

Poetry Series

Bernard Franklin
- poems -

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Bernard Franklin(14 Aug- 1958)

Joined the Royal Air Force 1975 as an electrical engineer left as a SNCO in 1990. Joined British Aerospace as a Senior Engineer in 1990, retired in 2000. I feel passionately about the subjects on which I write. You will see that my poetry is usually written in the form of short stories. Some are moralistic, some are funny (in a wry sort of way) and some are provocative, they are meant to be! . I hope my poems will help people to have second thoughts about the world they live in and maybe the way in which they live in it.

My first book ' On Second Thoughts' A Millenium Message, was published in 1998 by Paper Doll I am currently working to finish a second book this year.

A Fresh Start

As sunlight filters through the emerald canopy,
the morning dew on the forest floor sparkles like a diamond mosaic,
The soft lament of bird song gently caresses the all but silent dawn,
and a damp and heavy mist clings to the forest,
like a lustrous pearly shroud.
Primeval smells of hemp and moss,
prevail over the dark and hidden heart of this forgotten place.

High in the tree tops a stiff breeze cuts through the forest's roof top
with surgical precision, waking Gods creation,
to a new and wondrous day.
The forest's lake is calm and tranquil, with only gentle
ripples at the waters edge.
The bulrushes quietly dance in the fresh morning breeze.
ducks and gulls patiently bob up and down on it's mirrored surface,
hiding the beguiling mysteries of the murky depths below.

As the sun begins its steady climb,
the forest becomes fully alive,
no silence now as the animal world sings its praise,
at this beautiful new day.
A moorhen calls for her mate,
the urgent response from on afar tells her that he is safe.
The luscious evergreen carpet flooring the forest,
moves about as if by magic with the myriad of creatures and insects,
that call this place home.
And the plethora of vegetation and foliage,
is thick and succulent with new growth.

The vixen stalks the forest floor, no sound does she make,
her only thoughts up on the breakfast,
she must provide for her young cubs.
On the great lake Canadian geese come into land,
their undercarriage down.
four thousand miles to find this place,
but now their journeys done.
In the now warm sunshine giant Carp and Tench,
sit fat and happy on the lakes surface,
with only the occasional air bubble to show they are still alive.

As the day progresses the animal noise and bird song,
rise to a deafening crescendo, the birds,
using every note of an orchestral symphony,
to communicate with each other.
Brand new buds begin to wake on the forest flowers,
opening their fragile petals to the world.
they patiently wait for the first bees to arrive,
to suckle on the clear and sweet nectar that the hold.

Yong deer timidly take their first few steps,
under the watchful and wary eyes of their parents.
as the day wears on the sun slowly sinks lower and lower,
on the horizon towards it's final close.
In between darkness and daylight dusk brings with it,
a strange euphorial silence

The forest now welcomes the dark and tranquil night,
time now to rejuvenate and sleep,
in preparation for another day,
in this perennial garden of Eden.

Bernard Franklin

A Girls Best Friend

She's there with you always,
through thick and through thin.
She's there with you always,
as you lose and you win.
She cries as your pain shows,
then dries all your tears.
Your best friend can be trusted,
to erase all your tears.

She's never hurt by your actions,
and never judges your deeds.
Her advise is worth having,
as she sorts your flowers from your weeds.
She sits as your conscience,
to lend a soft gentle hand.
As she guides you through the minefield,
that is life's own quicksand.

Even if you abuse her,
she just comes back for more.
Though her pride can be damaged,
and her heart can be tore.
She's there as your backbone,
through illness and health.
You'll always have your best friend,
for she is yourself! .

Bernard Franklin

A Knight To Remember

With his promise's made, and commitment shown,
he stood his ground to dare.
For his courage was high and his morals were strong,
this man from who knows where.
With his shoulders so broad and inner strength,
his heart was open and bare.
By compassion he lived, and with valour he fought,
this man from who knows where.
His body was ready for fight or flight,
for his foe's he didn't care.
With God's armour as his shield he rode,
this man from who knows where.

Her honour had meant so much to him,
so he'd protect each strand of her hair.
For the evil's of the world meant nought,
to the man from who knows where.
As he spread his wings around her soul,
to save this filly so fair.
He cut her pain away from her,
this man from who knows where.
The noble love he had for her,
was clean and strong and rare.
For she was dependant on this mystery man,
the man from who knows where.

With her troubles halved then halved again,
it seemed to her not fair.
That the fear she'd had transferred to him,
the man from who knows where.
As time went by she trusted him,
for they made a perfect pair.
The past was gone and the future was bright,
for the man from who knows where.
In each others arms before they died,
with their eyes locked deep in stare.
An eternal kiss they held at last,
this couple from who knows where.

No longer trapped, their spirits soared,
two souls fast became a pair.
The infinity of time before them stood,
for these spirits from who knows where.

(For all damsels in distress)

Bernard Franklin

A Mandate For Hypocrisy

As diplomacy fails around the world
the old allies group together,
they despatch the western war machine
for old Saddam's head to sever.

As western warships fill the Gulf
with their weapons cocked and ready,
the allied troops prepare to fight
their resolution calm and steady.

Deep underground in a Baghdad lair
the Iraqi junta plots its fate,
do they have weapons of mass destruction
that the world would love to hate.

If they had anthrax hidden in hospital wards
and nerve gas stocked in schools,
the junta knew that children's deaths
would show the west as fools.

With the decisions made and orders sent
there is no turning back,
it's the bombs that have the courage now
stuff the politicians lack.

Five hundred warplanes bomb the land
destroying everything in sight,
the Arabs with no form of defence
with sticks and stones do fight.

Iraqi land so cruelly scarred
their blood that's spilt in vain,
Iraqi lives just tossed away
their people full of pain.

After four days and nights of hell on earth
there's two hundred thousand dead,
dusty fallout covers all the land
and the rivers run crimson red.

As the middle east erupts in fire
like a cauldron brought to boil,
the western world protects its friends
if they're prepared to sell them OIL.

Bernard Franklin

A Whalers Lament

I didn't know that whales could talk,
just the same as you or I.
I didn't know that whales could sing,
or when they're upset that they cry.
I didn't know that whales could laugh,
or had a wicked sense of fun.
As they race in schools across the sea,
to chase the ever sinking sun.

I didn't know that whales could care,
and protect their young ones like they do.
They have such strong maternal instincts,
when their calves are still brand new.
I didn't know that whales were sentient,
or that they're mammals and not fish.
When they saw my deadly harpoon's barb,
what was their last despairing wish? .

I didn't know the damage I was doing,
I just harvested the sea.
Two thousand whaling ships around the world,
all killing whales like me.
So now they're quickly disappearing,
and very soon they wont exist.
They'll be extinct in God's creation,
we'll add them to the growing list.

In years to come our cheated offspring,
won't see these creatures in the wild.
To know it was me who tried to kill them,
I'm sure won't impress my little child.

Bernard Franklin

Addiction

The grape and grain have much to pay,
for all the harm they've done.
For people who drink to any excess,
we disregard and shun.

Down alleys and in doorways,
with their bottles in brown bags,
These people that were once so young,
are now old men and hags.

So sad their lives of misery,
no peace of mind for these.
Just begging for a crust of bread,
for sustenance if you please.

They're treated then as lepers,
by their families and their friends.
But without the support of someone's help,
for themselves they cannot fend.

Their memories play tricks on them,
they don't know where they are.
In a drunken stupor it's 'let's have another drink',
and find the nearest bar.

In hospitals and in clinics,
these poor sad souls seek help.
Safe and sound locked in their padded cells,
they scream and shout and yelp.

Their faith is lost, their pride has gone,
they're empty deep inside.
They spend their time just trying to find,
somewhere nice and safe to hide.

When at last their minds have finally gone,
to violence they will turn.
So In front of the judge they will appear,
and wait for the jury to adjourn.

When at the end their lives are lost,
and they are released from earthly grief.
They're told why their lives were stolen from them,
by Alcohol, the thief! .

Bernard Franklin

Aftermath

As the frosty twig light shadows engulf the Scottish glen, an eerie silence descends down upon the calm and tranquil waters of the loch below. Pebbles on the shoreline worn smooth over millennia by erosion, twinkle in the blue hue of a cold autumn moon.

Deep beneath the black waters of the loch, the freezing liquid does not affect the aquatic life forms that live in this cold and fluid world.

Huge salmon lay close to the surface of the water completely exhausted, their deadly fight to climb upstream has seen them once more reclaim their home, but not without many losses. Fishing boats gently bob up and down on the surface of the great lake, dotted about they look like pawns on a giant chess board.

Where the banks of the loch rise up towards the mountains they are luxuriously carpeted by row upon row of fir and spruce trees. This forest is a haven for the animal kingdom that humanity seldom encounters. In the distance an approaching storm performs an electric light show, sheet lightning turning the sky a kaleidoscope of colours. The rumbling thunder, almost melodic, sounds like distant native drums as the heavily pregnant clouds slowly begin to tear themselves apart.

Soon the first drops of rain arrive, their pitter-patter intensifying as the storm ominously glides overhead. The strong winds royal consorts to the rain, whip the surface of the water of the loch into a churning frenzy. The fishing boats are now thrown about like disregarded rag dolls in a playground. Fork lightning rips through the air creating daylight for a few brief seconds at a time, it's indiscriminate landfall causing a lottery of mindless destruction.

The horizontal winds and rain that lash the forest canopy, bend the huge and ancient conifers into reluctant submission. The animals of the glen must all seek shelter from this ferocious natural Blitzkrieg. There is a perverse beauty to behold as mother nature vents her wrath upon the earth, this awesome storm a prelude to Armageddon perhaps? .

A single albatross lost high up in the storm, uses it's wings to conduct this heavenly orchestral performance. Like a tramp with nowhere to live the storm moves slowly away, another target already in it's deadly sights. Almost imperceptibly at first the wind and rain decrease in ferocity, and the fireworks show in the heavens slowly starts to fizzle out.

Once more peace returns to the glen, but now there is a heavy acrid smell in the air from the damp moss and autumn heather. Hundreds of fast flowing tributaries now pour into the loch, which now acting like a giant sponge absorbs the tons of water that have been unleashed by the god's.

On the surface of the glen after their roller coaster ride, the surviving fishing boats once again gently rock at their moorings. Deep beneath the icy waters the creatures that live there didn't even now there had been a storm at all, and by daybreak and with the new sun's warmth drying out the sodden earth, the glen and loch slowly recover their tranquillity.

Bernard Franklin

Bagman Pete

This is the story of a good man,
who's Christian name was Pete,
though he started at the top of the tree,
he ended up upon the street.
He sleeps in Cardboard City,
with other people just the same,
to see them in their homes of paper,
should make their families feel deep shame.

He gets nothing from the social,
as he has no fixed address,
with his matted hair and whiskers,
he looks a filthy dirty mess.
He rummages through old trashcans,
for something edible to eat,
perhaps a worn out coat or jumper,
or some old shoes to fit his feet.

As he shuffles down back alleys,
with his hacking chesty cough,
he goes to a grotty kitchen,
for his daily bowl of broth,
His life is kept inside a carrier bag,
all his precious souvenirs,
as he frequently stops to look inside,
his eyes fill up with tears.

For this bag holds a hundred photo's,
of his family and his friends,
all the people who rejected him,
when for himself he could not fend.
He'd spent a lifetime looking after them,
but when misfortune brought him down,
these people bit the hand that fed them,
and hounded him, right out of town.

Where once a wealthy man had stood,
with his chest so full of pride,
there now stoop's a broken bagman,

who's tears of pain cannot be dried.

Bernard Franklin

Blackpool

Sticky toffee apples, 'Kiss me quick',
tame donkey's on the beach,
sand in hair, the seaweeds song,
and parsons try to preach.
As gulls fly in to steal your chips,
the candy floss is bobbing,
hot dogs ooze their mustard sauce,
and trams so full, arn't stopping.
The funfair rides go round and round,
a pound a go seems cheap,
if you throw three darts at the bull's-eye board,
the prize is yours to keep.
With sandwiches that are full of grit,
and castles made of sand,
fat ladies dance a jig of joy,
and conduct the oompah band.
As toddler's paddle with their mums,
they don't go in to deep,
and Granddad's hanky on his head,
is enough to make you weep.
The famous lights shine through the night,
and illuminate the tower,
the pubs are open all the time,
so the luke warm beer tastes sour.
The cheap and cheerful hotel grub,
has 'full English' on the menu,
and the Labour parties conference team,
choose Blackpool as their venue.
Ice cream cornets, fish and chips,
and crazy golf to boot,
posh dancers on the ballroom floor,
drink champagne in a flute.
The fortune teller reads your mind,
and tells you you'll be rich,
then you try to choose a suntan cream,
but you really don't know which.
At the end of the day, Exhaustion,
and everything comes to a stop,
it's just as well it's ended now,

as everybody's fit to drop.
The sights and sounds of Blackpool,
are a super sensory maze,
but nothing beats this crazy town,
on hazy summer days.

Bernard Franklin

Children

Children.

Perfect little people,
small clones of imperfect parents.

Our dearest treasure.

We learn from them at the same time,
as they are taught by us.

We impart to them meaning, wisdom and truth,
they give to us unconditional love and trust.

There moods are unfathomable to us,
one minute their happy and laughing,
the next their screaming and shouting,
and pulling their hair out by the roots! .

Like us they are clingy and needy,
for affection and attention.
There understanding of things around them is so limited,
that we are the centre of their world.

We as adults have a strong inbuilt tolerance,
(but only for our own children)
it's like an onboard safety valve,
so that when we are pushed to the limit by our kids,
it stops us from eating our own offspring! .

The drive within us to procreate is powerful,
And so to create these amazing creatures,
that steal our hearts from us,
as soon as they are born.

As they grow up into little people,
we can no longer wrap them up in cotton wool.
They must now learn from their own mistakes,
and scare us parents half to death in the process.

In later life being a grandparent,
must be the greatest joy of all,
as we sink into our own second childhoods,

so that when we are finished,
spoiling and ruining our grandkids,
we simply pat them on the head,
and give them back to mum and dad.

Finally when we become old,
our lives turn full circle,
and our children become our own pseudo parents.
Caring and looking after us,
long into our dotage years.

Then at the end of life when we die,
we all once again become children,

Children of God.

Bernard Franklin

Decsissions - Decsissions

If the world was to end,
with just four minutes to run.
Would you spend your last seconds,
in sadness or fun? .
You could shower or bathe,
and so be clean at the end.
You could mow your front lawn,
if your right round the bend! .
You could write out a bank cheque,
for ten million quid,
It'll probably bounce,
but it's the last thing you did.
You could make love to your partner,
but that leaves two minutes to spare.
So you could shave off your beard,
then the rest of your hair.
You could order a pizza,
to be delivered from Rome.
Then book up a concorde,
to fly it back home! .
You could say all your sorries,
to the people you've hurt.
You could be civil for once,
and not callous or curt.
You could pray to your maker,
to forgive all your sins.
Or you could Hoover the house,
and then empty the bins! .
At the end of the day,
how would your time have been spent?
it wouldn't matter if you'd lived,
in a palace or a tent.
For we all exit the world,
the same way we came in.
The only difference between us,
the size of our sin!

Bernard Franklin

Diana

She was the jewel in the monarchy's rusting old crown,
like a diamond she shone in her new wedding gown.
The people were eager to break from the dreary old past,
little knowing that for Diana the dream wouldn't last.
She was radiant for a while at the birth of her boys,
her full attention she gave to their games and their toys.

A slimming disease then took a hold of her life,
so the system decided she could no longer be a royal wife.
Her pain was on show for the whole nation to see,
as illicit pictures were taken for the paparazzi a big fee.
No privacy of her own hounded down by the press,
what had we done to this girl to end up in this mess? .

In a cold world that's lost its emotional stance,
she captured us all in her empathical trance.
As the girl who gave everything and so rarely had sinned,
she lived her life on the edge like a candle in the wind.
When leprosy and AIDS for the world was too much,
she showed us how to destroy the old taboos of touch.

As she took on the world with its worries and woes,
she blossomed before us this dear English rose.
Her presence amongst us made the world richer by far,
so sad to die young then in the back of a car.
The grief of the world was as deep as could be,
this bright light snuffed out so early a sad sight to see.

The sombre mood of the people as our dear princess was lost,
only the future will tell us how much was the cost.
Of this paragon of virtue there's so much to be said,
but I fear it's too late now that this Icon is dead.
So our last memories of Diana should be strong and not faint,
this 'queen of hearts' of the world should be made a new saint.

Bernard Franklin

Dreamscape

Twig-light in dancing dreamscapes,
where do your slumbers go?
a floating free sensation,
as your inhibitions flow.
An ethereal existence,
at the edge of time and space,
as you fall into the deepest sleep,
eyelids flutter on your face.

A place of magical make believe,
of fairy tales and dreams,
the outcome of each adventure,
isn't always what it seems.
it's easy to breathe underwater here,
it's easy to fly in the sky,
it's easy to do whatever you want,
and extremely hard to die.

Sometimes our dreams are frightening,
and we scream out in the night,
our nightmares chase us round the room,
as our monsters we do fight.
It's a form of deep regression,
no expensive shrink could ever see,
our sleep and dreams the only place,
we will ever be totally free.

As we slip into a sub conscious vortex,
our brains reject our mental waste,
the images we see so vivid and clear,
we can almost touch and taste.

As we wake in the morning refreshed and alert,
our dreams are now far far away,
for our computer on-line has deleted the files,
we're now ready for a brand new day.

Bernard Franklin

Endless Circle

The blood red sunset,
seems to mourn for the day that's gone,
as pregnant clouds heavily laden with aqua
spill forth
diffusing the suns final rays,
in a kaleidoscope of colour.

As the sun finally slips below the horizon,
it sends the day a sad and fond farewell.
The dusk now salutes the heavens,
as the dark shroud of night approaches.
being neither day or night,
the dusk wraps in silk,
the Earths final entombment.

Eventually as dusk envelopes the light,
an eerie silence descends,
into a pitch black morbidity.
Slowly moonbeams begin to fall from the sky,
creating a heavenly illuminate,
and the stars shine and twinkle,
like a million cosmic pin-pricks.

The numbing cold of this winters night,
turns tepid breath to freezing vapour,
and coats the land with a shell,
of white translucent ice.

Eventually bird song heralds the arrival,
of a pale and frigid dawn,
and in tune with the heartbeat of the earth,
the watery, diluted Sun,
finally peeps over the horizon, to say hello

Ready once more to begin,

This endless circle of life

Eternally Yours

You took away my loneliness,
you dried my eyes of tears,
you healed my heart with just a kiss,
and erased my deepest fears.

You gave your love, and cradled me,
you made me feel secure,
your passion for the life you have,
is strong and safe and sure.

Your beauty put a spell on me,
And laid siege my inner thought,
for I've been sailing on a sea of fire,
like a ship without a port.

Your spirit like a beacon burns,
wherever you may be.
your joy so bright, a lighthouse beam
does guide my ship at sea.

Your eyes are pools of love and hope,
your smile my rod and staff,
the power you have at your fingertips,
can make me cry or laugh.

I cannot give as much as you,
all I give, is all I've got,
but I love you more than life itself,
and that my love's, a lot.

My heart is caught, and yours to keep,
so guard it safe and sound,
it's naked, stitched upon my sleeve,
for my soulmate I have found.

Your life force like a lightning bolt,
recharged my thirst for life,
so I ask you to consider me,
one day darling.....be my wife.

Bernard Franklin

Eye In The Sky

We managed to get rid of the Nazi's,
and to tear down the communist wall.
So what of the police state that's Britain,
how far must her subjects now fall? .

C.C.T.V. is the new name for Stalin,
the 'eye in the sky' if you please.
To snoop on the great British public,
by our government's need to spin sleaze.

The housewife that just does her shopping,
the child that is walking to school.
All are caught three hundred times on a camera,
that quietly watch us and rule.

The cameras are perched on each building,
birds of pray with a giant beady eye.
So a man with a joystick at central,
can watch our old liberties die.

If you play in the park with your family,
and your dog does a whoopsy or two,
A megaphone camera will spot you,
and yell out to you, pick up the pooh! .

We're told that speed cameras are calming,
that they're doing a wonderful job.
The truth is they're there to make money;
so the police force can make a few bob.

For the poor man who bimbles at thirty,
and who's speedo is out by a mile.
The bright flash he sees in the mirror,
makes his stomach acid turn into bile.

If there are more cameras in Britain than people,
could we capture a terrorist cell? .
For the fact is the devil's among us,
and we're surely all living in hell.

We've created an Orwellian future,
Big brother is here now to stay.
We've give birth to a terrible monster,
where human rights simply..... just fade away.

Bernard Franklin

Fate Of The Twins

The most infamous day in history, is now September eleven,
when the world was changed forever, and thousands went to heaven.
The two twin towers stood side by side, huge monoliths made by the west,
but the horsemen of the apocalypse came, the twins to lay to rest.

Just eighteen men from a terrorist cell, would warp what the Quoran could teach,
so each of these terrorist henchmen would kill, two hundred casualties each.!
As these hijackers took some planes by force, they killed the pilots and altered
course,
aiming at the twin brothers heads, they screamed at Allah and prayed to be
dead.

At nine fifteen precisely, the towers were hit one by one,
as the terrorists prayed to their false God, they were vaporised by his son.
The massive twins began to fall, creating a mushroom in space,
in just a few short minutes, dust and debris filled their place

Over three hundred and fifty firemen perished, in just the blink of an eye,
over three thousand people in total had gone, to that safe place in the sky.
While all this was happening the Pentagon fell, the military heart of the west,
hundreds more people died where they stood, now America's put to the test.

Live pictures were beamed all over the world, as America came to her knee's,
billion's of people held their breath, and prayed to God, no please! .
Deep in a cave in an Afghan hill, Bin Laden chortled with glee,
he'd dealt the world a massive blow, a bonus he could see.

The evil that surrounds this man, puts an aura round his head,
but this is no halo from heavenly hands, but a mist that follows the dead.
The terrorist's thought the American belly was soft, with no stomach for further
fight,
but they awoke a roaring lion that night, with jaws that could tear and bite.

America bombed the Taliban men, in their lairs in the Afghan hills,
America bombed Al-Queda men, then counted up their kills.
For ninety days the terrorist's fought, then fell apart at the seams,
Afghanistan might be born again? , with a second chance it seems.

The most famous skyline in the world, will never be the same,
but Manhattan will struggle to rebuild itself, on the back of the terrorist's shame.
Still guarding New York city, a lady stands tall and proud,
she's a statue made out of liberty, that will defeat the Taliban clouds.

Moslems and Christian's all over the world, will conquer these sick evil men,
for 'Allah' and 'God' are the same so it seems,
just keep faith in them both and we'll win!

Bernard Franklin

Fingers Crossed

Although I'm scared of flying,
(I always dread it on the day) .
I take pills to settle my stomach,
but I feel sick most of the way.

As we start to take off down the runway,
(I always close my eyes) .
My fists I clench, I start to sweat,
and dig my fingers in my thighs.

Once the plane is up and airborne,
(I start slowly to unwind) .
The stewardess makes a fuss of me,
she's really very kind.

As I look outside my little window,
(I can see how high we are) .
I forgot to say I'm scared of heights,
I wish I'd gone by car.

After several double brandies,
(I'm really starting to chill out) .
Dutch courage is a god send,
of that there is no doubt.

I'm told we've lost one of our two engines,
(so it's going to be a longer flight) .
I pray we don't lose the second one,
or we'll be stuck up here all night!

As we approach the landing runway,
(this bit really is the worst) .
It would be nice to land in one piece for once,
I think I must be cursed.

As the engine shuts down upon our arrival,
(the co-pilot turns to me to say) .
" Another excellent flight than captain,
You've really earned your pay! "

Bernard Franklin

Flames Of Fury

As I close my eyes, I can smell a mixture,
of sweet Mahogany and formaldehyde.
Then the slamming shut,
of a huge metal door.

Giant gas burners eject their poisonous offerings,
and so crystal quartz ignites a budding flame.
A quiet 'whooshing' noise intensifies,
as the flames change from golden yellow,
to an incandescent blue.

In just a couple of minutes,
unbelievable, unbearable heat reaching over
five thousand degrees centigrade.
A tiny part of our world that's now
hotter than our sun.

Flesh at this temperature would literally vaporise,
bones would pop and crackle as they disintegrate.
Gold becomes liquid almost instantaneously.
black acrid smoke appears,
perhaps a new pope is born? .

This molten fire controlled by man,
enclosed and hidden to the worlds eyes,
eliminates all virtue and sin.
After sixty minutes all that is left of
this intense blast of heat,
is five pounds of dust.

With a tear in my eye I am relieved,
and grateful that it's over.

As I have just cremated my father.

For my pain and discomfort,
I receive a brand new urn,
filled with warm ash.

and remembrance

Bernard Franklin

Futility

When artillery shells come whistling in,
like wild banshees in the night.
It's enough to turn the bravest man,
a deathly shade of white.

The Maxim gun starts chattering,
spitting out it's deadly hail.
No one can survive in no mans land,
it's too far beyond the pale.

The smell of cordite hangs so heavy,
as the troops are torn apart.
The dead and the dying are bundled up,
then led off on a cart.

To get three lights from just one match,
is a stupid senseless crime.
For the sniper lying just across the brow,
just likes to take his time.

Their diet of bully beef and bread,
leaves much to be desired.
The men are weak, are always cold,
and oh so very tired.

The rat infested trenches,
are then harbingers of doom.
For the thousands of men all huddled inside,
there really isn't room.

The men all stand up in their trench,
their bayonets fixed and ready.
Some say a prayer or cross themselves,
their nerves aren't calm or steady.

Then it's up and out and over the top,
to lose their lives is on the cards.
Almost twenty thousand men are lost,
to gain just twenty yards.

After four long years of fighting,
how dear has been the cost? .
For they're right back where they started,
no land gained and no land lost.

Bernard Franklin

Futures End

Article written in the New York Tribune.

Time / Date: - 09.15 am Monday 14 March 3010 AD.

To the people of the past,

Mother nature's had a breakdown
our radioactive oceans smell,
so the world that we've inherited
is a form of living hell.

There's no ozone layer up there
to protect our precious skin,
and the pollution in our water
reminds us of our forbears sin.

Our immune systems are useless
so we live in bubbles made of glass,
there's no protection in the outside world
from our man made poisonous gas.
Over thirty billion people
overpopulate this sphere,
a lack of vitamins and minerals,
brings disease and rabid fear.

The ice caps have all melted
So the world is half it's proper size,
the animal world is now extinct
except for spiders, bugs and flies.
The average life span's only forty
as we get old before our time,
no one gets to see their grandkids here
as we all die before our prime.

At the start of the fourth millennium
dear God look what have we done? ,
we've baste ourselves in cooking oil,
now we're frying in the Sun.!
Our engineers and scientists
are going to escape the acid rain,
by trying to build a time machine,

to go back and start again.

You had a chance a thousand years ago,
to put right then, what was wrong,
if all of you had made an effort,
we could have sung a different song!

Bernard Franklin

Jekyll And Hyde

For changes in human behaviour
I think that the biggest by far,
is the obsession and pride that we all have
in the wonderful motor car.

We treat it with such a reverence
like an icon that's sent from the Gods,
but it can turn the most mild mannered people
into miserable and stropky old sods!

For a strange thing will soon start to happen
when we strap in behind the wheel,
as our sense of fair play and our honour
our car from us then starts to steal.

For as our eyes turn white and roll over
and we gradually turn into a shark,
there's road rage flowing in our bloodstream
so at pedestrians we curse and we bark.

We drive just six inches from the bumper
of the car that's ahead and in front,
but at well over eighty miles an hour
there's an inevitable rear end shunt! .

As we leap out of the car that we're driving
in a callous and murderous rage,
on the poor driver in front we vent our wrath
a world war we begin to wage.

As we bash on the sides of his windows
and kick at his wings and his door,
we'd like to take out this driver forever
by breaking his nose and his jaw!

After venting our frustration and anger
Jekyll slowly turns back out of Hyde,
so we can continue our journey now happy
in a calm and relaxing ride.

The most docile of people when driving
soon become monsters from deep within,
for the car is nothing more it seems
than a tin can made for sin! .

Bernard Franklin

Jesus (Who's He? ?)

Sometimes I pray so hard at Christmas,
that the world will look again,
at the reasons why we have to take,
sweet Jesus name in vain.

Where once the commercial side of Christmas,
was a seedy sin we bore,
it's now outstripped the gospel's teachings,
on our religion it's waged war.

The shops are open now at Christmas,
so are pubs and clubs and banks,
the church holds fete's and Sunday raffles,
where once we used to pray with thanks.

The T.V.'s full of sex and violence,
the daily papers do their part,
to destroy the holy message,
so out of Christmas tear it's heart.

We all like to think we're Christians,
and not corrupt in any way,
but not many say the lords prayer,
on this most sacred Christian day.

What's the meaning then of Christmas,
as the year draws in to its close? ,
it's a time to heal old friendships,
and to forgive our ancient foe's.

It's only been the past few decade's,
where Christian teachings have not taught,
so to children spread across all nations,
Jesus Christ means next to nought.

It'll only take a few more decade's,
to destroy two thousand years,
it'll only take a few more decade's,
to erase our saviour's tears.

When Christmas has no other meaning,
than to give and then to get,
when the faith of mankind's bankrupt,
will Jesus Christ repay our debt? .

Bernard Franklin

Loneliness

As I wake in the morning
and open my eyes
a part of me is saddened
a part of me dies.

It's a struggle to rise
from the sleep that I've had
for the dreams that upset me
are lonely and bad.

I don't know where to begin
where to stop or to start
as I face the new day
I've a pain in my heart.

This lonely existence
I face by myself
has broken my mind
and shattered my health.

I've no one to talk to
just four walls for friends
but I want to be grateful
for the life that God sends.

The worst thing I realise
is that if I might die
there'd be no words of comfort
and no one to cry.

So I look at the razor
then look at my wrists
the veins start bulging
as I clench up my fists.

As I slice at my flesh
no pain do I feel
I zig-zag the cuts
so the wounds will not heal.

As I relax in a warm bath
the water turns red
time to plan for the future
time to plan to be dead.

If someone had noticed
if someone had cared
my world not forsaken
my life might be spared.

As I slip towards Coma
I let go of the past
I'll have friends up in heaven

Not lonely at last.

Bernard Franklin

Lovebird

As I strolled through crowds all by myself,
and hold my head up high,
I smile at people passing me,
but wish that I could cry.

For I thought I had her love for life,
a good and precious thing,
a love so strong and full of joy,
it made this lovebird sing.

I tried so hard to do my best,
and worked till fit to drop.
I started at the bottom,
then worked my way up to the top.

Love cannot be a one-way street,
at least not for very long.
For a single lovebird on its own,
will soon lose its chirpy song.

Though I loved her more than life itself,
she turned from me and ran,
so the loneliest place in all the world,
is the heart of an unloved man.

As she took me to the cleaners,
and betrayed my broken heart,
she ripped my life away from me,
then tore my soul apart.

Even as my life lay ruined,
I still forgave what she had done,
for my past is full of memories,
of happy times and joyous fun.

Although our future's wont entwine,
I wished her luck and love,
I hope she finds that special man,
who will fit her like a glove.

As the years went by the wounds have healed,
and I no longer live in the past.
for with somebody new to hold my hand,
this lovebird sings at last.

Bernard Franklin

Loves Goal

Our love has the power
to destroy and create.
Our love has the power
to heal and to hate.
Love is held in our heart
which we wear on our sleeve.
Love gives us protection
from the lies that we weave.
Love sees through injustice
and the devils own work,
Loves armour surrounds us
where Satan may lurk.

Love is all that we have
when we breakdown and cry.
Love is all that we have
when we lay down and die.
Love is the joy in our soul
and the beat of our heart.
Love is the giving of self
to accept Cupids dart.

Where would we be
without love in our lives.
Where would we be
without husbands and wives.
Where would we be
if our compassion was dead.
Where would we be
if our hearts were just lead.

The most powerful emotion
that we can posses.
Helps us care more for others
and love ourselves less.
It's the foundation of life
the DNA of our soul.
It helps us to survive
by understanding God's goal.

Bernard Franklin

Missing You

As time goes by, I've missed so much,
your loving hugs and gentle touch.
As your bodies grow too fast to see,
I hope you'll both remember me.

A few hours here, a few days there,
some stolen time to show I care.
Small locks of hair, I've kept for years,
to have you close, would halve my tears.

I'm far away, I'm in a mess,
so in my prayers your heads I bless.
As God protects you safe and sound,
I'm feeling strong, new faith I've found.

For every joy there is a cost,
for every gain there's something lost.
For every grief there must be hope,
It's nature's way to help me cope.

I can't explain my long term goals,
but I'd like to help your mortal souls.
For if you know how much I feel,
I'm sure my heart will start to heal.

So remember girls how much I care,
your life of joy please let me share.
And if your ever feeling sad,
just ring me up I won't be mad!

I'll love you every day I live,
I'll give you all I have to give.
I'll never lose my faith in you,
I'm there in everything you do.

As I say goodbye, and let you go,
my pain and pleasure mix and flow.
As I drive away, you wave at me,
but my broken heart you cannot see.

Please love this man, who loves you so,
please see a friend and not a foe.
Two little girls are all I had,
I'm so very proud you call me 'Dad'.

Bernard Franklin

My Mother In Law

As much as I love my mother-in-law,
I so wish she'd settle down,
in another country far away,
or at least in another town.
It's the rolling pins that frighten me,
and her teeth by the side of the bed,
her false leg is used as a battering ram,
and is so heavy it must be lead.

When she smiles her false teeth move around,
inside that cavernous mouth,
and I'm not saying her bra's don't fit any more
but her boobs have been travelling south! .
The old 'piny' she wears she bought at a fete,
in nineteen forty two,
she very rarely takes it off,
and never wears anything new.

I'm terrified when she uses her acid tongue,
to cut my conversation in half,
and to see me falling flat on my face,
would really make her laugh.
As she sits in the evening knitting barb wire,
watching T.V. through a lens,
she practises yoga and karate as well,
and ties a knot in herself if she bends!

The first time I heard her dulcet voice,
I thought Richard Burton was reborn,
and when she raises her voice or clears her throat,
she sounds like a Titanic fog horn.
She's always liked a drink or two,
and often murders a bottle of gin,
but when she puts her swimming costume on,
she looks like a shark with a fin! .

I honestly love this woman to bits,
it's a shame she's a hundred and two,
because when she finally gets to the pearly gates,

I'm sure she'll out live the sacred Jew! .
I've been a bit rough on this dear old girl,
as she's done some good thing in her life,
it was fifty years ago today,
she gave birth to my wonderful wife.

If truth be known she's an angel of sorts,
with a heart that's made from gold,
and when God created my mother-in-law,
he decided to break the mould.

Bernard Franklin

Offspring

Children.

Perfect little people,
small clones of imperfect parents.

Our dearest treasure.

We learn from them at the same time,
as they are taught by us.

We impart to them meaning, wisdom and truth,
they give to us unconditional love and trust.

There moods are unfathomable to us,
one minute their happy and laughing,
the next their screaming and shouting,
and pulling their hair out by the roots! .

Like us they are clingy and needy,
for affection and attention.
There understanding of things around them is so limited,
that we are the centre of their world.

We as adults have a strong inbuilt tolerance,
(but only for our own children)
it's like an onboard safety valve,
so that when we are pushed to the limit by our kids,
it stops us from eating our own offspring! .

The drive within us to procreate is powerful,
And so to create these amazing creatures,
that steal our hearts from us,
as soon as they are born.

As they grow up into little people,
we can no longer wrap them up in cotton wool.
They must now learn from their own mistakes,
and scare us parents half to death in the process.

In later life being a grandparent,
must be the greatest joy of all,
as we sink into our own second childhoods,

so that when we are finished,
spoiling and ruining our grandkids,
we simply pat them on the head,
and give them back to mum and dad.

Finally when we become old,
our lives turn full circle,
and our children become our own pseudo parents.
Caring and looking after us,
long into our dotage years.

Then at the end of life when we die,
we all once again become children,

Children of God.

Bernard Franklin

On Second Thoughts? .

If you don't think you need your inner strength,
if you don't think you need your pride.
If you don't think you need some faith in god,
to ensure he's on your side.

If you don't think you need your courage,
if you don't think you need your love.
If when all is lost, when nothings left,
and push has come to shove.

If you don't think you need compassion,
if you don't need to be sincere.
If you saw a child was dying,
but didn't shed a single tear.

If you don't think you need some inner peace,
if you don't sometimes need to be alone.
If your not thankful for the life you have,
but scowl, then moan and groan.

If you don't think you need your family,
if you don't sometimes need a friend.
If when times are hard you stand alone,
and don't accept the help that they can lend.

If you think that you're an island,
a lonely rock upon the sea.
Think twice my friend, have second thoughts,
for we need all these things don't we? .

Bernard Franklin

Poetry In Emotion

The state of mind that is happiness and joy,
is a healthy breeding ground,
for it lifts our spirits on wings of hope,
and keeps us safe and sound.

The most destructive emotion is hatred,
when we have feelings that we could kill,
for it infects our souls, with anger and rage,
and it's benefits, appear to be nil.

The double-edged sword that is terror and fear,
can sometimes be good or be bad,
but it makes us beware of this dangerous world,
and for that, we're eternally glad.

Without a doubt our strongest emotion,
is the love that we have for our kin,
for our hearts on our sleeves it's protection,
from the devils most dangerous sin.

The saddest of feelings is sorrow,
when we lose somebody special in life,
there's no protection at all from the loss of,
your kids or your mum or your wife.

The most godly emotion, compassion,
ensures the guilt in our conscience will go,
as we show that we care more for others,
our confidence in mankind will grow.

Some people just can't show their feelings,
no matter how hard they might try,
they can't show their love or their anger,
and find it hard just to laugh or to cry.

Some people can easily access,
their emotional deep inner self,
in expressing their feelings so freely,
they protect their emotional health.

The greatest of gifts that we can possess,
are the emotions that most of us feel,
for they ensure that we cope, one day at a time,
by helping our bodies to heal.

Bernard Franklin

Secret Love

I wear my heart on my sleeve
so I am open to use and abuse.

I am bleeding profusely inside,
and longing for succour and sanctuary.

I feel the vibrancy of my life force, slowly slipping away,
and miss you like a heartbeat
for your pulse was the rhythm of my life.

Wishing to be close and tactile.
Needing to inhale your musky scent.
Longing for your souls reprieve.

Half of me is missing.

Half of me won't heal.

Where did you go to my lovely?
You are hidden so deep within the matrix,
of my memory.

You are an indelible stain from my past,
that cannot be washed away.

My new love knows not of you,
and must never be told,
for fear of friction and rejection.

You must forever remain

My greatest loss

My secret love

Because of you,

I wear my heart on my sleeve.

Senseless

If you could only keep one of your senses,
which one would you choose? ,
of all your wondrous senses,
which ones could you stand to lose? .

To lose your eyesight would be tragic,
not to see your children grow,
not to see the faces of your family,
would be a heavy mental blow,

To lose your hearing would be awful,
to suffer silence every day,
to see people talking all around you,
but never hear a word they say.

To forever lose your sense of smell,
never to inhale the aroma's of the Earth,
to never smell a springtime meadow,
I'm sure would show this senses worth.

It you totally lost your sense of taste,
all your food would be the same,
if everything tasted just like cardboard,
would that not be a crying shame?

If you ever lost your sense of touch,
and had no feelings in your nerves,
never knowing how soft a baby is,
or being able to feel your partners curves.

But what about you're sixth sense!
that special form of ESP,
I'm sure you use it daily,
without it, I don't know where I'd be.
It's a combination of all our senses,
the one I just don't want to lose,
because it's given me a lifetime,
of perceptive sensory views.

I'd rather lose my sense of sight,
my hearing, taste and touch,
because to lose the sense that guides me,
for me to bear, would be too much.

Bernard Franklin

Souled Out

As two lonely souls cry out for love,
their mates must fit them like a glove.
Along the way they'll meet their kind,
but a perfect match is hard to find.

Like two fireflies lost in cosmic cloud,
their lights burn dim their hopes in shroud.
Their primal needs force them to try,
to seek each other though they no not why.

As time goes by they slow right down,
for the perfect mate they haven't found.
Slowly hour by hour then day by day.
hope starts to fade faith dies away.

Then two souls meet and make a match,
they study each other and access their catch.
There's a chemical response between the two,
so they bond together like superglue! .

As these two souls embrace high in the stars,
a super nova is born between Earth and Mars.
This brand new star heals all pain and strife,
as these two lost souls now one find life.

Bernard Franklin

Spellbound

I wonder what attracted me,
to you that special day.
Let's have a look to see just where,
my deepest feelings lay.
Your eyes that sparkle, full of joy,
reflect your love for life.
Your spirit like a magic wand,
deflects all pain and strife.

Your hair as liquid sunshine flows,
like honey to your waist.
Your lips so soft and tender dear,
are ripe and sweet to taste.
Your soft caress and tactile touch,
give warmth from body heat.
Your gentle sighs from deep content,
are oh so hard to beat.

Your body is a temple of,
perfection guile and grace.
Your smiles enhance the beauty of,
your finely chiselled face.
The calming purr of your deep sleep,
your face serene and pure.
For the depth of love I have for you,
there is no earthly cure.

Virtues and values fill your heart,
with room still left for love.
The peace you give is carried far,
on the wings of an eternal dove.
You're a priestess sent by heavenly hands,
as a sentinel for my heart.
So as a present from my God to me,
we can't be made to part.

I never thought that I would feel,
such total peace of mind.
For I never thought I'd meet a girl,

so gentle calm and kind.

Bernard Franklin

The Agony Of Ecstasy

Alone down a squalid back alley,
how I wish I could change and go back,
to the normal existence I once had,
away from my sordid world of heroin and smack.

With no money for a fix, I robbed an old girl,
her purse and her pension I stole,
as she lay on the ground, not a thought did I give,
to the pain I had caused in her soul.

As I scour my arms, for a vein that's not broke,
I've a needle I found in the street,
the liquid death in my blood, rushes round to my heart,
as I rock back and forth in my seat.

As the poison is pumped, to the base of my brain,
I'm oblivious to the world that's outside,
I'm laid back and content, and at ease with myself,
enjoying this kaleidoscope of a ride.

The ecstasy of the trip, is short lived for sure,
for the real world I must once again face,
I've lost all that I had, there's nobody left,
and my friends think I'm a bloody disgrace! .

As I come round from my trip, I feel sick to my core,
what have I done to my kids and my wife,
I've abandoned all hope, to the evil within,
and so have totally ruined my life.

I'd go to a clinic and eat cold turkey for lunch,
but I'm scared of their scalpels and blades,
for if they run a few tests on my blood they might find,
that I've given my whole family AIDS.

I remember the man, who gave me my first fix,
he said that the first one was free,
I thought I could take it or leave it at will,
but the poison and pain soon hooked me.

Now it's me on the streets, selling drugs to young kids,
to feed the deep gnawing pain in my gut,
how I wish I could go back, to the life I once had,
and leave this destructive and dangerous rut.

Bernard Franklin

The Cross

The old man seems so sad today,
he's always on his own.
As he shuffles up the road at an alpine pace,
rejected and alone.

His poor unkempt condition,
with a string around his mac,
some people just ignore him,
others seem to turn their back.

His fingernails are filthy,
there are holes in both his shoes,
in the hostel where he spends his time,
there are rules of don'ts and doo's.

Unshaven now for ages,
and with his black teeth still on show,
the kids all call him 'Bogey',
he's never felt so low.

From his family full rejection,
he's not seen them in some time,
to treat this man so awfully,
really is a moral crime.

When finally bad health beats him,
on his deathbed he does lie,
so he closes his eyes for the last time,
and to the world a sad goodbye.

As they check his few possessions,
his bits and bobs and dross,
a small red box they come across,
inside..... the Victoria cross.

Bernard Franklin

The End Of The Road

I've never fought so hard before,
I won some battles but lost the war.
Sedated waiting for the end,
I'm slowly going round the bend.

My prayers have fallen by the way,
so there's not much left for me to say.
I'd rather cancer in my lung,
as the bad die old and the good die young.

The death of my spirit, mind and soul,
Is beyond belief a tragic toll.
As I fast become a mental fool,
It's fun for folks to see the ghoul.

I've died a thousand times inside,
but with friends and family to confide.
They give me strength to carry on,
but I wonder when they'll all be gone

.

I cannot count the things I've lost,
I cannot count the deadly cost.
I cannot take more guilt or grief,
my mind's been stole by a mental thief.

A single person caused this pain,
and I'll never know her ultimate aim.
To destroy a man before her eyes,
To gloat with glee as he slowly dies.

If there's a god he's left my side,
So as I lost belief I sat and cried.
as I cannot cope with simple things,
I'll hide away, see what tomorrow brings.

To all my friends I've this to say,
one thing at a time go day by day.
I know you'll try to mend my soul,
but give yourselves a reasonable goal.

It might be that I'll float away,
for it seems that I'm the one to pay.
So if I go toward the light,
It won't be because I didn't fight.

Remember a man who once was whole,
with a content heart and a happy soul.
My gift to you is a peaceful dove,
from a broken man, just filled with love

Bernard Franklin

The Fisherman

At the crack of dawn the man gets up,
his fishing kit prepared.
He likes to sort his rods and reels,
so that his tackle isn't snared.

Then it's off down to the river,
to see what he can catch.
Against twenty other anglers,
he starts the fishing match.

He knows there's bream and tench in here,
it's just a case of where.
There might even be a pike or two,
hidden deep within their lair.

He casts his floats and maggots in,
just hoping for a bite.
But when his rod leaps off the river bank,
he knows he's got a fight! .

He grabs the rod in the nick of time,
and pulls back to form a strike.
But there's something solid under there,
it's thirty pounds of pike! .

He fights the fish with all his might,
for half an hour or more.
He reels it in then lets it out,
his hands are getting sore.

The fish goes up and down the river,
like some crazy tennis match.
The fisherman knows he'll win the prize,
if he can only land this catch.

When he thought the fight was over,
the pike gave one last lunge.
So what he reeled in was a two ounce eel,
all covered in slimy gunge.

Just one small tiddler in his net.
after fishing here all day.
The one he caught was nothing like,
the one that got away! .

Bernard Franklin

The Hill

' A Millenium Message '

Upon a hill a lonely man stared down into the sea,
his lifeless eyes so dull and dead can't focus now like me.
His shambling gait his limbs so frail were not always once this way,
for his inner strength was once so great it could lighten up the day.

His thorny crown has slipped a bit discarded at his feet,
for once it rode upon his head, when he walked with the elite.
A lonely man upon a hill was nailed upon a cross,
the people of the world were sad at such a tragic loss.

A sword was thrust into his side to see if he felt pain,
he sadly looked upon the crowd his life not lost in vain.
A radiant glow the heavens part, the son of God's received,
so mortal man has much to learn if he thinks he's been deceived.

Two thousand years of time have passed, a blink of the cosmic eye,
the lonely man upon the hill knowing why he had to die.
To save the souls of mortal man to pay for all our sin,
he must remain on the hill forever it seems, to ensure mankind can win.

Bernard Franklin

The Immortal Spirit

Some people never suffer illness,
some people never get disease,
some people sail through life with nothing,
while some are brought down to their knee's.

Why do some of us feel such pain? ,
and seem to pay a heavy price,
to eat the fruits of Adam's Eden,
and walk the path first trod by Christ.

Should all of us not suffer sometimes? ,
in total darkness, without light,
just to see what makes us carry on,
to stand firm, then learn to fight! .

The spark of life that is in mankind,
has a slowly burning fuse,
what are the reasons why we fight for life,
why do we just refuse to lose? .

For some it's fear of failure,
for some the fear of the unknown,
for some it's fear of dying,
for others the fear of being alone.

When things are at their very worst,
and you're suffering with ill health,
when no-one's there to hold your hand,
and you only have yourself.
Turn to your precious spirit,
turn to your sacred soul,
search for the inner strength you have,
to help you reach your goal.

Through thick and thin, through good and bad,
your life do not forsake,
bear everything that's thrown at you,
for God won't give, what you can't take!

The Journey

The sea of solace lays calm and bare,
now there's time on the shore to stand still and stare.
The winds of deep pain are all cut up and torn,
they're asleep at long last, exhausted and worn'

All harm and deep hurt are wrapped up in silk,
protected and warm, like a dear mother's milk.
The strength of pure love can have then no bounds,
as its roller coaster road goes around and around.

The power of our love, is our justified hope,
it helps to protect, to care and to cope.
Through the journey of life we steer and we guide,
at the end is the truth, and from god we can't hide.

Bernard Franklin

The 'Label' Generation

If their trainers don't say Reebok,
and their sweatshirts don't say Nike,
if their tracksuits don't say Adidas,
and they've a Raleigh for a bike.
If their foot ware don't say Kickers,
or there's no Umbro on their vest,
they just wont be seen in public,
if you haven't bought the best.

If their car is not a soft-top,
with shiny alloy wheels,
if their jeans aren't Levi 501's,
they'll know how hardship feels.
If their suits are not Armani,
or Saatchi didn't make their shirt,
the derision from their friends and pals,
would really start to hurt.

If you're taking them to Butlins,
when it's Disney land they need,
if you take them to the chip shop,
when it's McDonalds where they feed.
Girls use make up when they're thirteen,
and bring home boyfriends far to soon,
but the spotty faced young suitors,
with their Tattoo's make them swoon.

Their bedrooms look like Concord's flight deck,
with every Gizmo known to man,
they'll even want your sunbed,
for topping up their tan.
Some kids are smoking fags at fourteen,
and drinking beer at every chance,
they try to act mature at disco's,
even though they cannot dance.

Street cred is their main religion,
peer pressure is their only aim,
the cost of buying all their goodies,

doesn't bring them any shame.
When kids as young as seven,
reject their clothes, cause they're not cool,
it's the parents who will pay the price,
so tell me who's the fool!

Bernard Franklin

The Legacy

In the Pacific so vast and far, far away,
a cluster of islands exists.
In the beginning of time it was beautiful there,
bathed in a golden and glorious mist.

The creatures that lived there were countless and varied,
cohabiting in peaceful refrain.
No fear in their hearts not timid with fright,
just carefree and happy and tame.

The seas were alive with billions of fish,
and the water was as clear as a bell.
The whole animal kingdom was content with itself,
little realising they were heading for hell.

After aeons of time humanity came,
and invaded this tiny oasis.
They planted a flag called it 'Bikini Atoll'
and proceeded to destroy the old stasis.

They drilled and they drilled miles underground,
to bury their Nuclear devise.
With the press of a button creation explodes,
and their world disappears in a trice.

Heat beyond thought, unbearable pain,
a piece of the sun on our Earth.
Radiation immense, the poisonous air,
we had shown how much mankind was worth.

In less than a second everything perished,
to a radius of over three miles.
In ships out at sea behind visors men watch,
they're excited and happy all smiles.

As the mushroom expanded far out into space,
the debris was starting to fall.
Just one test was over there's still ten more to do,
how can mankind survive this much Gaul? .

With their tests all but finished, and the destruction complete,
mankind sails away over the rim.
But the legacy of ruin he's leaving behind,
isn't bad it's incredible grim.

Over thousands of years mother nature will rise,
and begin to heal over the scars.
But the stories not over man is up to his old tricks,
he's just carrying them out up on Mars! .

Bernard Franklin

The Mortal Gaurdian

Although the moon is pock-marked
and looks like it's got measles on its face.
On a starlit night it's lovely
so full of mystery guile and grace.

The reason that it's so cratered
is that it's struck time and time again.
By asteroids and by meteors
that fall like shows of galactic rain.

The same fate would befall this planet,
if it wasn't for our guardian shield.
The atmosphere around our earth
ensures we are safe and fully sealed.

Mars is our nearest neighbour
but it's all withered burnt and red.
If it wasn't for our atmosphere
we to would all be fried and dead.

On every other planet
the radiation is immense.
But our shield absorbs these fatal rays
she's a trusty friend in every sense.

There's nothing that can harm our shield,
that can come from outer space.
The only thing that can destroy it
is the foolish human race.

We've made two holes up in the ozone
one over both the freezing poles.
But we're not learning any lessons,
we're just making bigger holes.

We must stop the damage we are doing,
and start to protect this precious friend.
Because from radiation heat and comets
without our shield we can't defend! .

Bernard Franklin

The River Of Life

In the spring of new life high up in the hills,
the rains and moistures form.
They unleash then their torrents on crags and on tarns,
in a powerfully ferocious storm.
A stream is then born, it's tiny at first,
in it's pre-embryonical state.
As it spills down the mountain, a trickle at first,
flowing at a calm and sedentary rate.

In the summer of life the stream feels strong,
with the strength to clear it's own path.
To push boulders and rocks clear out of the way,
mother earth sees it's fury and wrath.
As this unstoppable wall crashes down to the glen,
the stream has become a vast river.
It surges through valleys with majesty and might,
and doesn't have time now to dither.

In the autumn of life the river slows down,
expanding out at it's large waist.
It's spent all it's energy, is lethargic and slow,
less speed will now mean much more haste.
As it flows through the land, it feeds all living things,
from the trees to the animals and fish.
It's as if in the autumn it's life blood it gives,
as a final despairing last wish.

The winter of life brings the voyage to a close,
as the river creeps up on the coast.
There is salt in the air, the ocean is near,
as the river approaches it's host.
With it's last breath of life, it joins estuarial tide,
Creating a magical delta.
The Ocean now guards it with fatherly love,
it's brought home this old river to shelter.

Bernard Franklin

The Silent Scream

I sometimes sit and scream at the moon,
with it's silvery face, laughing at its own pock marked skin.
My freezing breath letting destiny in and out, as an icy vapour.
It seems no amount of rage will change my fate.

I sometimes walk, screaming inside,
to be freed from this gulag of ego and Id.
For self's worth to be known unto God,
and for sanctity and honour to dwell within.

I sometimes explode and scream out loud,
at perpetual injustice and frustration,
making their resentful return,
both trapped inside a fragile vacuum.

Sometimes when I'm done shouting and screaming,
at the world and it's woes.
I lie still, my minds compassion spent.
My mental ability, barely able to function.

Sometimes I think I'm screaming at God,
as it's his hands cradling my soul.
I let this ecclesiastical jailer,
take every pound of flesh that's owed.
I give this freely, in the hope of eternal life and peace.

If I listen very carefully,
I'm sure I can hear some of you,
silently screaming inside? .

Bernard Franklin

Trust

He sits all day with forlorn eyes, and a longing in his heart.
He gives blind devotion to his master, from whom he hates to be apart.
He's chewed the rug and chased the cat, and now he's getting bored.
He's rummaged through the rubbish bins, his old bones he's gnashed and gored.

It seems to him like months ago when his master went away.
He wishes he'd come home again, so they could romp around and play.
He sleeps at night at the foot of the bed, in a broken down old box.
He's made a nest of comfort there, from his masters old odd socks.

In the morning he's the first one up, as he wrestles the daily paper from the door.
The master feeds his trusty friend, who barks insistently for more.
The best part of their morning is the stroll down to the park.
Where on the trees and lampposts there, he likes to leave his mark.

At 5 pm precisely the garden gate begins to squeak.
The masters only been away eight hours, but to the dog it seems more like a week.
As the master starts to open the door, the dog bounds up the hall.
He leaps upon his master, in a playful friendly maul! .

Besides a roaring fire at night, he looks up at someone he can trust.
His master smiles and pats his head, his faith in him is just.
The dog appreciates the care he gets, as for himself he cannot fend.
It seems to him at the end of the day, that man is a dogs best friend! .

Bernard Franklin

When Faith Is Not Enough

When our prayers are not answered,

How much loss can we take

How much grief can we bear

How much pain can we cope with

Is our blind faith in Christ corroborated,
Until we are judged by a higher power.

Ultimately to fail,
Through ecclesiastical injustice.

A belief found wanting

A need not met

A hope betrayed

Dear God,

Please forgive us when we falter.

Bernard Franklin

Wishing Well

As I looked inside the wishing well,
in the temple of my mind.
The saddest things I'd ever seen,
we're all I seemed to find.

The memories that I'd stored so long,
we're stacked on shelves of pain.
The thought's of my whole life we're here,
like rainbows of sun and rain.

At the bottom of my wishing well,
the drain was bunged and blocked.
So I had to find a way to make,
these thought's become unlocked.

As I started to drill into the drain,
my drill's began to break.
No effect at all on this blocked up drain,
did a diamond drill then make.

As if in a dream a man appeared,
and gave a drill to me.
But it was made of crystal, so how it worked,
was hard for me to see.

He told me that the drill was made,
from peace and love and hope.
So a leap of faith was needed here,
to ensure that I could cope.

Like a knife through butter, the crystal drill,
cut through the bunged up drain.
So as sunlight filled my wishing well,
it flushed away the rain.

As I turned to him to say my thanks,
he had gone from when's he came.
And as not many folk have met their God,
it really was a shame.

We can all release our emotional pain,
with no need for taking a pill.
Just simply ask your God inside,
if you can borrow his crystal drill! .

Bernard Franklin

Writers Block (The Dreaded Curse!)

Sometimes when I write poetry I get the feeling that my pen is a scalpel, and that I am 'sculpturing' words that appear inside my mind.

Usually to begin with I work heavily with a 'cold chisel', and then as the words begin to appear in my head, I use more ornate and delicate tools to do the fine processing.

Finishing off with some light sand papering to buff off the rough edges.

Today I've got 'writers block' so I've had to resort to using a 'Jack Hammer' to bombard the concrete round my brain. To dig away at the blockage, and hopefully release my thoughts and dreams from inside my mind.

I think all writers must sit sometimes with a blank piece of paper and get absolutely nowhere at all! . Desperately thinking of something useful to write. Sometimes after only a few hours of 'Nothingness' I will panic and feel scared that there's nothing left in me to say? . Then out of the blue I will hear, or see, or taste, or smell, or feel something that will fire up the imagery of my mind. Then when the words finally come they literally gush out of me, far too fast for my pen to keep up with.

The pen is easily more mighty than the sword, and I personally would never swap the ability to make people laugh, or cry, or feel deeply inside for anything else on earth.

I hope you all have a wonderful day, and if you do feel the old 'writers block' setting in let me know, and I'll lend you my trusty old 'Jack Hammer'! .

Bernard Franklin