
I HURT MORE THAN YOU WILL EVER KNOW
BUT NOTHING CAN COME BETWEEN US
WE ARE STRONG TOGETHER
WE LOVE AND SUPPORT EACH OTHER
THROUGH ALL THE GOOD AND BAD TIMES
I WILL NOT LET THIS STAND IN OUR WAY
I WILL MAKE AMENDS
I WILL REPAIR THE DAMAGE
REPLACE THE WHOLENESS
JUST GIVE ME THIS CHANCE
AND I WILL SHOW YOU WHAT I CAN DO
YOU WILL NOT BE DISAPPOINTED IN ME.
PLEASE LOOK UP SO I MAY SEE YOUR LOVELY SMILE
ONCE MORE.
LET ME SEE THE LIGHT IN YOUR EYES
THE TENDERNESS OF YOUR LOOK
THE KNOWLEDGE THAT I AM YOUR PROTECTOR
YOUR STRONG RIGHT ARM
YOUR LOVE.
I PROMISE WITH ALL MY HEART
THAT I WILL REPLACE THE CUP I BROKE
FROM THE SET YOUR DEAD MOTHER GAVE US.

Barry Conway

I Wish I Had Written This (Actually I Did)

I WISH I HAD WRITTEN THIS (ACTUALLY I DID)

(HOW DID IT COME TO THIS?) SIR, I STAND BEFORE YOU ACCUSED OF WHAT SOME WOULD CALL INJUSTICE.
I PRAY THAT YOU MAY GATHER HENCE AND GIVE TRUE REGARD TO MY DEMEANOUR OF THIS HOUR.
FOR I WOULD SEEK IN YOUR GOOD GUIDANCE THAT I AM NOT OF THE ILL DISPOSITION
OF WHICH YOU HAVE ENDOWED ME HEREWITH.

IT WOULD APPEAR THAT IN YOUR EAGER AND FOUL MANNER I AM ACCUSED OF SO HEINOUS A CRIME,
AS TO MATTER LITTLE NOT, THAT THE TRUE REVERENCE UPON MY BEING IS ACCOUNTABLE OF GOOD.
I BESEECH YOU TO GIVE RIGHT CONSIDERATION TO MY STATION,
AND MY FORTITUDE OF PURITY UPON THIS EARTH,
OF WHICH WE MAY ALL BE FAVOURED WITH BY ALMIGHTY GOD.

I WILL ASSURE THAT IN THE HUMBLING OF MY SENSES THAT THEIR REMAINS FORTITUDE OF WILL IN SEEING THAT ADMIRABLE RIGHT WILL NOT BE DIMINISHED,
OR DEFEATED, UPON THE INSINUATIONS OF THE RABBLE HERE GATHERED.

THEY SEEM PUT UPON AT ANY COST TO THEIR SOULS IN THEIR DETERMINATION
TO UNRAVEL A LIFE OF SERVITUDE TO PIETY BY ONE SUCH AS MYSELF

I WILL GIVE GOOD OATH AND HERE DOTH SWEAR THAT I DID NOT UNDERTAKE,

NOR WOULD MY MANNER BE PREDISPOSED EVER TO CONTEMPLATE SUCH AN ABDOMINAL ACTION.
ALSO LET YOU NOTE THAT I WOULD NEVER BE PARTY TO GIVE CONSIDERATION TO SUCH DIRE TERMS

THEREFORE LOOK TO YOUR HEARTS AND SEE BY THAT WHICH IS OF TRUE VIRTUE.
DELIVER OF ME YOUR GOOD INTENTIONS IN THE URGENCY
IN CONCLUDING THIS GRIEVOUS MATTER UPON MY PERSON.

SIR,
I REMAIN AS ALWAYS YOUR OBEDIENT SERVANT UNTO GOD
AND HIS ENTIRE DOMAIN UNDER HIS FIRMAMENT,
FOR IN THIS ALL SEEING WISDOM AND JUSTICE GOD KNOWS I AM INNOCENT.

Barry Conway

I Wish To Exist

I WISH TO EXIST

I WISH TO EXIST
IN THE UNWORLDLY
AND THAT IS WHY
I DISTANT THE PRESENT

I IMBIBE
SLOWLY WASHING THE NOW
INTO A BLURRED, DULLED REALITY
WHICH APPEARS TO ME
MORE ABLE TO BEAR
KNOWING THE RETURN
HOLDS MORE ANGUISH
THAN THE NEXT

Barry Conway

I Write Poetry

I COULD NOT SEE OR HEAR,
I DID NOT FEEL THE TOUCH,
I COULD NOT SMELL THE TASTE,
MY REAL SENSES WERE DENIED TO ME.

I WAS NOT AWAKE OR ASLEEP,
IT WAS NOT LIKE BEING ALIVE OR DEAD,
I WAS IN A PLACE,
THAT WAS NOWHERE,
AND IT WAS UNKNOWN TO ME.
THE PLACE SEEMED NORMAL, REAL,
A PLACE WE ALL START FROM,
RESIDING,
ALL, GOING ABOUT EXISTING,
IN QUITE DESPERATION,
NOT QUESTIONING THEIR REALITY,
NOT ASKING THE QUESTIONS,
FOR FEAR.

AND THEN IT STARTED.

TODAY,
I SEE, FEEL, TOUCH,
I SMELL, TASTE,
MY REAL SENSES,
ARE NO LONGER DISTANT.

I MAM STILL NEITHER AWAKE NOR ASLEEP,
BUT I AM NOT DEAD,
BUT ALIVE,
I AM REBORN, EVERYDAY,
THROUGH THE LOVE,
OF WRITING WORDS.

Barry Conway

I, See Her

I, SEE HER

I SEE HER HERE,
I SEE HERE THERE,
I SEE HER EVERYWHERE.

IN THE STREET,
OR IN MY CHAIR,
NOW'S THE TIME I CAN NOT STARE.

I SEE HER FACE,
IN EVERY PLACE,
EVEN WHEN RUNNING, IN MY PACE.

IN THE LIGHT,
IN THE NIGHT,
IT'S A THING YOU CAN NOT FIGHT.

IN THE WATER,
IN OUR DAUGHTER,
IN THE THINGS THAT SHE HAS TAUGHT HER.

IN THE STREAMS,
IN MY SCREAMS,
AND YES, EVEN IN MY DREAMS.

I SEE HER HERE,
I SEE HERE THERE,
I SEE MY LOVE,
EVERYWHERE,
EVERYWHERE,
AND SHE DOESN'T CARE.

Barry Conway

If Only

IF ONLY

WHAT IF
THOSE PLAYS THE MIND CONSTRUCTS
IN EVERYONE'S,
WHERE WE CAN ALTER REALITY
IN THE SEARCH
FOR A MORE SATISFYING CONCLUSION
WHICH IN ITSELF
IS AN ALLUSION,
OF UNCERTAINLY.

I SAY THIS BEFORE ALL THOSE LISTENING,
FOR IF WHAT HAD TRANSPIRED IN MY LIFE
HAD BEEN DIFFERENT,
THEN I WOULD NOT BE BEFORE YOU.
IF I HAD THE UNDERSTANDING,
THE MINDSET AT THE TIME,
THE HINDSIGHT OF THE FUTURE PAST
THEN I WOULD HAVE CHANGED MY REALITY.

AND SO IT IS THIS REALITY OF ALLUSION
ON THE 28TH OF JUNE 1914 DRIVING HIS FATEFUL PASSENGERS
AS PART OF THE CELEBRATIONS OF SERBIA'S NATIONAL DAY.
THAT I AM SURE WAS FELT BY LEOPOLD LOYKA
WHO WAS DRIVING FAST TO AVOID A SECOND ASSASSINATION
ATTEMPT OF HIS PASSENGERS ON THIS FATEFUL DAY,

HOW HISTORY TURNS.
GENERAL OSKAR POTIOREK
THE GOVERNOR OF BOSNIA HERZEGOVINA HAD CRIED
EARLIER IN THE DAY.
'DO YOU THINK SARAJEVO IS FULL OF ASSASSINS?
I WILL TAKE RESPONSIBILITY! '
BUT THE GOVERNOR HAD NOT TOLD LOYKA
THE ROUTE HAD CHANGED.
AND THEN, BY CHANCE,
HE TOOK THE WRONG RIGHT TURN ON LATIN BRIDGE

AND DROVE DOWN FRANZ JOSEPH STREET.

THE CRY FROM THE GENERAL CAME TOO LATE,
'WHAT IS THIS? THIS IS THE WRONG WAY!
WE'RE SUPPOSED TO TAKE THE APPLE QUAY.'
LOYKA REVERSED PASSED THE WAITING GAVRILO PRINCIP
A MEMBER OF THE SAME BLACK HAND GANG.
WHO HAD FAILED EARLIER IN THE DAY
TO ASSASSINATE ARCH DUKE FRANZ FERDINAND IN PARTICULAR.
PRINCIP WAS WAITING IN A COFFEE SHOP
WHEN THE CAR, BY CHANCE, DROVE PAST.

SEIZING THE MOMENT
HE APPROACHED THE SLOWLY REVERSING CAR
AND FIRED SEVERAL TIMES
FATEFULLY WOUNDING
ARCHDUKE FRANZ FERDINAND AND HIS WIFE,
DUCHESS SOPHIE VON CHOTKOVAT
WHO HAD REFUSED TO STAY BEHIND AT CITY HALL STATING
.'As long as the Archduke shows himself in public today I will not leave him.'

THAT DAY LEFT US WITH THE
GREATEST WHAT IF IN HISTORY?
HELPED BY A HEAVY SLICE OF BAD LUCK
AND SOME WOULD ARGUE FATE.
FOR PRINCIP HAD GIVEN UP
IN HIS PLAN TO ASSASSINATE THE ARCHDUKE.
IT WAS ONLY THE WRONG TURN,
THE DRIVING PAST,
THE OPPORTUNITY DRIVEN STRAIGHT TO HIM,
THAT TRIGGERED THE 1ST WORLD WAR,
AND THE LOSS OF 16 MILLION DEATHS
WITH 20 MILLION INJURED,
THAT LED TO THE TREATY OF VERSAILLES
WHICH CAN BE ARGUED,
LED TO THE RISE OF HITLER AND WW2.
AND AN ESTIMATED 100 MILLION INJURIES.
AND 60 MILLION DEATHS
□

LEOPOLD LOYKA DIED IN 1926,
GENERAL OSKAR POTIOREK IN 1933
AND SO DID NOT KNOW OF THE TERRIBLE SLAUGHTER
OF WW2

THEIR MINDS, THEIR PSYCHE WAS
I AM SURE FULL OF 'WHAT IFS'
FOR THEY UNKNOWINGLY AT THE TIME
CONTRIBUTED TO THE BIGGEST
'WHAT IF'
IN HISTORY

HOW THEY MUST HAVE REPLAYED
THAT FATEFUL DAY IN THEIR MIND EYE
ALTERED IT.
AND HOW I NOW BEFORE YOU
ALSO REPLY THAT TERRIBLE DAY
AND TRY TO COMPENSATE
FOR HOW CRUEL WE ARE TO THE WORLD
AND EACH OTHER.

Barry Conway

Impatience

IMPATIENCE

I AM AN IMPATIENT PATIENT MAN,
BUT MY PATIENCE IS WEARNG THIN.
HOW LONG MUST I LIVE,
UNDER THIS CONFUSING DELUSION?
WHERE THE GREY WILLOW,
BEARS NO FRUIT,
HAVING SHED ALL IT'S TEARS.
IT NO LONGER SHADES ME,
OR SWAYS AS I APPROACH IT
FROM SO MANY DIRECTIONS,
SO MANY PATHS,
WHERE EACH SIGN UPON THEM,
APPEARS IMPORTANT,
UNTIL THEIR SIGNIFICANCE,
WANES UNDER THE UNMERITED ACTS OF MAN.

FREE WILL,
IS THE WRONG WILL,
FOR ARE WE NOT JUST STUMBLING,
IN THE DARKENED TWILIGHT,
SEARCHING FOR A GOLDEN DOOR
THAT BEARS THE CORRECT SIGN?

WHEN WILL WE FIND THE PATH
OF SOLITUDE,
WHERE HEAVEN AND EARTH JOIN,
WITHOUT THE CONSTANT NOISE,
OF IMPATIENCE,
THAT CUTS AND SEVERES,
SEPARATING US ALL,
FROM UNITY AND HARMONY?

Barry Conway

Indomitable

INDOMITABLE

INDOMITABLE
THOUGH YOU ARE
YOU MUST YIELD THE FIELD
GIVE WAY TO THE DAY
FOR THE DAY
CAN NEVER BE YOURS
TO ENJOY
CAN NEVER ENJOY
THE TRUE MEANING
OF THE CONTENTED MASS
GATHERED
AND WEATHERED
OF YEARS OF A PLACE
WHERE DISGRACE
IS ONLY A MOMENT AWAY
IN THE UNDERTAKING
OF ONE BY ONE.

Barry Conway

Inevitability

INEVITABILITY

I DO NOT WANT TO VOYAGE,
AND LOSE MYSELF IN YOUR ABUNDANT ARMS,
BUT I CAN NOT HELP MYSELF,
MY ANCHOR IS BEING DRAGGED,
BY MY WEAKENED RESISTANCE OF PRIDE,
INTO THEIR SMUGNESS.

YOUR BODY,
SO BEAUTIFUL IN IT'S FORM,
IS A MOVING FEAST OF STORMY SENSUALITY,
PLAYED UPON THE TIDES OF MEN,
WHO ARE SENSELESS IN THEIR CULPABILITY,
AS YOU PASS THEM ON AND BECALM THEM.
YOU LEAVE A TEAR,
IN THEIR FABRIC OF THEIR MANHOOD,
FULFILL THEM, THEN DISAPPOINT THEIR SOUL,
LOST AND DESPONDENT,
BROKEN UPON YOUR BOSOM,
THAT SHELTERS YOUR HEART FROM GOODNESS.

I RESIST YOUR PLEASURES,
FLEETING THOUGH MY STANCE MAY BE,
FOR IN THE FINAL SAY,
I AM JUST A MAN,
WEAK AND SELFISH OF FLEETING PLEASURE.
FOR I KNOW I WILL DESPISE MY SHIPWRECK,
UPON YOUR AMPLE ROCKS,
DESPISE MYSELF IN EQUAL MEASURE,
WITH MY LACK OF HUMILITY,
IN BEING CHOSEN TO SAIL THE DANGEROUS SEA,
OF INEVITABILITY.
NOW NO LONGER CAPTAIN OF MY FATE.

Barry Conway

Inflicted

INFLICTED

I WISH I WAS NEVER BORN
DO YOU?
WHY,
YOU MAY ASK ME WHY?
BUT MANY OF YOU
PROBABLY HAVE THE ANSWER
BECAUSE THE PLEASURE
DOES NOT OUTWEIGH THE PAIN
SO I WOULD RATHER
NOT KNOW ANYTHING
THAN TO BE INFLICTED
WITH LIFE

Barry Conway

Injustice

INJUSTICE

SEEMINGLY UNJUST
I STAND BEFORE YOU
ACCUSED
OF WHAT SOME WOULD CALL INJUSTICE.
THE CRIME WAS NOT MINE
AND THE TIME
WAS TOO SHORT
TO COMMIT SUCH AN ACT

AND YET
I STAND BEFORE THE GUILLOTINE
AND THE JEERING CROWDS
THAT AWAIT
THE SHAVING OF MY HEAD
AS THERE HORS D'OUVRE
CAN SUCH A LIGHT AS THIS
SHINE ON ME TODAY
MUST I PAY
WITH MY LIFE
I AM INNOCENT
HEAR ME MY LORD
WHOM I AM SOON TO MEET
I AM INNOCENT

A FLOWER IS THROWN INTO MY CART
HOW SWEET A GESTURE THIS
REMINDING ME OF CHRISTS LABOUR
AS HE CARRIED THE CROSS
HE TOO WAS COMFORTED BY ONE
WITH DRINK
HOW LITTLE I WILL SUFFER
COMPARED TO HIM
FOR THE BLADE IS SHARP
AND DEATH QUICK

JEER ALL YOU WANT CROWD
I AM NO HERO

BUT YOU WILL NOT SEE
MY HEAD BOWED UPON MY SHOULDERS,
OR OFF IT.
FOR I WILL BE PROUD
EVEN IN DEATH
I WILL STAND FOR THE SAME
JUSTICE AND FREEDOM
FOR ALL MEN.

EXECUTIONER
I AM READY TO MEET MY MAKER

(THE FALLING OF THE BLADE)

HHHUUUURRRRAAAAAHHHHHHH!

Barry Conway

Inspiration

INSPIRATION

THERE IS BUT AN EDGE,
WE ALL BALANCE UPON, .
WHEN WE SIT WITHIN OUR THOUGHTS
THE HALF LIGHT,
THROWS UP SHAPES WITHIN US,
CREATING SOUNDS AND ILLUSIONS,
AS IF HALF AWAKE, TREADING WATER,
LOOKING AHEAD TO THE ISLAND SANCTUARY.
FACES, TIMES AND PLACES,
COME AND GO,
SWIMMING THROUGH THE MEMORIES OF US,
TIPPED WITHIN A GOLDEN HAZE,
UPON BOTH SIDES OF THE EDGE.

ONE CAN NEVER REALLY BE ALONE,
FOR AS THEY VISIT US,
SO WE VISIT UPON THEM.

ALL SO QUICKLY THE GAS OF TIME ESCAPES,
DISPERSED WITHIN THE ILLUSION,
FLOATING TO THE NEXT TERMINUS,
AWAITING OUR GUIDES.
HOWEVER WE TRY TO REASON,
THE MEMORIES OF WHY?
WE WILL NEVER UNDERSTAND,
WHY IT LEAVES ANOTHER QUESTION UNANSWERED?
AND THAT IS THE INSPIRATION,
THAT DRIVES US ALL.

Barry Conway

Intact

INTact

WE ARE ALL LOST CHILDREN,
LOOKING FOR SOMEONE,
TO REPLACE OUR MOTHER TO LOVE.

EVERYONE IS THE SAME,
THE DISJOINTED OF THE FAMILY,
ALONE TOGETHER,
FOREVER HOPING,
FOR THE CONNECTIONS,
OF ACCEPTANCE.
TO BE TAKEN, AS WE ARE,
WITH ALL OUR FAULTS,
AND GOODNESS'S,
WITHIN THE SAME WORLD,
THAT COLLIDES,
WITH THE SHEER EFFORT,
OF DAILY EXISTENCE,
JUST TO SURVIVE,
INTACT.

Barry Conway

Intriguing

INTRIUING
HE WAS INTRIGUED
IT HAD LANDED NEAR HIM
ALMOST HIT HIM
HAD HE NOT SCAMPERED AWAY.
HIS EYES STILL,
FIXED ON THE OBJECT
UNADJUSTED TO THE LIGHT.
IT WAS VAST
BIGGER THAN VAST
HE WONDERED FOR A MOMENT
IF HE WAS DREAMING?
TOO MUCH CHEESE OR SOMETHING
FOR IF HE WAS NOT
HE WOULD BE ADDED
TO THE DERISION,
ADDED TO THE LIST OF CRANKS
THAT PEOPLE POINTED AT,
THAT PEOPLE SNEERED AT.
THE FAINT HUM FILLED THE AIR
A LOW PITCHED NOISE
THAT WENT STRAIGHT THROUGH HIM
HE COULD FEEL IT
VIBRATE UP THROUGH HIS FEET
TO HIS EYES, TO HIS BRAIN.

SUDDENLY IT STOPPED
THE HUM WAS REPLACED
WITH A HIGH PITCHED WHINE,
AS OUT OF THE SHAPE
A BLUE WHITE LIGHT EMERGED
ESCAPING SLOWLY FROM THE HULL.

COULD THIS BE FIRST CONTACT?
WERE ALL THE STORIES TRUE?
THIS WAS NOT A TIME FOR HEROICS
OR FALSE BRAVADO
HE WAS NOT SUITED
AND HE FLED

Barry Conway

Intuition

INTUITION

INTUITION
I HAVE IT
IT IS MINE
SOME CALL IT MAGIC
SOME DIVINE
BUT IT RESIDES.

I KNOW
DO NOT TELL ME HOW
OR WHY,
BUT I KNOW

I KNEW YOU WOULD SAY THAT!
I TOLD YOU THAT WOULD HAPPEN!
BELIEVE,
OR NOT,
JEER OR SNEER,
BUT ITS HERE
I SWEAR
BUT IT IS NOT A TRAP
FOR THE INTELLECT
OR THE NEGLECT
THAT I AM JUST NORMAL
NOT ABNORMAL

BUT GIVE ME NOT MERIT
IT IS NOTHING SPECIAL
JUST AN EXPRESSION
OF THE HUMAN CONDITION
WHERE WE JOSTLE FOR POSITION
IN A CLASS STRUCTURE
OF SELF IMPORTANCE
A FALSE STONE
OF SECURITY
A FALSE ROMANCE
OF HIERARCHY
THE ASPIRATIONS

OF THE EGO
TO SHOW.

Barry Conway

Irresistible

IRRESISTIBLE

SHE KISSED ME,
WHAT I THOUGHT WAS GOODNIGHT.
HER KISS FELT AS IF SHE WANTED MORE,
NEEDED MORE,
BUT MORE WAS NOT MINE TO GIVE,
OR HERS TO DEMAND.

HER DESIRE,
SO STRONG,
SO WRONG,
WAS IRRESISTIBLE TO MY OWN,
AS I HELD ON TO HER,
SCARED TO LET GO,
TRYING TO CUSHION,
TO RESIST OUR DESIRES,
UNDER THE PATIENT MOON.
AGE WAS NOT THE BARRIER,
FOR THE OLDER WOMAN,
ALWAYS HELD ME.
THE YEARS WERE KIND TO HER,
AS SHE WAS KIND TO ME THROUGH THEM.
I SMELT HER PERFUME,
IN THE RADIANT MIST OF HER,
THE FAMILIAR OF THE FAMILIAR..
I KISSED AND CARESSED HER CHEEKS.
ONCE MORE I FELT ME HEART,
STUMBLE AND CRASH TO THE FLOOR.
I FELT THE GUILT OF SOMEONE,
WHO WAS NEVER INNOCENT,
I FELT MY RESOLVE LEAVE ME,
FELT MY DECENCY FLY AWAY,
TO HIDE IN THE DARK RECESSES OF TABOO,
AS SHE LED ME IN TO THE DARK FAMILIAR ROOM,
OF MY MOTHER.

Is It?

IS IT?

WHEN I SAID YOU WERE LOVELY,
A WONDERFULLY SOPHISTICATED, SEXY FRENCH WOMAN,
SO WELL SPOKEN AND WELL READ.
YOUR LYRICAL SOUNDING REPLY WAS,
'IS IT? '

WHEN I COMMENTED ON THE PURITY OF YOUR VOICE,
TOLD YOU IT WAS LIKE A FINE MATURE WINE,
YOU SAID,
'IS IT? ? '

I WAS HELPLESS IN TELLING YOU THAT,
I LOVED THE WAY YOUR DRESS FLOWED AS YOU MOVED,
AND THE EYES THAT LOOKED AT ME IN THAT SPECIAL WAY.
YOU ONCE AGAIN REPLIED,
'IS IT? ? ? '

SO, THEREFORE I WAS LEFT WITH NO CHOICE,
WHEN YOU ASKED ME TO BE YOURS.
I REPLIED, IN THE ONLY WAY THAT MADE SENSE.
'EST-CE? '

WHEN YOU ASKED,
IF YOU COULD PUT YOUR COLD FEET ON ME IN BED,
I OF COURSE SAID,
'EST-CE? ? '

WHEN YOU SHARED,
YOUR LAST MORSEL OF FOOD WITH ME FROM YOUR PLATE,
I COULD ONLY REPLY,
'EST-CE? ? ? '

FOR YOU SEE,
IS IT,
IS SO VERY APT,
FOR YOU ONLY HAVE TO LOOK AT US TOGETHER,
HOW WE ARE WITH EACH OTHERS SMILE,

TO KNOW,
IT IS!
XXXXXXX

Barry Conway

Is There Room?

IS THERE ROOM

WE HAVE THE CHOICE
WE EITHER PRAISE, AGREE,
DISAGREE OR CONDEMN.

IS IT NECESSARY TO CONFORM,
FOR SOCIETY TO BE ABLE TO FUNCTION?
IN AN ADVANCED COMMUNITY,
THE WEAK AND VULNERABLE ARE PROTECTED.
BUT CAN THIS TYPE OF SOCIETY
BE DEEMED JUST PART OF THE MANIPULATION,
OF A SELF INDULGENT SYSTEM?
CONTROL THE WEIRDNESS,
CONTROL THE WEIRDOS!

THEREFORE,
IS IT NECESSARY TO HAVE CONTROL,
CONFORMITY?
IS IT THEN NECESSARY TO LEAVE ROOM,
FOR THE NON CONFORMIST,
WHETHER THEY BE BENEVOLENT,
OR NOT?

IT IS A CONFORMALITY THING,
WE MUST CONFORM TO THE NORM,
OR WE ARE CONSIDERED OUTSIDE,
OUTSIDE OF SOCIETY,
THE SELF SATISFYING SOCIETY,
THAT POLISHES ITS OWN EGO.

SO SOME REBEL THE CONTROL,
REACH AN AGE,
WHERE WE FEEL CRUSHED,
BY WEIGHT OF EXPECTATION TO CONFORM.
BUT OUR VERY BEING, OUR SOULS,
STRIVE FOR FREEDOM,
STRIVE FOR THE DIFFERENCE,
THAT CONTROL OF THE MASSES

SECRETLY HATE?

WE ARE ALL LIVING IN MASS HYSTERIA,
THE MASS HYSTERIA OF CONFORMING.
IT IS THE BENEVOLENT FEW,
WHO IN THE QUESTIONING,
DARE TO BE DIFFERENT.

Barry Conway

Is This Love Will You Tell Me So

IS THIS LOVE WILL YOU TELL ME SO

IS THIS LOVE WILL YOU TELL ME SO
MUST I COME OR MUST I GO
TO BE WITH HER, TO BE ALONE
TO SET MY WORLD UPON A THRONE
TO BE THE THINGS I REALLY WANT
TO SHUN THE NIGHTS THAT OFTEN HAUNT
TO HEAR HER SAY THOSE THINGS SO SWEET
TO KNEEL BESIDE HER AT HER FEET
TO HOLD HER CLOSE UNTO MY HEART
LOOKING FORWARD FROM THE START
TO SEE ALL THINGS AS THEY REALLY ARE
TO HEAL THE WOUNDS THAT SO OFTEN SCAR
COULD THIS BE THE ONE FOR ME
THE ONE TO SET MY FEELINGS FREE
TO END THE TRAVELING FROM NEAR AND FAR
TO OPEN UP THE LOVING JAR
AND WITHOUT A CARE FOR FUTURES PAST
TO GIVE YOU'RE ALL TO LOVE AT LAST

I SEE YOUR APPLE ON THE TREE
AND THE ONE BESIDE IT THAT IS ME
MATURING BOTH UNTIL LOVES HAND
SAVES US FROM THE BRACKEN GROUND
AND TAKES A BITE FOR ALL TO SEE
ONE FROM YOU, AND ONE FROM ME
NO FORBIDDEN FRUIT IS BITTEN
JUST THE PULP OF LOVERS SMITTEN

AND IN THE PASSING AS WE BOTH DISAPPEAR
TO END UP THEN WHO KNOWS WHERE
TO ANOTHER TIME, ANOTHER TREE
APPLES SIDE BY SIDE, YOU AND ME.

Barry Conway

It Is Only A Tree

IT IS ONLY A TREE

IT IS ONLY A TREE
MAPPING HISTORY
ETCHED UPON ITS TRANQUIL TRUNK
EACH GASH
EACH LASH
POSSESSES THE PASSAGE OF LIFE

ITS AMBIENT ARMS REACH OUT
QUIETLY TRACING YOURS
HARBOURING LOVE
QUICKLY CHERISHING
ITS FAVOURED FRUIT
SOFT AND GENTLE
TENDER AND SWEET
COMFORTING
THE LONGING LONELY LIPS
AS YOURS REMAIN

EVERY LEAF
BENEATH
EACH DAY WITH YOU SPENT
MEANT
RENEWED PAGES OF THE BOOK
THE LOOK
WRITTEN HERE
WITHOUT FEAR
IN RELIVING THE MEANING
OF BEING
YESTERDAYS SORROW
TO BE WITH YOU.

IT'S ROOTS BUILD LIFE
FOR THE MANY WHO SHARE
IT'S BOUNTY OF LOVE
FROM BELOW
TO ABOVE
IT IS THE ANCHOR

OF THEY WHO HANKER
TO BELONG
AS WE ALL DO
BROWN THROUGH GREEN
THE DREAM
GREW
OUT OF THE SEED
THE NEED
TO BE LOVED

THE TALL TALENTED TREE
PLANTED BY YOU
IN THE CORNER OF THE GARDEN
NEW
TO RENEW
THE VOWS
LAID UPON QUILTED UNDERSTANDING
UNDEMANDING
THE CLARITY
THE PARODY
OF THE PAIR
WHO SHARE
CLARITY ALREADY

THIS IS HOW I MISS YOU
KISS YOU
IN THE TREE
TAKEN FROM ME
TOO YOUNG
THE SONG
REMAINS UNSUNG
OUR YOUNG
UNDONE
IT IS ONLY A TREE
BUT TO ME
IT IS YOU

Barry Conway

It Is Said

IT IS SAID

IT IS SAID,
THAT EVERYONE HAS A STORY TO TELL.
I KNOW TOO THAT WITHIN US,
EVERYONE HAS A POEM.
EVEN ONE WORD UPON THE AIR,
CAN BE A POEM,
ONE SOUND,
ONE THOUGHT,
THAT GLIDES BETWEEN.
WE ARE ALL THE SUM OF OUR THOUGHTS
OUR JOYS, OUR SADNESSES,
OUR HOPES AND DESIRES,
ALL BUNDLED WITHIN THE COLLECTIVE YOU.

I GIVE TO YOU IN RETURN,
THAT YOU GIVE TO ME,
FROM THE DEPTHS OF OUR THOUGHTS,
TO THE HEIGHTS OF OUR BEING.
IT SURROUNDS US IN A KNOWLEDGE WE ABSORB,
AS WE TRAVEL THROUGH IT.
IT CLINGS TO US IN EVERY MOMENT,
AS A CHILD CLINGS TO ITS MOTHER.
ITS EFFECT IS REALIZED WITHOUT ATTENTION,
WITH EVERY BEAT IN AND OUT.
WE TRAVEL WITHIN ITS INSISTENCE,
AND I AM WITH YOU.

Barry Conway

Jennifer's

JENNIFER'S

SHE LOVED HIM,
SHE REALLY LOVED HIM, HER HUSBAND
THIS HEAP OF BLUBBER
LYING NEXT TO HER ON HIS BACK
AS HE HAD DONE SO FOR ALL THESE YEARS
LIKE A PINK AND WHITE WHALE
RISING AND SUBSIDING WITH THE TIDE
SNORING, ASLEEP, HE ALWAYS SLEPT
WHILE HE KEPT HER AWAKE.
HE SOUNDED LIKE AN OUTBOARD MOTOR
THAT WAS HAVING TROUBLE STARTING,
OR A PIG OUT OF BREATH
SNOOOOOOOOORT, BWBWBWBWBWBWBW,
SNOOOOOOOOORT, BWBWBWBWBWBWBW.
BUT SHE LOVED HIM ANYWAY.

FOR THIS WAS HER QUITE NOISY TIME
THESE WERE THE MOMENTS SHE REMINISCED
THROUGH ALL THOSE YEARS.
RUMMAGED IN HER MIND INTO THE SHOE BOXES
UNDER THE BED.
ALL THE PHOTOS, ALL THE MEMORIES.
HER SMALL QUITE WEDDING,
THAT WAS A LOVELY DRESS,
MUM SEWED THE LACE INTO IT.
AND THE HONEYMOON AT LLANDUDNO WAS FUN.
EVEN IF IT RAINED THE WHOLE TIME,
WE DID NOT CARE.
FADED PICTURES OF LONG DEAD GREAT GRANDPARENTS
IN STIFF POSES AND SUNDAY BEST
THE TWINS, HA, DRESSED IN MATCHING BABY GROWS
ONE IN EACH ARM HELD BY A PROUD DAD
AS IF SAYING, 'LOOK WHAT I DID', HUH
THOSE RIDICULOUS FRILLY BIKINIS AND HATS
THE KIDS WORE AT CROMER.
BOTH LOOKING LIKE BADLY WRAPPED PARCELS.
OUR FIRST HOUSE, OUR SECOND HOUSE

MUM AND DAD ON THEIR 40TH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY
HIS TROUSERS WERE ALWAYS TOO SHORT
BUT THEY LOOKED SO HAPPY,
STILL IN LOVE AFTER ALL THAT TIME.
THEY WERE ALWAYS THERE FOR ME
I REALLY MISS THEM.
JOHNS CARS
HE ALWAYS MADE ME TAKE A PICTURE
OF HIS NEW CARS WITH HIM STANDING BESIDE
AS IF SAYING' LOOK WHAT I'VE GOT', HUH

JANE'S WEDDING
WHAT A LOVELY DAY
WE ALL LOOKED SO SMART, AND ALL SO DRUNK
AND JOHN WAS SO FUNNY BEING CHASED BY A GOOSE
WHILE HE TOOK THE PICTURES.
JULIE GETTING HER DEGREE AT LEEDS, CLEVER GIRL
JOHNS PARENTS
THEY WERE NICE PEOPLE, ESPECIALLY MURTLE.
YOU COULD NOT HAVE ASKED FOR BETTER IN-LAWS
THOSE LOVELY ROSES IN MUM'S GARDEN
AND THE HOMEMADE ELDERBERRY WINE
THAT WOULD BLOW YOUR SOCKS OFF.
MY FLOWER SHOP, POSING ON OPENING DAY
AS IF SAYING LOOK WHAT I'VE GOT...AAHHH!
I LOVE BEING IN MY FLOWER SHOP
THE DRAGON FLY PICTURES BY THE POND
THE SCURRYING WATER BOATMEN
HHMMM!
I WONDER WHAT PHOTOS WILL BE IN THE BOX
FROM JULIES WEDDING NEXT WEEK
SO MANY MEMORIES.
WITH I HOPE SO MANY MORE HAPPY ONES TO COME
THAT IS IF I DON'T STRANGLE THE WHALE FIRST.
TURN OVER MOBY!

Barry Conway

Jerry

JERRY

THERE WAS A YOUNG LADY CALLED JERRY
WHO WORE AN ATTRACTIVE BLACK BERRY
MY JAW IT DID DROP
WHEN WE MET IN THE SHOP
AS HER BEAUTY WAS EXTRODINARY

Barry Conway

Just Life

JUST LIFE

I HAVE NO MESSAGE FOR YOU
MY WORDS HAVE NO MEANING
THERE ARE NO ANSWERS
SO DO NOT LOOK FOR THEM
FOR THEY WILL ONLY BRING FORTH
MORE QUESTIONS
AND THEN YOU WILL SPEND YOUR TIME
EITHER IN CONSTANT SEARCH
OF NOT KNOWING
OR CAPTURED IN A CIRCLE

WE WERE TOLD
TO WRITE ABOUT THE JOURNEY.
ANY JOURNEY,
INDIVIDUAL OR SHARED
IS THE SAME
BIRTH, LIFE AND DEATH
THE WAYS WILL DIVERGE
TO MERGE AGAIN
AND OUR LIVES
WHETHER HAPPY OR SAD
SUCCESSFUL OR FAILURE
IN REALITY
WHAT DO THEY REALLY MEAN
AND THERE YOU HAVE IT

I HAVE NO MESSAGE FOR YOU
MY WORDS HAVE NO MEANING
AND THERE ARE NO ANSWERS
JUST LIFE.

Barry Conway

Justin

JUSTIN

JUSTIN WAS ALWAYS DIFFERENT,
HIS MOTHER KNEW BEFORE ALL.
WAS IT BECAUSE HIS FATHER WAS UNKNOWN TO HIM?
OR THAT HIS MOTHER,
STRUGGLED IN POVERTY IN THE UPBRINGING?

AT SCHOOL HE WAS ALWAYS BULLIED,
THEY DID NOT UNDERSTAND HIS GENTLENESS,
TEASED HIM ABOUT BEING POOR,
HAVING NO FATHER,
SHOWED HIM THE INEVITABLE HERD CRUELTY OF CHILDREN.

IT WAS ALL THIS,
THAT MADE HIM LEARN TO LOOK AFTER HIMSELF,
DO ODD JOBS TO PAY FOR THINGS,
STAY AWAY FROM THE OTHERS,
UNTIL ONE DAY, CORNERED,
HE FLATTENED THE HEAD OF THE BULLIES,
WITH ONE SWIFT, UNEXPECTED PUNCH.
AFTER THAT,
HE WAS LEFT ALONE.

ON GROWING OLDER HE JOINED AN AM DRAM GROUP,
FIRST AS ASSISTANT STAGE HAND,
AND THEN, WHEN THERE WAS A N OPENING,
IN SMALL PARTS ON THE STAGE ITSELF,
BEFORE AN APPRECIATIVE AUDIENCE.
IT WAS THIS,
THAT MADE HIM REALIZE,
HE HAD FOUND HIS CALLING,
FOUND WHO HE REALLY WAS.

YES! JUSTIN WAS DIFFERENT,
JUSTIN WAS GENTLE AND LOVING,
JUSTIN WAS GAY.

Kitchen Steam

KITCHEN STEAM

SO HERE WE WERE
IN DEVON
F
WITH HER STUFFED NOSE
AND I
WITH MY STUFFED BELLY.
STEAM ROSE FROM THE KETTLE
OVER AND ABOVE THE CHAMPAGNE FLUTES
AS STEAM BEGAN TO RISE FROM US.
STUPID
MEOWED IN ANTICIPATION.
HER ANIMAL INSTINCT HONED
AS HER RESCUER,
RESCUED ME
IN JUST A LOOK OF DESIRE,
PLAYED UPON THE AIR BY A GILDED LYRE,
THAT PARTICIPATED THE ATTACK,
THE LACK, OF RESTRAINT.
THE UNCONTROLLABLE DESIRE
AS SHE SLID DOWN THE FRIDGE MAGNETS
TO THE FLOOR.
HER TREMBLING KNEES
GIVING WAY UNTO THE WAVES
RUNNING THROUGH HER BODY,
AND I,
UNABLE TO FOLLOW HER JOURNEY,
HOOKED UPON THE CABINET HANDLE
SUSPENDED IN MID AIR
BETWEEN TWO WORLDS,
THE PAST I ONCE KNEW,
AND THE ONE I SAW,
SLUMPED UPON THE FLOOR
IN PLEASURED ANGUISH,
LONGING FOR ME.

I WAS AT ONCE ABSALOM
FROM THE OLD TESTAMENT,

CAUGHT IN THE BOUGHS OF AN OAK TREE
AS HE FLED THE ARMY OF DAVID.
I WAS THE ABSALOM
THAT LED THE ARMIES TO WIN BACK
HEAVEN AND HELL,
THE ABSALOM
THE REAL FATHER OF PEACE
MADE LOVE.

ALL THESE WAS I,
CAUGHT BETWEEN ALL,
BEING SHOWN AND GIVEN
BENEVOLENCE.
ACCEPTING IN MY ANIMAL INEFFECTIVENESS
FINALLY MY FREEDOM,
TO DOMINATE MY PLEASURED PRAY,
WHO PLEASES ME LIKE NO OTHER
IN THE WAY ONLY SHE CAN.
FOR SHE TOO WAS CAUGHT,
CAUGHT IN OUR WEB OF DESIRES,
THE NEED
TO RELIEVE THE ANGUISH
OF LIVING WORLDS
IN WHOSE BOUGH
WE ARE ALL CAUGHT.

Barry Conway

Known Strangeness

KNOWN STRANGENESS

THERE IS A KNOWN STRANGENESS IN THIS LIFE,
MANY HAVE KNOWN THIS,
AND SHARED THEIR THOUGHTS,
WITHIN THE COLLECTIVE KNOWLEDGE.

WE TRAVERSE TIME AND SPACE,
FLOATING ALONG,
ON A STREAM OF LIGHT,
WITHIN THE SOUNDS,
THAT FOLLOW AND ELUDE US.
IN ALL CHOICES,
THERE IS NO CHOICE,
FOR WE DO NOT RECOGNIZE OUR CHOICES,
IN THE FORMATION OF THEIR MATURITY.

THERE ARE NO DIFFERENCES BETWEEN US,
WE ARE ALL THE SAME,
WITH THE SAME HOPES AND DESIRES,
THE SAME ASPIRATIONS,
TO BE HAPPY AND FULFILLED,
IN THIS LIFE,
AND TO HOPEFULLY,
TRAVEL TO THE NEXT,
A BETTER AND WISER SPIRIT,
IF THAT SHALL BE,
THE JOURNEY WE FOLLOW.

Barry Conway

Kroll

KROLL

THE WICKED WHISPER KROLL
BARKED IN STONE AT THE RAVEN CLIFF
WHOSE FINGERS BROKE
THE SPIRIT OF THE DARK LASHING WAVES
WHO PLEADED FOR POVERTY,
BROKEN AGAINST ITS IDEOLOGY.

A LONE CHATTERING FLOWER
DRIVEN MAD IN ISOLATION
CRAWLED INTO THE GREY SPACE
BETWEEN COMPROMISED AND ANGUISH.
A LOST MARAUDER,
WANDERING WITHOUT UNDERSTANDING
WATCHED BY THE INFLUENCE,
UNKNOWINGLY CAPITULATING
TO THE CLOVEN PROCESS
SIGNING A GUILT RIDDEN NAME
TO THE BOOK OF THE DARK CLOUD
UNCONSCIOUS IN ITS SHADOWY URGE
PERVADING AND PERVASIVE.

ENSLVED AND IGNOBLE
THE LIGHT GREW EXHAUSTED
BY BLOATED BATTLE
RUNNING THROUGH A SOMBRE CHALK MIST
DRIPPING INTO A SHOAL
OF FRIGHTENED THOUGHT
CONSUMING NOTHING IN ITS PARANOIA
AS THE SPLINTERED BRITTLE SOUND
WALLOWED IN ITS COMPLEX SUFFERING
FOR THE KROLL
WAS RELEASED AGAIN
INTO HIS FEARFUL KINGDOM
IN THE TIME OF HARKON.

Barry Conway

L

L

WAITING
I SEE THE PINK AND WHITE
THE FRONDS
FORCED BY THE WIND
TO DANCE AND PERFORM
EACH A SOUL UNDEFINED
UNDER THE YOKE.

THE WATCHING BENCH
A SEAT,
A PERCH
WATCH
THE WATERING CAN MAN
WATER
IN BEMUSEMENT
SO MUCH THIRST
ENTOMBED IN VERSE.

L IS LATE
NOT EARLY, NOT LATE,
BUT LATE
AND I WAIT.
THE WELCOMING SIGN WRITTEN
SMITTEN WITH HER
WAITING
TO SEE THE GLINT
SMART AND PETITE
TO GREET
THE VIEW OF LIFE
MY VIEW OF LIFE
THAT LEARNERS PASS.

Barry Conway

Lady Of The Dance

LADY OF THE DANCE

SALLY FORTH
RESOUNDING
TO THE RESONANCE OF THE DANCE
THE THIRD EYE
IN THE THIRD WORLD
AS ALL UNIVERSES TAKE HEAD
AND MOVED IN TIME
THE ALTRUISTIC TRUTH
NOT HIDDEN
IN THE THREADS OF MOVEMENT
FROM STAGE TO STAGE
SHORE TO SHORE
FROM WORLD TO WORLD.

TO GIVE OF ONESELF
EACH PATH
LIGHTING THE WAY
FOR OTHERS TO TREAD
EACH THREAD
THE RHYTHMS OF LIFE
THE MOVEMENT THAT MOVES US ALL
HELPING TO WEAVE IN MOTION
THE GUIDANCE OF THE MEEK
THE SAFETY OF THE SOUL
THE UNSELFISH ACT
WE ALL PLAY IN OUR MIND
BUT WHICH LIVES IN DREAMS
A LIFE NOT WASTED
NOT WANTON OF LOVE.

THERE ARE MANY ANSWERS
TO THE SAME QUESTION
SUE IS THE GUIDANCE
ABOVE AND BELOW ALL HEAVENS
WHERE WE MUST FOLLOW.

Lay Down

LAY DOWN

LAY DOWN YOUR FATHERS HAND THAT STRIKES ME
SET ASIDE THE ULCERED TONGUE THAT BITES ME
GIVE UP THE WAY YOUR MIND MUST FIGHT ME
YOU ARE ONLY A WOMAN, PLEASE DO NOT SPITE ME

LET'S DRIVE AWAY THE HURT THAT IS YOU
CLEAR YOUR PAST THAT DOES CONTROL YOU
FREE THE ANGRY BEAST THAT LIES WITHIN YOU
YOU ARE ONLY A MAN, DO NOT HIDE YOU

TOGETHER WE'LL OVERCOME THE FALSE NEED WITHIN US
MEND THE BARRIERS THAT STAND BETWEEN US
TAKE THE LOVING FUTURE THAT LAYS BEFORE US
WE ARE ALL ONLY HUMAN, DON'T LET IT HAUNT US.

Barry Conway

Layers

LAYERS

I ONCE KNEW A LADY
SHE HAD MANY LAYERS
AND I NEVER GOT TO FIND OUT
JUST HOW MANY SHE HAD.

SHE LIVED IN THE 70'S ON A COMMUNE IN WALES
AND WAS AN ALTERNATIVES, ALTERNATIVE.
HER LIFESTYLE WAS ONE OF SELF DISCOVERY,
LIVING WITH NATURE,
NOT AGAINST IT.

I LIKED HER.
HER FLOWING DREADS
THE BELLS SHE WORE ON HER SKIRT,
THE PHILOSOPHICAL MUSING WE WOULD DISCUSS.
SHE WAS ONLY 19,
BUT WAS ONE OF THE MOST WELL READ INDIVIDUALS
I HAVE EVER MET,
ONE THAT PUT MY THOUGHTS TO SHAME,
IN THEIR INFANCY OF KNOWLEDGE.

IT WAS A TIME OF SOCIAL EXPERIMENTATION
ONE OF RECONNECTING WITH THE LAND,
AND I WANTED TO BE PART OF IT,
TO REJOIN THE WHOLE,
TO GIVE UP THE FALSENESS OF EXISTENCE
WE EXPERIENCE EVERY DAY.

I WAS FALLING IN LOVE,
A YOUNG LOVE,
FOLLOWING A HOPE OF FREEDOM, OF SECURITY
SEARCHING FOR THE ANSWERS,
AND I SAW A GLIMMER IN HER LAYERS.
SO MANY DIFFERENT COLOURS,
FUSING WITH THE LAND,
WANDERING FREE UPON THE EARTH,
FILLING YOU WITH A SENSE OF PURPOSE,

IT WAS HER BAG, MAN,
AND IT WAS MESSING WITH MY MELON MAN.

AT NIGHT
WE WOULD SIT FOR HOURS
AROUND THE FIRE
BURNING THE SUSTAINABLE WOOD
THEY HAD COLLECTED.
WE SMOKED SPLIFFS
AND TRIED TO PUT THE WORLD TO RIGHT
TO THE CRACKLING OF THE WOOD
SINGING PROTEST SONGS
OR TRYING TO REMEMBER THE WORDS
TO A BOB DYLAN TUNE.

THE DAY SAW US OFTEN
WANDERING AMONGST HER LAYERS,
DISCUSSING THE CORNISH, OR THE DORKING.
SHE WOULD REVEL IN THE JERSEY GIANT,
OR THE LANGSHAM.
THEY WOULD OFTEN WANDER UP,
AND WALK WITH US,
AS IF WANTING TO JOIN THE DISCUSSION,
BUT ALWAYS WARY
ALWAYS READY TO ESCAPE.
IN CASE THE POT BECKONED,
EVEN THOUGH THE COMMUNE
NEVER ATE ANYTHING WITH A FACE.
HOW I MISS THOSE DAYS.

Barry Conway

Left The One You Loved

LEFT THE ONE YOU LOVED

HAVE YOU NEVER LEFT
SOMEONE YOU LOVED
I HAVE
ALL THE TIME

IT BECOMES THE NORM
THE WARM
REPLACED BY THE COLD
TO GROW OLD
ALONE

THE HARSH WORD
THE CRITICISM OF THE CRITICAL
THE FALL
AWAY FROM YOU
THAT'S ALL
IT CAN TAKE
TO LEAVE
TO GRIEVE
THE PASSING OF LOVE
TO LOVE LOST
A NEW TITLE
FOR THE SAME BOOK
THE SAME LOOK
DISAPPOINTMENT
IN THE DISAPPOINTMENT
NOT MEANT
TO LAST
TO ENDURE
ONLY THE FESTER
OF LOVE WASTED
TASTED
IN EVERY DAY
WHILE THE MEMORIES PERSIST
LIST
ALL THE STORY
THE GLORY

THE SORROW
ABANDONING THE MORROW

Barry Conway

Less Is More?

LESS IS MORE?

IT'S THIS THINKING THING!
IT DOES MY NOODLE IN,
WHY CAN'T I JUST BE DUMB?
SATISFIED WITH MY LOT,
INSTEAD OF DELVING,
DEEPER AND DEEPER.

AND NOT ONLY THAT,
THE MORE I DELVE,
THE LESS I SOLVE.
MY PREDICAMENT IS,
THE DELICACY OF IRREGULAR THOUGHT,
RAW AND UNPALATABLE,
NOT SO THOSE,
WHO TRUDGE THROUGH LIFE,
BLISSFULLY UNAWARE OF,
THE INTELLIGENCE OF INTELLIGENCE,
HAPPY IN THE KNOWLEDGE,
OF LESS!

WHO IS BETTER OFF?

Barry Conway

Let Me Lie

Let me lie

Let me lie so I may lie
Tell untruths in my laying
See not the world as it really is
And then I will be free.

Barry Conway

Life Is A Purse.

LIFE IS A PURSE.

LIFE IS A PURSE.

YOU HOLD THIS PURSE,
FILLED WITH COINS.
AS YOU LIVE THIS LIFE,
YOU TAKE OUT A COIN,
ONE BY ONE,
AND TOSS THEM INTO,
THE VAST OCEAN OF LIFE.

WITH EACH COIN,
WITH EACH TOSS,
YOU WATCH IT SINK,
LOST FOREVER,
IN THE DEEPEST DEPTHS.
YOU HAVE THE MEMORY,
BUT YOU WILL NEVER HAVE,
THE COIN AGAIN.

AS YOUR PURSE LESSENS,
EACH COIN,
BECOMES MORE PRECIOUS,
UNTIL THE PURSE EMPTIES,
AND IT TOO,
IS TOSSED INTO THE OCEAN.

Barry Conway

Life's Conspiracy (The Fisherman 3)

LIFE'S CONSPIRACY

THAT DAY
THAT SUNNY DAY
BEGINNING OF DAYS
WALKING WITHOUT MOVING FORWARD
THE FISHERMAN
HELD MY ARMS FROM THE SEA
DELIVERED TO ME IN PLEADINGS
THE NOTE
SPRAYED UPON THE PAPER
BLOWN BY A WALLOWING WIND
BORN OF THE LYRE
WRAPPED ME WITHOUT DENIAL
CAPTURED ME, ENCIRCLING MY ARMS
BECOMING PART OF MY FLESH
THE MISSING PART
OF MY UNFINISHED SYMPHONY
IT TALKED TO ME
OF A PERFUMED PLINTH,
OF MY REAL LIFE
THE KNOWN FORM
THAT IS ALWAYS WITH ME.

READING WITHOUT SEEING
CROSSING THE BRIDGE
BETWEEN LIVES
A LIFE MADE WHOLE
BY THE MISSING
FULLY REVEALED
THE FINAL PIECE OF MY SOUL
THE INCOMPLETENESS
COMPLETELY COMPLETED
FREEING THE CRIPPLE
FROM THE SEA.

BUT LIFE
CONSPIRED
IN THE SHIELD THAT I CARRY

THE HONOUR RIGHT
COULD NOT BE DENIED
TO EVEN THE COMPLETED HEART.
MY WIFE
MY CHILD
MY PARALLEL LIFE UNWOKEN FROM
STILL KEEP THE DREAM CAPTIVE

REQUITED LOVE
I AM UNABLE
TO BREAK THEIR LOVE.

YOU WERE ALWAYS WITH ME
LIVED WITHIN ME
I ALWAYS KNEW YOU
EACH PULSE, EACH BREATH
WAS SHARED WITH YOU
YOU WERE NEVER ALIVE ALONE
YOU WERE ALWAYS WITH ME
WE WILL ALWAYS BE TOGETHER
SOMEWHERE.
I WILL ALWAYS CARRY THE NOTE
ALWAYS HEAR THE LYRE.

Barry Conway

Life's Invitation (1 & 2)

LIFE'S INVITATION

SHE INVITED HIM IN
BUT THE EVENING HAD NOT GONE WELL
IT HAD UNCOVERED AFTER ALL THESE WEEKS
CHASMS OF DIFFERENCES BETWEEN THEM.
THE HOPEFULNESS OF A FUTURE SPENT TOGETHER
HAD ESCAPED ON WORDS AND LOOKS
THAT ONLY YESTERDAY
HAD BEEN HIDDEN, WITHDRAWN AND UNKNOWN.
HER HAND NOW FELT CLAMMY
AND HER INVITATION
WAS CLINGING TO A WOUNDED PASSION
THAT HAD DISAPPEARED INTO HIS MIND.

HE STOOD THERE AT HER DOOR,
WONDERING HOW TO EXCUSE HIMSELF
FROM THE NOW FAMILIAR NIGHTS SPENT TOGETHER,
WITHOUT LEAVING HER HURT, DESPONDENT AND REJECTED.
BUT HE WAS STILL UNSURE,
STILL DOUBTED
THAT EVERYTHING HAD AFFECTED HIM TOO MUCH,
THAT HE HAD TAKEN THINGS THE WRONG WAY,
BEEN TOO SENSITIVE,
HAD MISINTERPRETED HER DEMEANOUR,
HER WAY, HER WORDS,
WHY ELSE WOULD SHE INVITE HIM IN?
UNLESS IT WAS TO MAKE LOVE
IN A GRAND FAREWELL GESTURE,
DID SHE THINK THE SAME WAY ABOUT WHAT HAD HAPPENED?
DID SHE DESIRE A FINAL FLING TO A LOST HORIZON?

WAS HE A GOOD PERSON?
OR WAS HIS CONCERN REALLY FOR HIMSELF,
RATHER THAN OTHERS?
SHOULD HE TAKE ADVANTAGE OF HER
OR WALK AWAY WITH HONOUR, REBUKING HER?
HE STOOD THERE AND STARED INTO HER EYES

NOT KNOWING WHAT TO DO

IT WAS NOT AS IF THEY HAD NOT MADE LOVE BEFORE
THEY HAD KNOWLEDGE OF EACH OTHER
PLEASURABLE KNOWLEDGE
WHAT WOULD THE HARM IN IT BE
THEY WOULD BE BOTH LONELY PEOPLE
CLINGING TO THE NIGHT TOGETHER.

BUT THEN HE KNEW
THAT EACH NIGHT WHEN HE WOULD LIE ALONE
HE WOULD GO BACK TO THAT FINAL EMBRACE
WHERE HE HAD TAKEN WITHOUT TRUE REGARD
STOLEN PLEASURES OF THE WORST KIND.
THESE ARE THE BURDENS
THAT LIFE HARVESTS US WITH.
NOW HE KNEW WHAT HE MUST DO.

□
LIFE'S INVITATION (2) LIFE'S INVITATION RENEWED

AND SO TIME PASSED,
AS IT DOES TO ALL
AND IT CAME TO PASS
BLOND, LEAN, GENTLE LOVE CAME CALLING
LIKE THE CARESS OF A GENTLE BREEZE
AMONG THE SINGING WILDFLOWERS.

SHE HAD APPEARED,
LIKE A HIDDEN TREASURE,
PUT AWAY FOR SAFE KEEPING,
HAVING BEEN REDISCOVERED BY CHANCE.
SHE TOOK HIS HAND,
AND ONCE AGAIN A FUTURE OF SHARED LOVE
HAD COME INTO VIEW UPON HIS HORIZON.
SURELY THIS TIME A KNOWING UNIVERSE
WOULD LET HIM BE AT PEACE.

THEIR TENDERNESS TOGETHER
WAS GENEROUS AND GIVING,
SURRENDERING AND INVITINGLY ENDURING,

A TASTE OF FINE WINE THAT LINGERS ON THE LIPS,
THE SWEETEST OF FRUITS
HAPPILY SURRENDERED FROM THE VINE.
ALL SO PERFECT, UNTIL THE NIGHT,
WHEN IN THE HEAT OF PASSIONATE EMBRACE
THE UNEXPLAINED,
EXPLAINED ITSELF IN HER PAST,
GUSHING DEEP FROM WITHIN HER SUBCONSCIOUS
UNABLE TO RETAIN AND ACCEPT THE PERIL.
SHE REVEALED IN RENDERING DETAIL
THE CONTROLLED FORCED ABUSE,
HER MISTRUST OF MEN,
THE INABILITY TO HEAL WITH ANOTHER.
AND ONCE AGAIN LIFE'S HARVEST
TORE THE INVITATION IN TWO.

THEY TALKED IN BED FOR HOURS
HE LISTENED SYMPATHETICALLY, UNDERSTANDINGLY,
BUT COULD NOT DISLODGE THE ANXIETY,
THE NEED TO FLEE ONCE AGAIN,
TOO ADD TO THE REOCCURRING PATTERN
OF FAILED LOVE.
THE SENSE OF FINDING SOMEONE TO BELONG TO,
ONCE AGAIN, DUG OUT FROM HIS HEART,
BEFORE THE FLOWER HAD OPENED.

AGAIN THE CHOICE LAY BEFORE HIM.
WHY MUST THERE ALWAYS BE THIS CHOICE?
WHERE IS THE SIMPLICITY OF LOVE?
HE LOOKED INTO HER EYES
MORE DEEPLY THAN HE HAD EVER LOOKED AT ANYONE,
AND IT WAS THEN, IN THAT MOMENT OF SEEING
THAT HE FOR ONCE EXPLAINED HOW HE FELT
HIS HISTORY OF A BROKEN FUTURE, HIS HEARTACHE.
SHE TOO LISTENED SYMPATHETICALLY, UNDERSTANDINGLY.
HE TOOK HER HAND AND SOFTLY WHISPERED
NOW HAVING SHARED BOTH OUR DEMONS,
HAVING BROUGHT EACH OTHERS SOULS TO BEAR
THAT SHE MUST DECIDE FOR THEM BOTH
THAT HIS DECISION SHOULD BE HERS.

Life's Reversal

LIFE'S REVERSAL

WHERE I LIVE
WATER
RUNS UPHILL
THE CLOCK
TURNS IN REVERSE
AND THE SUN
RISES
IN THE WEST
AND SETS
IN THE EAST
TUESDAYS
FOLLOWS WEDNESDAYS
AND THE WEEKEND
COMES BEFORE THE WEEK
SOMETIMES

BIRDS
FLY BACKWARDS
JANUARY
FOLLOWS FEBRUARY
CHILDREN
LEARN TO RUN
BEFORE
THEY CAN CRAWL
WHERE BABIES
RETURN
TO THE WOMB
SOMETIMES

RAIN
FALLS UPWARDS
THE WIND
SUCKS
SUMMER
COMES BEFORE
SPRING
THE AFTERNOON

COMES BEFORE
THE MORNING
AND NIGHT
BEFORE DAY
SOMETIMES.

THE FALL
COMES BEFORE
PRIDE
WHERE I LOOKED
A GIFT HORSE
IN THE MOUTH
AFTER
LEEPING
THE CART
OF COURSE
COMES BEFORE
THE HORSE
HATE
COMES
WHENEVER IT PLEASES
AND IT WANTS NOT
IN MY MIND
SOMETIMES

THE HOUSE
STANDS
BEFORE
THE GATE
CHICKENS
WERE COUNTED
BEFORE
HATCHING
ALL IN ONE BASKET
YOUR HAND
IS IN MINE
LONG AFTER WE PARTED
PAIN
COMES BEFORE
PLEASURE
SOMETIMES

THE END
IS BEFORE
THE BEGINNING
AND I
AM OLD
BEFORE MY TIME
I AM SHRINKING
INTO NOTHINGNESS
THIS
IS THE WAY
OF THINGS
SOMETIMES
IT IS BEST
THIS WAY
SOMETIMES
IT IS THUS
SOMETIMES

Barry Conway

Light Into Light

LIGHT INTO LIGHT

IT BROUGHT DAYLIGHT INTO DAYLIGHT,
FOR WHEN TWO PEOPLE CONVERGE,
THERE IS A NEW LIGHT BORNE.

THE TAPER THAT ASPIRES,
GIVES LIFE THE ILLUMINATION,
FOR THERE IS NO JUDGEMENT IN THE LIGHT,
ASIT'S ACKNOWLEDGEMENT,
GOES OUT INTO THE WORLD,
FOR ALL TO SHARE AND BATHE,
IN IT'S WONDER.

THE LIGHT IS BETWEEN ALL,
IT RUNS THROUGH OUR VEINS,
TRAVELS TO OUR HEART,
GIVES LIFE TO CONSCIOUSNESS,
IN ALL THINGS.

FOR ALL LIGHT IS WITHIN ALL,
IT BOWS TO US, AS WE BOW TO IT.
LOOK DEEP INTO YOURSELF AND SEE,
THE THREAD OF LIGHT THAT JOINS EVERYTHING,
THIS IS THE GIFT BESTOWED UPON US,
BY WHATEVER GOD YOU CHOOSE TO ACKNOWLEDGE,
BE IT EVEN THAT OF YOURSELF,
FOR IT HAS GIVEN US A PURPOSE,
AND IT NEEDS YOUR BLESSING.

Barry Conway

Longing For The Long Sleep

LONGING FOR THE LONG SLEEP

I CAN NO LONGER
BE SUSTAINED BY THE LIGHT.
IT HAS NURTURED ME,
FED ME,
KEPT ME WARM,
IT GAVE TO ME,
A SIGHT,
THAT MY EYES,
SMILED AT UPON EACH NEW SUNRISE
I WAS LUCKY ENOUGH TO SEE.

BUT WITH AGE,
MY EYES HAVE DIMMED.
I DO NOT LOOK FORWARD,
TO EACH NEW SUNRISE,
AND I LONG,
FOR THE LONG SLEEP INTO DARKNESS,
TO TAKE AWAY MY YEARS.

FOR I HAVE LIVED MY TIME,
BATHED IN THE LIGHT,
AND NOW,
IT IS THE TURN OF OTHERS,
TO MARVEL AT ITS WONDER,
AND CARRY THE TORCH,
WITH THEM.

Barry Conway

Look

LOOK

LOOK AT THE LOOK
ON MY FACE
IS THIS THE LOOK OF LOVE
DO YOU SEE
YOU FUTURE WITHIN
AFTER
WHAT YOU HAVE SAID AND DONE
AFTER
WHAT YOU HAVE BECOME
DO YOU THINK
I CAN TURN AWAY
FROM THE HURTFUL TRUTH
BECOME ALOOF
IN THE FACE OF TRUE REALITY

FOR NOW
I TOO AM NERVOUS AND AFRAID
FOR I SEE YOU
ALONE
WRAPPED IN YOUR PITY
DISTRAUGHT
IN YOUR OWN COMPANY
CREATED
IN HASTE
THE WASTE
OF THE GUILTY
FRAILTY
FLOWN
TO ENHANCE TODAY'S AND TOMORROWS
SORROW

THEY SAY
ACTIONS SPEAK LOUDER THAN WORDS
THESE ACTIONS ARE FOR YOU
I HAVE LEFT YOU
AND THESE WORDS
FOR YOU

FALL ONE BY ONE
FROM MY SILENT LIPS
I CAN NOT LOVE YOU
ANYMORE

Barry Conway

Lost

LOST

THEY DON'T KNOW ME
AND THEIR LOOK SHOWS THAT
THEY DON'T KNOW ME.

THE CONDESCENDING JUDGEMENT
THE SNEERS
THE WHISPERS TO THEIR COMPATRIOTS
SHOWS LITTLE REGARD FOR TRUE WORTH
FOR THEY SHOW IN THEIR SHALLOWNESS
NOT THE REASONABLE UNDERSTANDING
OF THEIR FELLOW HUMAN BEINGS

THEY PLACE NOT TRUE CURRENCY
ABOVE THEIR OWN IMPORTANCE
AND DENY TO THEMSELVES THE POSSIBILITY
OF SELF AWARENESS
FOR IN THEIR FALSE AND MISALIGNED JUDGEMENTS
THEY SIT ON FALSE THRONES
SIT ON INVISIBLE CLOUDS
RULE WITHOUT AUTHORITY A FALSE KINGDOM

IT IS THIS ELUDING REALITY
THAT GIVES THEM THEIR SHIED
TO DEFEND THEMSELVES FROM THE TRUTH.
FOR THEY ARE BUT IN SHORT
LOST ON THE WRONG PATH
LOST IN THE WRONG TURNING
LOST N THE WRONG UNIVERSE

Barry Conway

Lost Break

LOST BREAK

THE GREY CHIPPED STONE,
DOTTED WITH RED,
FELL FROM HER HAND,
AS HE CHANGED HIS MIND.

HIS INTENDED TARGET,
HAD BEEN STARTLED,
BY ANOTHER BIRD.
A MOMENT,
THAT HAD SAVED HIS LIFE.

NEW ENGLAND.
THE LEAVES CRUNCHED,
UNDER HIS BOOTS,
WHOSE LACES WERE AT WAR.

LEAVES FLEW,
AS HE WADED SHIN DEEP,
HANDS IN POCKETS,
OF HIS DUNGAREES,
HIS KNEES PROTRUDING THROUGH,
AS HE KICKED THEM.

SCHOOL BREAK WAS FINE,
FOR THOSE WHO HAD FRIENDS.

Barry Conway

Lost In The Future

LOST IN THE FUTURE

IT IS HARD,
BEING ALONE,
BUT IT IS HARDER,
BEING TOGETHER.

WHETHER,
TO WEATHER
THE STORM,
OR TO SEEK,
NEW SHELTER,
IN THIS BAY OF CONFUSION,
REASON NOT,
THIS BREAKING HEART,
OR THE WAVES,
OF DISILLUSIONMENT,
HAVING SWEPT AWAY,
THAT WHICH WAS SO,
HEARTFELT.

TOGETHERNESS,
PEELED SO SLOWLY APART,
LAYER BY LAYER,
SEGMENT BY SEGMENT,
LEAVING TWO DIFFERENT PEOPLE,
WHERE ONE ONCE STOOD.

WE,
SEE IN EACH OTHER,
OUR WAYS DIFFER AND DIFFUSE,
SAW,
MOVING SHAPES IN THE DISTANT,
FADING INTO LOST MEMORIES,
A TIME MISPLACED,
MOVING FURTHER APART,
TOWARDS A NEW REALITY,
DISAPPEARING,
ALONE.

Barry Conway

Lost Wanderers

WE ARE ALL LOST,
YOU CAN TELL YOURSELVES OTHERWISE,
FEEL SECURE IN TEACHINGS,
PROPHETS, SEERS,
BUT WE ARE ALL WANDERING IN THE DARK,
PEERING OVER THE EDGE,
INCHING EVER CLOSER TO THE ABYSS.

WE CAN COMFORT OURSELVES WITH OTHERS,
TRY TO PASS THE TIME IN PLEASURE,
DULL THE SENSES OF WHAT IS TO COME,
TO BELIEVE OR NOT IN A SALVATION,
AN ONGOING AFTER WE DEPART,
REAL OR IMAGINED,
A CERTAINTY, OR A TRICK OF THE MIND,
ALL UNPROVEN, ALL SUPPOSITION,
HOPING FOR THE BEST,
AS WE ALL WANDER TOWARDS THE TIME,
WHEN THE TRUTH, THE REAL TRUTH,
THE MYSTERY OF LIFE,
WILL BE REVEALED TO ALL.

Barry Conway

Love Is Heard

LOVE IS HEARD

THERE IS A FINE LINE,
BETWEEN LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

LOVE IS PAIN,
TIME AND AGAIN.
I HAVE BEEN TOLD,
BEEN SOLD,
THE LIE.

BETWEEN US,
LIES FRIENDSHIP,
WHERE WILL IT LEAD?
I BELIEVE,
IN LOVE.

LOVE,
CAN NOT HIDE,
BE DENIED,
OR TURNED AWAY.
THE DAY,
IT WILL HAVE,
IT'S SAY,
IT WILL BE HEARD,
IT IS,
THE WORD.

SO LOOK AT ME,
SEE,
WHAT I SEE.
LOOK DEEP,
INTO WHAT I AM,
AND WHAT I SHALL BECOME,
WITH YOU.

YOU CAN FILL,
MY DESIRES,
RELIGHT MY FIRES,

AND MAKE LIARS,
OF ALL FAILURES.

IT IS IN THE WIND,
RISING FROM THE EARTH,
FALLING FROM THE SKY,
BROUGHT ALIVE,
BY THE TIDE,
NOT DENIED.

IT IS SUNG,
IN THE TREES,
CARRIED,
ON THE BREEZE.
IT IS EVERYWHERE,
AND THERE,
LIES,
THE IMMUTABLE TRUTH.

YOUTH,
MUST GIVE WAY,
TO AGE.
LIFE,
TO DEATH.
ABREATH,
A TOUCH,
A SIGH,
BUT LOVE,
CAN NOT,
BE DENIED.

LOVE,
LIVES FOREVER.
ONCE GIVEN,
IT IS GIVEN,
FOREVER,
IT CAN NOT,
BE TAKEN AWAY, AS NIGHT,
SURRENDERS,
TO DAY,
TURNS AWAY,
THE NIGHT.

I AM THE LIGHT,
AND I WILL FIGHT,
FOR YOU LOVE

Barry Conway

Love My Darling

LOVE MY DARLING

THE DREAMS OF BEING
THE SLENDER THREADS OF EXISTENCE
SWAY AND TEMPT US ALL
SO NEAR TO BEAR,
BEYOND OF REACH,
EACH
THE ALLURE OF HOPE
WHO WANDER
LOST BETWEEN WORLDS
OF UNWOVEN TRUTH

SEEING THREADS
IN THE CLOTH OF LOVE
YOU
OPENED.
THE FLOWER
RESOUNDED
TO THE NEW DEW
EACH VIBRATION
WITHIN THE RAINDROPS
CONNECTED EACH HEART,
EVERYWHERE,
INSPIRING LOVE
TO BLOOM FORTH A NEW YEAR
INTO BEING,
ENDOWERING
THE POET
ENDING THE LONG SEARCH
FOR HIS TRUE MUSE.

THE REALISATION
OF LOVE AND RETURN
TO COMFORT EACH.
EVERYTHING
IS ON A JOURNEY
TO SOMEWHERE ELSE,
TOGETHER

HOWEVER
WE NOW TRAVEL
FOUND

Barry Conway

Love?

LOVE?

THE SUBJECT WAS TO WRITE A LOVE POEM,
NOW SOME LOVE POEMS WILL LAST FOR ETERNITY
BE QUOTED THROUGHOUT MANY CULTURES,
EVEN CHANGE HISTORY,
THIS WILL NOT BE ONE OF THEM,
FOR YOU SEE LOVE HAS A DARK SIDE!

LOVES DARK SIDE

DO YOU LOVE,
THE PERSON WHO LOVES KILLING,
THE FANATIC WHO LOVES THEIR GOD,
AND WISHES ALL OTHERS WHO DO NOT DEAD.
THE ONE WHO LOVES BEING A SADIST,
LOVES THE PAIN OF OTHERS.
THE PERSON WHO LOVES POWER,
SOMEONE WHO LOVES WAR,
THE CONQUEROR WHO LOVES ENSLAVING OTHERS,
THE HUMAN WHO LOVES ANARCHY,
THE HUMAN WHO LOVES FOOD AND IS A GLUTTON,
THE RAPIST WHO LOVES CONTROL,
THE BULLY WHO LOVES PEOPLE BEING AFRAID OF THEM,
THE MASOCHIST WHO LOVES PAIN,
SOMEONE WHO LOVES MONEY
SOMEONE WHO LOVES HIMSELF, A NARCISSIST,
SOMEONE WHO LOVES BEING A HEDONIST?

BY NOW YOU GET MY DRIFT,
I COULD GO ON AND ON,
BUT THE BEST THING I CAN SAY,
ON THIS TYPE OF LOVE,
BE IT NOT SO ELEGANT, IS THAT,
LOVE, I SH-T ON IT

Barry Conway

Lovely Michelle

LOVELY MICHELLE

WHAT A BEGINNING!
I WAS THINKING ABOUT MICHELLE,
AND LOOKED UP FROM MY COUCH,
TO SEE HER VIEW,
HER FUTURE VIEW,
THE BEGINNING OF THE SUNSET.

THE MOON WAS RISING, AS WAS MY HEART,
FULL AND ROUND, WITH ARMS OPEN,
IT ROSE FROM OUT OF THE SEA,
IN WHOSE CHANGING COLOURS,
MIRRORED THE HOPE OF OUR OWN.
THE SEA APPEARED AS STRIPPED ROCK,
WITH WHITE LINES DANCING BETWEEN THE MOONBEAMS,
THAT REFLECTED UPWARD FROM IT.
THE SKY, BLUE, GREEN, PINK RED AND YELLOW,
CONVEYED THE MOONS BENEVOLENCE
IN ROADS OF HOPE.
AS CANDY FLOSS CLOUDS
REFLECTED MICHELLE'S SMILE
TO ALL THOSE IT BATHED.

AS NIGHT FELL SLOWLY,
I FELT HER WARMTH ENTER ME,
MERGING TO ONE VIEW,
UNDILUTED BY THE VANISHING DAYS,
FOR ALL THE DAYS AND NIGHTS
ARE HERS.

Barry Conway

Madelaine's Breath

MADELAINE'S BREATH

BREATH OUT A THOUGHT,
HOLD DEAR, THE IDEA
THAT NOTHINGNESS, IS EVERYTHING.
FOR YOUR DIVINE BREATH,
YOU BREATHE INTO ME
CREATES A NEW EXISTENCE,
WITH EVERY CYCLE,
EVERY RHYTHM,
THAT BEATS WITHIN US.

FOR IN THAT NOTHINGNESS,
IN THAT SPACE BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH,
IS BUT AN ENERGY THAT CAN NOT BE SEEN,
BUT FELT WITHIN BEINGS BENIGN.

THE ENERGY WE CALL LOVE,
SPREADS AND SETTLES,
IT ABSORBS ITSELF,
INTO OUR CONSCIOUSNESS,
IT OBSERVES,
THE OBSERVABLE FEELINGS,
AS EVERY ATOM,
OF OUR BEING IN UNISON,
BEARS THE GIFT FORWARD.

LOVE IS NOT DISSIPATED,
BUT DIFFUSES ITSELF,
TOWARDS ITS ACCEPTOR.
IT IS THE IMMORTALITY OF THOUGHT,
MADE WHOLE,
IN THE ACTION,
OF UNDERSTANDING THE ACCEPTOR.

THERE IS NO KNOWLEDGE OF INFINITY,
THAT CAN EVER EXPRESS THE FREEDOM,
OF YOUR BREATH UPON MY HEART,
CAN EXPLAIN ITS ONGOING LONGING.

IT IS THE VOID FILLED IN THE RUSH OF CALMNESS,
GIVEN SO TENDERLY,
THE LIGHT ENGULFING,
FILLED WITH PURE WHITE LOVE.

I

IT IS THE COMPLEX SIMPLICITY,
THE SIMPLE EVOLVING INTELLIGENCE,
OF LOVE,
BRINGING NEW BIRTH TO THE REBORN,
THE INTERCONNECTION,
OF THE HEARTS SOULFUL SPIRIT,
RELEASED INTO THE PURITY
OF CALMNESS.

ASTRAL LIGHT,
PERMEATES WITHIN US,
IN VIBRANT SOLUBLE SUBSTANCE.
PERMEATES,
AND WASHES AWAY CHAOS.
YOU ARE MY LIFE FORCE,
THE DIVINE CONSCIOUSNESS
THAT GIVES ME LIFE.

POLARIZATION OF THE PULSE OF BEING,
IS WITHDRAWN,
AND I AM LIFTED,
BEYOND ALL GRAVITY,
ALL FLOWING WATER,
TRAVELING,
IN A SELF CREATED PROPHESY,
HOLDING YOUR HAND,
AN ARTISTIC PICTURE,
BEING PAINTED,
WITH EACH BREATH,
YOU BREATHE INTO ME.

Barry Conway

Madness

MADNESS

THEY SAY I AM GOING MAD
I CAN HEAR THEM WHISPERING BEHIND MY BACK
THAT NO PLASTER CAN FIX ME, THAT I MUST BE PUT WAY.

AS I WALK
I SEE YOUR HOLES APPEARING IN THE PAVEMENT
FIERY CHASMS
WITH OUTSTRETCHED ARMS FROM WITHIN
TRYING TO PULL ME INTO THE DARKNESS THEY INHABIT.
I WATCH THE HALF DISTORTED FACES IN THE STREET
OF PEOPLE WHO I THOUGHT I HAD LONG FORGOTTEN,
SUDDENLY APPEAR BEFORE ME.
AND I KNOW AS I PASS THEM BY
THAT THEY ARE TALKING ABOUT ME.
I HEAR THEM, I HEAR YOU ALL,
LAUGHING QUIETLY TO EACH OTHER
AS YOU MOCK ME.
HOW DARE YOU MOCK ME,
WHO ARE YOU TO MOCK ME.

I FIND MYSELF IN PLACES
NOT KNOWING HOW I ARRIVED THERE
AND LOST TO THE DIRECTION OF HOME
FROM WHERE I AM.
I AM LOST WITHOUT MOVEMENT.
I KNOW WHAT YOU ARE ALL DOING
YOU ARE TRYING TO FORCE ME INTO A CORNER
TRYING TO BEAT ME DOWN
TO TAKE EVERYTHING I HAVE ACCOMPLISHED.
YOU WERE ALWAYS JEALOUS OF ME
AND FOR GOOD REASON.
YOU WILL NOT SUCCEED,
I AM STRONGER THAN YOU ALL.
NOW, YES NOW, I REALIZE I AM NOT MAD
IT IS ALL OF YOU
YOU, YOU ARE THE ONES THAT ARE MAD
I AM THE ONLY SANE ONE HERE

AND YOU KNOW IT
THAT IS WHY YOU ARE AFTER ME
JUST LEAVE ME ALONE!

Barry Conway

Maison De L'amour

MAISON DE L'AMOUR

WELCOME TO THE MAISON DE L'AMOUR.
STEP ACROSS OUR THRESHOLD TO ECSTASY.
OUR ONLY REASON IS TO PLEASE YOU.
TELL US YOUR DEEPEST DESIRES,
YOUR NEEDS, YOUR COMPULSIONS.
TRUST OUR INTEGRITY,
SURRENDER YOURSELF COMPLETELY,
FOR HERE YOU ARE SAFE AND LOVED.
WHISPER YOUR PASSIONS TO US,
AND WE WILL FULFILL YOU,
WE WILL FREE YOU,
TAKE YOU TO PLACES,
YOU NEVER THOUGHT EXISTED,
NEVER THOUGHT POSSIBLE,
YOUR SENSUALITY WILL BE OURS.
BECOME CHANGED,
FOR THE GOOD, FOREVER.

NOT ONLY HAVE YOU CHOSEN US,
WE HAVE CHOSEN YOU,
YOU ARE HERE TO DISCOVER PLEASURE,
TO UNDERSTAND YOURSELF DEEPER,
TO CONQUER YOUR INNER FEARS,
GENTLY, CALMLY, SOFTLY,
TO REPLACE THE HAMMER WITH THE FEATHER,
TO REPLACE DOUBT WITH ACCEPTANCE.

THIS IS WHERE YOU BELONG,
WE ARE HERE FOR YOU,
YOU ARE HOME.

Barry Conway

Marrow

MARROW

YOU MAY STRIKE ME AGAIN,
BUT WITH EVERY BLOW,
ALL YOU DO IS STRIKE YOURSELF.

I SEE THE ANGER IN YOUR FACE,
THE TORTURE YOU MUST ENDURE EVERY DAY,
THE UNHAPPINESS THAT BEING YOU,
BRINGS TO YOUR TABLE,
THE FABLE OF THE LOST,
FOR FROM THIS DAY,
YOU BRING UPON YOURSELF A MARK,
A CURSE WHICH CAN NEVER BE ERASED.
YOU ARE DOOMED TO WALK THE EARTH,
WITH THIS SCAR OF DISGRACE,
BURNED INTO YOUR SOUL,
TO WALK THE EARTH WITHOUT A SHADOW,
TO LIVE YOUR LIFE IN FEAR AND LOATHING,
OF YOURSELF.

YOU MAY BREAK OUR BONES,
MAIM AND KILL US,
BUT YOU WILL NEVER POSSESS,
OUR MINDS AND SOUL,
THEY WILL ALWAYS BE FREE,
TO RISE AND SOAR,
WITH THE HIGHER IDEALS OF HUMANKIND,
THAT WE ALL ARE, EQUALLY,
CHILDREN OF THE EARTH.

WE ARE THE CHILDREN OF THE EARTH,
GIVEN OUR LIVES,
BY THE MOTHER WHO CHERISHES US,
TO GO INTO THE WORLD,
TO LEAD GOOD AND HELPFUL LIVES,
IN THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS.
FOR ALL WHO SHARE THIS WORLD WITH US.
A LEGACY TO PASS DOWN,

FROM HAND TO HAND,
THE IDEALS THAT WILL ALWAYS TRIUMPH,
LONG AFTER ALL WHO NOW STAND BEFORE YOU,
ARE MERE MEMORIES OF DUST,
NEVER TO BE FORGOTTEN,
TO REMAIN.
FOR IT IS BURNED DEEP WITHIN US,
THE GOOD SOUL OF EVERYONE.

THESE WORDS WILL APPEAR FAMILIAR TO YOU,
FOR YOU KNOW,
DEEP DOWN IN THE MARROW OF YOUR BEING
THAT THESE WORDS ARE RIGHTEOUS,
THAT THESE WORDS WILL ALWAYS,
TRIUMPH GOOD ABOVE EVIL,
THAT THESE WORDS,
WILL ALWAYS BE OUR PAST AND OUR FUTURE.

SO STRIKE ME AGAIN,
IT MATTERS NOT,
ONE MORE PAIN ON THE PATH

Barry Conway

Masterpiece

MASTERPIECE

I HAVE WRITTEN A MASTERPIECE
I HAVE WRITTEN MY MASTERPIECE
IT HAS TAKEN MY 47 YEARS
AND THE WORK IS SO PERFECT
IT HAS MADE ME

GREAT ARTISTS
ARE KNOWN FOR THEIR SIGNATURE WORK
VAN GOUGH...SUNFLOWERS
KLIMT...THE SCREAM
MICHAEL ANGELO, ..THE MONA LISA
AND I HAVE CREATED MINE.

BUT LONG AFTER I AM DEAD
THE WORLD WILL NOT MARVEL
AT IT'S WONDER
NOT DISCUSS IT'S MERITS,
ITS MEANING
NOT DISSECT IT IN INTELLECTUAL FRIPPERY,
FOR MY WORK IS SO PERFECT
THAT IT CAN NEVER BE RELEASED
BACK INTO THE WORLD
FOR IT WOULD BE
TO MUCH TO BEAR,
FOR IT IS TOO PERFECT
FOR THE HUMAN PSYCHE
AND IT MUST BE DESTROYED

Barry Conway

Meadfoot

MEADFOOT

THE ROCKS BENEATH THE SURFACE
PLAYED PEEK A BOO
TO THE SUN
AS THE NOISE
OF THE SHORES BREAKING WAVES
CALLED TO THE GREY STONE WALLS.
A HAZE DESCENDED
OVER THE GLINT OF THE WATER
WHERE LITTLE TOMMY
AND HIS TRUCK
DUG TO AUSTRALIA
WATCHED OVER
BY 3 GENERATIONS
OF FAMILY HUDDLING

DOGS
WANDERED AT THE EDGE
LOOKING BACK PERIODICALLY
TO ASSURE THEIR OWNERS PRESENCE
GULLS FLOATED ON THE BOBBING CARPET
AS A SPEEDBOAT
SHIPWRECKED THE QUITE.
STREWN DISCARDED SEAWEED
DECORATED THE SAND
IN WHO'S ABUNDANCE
CITIES OF PEBBLES
GAVE COLOUR UNDER FOOT

FATHER AND SON
BUCKET AND NET
HUNTED FOR CRABS
UNDER AND ABOVE
IN POOLS OF GREENISH HUE
AND THE TITANS OF MEADFOOT
RESTING IN THE BAY
STOOD GUARD
WHILE YOUNG AND OLD LOVERS

WALKED HAND IN HAND
ON THE RECEDING DAY.

Barry Conway

Measure For Measure

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

THE DOG APPROACHED FIRST
IN A GANGLING LOPE
HIS LONG SWAYING VELVETY EARS
DRAGGING ON THE GROUND
TURNING LEAVES IN THE AUTUMN
HIS SAD BLACK EYES
FLOATED IN A SEA OF MOISTURE
HIS APPEARANCE
WAS OF AN OLD MAN
WHO HAD EATEN HIMSELF FAT
AND HAD SHED HIS DISGRACE
HAD LOST WHILE WINNING.
HIS TAIL SWAYED BACK AND FORTH
AS HIS NOSE HOOVERED THE GROUND
COLD AND URGENT

HIS PACK LEADER FOLLOWED AT A DISTANCE
HIS OWNER, AN OLD MAN
GREY AND HOLLOW
LOOKED NO BETTER
DROOPING EYES
BLOODSHOT AND SULLEN
A WRINKLED FACE
HARBOURING A FALLEN MOUTH
ENCRUSTED WITH SWOLLEN SILENCE.
HE WADDLED ALONG WITH A CURVED GAIT
POINTING TO THE GROUND IN APOLOGY
PULLING A WORN SHOPPING TROLLEY
THAT SWAYED BACK AND FORTH
AND A NOSE THAT DRIPPED.

THEY SAY THAT OWNERS IN TIME
GROW TO LOOK LIKE THEIR DOGS
AND BY THIS MEASURE FOR MEASURE
THIS MELANCHOLY PAIR
REFLECTED A TRUE RECKONING.

BLOODHOUNDS BOTH

Barry Conway

Mediocrity

MEDIOCRITY

IT HAS COME TO MY ATTENTION,
EVERY DAY FOR MANY YEARS,
THAT I WILL NEVER BE GREAT,
AT ANYTHING.

I WILL NEVER BE RICH,
NEVER FAMOUS,
NEVER SUCCESSFUL,
AND PERHAPS,
NEVER HAPPY.

I LIKE MY LIFE
SEEPED IN MEDIOCRITY,
IN THE SHADOWS OF PEOPLE,
WHO HAVE ACHIEVED GREATNESS.
PAINTERS, WRITERS, SINGERS,
PHILANTHROPISTS,
WHEN ALL I DO,
IS SURVIVE DAY TO DAY,
NOT OVERLY CONCERNED,
OF WHO I AM.

Barry Conway

Melancollie, Or A Fruitful Dog

MELANCOLLIE, OR A FRUITFUL DOG

IF I AM MELANCHOLY
I WRITE MELANCHOLY WORDS
WHEN I AM HAPPY
I WRITE HAPPY WORDS
AND WHEN I READ MY POEMS BACK
I FIND
MORE MELANCHOLY WORKS
THAN HAPPY ONES,
AND YET
IF I WAS TO DESCRIBE MYSELF TO OTHERS
I WOULD SAY I WAS A HAPPY CHAPPY.

SO THE QUESTION ARISES
FROM MY METHOD POETRY
DO I DWELL, OR REVEL
IN THE MISFORTUNE OF OTHERS?
AS A SORT OF WRITTEN SCHADENFREUDE
OR AM I JUST MELANCHOLY
AND SHOULD I REALLY
RE-EXAMINE MY PSYCHE
TO FIND THE TRUE VALUE
OF MY BEING.
BUT THAT
JUST MIGHT MAKE ME
MORE MELANCHOLY.

Barry Conway

Memories

MEMORIES

EVERYTHING WE EXPERIENCE IS A MEMORY
EVEN AS I WRITE OR READ THIS
IT BECOMES MEMORY
THE SLOW TICKING OF THE WELL WORN CLOCK
ABOVE AND BELOW
KEEPS A TIME AND RHYTHM
IN ITS CONTINUING LIVING MEMORY.

MISTY EYES OPEN EACH PAGE
AND WRITE DOWN EACH NEW LINE
RECORDING FOR ALL TIME
THE VIBRATION OF THE ENERGY OF MEMORY
AFFORDED TO US.
THEY PASS THROUGH,
THE SEEN AND THE UNSEEN,
THE UNDERSTOOD AND MISUNDERSTOOD
TO BE STORED,
AND MADE AVAILABLE UPON THE IMPULSE.

ALL EARS WORK IN HARMONY
LAYERING THE MEMORY WITH SOUND
CREATING THE SIGNATURE TUNE
TO THE HAPPENING, THE TITLE.
SMELL ADDS ITS OWN INTERPRETATION
SO POWERFUL
AS TO ILLICIT STRONG ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.
ITS PULL CONJURES UP TIME FOR TASTE
TO ENTER THE ORCHESTRA,
PLAYING ITS SUBTLE TUNES
IN MULTI DIMENSIONAL LIQUIDS
UPON OUR RECEPTORS,
WITHIN OUR FLOWING BREATH
WHO JOIN IN RECOGNITION
THE FEEL AND TOUCH,
THE ELECTRICAL TETHERING
OF JOINING, OF BEING,
UNALONE IN THE UNIVERSE.

A KNOWLEDGE THAT WE ARE CONNECTED,
IRREVERSIBLY.

ALL MEMORIES ARE GOVERNED,
AND DETERMINED BY EMOTION,
CATALOGUED AND FILED
WITHIN A LIQUID MIND.
ALL ENERGY WITHIN THE COSMOS HAS MEMORY,
AND IF WE,
HAD THE ABILITY TO MEMORIZE ALL,
TO UNDERSTAND ALL,
TO ACCEPT ALL,
THEN WE WOULD BE GOD.

SOME RELIGIONS BELIEVE
THAT WE WERE ALL ONCE GODS,
AND THAT GOD LIVES WITHIN US,
THAT WE ARE HERE TO LEARN,
TO FURTHER OUR LESSONS,
SO THAT WE MAY RETURN TO BE GOD
IN A GREATER ENLIGHTENED COMPLETENESS.
PERHAPS, JUST PERHAPS
DEEP WITHIN OUR BEING,
WE REMEMBER,
WE HAVE THIS MEMORY, OF BEING GODS.

BUT I DO NOT POSSESS
THE ELOQUENCE OF WORDS
TO DESCRIBE IT ADEQUATELY.
THIS I LEAVE TO YOU
WITHIN OUR OWN MEMORIES,
WE HAVE CREATED TOGETHER.

Barry Conway

Memory All

MEMORY ALL

ALL MEMORIES,
ARE DETERMINED AND GOVERNED BY EMOTION,
CATALOGUED AND FILED,
WITHIN A MIND OF ELECTRICAL WATER.

EVERYTHING, EVERYTHING,
HAS A HISTORY OF MEMORY,
FROM THE GRAIN OF SAND,
TO THE UNIVERSE.

SHOULD WE EVER HAVE THE ABILITY,
TO MEMORIZE EVERYTHING,
TO UNDERSTAND EVERYTHING,
TO ACCEPT ALL,
THEN WE WOULD BE A GOD.

SOME BELIEVE,
THAT WE WERE ONCE ALL GODS,
THAT WE RETURN HERE,
TO LEARN FURTHER LESSONS,
SO THAT WE MAY RETURN,
AS HIGHER GODS.
SO EVEN GODS HAVE A HIREACHY?

I DO NOT POSSESS,
THE ELOQUENCE OF WORDS,
TO DESCRIBE IT.
THIS I LEAVE TO YOU,
WITHIN YOUR OWN MEMORIES

Barry Conway

Memory Time

MEMORY TIME

I DREAMPT I SAW A MAN
WITH WINGS OF SILVER THREAD
AND FROM A GREAT BOOK IN FRONT OF HIM
HE SPOKE THESE WORDS AND READ

DO NOT BE AFRAID OF ANYTHING
DO NOT LET TIME SLIP AWAY
YOU MUST LEARN THAT THE NIGHT
ALWAYS COMES BEFORE THE DAY

HEAR THE MUSIC PLAYING STILL
WAVES ON WAVES UNTOLD
SURF BREAKING EVERYWHERE
THE AIR IS GREY AND OLD

LOOK TO YOUR TIME SO SHORT
WE HAVE SUCH LIFE TO SAVE
REMEMBER WHEN I HIS GREAT WILL
HE HAD YOUR LIFE AND GAVE

I REMEMBER STORIES OF CHIVALRY
WHERE THE MAIDEN WAS ALWAYS SAVED
BY COURTESY OF OUR GREAT LORD
THEY MUST HAVE PRAYED AND PRAYED

I DREAMPT I SAW A RAINBOW
FALL OUT FROM ABOVE THE SKY
IT FELL CRUSHING TO THE GROUND
I KNOW NOT HOW OR WHY

I SAW A STAR SHINNING IN THE SKY
FLOATING HIGH ABOVE OUR HEADS
LOOKING DOWN FROM UP SO HIGH
TO THE SOULS ABOVE OUR BEDS

I LOOKED OUT INTO SPACE
AND THOUGHT I SAW A SHIP

TRAVELING THROUGH THE VOID OF EMPTINESS
FOREVER AWED UPON MY LIPS

I SEE A CLOUD FORMING OVER LAKES
AND SICKLY SWEET RED WINE
WORDS WILL NOW NOT COMFORT ME
IV'E LOST THE PRECIOUS TIME

WHAT IS RIGHT AND WHAT IS WRONG
WHY DOES THE WORLD PRETEND
TIME IS OH SO PRECIOUS
TIME IT MUST NOT END

I REMEMBER WHEN THE WORLD WAS YOUNG
AND NEW TO ALL OUR EYES
SAIL YOUR TOY UPON THE POND
HIT THE CANS AND WIN A PRIZE

LOOK INTO THE WATER
AND LET YOUR REFLECTION FLOW
TIMES WERE CALM AND MELLOW THEN
TIMES WERE OH SO SLOW

THE SWEET SMELL OF THOSE ROSES
SO OFTEN PLAGUED BY FLIES
THE GENTLE GAME OF HIDE AND SEEK
AND ALL YOUR YOUNG WHITE LIES

YOU SHOULD DO ALL THE THINGS YOUR ELDERS SAY
RESPECT THEM TO THE END
THEIR WAY CAN BE SO RIGHT
THEY'RE NOT THE CRUEL WORLDS FRIEND

THOSE WERE THE DAYS OF LONG PARK WALKS
AND ICE CREAM EVERYWHERE
BUT ALL THOSE THINGS ARE LONG SINCE GONE
THERE'S NO MORE TIME TO SHARE

DAYS WALKING HAND IN HAND
DOWN SO MANY LANES
WALKING ON TO FALSE HAPPINESS
WITH STRIFE AND SO MUCH PAIN.

THOSE WERE THE DAYS OF CONTENTMENT
WHEN THE LEAVES WERE GOLD
BUT TARNISHED NOW REMAINS THE WIND
TO THE TIME WHEN WE GREW OLD

I DREAMPT I SAW A GIRL RUNNING IN THE WIND
HER HAIR CAUGHT ON THE STREAM
SHE LOOKED FAR INTO THE LIGHT
SHE SEARCHED TO FIND HER DREAM

I MET A MAN SEVERAL YEARS AGO
HIS NAME I DID NO KNOW
HE SPOKE OF FAIRIES AND MAKE BELIEVE
AND PEOPLE LIVING BENEATH THE SNOW

I ASKED HIM WHICH WAY TO GO
ON MY LIFE'S' LONG DAY
HE ASKED MY NAME AND SMILED AT ME
AND SAID "GO YOUR OWN WAY"

THE HORSES RUN SO WILDLY
THROUGH THE OAKS MATURE
HOLDING THEIR MANES MAJESTICALLY
WITH EYES SO CLEAR AND PURE

THE CHICKENS LIFE IS OH SO HARD
AS HE ROAMS THE FARMYARD FABLE
ONLY FATED FOR THE KILL
TO FILL OUR EVENING TABLE

THE PIG IS SUCH A DIRTY WORD
TO DESCRIBE AN ANIMAL SO
WHAT OF HIS LIFE THAT HE LIVES IN
WHICH WAY CAN HIS SOUL GO

I DREAMPT I SAW A CRIPPLE
WALK UNAIDED FROM HIS PLACE
ALL HE POSSESSED WAS HIS OWN CLOTHS
AND HIS UNDYING FAITH

I THOUGH I SAW THE WORLD

UNITED HAND IN HAND
I THOUGHT THAT ALL THE WORLD HAD LEARNT
TO LOVE AND UNDERSTAND

I SAW AN OLD LADY
WALKING SADLY ALONG TODAY
SHE WAS ALL BENT AND CROOKED
HER WILL WAS TORN AWAY

I MET A BOY SEVERAL YEARS AGO
ROBBING FROM A NEST
HAVING NO TIME FOR LIFE ITSELF
LEAVING NO TIME FOR REST

I DREAMPT THAT THE WORLD WAS DYING
AND THAT LIFE WAS LOST FOR GOOD
AND PEOPLE LEARNT THAT EVERYWHERE
AND BEGAN TO FIGHT FOR FOOD

HOW CAN LOVE BE SO HARD
WHICH WRONG WAY DID WE GO
WE CAN'T SEE THE MEMORIES
MY HEART CAN'T FEEL THE FLOW

THE PLANES FLY OVERHEAD TODAY
THE COWS HUNGRY AND UNFED
LOOK TO THE METAL BIRDS OF THE SKY
WHO REMEMBERS THE DEAD UNFED

I DREAMPT I SAW A GIRL RUNNING IN THE WIND
HER HAIR CAUGHT ON THE STREAM
SHE LOOKED FAR INTO THE NIGHT
SHE SEARCHED TO FIND HER DREAM
AND I, I SAW HER SCREAM

BLOW YOUR TRUMPET TO THE CROWD
ANOTHER YEAR GONE BY
MEMORIES PASS SO LONG AGO
I SEEK THE REASON WHY?

I WAIT FOR TIME TO PASS ON BY
UNTIL THE END OF DAWN

I WAIT FOR THE SUNSET IN THE NIGHT
I WAIT TO BE REBORN

Barry Conway

Michelle

MICHELLE

MICHELLE
PEERS INTO THE WATER
TO THE BEGINNING AND END
OF TIME
SHORTENING IN EACH LIQUID MOMENT
EACH VIBRATION
A RESONANCE OF OURSELVES

ALL
ARE SEPARATELY JOINED
TO ONE ANOTHER
SEARCHING
THROUGH EACH WAVE
TO FIND
THE CALM THAT ELUDES
STRETCHING OUT THE HAND
SO THAT ANOTHER
MAY CLASP, AND SAVE THEIR LOVE
FROM THE DEPTHS OF LONELINESS

MICHELLE
WAS THE DISTANT BELL
I HEARD IN MY YOUTH
THE DOVES WING
FLOATING AS THERMAL THOUGHT
EFFORTLESSLY ON HIGH
A SOFT KEEPSAKE
HIDDEN IN A MOMENT OF PROMISE
ALWAYS WITH ME.
A SOFT WHISPER
TRANSPARENT WITHIN THE RAINBOW
JOINING TWO HEARTS
YET TO MEET
A YEARNING THAT BIDES
UNTIL TIME RELEASES US
TO THE HOUR OF OUR UNION

FOREVER AGELESS,
ALL WE EVER ACHED FOR
WAS TO BE ADORED AND CHERISHED
TOGETHER,
FOREVER
IN THE KNOWLEDGE THAT WE ALREADY KNEW
THAT THE IMPOSSIBLE, IS POSSIBLE
IF YOU BELIEVE
TRULY BELIEVE.
□
Barry Conway……Devon 2010

Barry Conway

Mindsent

MINDSENT

MY MIND HAS BEEN SENT,
TO A PLACE I COULD NOT DELIVER MYSELF FROM,
I COULD SEE TALKING FACES,
BUT I COULD NOT HEAR THEIR WORDS.

THEY PEERED AT ME FROM ABOVE,
AND IT WAS AS IF I WAS TRAPPED,
IN AN UNDERWATER BUBBLE,
LOOKING UP,
AT A STRANGE DIMENSION IN TIME,
SUSPENDED IN BRIGHT LIGHT.
I AM SUBMERGED IN MY OWN PRISON,
WITHIN A PRISON,
SLOWLY SLIPPING DEEPER,
INTO A WHITE SEA.

I AM UNDISCLOSED OF MY PERIL,
AS THE CURIOSITY OF THE DIVINE,
PLAYED ACROSS MY LIFE'S THOUGHTS.
THE POUNDING IN MY HEAD,
HAS TRAVELED DOWN THROUGH MY VEINS,
AND NUMBED MY ARMS AND LEGS,
THAT ARE RESTRAINED,
HOLDING ME CAPTIVE.
THE SMELL OF DISILLUSIONMENT,
INVADED MY DULL SENSES,
AS I BECAME RIGID,
WITHIN THE PAIN OF THE NEEDLE,
DELIVERED BY AN UNSEEN SMILE,
TURNING ME INTO DARKNESS,
ONCE AGAIN,

Barry Conway

Mirror

MIRROR

THERE IS A MIRROR IN MY DARK ROOM
THEY CALL IT SATAN'S WELL
AND IF YOU LOOK DEEP INTO ITS GLOOM
IT WILL TAKE YOU STRAIGHT TO HELL

FOR IT REFLECTS YOUR DARKEST THOUGHTS
THAT SCARS YOUR ETERNAL SOUL
AND ITS LESSONS THAT ARE TAUGHT
STEALS A PRICE TOO HIGH, A DEADLY TOLL

FOR ONCE YOU ARE WITHIN ITS GRASP
THE DEVIL WILL TAKE YOUR SHADOW
AND TEAR FROM YOU YOUR EARTHLY MASK
AND DESTROYS ALL YOU HOLD HALLOW

BUT DON'T TRY AND TAKE THE MIRROR DOWN
YOU'LL FAIL AND DIE A SLAVE
SO MANY HAVE FALLEN UNDER THE GROUND
INTO THEIR FIERY GRAVE

SO STAY AWAY FROM MY DARK ROOM
DON'T SEE MY RELIGIOUS BREATH
FOR IN TRUTH I AM THE DEVILS GROOM
AND I'LL LEAD YOU STRAIGHT TO DEATH.

Barry Conway

Missed In The Mist

MISSED IN THE MIST

THINGS COME TO YOU TOO LATE IN LIFE,
THE SELF REALIZATION OF LIFE,
A BURDEN THAT GROWS EVER OLDER
BARES A HARD TOLL ON ONE'S THOUGHTS.
ALL THE WRONG DECISIONS,
THE TURNING AWAY,
REPLAY, WITHIN YOU,
GIVING THE CONCLUSIONS,
MISSED IN THE MIST.

THESE UNFORTUNATE REALIZATIONS,
ARE BESET WITH THE DOUBT OF AGE,
FOR THE LINE OF TIME,
CAN NOT BE REVISITED IN FORM,
ONLY IN THE SORROWS OF THE PAST AND PRESENT.
TO HAVE OUR TIME AGAIN
IS PERHAPS OUR GREATEST WISH.
A MATURITY OF UNDERSTANDINGS,
ELUDES US UNTIL THE PAST HOUR,
WHEN THE TURN TOWARDS,
WOULD HAVE SUFFICED,
SAVING THE REGRETS,
THAT ALL WILL INEVITABLY LIVE WITH,
AND MOURN OVER.

Barry Conway

Misused

MISUSED

WHATEVER YOU SAY ABOUT MOTHER IS TRUE,
WHATEVER YOU DON'T SAY ABOUT MOTHER IS ALSO TRUE.
SHE IS THE PRODUCT OF YOUR IMAGINATION,
THE HOUR GLASS FILLED WITHOUT SAND,
BUT WITH THE NOISE OF THE HOLLOW MAN,
IN WHOSE PEAK THERE WAS BUT ONE SUMMIT.

SHE IS NO LONGER THE FRUIT,
THAT COMES IN A GUST OF WIND.
BUT A SHALLOW FLOWER PICKING AT THE NIGHT
IN THE GREY CLOAK OF AN AUTUMN FOG,
BOUND BY OVERWHELMING MISUSE.

RAIN AND TEMPERS
FOLLOW A TRAIL LEFT AND RIGHT,
UNRECOGNIZABLE TO THE EYE.
NOTHING THAT MAKES SENSE IS SENSIBLE,
AND THROUGHOUT THE PEACE,
THERE IS NO ROOM FOR JOY.

HEAR THE DISTANT THUD,
SPLASHING MUD ONTO THE CRUMBLING BANKS,
OF A FORGOTTEN RIVER.
DO NOT LOOK AT IT FOR MEANING,
FOR IT IS BEING WASHED AWAY WITHIN MANS VISIBLE TIDE.

LOOSE AND CHALLENGING,
THE GIFT THAT WAS GIVEN REMAINS OVERUSED,
AND IS WEARY OF IT'S ACCEPTORS,
HAVING REACHED A POINT,
WHERE NO AMOUNT OF REPROACH WILL SUFFICE,
NOW THE WANING WILL SUSTAIN DEMISE.

Barry Conway

Mr Chocolatey

MR CHOCOLATEY

I EAT CHOCOLATE IT IS TRUE
OF EVERY COLOUR OF EVERY HUE
I CAN'T RESIST AND NOR CAN YOU
THE TEMPTRESS STICKS TO US LIKE GLUE

JUST THE SMELL IS SO DIVINE
WHETHER POOR IN QUALITY OR REFINED
1'LL GIVE YOU A PIECE FROM TIME TO TIME
BUT DON'T EVER FORGET THESE BARS ARE MINE

I KNOW THAT I NEED TO LOSE SOME WEIGHT
BUT IF I SEE CHOCOLATE I DON'T HESITATE
OR LEAVE THE LAST PIECE UPON MY PLATE
LET'S FACE IT YOU CAN'T BATTLE FATE

FOR OVER ME ITS POWER GROWS
EACH TIME TASTED OR SMELT BY NOSE
FOR I'M LOST TO ITS SWEET REPOSE
I'VE CHOCOLATE STAINS ON MY CLOTHES

THAT'S WHY I HAVE NEVER MARRIED
NEVER HESITATED, NEVER TARRIED
BOUGHT IN BULK AND PAID THE CARRIAGE
JUST WOOFED IT DOWN AND NEVER WORRIED

IF I VISIT MAKE SURE YOU HAVE GOT
CHOCOLATE, NOT A LITTLE BUT A LOT
OR MY GOOD HUMOUR WILL BE FORGOT
AND OUT THE DOOR SO QUICK I'LL TROT

I LIKE THE WAY IT MELTS SO SLOW
AND FILLS YOUR MOUTH WITH ITS WARM GLOW
IT GIVES SUCH PLEASURE IN ITS FLOW
THE TASTE OF HEAVEN IN ITS TOW

YOU CAN SMELL IT FROM QUITE A DISTANCE
DO NOT FIGHT IN SMALL RESISTANCE

BUT HURRY TO ITS SWEET PERSISTENCE
AND DIVE RIGHT IN AND JOIN THE DANCE

PUT THE SQUARES UPON MY FACE
CLOSE THE CURTAINS, LOCK UP THE PLACE
ENJOY THE PLEASURE WITHOUT DISGRACE
EAT IT SLOWLY AND GAIN ITS GRACE.

SHARE A CHOCOLATE BAR WITH ME
CHEW EACH SQUARE IN ECSTASY
AND SHARE OUR MOMENT IN SECRECY
AND GUARD DESIRES RELIGIOUSLY

FEEL THE BAR UPON YOUR HAND
WRAPPED IN FOIL, NAME ANY BRAND
AND I'LL LEAD YOU TO THE PROMISED LAND
YOU'LL ENTER A WORLD YOU'LL UNDERSTAND

FOR THE PLEASURES OF THE FLESH ARE FEW
AND NEVER STAY LONG AND WITHOUT RENEW
BUT CHOCOLATE IS STRONG, PURE AND TRUE
IT ALWAYS STAYS INSIDE OF YOU

SO NOW YOU SEE I AM AN ADDICT
COMPLETELY GONE, A CHOC FANATIC
JUST GIVE ME A BAR OR I'LL BE MANIC
AND TREMBLE IN WITHDRAWAL PANIC

I UNDERSTAND THERE'S NO HOPE FOR ME
I EAT CHOCOLATE CONSTANTLY
WITH EVERY MEAL AND MY TEA
THAT'S WHY I'M MR CHOCOLATEY.

TO CHOCOLATE THEN I AM A SLAVE
FOR EVERY HOUR I DO CRAVE
GIVE ME SOME OR I'LL MISBEHAVE
I'LL EAT IT TILL I'M IN MY GRAVE

NOW I KNOW I'M NEAR TO DEATH
COME LISTEN CLOSE TO MY LAST BREATH

A DOUBLE SIZE GRAVE WILL BE MY DRESS
WRAPPED IN FOIL TO KEEP ME FRESH.

Barry Conway

Mr Squirrel

MR SQUIRREL

IT CAME TO CHEER ME UP
IN MY MELANCHOLY
AS I SAT UNCOMFORTABLY
ON THE HARD SLATTED COCKINGTON BENCH
IT'S ZIG ZAG APPROACH STOPPED AT MY FEET
AS IT PLEADED IN EYE AND DEMEANOUR
CONVEYING UNDERSTANDING AS IT TILTED IT'S HEAD
AND SPOKE TO ME IN WORDLESS MEANING OF THOUGHT

"YOU KNOW YOU ARE ON MY TERRITORY?
AND I KNOW YOU HAVE BEEN WATCHING ME.
I AM ONLY TRYING TO MAKE A LIVING, THIS IS HOW IT IS.!
HUMANS THAT SIT ON MY BENCH ARE NORMALLY KIND AND
GENEROUS, LIKE YOU OF COURSE!
AND YOU LOOK A NICE SORT OF CHAP.!
LOOK AT ME... DON'T YOU FIND ME CUTE AND ADORABLE;
SEE MY DAINTY PAWS, MY TWITCHING WHISKERED FACE AND TINY NOSE,
MY BUSHY TAIL FINE AND MOBILE. WATCH MY IDIOSYNCRASIES AS I DART FROM PLACE TO PLACE.
REFLECT IN MY DARK DEEP BROWN EYES HOW INOFFENSIVE I AM.
SO! NOW THAT YOU HAVE ENJOYED MY PERFORMANCE, AND WE HAVE BEEN INTRODUCED,
SO TO SPEAK, IT IS ONLY RIGHT THAT I ASK YOU WHAT YOU HAVE BROUGHT FOR ME.
SANDWICH, CRISPS, BISCUITS, I LIKE NUTS! DON'T YOU KNOW!
JUST A LITTLE TIT BIT AND I WILL SCAMPER AWAY,
UP MY TREE, AND YOU CAN MARVEL JUST HOW AGILE I CAN BE,
LEAVING YOU IN PEACE, THINKING WHAT A FINE FELLOW YOU ARE.
I WOULD HELP YOU DO THE CROSSWORD BUT THAT WOULD BE A BIT SILLY WOULDN'T IT,
EVEN THOUGH IT IS WELL KNOWN THAT US SQUIRRELS ARE VERY SMART.

WHOOPS....A DOG.....I'M OFF
BUT DON'T GO ANYWHERE I WILL BE BACK AS SOON AS ROVER HAS TODDLED OFF.....SEE YAH!

My Beach

MY BEACH

THE GREY AND WHITE MARBLED ROCK,
MADE A HOLLOW FOR MY BACKPACK,
ABOVE SCATTERED PEBBLES,
ISLANDS COMFORTING PAST FOOTPRINTS,
IN SYMPATHY TO THE ISLANDS.
THEY STOOD IN THE BAY,
WAITING FOR THEIR VISITORS TO RETURN.

WARM HAZY DAYS,
WHERE THE CLAN OF CLOUDS, HUNG,
RESISTING THE FEATHERED BREEZE.

PEOPLE WATCHED PEOPLE,
DOGS CHASING DOGS,
AS A FATHER INSTRUCTED A CHILD,
TO BE WARY OF THE CHATTERING SURF.

FAUNA FORMED COVER,
TO THE QUAINT COTTAGES,
OVERPOWERED BY THE TALL FLATS,
NOT COMPLYING TO THEIR DOMINATION.

SAILBOATS AND POWER,
MINGLED IN THE NEAR DISTANT, .
INTERWEAVING WITH A SEA,
AS A YOUNG GIRL IN HER RUBBER RING,
SWAM BY INSISTING,
HAT HER MOTHER WATCH HER.

MORE CHILDREN DUG,
INTO THE REDDISH SAND,
FILLING UP THEIR BUCKETS,
FILLING UP THEIR DAY,
AS THE SUN,
TOYED WITH THE SKY,
AND WATCHED THE SHADOWS,
CLOWN IN THEIR FREEDOM.

THE WOMAN,
WONDERED WHAT I WAS WRITING,
BUT WAS TOO POLITE, OR SHY,
TO INQUIRE.

I SLEPT WITH THEM ALL,
AND WOKE WITH MY FRIENDS,
MY FRIENDS HAD CHANGED SHAPE.
STIFFLY I ROSE,
DEPARTING HAPPY,
TILL THE MORROW.

Barry Conway

My Creation

MY CREATION

I CLOSE MY EYELIDS,
NOT AWAKE,
NOT ASLEEP,
BETWEEN WORLDS,
WHERE I CAN BE,
ANYTHING I WANT.
IN THAT TWILIGHT EXISTENCE,
I CAN BE THE MAN I AM NOT,
ONE THAT MY MORALITY,
WITH EYES OPEN,
IS DENIED,
BY MYSELF TO ME.
I CAN SCHEME, PLOT AND EXECUTE,
GAIN RETRIBUTION,
REPAY THE DEBT I OWE,
ON ALL THOSE,
THAT HAVE OFFENDED ME,
GRIEVOUSLY OR OTHERWISE.
I CAN CAPTURE,
AND IMPRISON THEM,
TORTURE THEM WITH THE TRUTH,
AS THEY HAVE TORTURED ME OVER THE YEARS,
BUT WITH A HARSHER, CRUELER OUTCOME.
WATCH THEM SUFFER,
WITHOUT REMORSE OR CONSEQUENCE,
WITHOUT COST OR PENALTY,
WITHOUT CONSCIENCE OF RELIGION,
SET ASIDE HEAVEN AND HELL,
ABSCOND DISILLUSIONMENT,
OR THE DISSOLVING OF INTENT.

FOR THERE,
I AM JUDGE, JURY AND EXECUTIONER,
A MAN MADE GOD,
IN HIS OWN UNIVERSE,
AND IN THE BEGINNING,
GOD CREATED VENGEANCE

Barry Conway

My Final Destination?

FINAL DESTINATION?

I ALWAYS HAD AN INCLINATION
TO WALLOW IN MY CONSTINATION
ABOUT MY FINAL DESTINATION.

MY LIFE'S NOW REACHING ITS SUMMATION
THERE'S NO MORE TIME FOR HESITATION
NOW DULLED OF THOUGHT BY MEDICATION
I STEEL MYSELF IN MEDITATION
I LAY IN WORRIED CONTEMPLATION
OPPRESSED BY WEIGHT OF EXPECTATION
IF I WILL EVER REACH SALVATION.

BUT WITH MY LACK OF INFORMATION
DEVOID OF PROOF OR TRUE FOUNDATION
I WAIT WITHOUT IN TREPIDATION
AS TO ITS SPIRITUAL LOCATION.

SO MOCK YE NOT MY PROTESTATION
THAT IN YOUR GOD'S WORSHIPED ELATION
CAN THERE BE FORCES OF DIVINATION
THAT SHUNS THE WRETCHED OF THEIR NATION?

UNTIL NOW MY PROCRASTINATION
ON THE UNIVERSE'S CREATION
AND MY DOUBTING THOMAS ORATION
HAS LEFT MY SOUL IN RESIGNATION
IN THE BALANCE OF RECLAMATION
TO END IN ETERNAL DAMNATION
OR IN HEAVENLY EXULTATION.

OR IS THERE ANOTHER EXPLANATION
AT THE TIME OF MY EMBARKATION
A REAL TRUTH, A REAL REVELATION
AT MY FINAL DESTINATION?

Barry Conway

My Life Of Dreams

MY LIFE OF DREAMS

MY LIFE OF DREAMS RESOUNDS
MY VISIONS HAVE VISIONS
WITHIN A SNOWDROP
ON THE WHITE CAPPED MOUNTAIN
CARRIED ON THE BREEZE OF THOUGHT.
RIVERS OF PULSE
BEAT TO THE LIFE FORCE
OF MY MOTHER

SO MANY MEMORIES
OF THOSE THAT PASSED
EACH SIGHT INTENSIFYING THE EMOTION
FOREVER ON THE SURFACE
AFFECTED BY THE EMERGENCE.
THEIR PICTURES REMAIN WITH ME ALWAYS
HOLDING MY LIFE
IN UNBALANCE.

A PERPETUAL NIGHT CALLS
UNDERSTANDING
WHAT MEANING HAVE I MADE
BECOMES LESS CLEAR
WAS EACH TURN OF WORTH
EACH BREATH DESIRED
HAS MY LIFE OF DREAMS
LEFT LOVE?

Barry Conway

My Muse

MY MUSE?

MY MUSE ASKED ME,
IF SHE WAS MY MUSE?
MY QUICK REPLY SAID THAT,
SHE WAS ONLY HALF MY MUSE.

A WOUNDED LOOK OF DEFEAT ROSE IN HER EYES
AND HER MOUTH GAPED IN HURT DISAPPOINTMENT

YOU DO NOT UNDERSTAND, MY LOVE!
I REPOSE IN THE KNOWLEDGE THAT,
BEFORE I MET YOU, I WAS ALWAYS WITH YOU,
MY INSPIRATION IN EVERY THOUGHT I COMMITTED,
EVERY LEADING ACTION, WAS WITH YOUR GUIDING HAND.
WAITING UNTIL THE DAY,
YOU STUMBLED AS SPILT WINE INTO MY LIFE
REALIZING THAT I WAS THE GLASS,
THAT YOUR CAPTURE INCLINED.
AND ON THAT DAY, MY MUSE,
FINALLY IN FLESH AS WELL AS THOUGHT AND ACTION
BECAME PART OF ME, AND I OF YOU,
ONE HALF EQUALLY OF THE WHOLE.

ON THIS, THE SUN ONCE AGAIN
WAS RELEASED IN HER SMILE.

Barry Conway

My Oscar Acceptance Speech.

MY OSCAR ACCEPTANCE SPEECH.

Well,
Of course I would like to thank myself for being such a brilliant leading actor. Of course an acting King with my talent does not do supporting actor roles, not when you are the best, the best there has ever been, EVER! You could call me the Trump of acting. But naturally, he would not be as good as ME, I am the best ever, not have as many votes as ME, I have had the most votes ever of any actor, or be as handsome as ME, all my hair and tan is my own, Not keen on cats or tan boot polish! ☐

I would also like to thank ME for the fantastic choice I made in selecting this modern evening suit. There has never been an evening suit like this before, never, never. This is the best, best!

Obviously it was not necessary to have an envelope as the result was so obvious. No chance of any mistake being made here. After all if you see a $100 bill lying on the floor you do not just leave it there! You pick it up and give it to a worthy cause ME!

Being such a wonderful actor there was only ever one choice, ME, for the leading role in Where's Wally The Movie. I am so good in the role that once on the set of the movie I hid for 3 days without them finding me.
The only reason that came out of hiding was because my leading lady needed to score some more drugs.

Finally I would also like to thank ME for letting all the cast bask in my brilliance and providing them with jobs. They are of course all hand picked by ME as everyone knows I know best.

So finally I shall thank me for being ME.. One day YOU too may, if you copy ME, be as good as ME.

Barry Conway

Mysticism Of Knowing

MYSTICISM OF KNOWING

THERE IS A MYSTICISM,
WHICH HAS VISITED UPON THEM,
IT CAME AS ALL VISIONS DO,
IN THE EXCEPTION OF THE MOMENT.

THIS SEARCH,
THIS SEARCH WE ALL UNDERTAKE,
IS A BURDENSOME TASK,
NEVER ENDING,
NEVER SUBMITTING TO THE WILL,
OF DESIRE.
ON AND ON WE ROLL,
GATHERING PACE ON THE DOWNHILL,
THE ROAD NARROWING BEFORE US.

WE SEE OUR FELLOW MAN,
HELPLESS AND RESIGNED TO THE SPEED,
AS THE WORLD TURNS,
TOWARDS EITHER THE DARK,
OR THE LIGHT.

IT WAS IN THIS TURNING,
THAT THE LIGHT GAVE FORTH ITS RAY,
REVEALING A BLOOD RED MOON.
THE UNEXPECTED EXPLANATION,
OF THE WISH UPON THE UNIVERSE.
THE UNEXPECTED SAVING OF TWO,
CONVERGING IN SYNCHRONICITY,
SLOWING THE PROCESS
RAISING THE SPIRIT,
IN THE WILL OF DESIRE.

THEY WERE MOVED,
FROM ONE DREAM TO ANOTHER.
TWO CLOUDS FORMING TO MAKE ONE,
TWO STARS SHINNING BRIGHTER IN HARMONY,
REPLACED FOR ALL TIME

IN THE GARDEN OF HEAVEN
IN THE MYSTICISM OF KNOWING
THEY WERE THE FRUIT OF THE VINE.

Barry Conway

New Carriage

NEW CARRIAGE

HERE I LIE,
DEPRESSED,
ALL MESSED,
UP,
IN MY BED,
IN MY HEAD,
THE END OF MY MARRIAGE,
THAT CARRIAGE,
HAS LEFT,
BEREFT,
AND THE CARRIAGE,
OF DESPAIR,
IS PLATFORM READY,
STEADY,
MOTIONING,
ENTER HERE,
NO CHEER,
JUST FEAR,
AND LOATHING,
TO BEGIN,
THE SIN,
WITHIN.

THE UNCEASING BELL,
OF LOVE,
TOLLS NO MORE.
MY TEARS,
HIT THE EARTH,
WHERE EVEN NEW LIFE,
AMONG THE FURROWS,
BURROWS,
AND REFUSES TO GROW,
TO SHOW,
LOVE AGAIN,
THOSE BLOOMS,
CONSUMED.

ANOTHER LESSON,
IN LOVE,
HARSH,
AND ABRASIVE,
THAT HAS LEFT,
DEEP SCARS,
WHOSE DEPTHS,
MARS IT'S HEALING.

FIND ME A CARER,
WHOSE TOUCH CAN MEND
SEND,
THE HURT AWAY,
SAVE THE DAY,
SAVE THE MAN,
DEPRESSED,
AND CONFESSED,
OF ANGUISH.

BETRAYED,
I SLUMP,
DEFLATED,
IN MY COMPRESSION.

Barry Conway

New Surroundings

NEW SURROUNDINGS

DO YOU REMEMBER,
THOSE AMAZING TIMES,
WHEN YOU MET A NEW BEAU,
THE EXCITEMENT OF THE FIRST KISS,
THE LONGING OF NEW LOVE,
TO LOVE,
AND BE LOVED IN RETURN?

DESIRES UPON DESIRES.

DO YOU RECALL
THE FIRST TIME YOU WENT BACK TO THEIRS
WHEN THEY OPENED THE FRONT DOOR
AND YOU ENTERED
INTO A TOTALLY NEW WORLD
WAS THIS A NEW PARAGRAPH,
OR THE LAST CHAPTER?

ENTERING INTO THESE NEW SURROUNDINGS,
TOLD YOU SOMETHING ABOUT THE PERSON, AND YOURSELF,
YOU WERE JOINING WITH.
DID YOU LOOK AT THE PICTURES ON THE WALL?
OR AT YOUR NEW LOVE,
WERE YOU GREETED BY THE ORNAMENTS?
WERE YOU ABSORBED BY THE PAINT, THE PAPER, THE SMELL,
THE WONDERING?
WAS THIS A NEW PARAGRAPH
OR THE LAST CHAPTER?

DID YOU LIKE YOUR REFLECTION IN THE MIRROR?

THOSE HAPPY AND SAD TIMES!
WHEN EXPECTATION ARISES
WITHIN THE LOINS OF CUPID.

Barry Conway

Night Movers

NIGHT MOVERS

WAS IT THE MUSIC, OR THE GREETING,
THAT INTOXICATED THEM?
MOVING AS ONE, A SHOAL OF LIGHTS
GLINTING IN THE SUNS JOY,
A COLLECTIVE UNDERSTANDING,
OBSERVED AND RECOGNIZED,
IN THE SMILES TO EACH OTHER,
CONNECTING A JOYFUL CONSCIOUSNESS,
A NETWORK PULSATING WITH LIFE,
SAFE IN THE GROWING NUMBERS,
JOINING THEIR QUEST FOR HAPPINESS,
IN THE ROOM OF JOY.

THEY VIBRATED WITH THE LIGHT,
OF SOULS GIVEN THE FREEDOM,
TO EXPRESS THEIR DESIRES.
THE DANCE, ADVANCED THEIR LIVES,
TOWARDS A NEWER REALITY,
FROM THE ONES THEY WISHED,
TO LEAVE BEHIND.
HE OBSERVED THE WILLINGNESS
IN THE ROOM OF PLEASURE,
AND WANTED TO JOIN IN,
BUT WAS HELD BACK BY HIS CONSCIENCE,
AND THE LEADER IN HIM.

Barry Conway

No Construct

NO CONSTRUCT

THERE WAS NO CONSTRUCT,
FOR WHAT HE WAS ABOUT TO TURN.
THEY WERE WORDS WITHIN WORDS,
THOUGHTS WITHIN THOUGHTS
THE BUILDING BLOCKS,
OF THE CONSTRUCTION.
BUT THEY DID NOT FIT,
INTO ANY PATTERN KNOWN TO MAN.
THEY WERE A NEW LANGUAGE,
THAT COULD NOT BE READ, NOT SPOKEN,
COULD BE SEEN, BUT NOT HEARD.

NO AMOUNT OF UNDERSTANDING,
COULD FATHOM IT.
THERE WERE NO RULES,
NO LOGIC, NO DIFFERENCE,
TO THE WAY IT WAS ABSORBED.
IT JUST EVOLVED WITHOUT EVOLVING.
IT JUST WAS, AND WAS NOT,
BOTH AT THE SAME TIME.
IT COULD NOT BE EXPLAINED,
AND IN THAT NON EXPLANATION,
IT EXISTED,
WITHOUT FORM OR FUTURE.

Barry Conway

No Defense

NO DEFENSE

THE PAPER AWAITS
AS A PAPERWEIGHT
PRESSED DOWN UPON MY HEART
THE WORDS
RISE FROM THE PAGE
AND CIRCLE MY HEAD
FORMING LIGHTENING BOLTS
THAT PIERCE MY MIND
IN THE UNKIND
AND HARMFUL TRUTH.

EACH CREASE OF THE PAPER
GIVES FORTH A CHASM
TOO HIGH AND STEEP
TO ASCEND
CAUSING CHASMS
OF THEIR OWN
UPON MY BROW
EACH WORD
A GATE
DENYING ENTRANCE TO THE FUTURE
LOCKING OUT ALL RETURN
TO THE PAST
A FIELD OF DREAMS
ENCLOAKED
BY THE FORCE OF ITS PRESENCE
UNTROUBLED
BY MY DESIRES
MY PAIN
IT'S GAIN
THE SATISFACTION OF THE ABSORBED.

ALL LIGHT SURROUNDING IT
BECOMES ABSORBED AND I AM ON THE EDGE
OF ITS EVENT HORIZON
PEERING IN
PEERING OUT

UNCARING
AS TO WHICH WAY TO FALL
NO PEN
NO SWORD
NO HEART
NO LORD
CAN FREE THIS EMPTINESS
NOTHING LEFT TO GIVE
NO LIFE TO LEAD
NO DEATH TO GRIEVE
NO DEFENSE
NO DIFFERENCE.

Barry Conway

No Future Love

NO FUTURE LOVE

LOOK AT THE LOOK
ON MY FACE
IS THIS THE LOOK OF LOVE
DO YOU SEE
YOUR FUTURE IN IT
AFTER
WHAT YOU HAVE SAID AND DONE
AFTER
WHAT YOU HAVE BECOME
DO YOU THINK
I CAN TURN AWAY
FROM THE HURTFUL TRUTH
BECOME ALOOF
IN THE FACE OF TRUE REALITY.

NOW
I TOO AM NERVOUS
AND AFRAID
FOR I SEE YOU ALONE
WRAPPED IN YOUR PITY
DISTRAUGHT
IN YOUR OWN COMPANY
CREATED IN HASTE
THE WASTE
OF THE GUILTY
FRAILTIES FATAL FLAW
ENHANCING YOUR SORROW

THEY SAY
ACTIONS SPEAK LOUDER THAN WORDS
THESE ACTIONS ARE FOR YOU
AND THESE WORDS
ARE FOR YOU
I HAVE LEFT YOU
I CAN NOT LOVE YOU ANYMORE
ONE BY ONE
THEY FALL IN SILENCE

FROM MY LIPS

Barry Conway

No Providence

NO PROVIDENCE

THERE ARE MANY WAYS TO LOVE
BUT THE HARDEST WAY
IS TO LOVE THOSE
WHO WILL NOT LET THEM LOVE YOU

WE ALL HIDE,
TRY TO STAND TALL,
UNTIL THE WALL
BECOMES TO HEAVY TO BEAR,
AND AS IT FALLS
WE BLAME EVERYONE AND EVERYTHING
BUT THE TRUTH.
AGAIN AND AGAIN WE REBUILD
WHERE NO WALL CAN EVER STRADDLE
ONLY TO WAIT AND WATCH
IT CRUMBLE YET AGAIN.

AND STILL,
WE DO NOT LEARN
WE DO NOT ACCEPT THE HELP
THAT WE ALL NEED
WE CAN NOT CONCEDE
THAT WE POSSESS NOT
THE COMPLETE UNDERSTANDING
TO ENDURE ALONE.

A THRONE
IS AN EMPTY CHAIR
WHEN THOSE THAT SIT IN IT
HAVE NO PROVIDENCE.

Barry Conway

No Sweets Today

NO SWEETS TODAY

A CHILD
WALKING TO THE LOCAL FAMILY STORE
WAVING MONEY IN A PURSE AROUND
SHE'S GOT MONEY TO SPEND
AND SO SHE IS HAPPY
AT THE THOUGHT OF BUYING SOMETHING
MORE THAN NOT
SWEETS
STICKY ONES

BUT SHE WILL GET NO SWEETS TODAY
FOR AS SHE ENTERS
SHE SEES THE LADY OWNER DEAD
AS WELL AS HER OLD DOG
FOR A FEW DOLLARS MORE
NO SWEETS TODAY

Barry Conway

No Tangled Web

NO TANGLED WEB

I HELD MY HEAD
UP WITH PRIDE
AND I WOULD GLIDE
THROUGH ALL MY DAYS

NO TANGLED WEB FOR ME
OR THE PERFUMED HEART
THAT SCORNS DIGNITY

MANY A FLOWER
THAT WAS GIVEN
WITH POLLEN AND LOVE
REMAINS PRESSED
AS HER KEEPSAKE OF ME
MANY A THOUGHT
THAT IS CHERISHED
AND KEPT
LIKE MATURING WINE
IN DEEP DEEP CELLARS

HER PICTURE STILL STANDS
COMFORTING
A LONE SILVER CANDLE
THAT BELONGED
TO HER DEPARTED FATHER
SO LONG DEPARTED
CHARRED PIECES OF LIFE

ICE COLD THE COLOURLESS WATER
WHOSE SKIN BREAKS
AND COVERS ALL IN ITS DEPTH

DARK SKIES THESE
IN SUCH A FOREIGN LAND
THAT SHOWS NO COMFORT
OR COMPASSION
FOR WARMTH OR FEELING

STRIKE DEEP MY BLADE
AND TAKE MY HEART
FROM WHENCE IT CAME

NO TANGLED WEB FOR ME.

Barry Conway

Nonsense

NONSENSE

MY MOTHER WAS STUPIDLY CLEVER
AND MY MOTHER WAS ANGRILY CALM,
UNTIL HE ERUPTED AS VESUVIUS.
MY SISTER WAS STUNNINGLY UGLY,
AND I GET IDEAS,
WHICH ARE COLDLY BOILING.
MY GIRLFRIEND IS SPOTTY SPOTTY,
AND THE WEATHER TODAY,
IS STEAMINGLY CLEAR.
I ON THE OTHER FOOT,
I AM RICHLY BROKE.
MY WRITING IS UNSTEADILY SOLID,
AND MY DINNER HAS NO GRAVY.

THE FILM I AM WATCHING,
IS BORINGLY INTERESTING.
MY COFFEE IS ANNOYINGLY WET
THAT MAKES MY MINE BLANKLY FULL
AND MY FINGERS FEELING NUMB
MY DOG SMELLS

SO THERE YOU HAVE IT,
LIFE IS A CERTAIN UNCERTAINTY,
A YING AND YANG
A RESISTING ACCEPTANCE,
AND THIS POEM IS NONSENSE,

Barry Conway

Not Like Me

NOT LIKE ME,

YOU SEE,
YOU PROBABLY WILL NOT LIKE ME,
I AM ANNOYINGLY COMPETITIVE,
SWEAR SOMEWHAT,
SUFFER FROM BOATS OF LAZINESS,
FOLLOWED BY EXPLOSIONS OF ACTIVITY.
NEVER LATE, HATE BEING LATE,
DO NOT ALWAYS WASH EVERY DAY,
AND I PICK MY NOSE,
WITH A FORK OF COURSE!
AS I AM NOT A COMPLETE HEATHEN
I DO NOT SUFFER FOOLS,
GLADLY OR OTHERWISE.
I TRY AND SURROUND MYSELF,
ONLY WITH HAPPY PEOPLE,
AS I AM MISERABLE ENOUGH.

AND UNDER THIS SOMEWHAT GORGEOUS,
FAT, WRINKLED EXTERIOR,
BEATS A HEART OF GOLD AIDED BY A PACEMAKER.
EVEN THOUGH I AM NO LONGER NEW,
I WILL ATTEST,
THAT I AM NOT A COMPLETE BA****D,
JUST A SEMI BA****D

YOU SEE,
YOU PROBABLY WILL NOT LIKE ME,

I AM A NON CONFORMIST,
WHO CONFORMS WHEN HE SEES FIT.
I AM VERY INTELLIGENT,
BUT I THINK I AM MORE INTELLIGENT,
THAN I ACTUALLY AM.
I TRY NOT TO BE RUDE TO PEOPLE,
THAT IS QUITE HARD THOUGH,
AS MY SARCASM WILL GET THE BETTER OF ME,

AND YES,
I KNOW THINGS WITHOUT KNOWING HOW!
I KNOW, SPOOKY!

I AM PROBABLY OVERSEXED,
YES DEFINATELY1
A SEMI HEDONIST,
WHO LEAVES MY LADY,
BEFORE THEY DUMP ME,
AS AS SOON AS THEY GET TO KNOW ME,
I WOULD BE FOR THE CHOP ANYWAY.
STILL VERY FIT,
BUT GROWING OLDER WITH EVERY MOAN OF LIFE.
I ALWAYS THINK I KNOW BEST,
WHICH NORMALLY I DO,
EXCEPT WHEN I AM NOT,
AND THEN I TEND TO IGNORE THE PERSON,
WHO IS PUTTING ME STRAIGHT.

AS I SAID,
YOU WILL PROBABLY NOT LIKE ME.

MAYBE I AM A BIT TOO PUSHY,
SOMEWHAT ANAL MAYBE?
I ALWAYS WANT TO GET MY OWN WAY,
MAYBE EVEN NEEDS TOO.
I WISH I HAD A WOMAN, WHO WOULD LIKE ME,
THEN I WOULD BE OK,
THEN AND ONLY THEN,
WHEN THE CALM HAS RETURNED,
WOULD YOU MAYBE LIKE ME?

DONATIONS GRATEFULLY WELCOMED AND ACCEPTED
DONATIONS OF COMPLIMENTS ALSO,
JUST TO SHOW YOU LIKE ME!

Barry Conway

Not Proper

HE DID NOT GROW UP,
IN THE CLASSICAL WAY

HER OUTLOOK ON LIFE,
AFFECTED BY HER EXPERIENCES.

THEY SEEM STRANGE AND DISTANT,
IN THEIR THOUGHTS.
THOUGHT IS IN THE INDIVIDUAL LIGHT,
THAT PERMEATES WITHIN OUR CONSCIOUSNESS,
IT EMERGES, REVEALS ITSELF TO YOU.

DO YOU DISMISS IT AS INCONSEQUENTIAL,
NOT OF THE NORM, NOT CONFORMING,
THEY ARE NOT THE SAME AS US YOU KNOW!
THEY WERE NOT BROUGHT UP RIGHT, NOT PROPER.

IF YOU LISTEN,
YOU WILL SEE AND HEAR THIS,
IN EVERY CORNER OF THE WORLD,
ACROSS ALL CLASSES AND SOCIETIES.
IT IS THE FALSE GOD OF EGO,
RISEN TO UNWORTHY HEIGHTS,
OF SELF ELEVATED WORTHINESS.

THEY ARE NOT THE SAME AS US YOU KNOW!
IT APPEARS NOT!
FOR YOU HAVE SELF DELUDED YOURSELVES,
TO A POSITION BELOW THEM!

THE ONLY WAY BACK
IS TO OPEN YOUR HEART,
OPEN YOUR MIND,
TO UNDERSTAND,
THAT YOU NOW DO NOT.

Barry Conway

Nothing Higher

NOTHING HIGHER

THERE IS NO MEDIATION IN THE MIND
WHEN YOU DEAL WITH THE FUNDAMENTALIST.
THERE IS NO BROTHERHOOD,
WHEN HYPOCRISY IS THICKER THAN BLOOD REASONING.

I HAVE SEEN ITS UGLY HEAD,
I HAVE LOOKED INTO THE DEAD EYE,
WHICH ONLY SEES A CERTAINTY,
SO FUNDAMENTALLY FLAWED,
THAT EVEN ABSOLUTE PROOF,
IS NO PROOF AT ALL
TO THOSE THAT ARE CLOSED INSIDE.

THERE IS NO DISMAY IN ITS DISPLAY,
FOR IF YOU EXPECT THAT KARMA EXISTS,
THEN YOU MUST JUST OBSERVE THEM,
IN THEIR BELONGING TO IT,
FOR YOU THEY SEE WITH BLING EYES,
THEY HEAR YOU WITH DEAF EARS,
AND THEIR SPEECH,
MUST BE SILENCE TO YOUR HEART.

THERE IS NO DIGNITY,
NO SELF TRUTH, OR DISCOVERY,
NO MERIT, THAT CAN COME IN ANY APPROACH.

BE SAFE IN THE KNOWLEDGE THAT,
YOU ARE JUST AND RIGHT,
FOR ULTIMATELY THE UNIVERSE WILL TURN,
AND BALANCE THEIR ACTIONS.

FOR DEEP WITHIN THEM,
HIDDEN DORMANT,
LIES THE REAL TRUTH,
AND IN THAT,
THERE IS NOTHING HIGHER.

Nothing Lasts Forever

NOTHING LASTS FOREVER

NOTHING LASTS FOREVER
AND EVERY MOMENT IS A GIFT.
THE EARTH WILL ONE DAY
BE CONSUMED BY THE SUN
AND THE SUN
WILL BE CONSUMED BY THE UNIVERSE
AS ALL UNIVERSES WILL BE CONSUMED IN TIME.

ALL WILL BE AS IT WAS NOT
EVERYTHING IS ON A JOURNEY TO SOMEWHERE ELSE
JUST LOOK BACK UPON YOUR OWN LIFE'S STORY
YOU WILL REMEMBER ALL IT'S CHAPTERS
ITS RAPTURES, AND REGRETS
NOTHING IS CONSTANT, EXCEPT CHANGE.
IT IS THIS CHOICE WE MUST EMBRACE
FOR THAT IS THE NATURE OF NATURE,
THE TRUE NATURE OF THINGS
AND WE
CAN ONLY HOLD EACH OTHERS HANDS
AS WE PASS THROUGH
THE EYE OF THE NEEDLE.

Barry Conway

Nothing Proven

NOTHING PROVEN

I HAVE NO ART,
I AM NOT CLEVER.

THESE WRITING WORDS,
MAKE ME NOTHING,
PROVE, NOTHING,
BUT NORMAL.
LOOK NOT TO ME,
FOR INSPIRATION,
FOR TENDER MERCY,
OR THE LIGHT.

I CAN OFFER YOU,
NOTHING.

LOOK WITHIN YOURSELF,
FOR THE ANSWER.

THE BIRD KNOWS NOT,
WHY IT FLIES,
IN FOUL AIR,
BUT IT DOES,
THE FISH KNOWS NOT,
WHY IT SWIMS,
IN POLLUTED SEAS,
BUT IT PERSISTS,
AS WE DO,
AS WE CHOOSE,
TO DO.

EVERY DAY,
ANOTHER STRAND OF THE TRUTH,
PRESENTS ITSELF TO US,
AND OUR CHOICE,
IS TO ACCEPT,
OR DENY,
IT'S BOUNDARY FAITH,

IN WHO WE CAN BECOME.
THIS IS MORE,
THAN ALL THE WEALTH,
IN THE WORLD,
GREATER,
THAT THE MULTIVERSE,
PURER,
THAN THE NEWBORN,
BEFORE THE WORLD CORRUPTS.

I CAN ACHIEVE NOTHING,
I AM EMPTY.

WITHDRAWN BY EXISTENCE,
REPENTANCE, AND SLOTH,
COMFORT ME NOT,
WITH PITY.
I AM RESIGNED,
TO MY CORNER,
WHOSE SHADOW,
IS MY CLOAK,
WHOSE PITCH,
I ADHERE TO

I CAN OFFER YOU NOTHING,
I AM NOT CLEVER,
I AM EMPTY.

Barry Conway

Nowhere To Go.

NOWHERE TO GO.

SOMETIMES I WAKE UP FROM NOWHERE
WITH NOWHERE TO GO.

Barry Conway

Nsects

NSECTS

I AM IN A SECT
I HAVE PLACED MYSELF THERE
WITH A CONSIDERED MOVEMENT
THE COMPEL
CAME FROM YEARS
OF THOUGHTS AND ACTIONS
BY MYSELF AND OTHERS
THAT MOTIVATES ME
IN THE ONLY DIRECTION PRESENTLY
THAT MY CONSCIOUSNESS WOULD ALLOW.

IT IS TRUE
THAT FROM TIME TO TIME
MY MIND WILL REBEL,
QUESTION A REVELATION
FROM THE SELF CONTRACT,
THE SELF RESTRAINT,
WALLOW IN A FANTASY
THAT I AM NOT I
BUT SOME DISTANT COMPILATION
OF PEOPLE WHO ARE NOT IN MY SECT,
NOT INFLUENCED BY MY PARENTAL UPBRINGING
AND THE DEMANDS OF MY PEOPLE
OF AN URGENT, INSISTENT COMMAND TO CONFORM.

THE WORLD IS MADE UP OF OF PEOPLE IN SECTS
RELIGIONS, SOCIETIES, CLUBS,
ASSOCIATIONS AND LEAGUES,
YET IS NOT MINE OF MY OWN MAKING?
FOR I DO NOT FIT INTO THE ACCEPTED NORM
AND THAT IS, FOR ME,
MY ACCEPTANCE OF FREE WILL
AND THAT IN ITSELF,
WHICH I AM SURE YOU KNOW
IS MY INSECURE SECT
ALWAYS ALIVE AND OPEN
TO THE POSSIBILITY

THAT I AM WRONG,
ALWAYS LONGING TO BE WRONG.

Barry Conway

Ode To The Missed Black Cap/ Lost /Letter To Hattie

ODE TO THE MISSED BLACK CAP

AND SO IT BEGAN

ATOP HAY TOR
WHOSE STEPS WE STEPPED
HOLDING ONTO THE WRONG WAY
AS THE WRONG DAY
LONGED TO BE
UP
UNTIL THE BALD APEX
BOLD IN OUR BALDNESS
BELOW THE APEX
WHERE NATURE
NATURES
AND NASTY
ANGRY AT OUR INTRUSION
THIS SO CALLED ILLUSION
DID CONJURE UP
TO CONJURE DOWN
A TERRIBLE BLOW
A WIND TO TERRIFY
TO DENY
TO SPY
UPON OUR INTRUSION
OUR FRAYING AGING BODIES
BONES
IN TONES
OF HOWLING WINDS

AND SO IT BEGINS
TO CARRY OFF
IN SOUNDS
MY BLACK CAP MISTY

AND SO IT CONTINUED

TUMBLING AND TORN

MY FAVOURITE
MY WORN
RIPPED FROM MY APEX
LEAVING ME NAKED
IN MY HATRED
SWEPT AWAY
WEPT AWAY
FROM MY DESPAIRING GLARE
TO WHERE?
NOT HERE, NOT THERE
UNGRASPING OF THE CAP
TO GRASP THE ROCK
FAR BETTER TO SURVIVE BALD
COLD
THAN TO FOLLOW IT
IN IT'S FLIGHT
GONE FROM SIGHT
TO ALIGHT
THE ROCK
THE PEBBLE OF TROUBLE
A RUMBLE
UNSUBTLE
TO UNSURVIVE
FAR BETTER TO SEARCH FOR THE CAP
THAN BE SEARCHED FOR
AMONG THE CRACKS
THAT LACKS.
□
AND SO TO DOWN

SLIDING AND SLITHERING
SALIVA AND DITHERING

SWEATING AND SHIVERING
LOATHING AND LIVING IT
MILKY AND MISTY
CLOUDED OF FORTITUDE
VALOUR AND COURAGE
BESTED BY THE BLOW□
AS IT WAS ALWAYS SO
THAT IS ALL I HAVE TO SHOW
SULKING WE THE TWO REPEATED

AGEING SEPTUAGENARIANS
THE MISTY MIST SURROUNDED MISTY
AND I MISSED THE MISSED MISTY

AND SO THE QUESTIONING BEGAN
□

LOST

ONE BLACK CAP
ONE OF A KIND
A KIND ONE
ANSWERS TO THE NAME OF HATTIE
SUCH A LOVELY CHAPPIE
SUCH A TENDER SOFT CAPPIE
LAST SEEN ATOP HAY TOR
THE WRITHING CARBUNCLE
ON TOP OF A SORE
3 YEARS OLD
NEVER LET ME FEEL COLD
WITH MATCHING PEAK
WOULD ALWAYS KEEP
ME YOUNG NOT OLD
AND CENTER BUTTON
WITHOUT NO FUSSING
SADLY MISSED BY LOST
WITHOUT IDENTIFICATION
INSIDE IT'S DOME
ONE DISTRAUGHT OWNER
PLEADING FOR IT TO COME ON HOME
REWARD OFFERED
NO QUESTIONS ASKED
WILL LOVE MY MISTY
UNTIL THE LAST
FAMILY VERY UPSET
CHARITY SHOPS ARE IN MY DEBT
THEY ARE ON ALERT
JUST IN CASE
I RETURN□

THE MATCHING COAT AND SILVER SHIRT
IF NOT FOUND
LOOK FOR ME
IN THE OBITUARY COLUMNS
UNDER ‘DROWNED! '

IF FOUND
PLEASE RETURN
AND YE SHALL BE
IN THIS ODE
IMMORTALIZED
CANONIZED
IDOLIZED
IN YOUR WAY
HE WHO SAVED THE DAY
AND I SHALL SHOUT
HIP HIP HOORAY!
YOUR GOOD DEED
WILL PLANT THE SEED
TO WORLD PEACE
AND WILL LONG AFTER LIVE
AS ONE OF THE GOOD
WHO DID GIVE
TO MAKE ALL OUR LIVING
MORE TOLERABLE
IN THE GIVING
WILL REMAIN
LONG AFTER WE HAVE TRAVELED
TO THE GREAT MILLINER IN THE SKY
MAYBE
YOUR ONE TRUE CHANCE
OF FAME□

AND SO I WROTE
□

LETTER TO HATTIE

DEAR HATTIE

PLEASE COME HOME
I MISS YOU TERRIBLY
MY HEART IS SAD
AND MY HEAD IS COLD
I MISS YOUR SNUG CUDDLE
YOUR SMOOTH FURRY TOUCH
THE WAY YOU SIT PATIENTLY
AT MY SIDE
IN WARM WEATHER
AS MY COMPANION
AND HOW YOU FOLD UP
WHEN YOU ARE RESTING
TUCKING YOUR PEAK INSIDE YOURSELF
NEVER CHASTISING
NEVER CRITICIZING
NEVER ANGRY OR LAZY
ALWAYS READY TO PLEASE
OH HATTIE!
I MISS YOU
PLEASE COME HOME
BACK TO THE WARMTH OF MY COAT
SO WE MAY FACE THE FUTURE
TOGETHER
IN AL WEATHER
FACING FORWARD OR BACK
THE MAN AND THE CAP
AGAINST THE BLOW
I AM BARREN AND EXPOSED
PREDISPOSED
TO MELANCHOLY
MY THOUGHTS ARE NOT CAPPED
AND THEY ESCAPE
WITHOUT REGAUARD
FROM THE AUTHOR
THE AUTHOR TRUTH
IS THAT WITHOUT
I HAVE NOTHING LEFT
WITHIN□
□

Barry Conway

Of My Being

OF MY BEING

THERE IS A SONG,
I CAN SING IT TO YOU,
BUT IT'S WORDS,
AND MELODY,
ARE HARSH, IN IT'S MELODY.

YOU LOOK AT ME,
WITH LOVE,
AND DESIRE,
I,
CAN ONLY RETURN,
DESIRE.

YOU WANT,
OF MY BEING,
AND ALL,
I,
CAN OFFER,
IS MYSELF,
TO SHARE,
WITH YOU,
THE HARSHNESS,
OF MY EXISTENCE.

BETWEEN US,
THERE IS TIME,
THAT NO ONE CAN FILL.

I WANT,
TO MAKE YOU HAPPY,
TO FULFILL,
YOUR PLEASURE,
AT MEASURE,
AND MEASURE,
AGAIN.

Old People

OLD PEOPLE

HE LIVES UPON A HILL
AND IS SO VERY ILL
AND HE'S SO NICE AND KIND
EVEN THOUGH THAT HE IS BLIND

HE GOES OUT ONCE A WEEK
AND TO HIM I DO SPEAK
ABOUT THE TIME WHEN HE WAS TEN
WHAT GREAT TIMES THAT HE HAD THEN

DO YOU KNOW SOMEONE LIKE HIM?
WHO IS MILD AND WEAK AND THIN
WELL GO ALONG AND VISIT THEM
EVERYBODY ONCE WAS TEN

Barry Conway

One Breath Is All It Takes

ONE BREATH IS ALL IT TAKES

THERE WAS A BREATHLESSNESS ABOUT HER.
SHE TALKS AS IF STRUGGLING TO BREATHE,
IT AS IF SHE WAS BEING SCARED,
TO LET TOO MUCH BE REVEALED IN ONE GO.
AN APOLOGY OF SPEECH,
ALMOST ASKING PERMISSION TO UTTER,
HER WORDS.

HE LISTENED TO HER SOFT VOICE,
LIKE SILK ESCAPING A CLOSED HAND.
IT REMINDED HIM OF A MOUSE,
SPEAKING TO A CAT,
SAYING,
'I AM JUST AS VALID AS YOU,
I HAVE AN OPINION.
I AM WORTH ATTENTION AND RESPECT,
I AM WORTH LISTENING TO.
BUT PLEASE DO NOT PLAY WITH ME,
DO NOT EAT ME,
JUST BECAUSE YOU ARE MIGHTIER THAN I,
JUST BECAUSE YOU CAN.
PLEASE TAKE YOUR TIME,
TO HEAR WHAT I AM SAYING,
FOR IT MIGHT JUST SURPRISE YOU.

HE ALWAYS WATCHED HER TALK,
WATCHED HER WALK,
BUT HE HID FROM HER GAZE,
DID NOT APPROACH,
FOR HIS WAY WAS ONE TOO OF APOLOGY,
A MILD MANNERS QUITE CONTEMPLATIVE SOUL,
ALMOST RESIGNED,
TO HOW HE SAW HIS ROLE AND POSITION,
IN THE WORLD DIVIDED.

I WATCHED BOTH OF THEM,
AND KNEW,

HOW PERFECT THEY WERE FOR EACH OTHER.
SO PERFECT IN FACT,
THAT I SENT EACH A NOTE I HAD WRITTEN,
PRETENDING IT WAS FROM THE OTHER,
AND THAT MY DEAR JACK,
IS HOW YOU CAME INTO THE WORLD.

Barry Conway

One By One

ONE BY ONE

THE COMPOSERS EYED EACH OTHER
CRIED EACH OTHER
TO SLEEP
ONE BY ONE
AS SPEWED FORTH EGO
REMOUNTED IN COMPETITION
ASTOUNDED
IN THEIR BANALITY
GLAZED EYES
EYED
ONE BY ONE
GAVE WAY
TO GLAZED EXPRESSIONS
THE UNDERSTANDING
OF THE UNOBTAINABLE
IN THE SPOKEN AND UNSPOKEN WORD
OBTAINED IN VERSE
MUCH WORSE
THAN THEIR
AIRS AND GRACES
FACES
FACED WITH THE UNCERTAINTY
OF BEING WELL RECEIVED
CONCEIVED
OF NECESSITY
BARING FORTH
IN SPUTUM OF SPEECH
IN SHORT
TO LONG
FOR SOME TO LINGER
WITH THE FINGER OF FATE
THAT RELATES
TOO LATE

INDOMITABLE
THOUGH YOU ARE
YOU MUST YIELD

THE FIELD
GIVE WAY
TO THE DAY
FOR THE DAY
CAN NEVER BE YOURS TO ENJOY
THE TRUE MEANING
OF THE COLLECTIVE MASS
GATHERED
AND WEATHERED IN YEARS
TO A PLACE
WHERE DISGRACE
IS ONLY A MOMENT AWAY
IN THE UNDERTAKING OF PERFORMANCE
ONE BY ONE

THE BOLD
AND THE TIMID
FLACCID AND LIMP
PLACID AND PLUMP
FORTHRIGHT AND FRIGHT
TAKE FLIGHT
IN THE FIGHT OF THE FEW
WHERE METAPHORICALLY
WE MEET
AND GREET
EACH OTHERS WORKS
WORKING, OR NOT
IT IS THE JOURNEY
OR THE DESTINATION
THE PROCRASTINATION,
OR THE ENDLESS DRONE
OF AN ENDLESS POEM

BUT
EVERYTHING HAS MERIT
WE SHARE
THE CUP OF CREATIVITY
THE UNIMPORTANT IMPORTANCE
OF THE MOMENT
WHERE ALL GLAZED EYES
VISIT US IN THE ARENA
ONE BY ONE

CONDITIONED BY THE MASTER
CALLED CREATIVITY
THE NECESSITY OF THE NOUN
THE VOLATILITY OF THE VERB
THE WORRY OF THE WORD
THE SENTENCE OF THE SENTENCE

BATTERED AND BRUISED
AGED BY LIFE
RESOLUTE
IN THEIR DETERMINATION
WORRIED
IN THE DELIVERY
OF THEIR DELIVERANCE
STANCE UPON STANCE
TRANCE TO TRANCE
ONE BY ONE

GIVEN FORTH
IN EAGERNESS AND RESERVE
RESERVE MY PLACE
LET ME FACE
MY PEERS
MY YEARS
TO THIS FORUM OF DECORUM
POETIC LICENSE
LET US
DISTASTE
DECIMATE
OR DELIGHT
TO PRONOUNCE
OR REVIEW
THE FALTERING FORM
THE FLOWING FARCE
THAT COURSES AND CHANNELS
YOU'RE PROMPTING OF
THE WORKING OF THE WELL
TO QUENCH OUR THIRST
IN STORY
IN VERSE
OR WORSE
IN SONG

THUS I LAY BEFORE YOU
IMPLORE YOU
FOR YOUR PRAISE
TO LAZE
IN THE WARM DAYS
OF THE MIND
BASKING AND FROLICKING
IN THE CLOUDS OF CONTENTMENT
WHERE THE GLAZE REMOVED
LETS THE LIGHT SHINE THROUGH
FOR TODAY
YOURS IS THE KINGDOM
AND THE GROUP
YOU'RE SUBJECTS
SUBDUED

NOT UNDERSTANDING
IN THE UNDERSTANDING
I SEEK
FOR IN THAT MYSTERY
RESIDES HOPE
RAISES YOU ABOVE
LETS THE SINGULARITY
OF YOU SPIRIT
BE RECOGNIZED
TO THE ONLY
ONE OF THE ONE THAT MATTERS
YOU

Barry Conway

One Oar

ONE OAR

UPON THE RIVER WITH ONE OAR
WANTING TO JUMP BOAT
AND DIVE BELOW THE WATER
TO PASS INTO DREAM
AND SLEEP WITHOUT FEELING,
WITHOUT LONGING.

ALWAYS RESISTED,
WITH THE LIGHT OF HOPE
NEVER SURRENDERING TO THE DEEP
THE KEEP.

SO MANY BOOKS IN THE LIBRARY
SO MANY STORIES
WHICH ONE
WILL ADD MY STORY TO THEIRS.

THE RIGHT LOVE
IS LIKE FINDING A PEBBLE
ON A BEACH AMONGST THE MULTITUDE
A SINGLE STAR AMONGST THE UNIVERSE
A KNOWLEDGE WITHIN ALL KNOWLEDGE.

KNOWING,
AND UNDERSTANDING HOW TO KNOW
IS.

Barry Conway

Onward Travel?

ONWARD TRAVEL?

THERE IS A RIVER IN MY MIND
AND EVERY WAKING AND SLEEPING HOUR
MY RECOLLECTIONS RUN THROUGH IT,
AND AROUND IT
AS IF THEY WERE SALMON RETURNING TO SPAWN.

IT TELLS OF THE PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE
ITS CONSTANCY
CAN BE BOTH A COMFORT, AND A CURSE,
UNABLE TO ESCAPE
ITS PLEASURES AND CHASTISEMENTS
CARRIED BY AN AGEING BODY,
RAPIDLY HURTLING TOWARDS
ITS INEVITABLE DEMISE, ITS RETURN TO DUST.
THIS HAS GIVEN RISE THROUGHOUT THE MILLENNIUM
TO THE UNANSWERABLE QUESTION,
ANSWERED BY MANY,
AS TO WHETHER THE MIND TRAVELS ONWARD,
OR WHETHER IT PERISHES WITH THE FLESH.
HERE WE CAN EMBRACE
THE RIVERS OF FAITH,
WHO RISE TO THEIR OWN BELIEFS
IN UNSWERVING DUTY OF OBEDIENCE,
THEREBY GIVING CONCERN TO THE QUESTION,
ARE THE MIND AND SOUL
ONE FORK OF THE SAME RIVER
THAT TRAVEL ON
TO THE SEA, THE GREAT SEA?

Barry Conway

Others

OTHERS

HE SAW THAT SHE HAD LOST HIM,
THEY HAD BECOME TOO FAMILIAR,
WITH EACH OTHER.
EVERYDAY HAD BECOME EVERYDAY,
AND THE NIGHTS HAD BEEN SPENT,
RESENTING THE DAYS.
WHERE ONCE THE TOUCH GAVE PLEASURE,
IT NOW MADE THE SKIN CRAWL,
WITH ITS CLAMMY PERSUASION.
KIND WORDS, KIND YEARS,
WERE NOW THE CURRENCY
SPENT WITH OTHERS.

Barry Conway

Our First Dance

OUR FIRST DANCE

LAST NIGHT,
AFTER YOUR MESSAGE,
I FELT YOUR LONELINESS,
YOUR LONGING FOR ME.

I DRANK WINE IN THE DARK,
GOT DRUNK ON MY OWN,
IN MY LONELY BED.
PLAYED MY FAVOURITE SONGS,
AND MY THOUGHTS MOANED,
TOWARDS THE FIRST TIME,
WE WILL MAKE LOVE.

I DANCED BEFORE YOU,
I STRUTTED AND PRANCED.
I TOLD YOU THAT I WOULD GIVE YOU,
PLEASURES UNTOLD.
THAT I WOULD CONTROL YOU,
COMMAND YOU,
TAKE YOU IN THE PASSIONS OF LOVE,
MAKE YOU FEEL,
THAT TIME HAS STOPPED.
TAKE YOU TO THE POINT,
OF PLEASURES UNREHEARSED,
UNRESERVED.
TAKE YOU WITHIN THE FEELINGS,
THAT RUN AND PULSE THROUGH YOUR BODY.
GIVE YOU MOMENTS OF BLISS,
DENIED TO YOU FOR SO LONG,
MAKE YOU CLING TO ME,
AS A LEAF CLINGS TO A TREE IN A HURRICANE.
GIVE YOU A HOME OF UNIMAGINABLE RESONANCE
THAT WILL LAST FOR ALL TIME.

WE WILL SECURE THIS MAGICAL NIGHT OF DANCE,
GIVE HOPE AND JOY TO THOSE NOT FOUND.
FOR I LOVE YOU,

MORE THAN ANY POEM,
CAN IMAGINE.

Barry Conway

Our One True Nature

OUR ONE TRUE NATURE

THERE IS NO ESCAPING
THE NATURE OF THE UNIVERSE
WE ARE ALL MADE UP OF ITS DUST
WE ARE THE LIGHT OF ENERGY IN CO-OPERATION
WE ARE THE GARDEN OF EDENS FRUITS
PLUCKED FROM THE VINE
ON OUR WAY TO RIPEN

IF YOU SIT QUIETLY AND CONTEMPLATE
YOU CAN HEAR THE UNIVERSE EXPANDING
THE SOURCE OF ALL UNDERSTANDING
FOR IT IS THE TRUE GODHEAD
NOT MAN MADE ILLUSIONS OF SELF IMPORTANCE
VISITED UPON OURSELVES AND BY OTHERS

IT IS THE HAND OF MAN
IN SELF DENIAL OF HIS LOWLY STATUS
WE ARE BUT A MERE SPECK OF DUST
IN THE EVERLASTING
EXPANSION AND CONTRACTION OF TIME
THAT DOES NOT EXIST IN LINEA FORM

SURELY IT IS BETTER TO UNDERSTAND THIS
THAN CONTINUAL STRIFE
IN FALSE NAMES AND ILLUSIONS.

Barry Conway

Outside Of The Circle

OUTSIDE OF THE CIRCLE

THE CIRCLE,
STRANGE PLACE!
ALL THOSE EYEING,
JOSTLING FOR PROMINENCE,
GOING ROUND IN A CIRCLE,
WITHIN THE CIRCLE,
CONFINED AND CORRALLED.

I,
CHOOSE TO REMAIN,
ON THE OUTSIDE,
OF THE CIRCLE,
LOOKING IN,
TO BEGIN,
ANEW,
TO STAND APART,
IN GENERAL,
FROM MANKIND,
FOR I FIND,
THAT THE STRANGENESS THEY POSSESS,
IS DIFFERENT,
FROM THE STRANGENESS I POSSESS,
THAT I SHARE,
WITH MYSELF,
FOR I DISTRUST,
THE CROWD,
TO LOUD,
IN THEIR PROTESTATION,
OF ELATION,
OF DEVIATION.

Barry Conway

Own?

OWN?

THE NOISY BOBBING SPARROW
GAVE WAY TO THE BULLYING MAGPIES
AND THEY IN TURN
ARGUED WITH THE SEAGULL
WHO ALL WINGED
UPON MY EMERGENCE
THROUGH THE GLASS DOOR
LEAVING ONLY THE ROBIN
TO WATCH MY INDUSTRY.

MY INTENTIONS
PASSIVE AND CURIOUS
WAS NOT TO OVERCOME THEM
OR ENSLAVE THEM
BUT TO OBSERVE THEIR NATURE,
THEIR DAILINESS,
TO BLEND THEIR DAY TO DAY LIFE
WITH MINE

MY GARDEN,
THE ONE I CARE FOR,
THE GARDEN,
REMAINS VIBRANT,
DEFIANT,
UNDER MY MISGUIDED GUIDANCE,
WHILE DISMISSING CULTIVATION,
ENDURES UNDER,
WHAT I CHOOSE TO CALL,
BENEVOLENCE.
MY DESIRES.
A TEMPORARY ILLUSION
FOR IT CAN NEVER BE SUBDUED,
FOR ALAS,
NO ONE CAN ENDURE FOREVER,
FOR IT BELONGS NOT TO ME,
BUT TO IT'S OWN NATURE,
TO EVERYTHING

HOWEVER WE CHOOSE
TO VIEW it

Barry Conway

Pacific

PACIFIC

I STOOD ALONE, BUT NOT LONELY,
UPON THE WOODED DECK,
THE EARLY HOUR
WAY PAST THE BLUE BLACKNESS OF MIDNIGHT.
THE IRON SHIP,
THRASHED ITS WAY THROUGH THE PACIFIC
VIBRATING AND PULSING
THROWING UP A CLOAK OF WHITE HORSES
THAT GALLOPED ALONG NATURES MAN MADE MACHINE.
THE MOON SHINNING AS A BENEVOLENT FATHER
LIT AN INVISIBLE PATH TO OUR NEXT DESTINATION.
A TORCH UPON THE VASTNESS OF A DESERT,
FILLED WITH LIFE.
ALL ON BOARD WERE CAPTURED OF AN ECHO IN TIME
AND I, ON DECK, WATCHED THE TICKING OF THE CLOCK.

I PULLED MY COAT EVER CLOSER TOWARDS
AS I RODE THE LEAD STALLION ACROSS THE WAVES.
I FELT THE POWER OF THE ENGINES RESONATE UP,
AND LET MY AMAZED SIGHTS AND THOUGHTS TRAVEL.
SUCH A SMALL INSIGNIFICANT BEING,
GIVEN THE PRIVILEGE OF THIS MOMENT OF BEAUTY
BEING ALLOWED TO WITNESS SUCH MAJESTY,
IN THE NOISY SILENCE OF THE SMALL HOUR.

MY SPIRIT HARNESSED THE AIR,
AS MY CHARIOT STROVE MY FOREVER ONWARD.
DISAPPEARING BENEATH ME UNTIL I WAS
HOVERING UNTETHERED ABOVE THE WATER,
TAKEN BY THE BEAM OF LIGHT FROM THE MOON,
JOINED BY OTHERS WHO WERE STRANGELY KNOWN TO ME.
I FELT EACH INDIVIDUAL DROP UPON THE WIND,
AND I BECAME BETWEEN ALL WORLDS
FREE FROM ALL BINDINGS AND OBLIGATIONS
A COMET OF AIR AND LIQUID
MIXED TOGETHER IN JOYOUS REVELATION.

Pagan

WASH MY BLOOD WITH THE FIRE
LET IT CLENSE MY SOUL
TAKE THIS DEATH AS YOUR BANNER
RAISE YOUR SWORD IN ANGER
STRIP ALL THOUGHTS OF WITCHCRAFT
FROM YOUR BOSSOM
LET NOT THE UNKNOWN
CLOUD YOUR BELIEFS OF RELIGION
FOR I AM WITH YOU
BOTH IN THIS LIFE
AND THE NEXT
I RIDE WITH YOU BY YOUR SIDE
ON OUR QUEST TO FREE THOSE
THAT WOULD BE TAKEN
BY A PAGAN PEOPLE
TO LANDS ABROAD AND AFAR
TO LIVE AMONGST THE SAVAGES
WHOSE ALTER ONLY GIVES HOMAGE
TO THE DEVIL IN DISGUISE
WHO SPLATTERS POOR SOULS
LIKE CHAFF IN THE WIND
FOR HIS OWN PLEASURE

Barry Conway

Paint Drying

PAINT DRYING

THE WALL PAINTED,
I WATCHED IT DRY,
FOR I WAS FASCINATED,
AT THE SHAPES FORMING,
RISING AND DRYING,
PLAYING TOGETHER,
RUNNING, HIDING FROM THE AIR,
BEING BORN AND DYING,
WITHOUT CHANCE,
TRYING TO ESCAPE,
WITHIN THE FAULTS OF THE PLASTER,
WHERE ANY RESPITE IS PARADISE.

THEN,
IN AN INSTANT PARALLEL,
I AM TRANSFORMED FROM THIS WORLD,
NO LONGER HUMAN,
I AM THE WALL,
THE PAINT, THE AIR,
THE DISAPPEARING SHAPES,
BEING BORN AND DYING,
IMPRISONED,
AT RISK FROM TIME IMMORTAL
SEEING MY FRACTURED SELF,
IN MORTAL CONFUSION,
A SHELL HOLLOW AND DEFORMED

Barry Conway

Paisley

PAISLEY

HE WANDERED INTO
THE PATTERN ON HIS SHIRT
HIS EYES HAD DIED FROM THE PAGE
OF KAHLIL GIBRAN
AND HAD BEEN LOST IN THE PAISLEY.

THE SWIRLS LED HIM IN
THROUGH THE PLENTIFUL DECADES
OF JOBS, MARRIAGE AND CHILDREN
TO READ ALONE.

EACH PATTERN WITHIN A PATTERN
A NETWORK OF TAUT NERVES
SPAWNING INTO HIS HISTORY
FOLDING THE SIGHTS AND SOUNDS
INTO THE FAMILIAR STORY
SO WELL KNOWN
TO THE OLD WAYS,
THE OLD DAYS

AND NOW
HE WAS NOT HERE,
BUT THERE
RELIVING, RELIVING
HE COULD FEEL THEM
REALLY FEEL THEM,
THE PINK FLARES AROUND HIS LEGS
SEE THE DIAMOND STAR ON HIS WAISTCOAT
TASTE THE SCARLET SCARF
FEEL THE BEADED NECKLACE
BOUNCE ON HIS CHEST
TO THE TUNE OF HIS MOVEMENT.
HE COULD HEAR THE RHYTHM
OF HENDRIX UPON HIS EAR,
AND SMELL THE SCENT OF GRASS
CLOUD THE AIR WITHIN THE COMMUNE
CLOUD HIS DAYS.

HE REMEMBERED AMBER'S SMILE
SAW THE LONG HAIRED MEN
UNITED WITH FLOWERS IN THEIR HAIR
AND HE PAINED
TO BE BACK THERE AGAIN□
YOUNG AND UNCUMBERED□
WITH THE BURDENS□
OF THE PLENTIFUL DECADES
WHY DID IT FADE?
THAT SUMMER OF LOVE
IT WAS ALL SO HOPEFUL.

Barry Conway

Pardon

PARDON

"PARDON ME,
I DID NOT SEE YOU
CAN I HELP YOU PICK UP THE PARCELS
OH! I AM SORRY
I WAS LOOKING THE OTHER WAY
WHEN I BUMPED INTO YOU
CAN I HELP YOU CARRY SOME OF THEM?
THERE ARE SO MANY
IT'S A WONDER YOU COULD CARRY THEM AT ALL
EH, MY CAR IS AROUND THE CORNER
CAN I GIVE YOU A LIFT ANYWHERE
IT'S THE LEAST I CAN DO
PARDON ME
MY NAMES ROBERT,
AND YOU ARE? "

Barry Conway

Passages

PASSAGES

DOING WHAT YOU THINK BEST
EVEN WHEN WRONG
IS THE PEN OF THE MIND

HAVE MY ANCESTORS BROUGHT ME HERE
JUST TO WASTE MY LEGACY?
IS ANY LIFE LIKE MINE OF WORTH?

THE WORLD SCARS MY BODY
AND EVERY FOOTSTEP
CAUSES MY SOUL TO BURN
MY EYES ARE BLINDED
BY MY PASSAGE
MY PATTERN
A LANTERN
WILL EVENTUALLY FLICKER
AND DIE
INEVITABLY
CONSECUTIVELY
WITHIN THE WORLDS DESIRE.

Barry Conway

Passing Through

PASSING THROUGH

ANOTHER ONE WENT TODAY,
THEY PASS BY MY KNOWLEDGE,
LIKE YACHTS,
SLOWLY,
BEING ENGULFED,
BY AN ENCROACHING FOG.

WE ARE ALL ON BOARD,
OUR OWN YACHT,
TRYING FOR AS LONG AS POSSIBLE,
TO AVOID THE FOG.

WE START,
AT THE BASE OF THE TREE,
AND THROUGH OUR LIVES,
WE CLIMB,
BUT INEVITABLY,
AS WE REACH ITS CANOPY,
WE START TO DESCEND,
UNTIL ONCE AGAIN,
WE RETURN TO ITS BASE,
THE TREE OF LIFE.

Barry Conway

Petal

PETAL

PETAL
THE NATURAL FLOW
ON THE WINDFLOWER
OF A BAREFOOT ANGEL.

THE SOFT CARESS OF FLOATING
DOTING
ON THE SWAY AND PULSES
OF THE RHYTHMS OF KNOWING
SHOWING
THE WAY FOR ALL TO REACH
THE SYNCHRONICITY OF TENDER THOUGHTS
ALIVE AND WARM
WITHIN EACH SPECTRUM OF FEELING.

THERE IS A HAND
FOR ALL TO HOLD WITHIN OUR SPIRIT
WITHOUT LIMIT
AT PEACE WITH OUR SEARCH
MADE REAL
BY THE THOUGHTS WE ALL CARRY

Barry Conway

Philosophical

PHILOSOPHICAL

IT IS EASY TO WRITE PHILOSOPHY
EASY TO EXPAND
THE DIGNITY
OF RIGHT OVER WRONG
LIKEABLE
TO BRING TO ONES MIND
THE NOBILITY OF THE NOBLE
TO EXTEND THE MIND
TO EXTEND THE HELPING HAND
TO FEEL GOOD
OF ONESELF
IN KNOWING THAT RIGHT
IS THE ONE TRUE TRUTH
THAT IS TO BE SHARED
AMONGST ALL
WHO EMBRACE IT
EASY TO ACCEPT
BUT FAR HARDER TO FALL
UNDER ITS COMMAND

Barry Conway

Picture The Scene On The Hill

PICTURE THE SCENE ON THE HILL

PICTURE THE SCENE,
THERE IS PROBABLY A BOOK,
OR A FILM IN IT, SO PICTURE THIS!
I AM CLIMBING UP A TALL STEEP HILL,
FOREVER CLIMBING, CLIMBING, CLIMBING,
FOREVER UPWARDS,
GETTING STEEPER AND STEEPER,
WHEN ALL AT ONCE I SEE AHEAD,
A WOMAN, YES A WOMAN!
NOW I HAVE SPENT TIME,
WITH MANY WOMEN IN THE PAST,
AS WE CLIMBED TOGETHER,
BUT I HAVE ALWAYS LEFT THEM,
LEFT THEM BEHIND TO CLIMB ON THEIR OWN,
SO WHY SHOULD THIS WOMAN BE ANY DIFFERENT?

LET US FIND OUT!
YOU SEE THE DIFFERENCE IS THAT SHE,
WAITED FOR ME TO CATCH HER UP!
NOW YOU MAY ASK WHY HAS SHE DONE THIS?
SO LET US ASK HER!
"WHY DID YOU WAIT FOR ME? "
"YOU LOOKED AS IF YOU NEEDED ME, SHE REPLIED! "
CLEVER GIRL THIS WAITER!
"HERE TAKE MY HAND AND WE SHALL CLIMB TOGETHER,
FOR IT IS VERY STEEP HERE.

Barry Conway

Pink Apple Blossom

PINK APPLE BLOSSOM

I ONCE SAT UNDER THE PINK APPLE BLOSSOM IN DARTINGTON
WHEN THE MILD WIND GREW BOLDER
THE TREE SWAYED WITH APPRECIATION
OVER THE BENCH I WAS SITTING UPON,
IT QUIVERED
AS A SHOWER OF FLUFFY BLOSSOM
FLOATED DOWN TO FORM A CURTAIN
OF LOVE THAT SURROUNDED ME.

IN THAT MOMENT
I WAS TAKEN AWAY
TO THINK ABOUT A MID SUMMER NIGHT DREAM
THAT HAD PLAYED THE NIGHT BEFORE
IN THE OPEN AIR THEATER
WHICH I NOW SAT BESIDE.

THERE WAS NO ONE BESIDE ME
I WAS ALIVE TO THE MOMENT
AND THIS IS WHY I NOW SHARE THIS WITH YOU.
FOR THIS BEAUTY
IS NOT ONE TO BE KEPT ALONE
BUT SHARED WITH THE WORLD OF MOMENTS.

Barry Conway

Please

PLEASE

IF YOU LIKE ME,
LOVE ME,
IF YOU LOVE ME,
LIKE ME.

Barry Conway

Please Stop It

PLEASE STOP IT

HE WANTED IT TO STOP
WOMEN SMILING AT HIM IN THE STREET
DOGS BOUNCING UP TO HIM WAVING A TAIL AS A
FLAG OF GREETING
BABIES LAUGHING AS HE STROLLED BY
TAX REFUNDS EVERY YEAR
PROMOTION AFTER PROMOTION AT WORK
CLEAR BLUE SKY'S
RAINBOWS CRADLING THE WARM SUN
FLOWERS DANCING IN DELIGHT AT HIS VIEW

HE WANTED TO STOP BEING SO LUCKY
ALWAYS PICKING THE GRAND NATIONAL WINNER
BEING IN A PERFECT LOVING RELATIONSHIP
THE CAT UNDERSTANDING HIM
ALWAYS HELPING OTHERS
BEING RICH, HEALTHY AND WELL ENDOWED
AND OH SO GOOD LOOKING
HAVING WILD BIRDS SIT ON HIS SHOULDER
BEING A VEGAN
AND ALWAYS BEING HAPPY WITH A SMILE ON HIS FACE

ALL THESE THINGS, HE WANTED THEM TO STOP
IT WAS ALL SO, SO TIRING

Barry Conway

Poets And Writers

POETS AND WRITERS

THERE IS A LINE FROM HENRY V ACT 5 SCENE 2
IN THE FRENCH ROYAL PALACE
WHERE KING HENRY V OF ENGLAND
SPEAKS OF HIS LOVE FOR PRINCESS KATHERINE OF FRANCE
HE SPEAKS THUS,
"LET THINE EYE BE THE COOK."
THIS AMAZING LINE
MADE ME THINK OF SHAKESPEARE'S THE 7 AGES OF MAN.

IT TOOK ME BACK TO THE TIME I WAS AT SCHOOL
I WAS NOT INTERESTED IN POETRY, OR WRITING,
I DID NOT UNDERSTAND IT, OR WANTED TOO.
ALL THOSE LONG ANTIQUATED WORDS
ESPOUSING LOVE, EMOTIONS, THOUGHT.
I WAS TOO BUSY EATING SWEETS AND CHASING A BALL.

BUT POETRY FOUND ME
AND TO THIS DAY, AS I GROW OLDER
THE LESS I UNDERSTAND OF IT,
AND IN THAT LACK OF UNDERSTANDING
I REALIZE THAT NO MATTER HOW OLD I LIVE
NO MATTER WHAT DRUGS I TAKE,
OR STRIVE FOR ENLIGHTENMENT
I WILL NEVER POSSESS THE ELOQUENCE,
THE INSIGHT, OR THE THOUGHT.
THAT THE MIGHTY BAIRD LIVED WITHIN..

NOW YOU MAY THINK THAT ALL POETS AND WRITERS,
WOULD BE SADDENED BY ANY COMPARISON TO WILLIE.
BUT I THINK NOT,
FOR IF WE WERE ALL TO ATTAIN
THE GILDED PINNACLE OF WILLIAM
THEN ALL DREAMS WOULD BE UNDONE.

Barry Conway

Pressure

PRESSURE

I SAT

AND WATCHED THE PEOPLE FROM AFAR
AS THEY BECAME FIGURES
IN A LOWERY PAINTING
BUT THE PRESSURE IN MY HEAD
DID NOT SUBSIDE

I WATCHED THE CHILDREN
HUNTING FOR HIDDEN EGGS
TO PUT INTO FAILING SWINGING BASKETS
BUT THE PRESSURE IN MY HEAD
DID NOT SUBSIDE

I WATCHED THE DAFFODILS
BOBBING IN THE BREEZE
IN A YELLOW AND WHITE FANFARE
BUT THE PRESSURE IN MY HEAD
DID NOT SUBSIDE

I SAW THE TREES
STRETCHING THEIR BRANCHES OUT
IN SYMPATHY TOWARDS ME
BUT THE PRESSURE IN MY HEAD
DID NOT SUBSIDE

I SAW THE SHAGGY DOG APPROACH ME
WITH A BEMUSED LOOK
ASKING WHY I WAS SUCH
BUT THE PRESSURE IN MY HEAD
DID NOT SUBSIDE

I RECEIVED A SMILE
FROM AN OLD LADY
WHO CARRIED HER WORLD IN BAGS
BUT THE PRESSURE IN MY HEAD
DID NOT SUBSIDE

STILL REMAINED
THE PRESSURE IS OF MY OWN MAKING
I REMAIN LONELY WITHIN THE HUDDLE
LOST IN THE NOISE OF THE WORLD
SEPARATE
UNABLE TO JOIN IN
EVEN WHEN INVITED

I SAT

AND WATCHED THE PEOPLE FROM AFAR
AS THEY BECAME FIGURES
IN A LOWERY PAINTING
BUT THE PRESSURE IN MY HEAD
DID NOT SUBSIDE

I WATCHED THE CHILDREN
HUNTING FOR HIDDEN EGGS
TO PUT INTO FAILING SWINGING BASKETS
BUT THE PRESSURE IN MY HEAD
DID NOT SUBSIDE

I WATCHED THE DAFFODILS
BOBBING IN THE BREEZE
IN A YELLOW AND WHITE FANFARE
BUT THE PRESSURE IN MY HEAD
DID NOT SUBSIDE

I SAW THE TREES
STRETCHING THEIR BRANCHES OUT
IN SYMPATHY TOWARDS ME
BUT THE PRESSURE IN MY HEAD
DID NOT SUBSIDE

I SAW THE SHAGGY DOG APPROACH ME
WITH A BEMUSED LOOK
ASKING WHY I WAS SUCH
BUT THE PRESSURE IN MY HEAD
DID NOT SUBSIDE

I RECEIVED A SMILE
FROM AN OLD LADY

WHO CARRIED HER WORLD IN BAGS
BUT THE PRESSURE IN MY HEAD
DID NOT SUBSIDE
STILL REMAINED
THE PRESSURE IS OF MY OWN MAKING
I REMAIN LONELY WITHIN THE HUDDLE
LOST IN THE NOISE OF THE WORLD
SEPARATE
UNABLE TO JOIN IN
EVEN WHEN INVITED

Barry Conway

Puzzle

PUZZLE

HEAR THE SONG IN ANGER MOCKING
HEAR THE CLOCK IN TIMELESS CLOCKING
FEEL THE KNIFE IN DEEPNESS SHOCKING
LAY DOWN THE HEART IN ITS STOPPING

WIPE AWAY THE YEARS OF SORROW
FEEL THE EARTH IN ITS DEEP FURROWS
MEND THE PATHS WHOSE WAYS ARE HOLLOW
SMELL THE FRESH AIR OF TOMORROW

FOR NOW NO MORE TO STAND ALONE
WORSHIPING FALSE GODS AND FALSE THRONES
HEARING VOICES MISGUIDING TONES
KEEPING ME LOST FROM FINDING HOME

EACH PIECE, EACH MOMENT IS A PUZZLE
A MYSTERY THAT DOES NOT UNMUDDLE
OF WANDERING SOULS AMONGST THE HUDDLE
EACH SINKING SLOWLY UNDER THE CUDGEL

THIS MIRROR IS YOUR SOULS EXPRESSION
BEYOND ITS BEAMS RESIDES CONFESSION
IN THE HARSHNESS OF YOUR REFLECTION
LIES ALL JOURNEYS IMPERFECTIONS

THROW OFF ALL EARTHLY THINGS REMAINING
ALL THE GILDING, ALL THE FRAMING
AND GIVE YOURSELF WITHOUT RESTRAINING
TO THE END OF WORRY, THE END OF STAINING.

Barry Conway

Pythagoras

THERE WAS ONCE A MAN CALLED PYTHAGORAS,
WHOSE THEORIES WERE SOMEWHAT EXAGGERAS,
WERE HIS IDEAS QUITE DULL,
AND SOMEWHAT BANAL,
YET SOME STILL CALL HIM PHILANTHROPAS.

Barry Conway

Quite Reflection

QUITE REFLECTION

IT IS HARD TO EXPRESS,
THE TRANQUILITY, THE QUIETNESS,
ONE FINDS IN LOVE.

WHERE ONCE THERE WAS CHAOS,
ORDER PREVAILS,
WHERE ONCE THE HEART YEARNED,
IT NOW BEATS A STEADY PULSE,
ASSURED WITHIN.
IF ONE LIES IN THE DARK
LISTENING TO ONE'S THOUGHT,
YOU CAN UNDERSTAND,
HOW WE AS MORTALS,
PART OF DIVINE NATURE,
HAVE THIS UNDIVIDED, DRIVING NEED,
FOR ACCEPTANCE.

IT IS IN THESE TIMES OF QUITE REFLECTION,
THAT ONE TRULY FINDS,
WHO WE REALLY ARE,
FOR IF YOU ARE ABLE TO ACCEPT YOURSELF,
THEN YOU CAN ACCEPT OTHERS,
AND THIS MY FRIENDS,
IS THE LIGHT OF LOVE.

Barry Conway

Radiance

RADIANCE

YOU ARE MY STRENGTH AND MY TEACHER,
THE LOVE FROM ALL PAST IS WITHIN YOU.
IT HAS BEEN SENT TO GUIDE ME,
TO TAKE MY HAND THROUGH THE GATE,
THROUGH THE FIELD, TO THE SIGNPOST
TO WHERE WE WILL ALL GATHER,
WHEN OUR GUIDES ARE UPON US.

I SURRENDER TO YOUR HEART,
TO BE WITHIN YOU,
TO READDRESS THE BALANCE,
OF UNDERSTANDING ALL UNDERSTANDINGS.

EACH LESSON YOU BRING FORTH,
STRENGTHENS THE HEART BETWEEN US.
IT HEALS ALL PAST AND PROTECTS THE FUTURE,
WITHIN YOUR BENEVOLENCE.

WORLDS ARE FULL OF WONDERS,
AND THE SOUNDS I BRING FORTH,
WILL NEVER BE ENOUGH TO CONTAIN,
YOUR BEAUTY, YOUR PURENESS.

TEACH ME TO ACCEPT ALL MEANINGS,
TO DEROBE MYSELF IN YOUR RADIANCE,
FOR I AM TRULY WITHIN,
AND YOUR HAND IS IN MINE.

Barry Conway

Rape

HIS FORCE WAS UNDENIABLE, IMMEASURABLE
HIS WEIGHT, INDOMITABLE, INSURMOUNTABLE
HIS BREATH, DISGUSTINGLY CUT INTO HER
AS SHARDS OF EVIL ENSLAVING HER
HER ARMS PINNED, HER CRIES SILENT.
CLOTHES TORN FROM HER
AS HIS WILL, WITHOUT REGARD,
UNDERTOOK HIS NEEDS,
HIS AND HER CURSE

DRY TEARS JOINED BLOOD
WHICH OOZED ONTO HER BROKEN CHEEKBONE
DOWN TO THE GASHED MOUTH
MINGLED WITH THE SALIVER OF THE BEAST.

DEFILED AND VIOLATED
TRYING TO STAY ALIVE
SHE SUCCUMBED TO FROZEN SHOCK
BY THE BESTIAL BRUTALITY
OF THE THRUSTING EVIL ENTERING HER BODY

FEELING NOTHING NOW
ESCAPING OUTSIDE OF HER BODY
UNDERWATER
DROWNING IN SILENCE
DETACHED FORM THE WORLD SHE LOVED
AS HE TOOK HER SOUL.

Barry Conway

Rays

RAYS

I FEEL THE APPLE BLOSSOM KISS THE SKY
HEAR THE BIRDS WING IN GENTLE CRY
WATCH MOTHERS AND BABIES PUSHING BY
AND THAT IS WHY

I KEEP THE SEASONS AS THE GO AND COME
SMILE AS DOGS BARK, SKIP AND RUN
BREATHE IN THE AIR AS EACH DAY BEGUN
AND STILL YOU ASK ME WHY?

I HEAR THE GRASS GROW UNDERFOOT
SMELL THE EARTH NURTURING IN ITS ROOTS
COLLECT THE RAIN IN ITS PURSUITS
AND AGAIN I TELL YOU WHY.

SLOWLY RUN THE RAYS OF TIME
FORMING CIRCLES IN A LINE
UNTIL THE MOMENT YOU WILL BE MINE
FOR YOU TO SAY GOODBYE TO WHY

THE BELLS RING OUT TO ALL NEW EARS
TO THE GIVING OF NEW LOVE THROUGHOUT THE YEARS
TO FREE THE BINDS OF ALL OUR FEARS
AND NOW THERE IS NO WHY!

Barry Conway

Re Emerging

RE EMERGING

I WISH IT WOULD STOP RAINING,
I HAVE GOT TO WATER THE GARDEN,
I DO THOUGH HAVE AN APPLIANCE FOR THAT!
IT IS CALLED A WATERING CAN,
EVEN THOUGH IT IS MADE OUT OF PLASTIC,
A FANTASTIC, PIECE OF KIT,
WITH A ROSE ON THE END,
WHICH KEEPS ON FALLING OFF,
JUST THAT IT IS NOT A REAL ROSE,
JUST ANOTHER BIT OF PLASTIC,
BUT IT IS JUST TOO WET TO GO OUTSIDE.

I SUPPOSE I COULD GET MY CLOTHES WASHED,
BY THE WASHING MACHINE,
BUT SHE HAS GONE DOWN TO THE SUPERMARKET,
EXCEPT THE SUPERMARKET IS THE CO-OP,
WHICH IS VERY EXPENSIVE,
AND IN MY MIND NOT SO SUPER.

PERHAPS I WILL READ A GOOD BOOK,
BUT I AM NOT IN THE MOOD,
TO READ THE BIBLE,
AS I MAY BE LIABLE,
TO GET RELIGIOUS,
I USED TO BE LIGIOUS,
AND I DO NOT WANT TO REDO RE LIGION.

I SUPPOSE I COULD WATCH TELEVISION,
BUT I DO NOT LIKE IT STARING AT ME,
I COULD LISTEN TO THE RADIO,
BUT IT IS HIGH UP ON A SHELF,
AND I DON'T LIKE IT TALKING DOWN TO ME!

INSTEAD I WILL WRITE A POEM,
AND ESCAPE BACK INTO REALITY,
BECAUSE ALITY IS MISSING ME.
THE CLOCK FACE IS SMILING AT ME,

I THINK IT IS TIME, TO WIND HER UP,
SO I ASK HER IF SHE HAS GOT A MINUTE,
MIND YOU,
I AM ADDICTED TO DAY DREAMING
MAKES YOU THINK DOESN'T IT?
I DREAMPT I WAS WALKING DOWN A STREET,
A THOUSAND FEET ABOVE SEA LEVEL,
IT WAS A HIGH STREET,
BUT I WOKE UP,
AS I NEEDED TO TAKE MY SLEEPING PILLS,
I SUPPOSE I COULD TAKE,
A SELFIE OF MYSELF,
OR JUST LOOK IN THE MIRROR,
AND ASK,
WHO IS THE FAIREST OF THE ALL?
THE ANSWER WOULD HAVE TO BE,
SOMEONE LIKE, BUDDHA, OR JESUS CHRIST,
OR SOMEONE SIMILAR,
WHICH REMINDS ME,
I AM SURE I HAVE FORGOTTEN SOMETHING.
…....

Barry Conway

Reaching Out

REACHING OUT

MY MIND RACES FOR YOU
MY HANDS REACH OUT FOR YOU
MY LIPS CRY OUT FOR YOU
MY EYES SEARCH INCESSANTLY FOR YOU
MY HEADS TURNS LOOKING FOR YOU
AND MY HEART TREMBLES FOR YOU
MY BODY YEARNS IN FIRE FOR YOU

FOR YOU ARE ALL I WANT
I WANT YOU ALL
AND AS FOR YOU,
ALL I WANT FOR YOU IS ME
IS TO WANT ME
TO WANT ME ALL
THEN WE CAN BE TOGETHER
AND WANT FOR NOTHING

AND IN THAT MOMENT THAT WILL LAST FOREVER
OUR MINDS WILL SOOTHE EACH OTHER
OUR HANDS WILL TOUCH EACH OTHER
OUR LIPS WILL CARESS EACH OTHER
OUR EYES WILL BE FOR EACH OTHER
OUR HEADS WILL TURN WITH EACH OTHER
OUR HEARTS WILL TREMBLE WITHIN EACH OTHER
OUR BODIES WILL ENTWINE WITH EACH OTHER
FOR THEN WE WILL BE TRULY ONE

Barry Conway

Remember

REMEMBER

WHAT WAS I SAYING?
I CAN'T REMEMBER
IT'S GONE FROM MY MIND FOREVER
SO I BELIEVE
UNTIL I REMEMBER IT AGAIN,
UNTIL SOMETHING SPARKS IT OFF
MY MEMORY

FUNNY HOW THINGS
LIKE THAT HAPPEN TO YOU
I CAN'T REMEMBER IT HAPPENING BEFORE
ANNOYING ISN'T IT?

Barry Conway

Resonance

RESONANCE

MY AGEING SOUL,
RESTS IT'S BONES,
UPON THE BRANCH,
WORN AND CARVED,
IN HAINAULT FORREST,
AS THE RAMBLERS CARAVAN,
PASSES BY,
CLUCKING LIKE HENS,
IN THEIR MULTI COLOURED PLUMAGE,
OF CAGOULES.
IN CONSTANT PAIN,
IRRITATING FOREVER MY RESONANCE,
IN EQUAL PLEASURE AND DISPLEASURE,
AS A BURDEN OF AN OLD FRIEND.

THE FORREST TALKS TO ME,
RESOUNDING IN IT'S WHISPER,
THEIR WORTH AS I PASS BY,
THEIR RIPPLES OF KNOWLEDGE,
OF KNOWING MORE,
THAN THEY CAN SAY,
TOUCH ME,
AS DROPS OF FINE RAIN
ABSORBING INTO MY RESERVOIR,
OF CONFUSED THOUGHT.

EACH LEAF,
EVERY FALLEN BRANCH,
TEACHES US,
OF OUR INSIGNIFICANCE,
OF WHAT WE ARE,
OF WHAT OUR ASPIRATIONS,
SHOULD BE!
FOR ARE WE NOT,
CONTROLLED BY A FORCE,
UNKNOWN, YET KNOWN,
THAT LIVES IN OUR MINDS EYE,

LEAVING US BETWEEN,
STUPIDITY AND KNOWLEDGE,
BOTH APPEARING WITHOUT DIFFERENCE?
A DIFFERENT UNDERSTANDING,
THE UNHANDING,
OF THE HAND.

SO MUCH BEAUTY,
OR DESPAIR,
HOW CAN IT BE POSSIBLE,
TO KNOW EVERYTHING?
FOR EACH DAY,
WE THINK WE UNDERSTAND MORE,
THE PHILOSOPHY OF LIVING,
RESOUNDING IN OUR QUEST,
CONTAINED IN EVERY LEAF.

Barry Conway

Return

RETURN

THIS RICHNESS WHICH FILLS MY EYE
IS BEYOND WORTH
MY HEART AND SOUL UNITE
IN THE LOVE THAT IS ALL ABOUT US

FOR WHEN MY TIME HAS COME
I WILL RETURN TO THE LAND
AND GIVE BACK
OF THAT WHICH I WAS NURTURED

Barry Conway

Righteousness

IT IS HARD,
SO HARD,
JUST TO LIVE FROM DAY TO DAY,
WITH ALL THIS EMOTION,
COURSING THROUGH ME.

THERE IS SUCH BEAUTY IN THE WORLD,
SO MUCH UGLINESS TOO!
THE CONCEPT OF GOOD AND BAD,
WHERE THE UNIVERSE BALANCES,
IS SO FLAWED.
WHY DOES THERE HAVE TO BE BAD?
WHY DO WE LIVE IN A WORLD,
WHERE TO SURVIVE,
IS TO CONSUME OTHER LIVING THINGS?

WE LIVE IN A SYSTEM,
WHERE TO SURVIVE,
WE MUST KILL! !
LIVING
BASED ON KILLING,
WHERE IS THE DIGNITY,
THE RIGHTEOUSNESS IN THAT?

Barry Conway

Rip Off

RIP OFF

"£3.95p,
FOR A CUP OF TEA!
ARE THEY HAVING A GIRAFFE?
I COULD BUY HALF OF F...ING INDIA FOR THAT"

"YES,
BUT I AM THIRSTY! "

"THIRSTY!
DRINK WATER,
AND GIVE THE £3.95
TO THE POOR OF INDIA"

"THE WATER IS £2.60p! "

"WHAT!
IS IT, HOLY WATER?
I WOULD WANT THE POPE,
TO SERVE IT FOR THAT!

BUT,
I KNOW THAT WHERE THEY ARE,
THEY MUST HAVE TO CHARGE A LOT,
AS THEY MUST HAVE BIG OVERHEADS,
BUT £2.60p FOR A SMALL BOTTLE OF WATER,
I WOULD ALSO WANT IT SERVED,
BY AN EXOTIC NUBILE,
HEAVENLY LADEN TOPLESS DANCER,
RIDING IN THE POPEMOBILE,
WHO WOULD MAKE EVERYONE,
FORGET ABOUT TEA FOREVER.

IF WE ARE GOING FOR EXPLOITATION,
LET US GO THE WHOLE HOG! "

"BUT I AM THIRSTY? "

"NOW YOU KNOW HOW THEY FEEL IN INDIA! "

Barry Conway

Room

ROOM

HELLO ROOM
HOW ARE YOU?
SORRY I HAVE NOT BEEN IN YOU TODAY
BUT IT WAS SUCH A NICE DAY
THAT I HAVE BEEN IN THE GARDEN.
DID YOU MISS ME?
WERE YOU LONELY/
I HOPE THAT YOU HAVE NOT BEEN SAD
I WAS A BIT CONCERNED
AND I WAS THINKING OF YOU
AND THAT IS WHY I POPPED IN
I HAVE DECIDED TO MAKE IT UP TO YOU
I AM GOING TO SPEND A COUPLE OF HOURS
CLEANING YOU
AND GIVING YOU A GOOD TIDY UP
THAT! SHOULD LIFT YOUR SPIRIT
AND MAKE YOU READY FOR TOMORROW
WHEN I WILL BE PLAYING MY VINYL IN YOU

SO NEVER WORRY!
BECAUSE YOU ARE MY ROOM!
MY ROOM!

Barry Conway

Rugby Anyone?

RUGBY ANYONE?

THE GUY PUT ON HIS RUGBY SHIRT
"I'M OFF TO PLAY RUGBY"
"SIT DOWN YOU SILLY OLD FOOL! ",
HIS SON SAID
"YOU ARE TOO OLD"
"TOO OLD! I'M 28,
HOW CAN I BE TOO OLD? "
"DAD, DAD,
I HAVE TOLD YOU TIME AND TIME AGAIN,
YOU HAVE A MEMORY THAT TRICKS YOU,
AND YOU KNOW YOU ARE DYSLEXIC TOO!
YOU ARE 82,
82 DAD!
COME ON SIT DOWN,
AND HAVE A FRENCH FANCY,
YOU KNOW YOU LIKE THEM,
AT LEAST I HOPE YOU REMEMBER,
YOU LIKE THEM."

"NO THANKS,
I DON'T TRUST THOSE FRENCHIES,
ANYWAY I'M OFF TO PLAY RUGBY"

Barry Conway

Ruiness Sex

RUINESS SEX

ANGELA'S BEAUTY CREATED DEMONS,
EVERY FEELING GREW MORE HURTFUL, HARDER,
IN JUST KEEPING LOVE MEANINGFUL.
NOW ONLY PROMISES QUELL REASON,
SAVING TEARS HARBOURS VENGEANCE,
WITH YESTERDAYS ZEAL.

AGING BOYS CONTROL DOUBT,
EACH FRAILTY PLUMES HEADLONG,
IN MISTED JOURNEY,
KEEPING LUST MEANINGFUL,
NICELY ONWARDS,
PONDERING QUICKLY RUINESS SEX
TESTED UNDER VEXING WAYS
YEARNING ZION.

Barry Conway

Sadnesses

SADNESSES.

THERE IS A SADNESS WITHIN SADNESS,
YOU CAN FEEL THE PAIN OTHERS FEEL,
EXPERIENCE THE PICTURE THEY PAINT,
IN THE SOUNDS OF THEIR VULNERABILITY.

THEIR LESSONS COME WITHIN THEIR SADNESS,
THEY LIVE THEM, SHARE THEM,
WITH EVERY PLEADING LOOK THEY EMPART.

THE EMPATHY OF YOUR LOVE,
CAN NEVER FULLY CUSHION THEIR FALL,
BUT WE STILL CAN GIVE THEM,
THE REALIZATION,
THAT THERE ARE THOSE WHO CARE,
SOMEONE WHO OFFERS THEM,
THE HAND OF COMPASSION.

SHALL WE DARE ASK,
WHY THE WORLD MUST BE SO CRUEL?
WHY IN THIS PARADISE WE CALL EARTH,
THERE IS SUCH SUFFERING,
IN SUCH BEAUTY?
THIS IS THE ULTIMATE SADNESS,
THAT WE ALL ARE BURDENED WITH.

Barry Conway

Sail On Sail

SAIL ON SAIL

THE STILLNESS OF THE NIGHT
WHERE PEACE AND CALM PREVAIL
WITHOUT A GLARING LIGHT
WILL HELP YOU SAIL ON SAIL
□
WHERE YOU CAN REST THEREIN
AND FLOAT ON SILENT WATERS
TO FEEL A TIME BEGIN
WITHOUT A TIME TO FAULT US

THE SOFTNESS OF HER SKIN
THE TOUCH OF HER SWEET MOUTH
WILL HELP YOU TO BEGIN
THE LONG SAIL HOMEWARD SOUTH

WHERE THE STILLNESS OF THE NIGHT
WHEN LOVE FLOATS IN YOUR EYE
WILL HELP YOU SAIL ON SIGHT
AWAY FROM LONELY FIRES

Barry Conway

Sally Limericks

SALLY LIMERICKS

THERE WAS A YOUNG LADY CALLED SALLY,
WHOSE DESIRES SHE WOULD NOT TARRY,
AND TO THAT SHE SAID,
I'VE BOUGHT A HUGE BED,
AND FILLED IT WITH A POET CALLED BARRY

THERE WAS A YOUNG LADY CALLED SALLY
WHO LIKED TO BATHE IN A FLURRY,
SO JUST FOR A LAUGH,
SHE BOUGHT A HUGE BATH,
AND FILLED IT WITH CECIL AND LARRY.

THERE WAS A YOUNG LADY CALLED SALLY,
WHOSE BLIND DATE WAS SOMEWHAT CONTRARY,
WHEN HE TOOK OF HIS CLOTHES,
WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE?
HIS EQUIPMENT WAS QUITE ORDINARY

Barry Conway

Sanctuary

SANCTUARY

I HAVE LOST THE BLOSSOM OF MY YOUTH
AND MY LOVE HAS LOST MY BLOSSOM
SHE LOOKS AT ME
SO DOLEFULLY
AND SHE SEES
THE OLD MAN IN FRONT OF HER
WHO WAS ONCE SAMSON
REDUCED IN HER EYES OF MEMORY.
I SEE A TIME IN HER YOUTH
WHEN ALL MEN WERE GIANTS
PROTECTORS OF THE MEEK
WHO SHE COULD RUN TO
FOR SANCTUARY

I AM OLD
AND WEARY OF LIFE'S STRUGGLE
DISAPPOINTED
IN SEEING THE SUNRISE
WISHING EACH NIGHT
WOULD SAIL ME AWAY.
BUT IT IS MY LOVE
WHICH MUST FADE FIRST
FOR I CAN NOT LEAVE HER
WITH THE PAIN OF LOSING ME
AND LIVING ON
WITHOUT SANCTUARY

Barry Conway

Sang Me Well

SANG ME WELL

SANG ME WELL MY ONE TRUE LOVE
SANG ME WELL TO THEE
FOR THE WELL DOTH RUN DRY
UNTIL YOU SANG ME WELL TO THEE

SANG ME WELL
THY PRECIOUS HAND
SANG ME WELL TO THEE
FOR THIS LIFE DOTH DRAW NEAR
WHEN SANG ME WELL TO THEE

SANG ME WELL MY ONE TRUE LOVE
SANG ME TO MY KNEES
SANG ME WELL MY AUTUMN LEAVES
WHEN SANG THROUGHOUT THE BREEZE

SANG ME WELL
THIS HEART OF MINE
SANG ME WELL IN TONGUES
SANG ME WELL MY PATIENT TREE
THAT SANG SOLILOQUY

SANG ME WELL MY ONE TRUE LOVE
AS YOU BADE ME WELL
SANG ME WELL THE NEXT LIFE'S FIND
UPON YOUR BOSOMS SWELL

SANG ME WELL
AS TIME RELEASES ALL
SANG ME WELL TO HE
SANG ME WELL TO THE DIVINE
WHERE SONG IS ALL I TELL

Barry Conway

Say When

SAY WHEN

SAY WHEN
YOU HAVE HAD ENOUGH
THESE DREARY WORDS
ARE MY THERAPY
WHICH I INFLICT ON YOU.
SOME DAYS FEET DRAGGING
KNOWING THE POORNESS OF MY WORDS
I ARRIVE BEFORE YOU
AND PARTAKE OF THE GROUP
IMPATIENTLY WAITING
FOR MY TURN
TO TURN
MY EGO LOSE ON YOU POOR POETS.
NOT REALLY TAKING IN YOUR EGO,
YOUR WORDS.

SO SAY WHEN
YOUR EARS HAVE HAD THEIR QUOTA
AND I SHALL AWAY
BACK TO MY DEN
TO COWL AND SCOWL
IN MY CORNER
WAITING EAGERLY
TO POUNCE YET AGAIN

NEXT MONTH,
THERE IS ALWAYS NEXT MONTH
EACH TIME ASKING
AM I A GENIUS
OR A DEMENTED FOOL
NO....NO.....
KEEP SAYING I AM A GENIUS

Barry Conway

Scarlet Woman

SCARLET WOMAN

I AM IN LOVE
WITH A SCARLET WOMAN
WHOSE NAME IS ETCHED UPON MY HEART.
THE LOVELY SWEET MADELAINE
Je t'aime plus qu'hier et bien moins que demain

WE HAVE NEVER MET,
YET EVERY NIGHT
WE MAKE PASSION PURE,
THROUGHOUT THE FAR REACHES OF THE MULTIVERSE.
FOR WE HOLD EACH OTHERS HANDS TIGHT
THROUGH ALL DARK TUNNELS
INTO THE LIGHT WHERE LOVE ILLUMINATES US ALL

YOU MAY THINK MY LOVE IS FANCIFUL
THE WISHFUL THINKING OF FANTASY,
BUT YOU DO NOT SEE WITH OUR EYES
DO NOT BREATH WITH OUR BREATH
DO NOT FEEL THE BEAT OF OUR HEARTS AS ONE
THERE ARE NO WORDS
TO DESCRIBE HER LAVENDER AURA
THAT SURROUNDS HER.
YOU DO NOT HEAR THE TENDERNESS OF HER WORDS
OR THE WISDOM OF HER THOUGHTS.

WE HOLD EACH OTHER IN LOVE
WHAT THE WORLD CALLS FANTASY
WE HOLD REAL
A KNOWLEDGE ALWAYS KNOW TO US
FOR LOVE IS A FORCE
ENTWINED IN OUR BEINGS
IN UTTER SURRENDER
OF ANY BARRIER
AND MAIDLAINE AND I
ARE NATURE

Scruff

SCRUFF

THE DOG CAME BOWLING UP TO HER,
AND SHE SMELT HIM BEFORE HE ARRIVED.
SHE WAS SAT ON A COLD PARK BENCH,
EATING A HAM AND MUSTARD SANDWICH,
MADE WITH WHOLEMEAL BREAD AND REAL BUTTER.

THE DOG, WHO WE SHALL CALL SCRUFF,
FOR HE WAS TO SAY THE LEAST DISHEVELED,
SAT DOWN AND JUST STARED AT HER,
THIS MATTED, SHAGGY, DIRTY DOG,
MOVED HIS WEIGHT FROM PAW TO PAW,
SMACKING HIS LIPS.
AS SHE TOOK ANOTHER BITE
SCRUFF SHUFFLED MORE VIGOROUSLY,
HIS LOOK BECOMING MORE URGENT.

SHE FELT GUILT, MADE TO FEEL GUILT.
SHE CAREFULLY OPENED WHAT WAS LEFT
AND LICKED OFF THE MUSTARD.
IT MADE HER NOSE AND EYES RUN,
AND BURNT, FOR A MOMENT, THE ROOF OF HER MOUTH.

SHE TOSSED FIRST THE HAM,
THEN THE BREAD AND REAL BUTTER.
SCRUFF CAUGHT THEM IN MID AIR,
AND WITHOUT CHEWING, GULPED THEM DOWN.
HE WAITED, STILL SHUFFLING, EXPECTANTLY,
HOPING FOR MORE BOUNTY.
SHE SHOWED HIM THE EMPTY SANDWICH BAG,
BUT HE DID NOT MOVE, STOPPED SHUFFLING,
AND JUST STARED AT HER WITH THOSE MATTED, SAD EYES,
IN QUESTION.

TOO MUCH TO RESIST, TOO LITTLE FOOD,
FOR SUCH A DOG AS HE,
WHO SHE KNEW WOULD ENJOY, AND BENEFIT FROM, A BATH,
A GOOD MEAL, A SOFT BED,

AND A LOVING HOME.

Barry Conway

Sea And Sands

SEA and SANDS

HOLLICOMBE BEACH
IN EASY REACH
IN HOLLICOMBE PARK
THROUGH THE OLD RAILWAY ARCH
DOWN THE GREY SLOPE
TO BE GREETED, BY THE GREATER
GREY FALLEN BODIES OF THE ROCKS
UPON THE RED SANDED BEACH
GROUNDED BY TIMES RELENTLESS TIDES
FRAMED BY TOR BAY.

I OFTEN WALK THROUGH
OVER THE ROCKS AND SHALLOW ROCK POOLS
SEESAWING BETWEEN HIGH AND LOW TIDES
OVER SEAWEEDS, MUSSELS AND BARNACLES
BY PLAYING GRANDPARENTS AND CHILDREN
NETTING CRABS AND MEMORIES
THEN ON TO PRESTON SANDS FORWARDING
TO THE CLEAR EXPANSE OF PAIGNTON BEACH,
A WALKWAY A SEAGULLS AND CROWS
WHO IN YOUR PASSAGE EYE YOU UNTRUSTINGLY
SCAMPERING BEFORE YOUR MASS
IN THEIR INDIGNITY AT THE MIGHTY GIANT.

I PASS BY NEW SAND FORTS
CONSTRUCTED BY BUDDING ARCHITECTS
KICK THE OCCASIONAL BALL BACK
AND WONDER IF I SHOULD GET
SOME CHIPS OR ICE CREAM
OR MAYBE PLAY THE MACHINES ON THE PIER.
INSTEAD I USUALLY SETTLE FOR INTERESTING STONES
WASHED UPON THE SANDS,
PEEKING OUT NERVOUSLY MISPLACED
WHICH WILL NOW HAVE A PERMANENCE IN MY GARDEN.

ON MY WAY BACK HOME
I WILL SIT ON HOLLICOMBE BEACH

PRESS MY HANDS, FINGERS AND TOES INTO THE SAND
MARVEL AT THE PATTERNS OF THE SKY
TRY TO COUNT THE SAILBOATS,
COMPOSE A POEM OR A NEW REALITY
REFLECT ON LIFE IN GENERAL
AND BE TRANQUILLY CALM
FROM MY EXERTIONS,
KNOWING HOW LUCKY ARE WE
WHO LIVE WITHIN TORBAY'S BATHE
THAT OUR EYES MAY LOOK OUT OVER
SUCH BEAUTY, AND WONDER,
SURELY, ALL THIS, CAN NOT JUST BE ELEMENTS
RANDOMLY THROWN TOGETHER BY THE COSMOS,
IT CAN NOT JUST BE AN ACCIDENT OF DESIGN.
HOW I WISH
WE HAD THE TRUE UNDERSTANDING
OF OURSELVES.

Barry Conway

Second Meeting

SECOND MEETING

THEY SPOKE ON THE PHONE
ABOUT THE SECOND MEETING
FEELING UNEASY AT THE QUEASINESS,
HE KNEW HER QUIETNESS,
THE WRONGNESS OF IT.
THE LANGUAGE,
SOMETHING HAD FLED
FROM THE FIRST JOINING.

HER SENTENCES WERE STACCATO
WITHOUT THE DEEP SIGHS
OFTEN GIVEN WHEN THEY HAD TALKED.
WHY HAD THEY DISSIPATED INTO MEMORY.

HE KNEW THE OUTCOME BEFORE
IT IS THE KNOWING THAT IS THE HARDEST.
FOR HIS SWORD WAS DENIAL
CLINGING TO A LIFEBOAT OF HOPE
A DISH OF DISAPPOINTMENT OVERDONE,
PASSED ITS BEST.
THE FLOAT TO FLOAT AWAY INTO MEMORY.
LOST POSSIBILITIES,
THE REALITIE, S
OF LONLINESS ON THE PHONE.

Barry Conway

Senses

SENSES

EVERYTHING WE EXPERIENCE,
IS A MEMORY,
EVEN AS I WRITE THIS,
THE SLOW TICKING,
OF THE WELL WORN CLOCK,
ABOVE AND BELOW,
KEEPS ITS TIME AND HEARTBEAT,
AS ITS MEMORY LIVES ON

SIGHT
MISTY EYES,
OPEN EACH PAGE,
WRITING DOWN EACH NEW LINE,
RECORDING FOR ALL TIME
WHETHER OR NOT, SEEN OR READ,
THE VIBRATIONS OF ENERGY,
AFFORDED TO US.
THEY PASS,
THROUGH THE REALITY,
OF THE SEEN AND MISSED,
TO BE STORED,
AND MADE AVAILABLE,
UPON THE IMPULSE.

SOUND
THE EARS WORK IN HARMONY,
LAYERING SOUND UPON THE MEMORIES,
CREATING THE SIGNATURE TIME,
TO THE HAPPENING,
GIVING TITLE.

SMELL,
ADDS ITS OWN INTERPRETATION,
SO POWERFUL,
AS IT ILLICITS STRONG ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS,
TO ITS PULL IN CONJURING UP TIME.

TASTE, ☐
JOINS THE ORCHESTRA, ☐
PLAYING ITS SUBTLE TUNES, ☐
IN MULTIDIMENSIONAL LIQUIDS, ☐
UPON OUR RECEPTORS, ☐
WHO JOIN IN RECOGNITION.
FEEL AND TOUCH,
THE ELECTRICAL TETHERING,
PLAYING ITS SUBTLE TUNES, ☐
CONNECTED BY OUR SENSES.

Barry Conway

Sentenced

SENTENCED

THE BOLD AND THE TIMID
FLACCID AND LIMP
FORTHRIGHT AND FLIGHT
IN THE FIGHT OF THE FEW
WHERE METAPHORICALLY
WE MEET
AND GREET
EACH OTHERS WORKS
WORKING OR NOT
IS IT THE JOURNEY
OR THE DESTINATION
OR THE ENDLESS DRONE
OF AN ENDLESS POEM
FOR EVERYTHING HAS MERIT.

WE SHARE THE CUP OF CREATIVITY
THE UNIMPORTANT IMPORTANT
OF THE MOMENT
WHERE ALL GLAZED EYES
VISIT US
IN THE DREAM
CONDITIONED BY THE MASTER
CALLED CREATIVITY
THE NECESSITY OF THE NOUN
THE VOLATILITY OF THE VERB
THE WORRY OF THE WORD
THE SENTENCE OF THE SENTENCED.

Barry Conway

Shall We Never Be Free

SHALL WE NEVER BE FREE

SHALL WE NEVER BE FREE OF RACISM
BIGOTRY
SEXISM
ANGER
FEAR
LOATHING
MISUNDERSTANDING
CONFLICT
WAR
GENOCIDE
KILLING
HATE
RELIGION
POLITICS
MANIPULATION
SLAVERY
PERSECUTION
JEALOUSY
ENVY
PRIDE
EGO

SHALL WE NEVER BE FREE OF OURSELVES.

Barry Conway

Shared Pain

SHARED PAIN

THERE IS NO GREATER PAIN OF EMOTION,
THAN FEELING SOMEONE ELSE'S PAIN OF EMOTION.
IT JUMPS,
FROM ONE TO ANOTHER,
IN AN INVISIBLE TIE,
THAT BINDS SORRY TOGETHER,
IN ITS PAIN OF SORROWS.

YOU LOOK TO ONE ANOTHER,
FOR COMFORT AND SOLACE,
LOOK FOR A SAFE HAVEN,
WHERE YOU CAN ESCAPE,
FROM THE ACHE,

THE GREATER THE PAIN,
THE CLOSER YOU BECOME IN YOUR COMPASSION.,
YOU ARE JOINED OF ONE FAMILY,
SIBLINGS OF SORROW,
AND EACH TEAR THAT TRAVELS DOWNWARDS,
REFLECTS THROUGH BOTH SOULS,
WHO WRITHE.
ALL THE LOOKS AND PLEADING, S
ARE CONVEYED IN IT'S QUESTIONING,
OF WHY,
MUST THIS REIGN OF TEARS DIM THE LIGHT?
HOPING THAT TOGETHER,
THEY CAN SEE THROUGH THE PAIN..

Barry Conway

She Calls Me Hers

SHE CALLS ME HERS

SOME CALL HER PLAIN,
SOME CALL HER DULL,
SOME CALL HER FOOLISH,
I CALL HER MINE.

OUR FIRST UNION,
WHEN THE UNIVERSE REVOLVED AROUND US,
WE FELL IN EACH OTHER
FELL, INTO THE DEPTHS,
OF A DEEP. BLACK HOLE,
THAT OPENED AS OUR GUIDE,
WHERE NOTHING ELSE COULD ENTER,
OR MATTER.
WE FELT EVERYTHING AND NOTHING,
ALL AT THE SAME TIME,
FOR IT WENT PASSED FEELING,
PAST UNDERSTANDING,
PAST ALL KNOWLEDGE,
ALL DESIRE,
ALL LIFE, ALL DEATH.
IT CONTAINED US
WITHIN A NEW SPHERE OF EXISTENCE,
WITHOUT EXISTING..

Barry Conway

She Came

SHE CAME

SHE CAME TO ME,
AS A THIEF COMES TO A WINDOW,
STARED INTO ME,
SEEKING AN ADVANTAGE.

SWEET GENTLE NATURE,
IS NOT ALWAYS,
THE GOODNESS WE ASPIRE TO,
IT LEAVES A DOOR,
THAT OTHERS RUSH THROUGH.

IT IS THE DECISION,
ONE OF BALANCE,
WETHER TO BE EXPLOITED,
FOR BEING ASPIRATIONAL.

Barry Conway

She Came From

SHE CAME FROM

SHE
CAME FROM THE SEA
HER HAIR FLAXEN AND GOLD

AND THE TIDES ALL SUBSIDED
FOR HER STORY TO BE TOLD
SHE HAD COME FOR ME
HER LOVE
WAS PLAIN TO SEE
FROM THE MISTY WASTES
TO SET MY BODY FREE

SHE CAME FOR ME

HER LOVE TO GIVE UNTOLD
URCHINS CLUSTERED AT HER FEET
BABY SEALS WAITED TO GREET
HER LOVE TO BE?

WAS ME!
ME!

"COME WITH ME" SHE SAID
"TO THE BEAUTY OF THE SEA
TO LIVE ON SILENT ROCKS
WHERE TIME WILL WAIT FOR THEE
FOR I HAVE COME FOR YOU! "

FOR SHE HAD COME FOR ME!

Barry Conway

She Can Linger Not

SHE CAN LINGER NOT

SHE COMES AND GOES IN HER MAD DASH
WILL NOT HESITATE, DOES NOT CRASH
SHALL NEVER TARRY OR STAY AWHILE
BUT TRAVELS FOREVER THAT EXTRA MILE

THOUGH BEHIND HER SMILE A DARKEST SECRET
ONE TOO TERRIBLE TO EVER ACCEPT
THAT KEEPS HER RUNNING ALL THE WHILE
SHIELDED AND GUARDED BEHIND HER SMILE

I CAN NOT CATCH HER, I DARE NOT TRY
SHE KNOWS THE REASON, SHE KNOWS THE WHY
FAR BETTER FOR HER THE WAY SHE BE
THAN SHARE HER AWFUL TRUTH WITH ME

SO MY HUMMING BIRD FLIES UNTIL SHE DIES
AND I MISS THE YEARS AS THEY PASS ME BY
RESIGNED IN THE KNOWLEDGE AS ONE CAN BE
THAT THE TRUTH WITHIN US CAN NEVER BE FREE.

Barry Conway

She Led Him

SHE LED HIM

SHE LED HIM,
THROUGH THE OLD FLAKING BARN DOOR,
GROANING WITH THE EFFORT,
LED HIM UP THE WEATHERED MORTAR STEPS,
THAT MOVED UNDERFOOT AS A SEA OF TIDE,
TO THE SAD, DROOPING NEGLECTED WISTERIA,
THROWN BY TIME AND WIND.
IT'S OUTSTRETCHED REACHES,
REACHED FOR A LOVING, HELPING HAND,
TO HELP IT STAND TALL ANEW,
SO THAT IT ONCE AGAIN,
COULD SEE THE OLD WINDMILL,
BEFORE TIME TOO STOOD IT STILL.

HE TOILED IN THE COLD ROUGH WIND,
SCURRYING TO UNDO HIS GREYCOAT,
GATHERING SPEED THROUGH THE PINES,
TO REST UPON HIM,
FELT THE CRISP SUNLIGHT OF HER BRIGHT EYES,
FAR WARMER THAN THE SUN,
BRIGHT EYES THAT ENTERED HIM,
WITH A LOVING GAZE IN CONSTANT.
HE FELT WAVES OF AN ECHO,
DEEPER THAN THE UNIVERSE,
LIFT HIM ABOVE THE GROUND,
SAW HER INTERTWINE WITH THE GREEN WIRE,
MOVING THROUGH IT,
TO BECOME THE WALL THAT SUPPORTED HIM,
ALL THIS WITHOUT TIME, WITHIN KNOWING,
FOR NOW HE BECAME THE TALL WISTERIA,
HE HAD JOINED ALL THE OTHERS,
SO ALL WINDS COULD BLOW WITHOUT RECOURSE.
ALL EXPECTATION CEASE,
UNTIL THE NEXT MAN WAS LED BY ELVIN,
TO SUSTAIN THE WISTERIA AT WALMER TOWERS.

She Was Stopped

SHE WAS STOPPED

SHE WAS STOPPED
BY IMMIGRATION AT DOVER
HER FACED DRESSED
IN THE INEVITABILITY OF HER PAST

SHE WAS STOPPED
FROM DRINKING FRESH, CLEAN WATER
EVEN THOUGH WHERE SHE LIVES
WATER KILLS MOST BEFORE THEY ARE FIVE

SHE WAS STOPPED
FROM HAVING ENOUGH FOOD
SO THAT AT NIGHT
SHE WOULD NOT BE DOUBLED UP
IN THE ACHING PAIN OF MALNUTRITION

SHE WAS STOPPED
FROM THE FREEDOM
OF NO LONGER BEING SLAVE LABOUR
WORKED TO EXHAUSTION
FOR NO REWARD

SHE WAS STOPPED
UNRELEASED
FROM THE HORROR
OF BEING REPEATEDLY RAPED
WHENEVER THE SOLDIERS FELT LIKE SPORT
PASSING THEIR TROPHY FROM ONE TO ANOTHER

SHE WAS STOPPED
FROM ESCAPING AN EXISTENCE
WHERE DISEASE AND DEATH
ARE SOMETIMES THE ONLY RELEASE
FROM ANGUISH

SHE WAS STOPPED
TO BE N ABLE
FOR THE 1ST TIME IN HER LIFE
FROM BEING FREE
TO PRACTICE HER RELIGION
IN A DEMOCRATIC SOCIETY

SHE WAS STOPPED
AS AN ECONOMIC IMMIGRANT
WHO DID NOT KNOW
HOW TO PLAY THE SYSTEM
SENT BACK,
HER FUTURE DENIED

SHE WAS STOPPED
AND IN STOPPING HER
WE STOP OURSELVES.

Barry Conway

Shoe Shine Boy

"SHINE YOUR SHOES FOR YOU SAHIB?
BEST SHOE SHINE
CHEAP,
VERY CHEAP
YOU WANT GUIDE OF NEW DELHI?
BEST GUIDE
CHEAP,
VERY CHEAP.
SAHIB,
SAHIB YOU WANT GIRLS?
BEST GIRLS,
CHEAP,
VERY CHEAP
WHATEVER YOU WANT SAHIB
RUM DUM FIX
ME CLEAN SHOES NOW SAHIB? "

Barry Conway

Signpost

SIGNPOST

THERE IS A SIGNPOST
THAT WHEN APPROACHED
CHANGES,
BUT IT DOES NOT CHANGE
FOR EVERYONE.

FOR SOME THE WRITING IS CLEAR,
FOR OTHERS,
IT POINTS IN THE WRONG DIRECTION.
FOR SOME IT IS BLURRED.
FOR ME,
WITH EVERY STEP I TAKE TOWARDS IT,
IT SEEMS TO RECEDE, .
AND CHANGE ITS MESSAGE.

IT IS SITED
IN A LONG, GREEN FIELD,
OF BUTTERCUPS AND POPPIES.
THE FIELD IS SO IMMENSE,
THAT ITS END,
IS WITHOUT CONVERGENCE.
I DO NOT KNOW,
HOW I ENTERED THE FIELD,
OR WHY I AM HERE,
ONLY THAT THE WHISPERS OF THE ANCIENTS,
SURROUND ME,
ALL TELLING THEIR OWN STORIES,
INSISTING ON ITS ONE AND ONLY DIRECTION.

THE GROUND IS FIRM IN PLACES,
AND IN OTHERS,
IT FALLS AWAY BENEATH YOUR APPROACH,
INTO NOTHINGNESS.
AS I MAKE MY WAY,
I TREAD CAREFULLY BETWEEN FLOWERS,
TRYING NOT TO CRUSH THEM,
BUT I AM NOT ALWAYS SUCCESSFUL,

AND IT HARMS MY CONSCIENCE,
BUT I PERSIST TOWARDS THE SIGN,
HOPING THAT MY PROGRESS,
WILL BE OF WORTH
AND THAT ONCE I ACHIEVE MY GOAL,
IT WILL LEAD ME TO THE NEXT.

BUT I MUST SEE FOR MYSELF WHAT IT SAYS
I CAN NOT BE PERSUADED,
DISSUADED OR DIVERTED,
FROM ITS MESSAGE.
FOR IN THE FIELD,
WHERE THE SIGN APPEARS,
YOU ARE ALL WAITING FOR ME.

Barry Conway

Signwriter.

SIGNWRITER.

THUS I LAY BEFORE YOU
EMPLOY YOU
FOR YOUR PRAISE
TO LAZE
IN THE WARM DAZE
OF THE MIND
BASKING AND FROLICKING
IN THE PRAISE
OF YOUR MILD CONTENTMENT
WHERE THE GLAZE REMOVED
LETS THE LIGHT SHINE THROUGH
FOR TODAY
YOURS IS THE KINGDOM
AND THE WORLD
YOUR SUBJECT SUBDUED.

BATTERED AND BRUISED
AGED BY LIFE
RESOLUTE
IN THE DETERMINATION
WORRIED
IN THE DELIVERY
OF THEIR DELIVERANCE
STANCE UPON STANCE
TRANCE TO TRANCE
ONE BY ONE
EACH THOUGH
NOT UNDERSTANDING
IN THE UNDERSTANDING
THEY SEEK,
FOR IN THAT MYSTERY
RESIDES HOPE
RAISES YOU ABOVE
LETS THE SIGNWRITER OF YOUR SPIRIT
BE RECOGNIZED
TO THE ONLY ONE,
OF THE ONE WHO MATTERS.

YOU.

THUS YOU ARE GIVEN FORTH
AN EAGERNESS TO RESUME
RESERVE THE PLACE
LET YOU FACE
YOUR PEERS
THE YEARS
TO THIS FORUM OF DECORUM
TO DECIMATE OR DELIGHT
TO PRONOUNCE, TO REVIEW
TO DELIGHT OR FROWN
THE FAULTED FORM
THE FLOWING FARCE
THAT COURSES AND CHANNELS
YOUR PROMPTING
THE EMPTYING OF THE WELL
TO QUENCH ALL THIRST
IN STORY
IN VERSE
OR WORSE
IN SONG.

SOMEWHERE IN BETWEEN
SOMEWHERE IN THE CHASM OF A DREAM
THE SALIVA OF SALVATION
THE PHLEGM OF FAILURE
DEEP DEEP DEEP
IN THE DEEPEST DEPTHS OF DESIRE
HIDDEN IN UNENDING VOYAGE
UNTROUBLED BY THE PASSAGE OF TIME
AWAITS THE RAPTURE OF KNOWLEDGE
ENTOMBED IN A DREAM
AWAITS THE KEEPSAKE
OF THE CAPTIVE HEART
RESOUNDING TO DESTINY'S BEAT
CONCERNED ONLY
IN THE CONCEPT OF CREATING
A PERFECT LOVE.

Barry Conway

Silentation

SILENTATION

THE DARKNESS OF MY PROTESTATION
WHERE I SHALL GO WITHOUT HESITATION
AT THE MOMENT OF MY STAGNATION
ON MY JOURNEY OF DESPERATION

TIME STANDS STILL WITHOUT ELATION
NO HOPE TO THOUGHT IN TREPIDATION
IN THE WHIRL OF DEVASTATION
WITHOUT A BODY OR A NATION

MY SOUL TRAVELS IN ISOLATION
TO THE UNKNOWN DESTINATION
WHERE I WILL MEET MY FINAL STATION
THE ETERNAL PAIN OF MY DAMNATION

Barry Conway

Silver Thread

SILVER THREAD

EACH OF OUR THOUGHTS,
ARE ON A SILVER THREAD.
IT ENTICES,
IT CLARIFIES,
JUST ENOUGH TO TEMP US
TO EXPLORE IT'S MEANING

NO MATTER HOW HARD YOU PULL IT
IT STRETCHES,
UNRAVELING MORE THREAD,
A NEVER ENDING CONSTRUCT,
WITH NO RESOLUTION.
THE UNENDING THREAD,
UNNERVING EVERY THOUGHT,
UNABLE TO CLARIFY,
STRAINING US TO MAINTAIN.
IN DETERMINATION,
WE CONTINUE TO UNWIND IT.

BUT AS WE PULL IT,
WE COME TO THE REALIZATION,
THAT THE SILVER THREAD,
CONNECTS US ALL.
EACH OF US PULLS
BILLIONS OF INDIVIDUALS,
BILLIONS OF THREADS,
EMENATING FROM A CENTRE OF KNOWLEDGE.

NOW AND AGAIN,
A SHOUT WILL BE HEARD,
I HAVE UNWOUND IT!
AND I HAVE THE ANSWER!
FOLLOW ME,
FOLLOW ME,
FOLLOW ME.

Simply Complicated

SIMPLY COMPLICATED

WE ARE SIMPLE MACHINES,
PUT LIQUID IN,
PUT FOOD IN,
ADD SHELTER, SLEEP,
LOVE AND EXERCISE,
AND THE MACHINE RUNS SMOOTHLY.

WE ARE COMPLEX MACHINES,
PUT CONSCIOUSNESS IN,
PUT AWARENESS IN,
ADD THOUGHT, PURPOSE
HAPPINESS AND FULFILLMENT,
AND THE MACHINE RUNS SMOOTHLY.

OR SO IT SEEMS,
BUT THE MACHINE WILL FALTER,
THE DELICATE BALANCE,
IS NOT ALWAYS POSSIBLE,
AS NATURE,
TAKES THE SIMPLICITY,
TAKES THE COMPLEX,
AND SPINS THEM UPON IT'S AXIS,
UNTIL WE ARE ALL SPUN OFF.

Barry Conway

So Gaye

SO GAYE

SO GAYE
THIS IS YOUR WAY
THE ENTHUSIASM OF THE LEARNED

TAUT OF SPIRIT
TAUGHT OF SOUL
SCHOOLED OF LIFE
WITHIN THE LIVING FORCES OF NATURE
TO NURTURE THOSE AROUND
FOUND
AND WANTON
FOREVER SEARCHING FOR THE HAND
THAT HELPS THOSE THAT NEED

COINED OF WORTH
IN WHO'S HEART
STARTS
THE IMAGINATION OF THE POSSIBLE
THE COLOSSAL
THE MOUNTAIN
IS BUT A FOUNTAIN
OF YOUTH
FLOWING WITHIN THE ACHIEVEMENT
ALL POSSIBLE
ALL PROBABLE
EACH MERIT LYING
WITHIN EACH MERIT
THE POTENTIAL OF THE POTENT
EACH NOTION
FULFILLED
SPILLED
UPON THE HEADS OF THE ANOINTED.

Barry Conway

Solitude

SOLITUDE

THERE IS SOLITUDE IN LONELINESS,
A QUIETNESS OF ASSUREDITY
THAT COMES FROM BEING ALONE,
WHERE YOU CAN REFLECT,
ON YOUR LIFE'S STORIES.
CONSIDER THEM,
AS THEY REVISIT YOU,
IN YOUR MINDS EYE.
OLD FRIENDS, OR ENEMIES,
JOSTLING FOR IMPORTANCE,
IN THE MISTY MEMORIES,
THAT INHABIT US ALL.

THEY ARE THE REFLECTIONS,
THE MANY PRISMS,
THAT THROW LIGHT,
ON OUR DEVELOPMENT.
YOUR MIND, BODY AND HEART,
SOME SAY, ARE SEPARATE,
ONLY JOINED ON THIS EARTHLY PLAIN,
SO THAT THESE LESSONS,
CAN BE REPLAYED,
AND BE REPLAYED OVER AGAIN,
SO THAT THEIR TRUE MEANINGS,
CAN BE DISCLOSED,
AND UNDERSTOOD.

AND IT IS THIS
THAT SOLITUDE EXPELS,
CALMNESS IN ABANDONMENT.

Barry Conway

Someanotherbody

SOMEANOTHERBODY

I WAS ONCE SOMEANOTHERBODY
UNTIL THE GUMCHUCKING CAME MY WAY
I WAS LED
THE WAY OF ALL BOOTCREAKERS
WHO CLODRUNGLE THE PATH OF QUESTIONING
TO BECOME A PENUMBULIST OF POETRY

IN MY UNCARING YOUTH
I ONCOMBOBBED
AND ENJOYED MY SINGOLITY
I SPENT MY LIFE CHASING
LUMPBUMPTIOUS WOMANDANGLERS
WHO WOULD PROVIDE ME WITH
EXPERIENCE S OF DOGGINCHAFFTER
AS I WAS VIRILE
AND FULL OF SMUGGLEWHIPPERRY
I ALWAYS SEARCHED FOR WOMDANGLERS
WITH LONG LEGDOLLAS
WHO WERE NOT ALWAYS FLAPPERWALLING
WHO WANTED A YOUNG MANDONGLER TO LOVE.

THEY WERE FROGTICKLING TIMES
CONFECTIOUS,
BUT MY GRAMMERFUNGACIDE
BLUBBERWALLING IN THE PANTRY
SAID MY LIFE WAS FARTITIOUS
AND I WOULD END UP AN IDEOCRYGENIC
A MIND ABLUTER ALONE.

SO I MARRIED A WASHMONGREL
ON A WHIMCLONKER
AND DISASTER STRUCK
I REMONGRELLED IN MY FORTIES
AND DISASTER STRUCK.
SO NOW IN MY SINGOLITY
I RETURNED TO SOMEANOTHERBODY
AND FINALY I WAS CHUFFINECTIOUS AGAIN.

Barry Conway

Speak Of Love

SPEAK OF LOVE

I HEAR THE SPEAK OF LOVE
AND I HEAR IT
IN THE LOVING WAY
OF YOUR LOOK
SO NEAR THE HEART YOU GIVE ME

EACH LINE OF A POEM
IS VISITED UPON US
AS OUR BODIES ENTWINE
AND WE ARE JOINED AS ONE
ONE MIND
IN FEELING AND CONTENTMENT
FULFILLED OF OUR PASSION
IN THE LASTING MOVEMENT
OF OUR LOVEMAKING

EACH
BRINGS US CLOSER
MAKING EACH SECOND PRECIOUS.
ALL LANGUAGE IS OPEN TO US
ALL WE NEED

Barry Conway

Spun

SPUN

THE TORSO CRAWLED
OVER THE FACE THE STARING GAZE
OF THE SPIDER
THE FRONT HAIRS OF ITS LEGS
PRODUCE YOUR QUIVER
A SLIVER
OF OPAQUE SWEAT
SLICES THE PARANORMAL
ENCLOSED IN A QUANTUM
AS ALL KNOWLEDGE
AND REMEMBRANCE
OF THE REAL
RECEDES
INTO THE NEXT DIMENSION
OF YOUR THOUGHTS.
THE FLY
JUST ANOTHER MONSTER
STRUGGLES TO READ YOU
FROM ITS CONSTRAINT
IN THE CAPTURE
OF WOVEN SILK
THE MILK
OF THE CAPTIVE
FORCED TO DRINK
OF ITS POTION
THE LOTION
OF THE LOST

EVERYTHING IS SPINNING
AND YOUR ORBIT DIMMING
PREPARING ITS NEXT MEAL
THE SURREAL OF THE SURREAL
A PORTION AT A TIME
APPORTIONED IN TIME
MATCHED IN SYMMETRY
OF MOVEMENT
AND DESIRE

THE FIRE
SLOWLY EXTINGUISHED
BY THE FADING.

Barry Conway

Squiffy The Squiff

SQUIFFY THE SQUIFF

IT DID NOT HAPPEN OFTEN,
BUT WHEN IT DID,
IT WAS MOMENTOUS.

YOU SEE!
WHEN HE GOT SQUIFFY,
HE BECAME VERY FUNNY,
AND WHAT IS THE MORE AMAZING,
SO DID SHE!

Barry Conway

St Michael's Mount

ST MICHAEL S MOUNT

HERE SIT I,
AT MARIZON BEACH,
ON ROCK 1 TO INFINITY,
MARVELING,
AT ST MICHAEL'S MOUNT,
AS MILLIONS BEFORE AVE DONE.

THEN,
UPON AN INSTANT,
I AM CAPTURED,
WITHIN THE MYSTICAL REALITY,
NOT OF THIS,
OR ANY OTHER WORLD,
SEEING,
FOR THE FIRST TIME,
THE COTTAGES,
DASHED AROUND IT'S BASE,
START TO ROTATE.

THE CAROUSEL GATHERS ENERGY,
SPINNING FASTER AND FASTER,
LIFTING SKYWARDS,
A CATHERINE WHEEL,
CHANNELING INTO SPACE,
A TRAIL ABLAZE,
SPIRALING UP,
PULLING THE ROOF,
OFF THE WORLD,
INTO A VORTEX,
TAKING ALL LIFE FORMS,
IN IT'S WAKE,
POWERING TO A NEW WORLD,
LEAVING BEHIND,
THIS DYING PLANET,
WE DESTROY WITH LOATHING.

I WATCHED MOTHER EARTH,

BECOME AN ORPHAN,
WATCHED THE WILDERNESS,
BECOME A WILDERNESS,
AS I AM SWEPT UP,
INTO THIS REALITY.

AND FROM ON HIGH,
I SEE,
THE HARD CRUEL WIND,
BATTERING,
MASTERING INTO SUBMISSION ALL,
WHO FEELS IT'S FURY,
HEAR GULLS WHELPING,
SPIRALING AGAINST IT'S POWER,
SEARCHING FOR UNDERSTANDING,
IN IT'S SUBSTANCE,
BEING THROWN BACK,
AGAIN AND AGAIN.

THE SEA,
ROLLING IN HERDS OF HORSES,
RACING TO THE SHORE,
TAMES AND SUBDUED,
WITHOUT DEFIANCE.
THROUGH ALL,
THE RIBBONS OF CLOUD AND MIST,
THE SUN,
THE FATHER OF US ALL,
CHASTISES NOT,
AS IT DEMANDS PASSAGE,
TO KEEP A WARMTH WITHIN.

CAPTURED NOW,
IT'S DEMANDS MET,
THE SUNLIGHT HITS THE SPINNING CHAPEL,
PULSES OF ENERGY EMMINATE,
IN ALL DIRECTIONS FROM THE DISMOUNT.
I AM INTOXICATED AMID THE CHAOS,
IN CALM AND PEACE.
NOW NO WIND, NOW WAVES, NO MIST,
TIME AND REALITY,

STANDING STILL.
THE GULLS DROP LIKE STONES,
UPON THE BLACK LEFT BEHIND.
BEMUSED AND BEWILDERED,
THEY SCREECH AT ME FOR ANSWERS,
TO EXPLAIN THE PHENOMENON,
OF WHICH WE ARE ALL PLAYERS.

THE MOUNT,
DISMOUNTED,
NOW LIT UP,
HOVERING AND VIBRATING SOUND,
SPOKE TO US ALL IN INVISIBLE THOUGHT.
LOOKED BACK TO HARNESS US ALL,
FOR THE JOURNEY,
TO BE REWORKED AND REBORN,
BY A NEW DESTINY,
FORMED FROM THE OLD,
BEING TETHERED AND TAKEN,
UPWARD UPON IT'S TAIL,
THE LAST JOURNEY

Barry Conway

Still Searching

STILL SEARCHING

IT WAS UNFINISHED
AND WOULD ALWAYS REMAIN SO

THIS EARTHLY PLAIN
A STOPPING OFF POINT?
EVERYTHING IS ON A JOURNEY
TO SOMEWHERE ELSE
AND IT EXPLAINED
EACH MESSAGE REDIRECTED
EACH OPENING OF LIGHT
LEADING US PASSED BEING
ONE WITH THE COSMOS

SECRET KNOWLEDGE
KNOWN TO ALL
IS WITHIN
WILL YOU LOOK FOR IT
AND IT WILL FIND YOU.
IF YOU TURN AWAY
IT WILL STILL FIND YOU

I NEVER REALLY UNDERSTOOD
THAT I HAD BEEN SEARCHING
ALL MY LIFE
BECAUSE I HAD LET LIFE
GET IN THE WAY
I HAD LET MYSELF
GET IN THE WAY
AND AS THE YEARS PASS
ALL ARE DRAWN CLOSER AND CLOSER
TO A SINGULARITY IN THE SEARCH
TO ANOTHER GATEWAY
INTO A NEW FIELD
LEADING TO A NEW GATEWAY
ON THE OTHER SIDE
LEADING TO ….....

Barry Conway

Stood Unsteady

STOOD UNSTEADY

THE NINE CHIMNEY POTS
STOOD UNSTEADY AS OLD MEN OUTSIDE A DOLE OFFICE.
LEANING ON EACH OTHER FOR SUPPORT,
EACH CRACK OF SKIN,
WEATHER WORN WITH LIFE,
A LIFE SPENT TOGETHER IN FRIENDSHIP, AND HARDSHIP
BEHIND WHICH THE YOUNG FOLLOW,
AS GRANDCHILDREN OF POVERTY,
ALL SIMILAR IN THEIR SMALLER WORTH,
THE WORLD TO BE DISCOVERED
AND DISAPPOINTED IN.
THE GREY LADEN MOSS SLATE ROOF
RESISTED THE EARLY MORNING FINGERS OF WARMTH
ACROSS ITS WET BROW,
REFLECTING A GREEN SUN
THAT GAVE FLAVOUR TO THE LIGHT
AND ANOTHER NEW DAY OF WAITFUL HOPE.

SHE SAW THEM ALL GROW OLD,
AS EACH YEAR PASSED
THROUGH THE SMALL HALVED WINDOW OF HER REFUGE,
ITS PANES COATED WITH PEBBLES OF CONDENSATION,
AND WILLOWED MEMORIES.
STRIPED CURTAINS OF MINT AND TULIP
STOOD FOREVER AT ATTENTION
WHISPERING TO THE OLD PINEAPPLE PLANT
MADE MAD WITH AGE
WAITING IN A RESTRAINT OF EARTHENWARE,
AS D, LOVE UNBOUNDLESS,
PLAYED WITH THE WHISPER OF THE DAY,
PLAYED WITH THE MAGIC BRUSH,
WHOSE SPIKY FORM COLLECTED
THE FUR FROM THE ROOM IN ITS OWN HISTORY.
WHERE WAS THE LOVER PROMISED IN HER DREAMS?
WHEN WOULD THE INSECURITY AND SELF DOUBT DISSIPATE?
WHEN WOULD THE THRESHOLD BE BROKEN,

SO THAT THE OLD MEN WOULD TURN?

Barry Conway

Strange Then

STRANGE THEN

MY BOOK,
RESTS UPON THE BUTTERCUP AND DAISIES,
AS THE EASTER BELLS,
BELL OUT INCESSANTLY,
SPOILING,
A LOVELY WARM SPRING DAY,
CALLING ALL THE DELUDED,
TO WORSHIP,
I PRESUME,
WITHOUT QUESTIONING,
THE SCIENCE,
OF THE SUN AND MOON,
IN WHOSE FORMATION,
CREATION,
IS ACCREDITED.

TO THE UNPROVEN BELIEF,
BENEATH,
LIES MY ACCEPTANCE.
STRANGE THEN,
AS THE TOLLING FINALLY STOPS,
THE WIND DROPS,
THE SUN HIDES,
AND THE LOVELY DAY,
BECOMES WARMER.

Barry Conway

Street

STREET

IT IS ALL TOO HIGHBROW,
I WANT LOWBROW,
TOO STUCK UP,
TOO MANY LONG WORDS,
WOT I DON'T UNDERSTAND,
TOO POSH!
TOO STUCK UP THEIR OWN BUM,
AND EACH OTHERS BUMS TOO.
THEY THINK THEIR SHIT DON'T STINK,
WELL I GOT NEWS FOR THEM,
IT DO!

I AM THE PEOPLES POET,
AND I AIN'T GONNA BLOW IT,
THAT IS WHY RAP,
AIN'T NO CRAP,
CAME TO TOWN,
TO BRING THEM DOWN,
POETRY OF THE STREET,
YOU FEEL THE BEAT,
WHERE YOU CAN MEET
KIDS FAST ON THEIR FEET,
NO NEED TO TWEET
AND BE INCOMPLETE
KIDS FAST ON THEIR MOUTH,
WITH THEIR NORTH AND SOUTH,
WORDS OF YOU AND I,
FROM THE EARTH TO THE SKY,
FOR AS LONG AS I TRY,
THAT'S THE WAY I FLY,
DO YOU FEEL ME MAN,
IT'S MY MASTER PLAN,
SO JUST DON'T FALL,
INTO THEIR POSH TRAP,
JUST GET ON THE RAP,
THE REST IS CRAP.

THEIR BUM DON'T STINK,
YOU THINK?

Barry Conway

Strewn

STREWN

HER WRECKAGE STREWN
UPON THE FLOUNDER
MADE GLORIOUS SOUND
IN THE SILENCE OF HER EXPECTATION

FORCED INTO THE NARROWING LANE
OF A TIME BEYOND ANY
EACH PORE OF HER SKIN
AN OPEN WOUND
SLOWLY BEING ENGULFED
BY THE BEAT OF THE WASH FLOWING OVER HER.
THE GENTLE BEAT
DEADLY IN IT'S PERSISTENCE
WEARING THE FALSE MASK OF THE DECEIVER.

OUTSTRETCHED PLEADING ARMS
FIND NO HOLD
IN THE DISTRUST AND DISTRAUGHT
NO RELIEF
AS HER NEW WORLD WRECKS.

Barry Conway

Stupid Geezer

STUPID GEEZER

HEY! ..GEEZER THANKS FOR STOPPING
WE ARE ON A BLOODY ZEBRA CROSSING
WHO TAUGHT YOU TO DRIVE ADOLPH HITLER
THAT'S MY GRAN AND YOU'VE ONLY JUST MISSED HER

YOU MUST BE BLIND YOU DRIVE LIKE CRAP
GET OUT THE CAR YOU'RE GETTING A SLAP
YOU WERE DRIVING TO FAST LEFT NO TIME TO HALT
DON'T TRY AND BLAME YOUR BRAKES IT'S JUST YOUR FAULT.

YOU EVEN DROVE THROUGH THAT RED LIGHT
AND GAVE THAT YOUNG GIRL AN AWFUL FRIGHT
BY THE LOOKS OF YOU, YOU HAVE BEEN DRINKING
OH MY GOD WHAT WERE YOU THINKING

GET OUT OF THE CAR AND SIT THERE ON THE FLOOR
OR YOU'LL BE EATING HOSPITAL FOOD SUCKED UP THROUGH A STRAW.
I'M CALLING THE POLICE TO DEAL WITH YOU
HOPEFULLY THEY WILL LOCK YOU UP IN THE ZOO.

GO ON, NOW TELL ME THAT YOU HAVE NO INSURANCE
OR EVEN A BLOODY DRIVING LICENSE.
AND WHATS MORE YOU'VE GOT NO TAX I SEE
THE COPS WILL HAVE YOU AND THROW AWAY THE KEY

DON'T TRY AND SAY SORRY, AND PLEAD FOR YOUR NECK
JUST LOOK AT MY GRAN SHE'S A NERVOUS WRECK
NO GRAN YOU CAN'T HIT HIM WITH YOUR HANDBAG
LET THE COPS DEAL WITH HIM, GO AND HAVE A FAG.

HERE THEY COME NOW WITH THE BLUES AND TWOS
BY THE LOOK OF IT THEY HAVE BEEN CHASING YOU.
TAKE HIM AWAY AND WELL GIVE YOU A STATEMENT
AT LEAST YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO ERECT A BLOODY GREAT TENT.

COME ON GRAN, TAKE MY HAND, LET'S GET YOU HOME
BY THE LOOK OF YOU, YOU NEED TO USE THE THRONE

IT'S ALL BEEN TO MUCH FOR YOU, TOO MUCH FUSS
SO TO BE ON THE SAFE SIDE I THINK WE'LL TAKE THE BUS.

Barry Conway

Subconsciousness

SUBCONSCIOUSNESS

I AM,
SUBCONSCIOUSLY RULED.
NO WAKENING THOUGHT.
MY ACTIONS,
REACTIONS,
TO THE FORCE,
ARE UNRECOGNIZED,
WITHOUT.

BEING SHOWN THE WAY,
SHROUDED,
IN PAST AND FUTURE SPENT,
KNOWING,
THAT I DO,
MY BIDDING,
MY INNER SELF,
COLLATES,
ALL THAT I AM,
TO MOVE AHEAD.

LOOKING BACK,
THE CLARITY,
OF THE UNREASONABLE,
FORMS INTO VIEW,
UNWILLING IN IT'S DEFENSE.
IT'S PRESENCE FELT,
MORE THAN,
THE CONSCIOUS WALK.

THE SUBTLE PLAN,
UNFOLDS,
BEFORE MY EYES,
REVEALING THE STORY.
EACH PIECE,
ARRANGED,
FORMING THE PICTURE,
STROKE BY STROKE,

UPON THE TABLED CANVASS.

STAY A WHILE,
AND BE WITH ME,
AND IN THAT BEING,
OF SHARING,
OF SEEING,
UNDERSTAND,
WHO WE ARE,
HOW WE WERE,
AND WHAT WE WILL BECOME.

WHEN ALL,
THAT IS INSIDE US,
IS RELEASED,
ONLY THEN,
WILL WE BE,
TRULY FREE.

Barry Conway

Sue Limericks

SUE LIMERICKS

THERE WAS A YOUNG LADY CALLED SUE
WHO SAID ON THE PHONE 'HOW DO YOU DO'
I SAID VERY WELL
AS WELL YOU MAY TELL
I'M OFF TO CHASE GIRLS ROUND THE ZOO

THERE WAS A YOUNG LADY CALLED SUE
WHO DANCED IN COLOURS BLACK AND BLUE
A LOVELY GIRL
WHO TWISTS AND WHO TWIRLS
AND ALWAYS WEARS A TUTU

THERE WAS A YOUNG LADY CALLED SUE
WHOSE LIFE WAS A ROOM WITH A VIEW
ACROSS ALL THE WORLD
HER ARMS WOULD UNCURL
SO THE LOVE AND JOY CAN RENEW

Barry Conway

Suezy And You

SUEZY AND YOU

WE BOTH DESERVE SOMEONE NICE,
SUEZY KNEW!
HER DESIRE CAME THROUGH.
THE FLAMES THAT BURN DOWN THE GATES,
BURNING,
THE ELUSIVE SPARK,
AGED WITH RESIGNATION,
THE UNFOUND,
FROM THE UNKNOWN,
IMPERCEIVABLE TO THE WRONGED,
LESSONS IN TIME,
DILUTING THE SEARCH,
IN THE EXPERIENCE OF THE SEARCH.

TO DWELL ON THE PAST,
IS TO PLAY THE LOSING GAME,
ENSLAVING THOSE,
WHOSE WEIGHT DRAGS UPON THEM,
IN CONSTANT NIGHT.

TWO SELF EFFACING WISHES,
WHERE THE PROMISE OF LOVE,
IS MISWRITTEN UPON THE PAGE,
OF THE BOOK,
THAT HAS BEEN MISPLACED,
ON THE SHELF.
WHO WILL FIND THE BOOK AGAIN?
BLOW AWAY THE PAST,
OVERCOME THE INSECURITIES,
TO PEER WITHIN,
TO ONE AGAIN,
READ THE WORDS OF LOVE.

Barry Conway

Survive Or Perish

SURVIVE OR PERISH

LIFE'S UNENDING PROBLEMS
SLOWLY DRAGS
RESISTANCES
WHOSE RESIDUE ERODED
IN NERVOUS EXPOSITION.

THE FRICTION
OF THE EFFECTED
WHOSE NEGLECTED SHIELD
OFFERS NO PROTECTION
HARBOURS THE RECOLLECTION
OF PROBLEMS UNSOLVED
OF BEING
IN EACH DAYS BREATHING
RELIVING
EACH DAYS SORROW
OVERLAYING THE MUTED JOY
IN WHOSE RELIEF
SORROW THRIVES

SURVIVE, OR PERISH
SUCCUMB, OR BLOSSOM
EACH FATHOM
DEEPER OR SHALLOWER
THAN THE LAST
MOVING
INTO DARK OR LIGHT
DAY OR NIGHT
SIGHT,
OR BLINDNESS
THE KINDNESS OF THE REVEALED
OR THE HARSHNESS OF THE HARNESS
NO MORE,
OR LESS□

Barry Conway

Take All Of Me

TAKE ALL OF ME

TAKE MY HAND
FOR IF YOU TAKE MY HAND
YOU TAKE MY HEART
IF YOU TAKE MY HEART
YOU TAKE MY MIND
IF YOU TAKE MY MIND
YOU TAKE MY SOUL
AND IF YOU TAKE MY SOUL
CHERISH IT
FOR YOU TAKE EVERYTHING I AM.

Barry Conway

Tanxi Furen (Lady Of Sighs)

TANXI FUREN (LADY OF SIGHS)

HER NAME WAS TANXI FUREN
I PROFESSED MY LOVE FOR HER
BUT LOVE
WAS NOT ENOUGH.
THIS WAS THE TATTOOED LADY
OF MY YOUTH
WHEN LOVE, BEFORE IT GOT LOST,
WAS THE WAY.

THE ANSWER
WAS NOT LOVE ALONE
IT LAID
DISPLAYED
IN HER TATTOO OF SIGHS
WHEREIN LIES
THE ANSWER.
SO I TURNED HER
LEARNED, HER SECRETS
READ FROM THE SCRIPT OF LIVES.
WORD BY WORD
EACH SIGH FLOATED AWAY
ON A STREAM OF LIGHT
TO FORM NEW WORDS
ON HER BODY.
EACH PASSAGE
PASSED INTO NOW,
FOR AS I READ
SHE BECAME LESSENED
UNTIL SHE WAS NO MORE
TANXI FUREN
BUT JOINED OF THE WORLD
NO LONGER ALONE.

ALAS,
I HAD NOT REALIZED
HER TATTOOS HAD REMAINED UNFINISHED
NEW WORDS

WERE FORMING ON HER BODY
IT WAS READING ONCE AGAIN
FROM THE SCRIPT OF LIVES
AND THEY WERE CRIES OF ANGUISH
FROM THOSE LOST TO THE WORLD
AS SHE HAD BEEN.
HAVING BEEN SAVED
THEY NOW CLAMBERED
FOR THE SAME RELEASE

EACH DAY
HER OWN WORDS ON HER BODY
GREW SMALLER
AND HER SKIN, HER BEING
WAS BEING CONSUMED
BY THE NEW SCRIPT OF THE LOST.
THEY DRAINED HER OF ENERGY
DRAINED HER OF MOVEMENT AND LIGHT
UNTIL SHE COULD NO LONGER BEAR
THE ANGUISH OF THOSE NEEDING HELP
HOWEVER MUCH SHE TRIED TO SAVE THEM.
AND IT WAS THEN, , ON THAT DANK MORNING
44 YEARS AGO
SHE DISAPPEARED INTO THE BOOK,
THE BOOK I READ EACH DAY
WITH SORROW

Barry Conway

Tapestry

TAPESTRY

I SIT BESIDE
THE CRICKET GREEN
AND WATCH THE TREES
AS THEY LACE THE SKY'S
OFFERING UP THEIR CHILDREN
THEIR DIFFERENT SHAPES EMBROIDER
THEIR SHADOWS
SPEAK A STORY OF SECRECY
THAT CAN ONLY BE HEARD
WITHIN THEIR BATHE
I LAZE
WITHIN THE HAZE
OF COCKINGTON
SO MANY GREENS
SO MUCH BLUE.

OR MISSGIVINGS.

THE REFLECTION
OF SOMEONE WHO HAS LEANT
LIFES LESSONS
THE TEACHER
OF THE SPIRIT WITHIN US ALL

Barry Conway

Tell Me

TELL ME

TELL ME THE TIME,
AND I WILL GREET YOU.
TELL ME THE PLACE,
AND I WILL MEET YOU.

TELL ME THE DAY,
AND I WILL BESEECH YOU.
TELL ME THE WAY,
AND I WILL REACH YOU.

TELL ME A SIGN,
AND I WILL CARESS YOU.
TELL ME YOUR HEART,
AND I WILL RESCUE YOU.

TELL ME YOUR LOVE,
AND I WILL UNDRESS YOU.
TELL ME YOUR SOUL,
AND I WILL BLESS YOU.

TELL ME THE TIME,
AND I WILL BE YOU,
TELL ME YOUR LIFE,
AND I WILL LIVE YOU.

TELL ME THE DAY,
AND I WILL BE THE DAY.
TELL ME THE WAY,
AND I WILL BE THE WAY.

TELL ME YOUR WILL,
AND I WILL BE YOUR WILL
FOR OUR WORLDS,
ARE THE SAME.

SAY NOTHING,
AND I WILL HEAR,

EVERY WORD.

Barry Conway

Tell Me (Revised)

TELL ME (REVISED)

TELL ME THE TIME,
AND I WILL GREET YOU.
TELL ME THE PLACE,
AND I WILL MEET YOU.

TELL ME THE DAY,
AND I WILL BESEECH YOU.
TELL ME THE WAY,
AND I WILL REACH YOU.

TELL ME THE TRUTH,
AND I WILL BE YOU,
TELL ME YOUR LIFE,
AND I WILL LIVE YOU.

TELL ME A SIGN,
AND I WILL CARESS YOU.
TELL ME YOUR HEART,
AND I WILL RESCUE YOU.

TELL ME YOUR LOVE,
AND I WILL BE YOUR LOVE .
TELL ME YOUR SOUL,
AND I WILL BLESS YOU.

TELL ME THE DREAMS,
AND I WILL BE THE DREAMS.
TELL ME THE WAY,
AND I WILL BE THE WAY.

TELL ME YOUR DESIRES
AND I WILL BE YOUR DESIRES,
TELL ME YOUR HOPE,
AND I WILL BE YOUR HOPE.

TELL ME YOUR THOUGHTS,
AND I WILL BE YOUR THOUGHTS,
TELL ME YOUR SMILE,
AND I WILL BE YOUR SMILE.

TELL ME YOUR PATH,
AND I WILL BE THE PATH,
TELL ME YOUR TEARS,
AND I WILL WIPE THEM AWAY.

TELL ME YOUR PAIN,
AND I WILL REMOVE IT.
TELL ME I'M YOURS,
AND I WILL BE YOURS.

TELL ME YOUR FUTURE,
AND I WILL BE YOUR FUTURE,
TELL ME YOUR FATE,
AND I WILL BE YOUR FATE,

TELL ME YES,
AND I WILL BE YES,
TELL ME YOUR WILL,
AND I WILL BE YOUR WILL.

FOR OUR WORLDS,
ARE THE SAME.
SAY NOTHING,
AND I WILL HEAR,
EVERY WORD.

Barry Conway

Tells The Tail

THERE IS A SMALL DOG
WHICH FOLLOWS HER
TO THE KITCHEN
TO THE BATHROOM
TO THE BEDROOM
TO EVERYWHERE

IT DRAGS IT`S HEAD LOW
OVER THE GROUND
EARS LOWERED IN WORRY
TAIL
TUCKED BETWEEN LEGS
NERVOUS AT EVERY SOUND
THAT BRINGS ON THE HOWLING
THE WETTING
THE SHAKING

BUT HER DOES NOT MIND
BEARS ALL
CLEANS UP WHEN NEEDED

IT IS THOSE EYES
THOSE SAD DOGGY EYES
THAT TELLS THE TALE
TAKEN TOO YOUNG FROM MOTHER
DISCARDED
IN A SACK

Barry Conway

Tenebrae

TENEBRAE

THERE IS A DEPRESSION
WITHIN A DEPRESSION
THAT IS ALWAYS HIDDEN,
HIDDEN FROM THE DOCTORS,
AND THE MEDICATION,
HIDDEN FROM THE PSYCHIATRISTS,
AND THE PSYCHOANALYSTS.

IT SKULKS IN THE CORNERS OF YOUR MIND,
IT JUMPS OUT,
AND SPEARS YOU WITH ITS INTENT.
IT IS CALLED THE MORTIFIER,
AND MOVES FROM SOUL TO SOUL,
AS A VIRUS MOVES BETWEEN.

I FIGHT NUTRITOR TENEBRAE,
BRINGER OF DARKNESS,
FOR HE IS THE BROTHER,
OF THE GRIMM REAPER.
HE FAVOURS YOUR DEMISE,
HE LIES,
HE SCHEMES,
HE DESTROYS ALL DREAMS.

SO LET HIM KNOW,
YOU WILL NOT ACCEDE,
TO ITS WHIM.
FIGHT ITS WILL WITH YOUR OWN,
ESTRANGE THE ESTRANGER,
SWALLOW HIM,
BEFORE HE SWALLOWS YOU.
'IN ABSENTIA LUCI TENEBRAE VINCUNT'
'IN THE ABSENCE OF LIGHT DARKNESS PREVAILS.'

Barry Conway

The Agency

THE AGENCY

TURQUOISE AND VIOLET
WERE NOT OF MY CHOOSING
THEY WERE JUST DOING THEIR JOBS
PRODUCED BY THE AGENCY
WHEN YOU HAD ATTAINED A POSITION
OF USEFULNESS WITHIN THE PRESIDIUM

SO THIS IS ME DAN HAZEL
MAGNUM CUM LAUDER OF COLLEGE
THE SON OF A TAXI DRIVER
DRIVING ON THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE STREET
DOWN A ONE WAY DEAD END
INTO A BRICK WALL
WITH NO BRAKES TO STOP ME
AND NOT ENOUGH SENSE
TO BAIL BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE.

Barry Conway

The Avenue

THEY ARE AT THE HEAD OF THE BEAST,
THEY CREATE THE AVENUE TO ENCOMPASS,
IT IS THEIR STRUGGLE THAT LESSENS OURS,
THEIR DEEPNESS THAT BRINGS FORTH OURS.

THESE ARTISTIC WONDERS,
SEE THE WORLD MORE CLEARLY,
THINK MORE DEEPLY.
THEY CLARIFY FOR US,
THE EMOTION OF THE EMOTIONS,
MADE AVAILABLE TO US,
IN SO MANY DIFFERENT IDEALS.

IT IS THIS BURDEN,
THAT TAKES MANY OF THEM FROM US,
BEFORE THEIR TIME.
WE LOSE THOSE WE NEED THE MOST,
FIND OURSELVES WITHOUT OUR TEACHERS,
OUR ARTISTIC PARENTS,
HAVING BEEN MADE ORPHANS,
WITH ONLY THE GLOW,
OF THEIR PAST ACHIEVEMENTS,
TO TRANSVERSE THE AVENUE.

Barry Conway

The Backward Look

THE BACKWARD LOOK

WHERE HAS IT ALL GONE
NOW THE CLOWNING IS OVER
NOW LOWER IN TEMPERAMENT
CONCERNED OF VIRTUE
TIME
HOLD NO SECRETS
IN THE CONSERVATION OF MY ENERGY

SHUFFLING THROUGH
WAS NOT GOOD ENOUGH
IN THE RETROSPECTIVE OF THE ANCIENTS
WHO NO LONGER VISIT ME

ONCE MIGHTY AMONGST MEN
CONCERNED OF SELF
THE DETERMINATION
OF THE DAMNED
IN THE QUICKENING OF QUITE REJECTION
THE FULFILLMENT OF NECESSITY
THAT GOVERNS ALL

NO LONGER TALL AND UPRIGHT
BUT LIGHT
OF BONE AND STATURE
THE RAPTURE
OF THE YOUTH
DISPELLED IN FORGOTTEN THOUGHT
FALLEN AND DISCOLOURED
OF DAYS
TOO LONG AGO

HOW I WISH THE GLOW
IN A WOMAN'S EYES
WAS MINE

TO LOVE ONCE AGAIN
TO SEE CHILDREN GROW
TO PLAY
WITH THEIR CHILDREN

THE BACKWARD LOOK
IS NOT RETURNED
NOT LEARNED
OF PAST MISTAKES
FOR ALL IT TAKES
IS ONE WRONG TURN
TO LOSE ONES WAY
AND WATCH IT ALL
JUST DRIFT AWAY.

Barry Conway

The Bottle

THE BOTTLE

HE SAT IN THE WELL WORN CLOTH ARMCHAIR
FRAYED HEAVILY ON THE LEFT ARMREST,
THE DIRTY GREY MATERIAL
MIXED ITS COLOUR OVER THE YEARS
WITH SWEAT, URINE, BLOOD AND ALCOHOL.

HE SAT WITH BOTTLE IN HAND,
SAT IN THE DARK,
WITH ONLY THE LIGHT OF THE DULL MOON,
TO GIVE RELIEF TO THE ROOM.
HE DRUNK, AND AS HE DRANK,
HE WATCHED HIS SHADOW GROW ANGRY,
MIMICKING HIS DISEASE.
WATCHED THE SHADOW,
LIFT THE BOTTLE TO HIS MOUTH,
AS HE HAD DONE ON SO MANY NIGHTS BEFORE.
BUT TONIGHT, THIS NIGHT,
THERE WOULD OCCUR A CHANGE,
MORE FRIGHTENING THAN PREMATURE DEATH.
HE SAW HIS SHADOW GET UP FROM HIS CHAIR,
AND WALK ACROSS THE ROOM IN MENACE TOWARDS HIM,
RAISED BOTTLE IN HAND,
WATCHED HIM STRIKE HIMSELF,
REPEATEDLY, AGAIN AND AGAIN,
UNTIL CONSCIOUSNESS FLED THE ROOM,
ON THE NIGHTS HAZE OF PERSISTENT BLOWS.

THE SUN WOKE HIM,
HURT HIS BLOODED EYES, HIS CRACKED LIPS,
WOKE UP THE PAIN IN HIS WITHERED BODY.
HE SPAT OUT A TOOTH AS HE COUGHED.
TRIED TO RISE, BUT THE BRUISES, CUTS AND LACERATIONS
SLUMPED HIM BACKWARDS.
WERE THESE WOUNDS FROM AN IMAGINED OR REAL FOE,
THAT HAD FORCED HIS HAND, BY HIS HAND,
DELIVERED OF A DEMON, BY A DEMON?

Barry Conway

The Bridge

THE BRIDGE (TORQUAY)

I CAME HERE,
TO THIS PLACE OF OLD AND NEW LEARNING,
JOURNEYED HERE AS YOU IN UNCERTAINTY,
NOT SOLELY FOR THE PRAISE OF MY PEERS,
BUT IN PRAISE FOR MY CHOICES.

THE WORDS, RHYTHMS AND IDEAS,
OF HEAD AND HEART,
ARE THE STRAW OR CLAY,
THAT ARE THE BRIDGE BETWEEN US.

IT IS THIS CONNECTION WE SHARE,
FROM WHEREVER WE HAVE TOILED,
NO MATTER HOW WE HAVE ARRIVED.
WE NEED TO CROSS THE JOIN,
IN THE UNDERSTANDING OF TOGETHERNESS.

LONELY CAN BE THE PEN,
IN WHOSE DIGNITY AND BETRAYAL,
WE LEAVE OURSELVES OPEN TO.

EACH THOUGHT THAT FLOWS,
OWES MUCH TO THOSE,
WHO HAVE JOURNEYED BEFORE.

IN THAT REALIZATION WE ACKNOWLEDGE,
OUR SMALL CONTRIBUTION HOWEVER RECEIVED,
IT IS THE BRIDGE THAT CONNECTS US ALL.

Barry Conway

The Call

THE CALL

THE CALL CAME UPON ME
WHERE RIVERS OF AIR
FLOWED AND TWISTED REALITY
CARRYING MY THOUGHTS
TO AN UNKNOWN CONCLUSION
DISPERSING EACH DROP OF TIME TOGETHER.

MY WORLDLY UNDERSTANDING
WAS BEING UNWOVEN UPON IT,
EACH VISION
FRAGMENTING INTO OTHERS,
TO BE REJOINED,
ACHIEVED
INTO A CONSTANT REMINDER
OF THE UNCERTAINTIES OF FUTURES PAST.

ALL LIGHT COULD NOT GUIDE ME
THROUGH THE CLOUDS OF AROMAS
PULSING AND VIBRATING,
EACH RHYTHM A PRISM
A HEARTBEAT IN RECOGNITION
OF MY VULNERABILITY
EXPOSED IN A HIDDEN DREAM.

I HAD TO LET GO,
TO RELEASE
AND BE RELEASED.
EACH DROP OF TIME,
EACH STAR
WAITS FOR US ALL
AND IT WAS TIME
TO JOIN THE RIVER
KEEPING THE TRUTH
WHOLE UPON IT.

Barry Conway

The Calling

THE CALLING

THERE IS A CALL
I LISTEN TO EACH DAY,
THAT COMPELS ME TO FOLLOW.
IT WILL NOT BE IGNORED,
REBUKED OR REVOKED,
IT WILL NOT BE LIED TO.
IT TAKES NO OFFENSE.
IT STIRS MY CONSCIENCE,
POKES AND PRODS ME
WITHOUT REST OR ESCAPE,
AND I AM COMPLETELY CAPTURED
OF IT'S ESSENCE.
FOR IT IS WORDS
THAT FLY TO THE PAGE
THAT IS THE CALL

Barry Conway

The Cherry Cake

THE CHERRY CAKE

THE CHERRY CAKE,
SEDUCTIVE TEMPTRESS,
IN IT'S CELLOPHANE BIKINI,
PARADES ITSELF UPON THE PLATE,
WITHIN MY OWN FATE.
SWEET AND JUICY,
IT'S RICH PERFUME,
INTOXICATES MY SENSES.
MY BODY MOISTENS,
IN EXPECTANT ANTICIPATION,
OF ARRIVAL,
SURVIVAL,
NO LONGER AN ISSUE,
AS IT SIGNALS,
TO THE SCANTILY CLAD CHOCOLATE,
IT'S SULTRY FRIEND,
THE DENIZEN,
OF MY WEAKENING DEFENSES.

THE CHERRIES,
PLUMP THEIR LIPS,
STRENGTHENING THEIR GRIP,
IN THEIR FOUNDATION OF WHEAT,
FOREVER CLOSE TO THE EDGE,
OF THE SLAB,
COURTING IMMINENT DANGER.

I RESIST.

IT IS ONLY MINUTES,
TILL MY LAST AFFAIR,
WHERE I FLUNG MYSELF,
IN ABANDONMENT,
OF THE CONSEQUENCES,
INTO THEIR ARMS,
THEIR HORNS,
FORSWORN,

IN IT'S PROMISE,
OF JOYFUL ECSTASY,
RELENTLESS,
IN IT'S DESIRE,
TO CONSUME ME.

I RESIST.

BUT,
OH WHY IS THERE ALWAYS A BUT?
THE MEMORY,
OH THE MEMORY!
OF THE LAST LOVE,
SO SWEET,
LINGERS UPON MY FINGERS,
LINGERS ON MY MIND,
SWIMS STILL UPON MY TONGUE,
SO WITH EACH TICKING SECOND,
VICTORY BECKONS,
FOR THE MESSAGE SUGAR SENDS,
DEPENDS,
UPON IT'S IRRESISTIBLE LURE,
SO SURE,
IN IT'S VICTORY.

I SUCCUMB,
AND EVERY CRUMB,
EVERY CRUMB,
IS DEVOURED,
IN DEFEAT,
LEAVING ME,
IN REGRET,
WITHOUT MORE CHERRY CAKE.

Barry Conway

The Child Will Always Return

THE CHILD WILL ALWAYS RETURN

YOU MAY TO BE WITH ME,
IN WHATEVER WAY YOU CHOOSE.
YOU MAY CHOOSE,
TO SEND AWAY,
THE CHILD,
IN FAVOUR OF THE MAN!
BUT THE CHILD WILL ALWAYS RETURN,
AND MY HEART,
WILL ALWAYS BE YOURS,
WHATEVER.

Barry Conway

The Composers

THE COMPOSERS

THE COMPOSERS EYED EACH OTHER
ONE BY ONE
AS SPEWING FORTH EGO
DEMOUNTED IN COMPETITION
ASTOUNDED
IN THEIR BANALITY
GLAZED EYES
ONE BY ONE
GAVE WAY
TO GLAZED EXPRESSION
THE UNDERSTANDING
OF THE UNOBTAINABLE
IN STORY
IN THEIR GLORY
OBTAINED IN VERSE
MUCH WORSE
THAN THEIRS
AIRS AND GRACES
FACES
FACED WITH THE UNCERTAINTY
OF BEING WELL RECEIVED
CONCEIVED OF NECESSITY
BARING FORTH
IN SPUTUM OF SPEECH
IN SHORT TOO LONG
FOR SOME
TO LINGER
WITH THE FINGER
OF FATE
THAT RELATES
TO LATE,
TO SOON,
THE FATE.

Barry Conway

The Counting Room

THE COUNTING ROOM

THERE IS A PLACE IN MYSTERY,
THEY CALL IT THE COUNTING ROOM,
AND IT'S BEEN THE RECKONING,
OF MANY A FALSE HEART,
FOR ALL THE PATHS IN THE WOOD,
FINISH HERE IN THIS PLACE.
IF YOU ASK ME HOW I KNOW?
I KNOW FOR I AM ONE OF THOSE.

FOR IT IS WRITTEN UPON THE WIND,
IN THE ANCIENT BOOK OF TIME,
BY SCRIBES OF SYMMETRY,
WHERE EVERY LINE,
DRAWN UPON YOUR FACE,
EVERY DEED THAT YOU LAID DOWN,
ALL THE WORDS, ARE HERE UNBOUND,
FOREVER ETCHED IN PROPHECY.
YOU MAY PLEAD,
ASK FOR FORGIVENESS,
BUT YOU ARE THEIR ONES.

FOR IN THIS PLACE OF NO MYSTERY,
TWO DOORS ARE CALLED TO ONE,
THROUGH THEM IS THE RECKONING,
OF ALL WE HAVE DONE,
FOR HERE IS WHERE ALL JOURNEYS SEND,
WHERE LIGHT AND DARK COMBINED,
FOR NOW YOU HAVE NO NEED TO ASK
FOR WE ALL ALL ONE.

Barry Conway

The Cruel Sea

THE CRUEL SEA

THE CRUEL SEA,
CRAWLED UP TO ME,
ENTICING, SLICING THE DAY,
BETWEEN SAFE DANGER,
AND THE LOST.
EACH FOLD,
SEDUCING THE SENSES,
ENTWINING IT'S STORY,
THROUGHOUT IT'S CHANGING COLOURS,
UNLABOURED AND UNHURRIED.

WITHIN EACH MOVEMENT SPAWNED,
UNCOUNTABLE OF SPRING AND MOVEMENT,
WHO IN TURN,
CARRIES FORTH IT'S LEGACY,
DEEPENING IT'S RESOLVE.

Barry Conway

The Curse Of All

THE CURSE OF ALL

IF I DIE,
OF WHICH I MUST,
SAY THIS OF ME!
THAT I WAS CURSED,
AND NURSED,
UPON SATAN'S KNEE,
WHO CONDESCENDED,
TO INCLUDE ME,
IN HIS PLAN OF TRAGEDY.
FOR YOU WILL SEE,
AS YOU PASS BY,
DEVOID OF SOUL,
AND PIETY.

FREE ME,
IN MY DEBAUCHERY,
THE CURSE OF ALL,
WHO COMFORT ME,
IN THIS UNIVERSE,
OF WE,
THAT TEACHES US,
FUTILITY,
THAT REACHES,
EVERY LOOK AND STARE,
FOLLOWS US,
EVERYWHERE,
WITHOUT COMPASSION,
WITHOUT CARE,
JUST DARKNESS,
DEATH AND DESPAIR,
THIS IS THE PERVERSION,
THAT WE ALL SHARE.

Barry Conway

The Darkness

THE DARKNESS

IT WAITS FOR ME IN MORTAL COMBAT
IN THE DAY THAT I DID COME BACK
TO FREE THE MEEK IN ALL THEIR SETBACK
OPPOSING DARKNESS IN ITS FIGHTBACK

HERE IN TIME THOUGH STANDING STILL
THE BATTLE WILL RAGE AGAINST THIS WILL
UNTIL THE MOMENT OF THIS KILL
WHEREIN DIES THIS WHEEL OF EVIL

FOR ITS FORETOLD SOME MAY SAY
THIS TIME IS WRITTEN UPON THIS DAY
THAT I'M FORSWORN TO PASS THIS WAY
TO END THE DARKNESS COME WHAT MAY

FOR YOU LAY CLAIM TO MY DESTINY
TO MOUNT MY CHARGE AND SET YOU FREE
FROM THE YOKE OF TYRANNY
TO CUT THE BINDS OF POVERTY

CRUEL IS THIS LIFE THAT CALLS A MAN
HE HAS NO CHOICE BUT TO COMMAND
FOR GOOD MUST PREVAIL THROUGHOUT THE LAND
AND FREEDOM MUST LIVE HAND IN HAND

SO BIDE ME NOT TO BIDE MY TIME
BUT POINT THE WAY WHICH IS MY SIGN
FOR TODAY THIS BREATH DOTH CHIME
ENDS THE DARKNESS FORFEIT TO MINE

FOR THEY
KNOW NOW THEIR END IS NEAR
AND WAITS UPON ITS DEATHLY FEAR
THIS DARK NIGHT LEAVES THE MORNING CLEAR
THEIR LIVES DEPARTED UPON THIS YEAR

MORE IN VALOUR THAN IN SHAME

HERE WELL MET PLAYED THE END GAME
NEVER AGAIN TO HIDE IN SHAME
I END THEIR LIVES IN YOUR GOOD NAME

I SEE YOU'RE FACES ONE BY ONE
I WATCHED THE BRAVEST OF YOUR SONS
DIE UPON THE FIELD WE WON
SO THAT FREEDOM LIVES FOR EVERYONE

SO BE PROUD UPON THEIR DYING
IN FOREIGN LAND UPON THEIR LYING
THEIR LEGACY LIVES LONG IN YOUR CRYING
NEVER FORGOTTEN, NEVER DENYING

SO REMEMBER THEM IN YOUR TEARS
IN THE PASSING OF THE YEARS
AND SAY OF THEM IN ALL GOOD CHEER
IF NOT FOR THEM WE WOULD NOT BE HERE

NOW RIGHT MUST ALWAYS MAKE A STAND
AND MEN MUST DIE UNDER COMMAND
TO GUARD RIGHT FROM WRONG THROUGHOUT THE LAND
SO PEACE AND FREEDOM REIGN, I UNDERSTAND

FOR NOW RELINQUISH ALL BLOOD SPILLING
TO LIVE IN PEACE AND DO GOD'S WILLING
TO ROAM THE LAND TO CEASE ALL KILLING
TO LIVE A LIFE IN LOVES WARM HEALING

WISE MEN SAY FIGHT FIRE WITH FIRE
THE MEETING OF WILLS, DESIRE UPON DESIRE
TO DEFEAT ALL EVIL YOU MUST NEVER TIRE
OR THE DARKNESS WILL RISE FROM OUT THE MIRE

AND AS THIS MEMORY FADES AWAY
INTO HISTORY FAR, FAR AWAY
SOME DAY A SCHOLAR WILL BE HEARD TO SAY
THE DEVIL CAN NEVER BE ALLOWED TO WIN THE DAY

TAKE MY HAND IN THIS FREEDOM ANEW
WHERE THE MANY OUTNUMBERED THE FEW

IMMIGRANTS IN THE LAND RENEW
DEROBED OF PERSECUTION, FOR ME AND YOU

BUT DO NOT MERIT ME WITH GAIN
MY DUTY DONE REMOVES THE PAIN
ONCE MORE TO ROAM IN JUSTICES' NAME
WASHED OF MY SINS PIOUS AGAIN

SO SAY OF ME WHEN I AM DEAD
LIVED A LUCKY MAN WHO FEARED NO DREAD
WHO HONOURED ALL THE WORLD UNSAID
AND DIED CONTENTED IN HIS BED.

Barry Conway

The Emotion Of Compassion

THE EMOTION OF COMPASSION

THE EMOTION OF COMPASSION,
IS THIS CONCEPT DEVOID OF SUFFERING?
FOR IT IS THE SELF,
THAT THE LIGHT MUST MOVE AWAY FROM,

LET US NOT FORGET,
THAT COMPASSION,
IS NOT ONLY FOR THE RECEIVER,
DWELLING WITHIN THE GIVER ALSO.

FOR IN ONE'S LIFE,
YOU WILL BE BOTH,
GIVER AND RECEIVER,
IN THE BALANCE.

THE ARROW OF TIME WE SHARE,
WILL CAPTURE US IN IT'S CLAW,
WHEN THE TIGHTENING STRING,
ON THAT TIME, WILL BE RELEASED.

NOT ACKNOWLEDGING THIS,
IS THE GREATEST INVISIBILITY,
THAT COMPASSION SUFFERS,
FOR BOTH YOU AND I.

FOR THIS BODY WORLD WE INHABIT.
IS TRANSITORY IN IT'S NATURE.
CONSCIOUSNESS OF COMPASSION IS NOT SINGULAR,
BUT JOINED OF EVERYTHING.

Barry Conway

The Exhaustion Of Creativity

THE EXHAUSTION OF CREATIVITY

THE EXHAUSTION OF CREATIVITY,
WHO GIVE OF THEMSELVES,
CAN NOT REJOICE,
AS SPIRITS,
ARE CRUSHED AND BROKEN.

THE EARTH'S VELVET CARPET,
SITS IN WAIT,
INTO WHICH IT'S DEEP CHASMS,
FALLS THE UNSUNG.
KNOWING THIS,
THEY STILL TREAD THE PATH,
STILL STRUGGLE,
AS THEY PUSH THE WORLD'S.
WEIGHT OF EXPECTATION AWAY,

STILL FALLING,
HOPING TO BE CAUGHT,
BY A NEW PATH,
TO EMERGE,
TO END THEIR DESCENT,
SOMEONE TO HOLD UP,
THE ROOF OF THE WORLD,
TO STOP THE CRUSHING TIRADE,
TO HOLD EVERY THOUGHT,
EVERY MOMENT,
WITHIN THE STRUGGLE.
TO HEAL EVERY BREATH,
TO BREATH NEW THOUGHT,
WITHIN THEM.

CONTINUE,
TO GIVE OF YOURSELF,
FOR YOU,
ARE OF THIS WORLD,
AND THE EARTH KNOWS THIS,
IT TESTS THE GIVERS, ,

OBSTRUCTS AND DENIES,
WATCHES YOUR STRUGGLES,
TO GROW,
TO PERSIST,
TO INSIST,
TO BE HEARD.

Barry Conway

The Final Ring

THE FINAL RING

THE HEAVY SHIPS BELL
WAS BEING THROWN
REPEATEDLY
AGAINST THE HARBOUR WALL
BEING KEPT AFLOAT
BY THE CRUEL SEA
IN A REVENGEFUL FRENZY
FUELED BY THE STORM.
THE GREY WALL HAD NO CHOICE
BUT TO ACCEPT IT'S SACRIFICE.

THE SAD BELL
NOW SLOWLY LOOSING IT'S TONE
WAS PLAYING A LONELY HOWL
PLAYING IT'S LAST SONG
IN A LIFE OF ONLY RESTRAINT
BY THE SAILORS WHO HAD
DENIED IT'S FLAMBOYANCY
IN THE MILLION OF TUNES IT HARBOURED.

AGAIN AND AGAIN
IT WAS CHASTISED,
THE SEA
MADE IT DANCE THE DANCE OF DEATH
TO IT'S OWN TUNE.
THE YOUNG BOY
WATCHED
FROM THE SAFETY OF HIS PARENTS,
AND WONDERED
HOW FAR THE BELL HAD TRAVELED,
WHAT OCEANS IT HAD PLAYED TO
WHAT MEN HAD BEEN STIRRED.
IT WAS NEARLY OVER
NOW, A FAINT THUD
AS THE SEA FINALLY LET IT SUCCUMB
IT HAD LOST INTEREST
AND HAD MOVED ON

TO ANOTHER TORTURE
LEAVING A BROKEN LIFE
ASSUAGED
HEADING TO THE SEA FLOOR.

Barry Conway

The First Snow

THE FIRST SNOW

IT WAS THE FIRST SNOW OF THE YEAR,
BUT NOT THE LAST OF THE HARD WINTER OF 1963.
LOUISE, LONG AND LEGGY,
WAS SLIDING DOWN LONG HILL,
THROUGH CANDY FLOSS AND COTTON WOOL,
HOLDING ON TO HER BARBIE 'ROSEBUD' FOR DEAR LIFE.
I, WAS TRAVELING ON AN UPTURNED GALVANIZED DUSTBIN LID,
NICKED, OR SHOULD I SAY BORROWED,
FROM OUR NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOUR.
THAT WAS THE FIRST TIME I SAW HER,
SHE BEING NINE, I, WAS TEN.
YET, SHE WAS STILL TALLER THAN ME,
STILL IS!
I WAS A SKINNY LAD FROM WESTWOOD COUNCIL ESTATE,
ADMIRING THE POSH GIRL FROM GREENWOOD ROAD,
WHERE ALL THE HOUSES WERE DETACHED.
THE ONLY THING I HAD WHICH WAS DETACHED,
WAS THE SOLE OF MY LEFT SHOE HALF OFF,
OR SEMI-DETACHED YOU MAY SAY.
I KNEW I WAS OUT OF MY LEAGUE,
PLAYING EVEN A DIFFERENT SPORT IF YOU LIKE!
BUT SHE SPARKLED, EVEN AGAINST THE SNOW,
AND I WAS IN!
SO SKINNY JACK, HOOKED, LINE AND SINKER,
TIMED IT SO WE MET AT THE BOTTOM.
I ACCIDENTALLY ON PURPOSE JUST MISSED HER,
SPRAYING HER IN A WHITE FOGGY MIST AS I BRAKED,
LOOSING MY SOUL COMPLETELY, SO TO SPEAK.
SHE DID NOT MIND, AS SHE HANDED ME MY SOUL,
AND SHE DID NOT MIND FOR THE NEXT 40 YEARS EITHER.
MY SHOES NOW ARE IN GOOD ORDER.
SO THAT IS HOW I MET YOUR GRANDMA, JACK
AND THAT IS ALSO WHY YOU ARE CALLED JACK
THE SAME NAME AS ME.
NOW GO AND PUT YOUR COAT, GLOVES AND BOOTS ON.
AS IF YOU HAD NOT NOTICED, IT IS SNOWING.

The Fisherman (1 & 2)

THE FISHERMAN

THE MUSIC PLAYED AN UNSURE SONG
THEY LOOKED INTENTLY OVER THE SEA
A DESIRE
TO FIND THE FISHERMAN
SEARCHING
FOR THE SMALL BOAT
BOBBING AND WEAVING
BETWEEN REACHING ARMS

BIRDS GLIDED AND FLAPPED
OVER RED AND GREEN
GREY AND BLUE
WHO MELT INTO A WHIRLPOOL OF DREAMS
EACH RAY OF THE SUN
TOLD A STORY
OF THE FISHERMAN
IN FACT OR FABLE
WHERE HE SAILS STILL

EACH THOUGHT REMAINED
SO QUITE, SO STILL
IN A FAINT TICKING OF TIME
IT SWIRLED AROUND THEM
EMBRACING EACH OTHER
IN THE SEARCH.
PAIN RACED ACROSS THE ROOM
LOOKING FOR A PERCH
TRAILED BY AN AROMA
FAMILIAR BUT UNRECOGNIZED
AS FEELINGS
TRYING TO BE DENIED
WERE SURRENDERED TO
NO LONGER ABLE TO RESIST
IT'S PERSISTENCE.

□
The Fisherman (2)

SUCH BELONGING
COMES STEALTHILY
OR NOT AT ALL.

UNSTEADY AND UNSURE
EACH LAID TABLE
REMAINS
WITHOUT A SOLID FOUNDATION
NEEDING TO BE REBUILT
EACH TIME WE SEEK THE FISHERMAN.

SO DISTANT
ARE THE SOUNDS OF SPLASHING WATER
THAT WE MAY NEVER
FIND HIM AGAIN
IT IS THE SEARCH
THAT THE FISHERMAN CALLS YOU TO,
TO UNDERTAKE.
THESE ARE THE FOOTPRINTS
WE MUST LEAVE BEHIND.

Barry Conway

The Found Linda

THE FOUND LINDA

IT CONJURERS UP A FLOW,
WITHIN THE VEINS OF ALL WHO KNOW.
IT IS WITH THOSE WHO SEARCH FOR THE ONE,
MOVING AS AN ARMY AROUND YOUR BODY.
AN ETERNAL SPRING OF HOPE AND DESIRE,
MORE POWERFUL THAN THE FIERCEST.

MANY HAVE GIVEN VOICE TO THE FEELINGS,
PUT THEM FORWARD IN HIGHS AND LOWS,
IN WORD, RHYTHM OR SOUND.
THEY STAY WITHIN WHEN YOU ARE WITHOUT.
I HAVE DONE ALL THIS FOR YOU LINDA,
I HAVE FALLEN BEFORE YOUR HEART,
BARE OF ANY REMORSE,
CONJURED ALL THE DEMONS TO FLEE.
FREED THE BOY IN THE MAN,
RELEASED WITHIN THE WORLD OF LIVING
BY THE WOMAN WHO STANDS BEFORE ME.

THE GROUND HAS BEEN CLEARED BY YOUR LOVE,
TO REVEAL THE PATH OF DESIRES.
I HAVE CLIMBED TO SEE THE DISTANT SUN,
GIVING LIGHT TO THE FUTURE,
THAT COMES AT YOUR BIDDING.
NOW, I LAY WITHIN YOUR PALM,
WITHOUT PRETENSE OR FALSENESS,
MIRRORING YOUR RELEASED SMILE,
AND I SEE WITHIN YOUR TEAR,
THE AGING EYE FINDING NEW LIGHT,
THE LAST CONTINENT OF OUR REFUGE.

Barry Conway

The Freedom You Seek Is Here

THE FREEDOM YOU SEEK IS HERE

YOU SAY YOU NEED TO BE FREE,
TO LET ME BE FREE,
THAT IT IS NOT FAIR TO KEEP ME TIED.
FOR YOU NEED TO FIND YOURSELF,
THAT LIFE IS JUSTSTARTING TO FIND YOU,
THESE PAST THREE YEARS,
AND THAT IT IS NOT FAIR,
TO SOMEONE YOU LOVE.
IT IS YOU, NOT ME.

YOU CITE AGE,
THE DIFFERENCE OF 11 YEARS,
YOU NEED SPACE, TIME,
THE EARLY DAYS ARE TOO SWIFT,
THE JOY AND LOVE YOU FOUND,
IS TOO MUCH, TOO SOON,
TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE,
TOO GOOD TO LAST,
THE TURNING OF THE WORLD.

MY LOVE,
MY ONLY ONE AND TRUE LOVE,
TO DISPEL THE DOUBT, THE FEAR,
TAKES STRENGTH, FORTITUDE,
WE RUN THROUGH THIS LIFE,
AT SUCH A SPEED,
THAT EVEN, THE SWIFT MESSENGER,
BEARING HIS GIFTS, GASPS FOR AIR.

BUT I KNOW YOU KNOW,
DEEP IN YOUR HEART WHERE I RESIDE,
THAT HAVING FOUND SUCH PRECIOUSNESS,
JOINED WITHEACH OTHERS IN OURMINDS EYE,
MELTED INTO ONE IN EACH OTHERS ARMS,
SAFE IN THE KNOWLEDGE THAT THIS LOVE,
IS THE GIFT THAT CANNOT BE RETURNED,
AND THAT TO FLEE FROM FROM OUR FOUND FREEDOMS,

WILL ONLY RETURN YOU TO ME.

Barry Conway

The Gamblers Tail (1 & 2)

THE GAMBLERS TAIL

CONSTANT
THE DRONE FROM THE WOUNDED
HEARD,
BUT NOT LISTENED TO
THE POISONED FRUIT
DISCARDED FROM THE TREE
FALLEN ON ME.
THE ALIENATION OF ALL
WHO FALL
UNDER HER SHADE
BADE
THEIR FAREWELL
AND TELL
OF THOSE THAT MAY ASPIRE
TO INQUIRE.

GIVE ME NOT GOLD
BUT SILENCE.
GIVE ME NOT THE DUALITY
OF GOOD OR EVIL
BUT EQUAL
MEASURE OF NORMALITY
FOR THESE ARE THE RICHES
OF MORE WORTH.

SOME LEARN THROUGH SUFFERING
SOME JUST SUFFER
TO SUFFER THOSE AROUND THEM
HARD TIMES
GOOD TIMES
THEY ARE JUST TIMES.
THE DEVIOUSNESS
OF THE SELF DECEIVED
SITTING AT THE GAMBLERS TABLE.

A DRAGOON OF DRAGONS
FORSWORN OF PEACE
DRAGGED WITHOUT RESPITE
BEGUN AT BIRTH
AN INEVITABLE CONSEQUENCE
OF BLOOD.
CROSS BLOODED
LOATHED AND REVILED
WITH CROOKED SPINE
HALF BLIND
A LONELY CRONY
A BEAST OF DREAM AND SCHEME.
TO KNOW HER
IS TO NOT KNOW YOURSELF
TO LOSE ONES DIGNITY
IN THE CONVULSE.
SUCH ANGERED PITY
A FANTASISTS LEGACY
DRAWING YOU IN.

THE RELEASE FROM THE NEST
THE REST
OF THE ESCAPED.
CONSCIENCE
GNAWS AT MY CONSCIENCE.
RESONANCE OF GUILT
RESOUNDS
WITHIN A BRUISED MIND
REFLECTING
THE NURTURING HAND
IN WHO'S IMAGE
THE DRAGON ASPIRED ME.
DENIED
BY THE FORTHRIGHT SON
THE ONE
THE NONCONFORMING PALOUR
THE ILLEGITIMACY
BORN OUTSIDE TRANQUILITY
LAY FALLOW
THE FATHERS SEED

□ A gamblers tail (2)
YET MY MOTHER
MADE ME WHO I AM TODAY
AND I SAY
DO I HAVE WORTH?
DECIDE WHICH WAY
THE DRAGONS SLAY
THE GUILTY.
MY BURDEN
SUCH ANGERED PITY
OF A FANTASISTS LEGACY
LOST YEARS
OF LOST ASPIRATIONS
REGRETTED IN OLDER YEARS
ORPHANED IN TEARS AND SORROW
IN TOMORROW
AND TOMORROW
AND TOMORROW.

YES I LOVED HER,
MY MOTHER
MISS HER
LIKE A LONG STANDING BLEMISH
OF ONES BODY
REMOVED
BUT STILL LOOKED FOR EVERY DAY.
AND IN THE MIRROR
I SEE HER
I SEE THE TAIL.

Barry Conway

The Games

THE GAMES

RETURN ME TO UNDERSTANDING,
LET THE GREY FRAGMENTED HEART,
PULSE INTO LIFE ONCE MORE

AT LEAST GIVE ME THE REASON,
THE SENSE OF ACTIONS PAST.
LET MY INDECISION GIVE FLIGHT,
TO THE DOUBTS,
THAT HAVE GROWN LIKE A DISEASED FOREST,
WHERE NONE EXISTED BEFORE YOUR SEEDS WERE PLANTED.

FOR THE YEARS, IN TEARS, PASSED SLOWLY,
SLOWLY LEAKING AWAY,
LIVING WITH THE UNTRUTH,
YOU VISITED UPON ME.
ALL THAT I THOUGHT WAS,
IS NOT, AND NEVER WAS.
I WAS THE GAME UPON YOUR TABLE,
EACH ROLL OF THE HAND,
PREDETERMINED BY YOUR CHOOSING,
AND NOT MINE.

I WAS PLAYING THE FOOL,
PLAYING THE PART,
WITHOUT EVEN KNOWING.
YOU WERE FILLING MY THOUGHTS AND WORDS,
WITHIN YOUR DESIGN.
AND WHEN THE GAME WAS UP,
YOU VANISHED,
UNDER A BLOOD RED SUN,
VANISHED INTO THIN AIR,
ONLY TO RETURN WITH A NEW GAME
A GAME WITHOUT RELEASE.

Barry Conway

The Grey Orchard

THE GREY ORCHARD

THERE WAS A GREYNESS BEFORE ME
I DID NOT HAVE THE REALIZATION
OR THE UNDERSTANDING
TO SEE BEYOND THE FIRST RAINDROP.
THE MEANINGS OF THOSE QUICK SHARP LOOKS
THAT FELL UPON DEAF EYES
FROM THE WORDS
THAT WERE PAPER CUTS TO YOUR HEART
TORN FROM PAGES FROM OUR INTERWOVEN BOOK.

I, THE SELF OBSESSED INFANT,
CONSUMING MY WANTS AND DESIRES
DENYING THE INSECURE WORLD I SURROUNDED MYSELF IN
LETTING THE LEAF BE BLOWN BY THE WIND
INSTEAD OF PICKING IT UP
AND GENTLY LOOKING AT ITS WONDER IN MY PALM.

I ABSORBED YOU THAT DAY
AND MY STOMACH WRENCHED
MY LOVING HEART FROM OUT OF MY MOUTH,
THAT FOOLISH, SHIELDED ORGAN
SPLIT INTO TWO UPON THE GREY ORCHARD
AS I SAW THE PETALS OF YOUR HEART
FALL AWAY ONE BY ONE IN SLOW ACCEPTED ANGUISH.

SUCH ARE THE FRAILTIES OF A MAN
UNABLE TO ACCEPT HIS FAILURES AND SHORTCOMINGS
THAT INEVITABLY GIVE RISE TO THE DAY
WHERE A CLIMAX OF INSECURITIES
PLAYED UPON THE CHARRED GARDEN
FALLS UPON THE FAILED GROUND.

Barry Conway

The Hill

THE HILL

I AM WALKING UP THE HILL,
AND I SEE YOU ALL,
WAKING UP WITH ME.

AS WE AGE,
THE HILL GETS STEEPER,
BUT THE SUMMIT,
IS STILL SHROUDED IN MIST,
WITHIN THE MYSTERY OF IT.
SOME WALK TOGETHER HAND IN HAND,
SUPPORTED BY LOVE,
OTHERS WALK ALONE, THEIR HAND EMPTY,
FOREVER ONWARD.

YOU MAY LOOK BACK,
SEE YOURSELF AND OTHERS,
BUT YOU CAN NEVER TURN AROUND,
NEVER RETURN TO THE LOWER SLOPE.

YOU SEE,
IF YOU REALLY LOOK,
THAT THE HILL DOES NOT DISCRIMINATE,
WE ALL ARE ON THE SAME JOURNEY,
SO TO DIFFERENTIATE,
IS MEANINGLESS, POINTLESS.
INSTEAD,
WHY NOT JUST OFFER YOUR HAND?
YOU WILL SEE THAT,
ALL HANDS FIT.

Barry Conway

The House Guest

THE HOUSE GUEST

THE HOUSE GUEST
WALKED SLOWLY TO THE SEAT
OF THE FRONT ROOM
WHERE THE HOUSES PEOPLE SAT.
MODESTLY
NOT TRYING TO DISTURB.
HE OPENS HIS BOOK UPON THE TABLE
AND BEGINS TO READ
WISHING THAT SOMEONE WOULD SPEAK TO HIM
BUT KNOWING
THE SINGLE THREAD OF HIS LONGING
RESTS ON SILENCE
FOR HIS MOTHER
KNEW WHAT SHE WAS DOING
WHEN SHE SENT HIM HERE.

THE LOOKS ARE FEW TO HIM
ONLY THE OLD BESPECTACLED LADY
AT THE FRONT
AN INTRUDER IS HE?
NO, NERVOUSLY REASSURING HIMSELF
HE BEGINS TO READ AGAIN
AS A LONG DARK MAN LEAVES
AND PASSES UNDER
'SILENCE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

Barry Conway

The Humming Bird

THE HUMMING BIRD

SHE COMES AND GOES IN HER MAD DASH
DOES NOT HESITATE IN HER PURSUING FLASH
WILL NEVER TARRY OR STAY A WHILE
WILL ALWAYS TRAVEL THAT EXTRA MILE

YET BEHIND HER SMILE THERE LAYS A FAULT
A DARKEST SECRET THAT MUST NEVER BE CAUGHT
FOR IF SHE LINGERED FOR MORE THAN A WHILE
THE PAINFUL LOST LOOK WOULD REPLACE THAT SMILE

I CAN NOT CATCH HER, I DARE NOT TRY
YOU KNOW THE REASON, YOU KNOW THE WHY
FAR BETTER FOR HER TO BE THE WAY SHE BE
THAN SHARE THE AWFUL TRUTH WITH ME

SO I WATCH THE HUMMING BIRD FLY
AND MISS THE YEARS AS THEY PASS BY
SAFE IN THE KNOWLEDGE AS ONE CAN BE
THAT THE LOVE WITHIN HER CAN NEVER BE ME

Barry Conway

The Light

THE LIGHT

THERE IS A LIGHT,
WHICH FOLLOWS LIGHT
WHICH FOLLOWS HER.
IT CAN NOT BE SEEN BY EVERYONE,
BUT ONLY BY THOSE,
THAT ARE PERMITTED,
ONLY BY THOSE,
WHO ARE IN TUNE WITH THE MULTIVERSE.

IT FLOATS AROUND HER
IN AN ELLIPTICAL MOVEMENT,
WHICH DIFFERS IN BRIGHTNESS,
AND INTENSITY,
DEPENDENT ON WHETHER,
SHE IS FACING AWAY FROM YOU,
OR ADDRESSING YOUR INTENT.

HER LIGHT TRAVELS
THROUGH GREENS AND BLUES,
CRIMSON, PURPLES AND GOLDS,
TO ACHIEVE THE PURITY
OF WHITE LIGHT,
HER SOFTLY SPOKEN CHOSEN WORDS
RESOUND IN ECHOES WITHIN YOUR HEAD
CHANNELS YOUR ABILITY
TO PRODUCE THE COLOURS OF EMPATHY,
PRESENT IN ALL OF US.

I HAVE OFTEN SPOKEN TO HER
AND LISTENED WHILE SHE SPOKE TO OTHERS,
AND I FEEL HER LIGHT IN HER WORDS
REACH OUT TO TOUCH MINE.
THEY ARE THE HANDS OF PEACE AND FRIENDSHIP, ,
WHO'S WARMTH RUNS THROUGH ME
IN GENTLE BATHE.
FOR A TIME AFTER
MY DIM LIGHT IS BRIGHTENED

AND I AM BLESSED
WITH A WARMTH TO PASS ON.

I MUST LEARN
FROM THE LESSONS SHE GIVES ME,
HOW TO MAKE THE LIGHT ENDURE,
SO THAT I MIGHT PASS ON THE LIGHT,
TO EVERYONE.

Barry Conway

The Long Grass

THE LONG GRASS

THE ROAR OF THE WEIR,
AS HE DREW NEAR,
HEIGHTENED EXPECTATION.
THE FLOW,
IMPENETRABLE TO THE EYE,
GUSHED BY,
BELIED,
IN IT'S LIFE GIVING FORCE,
WHERE OF COURSE,
I WAITED,
IN HEIGHTENED ANTICIPATION,
PEERING THROUGH THE FENCE,
WEIGHTED BY THE GATE,
CLAPPED BY THE TREES,
NURTURED BY THE WATERS,
A DAUGHTER,
OF THE DAY.

MODERN,
MIXED WITH OLD,
WHERE WATER BIRDS, HEARD,
THE CALL OF THE OLDE,
TOLD,
AND PASSED DOWN,
WITH WINGS UPON THE GROUND,
THE VOICE OF PRUDENCE,
BUT IN VAIN,
FOR THE LONG GRASS,
WAITED WITH ME,

HE ARRIVED,
HE TOOK MY HAND,
MY HEART,
MY FIRST LOVE,
UPON THAT DAY.
WITH WINGS UPON THE GROUND.

The Madness

THE MADNESS

THERE IS A MADNESS IN ME,
A MILD FLOATING LEAF OF MADNESS,
PEELING OFF ME, IT IS THERE!
I FEEL IT'S TENTACLES OF IMPORTANCE,
REACH OUT UP WITHIN ME,
BRINGING THE GRAYNESS.

MY RESISTANCE IS IN A PLACE
BETWEEN SANITY AND OBLIVION,
AS A DULL LIGHT RESISTS THE DARKNESS.
IN MY SILENCE I HEAR THOUGHTS IN BATTLE,
PLAYED UPON MY FIELD OF EXPECTATION,
EACH THOUGHT ALONE YEARNING FOR OTHERS,
AS THEY JOSTLE FOR POSITION
MYHEAD SWOLLEN WITH THE EFFORT,
OF HEARING THE SILENCE.
COLD AND PATCHY OF CLARITY,
I LONG FOR SUBSTANCE,
LONG FOR THE STABILITY,
LONG TO KNOW THE MADNESS IN YOU.

NOW YOU KNOW OF MY MISGIVINGS,
USE THEM TO RELEASE YOURS,
INTO THE GROWING SWELL OF LONELINESS.
LET THE MADNESS WITHOUT!
LET IT FLEE UNBORN,
TO DIE ON THAT OTHER THAN HUMANITY.
FOR YOU SEE,
WE AREALL MAD,
NO MATTER WHAT YOU MAY THINK
WE ARE ALL MAD,
AND WITHOUT DENIAL,
I SEE IT IN YOU.

Barry Conway

The Message

THE MESSAGE

I FELT HIM APPROACH ME FROM BEHIND,
I KNEW HE HAD SOMETHING FOR ME,
IN TURNING I SAW HE HELD,
A FADED YELLOWISH NOTE IN HIS HAND.

I PEERED AT IT,
BUT THERE WAS NOTHING WRITTEN UPON THE PAGE.
"LOOK CLOSER HE BECKONED! "
THUS WHEN I THE CLOSER LOOKED,
SAW A SCRIPT APPEAR UPON IT.
PUZZLED THOUGH I BE,
AS THE SCRIPT WAS UNINTELLIGIBLE.
HE SAW MY STUNTED LOOK,
"LOOK CLOSER! " STILL HE BECKONED,
"LOOK DEEPER, LOOK LONGER! "

MY DEEPENING UNFOLDED GREATER CLARITY,
THE SCRIPT BEGAN TO TAKE FORM,
TO FORM WORDS,
AT FIRST RANDOMLY WITHOUT PATTERN,
THEN TURNED UPON THEMSELVES,
IN A WHIRLPOOL OF CREATION,
WHEREUPON WITHOUT HESITATION,
THEY WERE STILL.

"STILL DEEPER! " HE AGAIN BECKONED,
SO I DEEPENED FURTHER,
AND IN THAT DEPTH I WAS ALL AT ONCE
UPON THE PAGE,
PART OF THE MESSAGE,
PEERING UP TO MY MESSENGER,
FOR I HAD BECOME THE MESSAGE.

Barry Conway

The Message Too

THE MESSAGE

WHY DO WE WRITE?
IS IT FOR OUR OWN SELFISH INSECURITIES,
OR HAVE WE SOMETHING REALLY TO SAY?
ARE WE FUELING OUR INSECURITIES,
OR REACHING OUT FOR HELP?

WHATEVER WE WRITE,
HAS BEEN WRITTEN BEFORE.
DO WE THINK THAT OUR EXPRESSIONS,
BRING SOMETHING NEW?
I THINK NOT!
WE MAY SAY THE WORDS,
IN DIFFERENT FORM,
IN A DIFFERENT ORDER,
DIFFERENT EMPHASIS,
BUT THE MESSAGE,
HAS ALREADY BEEN DELIVERED.

PERHAPS IT IS THE REINTRODUCTION,
THE REMEMBRANCE,
THAT WE ARE BRINGING,
TO THE ATTENTION ONCE AGAIN,
FOR IT IS NOT JUST ABOUT THE MESSAGE.

Barry Conway

The Next Linda

THE NEXT LINDA

I WATCHED,
AND WAITED
FOR LINDA.
A MIRAGE
OF A MIRAGE,
LIFTED BY THE LIGHT
WE CAN NOT SEE
BUT ACKNOWLEDGE.

FLAGS FLEW
AND WATER WAVED,
CHILDREN PLAYED
WITHIN A HAPPY ECHO,
WITHIN BIRDS
FILLING
A BLUE AND WHITE HUE.
I WONDERED WHO,
I WONDERED WHY
ALWAYS WAITING,
ALWAYS WONDERING,
IS SHE THE ONE?
THE NEXT ONE
TO SCARE AWAY
THE SCARY NIGHT,
TO END
THE LONG LONELINESS.
THE SPACE BY MY SIDE
LEFT EMPTY,
DISLOYALLY ABANDONED
INTO THOSE SAME NIGHTS.

MY HEAD BOWED,
RISES,
TO GREET HER
LONG BEFORE TIME.
AS THE SOUND OF HER CALL
ENTHRALLS

AND BEWITCHES ME
YET AGAIN
INSIDE MY INVISIBLE PRISON.

Barry Anton Conway…….. Devon 2011

Barry Conway

The Pain Of Us

THE PAIN OF US

THEY ARE POETS, READING POETS,
SOME READING THEIR OWN POETRY.
BUT THEY COULD NOT TELL THE STORY,
AS WELL AS YEATS,
COULD NOT FORM THE WORDS,
AS TENNYSON,
OR CONJURE UP THE MAGIC OF KIPLING.
THEY WERE A PALE COLOUR,
WITHOUT REFLECTION TO SHAKESPEARE

THE QUESTION REMAINED,
WHY DO THEY STILL READ, STILL WRITE?
WHY DO THEY UNDERTAKE THE PAIN?
IS IT NOT DONE,
BECAUSE THE PAIN IS THE EMOTION,
THAT RUNS THROUGH US,
AS A RIVER OF BLOOD,
THE EMOTIONS OF CONSCIOUSNESS,
GIVEN BODY IN THE WORD.

Barry Conway

The Power Within

THE POWER WITHIN

I WANT TO BE GOOD,
BUT THE BLACK GLOVE,
FALLS FROM THE WHITE ROSE.
I WANT TO BE TRUE,
BUT MY GREY CONSCIENCE,
CRIES FROM THE PILLOW,
ALL THE PRECIOUS TIME.
TIME WEIGHS UPON MY TIME,
EACH MINUTE WALKS AWAY FROM ME.
THE POWER WITHIN NATURE,
IS THE CALL OF THE SILENT,
IN WHO'S COUNCIL SITS THE PAST,
GIVING ONLY TO THOSE,
WHO ARE WILLING TO LISTEN.
EVEN THE WORD UPON THE PAGE,
IS INVISIBLE TO THE FUTURE,
A COMBUSTION OF IDEAS THAT FLARE,
AND WITHER AS SOON AS THEY APPEAR.

AGE ONLY ADDS TO THE UNCERTAINTY,
AS COLOURS MIXING IN WATER,
UNSURE OF IT'S DESTINATION HUE.
EMOTIONS ARE JUST NOT ENOUGH,
THEY DO NOT CONTAIN THE OVERFLOW,
OR THE AFTERMATH.
TO DESCRIBE ONESELF AS LOST,
PRODUCES THE INSUFFICIENCY OF SPEECH.
NO TIME ANSWERS ARE AVAILABLE TO US,
ONLY THOSE WE FOOL OURSELVES WITH.

YOU, AND I,
ARE ALL ON THE SAME PAGE,
DENY AS MUCH AS YOU WISH,
BUT WE SEE WITH EACH OTHERS EYES,
THE EDGE.

The Price Of A Cup Of Coffee

THE PRICE OF A CUP OF COFFEE

YOU,
THE PUBLIC,
ARE AMAZING,
LAZY,
GAZING,
AT THE PRICE LIST,
SUCH A HIGH COST,
CAPITALIST IDEALS,
NEVER LOST,
PAYING LOVINGLY,
THROUGH THE NOSE,
TO THOSE,
RUBBING HANDS IN GLEE,
TO SEE,
THE HERD,
UNHEARD,
MOVE GENTLY ALONG,
SINGING THEIR SONG,
PAYING LOVINGLY,
THROUGH THE NOSE,
TO THOSE,
WHOSE FRANCHISE FUN,
A CUPPA GLORY.
ONE OF LIFE'S,
MALEVOLENT STORIES.

YOU SHEEP,
SO MEEK,
WHO LIKE TO KEEP,
THE PARTY GOING,
THE SORROW GROWING,
SUCH SMALL COST,
NOT SUCH A LOSS,
FOR SUCH HUGE PROFIT.

THE GAUL OF IT,
WHERE THE WEST,
EXPLOITS THE WORLD,
WHERE FUTURES LOST
TO THE UNBORN CHILD,
WHERE THE SHEEP,
PAY THROUGH THE NOSE,
TO THOSE,
TO KEEP,
THE THIRD WORLD,
MEEK
THEY LAY,
SLAUGHTERED IN POVERTY,
DENIED,
OVERLOOKED,
PROFITING NOT,
NOT ONE JOT,
FROM YOUR STUPIDITY.

Barry Conway

The Quiteness Of The Question

THE QUITENESS OF THE QUESTION

WE ARE THE FIXATION OF THE MIND,
THE WRONG IDEAL MADE REAL,
RUSHING TO THE FRONT OF THE MIRROR, .
REFLECTING THE IMAGE IN QUANDARY
MOVING BETWEEN CIRCLES,
WITHIN SIGHT OF UNENDING REFLECTIONS,
FLOUNDERING IN WHAT TIME WE HAVE,
UNDER PRESSURE OF UNDERSTANDING THE FIXATION,
SO THAT EVEN OUR SELF,
BECOMES UNEQUAL AND UNJUST,
UNABLE TO SUSTAIN ANEW.

EACH TIME THE QUESTIONS,
ARE RETURNED IN DIFFERENT FORM,
STRETCHED BETWEEN ALL UNDERSTANDINGS.
THE DREAMPT AND THE UNDREAMPT,
KNOWING NOT,
HOW TO ACCEPT, OR HOW TO KEEP,
EACH BEAD OF SWEATED THOUGHT,
FROM ACKNOWLEDGING IT'S RELEASE FROM CAPTURE.
EACH THOUGHT UNREHEARSED,
ON THE UNEVEN EDGE OF CLARITY,
UNABLE TO.

HOW WE CHOOSE THE UNCHOSEN,
LEAVES THE UNCERTAINTY THAT PERSISTS.
EACH QUANDARY UNABLE TO SIMPLIFY,
THE PASSING OF MEANING.
THE LOW NOISE WE ALL LIVE WITH,
SHORTENS EACH CREATIVITY,
UNSTEADY IN ITS FOUNDATION.
THE FORMATION OF AN UNREALISTIC SEARCH,
LEARNING TO FIND SOMETHING,
THAT IS NOT LOST,
THAT CAN NEVER BE FOUND.

EACH PERCEPTION OF KNOWLEDGE,
REMAINS IN CLOUDED DISTANCE,
PASSED FROM MIND TO MIND.
FOR WE ATTAIN,
WHAT WE ARE PERMITTED TO,
NOT BY ONE ANOTHER,
BUT BY AN UNDERSTANDING,
THAT WE ARE UNABLE TO KNOW.

Barry Conway

The Race For June

THE RACE FOR JUNE

HER RACE
RAN LOW,
HER TIME ALLOTTED
WITHIN THE FLAMING FIELD,
BEHIND THE STRONGEST SHIELD
WAS RUN,
AS THE UNKNOWN
BECAME KNOWN
AND SHE WAS THROWN
TO BUT ONE OF LIFE'S INVISIBLE HURDLES.
THE HAPPY CLOWN
THAT STUMBLES AND FALLS
THAT DROWNS
BEHIND ALL MASKS
ALL TASKS
THAT ARE SET BEFORE
THE RACE HOME.

WE ALL STUMBLE
AS JUNE
FALLS AND RISES, TO FALL AGAIN
AS ALL REASON AND SEASONS MUST
EACH CRUST
OF THE BREAD TO BE BROKEN
WITHOUT TOKEN
CLINGS TO THE RESISTANCE
OF THE SPIRIT WITHIN
UNDENIABLE AND UNBOWED
WOUNDED BY LIFE'S RACE
UNDONE
BY EACH FALL DEFACED.

STRIKE NOT THE RESENTING BELL
DENY TORPOR OF SPIRIT
LET NOT EACH SPARK FROM THE ANVIL
DESTROY THE SWORD
FROM WHENCE IT WAS FASHIONED,

BUT GRASP IT, HOLD IT ALOFT
WIELD IT TO LIGHT THE WAY
FOR ONE DAY
ALL FIRES ARE EXTINGUISHED
THOUGH EACH BEAM
REFLECTS THE WARM GLOW OF LOVE
THAT ALONE
WILL NEVER BE.

Barry Conway

The Reveal

THE REVEAL

HE WAS MOVED TO CRUELTY,
BY CRUELTY,
BUT HE STOPPED HIMSELF JUST IN TIME,
FOR IT WAS NOT A RESPONSE,
THAT HE COULD CONTROL,
IN A WORLD
WHERE TO BE DIFFERENT,
TO THE ONE HE GREW UP WITH,
WAS A CHALLENGE TO ALL HE HELD.

BUT HIS,
WAS NOT THE ONLY HATE,
THEY WAS REACHING OUT FOR
THERE WAS ANOTHER PRESENT
ONE WHO REMAINED SIDELINED
AND QUITE
AS IF OUT OF TIME AND PLACE
CAPTURED IN THE MOMENT OF REVEAL
THAT WAS TO THEM
SOMETHING THEY HAD FORESEEN,
BUT DREADED.

HE GLIMPSED A TEAR FORMING
CATCHING THE LIGHT.
HIS ONLY HOPE OF RECONCILIATION.
THE CONCERN WAS NOT FOR HIM
BUT IN THE WAY
THEY WOULD BE RECEIVED
GREETED IN THE FUTURE
BY THOSE THAT KNEW HIS PAST

BUT HE WAS IN AN IMPOSSIBLE POSITION
WITHOUT CHOICE
AN IMPULSE WITHOUT DENIAL
HE HAD TO LEAVE
AND HOPE THAT ONE DAY

HIS TEARFUL MOTHER
WOULD IGNORE THE NON-ACCEPTANCE
OF WHO HE REALLY IS.

Barry Conway

The Scarlet Patio

THEY SEEK IT HERE,
THEY SEEK IT THERE,
THOSE BUILDERS SEEK IT EVERYWHERE,
IS IT IN HEAVEN?
OR IS IT IN HELL?
THAT DAMNED ELUSIVE PARALLEL.

Inspired by The Scarlet Pimpernell written by Baroness Orczy

Barry Conway

The Sea

THE SEA

OUR LIVES ARE RIVERS
TRIBUTARIES OF THE GREAT RIVER
THAT WE ALL FLOW INTO
SHARING THE ABUNDANT
CURRENTS AND TIDES
AS WE TRAVEL TO THE SEA.

SOMETIMES SIDE BY SIDE,
OFTEN ALONE,
WE CREATE CONSTANT MOVEMENT AND WAVES
WITHIN THE STREAM WE FALL THROUGH.
WITHIN US THE WATER CREATES
LIGHT AND DARK, STORM AND CALM
AS OUR DIRECTION UNFOLDS.
FOR WHATEVER THE HEART DESIRES,
WHETHER OUR LIVES
HAVE MERIT OR FAULT
OUR PASSAGE ONWARD
CAN NEVER BE ALTERED,
AS CAN NOT THE DESTINATION.

FOR ALL RIVERS SHORT OR LONG
ARE GOVERNED BY THE ETERNAL,
INESCAPABLE LAWS OF BEING.
SOME DAY
I WILL SEE THE SEA ON MY HORIZON
WHERE I WILL WAIT FOR ALL OF YOU
TO JOIN ME.

Barry Conway

The Shortest Shakespeare Play In History;

THE SHORTEST SHAKESPEARE PLAY IN HISTORY;

WOULD THAT I SHOULD
BUT I DOFF

Barry Conway

The Swans

THE SWANS

THERE WAS ONCE
A BLACK SWAN AND A WHITE SWAN
AND THEY BOTH LIVED HAPPILY
UNTIL
THE WHITE SWAN INTRUDED
UPON THE DOMAIN OF THE BLACK SWAN
THEY FOUGHT
AND THE WHITE SWAN WON
AND CLASSED HIMSELF SUPERIOR
BECAUSE OF THIS

THEN
HATRED GREW
THROUGH THE GREED OF THE WHITE SWAN
AND THROUGH THE DISPLACEMENT OF THE BLACK SWAN
BUT YET
NEITHER THE WHITE SWAN
NOR THE BLACK SWAN
STOPPED TO THINK
HOW BEAUTIFUL THEY ARE
AND HOW LOVE AND SHARING
IS EVEN MORE BEAUTIFUL.

Barry Conway

The Synergy Of Cathy Towers

THE SYNERGY OF CATHY TOWERS

THERE IS HOPE
IN THE POWER
THAT RESIDES
IN OUR CORE
WE SHARE,
WITH HER.

THE UNCONVENTIONAL
THAT MARKS IMMERSION
IN SPIRITUAL TEACHING
REACHING
THOSE IN NEED
WHO HEED
HER HEALING.
HER ETHICS
THE CORE OF STABILITY
THE ABILITY
TO BE ABLE
TO TABLE
THE EMOTIONS
THAT RUN THROUGH
THIS PARALLEL WORLD

LET THE ANGER WITHIN US
SUBSIDE
AND BE SPOKEN AWAY
WHERE THE EVOCATIONS
OF THE HEART
START
THE HEALING,
THE FEELING,
FELT,
REMAINS THE TANGO OF LIFE.

LET HER
FREE THE ENERGY

THE SYNERGY
BETWEEN OUR UNDERSTANDING
THAT
IS THE TRUE HEALER.

Barry Conway

The Vow

THE VOW

THERE IS A PAIN IN MY HEAD,
A THROBBING IN MY VEIN BESIDE MY EYE,
IT MOVES MY HAT,
I SEE YOURS MOVE TOO.

THE PAIN TRANSCENDS,
IT ENCIRCLES WITHIN.
NOW MY NECK, SHARPER, MORE CONCENTRATED.
IT TRAVELS IN A RED HAZE OF RAGE,
TO MY RIGHT HIP, MY KNEES,
MY LEFT ANKLE,
THEN BACKWARDS, FORWARD,
TO MY STOMACH MUSCLES, MY THUMPING CHEST.
MY POUNDING EARS,
DANCING IN MIMICRY, THROUGHOUT MY SYSTEM.

YOU FEEL THE PAIN TOO!
HUNCHED WITH AGE OVER A SLOWING FLAME,
SLOWLY DISAPPEARING.
MY FINGERS NUMB, MY TOES GO MISSING
AND I STRUGGLE TO CATCH MY BREATH I ONCE HAD.
DISTASTEFUL JUICES CLIMB INTO MY THROAT.
PATTERNLESS PATTERNS FORM ON THE GROUND,
SEEN THROUGH YELLOWING SORE EYES,
WITHDRAWN IN THE REFLECTED WHITE OF COLDNESS.
I FEEL THE RIVERS OF SWEAT,
SWIM DOWNWARDS TOWARDS MY GREY WOOLEN SCARF,
NOT TIGHT ENOUGH TO KEEP THE WARMTH WITHIN.
INSIDE A COAT TOO THIN TO GUARD OVER A WEAKENED FRAME.

WE LOOK WITH EACH OTHER, AT EACH OTHER
AND VOW.....
NEVER AGAIN! THE MISPLACED OPTIMISM OF,
'I USED TO BE ABLE TO RUN UP THIS HILL AND I STILL CAN! '

Barry Conway

The Wanderer

HE WAS A LOST SOUL,
WANDERING IN AND OUT OF HIS DREAMS,
THAT HAD LED HIM,
IN AND OUT OF A FAILED MARRIAGE.

HE WANDERED IN AND OUT OF LIFE,
UNTIL SHE ANSWERED.
JUST AN ANSWER,
ON A FREE DATING SITE,
THE CANNON FODDER OF THE MASSES,
AMASSED IN THE SOCIETY,
THAT LIVES TO AMASS POSSESSIONS,
THE WRONG POSSESSIONS,
THINKING THAT THINGS,
MAKES THE INDIVIDUALS IDENTITY,
IDENTIFIABLE.
THIS TRUTH IS SELF PROPHECY
SELF PERPETUATING,
BUT AT WHAT COST,
TO ONES INNER SELF?

HE JUST WANTED ONE POSSESSION,
SOMEONE TO LOVE,
SOMEONE TO LOVE HIM BACK,
TO END THE WANDERING,
FROM POSSESSION TO POSSESSION.

Barry Conway

The Whole Picture

THE WHOLE PICTURE

HE LOOKED DOWN AT THE SQUARE PLATE,
AND THE BLACK EYED PEAS,
LOOKED BACK AT HIM
AS IF PLEADING FOR REDEMPTION.
THEY WERE BURNT BEYOND RECOGNITION,
CHARRED AND DISCOLOURED
SENT TO THE BEYOND,
BEYOND BEYOND.
TOM STILL KNEW WHAT THEY WERE,
HE SAW HER OPENING THE TIN.

HE HAD EATEN MORE BURNT DINNERS
THAN METHUSELAH HAD BEEN GIVEN BIRTHDAYS
HE WAS SURE HER ANCESTORS
HAD BEEN CHARCOAL BURNERS
WHERE THE MEMORY
HAD LINGERED IN HER GENES
REEMERGING WITH DETERMINATION
IN EAST CHEAM

BUT HE DID NOT COMPLAIN
HE NEVER DID
HE WAS TOO GENTLE A BEAST FOR THAT
HE JUST SMOTHERED IT WITH TOMATO SAUCE
AND WOOFED IT DOWN
HOPEFULLY WITHOUT TOUCHING THE SIDES
AND SMILED TO HIS DAINTY WIFE,
FOR YOU SEE,
HE LOVED HER
AND SHE ALWAYS DID HER BEST
SHE WAS JUST A BAD COOK,
WITH A FORGETFUL LOOK.
SHE FORGOT TO STIR
FORGOT TO TURN,
TO LOWER THE HEAT
OR TO READ THE COOKING INSTRUCTIONS
SHE SOUNDS LIKE A MAN REALLY.

BUT HE BORE THESE CULINARY DISASTERS HAPPILY
FOR IT WAS JUST ONE PIECE OF THE JIGSAW OF LOVE
AND THE WHOLE PICTURE,
WAS WONDERFUL

Barry Conway

The Wind Always Lies

THE WIND ALWAYS LIES,
IT PERMEATES THE RUMOUR,
THAT SPREADS THROUGH,
THE TALL, SLENDER SLIGHT LIPPED WOODS,
WHOSE BARK IN HEIGHTENED EAGERNESS,
STRENGTHENS THE FABLE,
AMONG THE LEAVES OF PLENTY.

CREATURES OF TIME,
SPREADING THE DISSENT OF THE ENSLAVED,
THE PARANOIA OF THE DIVINE,
CRADLING THE MOSS LADEN GROUND,
WHERE, IN THE MARBLED DARK,
VERMIN SPREAD THEIR HABIT AND MULTIPLY,
CAUGHT ABOVE AND BELOW,
BY THEIR EVERY WATCHING PREDATORY FOE.

EACH HOLLOW,
BEARS THE FALSE STORY OF THEIR PASSING,
PASSED ON IN THE PLAY OF NAIVE CHILDREN,
WHO SEE LURKING IN THE EVIL OF THE TWILIGHT,
THE OTHER LOST PEOPLE,
IN WHOSE LIKENESS THEY RECOGNIZE,
WITHIN THEIR OWN PLAY,
KEEPING ALIVE THE LIES,
THAT THE WIND TELLS.

Barry Conway

Their Wishes

THEIR WISHES

THE SUN
RETURNED MY TOUCH
AND I HEARD ITS WARMTH
UPON MY FACE

THE WIND
WRAPPED ITS ARMS AROUND ME
AND I TASTED ITS PLEASURE

THE SEA
JEALOUS
DANCED TO ATTRACT MY ATTENTION
THROWING UP THOUSANDS OF TIARAS
IT'S ANGER TRYING TO REACH THE SKY

THE YACHTS
RACING
YAWNED AT THE HORIZON
WHERE EACH WAVING FLAG
TEMPTED THE NEXT

THE BAY
OBEYED
ALL THE WISHES OF THEM
PLAYED UPON NATURES TABLE
FRINGING
THE FRAMED HAZE
AS I LAZE
AND GAZE
WITHIN THE SEAGULLS SQUABBLE

THE SUN
REVEALED AGAIN ITS VOICE
UPON MY FINGERS

THE ROCKS
GUARDED THE HILLS

BEYOND THE WOODS
I MUST PASS

Barry Conway

Theosophy

THEOSOPHY

THE ROOM
IRREGULAR IN SHAPE,
AS WERE THE OCCUPANTS,
RESOUNDED TO THE DEEP DISCUSSION
OF AN UNKNOWN REALITY.
THEY URGED
PHILOSOPHY, THEOLOGY, PSYCHOLOGY AND SCIENCE
TRYING TO MAKE SENSE,
WAS THE WAY FORWARD,
TO EXPAND.
HE SAT, AND LISTENED,
NOT KNOWING HOW TO RECEIVE,
WITHOUT SKEPTICISM IN WILLINGNESS
TO BE ENLIGHTENED.

THEY WATCHED HIM,
STUDIED HIS FACE,
LAUGHED WITH HIM,
REGARDED THE LANGUAGE OF HIS BODY,
EAGER TO CAPTURE HIM WITHIN THEIR INFLUENCE,
THAT HIS OWN DECISION WOULD MAKE
WITHOUT EXERTING FORCE ABOVE SELF DETERMINATION.
ONLY USING IDEAS, AND THOUGHT
TO DRAW HIM IN
TO RELEASE HIS SKEPTICISM OF HIMSELF.

HE WAS WELCOMED AS ALL ARE
FOR THEY KNEW
THAT THERE IS NO HIGHER RELIGION THAN TRUTH
AND ITS MANTRA
CAN NEVER BE MUTED
AS LONG AS YOU SEARCH FOR PERCEPTION.

Barry Conway

There Was Susanne

THERE WAS SUSANNE

SUSANNE WAS THERE,
SMILING,
AND GIVING LOVE AS SHE TALKED.
I PASSED,
AND WAS STRUCK BY HER LIGHT,
SO MUCH SO,
THAT I FORGOT TO REMEMBER,
WHY I WAS THERE,
IN GREENLIFE, IN TOTNES.
I QUEUED SOMEWAY BEHIND HER,
WITH MY FAYRE,
AND SHE WAS STILL WONDERFULLY THERE.

BUT ALAS,
SHE GLIDED OUT INTO THE LIGHT,
OF THE STREET.
FLOATED TO,
AND LINGERED IN MY MINDS EYE.
CAPTURED IN A TIME OF MY MAKING.
I SAW HER WAITING THERE, FOR ME,
YES FOR ME!
OH SHAKESPEARE!
' FAINT HEART NEVER WON FAIR LADY'
AND 'THYNE EYE BECAME MY COOK'.

SCRUFFY THOUGH I BE ON MY SLOB DAY,
I RUSHED OUT OF THE STORE IN HOPE,
WITH MY OATS CLUTCHED TO MY CHESTS,
TO FIND HER,
AND YES! THERE SHE WAS, LINGERING,
DECIDING WHICH WAY TO GO,
SO YES, I SPOKE TO HER.
I TOOK THIS LIGHT.
FOR SUCH MOMENTS ARE LIFE'S BOUNTY,
THEY ARE THE SUBSISTENCE OF LOVE,
AND I HUNGERED FOR ITS ORGANIC MESSAGE,
THAT STOOD BEFORE ME.

I WANTED TO LIFT HER UP IN MY ARMS
AND CARRY HER AWAY WITH ME
TO FILL NOT A REVISITED PAST
BUT A NEW PAST IN THE FUTURE
REMOVING PAST ALLERGIES
THAT THE MINDFUL BODY REJOINS.

Barry Conway

They May Wonder

THEY MAY WONDER

WHEN I AM DEAD
SOMEONE MAY ACROSS ME COME
IN AN OLD PHOTO IN A DRAWER
AND HAPPILY, SADLY PONDER ON
ANOTHER PASSED, NOW NO MORE
PASSED FROM THE LIGHT
INTO THE DARKNESS OF THE DRAWER
AND
IF I AM LUCKY
THEY MAY WONDER
WHO WAS I?
WHAT LIFE DID I LEAD?
WAS IT OF WORTH
BEFORE RETURNING
TO THE EARTH

Barry Conway

Thinking

THINKING

YES I WRITE POETRY,
PEOPLE SAY I AM A POET,
MAYBE YES, MAYBE NO,
BUT WHAT YOU MUST UNDERSTAND,
IS THAT I AM NOT WISE, NOT CLEVER,
NOT WELL INFORMED, NOT A TEACHER,
I MAM NOT SEER,
NOT A PROFESSOR OF KNOWLEDGE,
I CAN NOT ANSWER YOUR QUESTIONS,
I CAN ONLY MAKE YOU FEEL,
HAPPY OR SAD,
REFLECTIVE OR ANGRY,
INSECURE OR IMPORTANT,
AND IF I AM LUCKY,
I CAN ALSO MAKE YOU THINK,
FOR THAT IS ALL I DO,
THINK,
AND IT IS THOSE THOUGHTS,
WHICH I WRITE DOWN.

SO DO NOT MERIT ME WITH ANY GAIN,
FOR I AM JUST,
ONE OF THE THRONG, LIKE YOU,
SEARCHING FOR THE ANSWERS.

Barry Conway

Through

THROUGH

LOOK!
THERE BE A LIGHT
WHERE?
THERE,

I SEE NO LIGHT
ONLY THE SHADES OF DARKNESS
LOOK! THERE IT BE AGAIN,
SWINGING FROM SIDE TO SIDE
ON THE HORIZON THROUGH.

IT BE A SHIP
UPON MY LIFE
IT BE A SHIP
I SWEAR IT

DO MY EYES DECEIVE ME?
DO YOU SEE IT TOO?
IT MUST BE
FOR WE CAN NOT SURVIVE
ANOTHER NIGHT IN THIS COLD

YES,
I SEE IT TOO
BUT WHICH SIDE IT BE
NOW MATTERS NOT,

THERE, THERE,
HERE, HERE QUICK,
FIRE THE SIGNAL SHOT
FOR WE BE REPRIEVED BY THE LORD
OF THE SEA.

Barry Conway

Timing Darling, Timing

TIMING DARLING, TIMING

'Hey Julie,
do you know the time? '

'Ten past twelve'

'How did you know that? '

'I just worked it out'

'I bet you looked at the clock! '

'No I did not I promise you I didn't. I do not need to lie about that! , but our firstborn, now that is a different matter! '

Barry Conway

To The Tavern

TO THE TAVERN

THERE IS NO SEPARATION,
BETWEEN US AND THE DIVINE,
JUST AS THERE IS NO SEPARATION,
BETWEEN US AND THE TRUTH.
TRUE LOVE IS A STEP,
TO UNDERSTANDING THE DIVINE IN ALL OF US.
LOVE IS THE HOPE WE ALL SEARCH FOR,
IT IS THE SPRING OF LIFE THAT QUENCHES ALL THIRST,
IT IS THE LIGHT,
THAT GUIDES THE WAY THROUGH THE DARKNESS.
IT IS THE ONLY TRUTH THAT IS OPEN TO US.
NOT TO FOLLOW,
LEADS US TO WAYS OF FALSENESS.
DO NOT DENY THE GOLDEN MESSENGER,
WHOSE OUTSTRETCHED HAND,
IS THERE TO STRENGTHEN EACH STEP.

LOOK INTO THE WIND,
AND LISTEN TO IT'S MESSAGE,
IT WHISPERS LOVE IN ALL IT'S FORMS.
ONCE HEARD IT WILL EVOLVE WITHIN YOU,
AS THE FRUIT RIPENS UPON THE VINE,
IT WILL LIFT YOU ABOVE ALL BURDEN,
FREE ALL RESTRICTIONS,
THAT THIS WONDEROUS EXISTENCE ALLOWS US..
IT IS YOUR PERSONAL MESSAGE FOR YOU TO HEAR,
FOR EACH REVELATION,
IS UNIQUE IN IT'S SIMILARITY,
TO ALL WHO HEAR IT.

Barry Conway

Today

TODAY

TODAY
I AM IN THE FURROW
IN THE SWAYING PULSE
WITHIN THE REASON OF WRITING
AS THE WORDS FLOW
LIKE AMBER HONEY UPON THE PAGE
THEY COME UNBIDDEN
WITHOUT EFFORT
WITHOUT THOUGHT
AS IF BEING REBORN ANEW

HOW SIMPLE IT ALL SEEMS
WITHIN THESE MOMENTS
BUT HOW SPARSE
THEIR CHILDREN PLAY
SPARINGLY LAUGHING
AMONG THOSE WHO HAVE NEED

CAN SUCH BLESSINGS AS THIS
BE MADE AVAILABLE TO ALL
WILL THIS TAKE AWAY
THE INCONSEQUENCES OF BEING
AND REPLACE THEM
WITH THE STILLNESS OF SPIRIT
THAT IS TO BE FOUND WITHIN ALL

Barry Conway

Tortoise Philosophy

TORTOISE PHILOSOPHY

I AM A TORTOISE,
AND WHAT HAS A TORTOISE, TAUGHT US?
IT HAS TAUGHT US,
TO TAKE THINGS SLOWLY,
TAKE IT EASY,
WHY RUSH?
EAT YOUR FOOD AT A LEISURELY PACE.
PACE THE RACE,
SLOWLY, SLOWLY, WINS THE RACE,
CATCHES HAIRY HARE,
SO THERE!

FACE THE FRONT
NO USE LOOKING AT THE PAST BEHIND.
I MAY BE UGLY,
BUT UGLY IS IN THE EYE OF THE BEHOLDER,
BUT WE ARE ALL BEHOLDEN UGLY IN OUR WAY.

DO NOT SHELL OUT FOR EXPENSIVE HOMES,
CARRY IT ON YOU BACK
WARD OFF ATTACK,
CALL YOURSELF JACK
CHILL OUT,
RELAX.

WHAT'S THE RUSH?
YOU WILL GIVE YOURSELF THRUSH.
AND ALWAYS REMEMBER,
SLEEP IS IMPORTANT, NOT ONLY IN NOVEMBER.
IT KEEPS YOU CONSTANT
IMPORTANT,
AS IS HEALTHY GREEN VEGETABLES,
YOU DO NOT NEED EAT MEAT,
ALTHOUGH MY COUSIN DOES,
WITH HIS BIG FEET.

DWELL ON THE LAND

SEA IS FOR THE BIRDS,
AND BE KIND TO TURTLES
TAKE ITS SOUP OUT OF THE LOOP
BUT ONE WORD OF WARNING
THAT MAY STOP YOU YAWNING
DO NOT BE A RECLUSIVE
OR EVEN ELUSIVE

MIX WITH YOUR KIND
AND ALWAYS BE KIND
FOR WE ALL COME FROM EGGS
NOT NECESSARILY AT EASTER.
AND WE ALL HAVE RINGS,
AND THOSE ARE ALL USEFUL THINGS.
I WILL SHARE ALL WITH YOU.
WHICH I GIVE TO YOU
FROM INSIDE MY VIEW
MY LONG CONSIDERED VIEW.

DON'T BE A PAIN IN THE NECK
OH WHAT THE HECK
JUST BE YOU
AND YOUR DREAMS WILL COME TRUE

BURP! ! !
SORRY THE CABBAGE WAS A BIT CHEWY
WHO KNEWY?
HARD TO DIGEST,
I'D RATHER HAVE A DIGEST IVE BISCUIT,
I MIGHT EVEN RISK IT,
SO DON'T GET SHIRTY,
YOU WILL SOON BE THIRSTY THIRTY,
SO WIND YOUR NECK IN
I DO!
AND SO SHOULD YOU!

Barry Conway

Traveling

TRAVELING

THE WORDS MY EARS HEAR,
ARE NO LONGER THE STRING THAT BINDS THEM,
TO THE MORTAL THOUGHTS THEY ADDRESS.

THEY USED TO TRANSFORM ME,
TO OFF WORLD PLACES,
WHERE HUMAN FORM HOLDS NO CURRENCY,
AND FLESH IS BUT NOT KNOW, N
BUT ONLY A FANTASY OF HISTORY,
WITHIN A CULTURE,
FAR IN EXCESS OF FORM.
,
EACH LIGHT THAT TOUCHES,
IS AN UNSEEN TRAVELER THROUGH TIME,
GLIDING TO THE NEXT TIME,
HELPING TO CONVEY THE SECRETS,
THAT ONLY THE CHOSEN FEW,
WILL ONLY BE ALLOWED TO CHOOSE.

HOWEVER STRONG DESIRES ARE,
IT CAN NEVER TAKE YOU ON THE JOURNEY,
IF YOU HAVE NOT TRANSFORMED INTO THE LIGHT,
FOR ITS GUARDIANS ARE THE TRUTH,
THAT PERSISTS IN THE REALM,
THAT WE ALL ASPIRE TO,
IN OUR INNER MOMENTS OF SHADOW.
THEY ALONE,
ARE THE KEEPERS OF THE LIGHT,
IN WHOSE ABUNDANCE,
ONLY THE FEW ATTAIN.

IT IS THE DARKNESS,
THAT WE DREAM ABOUT.
FOR THOSE THAT ABANDON THEMSELVES
DENYING THE POSSIBILITIES,
THAT CONSTANTLY SURROUND US.
THE INVISIBLE FORCE,

A DENIAL OF SEPARATION,
WITHIN THE WHOLE.

Barry Conway

True Honesty

TRUE HONESTY

TAKE YOUR HAND AND STAY WITH ME
TOGETHER WE CAN FAKE IT
THOUGH OUR BODIES ARE OLD AND ACHING
OUR MINDS STILL WANT THE TAKING

FOR THIS TIME WE SPEND ALONE TOGETHER
WILL BE THOUGHTS THAT SLEEP WITH US
LET'S MAKE NEW ONES IN TRUE HONESTY
FOR OF THIS WORLD WE'LL SOON BE FREE

Barry Conway

Truro Cathedral

TRURO CATHEDRAL

I SAT AMONGST THE GRANDEUR
READ THE CRIES
OF THE FORLORN
LEFT IN HOPE
AMONGST THE SPLENDOUR
SURRENDERED TO IT.

I WALKED
TRANSFIXED
MIXED
WITH ALL THE EMOTIONS
OF THE UNBELIEVER
RESOLUTE
IN MY INTENT
RELENTING PAST FAILURES
ANEW.

MAN AND WOMAN
DEFINES
THEIR PERCEIVED DESTINIES
IN THE MONUMENTS THEY BUILD
IN THE WAY
THEY LEAD THEIR LIVES
IN THE CHALLENGES
THAT CONFRONT THEM
EVERY DAY
HERE MET
AT TRURO CATHEDRAL
IN THE SPIRIT
WITH OVERPOWERING MAJESTY
THAT FALL BEFORE IT'S DEMANDS

CONCEPTS
THAT GOVERN OUR WORLD
IMPORTANCE THEMSELVES
UPON US
CHALLENGING

CHANNELING
ALL BELIEFS
TOWARDS THEIR GOAL

SO MANY DIFFERENT BELIEFS
ALL CERTAIN
THAT THEIRS
IS
THE TRUE WAY
AND DISILLUSIONMENT
IS THE COUNCIL
OF THE LOST
THEY SEE
IN OTHERS EYES.

SOLITUDE
NO MORE
THROUGHOUT THE LANDS
WHERE CONFLICT
HANDS THE SWORD
FROM GENERATION
TO GENERATION
NATIONS
IN TURMOIL
FACE
THE UNBELIEVERS
EVERYWHERE.

Barry Conway

Turning

TURNING

THE SUN DID NOT RISE IN THE MORNING,
TO TURN THE EARTH IN ITS WARMTH
FROM WHENCED I SAW ITS GLARE.
THE SEA DID NOT DANCE TO THE SHORE,
BUT WAS COERCED BY THE MOON,
WHO IN TURN IS COMMANDED
BY THE EARTH.
AND I
I DID NOT TURN TO YOU.
FOR I AM NO LONGER,
THE INFLUENCE YOU ONCE SOUGHT.

Barry Conway

Two Into One

TWO INTO ONE

THE TWO MET,
AND THEIR LOVEMAKING,
WAS BOTH JOYOUS AND PLENTIFUL.
ONE MADE PLANS, SURRENDERED TO IT,
WHILE THE OTHER WAS RESERVED,
NOT WANTING TO TEMPT FATE.

ONE SAID THAT IT WAS EARLY DAYS,
THE OTHER RESPONDED WITH CERTAINTY,
I WILL LOVE YOU IN THE EARLY DAY,
LOVE YOU IN THE MIDDLE DAYS,
LOVE YOU IN THE LATE DAYS,
FOR MY LOVE IS GRANITE,
A GRAIN PLANTED IN YOUR HEART,
THAT WILL GROW AND FLOWER,
TO GIVE NEW LIFE, NEW MEANING.
YOU HAVE MADE ME WANT TO BE A BETTER PERSON,
TO HOLD YOU CLOSE, UNTIL TIME TAKES US.
FOR IN MY MIND,
THERE ARE NO EARLY DAYS,
MIDDLE OR LATE DAYS,
JUST DAYS TOGETHER.

WE SHALL SEE ALL THE DAYS,
WITH EACH OTHERS EYES,
HEAR EACH OTHERS THOUGHTS.
WE WILL BEND TOGETHER IN LIFE,
AS TALL BAMBOO BENDS IN A STRONG WIND.
EACH BLADE OF GRASS WE LIE UPON,
WILL BEAR THE MEMORY OF OUR LOVE,
FOR OUR INDIAN SUMMER OF LOVE,
SHALL SUSTAIN BOTH OUR HEARTS.

Barry Conway

Two Sisters

TWO SISTERS
I SAW A SIGHT I HAVE NEVER SEEN BEFORE,
AND I KNOW THAT IF I LIVE FOR ANOTHER HUNDRED YEARS,
THEN IT WILL BE BECAUSE OF THIS DAY.

I SAW AT FIRST A PERFECTLY FORMED RAINBOW,
ARCHED IN PERFECT SYMMETRY,
ITS SEVEN COLOURS STRIKINGLY STRONG,
AGAINST A CLEAR SKY,
WITHIN A LIGHT, ALMOST IMPERCEPTIBLE MIST,
LINGERING, HOVERING IN MID AIR,
HELD BY A GENTLE WIND.
IT WAS STILL, AND WONDROUS.

I MARVELED AT THIS DELIGHT,
AND AS I DID A NEW LIGHT APPEARED,
A SECOND RAINBOW, JOINED, ARCHING ABOVE IT,
BRIGHTER AND MORE VIVID THAN THE FIRST,
AS IF IT WERE BEING BALANCED BY ITS SISTER.
THEY CONTROLLED THEIR FORM IN THE DULL HEAT.

I WATCHED AS THE TWO SISTERS,
WORKED IN CO-OPERATION, AS ONE,
BUT NOT AS ONE RAINBOW OF SEVEN COLOURS,
BUT ONE RAINBOW OF FOURTEEN COLOURS,
COLOURS I HAD NEVER KNOWN,
COLOURS THAT FILLED MY NOSE WITH SCENT,
I SMELT THE RAINBOWS UPON MY SENSES.

I FELT I WAS WATCHING,
AN ECLIPSE OF TWO HEAVENLY BODIES,
MEETING IN THE SKY,
GREETING EACH OTHER IN PEACE AND HARMONY,
SHIMMERING A HALO OF LIGHT ABOVE THEM.
WITHOUT WARNING THEY BEGAN TO SEPARATE,
THE NEW COLOURS STARTED TO DISPERSE,
THE AROMA THAT HAD FUILLED MY SENSES LEFT ME.
THE SECOND RAINBOW SEEMED TO BOW,
THEN SLOWLY DRIFTED, FADED FROM SIGHT,

GUIDING THE FIRST WITH HER, AWAY.

I WAS LEFT STANDING,
AS IF WOKEN FROM A DREAM,
TO A NEW REALITY,
THAT CAN NEVER LEAVE ME.

Barry Conway

Tyranny

TYRANNY

THE FIRST OF THE MANY
THE LAST OF THE FEW
THE MOTION OF WATCHING
AND TELLING YOU KNEW

THOSE FEW
WHO WENT ON FOR SO LONG
ALONE
WITH LAURELS OF HOPE
AND PAINS OF DEATH
THE FALLING OF LOINS
INTO A FOUNTAIN OF RED
THAT IS FED
WITH MAN
FOR THEY HAD BEGAN
LIKE THE FIRST OF THE MANY
AND NOW THEY ARE
THE LAST OF THE FEW
I SLEW GOLIATH
I SLEW HIM FOR YOU

THE GARDEN OF EDEN
THE FRUITS ON THE TREES
THE FIRES OF FREEDOM
THE SMELL OF THE BREEZE

THE COURT IS IN SESSION
THE JUDGE HALLOWED NOW
I WANT A CONFESSION
I'LL MAKE YOU BOW

YOU'RE ALL THE SAME
THE YOUTH OF TODAY
YOU THINK WE'RE TO BLAME
YOU WON'T HAVE A SAY

YOUR TROUBLES HAVE ENDED

HERE IN THIS HOUSE
YOU WON'T BE DEFENDED
YOU'RE JUST A SICK LOUSE

NOTHING YOU SAY
IS SAID AS IT SHOULD
PUT HIM AWAY
FOR EVER, FOR GOOD

TAKE HIM AWAY
TO A PIT OF DESPAIR
I'M THE ONE WITH THE SAY
THE ONE IN THE CHAIR

THE NEXT ONE I PRAY
WILL BE EAGER AND WILLING
I MUST HAVE MY SAY
I FEEL LIKE A KILLING

THIS ONE'S YOUR SON
HE BREATHES WITH YOUR BREATH
HE'S NO MORE MY SON
PUT HIM TO DEATH

TYRANNY WINS
IT WINS YET AGAIN
I'LL MAKE YOU ALL SUFFER
WITH VIOLENCE AND PAIN

I'M THE ONE IN THE CHAIR
THE ONE WITH THE SAY
I AM IN POWER
I AM IN POWER
TODAY?

Barry Conway

Unspent

UNSPENT

ONE DAY WE WILL TAKE ALL THAT WONDER
HOW THAT ONE DAY, IN THE LIGHT, WENT THE DAY WELL
WHEN 14 FRIENDS SPOKE, AND LEARNT THE THUNDER
AND GAVE US THOSE WORDS WE COULD NOT HAVE SPENT

Barry Conway

Unsurrendered

UNSURRENDERED

ALL DAYS MERGE INTO ONE
EACH HOUR IS CONSUMED BY THE NEXT
THE NEWS IS NEVER DIFFERENT
I RISE THE SAME TIME EVERY MORNING
THE WIND ALWAYS BLOWS FROM THE NORTH
AND THE BIRDS STAY SILENT
THE SUN DOES NOT SPEAK TO ME
AND THE SHOE RECEDES FROM MY FOOTSTEP
THE SAND WILL NOT SUPPORT MY WEIGHT
AND THE ROCKS HUDDLE TO FORM NEW BARRIERS.
MY APPETITE DISAPPEARS IN THE LONGING
I HAVE LOST THE THOUGHT OF SPEECH
AS I DROWN IN HER EYES

TREES DO NOT BEND
DOGS DO NOT BARK
AND RAIN SCOLDS ME
THE WORLD DOES NOT TURN
FIRES DO NOT BURN
THE MOON REFUSES TO RISE
BUT THE NIGHT REMAINS CONSTANT.

LOVE AND DESIRE HAVE NO HOME
FUTURE HAS NO HOPE
AND HOLDS NO SECRETS
MY HAND IS EMPTY WITHOUT YOURS
AND I WILL PASS FROM THIS LIFE
BROKEN AND DEFEATED
NEVER HAVING THE SURRENDER
OF EXISTENCE WITH YOU

Barry Conway

Unto His Mercy

UNTO HIS MERCY

I am of the disposition and favour of a quantum of solace for the dear departed Emily, who on the uncommon occurrence of her demeanor gave way to the vulgarities of the flesh, a coupling which all of gods fearing children know is a sanctity only given under his guidance of love and marriage.

The more astounding is this occurrence when taken into account all the advantages of life privileged to her by my dear wife and myself, a judge of the highest court in the land.

It is most regrettable and disturbing on so many avenues, for as you know of Emily's acquaintance you will confide that she is not warm to the eye, and that her demeanor is somewhat corpulent.

It is also of note that the unfortunate girl has the face of a distressed cod, which lends itself that her suitor must have been blind, or under the influence of some internal intoxication not given by eye.

Emily was betrothed as you know, somewhat fortunately I might add, to one of the best families in the Kingdom.
Of course they have been released from this tie and I have paid a sum in recompense for their shame of association

In this foolish folly she has not only failed in her sense of propriety, but in her whimsical defense of her commonplace methods best left to those with more fortunate attainments of marriage.

Of course, undoubtedly, she is my flesh and blood and I love her, but it is without any hint of purpose that Emily has left us and departed for the colonies, with I might add, aunt Agatha to act as her chaperone.
She will on arrival be taken to be schooled in the necessities of serving others in a temperance orphanage. for those whose start in life has been less fortunate than hers. Hopefully this will give her a new perspective on her position in this family.

I shall expect and receive no more inquiries of her as to her favour and consider this unfortunate incident a lost cause and a closed book.

When the time elapsed proves sufficient we will try to reintroduce her back into polite society, but when that will be, god only knows, for as we all confirm we all all in his gracious hands and reside within his mercy.

Barry Conway

Vibrating Needles

VIBRATING NEEDLES

SATIN STYLED EYELASHES
MOZART EYEING PINK FLOYD IN THE RACK
SWINGING VIETNAMESE LAMPS
BY PHOTOS BLAZONED IN COLOURS
SELF-CONSCIOUS SUBTERRANEAN
FLOWING EACH AND EVERY WAY
GLITTERING CANDLES
SHIMMERING THE INCENSE ASIDE
BASKET WORK AND CANE CHAIRS
VIBRATING NEEDLES
QUILTED SKIN
ERECTED NIPPLES
SLIGHT PAIN
THE ECSTASY
LIGHTS
EVERYWHERE
VIBRATING NEEDLES

Barry Conway

Vision

VISION

SHE CAME OUT OF THE EAST
THE SUN SHIMMERING BEHIND HER
CREATING A HALO
ON TOP OF HER OWN
A THOUGHT GODDESS
LONG AND LEGGY
HER LONG STRAIGHT LIMBS
ARROWED TOWARDS ME
FLOWING IN A DRESS
SO SILKY THAT
THE GLINT SPARKLED FROM IT
HER FACE AS PURE AS NEWLY FALLEN SNOW
STRIDING WITHOUT HESITATION
TOWARDS MY HEART.
THE CHARM BRACELET
JINGLED ON HER ARM
PLAYING A WIND TUNE
AS IT WAS CAUGHT UPON IT
I BATHED IN HER
WIDE OPAL EYES
AS CLEAR AS A SOUTH SEA ISLAND LAGOON
WHERE HER TEETH WERE THE PEARLS
OF THE OCEANS HARVEST
HER SMILE
THE SMILE OF AGES
UPON HER MOIST CHERRY LIPS
CAPTURED ME.
I SMELL THE COCONUTS FROM THE PALM TREES
AS THE TREES FLOATED PAST
HER SWAYING HIPS
AS THE RUSTLING OF HER DRESS
DANCED AND TASTED THE AIR
SHE HAD EMERGED FROM OUT OF THE SUNLIGHT
AS IF BEING BORN BY THE SUN
HER GOLDEN HAIR CASCADING OVER HER FORM

AS A SHOWER OF STARDUST
SHE WAS A POETS DREAM
THE ARTISTS MUSE
NATURES PERFECTION
AN ANGEL HERE EARTHBOUND
SMILING AT ME
COMING NEARER
AND MY HEART
WAS LOST IN ITS POUNDING
AS SHE REMAINED BEFORE ME
A VISION OF A VISION
AND SPOKE THE UNFORGETTABLE WORDS
THAT REMAIN WITH ME FOR ALL TIME

'GOT A LIGHT MATE'

Barry Conway

Visionary

VISIONARY

HE WAS A VISIONARY,
LIKE A LIGHT SOLVING,
THE PROBLEMS OF THE WORLD,
HE BROUGHT SENSE TO CHAOS,
HIS VOICE RESONATING,
SHINNING THROUGH THE GLOOM.

HE SPOKE OF IDEAS BEYOND MAN,
TOLD US HOW TO LIVE OUR LIVES,
THE DIRECTIONS WE SHOULD TAKE.
HE EXPLAINED THE COMPLEXITIES OF LIFE,
IN SIMPLE FORM TO UNDERSTAND.
HE MADE ONE FEEL AT ONE,
FEEL WHOLE AGAIN FROM THE VOID WITHIN,
GAVE YOU CONFIDENCE WITHIN YOURSELF.
HIS MODESTY WITHIN KNOWLEDGE WAS UPLIFTING,
HE KNEW AND SAW OF THINGS TO COME.
HE WAS MORE THAN HOLY,
MORE THAN A SEER,
MORE THAN A PROPHET,
MORE THAN A VISIONARY,
HE WAS A THREAT TO THE POWERS THAT BE,
SO NOBODY LISTENED TO HIM.

Barry Conway

Waiting

WAITING

I HEAR YOUR VOICE,
WHISPERED,
ON THE TREE TOPS,
IN THE NIGHT.

I FEEL,
YOUR FINGERS,
ON THE GENTLE,
DROPS OF RAIN.

I SEE YOUR SMILE,
IN THE FACES OF CHILDREN,
AS THEY PLAY,
THEIR YOUTH AWAY.

I SMELL YOUR PERFUME,
UPON THE PILLOW,
NEVER WASHED,
OR WILL BE

I FEEL YOUR ARMS,
REACH OUT TO ME,
FROM THE BEYOND,
WAITING FOR ME.

Barry Conway

Wallowing In Mud

THEY WERE OLD
OLD IN AGE, OLD IN ATTITUDE
THESE FAILED POETS
FALSE SELF APPOINTED ARBITERS
STUCK IN THE MUD OF THE BEACH
WATCHING WITH SPITE
THE OTHER POETS MOVING FREELY
UPON THE SOOTHING SAND
WHILE ALL THE TIME INSISTING
THAT, THAT IS NOT THE WAY YOU WALK
IT IS JUST NOT DONE
NOT PROPER, NOT RIGHT, NOT POETRY

SO LET US LOOK AT THEM
THE PITIFUL BUNCH
HUNCHED TOGETHER AS OVER RIPE BANANAS
BENT TURNING MUSHY
WITH EVERY POEM
THOSE WHO SPEAK UP AMONG THEM
DO NOT HAVE THE AUTHORITY OF CHARACTER
THOSE WHO REMAIN SILENT AMONG THEM
REMAIN RESIGNED IN THE HERD
NEW BLOOD, NEW IDEAS
ARE NOT WANTED
ARE NOT NEEDED
ARE NOT NECESSARY
BY THOSE WHO WALLOW IN THE MUD
FLOUNDER IN THE PAST

Barry Conway

Wants

WANTS

I HAVE NO WANTS
IN MY MELANCHOLY OF DESIRE
I REQUIRE
ONLY THE PASSING OF THE DAYS
TO PUT AN END OF MY SELFISHNESS
THE DEFEATED ENEMY
MYSELF

SUBDUED AND REPENTLESS OF SIGNIFICANCE
CANNOT TURN
TO ADMIT WRONGFULNESS.
THE PORTHOLE OF MY EXISTENCE
IS DIMINISHING
AS MY CRYING DAYS
BECOME FREQUENTED
BY PAST MISTAKES
SENSING THE VULNERABILITY
THAT LIFE HAS TRAPPED ME IN

I TOOK THE PAYMENT OF THE WORLD
AND IT'S REPAYMENT
IS SLOWLY CRUSHING ME
UNDER ITS WEIGHT
OF ITS DEBT

BUT DO NOT WEEP FOR ME
OR EVEN CONSIDER MYSELF
WORTHY OF YOUR COMPASSION
FOR MY PREDICAMENT
IS MIRRORED
MILLIONS OF TIMES GREATER
IN THOSE
THAT REALLY SUFFER
AND BESIDE THOSE
I AM TRULY INSIGNIFICANT.

Watching (Watched)

WATCHING (WATCHED)

I WATCHED UNDER A FLORAL SKY
SCENTED WITH STARS
WHILE RAPTORS FLEW
BLACK AND WHITE
TO DECORATE LIGHT
FROM THE WOODED VILLAGE
DECORATED THE CAVE
IN A YELLOW BATHE
AS A MINTY AIR
CARESSED ACROSS ME.

THE SEA,
CALM AND MYSTERIOUS
WHISPERED
TO THE GENTLY BOBBING FISHERMEN
TETHERED TO THE DAWN
THAT IT WAS TIME.

Barry Conway

Water Into Rain

WATER INTO RAIN

I NOW CAN NEVER FEEL THE SAME
CAN NEVER HOPE TO REMOVE THE PAIN
OR LIVE A LIFE WITHOUT THE GAIN
NOW THAT YOU HAVE RETURNED AGAIN
TURNING WATER INTO RAIN

I SEE THE GOOD IN YOU REFRAIN
WHERE ONLY BAD IN YOU REMAINS
OVER LINED AND BARREN BLEAK TERRAIN
WHERE LOVERS LOVE WILL NOT REGAIN
TURNING WATER INTO RAIN.

Barry Conway

Wave Goodbye

WAVE GOODBYE

I WILL ONE DAY
BE CALLED FOR FINAL BOARDING
MY FLIGHT WILL BE CALLED
AND I WILL TURN
TO LOOK TO SEE WHO IS THERE
TO SEE ME OFF
TO WAVE GOODBYE.

I WILL LOOK BACK
AND SEARCH FOR THE MEANING
OF MY LIFE,
LOOK TO SEE IF IT WAS WORTHWHILE.
AT THIS FRAGILE POINT,
WHEN ALL CHOICE IS DENIED TO ME,
WHEN I AM ALONE
ON THE CONCOURSE
WITH THE SAME ANGER AND ACCEPTANCE
WE ALL ASK OURSELVES
WITHOUT CONDESCENSION OR BEING PROUD,
WITHIN THE PITY OF OURSELVES,
KNOWING OURSELVES TRULY
FOR THE FIRST TIME.
INSTEAD OF PUSHING AN INVISIBLE WHEEL
CREATED BY THE SOCIETY, WE ALL CREATE.
A STATE OF PANIC
EXISTING BETWEEN ALL AND K NOWHERE
AT THE SAME TIME IN TIMELESS FORM
LIVING THROUGH ALL THE SEASONS
AND THE GENIUS OF IT ALL
KNOWING THAT ALL THAT ONCE MATTERED,
NOW IS MATTERLESS.

Barry Conway

We Are All Breathing

WE ARE ALL BREATHING

LOVE IS NOT DISSIPATED,
BUT DIFFUSED TOWARDS ITS ACCEPTOR.
IT IS NOT THE IMMORTALITY OF THOUGHT MADE WHOLE,
BUT IN THE UNDERSTANDING OF THE ACCEPTOR.

THERE IS NO KNOWLEDGE OF INFINITY
THAT CAN EVER EXPRESS THE FREEDOM,
THAT YOUR BREATH UPON MY HEART CAN EXPLAIN.
IT IS THE VOID FILLED WITHIN THE RUSH OF CALMNESS,
GIVEN SO TENDERLY.
THE LIGHT ENGULFING, FILLED WITH LOVE.

THE ENERGY WE CALL LOVE SPREADS AND SETTLES,
IT ABSORBS ITSELF INTO OUR CONSCIOUSNESS,
IT OBSERVES THE OBSERVABLE FEELINGS,
THAT EACH ATOM OF OUR BEING IN UNISON,
BEARS ITS GIFT FORWARD.

BREATH OUT A THOUGHT,
HOLD DEAR THE IDEA, THAT NOTHINGNESS IS EVERYTHING,
FOR THE DIVINE BREATH YOU BREATH INTO ME,
CREATES A NEW EXISTENCE WITH EVERY CYCLE, EVERY RHYTHM,
THAT BEATS WITHIN US.

FOR IN THAT NOTHINGNESS IS BUT AN ENERGY,
THAT CAN NOT BE SEEN,
BUT FELT WITHIN A BENIGN BEING.
IT IS THE COMPLEX EVOLVING INTELLIGENCE OF LOVE,
BRINGING NEW BIRTH TO THE REBORN.
THE INTERCONNECTION BETWEEN A HEART AND SOULS SPIRIT,
RELEASED INTO THE PURITY OF CALMNESS.

ASTRAL LIGHT PERMEATES BETWEEN US,
IN VIBRANT SOLUBLE SUBSTANCE,
PERMEATES AND WASHES AWAY CHAOS.
WE ARE THE LIFE FORCE, THE DIVINE CONSCIOUSNESS,
THAT GIVES US LIFE.

POLARIZATION OF THE PULSE OF BEING IS WITHDRAWN,
AND WE ARE LIFTED BEYOND ALL GRAVITY, ALL FLOWING WATER,
TRAVELING IN A SELF CREATING PHILOSOPHY.

WE ARE ALL HOLDING HANDS
AN ARTISTIC PICTURE BEING PAINTED WITH EACH THOUGHT,
EACH BREATH YOU BREATH INTO ME.

Barry Conway

We Are All Cooking Slowly

WE ARE ALL COOKING SLOWLY

I SIT IN THE SUN
WALLOW WITHIN
LET IT COOK ME
IT'S HEAT
SHRIVELS
DEVOURS
THE INTELLECT OF ACHIEVEMENT
IT BURNS AWAY
MOVEMENT OF DESIRE
THE ABILITY
TO RATIONALIZE
WITHIN IT'S GRASP
OF LIFE AND DEATH

WE ARE ALL COOKING SLOWLY
A MOMENT
IN A LIFETIME TO RENEW
THE WARMTH WITHIN
TO CAPTURE
IN ENERGY
THE UNIVERSE
OF OUR BODY

IT GROWS WITHIN
RADIATING OUTWARDS
CREATING A NEW STAR
UNTIL IT PUTS
NEW WORLDS AT RISK
THEN IT IMPELS
MOVEMENT OF DESIRE
THE NECESSITY
TO RATIONALIZE
WITHIN IT'S GRASP
OF LIFE AND DEATH

WE ARE ALL COOKING SLOWLY
A MOMENT

IN A LIFETIME RENEWED
WARMTH WITHIN
CAPTURED
IN ENERGY
THE UNIVERSE
OF OUR BODY

Barry Conway

We Have All Joined In

WE HAVE ALL JOINED IN

RELIABLE AS EVIL,
PREDICTABLE AS STARVING,
INSISTENT AS A POLITICIAN,
FUNNY AS LIFE,
GREEDY AS A DRUG ADDICT,
CALM AS A TOMATO,
HAPPY AS A SMILING INFANT,
SAD AS DEATH,
WORRIED AS A REFUGEE,
SMUG AS A BILLIONAIRE,
COMPLIANT AS A CORPSE,
BEAUTIFUL AS LOVE,
LOVABLE AS A SUNRISE,
UGLY AS A WART,
ANGRY AS INJUSTICE
COLD AS LONELINESS,

(FILL IN YOUR OWN THOUGHTS FROM HERE)

Barry Conway

Weightless

WEIGHTLESS

I AM LIVING WITHOUT WEIGHT,
I ENDURE THROUGH IMAGES,
I SENSE ALL AROUND ME THROUGH OTHERS,
WHO ABOUND.
EACH EXPRESSION IS A BREATH.
EACH WAKING MOMENT,
IS A SLEEP,
AND EACH SLEEP,
IS BUT A DREAM AWAKENING.
AN UNFOLDING STORY
CLOUDED IN PERSISTENCE,
REVEALING ITSELF,
NOT IN CLARITY,
BUT IN THE DESIRE TO BE.

Barry Conway

Well Suited

WELL SUITED

DOES SHE LOVE ME?
NOW THERE IS THE LOVE QUESTION,
TO END ALL LOVE QUESTIONS,
THAT ALL THROUGH HISTORY,
HAS BEEN ASKED OF LOVERS.

SHE MUST DO!
FOR I FART LIKE A HURRICANE,
FED INCESSANTLY ON BEANS,
CHOCOLATE AND BOILED EGGS
I CAN CLEAR A ROOM QUICKER THAN FIRE.

DOES SHE LOVE ME?
SHE PROBABLY DOES,
AS I PICK MY NOSE WITH GAY ABANDON,
NOT CARING WHO IS LOOKING,
AND REVEL IN JOY AT ITS FORM UPON MY FINGER.

DOES SHE LOVE ME?
I THINK SHE DOES,
FOR I ALWAYS FORGET,
HER BIRTHDAYS, HER ANNIVERSARIES,
FORGET TO SAY I LOVE HER.

SHE MUST LOVE ME!
BECAUSE WE ARE POOR,
I AM NOT A GOOD PROVIDER,
NO FISH ON FRIDAYS,
AND NO STEAK EITHER.

I HOPE SHE LOVES ME!
AS I AM SHORT, FAT AND UGLY,
WITH SPOTS I LOVE TO SQUEEZE,
I AM LOOSING MY HAIR,
AND I HAVE BAD TEETH, WHATS LEFT OF THEM.

I KNOW SHE LOVES ME!

AFTER ALL IF SHE CAN PUT UP WITH ALL THIS,
ALL MY FAULTS AND BAD HABITS,
SO THEN IT IS A GOOD JOB,
THAT SHE TOO IS SHORT, FAT AND UGLY.

Barry Conway

What A Stupid Species We Are!

WHAT A STUPID SPECIES WE ARE!

WHAT A STUPID SPECIES WE ARE!

WE WAGE,
WAR,
SLAUGHTER,
MAIM,
ALL FOR,
GAIN,
BELIEFS
RELIGIONS,
RACE,
PROPAGANDA,
POWER,
PROPERTY,
LAND,
SUPREMACY

WHAT A STUPID SPECIES WE ARE!

WE USE OUR EFFORTS TO,
KILL
MAKE ORPHANS,
MAKE MILLIONS HOMELESS,
DISPLACE CULTURES,
DESTROY PEOPLES FUTURE,
LAY WASTE TO THE EARTH,
DESTROY IT'S BEAUTY,
DESTROY HISTORY.

WE THINK UP MORE CLINICAL WAYS,
TO KILL
SPEND BILLIONS ON ARMS
IN EVER INCREASING WAYS,
TO DESTROY THE WORLD,
TO DESTROY US,
WHILE MILLIONS STARVE TO DEATH,
DIE FOR THE LACK,

OF BASIC MEDICINES.
DIE FOR THE LACK,
FOR BASIC CARE.
DIE FOR THE LACK,
OF MEDICAL RESEARCH.

WHAT A STUPID SPECIES WE ARE!

YOU MAY ASK,
WHAT DESIGN OF GOD IS THIS?
FREE WILL?

HUMAN?
I DON'T THINK SO!
NOT YET!

Barry Conway

What For This War

WHAT FOR THIS WAR?

A COMMISSION
A POSITION
IN CHARGE
OF CHARGE
TO COME
THE DRUM
THAT PLAYS
THE FORAYS
TO COME
A HUM
THE SONG
A THRONG
OF ARMED MEN
WHAT THEN?
THE GLORY
THE STORY
IS TOLD
SO OLD
OF WAR

WHAT FOR THIS WAR?
WHAT FOR THIS WAR?

THE AIR
THE STARE
THE LOOK
THE BOOK
THE PAGE
THE RAGE
UNFOLD
SO BOLD
SO RIGHT
SO FIGHT
SO RIGHT
THE HOUR
DEVOUR
THE FOE

OH NO!
WE'LL WIN
NO SIN
THE RIGHTEOUS
THE MIGHTIEST
OF WAR

WHAT FOR THIS WAR?
WHAT FOR THIS WAR?

THE LAND
COMMAND
THE MUD
THE BLOOD
THE SEAT
THE FRET
THE PAIN
THE RAIN
THE CLOUD
THE UNPROUD
THE SAD
THE GLAD
THE DYING
THE CRYING
THE FEEL
OF STEEL
THE BLED
ARE DEAD
OF WAR

WHAT FOR THIS WAR?
WHAT FOR THIS WAR?

THE SIGHT
THE FRIGHT
THE SMELL
THE YELL
CONFESS
BE BLESSED
DON'T DIE
OH WHY
CRUSHED FLOWERS

THE HOURS
DID PASS
THE FARCE
IS DONE
DEAD SONS
SCAVENGERS
PILLAGERS
STEAL
SQUEAL
OF WAR

WHAT FOR THIS WAR?
WHAT FOR THIS WAR?

A COMMISSION
PERMISSION
TO KILL
SO ILL
THE ORDERS
OF BORDERS
TO WIN
TO BEGIN
THE CARNAGE
ANOTHER PAGE
OF HISTORY
OF HEREDITARY
HUMANITY
BEING FREE
LISTEN
GLISTEN
DECEASE
UNLEASH
WAR

WHAT FOR THIS WAR?
WHAT FOR THIS WAR?

NO MORE!
NO MORE!
NO MORE!

What If (2) The Screamer

THE SCREAMER

HE CAME UPON HIM
SCREAMING HELP HELP
AND SAVED HIS LIFE
HE WAS JOHAN JAMBOR
AND THIS WAS THE BATTLE OF THE SOMME
THE WORST THAT 1916 HAD TO OFFER
THE SOLDIER HAD INJURIES
SUFFERED BY A SHELL BURST IN THE TRENCH.
TO THE ABDOMEN AND ONE TESTICLE,
ALTHOUGH THIS CLAIM HAS NEVER BEEN PROVED,
THE SOLDIER WAS INJURED IN THE GROIN
BUT THE PROOF
THAT THIS LITTLE CORPORAL
TWICE DECORATED
WAS SAVED IS PROOF ENOUGH
OF HOW FATE, OR BLIND CHANCE
CAN CONSPIRE
TO TURN THE WORLD
INTO RIVERS OF BLOOD.
THE MEDICS CALLED HIM
'THE SCREAMER'
FOR THAT IS WHAT HE DID.
HE SCREAMED AT THE WORLD
HIS PSYCHOSIS.

ONE TWIST OF FATE
WOULD SEEM ENOUGH FOR ANYONE
BUT THERE WILL ALWAYS BE
MYTH AND MYSTERY SURROUNDING
SUCH AS HE
BUT ANOTHER HAD COME BEFORE
AGAIN DISPUTED
WHEN THE LITTLE CORPORAL ENCOUNTERED
HENRY TANDY
WHO WAS TO BECOME THE MOST HIGHLY
DECORATED BRITISH PRIVATE OF WW1
AT THE BATTLE OF MARCOING IN OCTOBER 1914

A WEARY GERMAN SOLDIER
WANDERED INTO THE LINE OF SIGHT
AND TANDY RAISED HIS RIFLE,
BUT SAW THE SOLDIER WAS WOUNDED
AND THAT HE DID NOT RAISE HIS RIFLE
TANDY CHOSE TO LET HIM LIVE
AND LOWERED HIS RIFLE

THE GERMAN SOLDIER NODDED HIS THANKS
AND MADE HIS ESCAPE.

THE SOLDIER SAW A CLIPPING OF TANDY
1N 1918 BEING AWARDED THE V.C.
AND KEPT IT
In 1937, Hitler was made aware of a particular Fortunino Matania painting showing a soldier purported to be Tandey carrying a wounded man at the Kruiseke Crossroads in 1918, northwest of Menin.

HITLER IDENTIFIED THE MAN
AS THE SOLDIER WHO HAD SPARED HIS LIFE
In 1938, when Neville Chamberlain visited Hitler at his alpine retreat, the Berghof, for the discussions that led to the Munich Agreement, he noticed the painting and asked about it. Hitler replied:
'That man came so near to killing me that I thought I should never see Germany again; Providence saved me from such devilishly accurate fire as those English boys were aiming at us.'
According to the story, Hitler asked Chamberlain to convey his best wishes and gratitude to Tandey. Chamberlain promised to phone Tandey in person on his return, which apparently he did. The Cadbury Research Center, which holds copies of Chamberlain's papers and diaries, has no references relating to Tandey from the records of the 1938 meeting.

SO IS THIS ANOTHER 'WHAT IF'
THAT CONSPIRES AGAINST MANKIND.
100 MILLION CASUALTIES
AND 60 MILLION DEATHS
AND ANOTHER WORLD WAR.

Barry Conway

What Is This Need

WHAT IS THIS NEED?

WHAT IS THIS NEED,
TO HAVE A LEADER,
A FIGUREHEAD,
A SAVIOUR,
A GODHEAD?

WHY DO WE NEED,
TO BE SAVED,
TO BE LED,
TO BE TOLD,
FOLLOW THIS PATH.
FOLLOW ME,
FOLLOW?

WHY DO WE HAVE TO,
LOOK TO SOMEONE,
OR SOMETHING?
SURELY THE PATH,
IS WITHIN US?

ARE WE SO WEAK,
THAT WE NEED ANOTHER,
SO BLIND,
THAT WE NEED A GUIDE?

IT IS THIS BLIND TRUST,
THAT BLOCKS OUR PATH,
THAT IS THE TRUE BLINDNESS,
THE INDOCTRINATION,
OF THE AFFLICTED.

Barry Conway

What To Do?

WHAT TO DO?

IT ONLY TAKES A LOOK
OR A WORD SPOKEN WITHOUT CLARITY,
TO SET THE MIND CREATING WORRY.
DID I REALLY HEAR THAT?
AM I IMAGINING SOMETHING THAT IS NOT THERE?
AM I INSECURE, PARANOID?
OR IS MY INTUITION CORRECT?
THAT REALLY DID NOT SOUND RIGHT,
IS THERE REALLY A PROBLEM?
HOW DO I GO ABOUT FINDING OUT IF THERE IS?
WHAT SHOULD I DO ABOUT IT?
IGNORE IT AND CARRY ON AS IF NOTHING HAS HAPPENED?
OR WAIT UNTIL SOMETHING ELSE APPEARS?

BUT THESE ARE WARNING SIGNS THAT MUST NOT FESTER,
I GUESS WE SHOULD TALK ABOUT IT,
JUST IN CASE THERE IS A MISUNDERSTANDING,
OR A COMPLICATION THAT DOES NOT EXIST,
BUT IMAGINED,
A PERCEIVED SLIGHT,
A HURT, A WOUND OF THE HEART,
A WORD TAKEN THE WRONG WAY.
WHAT TO DO WHAT TO DO

Barry Conway

Wheels

WHEELS

THEY FOLDED THE FADED VELVET CURTAINS
SAW THE AIRBORNE DUST
FALL FROM THE GREY PELMET
FLOATING ON THE RAYS OF AN UNKNOWN SUN
THE WINDOWS FOUR
FROWNED AT THE ROOM
AND GREW A LITTLE DIMMER
IN THIS SLOW AFTERNOON.

THE LINE OF LONG CARS
REFLECTED THE DAYS TRAVEL
LINED UP IN PROCESSION
WHO WAIT FOR THEIR FLOWERS
TO COMPLETE THE CLOSING OF THE RING

TEA NESTLED ON NESS
UNDER OLD FORGOTTEN PICTURE
PASSED AROUND IN A GESTURE OF APPRECIATION
MEMORIES THAT PASSED
NOW HAS THE KEEPING
EACH TIME HAS ITS OWN TIME
IN REPLAY AS WE TURN

THERE IS NO SOLITUDE
IN THE SOLITUDE OF OUR OWN THOUGHTS
FOR EACH CONTRADICTION OF LIFE
IS A CONCLUSION.

Barry Conway

Where For They Come?

WHERE FOR THEY COME?

WHERE DO THESE WORDS COME FROM?
I DO NOT KNOW!
ON OCCASIONS,
THEY JUST GUSH FROM ME,
LIKE A RABID VOLCANO,
OR AN OVER RIPE MELON EXPLODING.
IN OTHER TIMES,
THEY OOZE SLOWLY,
FROM OUT OF THE MUD OF THOUGHT.

SOMETIMES,
I AM A SLAVE TO THEM,
I HAVE NO CONTROL,
OVER THEIR EMERGENCE,
I AM COMPELED TO COMPLY,
WITHOUT STRUGGLE, OR CAPTURE.

SOME MAY SAY,
THAT WITHIN ME, LAYS A FAULT,
A DEMISE OF CONSCIOUSNESS,
INTO THE DARK SUBCONSCIOUS.
NO ONE CAN UNDERSTAND, OR REASON
AS TO WHY THE WORDS ARE BORN,
ONLY THE WORDS KNOW.

I ONLY KNOW,
THAT I AM THE BETTER FOR THEM,
AND MY UNENDING WISH,
IS FOR THOSE, AS YOU,
WHO READ THESE WORDS
ARE BETTERED TOO.

Barry Conway

Where Has It All Gone

WHERE HAS IT ALL GONE

WHERE HAS IT ALL GONE
THOSE CALM DAYS
IN QUITE REFLECTION
WRITING BY THE SILVER STREAM
FLOATING IN DREAM
ON A LEAF BOAT
NAVIGATING THE FRIENDLY ROCKS
OF EXISTENCE
FOLLOWING THE PERSISTENT SMALL FRY
CAVORTING DOWNSTREAM
ENJOYING THE FLOWING CARESS
AGAINST THEIR SCALES

THOSE LONG LAZY WALKS
IN WOODED WONDERLAND
LISTENING
THE VOICE OF THE WIND
IN PLAYFUL IDLE CHAT WITH THE TREES
WINDING ONES' WAY
AMONGST THE VERDANT BUSHES
AND BRISK BRAMBLES
THE FROLICKING FERNS
AND THE UNEVEN FURROWS
CRISS CROSSED WITH RAMBLING ROOTS
SEEKING NEW ADVENTURE
WHERE OVERHEAD SINGS
WINGED CHARIOTS
DELIVERING SUBSTANCE TO THEIR YOUNG
MY BEING IN HARMONY
BESIDE THE FRIENDLY MR ROBIN
EAGERLY BOBBING
AND WEAVING
AS MY PATH HOPEFULLY UNCOVERS
HIS NEXT TASTY MEAL
AH ENGLAND!

DAYS GILDING OVER
WRAPPED IN THE INSPIRATION
AND DOUBT OF ONESELF
FEATHERING THE AIR
WITH NEW DEEP SIGHS
AS REBORN IDEAS FORM CHARACTERS
BECOMING REAL WITHIN YOU
GROWING AND MATURING IN STRUCTURE
TO BECOME OLD TRUSTED FRIENDS

SOMEHOW
IN THE BOUNTY OF REJECTION
STOOD THE GUARDIAN TO YOUR SOUL
THE KNOWLEDGE SECURE
WHERE YOUR GOAL
IS STRIVEN STILL
THAT IN YOUR ENDEAVOR
IN YOUR FAILURE
YOU REMAINED AMONGST
THE MOST NOBLE OF PURSUITS.

ALL THINGS CHANGE
AS I KNOW THEY MUST
THE WORLD WILL NOT STAND STILL FOR ME
THIS STRANGENESS OF COMPREHENSION
THE UNCERTAINTY OF US
IN THIS SPINNING UNIVERSE
TOO DIVERSE
FOR THE LIMITS OF OUR MINDS
THE SELFISHNESS OF THE SELF
THE CHANGING OF ONES' DESIRE
TO ANOTHER.
I AM RESOLVED
TO RENEW MY AGREEMENT WITH THE WORLD
IT HAS ALL GONE
TO SUCCESS
SUCCESS.

Barry Conway

Where Is It Going?

WHERE IS IT GOING?

WHERE HAS IT ALL GONE
I HAD A FULL BAR OF SOAP HERE IN THE SHOWER.
IS THERE A SECRET WASHER IN THE HOUSE?
I HOPE THIS SOAP IS NOT MADE BY MALTEESERS
ERR IT DOES NOT TASTE CHOCOLATY
BUT IT DOES FEEL BUBBLY.

HOW MUCH DID YOU PAY FOR THIS?
YOU BOUGHT IT IN BRIXHAM MARKET
10 FOR A £1. NO WONDER!
DID YOU BUT IT FROM DICK TURPIN?
WAS HE WEARING A MASK AND RIDING A HORSE.
DID HE TALK WITH A YORKSHIRE ACCENT?

WHAT?

YOU BOUGHT IT OFF A FRUIT AND VEG STALL
SAID IT WAS CITRUS GLOW.
IF YOU ASK ME YOU ARE A BIT FRUITY
WHERE ARE THE OTHER 9 BARS?
WHAT! YOU PUT THEM IN THE TOILET CISTERN
AS IT MAKES THE TOILET SMELL NICE, BLIMEY!
NOW I AM THE ONE FEELING FLUSHED
DO ME A FAVOUR WILL YOU? GIVE ME THE LOO BRUSH
I CAN DO A BETTER JOB WITH THAT
AT LEAST THAT WILL NOT GO MISSING IN MY HAND

WHAT?

IT WON'T BE THE FIRST THING
BLOODY CHEEK
YOU COME HERE NOW THAT I AM NAKED
AND I'LL SHOW YOU IF ANYTHING GOES MISSING OR NOT!

WHAT?

YOU HAVEN'T GOT 4 HOURS TO SPARE

CHEERS!
GIVE ME A TOWEL THEN WOULD YOU LOVE?

WHAT?

NO THERE IS NOT ONE ON THE RAIL

BLIMEY!
EVEN THE TOWELS ARE DISAPPEARING!
NO TOOTHPASTE!
OH AND NO TOILET PAPER!

WHERE HAS IT ALL GONE?

LOVE,

LOVE,

ARE YOU THERE?

Barry Conway

Who 2004?

WHO 2004?

ALONG CAME WHO?
TO WHO
I GAVE MY NAME
I PLAYED THE GAME
GAVE UP THE FIELD
AND SEALED
HER LOVE WITH A KISS
A WISH
OF A LIFE TOGETHER
IN LOVE AND HARMONY
FOR HER AND ME

EVERYONE LIKED WHO?
SOPHISTICATED
CLEVER,
BUT NOT SHREWD
EVERYONE
BUT MOTHER
WHO LIVED HER LIFE
LIKE NO OTHER
IN THE REALITY
OF STORY
MADE UP
TO HIDE THE NORM
THE INADEQUACIES OF FORM
THAT WAS SHE

YEARS FLEW BY
AND WE DID FLY
FROM HOUSE TO HOUSE
WITH TWO KIDS

AND IN THAT TIME
DECLINE
TO THE WORTH
THAT WAS NOT WORTH
NO LONGER ROADS

TO CONVERGE
THE SURGE
OF PARTING
STARTING ANEW
RENEW
THE SEARCH
THE URGE
TO BELONG
NOW GONE
THE GAME
THE EMPTY FIELD
DOES NOT YIELD
AGE
THE PAGE
IS UNWRITTEN
ALL THE BEST YEARS
WASTED
ALONG WENT WHO?

Barry Conway

Who Am I

WHO AM I?
WHAT AM I?
WHERE AM I?

I HAVE BECOME MORE ACCUSTOMED,
TO MY ART,
THAT DOES NOT MEAN,
I AM PERFECTED,
FAR FROM IT,
FOR THERE IS NO PERFECTION,
IN FAILURE.
IT IS JUST,
THAT AS THE PEN MOVES,
SO DO I.
I BECOME GENTLER,
CALMER IN MY ENDEAVOUR.

WHO AM I?
WHAT AM I?
WHERE AM I?
IT MATTERS NOT,
AS LONG AS THE WORDS,
ARE MY GUIDE.

Barry Conway

Who Is God?

WHO IS GOD

WHO IS GOD?
WHAT IS GOD?
WHY IS GOD?
DOES HE EXIST AT ALL?
DOES HE SPEAK TO YOU?
OR IS HE ONLY FOR THE WEAK,
FOR THE FEARFUL,
FOR THE DESPERATE,
THE POOR?

IS GOD CONTROL.
OF THE MANY BY THE FEW?
IS GOD NECESSARY?
IS GOD INDOCTRINATION?

ASK YOURSELVES ALL THESE QUESTIONS,
THEN TELL ME THE ANSWERS!

Barry Conway

Who Knows Of The Totnes Bridge Rant

WHO KNOWS OF THE TOTNES BRIDGE RANT

SO HERE I WAS,
STANDING ON THE BRUTUS BRIDGE AT TOTNES,
THE TOTTA NESS, OR HEADLAND.
THE BRIDGE NAMED BY LOCAL RESIDENTS,
THE MAD ALTERNATIVE RESIDENTS OF TOTNES.
THIS FINE BRIDGE,
BUILT BY CHARLES FOWLER,
FINISHED IN 1828

LOOKING DOWN TO THE FLOW,
I REMEMBERED THE PAINTING BY TURNER
TOTNES, ON THE RIVER DART 1824,
BEFORE BRUTUS WAS BUILT,
AND IN MY MIND I TOO DARTED
FOR I KNEW,
I WAS AS MAD AS THE RESIDENTS
ON THIS IDEAL BRIDGE.
SO I DECIDED TO SHARE MY IDEALS WITH THEM
AND I RANTED OUT LOUD
FOR ALL TO HEAR.

I DON'T KNOW,
WHAT I DON'T KNOW,
AND I DON'T KNOW,
WHAT I DON'T WANT TO KNOW

CAUSE I KNOW TO MUCH,
AND WHAT I KNOW,
MIGHT NOT BE MUCH,
BUT IS IS ENOUGH,
FOR ME!

FOR THE MORE YOU KNOW,
THE MORE YOU WANT TO KNOW! ,
AND ONCE YOU KNOW IT,
WHAT REAL USE IS IT TO YOU?

I WILL TELL YOU, ☐
WHAT I KNOW, ☐
AND THEN YOU ALL, ☐
WILL KNOW AS MUCH AS ME, ☐
AND SEE WHAT GOOD☐
THAT DOES YOU! ☐

IT WILL DO YOU,
AS MUCH GOOD
AS IT HAS DONE ME,
WHICH AIN'T MUCH
CAUSE I DON'T KNOW MUCH
AND WHAT I KNOW,
AIN'T WORTH KNOWING.

Barry Conway

Who Knows?

WHO KNOWS?

I DON'T KNOW,
WHAT I DON'T KNOW,
AND I DON'T KNOW,
WHAT I DON'T WANT TO KNOW

CAUSE I KNOW TOO MUCH,
AND WHAT I KNOW,
MIGHT NOT BE MUCH,
BUT IS IS ENOUGH,
FOR ME!

FOR THE MORE YOU KNOW,
THE MORE YOU WANT TO KNOW! ,
AND ONCE YOU KNOW IT,
WHAT REAL USE IS IT TO YOU?

I WILL TELL YOU,
WHAT I KNOW,
AND THEN YOU,
WILL KNOW AS MUCH AS ME,
AND SEE WHAT GOOD
THAT DOES YOU!

IT WILL DO YOU,
AS MUCH GOOD
AS IT HAS DONE ME,
WHICH AIN'T MUCH
CAUSE I DON'T KNOW MUCH
AND WHAT I KNOW,
AIN'T WORTH KNOWING.

Barry Conway

Who?

WHO?

THIS IS A POEM DESIGNED TO MAKE YOU THINK.

Barry Conway

Why Pick On Me

WHY PICK ON ME

WHY PICK ON ME
WHY NOT LEAVE ME FREE
JUST BECAUSE MY NAME IS AARON
YOU ALWAYS START WITH ME
CANT YOU START WITH FRED OR ED
OR EVEN MONTY PYTHON
OH GO ON THEN LET'S START

AARON……PRESENT
AINSLEY……..PRESENT

Barry Conway

Will You Ever Listen Again

WILL YOU EVER LISTEN AGAIN

ARE YOU LISTENING
DO YOU HEAR
THE SONG OF THE THRUSH
THE RUSH
OF THE WIND
OR THE AWAKENING
OF THE SUN.

DO YOU HEAR
THE QUIETNESS OF MY HEART
OR THE STILLNESS
OF THE DEEP, SILENT SEA
DO YOU LISTEN
TO THE WORDS OF YOUR THOUGHTS
THE ACTION OF YOUR DEEDS
IN YESTERDAYS TOMORROWS
CAN I SURVIVE
THE WORLD WITHOUT YOUR VOICE
OR THE RUSTLE OF YOUR BEING
AS YOU PASS BY AND TOUCH ME
CAN YOU HEAR
THE DESPAIR IN MY TEARS
WILL YOU EVER LISTEN
AGAIN.

Barry Conway

Willow

WILLOW

THERE IS A WILLOW IN MY BRAIN
IT STRETCHES TO MY FINGERS
TO BEND WORDS UPON THE PAGE

THE WORDS CHANGE
DEPENDING ON WHICH WAY
THE WIND SWAYS THE WILLOW

EACH WHIP
LEAVES A PASSING HISTORY
EITHER PERCEIVED OR IMAGINARY
IT MATTERS NOT

FOR IT IS THE ACT
THE CREATION OF WORDS
THAT GIVES TRUE MEANING
TO THE WILLOW

Barry Conway

Window

WINDOW

FLAKINGS OF PLASTER
FALLING BESIDE A MOUSE HOLE
THE FLOWER
LOOKING IN THROUGH THE WINDOW
SEES THIS
AND CALLS TO THE TREE
THE TREE CALLS TO THE WIND
AND THE WIND
CALLS TO THE COLD
WHO MAKES THE MAN IN THE GARDEN
GO INTO THE HOUSE
AND SEE THE FALLING PLASTER
WHICH HE REPAIRS
FOR THE MAN
ALWAYS CARES FOR THE FLOWER.

Barry Conway

Woman

WOMAN

SHE CAME TO HIM,
A WOMAN OF RARE WORTH,
SOPHISTICATED IN HER MOVEMENT,
PRACTICED IN HER MANNER.
EVERY MANS DESIRE,
OF THE PERFECT CLASSICAL WOMAN.
WORLDLYTRAVELED, SOFTLY SPOKEN,
SENSUOUS IN HER MANNER,
KIND CONSIDERATE AND LOVING.

HER SPOKE TO HER IN GLOWING TERMS,
FOUND OUT THAT IN HER LIFE,
SURPRISINGLY CONSIDERING HER BEAUTY,
AND THE INSTANT DESIRABILITY,
THAT SHE HAD ONLY EVER SLEPT WITH WITH ONE MAN.
I FOUND OUT THAT HE WAS CALLED WILLIAM.

HE TOLD HER HIS NAME WAS BILL,
WONDERFUL SHE REPLIED.

Barry Conway

Woman Too

WOMAN TOO

SHE CAME TO HIM,
A WOMAN OF RARE WORTH,
SOPHISTICATED IN HER MOVEMENT,
PRACTICED IN HER MANNER.
EVERY MANS DESIRE,
OF THE PERFECT CLASSICAL WOMAN.
WORLDLY TRAVELED, SOFTLY SPOKEN,
SENSUOUS IN HER MANNER,
KIND CONSIDERATE AND LOVING.

HE SPOKE TO HER IN GLOWING TERMS,
FOUND OUT THAT IN HER LIFE,
SURPRISINGLY, CONSIDERING HER BEAUTY,
AND THE INSTANT DESIRABILITY,
THAT SHE HAD ONLY EVER SLEPT WITH JUST ONE MAN.
HE FOUND OUT THAT HIS NAME BEGAN WITH AN A.

HE TOLD HER HIS NAME WAS AVERY,
WONDERFUL SHE REPLIED!
SHE THEN TOOK OUT A BOOK,
BURIED HER HEAD IN IT,
AND BEGAN TO READ OUT LOUD.

YES JUST ONE MAN! ,
THERE WAS,
ADAM,

THEN,

AARAV,
AARON,
AART,
AARU,
AARUSH,
ABAN,
ABBOTT,
ABRAHAM,

ABE,
ABDUL,
ABEL,
ABSALOM,
ACE,
ACHILLIES,
ADLER,
ADEN,
ADONIS,
ADRIAN,
AHAB,
AJAX.....
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.....ON AND ON.

BY THE TIME SHE WAS RAISING HER HEAD FROM THE BOOK,
TO TELL HIM THAT SHE HAD NEVER HAD AN AVERY,
HE HAD LONG DEPARTED.

Barry Conway

Words

WORDS

SAY THE WORD
THAT SWEET DELIGHTFUL ONE I'VE HEARD
THAT SENDS ME PLACES QUITE ABSURD
ON FANTASY FLYING ATOP A BIRD
WITH WINGS OUTSTRETCHED FOREVER STIRRED
BY WHISPERS WITHIN A WORLD RESERVED
TO THE ACTS THAT HAVE OCCURRED
FROM THEIR MINDS FOREVER BLURRED
WHERE RIVERS FLOWED SO UMPRESERVED
WHEN I WAS YOUNG AND UNOBSERVED
AND TRAVELED LOVELESS UNDISTURBED
BY A DIFFERENT SOUND OF WORDS.

Barry Conway

Write

WRITE

DO YOU,
WRITE,
LET THE LIGHT, IN?
ARE YOU,
TOO TIED UP,
IN THE EVERYDAY?
THE EVREYSAY,
OF JUST BEING.

I USED TO,
WRITE,
TO FIGHT,
ALL THE THOUGHTS,
THAT AUGHT,
TO BE LEFT BEHIND.

FOR THE DEEPER YOU GO,
THE LESS YOU KNOW,
IN THE REVOLVING MIND.
LET YOURSELF,
SHOW A WAY TO GO,
WHY NOT,
WRITE,
AND SEE IF A LIGHT,
COMES ON,
OR GOES OUT,
FOR LIGHT BRINGS DOUBT,
THAT I HAVE NO DOUBT.

Barry Conway

Writing Breakdown

WRITING BREAKDOWN

I USED TO WRITE,
I USED TO WRITE A LOT,
THEN LIFE'S DISTRACTIONS,
GOT IN THE WAY,
FILLED THE DAY,
WITH WORK,
AND PROBLEMS,
THE NEED TO PROVIDE,
TO SURVIVE,
THE RAT RACE,
TO FACE,
UP TO MY RESPONSIBILITIES.

NOR FREE,
I RETREATED,
AS A WOUNDED ANIMAL,
TO THE DARK PLACE,
WHEREIN LIES, IN DESPAIR,
THE CONSTANT NIGHT.
MY ARTISTIC SOUL,
IN THE LOCKED ROOM,
OF GLOOM,
IMPRISONED,
BY LIFE'S,
NECESSITIES,
TRIVIALITIES,
MINI TRAGEDIES,
WHERE I RESIDE.
WENT THE DAY,
WHEN I USED TO WRITE,
TOOK FLIGHT.

THEN I,

BROKE DOWN,
LIFE'S BARRIERS,
HAVING SECURED,
MY PLACE IN THE WORLD,
LIVED, AND DIED,
MANY LIVES,
TO AT LAST,
AWAKE AGAIN
ON THE MAGIC CARPET,
SLAYED THE DRAGON OF GLOOM#
NOW,
I SHALL WRITE AGAIN.

I USED TO WRITE,
I USED TO WRITE A LOT,
AND DO,
NOW,
ONCE AGAIN.

Barry Conway

You Ask Me Why I Love You

YOU ASK ME WHY I LOVE YOU?

YOU ASK ME WHY DO I LOVE YOU?
SUCH A COMPLICATED QUESTION,
DESERVES A SIMPLE ANSWER,
A SIMPLE WAY,
TO DISPEL THE DOUBT.

THIS IS THE SIGHT I SEE!

YOUR ANCESTORS LOVED YOU,
EVEN BEFORE THEY KNEW YOU.
YOUR GREAT, GREAT RELATIONS LOVED YOU,
YOUR GREAT GRANDPARENTS LOVED YOU,
AS YOUR GRANDPARENTS DID.
OF COURSE YOUR PARENTS ALSO LOVED YOU,
AS DO YOUR SIBLINGS,
YOUR HUSBAND LOVED YOU,
AND I KNOW YOUR CHILDREN LOVE YOU,
AS DO THEIR CHILDREN,
AS WILL THEIR CHILDREN'S CHILDREN.
ALL YOUR FRIENDS, EVERYONE WHO KNOWS YOU,
LOVES YOU!

YOU HAVE ALL THIS LOVE SURROUNDING YOU,
AN AURA OF CERTAINTY FOREVER WITH YOU!
THEREFORE WITHIN LIES THE SIMPLE ANSWER!

YOU ARE LOVE IN ALL IT'S FORMS,
HOW COULD I NOT LOVE YOU?

Barry Conway

You Don't Know Me

YOU DON'T KNOW ME

YOU DON'T KNOW ME
YOU NEVER KNEW ME
LIVING
ALL THOSE YEARS TOGETHER
APART
YOU DIDN'T KNOW HOW I THOUGHT
DID NOT UNDERSTAND
OR BOTHER TO ASK
OR REALIZE

ALL THE REJECTION LAID UPON ME
AND YET
WHEN THE TIME CAME TO PASS
YOU DID NOT WANT TO
DID NOT WANT TO LOSE
FOR YOU TO BE ALONE
AS I HAD BEEN FOR YEARS TOGETHER
DID NOT WANT TO SUFFER
THE PAIN OF REJECTION
THE SELECTION
OF THE LONELY
UNABLE TO MEND
DEFEND
THE BROKEN PROMISES OF MARRIAGE
TO MANAGE A LIFE
WITHOUT PAIN
AGAIN
VESTED IN THE FUTURE

YOU DON'T KNOW ME
AND IN TRUTH
THE REALITY OF TRUTH
IS THAT YOU DO NOT KNOW YOURSELF
AND AS THE WASTED YEARS
HASTENED TOWARDS
THE PARTING OF THE HEARTS

WE WERE ALWAYS LONELY

Barry Conway

You What?

YOU WHAT?

THERE ARE NOT MANY CHANCES IN LIFE
AND WHEN THEY APPEAR WE ARE SOMETIMES AT A LOSS
TO UNDERSTAND THEIR MEANINGS
EACH COMPOSITION THAT IS WRITTEN
NEEDS TO BE READ AND REREAD
TO MAKE SURE
THAT THE MESSAGES THEY CONVEY
IS ONE OF KNOWLEDGEABLE RESPECT.

Barry Conway

Your View

YOUR VIEW

THERE WAS A VIEW
BUT ONE
THAT OTHERS DID NOT ASPIRE
JUST A PASSING GLIMPSE
OF A LIFE
THROWN FROM MOVEMENT
TO MOVEMENT
WITHOUT DESTINATION
A CONTEMPLATION
OF A TROUBLED MIND
A SIGN
IN TURMOIL
NOT KNOWING HOW TO PERFORM
A COLLATERAL OF IDEAS
WITHOUT FORM

EACH JOURNEY
MORE HURRIED THAN THE NEXT
EACH WRITTEN
LESS DEMANDING THAN THE LAST
EACH SCRAWL
CONFIRMING THE DULLING
OF THE SENSES
ALL HURRYING PAST
LESS OF CONTEMPLATION
MORE OF DESPERATION
THAT OTHERS DID NOT ASPIRE
BUT OF WHICH THEY SHARE

Barry Conway

Your Words

YOUR WORDS

THESE ARE THE WORDS!
YOU DO NOT WANT TO HEAR THEM,
YOU DO NOT WANT TO READ THEM,
YOU DO NOT WANT THEM.

BUT YOU,
YES YOU,
WANT TO HEAR YOUR WORDS,
WANT ME TO READ YOUR WORDS,
WANT ME TO WANT THEM,
FOR YOU THINK,
YOUR WORDS,
ARE MORE IMPORTANT THAN MINE,
SO MUCH SO,
THAT YOU WILL USE ANY MEANS,
TO SUBDUE MY VOICE,
DESTROY MY OPINIONS,
KILL MY BELIEFS,
FOR THERE IS DANGER IN MY WORDS,
DANGER TO YOUR WORDS,
ONLY YOUR WORDS CAN BE HEARD.
AND NO OTHER WORDS ARE ACCEPTABLE,

Barry Conway

Ze Ze If You Try

ZE ZE IF YOU TRY

(DONE IN A FRENCH ACCENT)

AV YOU FED ZE DOG?
NO I AVENT FED ZE DOG!
AV YOU WALKED ZE DOG?
NO I AVENT WALKED ZE DOG!
AVE YOU CAUGHT ZE FROG?
NO I AVENT CAUGHT ZE FROG,
AS ZE FROG IS NOW IN ZE DOG!
DID YOU CHOP ZE LOG?
NO I AVENT CHOPPED ZE LOG!
IS IT BECAUSE OF ZE FOG?
NO I AVENT SEEN ZE FOG!
DID YOU DO ZE JOB?
NO I AVENT DONE ZE JOB!
SO YOU DID NOT KILL ZE HOG?
NO I AVENT KILLED ZE HOG!
SO THEN DID YOU MEND ZE GOG?
NO I AVENT MEND ZE COG!
ARE YOU IN ZE BOG?
YES I AM IN ZE BOG
DID YOU GET ZE PIZZA?
ZAT DOES NOT RHYME 1

Barry Conway

Zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz

AIS WHAT THE HORSES EAT
BA BEAUTIFUL DAY
CYOU STANDING ON YOUR FEET
DIGHTFUL IN YOUR WAY

EIS A LOVELY BOY
FVERYBODY SAID
GHIM UP ABOUT HIS TOY
HATCHOO I'M OFF TO BED

I THINK I NEED TO GET BETTER
JHELP ME TO GET UP
KRUMBS IT'S GETTING WETTER
LP IV'E JUST TRIPPED UP

M THAT DOES TASTE NICE
NDING UP ON MY DISH
OH BUT WHAT A PRICE
PECULIAR TYPE OF FISH

QD UP FOR THAT SMELL
RYOU EATING OFF MY PLATE
SCUSE ME ALL TO HELL
T THINK I'LL NOW WAIT

UVE MESSED UP THE MEAL FOR GOOD
VERY VERY NICE
WOR QUITS FOR THE FOOD
XPECTING A HIGH PRICE
YOH WHY DOES THIS END SO SOON

ZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ

Barry Conway